

STOLE MY HEART

Written by

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CHARACTERS

THE GIRL: EARLY 30S, HOPELESS ROMANTIC, EXTENSIVE CRIMINAL RECORD, ROBBING A BANK TO START HER DREAM OF OWNING A NIGHTCLUB.

THE DUDE: EARLY 30S, ROMANTIC AT HEART, SUPER LONELY, LOW BUT STILL IMPRESSIVE CRIMINAL RECORD, ROBBING A BANK TO ENTER MIXOLOGY SCHOOL.

Writer's note: These characters will read the lines with a playful and flirty energy. As if they were in a cheesy romcom. It's supposed to be ironic.

(Think *The Notebook* or *The Proposal*.)

SCENE ONE

(THE GIRL walks down the aisle, doing impressive James Bond like movements. She has a masquerade mask on and all black clothing.

THE DUDE enters onstage, also in a masquerade mask and all black clothing, doing similar James Bond movements.

There are stairs on the left side of the stage. The Girl sneaks down the aisle, and up the stairs.

The Girl and The Dude are now sneaking towards each other.

By some crazy accident, they bump into each other!

Out of instinct, they both pull out guns and aim it at each other. They see each others masks, chuckle, and slowly bring their guns down.)

THE GIRL

Oh uh-

(They are standing awkwardly close to each other.

The Dude points to her mask.)

THE DUDE

I like your mask. Great minds think alike.

THE GIRL

That they do!

(They stand in awkward, but cute silence.

The Dude acknowledges his gun, and chuckles.)

THE DUDE

I'm guessing you're also here to...

THE GIRL

Rob this bank, yeah, hahaha.

THE DUDE

Guess the 'Come here often' line doesn't really apply here, huh?

THE GIRL

Mmmm, I wouldn't be so sure. You haven't seen my criminal record.

THE DUDE

(so flirty and so much tension)

I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

(They giggle and put their guns in their pocket.)

THE DUDE

Should we sit?

THE GIRL

Don't mind if I do.

(The Dude motions towards the bank teller counter. They hop up, crossing their legs criss-cross-applesauce.)

They giggle again. They giggle for a little while.

They're still giggling, and it's been going on for so long, it's like, okay guys cut it out.)

THE GIRL

(elbowing his shoulder)

Sooo.... How long have you been snatchin the ol' dinero.

THE DUDE

Dinero? Uhhhh... Couple of years now. I really like the area I'm in. Nice banks. Good for robbing. Good schools.

THE GIRL

Oh, you've got kids?

THE DUDE

Nah. Always thinkin' of the future though.

THE GIRL

Are you and your girlfriend married?

THE DUDE

Oh! I actually... Don't have a girlfriend. Do you and... Uh... Your boyfriend want kids someday?

THE GIRL

Oh I actually don't have a boyfriend.

THE DUDE

Well... Would you look at that. Just two single bank robbers, sitting here, wearing absurd masquerade masks to steal some money to fund their goofy pipe dreams.

THE GIRL

Oh my gosh, I forgot I had a mask on my face.

THE DUDE

Yeah I did too. Even though I was looking at your face with it on. Haha.

(They giggle, as they slowly take off their masks, revealing what's underneath.)

Surprise! They're both hot, and they're both instantly attracted to each other.)

THE DUDE

Wow... You're beautiful.

THE GIRL

So are you... Uh. Handsome, I mean.

THE DUDE

No you can call me beautiful. I'm secure enough in my manhood to know that's the highest compliment a silly guy like me could get.

THE GIRL

God you're so fucking hot.

(They passionately hold both of their foreheads together and take deep breaths.)

THE GIRL

You mentioned something before? About a goofy pipe dream? Do you have one of those?

THE DUDE

Guilty!

THE GIRL

Tell me every single detail. Don't leave anything out.

THE DUDE

I uh... Would really love to use this money to put me through mixology school. I'm really passionate about coming up with my own recipes for cocktails. Might even make a cookbook of cocktails. A cockbook. Would love to work in a high class bar or something, someday.

THE GIRL

Wow... That like... Perfectly aligns with my pipe dream.

THE DUDE

Which is...?

THE GIRL

I actually want to run a high class bar. Or something. Someday.

THE DUDE

Well, if you ever need a mixologist.

(They smile, and steal glances at each other.)

THE DUDE

Can I say something kind of cheesy?

THE GIRL

Is it that this kinda feels like... Fate? Meeting you here?

THE DUDE

You know what I say before I even say it. Whatever this is. It's special.

THE GIRL

I feel it too. It's crazy. Ya know, I almost didn't come out tonight? I've been a bit down in the dumps recently, and have started to lose my passion for armed bank robberies. Took a little break for a while. Been hitting mainly convenient stores and haberdasheries. But this morning when I woke up, it's like a fire was lit beneath me. My eyes opened, and the first thing I thought was: Someone get me my fucking gun.

THE DUDE

(nodding, like he knows
exactly what she means)

There's nothing like that feeling. The only thing I can compare it to is... How I'm feeling right now.

*(The Dude grabs The Girl's hand. He
kisses it, like a Disney prince.)*

*The Dude gets up, and hops behind
the counter.)*

THE DUDE

Wait here.

*(The Dude rummages around, taking a
crowbar out of his backpack. He
sticks it in the single locker
that's standing behind the counter.
It opens.)*

*The Dude looks back at The Girl,
suavely, and winks. She giggles.*

The Dude grabs what looks like, thousands of dollars in cash, splits it in half, and hands one pile to The Girl.)

THE DUDE

Think of it as something to remember me by.

THE GIRL

Are you leaving?

(The Dude looks at his watch. He hops back over the bank teller counter.)

THE DUDE

There's a *Harry Potter* marathon on at ten, so I should probably be getting back.

THE GIRL

Am I ever gonna see you again?

THE DUDE

Tomorrow. Meet me at the bank on the corner of Cherry ave and Taylor. Its--

THE GIRL

The one with the gold circle on the building, that kinda looks like a donut if you squint your eyes.

THE DUDE

The one with the gold circle on the building, that kinda looks like a donut if you squint your eyes.

THE DUDE

Yes!

THE GIRL

Yes!

THE DUDE

God. You fucking get me.

(The Dude inches closer to The Girl, and takes her hands.)

THE DUDE

Until tomorrow my dear... May I bid thee a parting gift?

(He begins to lean closer to kiss her, but she stops him.)

THE GIRL

Not yet. I want to do this right. Take it slow.

THE DUDE

Slow burn. I like it.

THE GIRL

Tomorrow.

THE DUDE

Tomorrow.

(They begin to part ways, as they hold onto each other for as long as they can.)

Their eyes don't leave each others while they both walk off opposite sides of the stage.

It's more ridiculous than you're imagining.

The Dude notices that The Girl dropped her masquerade mask. He picks it up.

The Dude remains onstage for a second as he chuckles to himself, shaking his head in disbelief.

He raises The Girl's mask in the air in The Breakfast Club Fashion.

Blackout.)

SCENE TWO

(It's the next day. The Guy enters onstage. He's in a fancy James Bond suit. He's carrying a bouquet of flowers and The Girl's mask.

He wanders around excitedly, looking into the audience anxiously for The Girl.

Time goes by, and he gets less and less excited.

He sits down on the floor of the bank, defeated. He puts his head in his hands.

We then hear police sirens, yelling, and running. The Guy follows the sound, looking to the back of the house.

Then. A gun shot.

We hear The Girl scream.)

THE DUDE

(screaming in terror)

NOOOO!! GIRL I NEVER LEARNED THE NAME OF!!!!

(The Guy lays on the ground and sobs.

He looks down at The Girl's mask in his hands and he brings it to his chest.

END OF PLAY.