

THE PLOT TO ASSASSINATE
THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK

A One Act Play

By

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CHARACTERS

WILBUR FUDDLE	a Bank Robber
MISS SMITH	Deposits
MR. DICKINSON	Personal Loans
MISS JONES	Withdrawals

TIME

The Present

For preview only

SCENE

A bank. In a pair of elaborate cages we see MISS SMITH and MISS JONES counting money. The sign on one cage identifies MISS SMITH as 'DEPOSITS' and the second cage as MISS JONES, 'WITHDRAWALS'. At a desk we see MR. DICKINSON, active, busy, productive, behind the 'PERSONAL LOANS' sign.

WILBUR FUDDLE enters through the rather GRECIAN main door. He wears a fake black beard, small round glasses, is the pale, nervous type, and is carrying a paper bag that contains a round object. He approaches MISS SMITH'S cage.

MISS SMITH: *(Skeptically)* What's yours, Jack?

FUDDLE: I beg your pardon?

MISS SMITH: What'll ya have—you know—can I help ya? We got a special on ten-dollar bills today! *(She laughs)*

FUDDLE: *(Catching on)* Oh, I see. Yes, very funny! What I'd like is, I'd like some money.

MISS SMITH: You come to the right place, pal. You got an account here?

FUDDLE: Well, no—you see. . .

MISS SMITH: Personal Loans, see Mr. Dickinson. *(Pointing)* That's him over there. But if you got no account, take my word for it - money from him is like blood from a rock.

FUDDLE: I'm not sure you fully understand. You see, I have. . .

MISS SMITH: So what's to understand? Mr. Dickinson's in charge of Personal Loans.

FUDDLE: Well, if you're sure. . .*(She nods. FUDDLE approaches DICKINSON)* Excuse me. . .

DICKINSON: *(Looking up cheerfully)* Well, hello, there! What can I do for you? Sit down!

FUDDLE: *(Sitting)* The teller said to. . .

DICKINSON: Could you take that beard off? I can barely understand you.

FUDDLE: *(Taking it off)* Is that better?

DICKINSON: Fine, just fine! Now. . .what can I do for you?

FUDDLE: Well, I tried to explain it to the lady over there, but. . . it's rather complicated. You see, I. . .

DICKINSON: *(Smiling, raises his hand to silence FUDDLE)*
All information concerning Personal Loans is kept in strict secrecy. What's your problem, son?

FUDDLE: Problem? Oh. Well, it's my wife. I. . .

DICKINSON: *(Patting his hand in a friendly fashion)* You can tell me. You've got a friend at the Chase Manhattan.

FUDDLE: You don't understand, Mr. Dickinson. This is a stick-up!

DICKINSON: *(He is unawed. He looks FUDDLE over carefully, then takes a form from his desk and begins writing.)* Uh-hum. Broken home?

FUDDLE: What?

DICKINSON: Did you come from a broken home?

FUDDLE: Why, no. My parents are very happy. You see, the thing is, I have this bomb here, and in just a few minutes. . .

DICKINSON: *(To himself, writing)* Home life: Happy. *(He looks up)* And what's that about your wife?

FUDDLE: My wife? Oh, yes. Well, she's always nagging me about money.

DICKINSON: *(Sincerely)* Well, you came to the right place! Our job here at the Chase Manhattan is *helping* people. That's what we base our reputation on, Mr. . . .?

FUDDLE: Wilbur Fuddle, Jr. Look, Mr. Dickinson. . . I don't think you quite understand. . .

DICKINSON: Understanding is the backbone of this bank! Compassion is what holds these walls up!

FUDDLE: In another four minutes it's gonna take more than compassion! You see. . .

DICKINSON: Mr. Fiddle, have YOU ever been in business?

FUDDLE: Well, no.

DICKINSON: I thought not. Some people have no conception of the world of business. They think all you have to do is walk into a bank and ASK for money!

FUDDLE: That's not the way it's done, huh?

DICKINSON: Not today, Mr. Fuddle. Regardless of what you've seen or heard, our economy is waking up! We don't REALLY give money away. It just SEEMS that way! *(Pause)* Now, I'd like to ask you a few questions.

FUDDLE: Could you just - hurry it up a little?

DICKINSON: *(Sternly)* This information is required by law, Mr. Poodle.

FUDDLE: All...All right. Go ahead.

DICKINSON: Age?

FUDDLE: Thirty-two.

DICKINSON: Occupation?

FUDDLE: Bank robber.

DICKINSON: How long at present job?

FUDDLE: Since about eleven. That's when I set the timing mechanism. . .

DICKINSON: *(Writing)* 'Newly employed.' *(looks up)* Do you feel you have a future in your line of work?

FUDDLE: Oh, about another three and a half minutes, I guess.

DICKINSON: *(Writing)* 'Uncertain.' Uh-huh. Now, what are your political affiliations, Mr. Piddle.

End of Script Sample

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