

WELL, IT AIN'T OZZIE AND HARRIET

By
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Cast of Characters

Characters:

FRANK (40) - A domineering hulk of a man. He is neat (shirt always tucked in, clothes pressed, etc.), though dressed cheaply. Feels he is better than his station.

SMIT (35) - The opposite of Frank, he is a hyper, skeleton of a petty thief looking to get a decent score and get out.

DONNY (19) - The kidnapped autistic son of a successful business owner.

Place
A cheap motel room

Time
The Present

/ = Denotes a point of overlap with the next line

BLACK. A voice breaks the darkness.

DONNY

You talkin' to me... Are you talkin' to me?!

SMIT

(Laughing.)

That is the funniest shit!

LIGHTS UP to find DONNY loosely tied to a chair and SMIT standing in front of him.

SMIT (cont'd)

Damn! That is some funny shit! You know any more?

(They stare at each other blankly for what feels an eternity. FRANKIE enters from the bathroom. Smit snaps to.)

FRANKIE

What is going on here?

SMIT

Frankie, man, you gotta hear this!

FRANKIE

We are not here to play games. This is a business we are running.

SMIT

Nothin' says we can't enjoy the little fucker / while we got 'im, right?

FRANKIE

Vulgarity, Smit. Really. I shouldn't have to tell you every minute of every day.

DONNY

What we got here is a failure to communicate.

FRANKIE

Why is the bag off?

SMIT

He was havin' trouble breathing.

FRANKIE

Really? What if he yells? What if someone hears him?

SMIT

Nobody's gonna hear 'im. Besides, he's fu... he's funny.

DONNY

What do you mean I'm funny? How the fuck / am I funny? What's so funny about me? Tell me. Tell me what's fun...

FRANKIE

Shut up.

SMIT

(Bursts out laughing again.)

Damn!

FRANKIE

Shut up!

SMIT

Fuckin' *Goodfellas*...

FRANKIE

SHUT UP! *(beat)* Both of you, shut up!

SMIT

Sorry, Frankie.

FRANKIE

I'm sure. Tighten those ropes.

SMIT

Can't. When I do, he freaks out.

FRANKIE

All right, then, put him over there. Get him away from the window.

DONNY

Nobody puts baby in a corner.

(SMIT starts laughing again.)

FRANKIE

Oh, my God. Shut. UP! Bag him.

SMIT

Come on, Frankie. I'll keep him quiet.

FRANKIE

I hear him again...

SMIT

Okay. Yeah. No problem, man.

FRANKIE
Make sure it happens.

SOUND: A CHEAP CELL PHONE RING.

DONNY
... the problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world.

(SMIT reaches for phone, FRANKIE wins.)

FRANKIE
Bag him.

SMIT
Come on, Frankie...

FRANKIE
Now!
(SMIT puts the bag over DONNY'S head.)

SMIT
Sorry, dude.
(DONNY starts freaking out.)

FRANKIE
(Answering the phone.)
Yes... This is he... that's correct... Yes, he is alive and well... No, you may not speak to him... Well, you'll just have to take my word for it... He's perfectly fine...

DONNY
I am not an animal! I am a human being!

FRANKIE
All right, then, we can just conclude our business...
(DONNY is hopping about á la Jean Lundegaard in Fargo.)

SMIT
So?

FRANKIE
They, apparently, need time to understand that they're not in charge.

SMIT
They ain't gonna pay?

FRANKIE

They *will* pay, they just need a minute to figure that out.
(DONNY *flips on to his side.*)

SMIT

Shit. Look at 'im. I'm takin' the bag off.

SOUND: CELL PHONE RINGS AGAIN.

FRANKIE

(*He stops SMIT.*)

No! Leave him be. He'll be fine.

SMIT

But, Frankie...

FRANKIE

I said leave him!

SMIT

Fine. Fuck it! (*beat*) You gonna answer it?

DONNY

I'll make him an offer he can't refuse.

FRANKIE

Shut up!

(*He kicks DONNY and answers the phone.
During the call SMIT rights DONNY.*)

Hello? Who else might you have reached... Are you ready to be reasonable... Good... He's here. He's fine. I already told you that... Of course, the sooner you get your act together, the sooner he'll be home again... Alright... Well, what's a life worth? What is *his* life worth? / One...

DONNY

One million dollars!

(*FRANKIE turns on them, threatening.*)

FRANKIE

(*Hurriedly.*)

One hour. Bus terminal. Put a hundred thousand dollars in a locker and leave the key on the counter at the newsstand on your way out. When I get it, I'll call and tell you where you can pick up your son.

(*He hangs up, tosses the phone on to the bed,
and grabs SMIT violently.*)

If you EVER disobey a direct order again, it will be the last. Do I make myself clear?

SMIT

But, Frankie, he was gonna get hurt if I...

FRANKIE

Do. I. Make myself. CLEAR?

SMIT

Yeah. Yeah. What-fuckin-ever!

FRANKIE

And, if you don't refrain from assaulting my ears I will take your tongue before I toss you out on your bony backside.

(He throws SMIT down, turns on DONNY.)

And if you don't stop with the *Entertainment Tonight*, you'll get the same.

DONNY

You broke my heart, Jelly. You broke my heart.

FRANKIE

That won't be all I break if you don't shut up.

(He crosses to a chair and plops down.)

I'm dealing with morons and people who just don't care.

SMIT

I care, Frankie. / But I also don't wanna murder on my hands, y'know?

FRANKIE

You care about the money. That's all. The *money*.

SMIT

No. I care about this kid gettin' back to his parents, too. I do care about the money. Who the fu... who doesn't? But I also don't want no blood on my hands.

FRANKIE

You won't have blood on your hands.

SMIT

I also don't want no blood on your hands. / Just as bad if I get caught.

FRANKIE

I'll worry about my own hands, thank you. You won't get caught.

DONNY

There was a price on my head, and he was a hired assassin. Stuck me in the gut with a shiv.

FRANKIE

Good God! Shut. Up.

Royal Tennen... SMIT

Shut. UP! FRANKIE

Forget it, Jake. It's Chinatown. DONNY

SHUT UP! FRANKIE
(He lunges at DONNY, SMIT cuts him off.)

Frankie! SMIT

Get out of my way! FRANKIE
(To DONNY.)

You're dead!

Stop, Frankie! You can't kill 'im... we need 'im alive for the money. SMIT

Yippee-ki-yay, motherfucker! DONNY
(FRANKIE renews his attack.)

You do not know when to shut up, do you?! FRANKIE

Let it go! Come on! Go for a walk or something... Frankie... come on, let it go! SMIT

You are REALLY lucky he's here. FRANKIE
(to DONNY.)

We're lucky we got anything at all. I don't think Buddy Holly's much of a waiter. DONNY
(FRANKIE knocks him out and over.)

Now do you feel lucky? Well, do ya, punk?! Huh?! FRANKIE
(Standing over him.)

You like that line? Huh?! DO YOU?!?

SMIT
 Shit, Frankie! You knocked him cold!
(He rushes to DONNY to help.)

FRANKIE
 Leave him.

SMIT
 Fuck you! Kid's got problems. You know that. Why you gotta hit him so hard?

FRANKIE
 He was begging for it.

SMIT
 He don't know any better. Hey, kid. KID!
(He tries to revive DONNY.)

FRANKIE
 He'll be fine.

SMIT
 I don't know, Frankie. He ain't wakin' up.

FRANKIE
 He's breathing. He's fine.
(SMIT runs into the bathroom with the ice bucket. After a moment he returns, throwing water on DONNY.)

SMIT
 Come on, kid!
(Slowly, DONNY comes to.)

FRANKIE
 See? He'll be fine.

SMIT
 Yeah. Kid? You okay?

DONNY
(Still a bit groggy.)
 I'm too old for this shit.

FRANKIE
 Nothing stops him. Nothing! Amazing!

DONNY
 Run, Forrest! Run!

FRANKIE

That is it!

(FRANKIE pulls SMIT away and pulls out a pistol, cocking it, and aiming at DONNY.)

That truly is it! You have...

SMIT hits him, he goes down. He's out.

SMIT

(Untying DONNY.)

You gotta get outta here, kid. Fast.

DONNY

We will not vanish without a fight! We're going to live on! We're going to survive!
Today we celebrate our Independence Day!

SMIT

Damn straight! But, on the road. In the words of another famous American,
"Pick your battles, bro!" Come on! We gotta go!

(DONNY remains seated. SMIT starts pulling at him which agitates DONNY.)

DONNY

Unhand me, you mechanical moron.

SMIT

Look, dude, I like ya, but we gotta get the fuck outta here!

(Starts for the door. When he turns back he finds DONNY has picked up the pistol.)

DONNY

(Aiming it at SMIT.)

This is my boomstick!

SMIT

Oh, shit! Gimme the gun, kid. Come on.

DONNY

You know, in a situation like this, there's a high potentiality for the common
motherfucker to bitch out.

(FRANKIE stirs distracting SMIT. He looks back to see the bathroom door close.)

SMIT

Sonuvabitch!

(Knocking on the bathroom door.)

Come on, kid! Open the door! You gotta open the door!

DONNY (OFF STAGE)

Well excuse me, but fuck you, Derek. You can't come in here barking threats at me.

SMIT

Dammit, kid! I'm trying to help you!

(He starts banging on the door.)

C'mon, kid! Open the door so we can get outta...

(FRANKIE rises behind him, grabs him and throws him across the room.)

FRANKIE

You really are an idiot.

(FRANKIE kicks the door in and a gunshot is heard. He stumbles back and falls.)

SMIT

Fuck me!

(He checks FRANKIE.)

Shitshitshitshit... Kid! Hey, kid!

(Crossing to the bathroom and entering it.)

Don't shoot me, kid, I'm comin' in.

DONNY (OFF STAGE)

Get him a bodybag!

SOUND: A DISTANT SIREN, GETTING CLOSER.

SMIT (OFF STAGE)

Here, gimme the gun. Okay. Good. We gotta get the fuck outta here. Cops are on the way. So we gotta... / Kid! Donny! Snap out of it! It's over!

DONNY (OFF STAGE)

Bad boys, bad boys, whacha gonna do... *(beat)* Fine.

SMIT (OFF STAGE)

Okay. Yeah, good.

(They exit the bathroom, SMIT tosses the gun on to the bed.)

We don't got much time. We gotta go.

DONNY

(Looking at FRANKIE.)

I thought you said you could control him.

SMIT

Thought I could.

DONNY

It's bad enough my parents went rogue, cut me off, I don't need this shit, too.

(Feeling inside his mouth.)

I think he cracked my tooth. Alright, let's get out of here. Get your shit together.

DONNY and SMIT tidy up, wiping down surfaces.

SMIT

Sorry 'bout that. *(beat)* Gotta ask, though... I mean, why only a hundred thou?

DONNY

It's all he keeps at the house. Any more, he would've had to go to the bank.

That's a whole new set of problems.

SMIT

Can't go very far.

DONNY

It will with what I have planned.

SMIT

Minus my twenty-five... Even less.

DONNY

(Eyeballing SMIT.)

Check the bathroom.

SMIT

Ain't nothin' in there.

DONNY

Check. The bathroom.

SMIT

(Exiting to bathroom.)

Yeah yeah.

DONNY

Check the trash, too.

(DONNY picks up the gun and points it at SMIT as he enters from bathroom.)

SMIT

I told you. Noth...

DONNY

Well, I've got a train to catch.

Fuck me. SMIT

Sorry about this. DONNY

Really? SMIT

No. DONNY

(He shoots SMIT and, while wiping off gun:)
... in case I don't see ya: good afternoon, good evening, and good night!

DONNY places the gun in SMIT's hand and exits.

BLACK.