

THE FOILED ROBBERY

SCENE: Two elderly ladies are standing in a queue at the bank when a robbery occurs.

ROLES (4): Mabel (elderly lady), Myrtle (elderly lady), Pugsy (robber), Dave (robber)

READER AGES: 8 years and over

MABEL: Myrtle, dear? Is that you?

MYRTLE: Mabel, dear! How are you? I feel like I haven't seen you in such a long time. I think the last time I saw you was at the Women's Association Bake Fair last month!

MABEL: Has it really been that long? Surely I've seen you since then. Didn't you come along to play Bingo at the community hall last week?

MYRTLE: No, unfortunately I missed Bingo last week. My hip was playing up again. It always gets sore when there's rain coming.

MABEL: The aches and pains just get worse as the years go by, don't they? My knee always gets stiff if there's going to be fog. It's more accurate than the weather forecast!

MYRTLE: Oh, I know what you mean! Getting old is hard work, isn't it?

MABEL: What's all this about getting old? You're looking wonderful, Myrtle. How are the other girls? Have you seen Ruby and Hilda lately?

MYRTLE: Ruby's been busy watching her grandchildren while her son and daughter-in-law are on holidays. She looked exhausted the last time I saw her. Hilda's been at yoga camp. She's very keen on yoga at the moment. Next week it will be something different, I'm sure! She does love her hobbies!

Two robbers, Pugsy and Dave, race into the bank.

PUGSY: *(shouting)* Everyone, put your hands up! This is a stick up!

MABEL: *(confused)* A stick up? What's a stick up?

PUGSY: A burglary! A theft! A robbery!

MABEL: Well, that doesn't sound very nice. Why would you want to go and do a nasty thing like that?

DAVE: It's a robbery! We're robbers! It's not supposed to be nice.

MABEL: *(to Myrtle)* See Myrtle, this is a prime example of what's wrong with the young generation today. They've got no manners at all. Fancy that, storming in here and shouting at everyone to put their hands up. They didn't even say 'please'!

MYRTLE: Nor did they introduce themselves. My mother always taught me to introduce myself when I met someone for the first time. It's common courtesy.

PUGSY: *(confused)* But, it's a robbery! We're robbers! We don't need to use manners.

DAVE: Or introduce ourselves!

MYRTLE: *(ignoring Pugsy and Dave and continuing the conversation with Mabel)* My grandchildren have terrible manners. They're always wanting something for nothing, too - this gadget and that gadget. It didn't happen in our day. We worked hard to put food on the table and clothes on our backs!

MABEL: We certainly did. What's becoming of young people these days? It makes me weep for the future.

DAVE: Sorry to interrupt this trip down memory lane, but we're trying to conduct a robbery here! Could you save the chit-chat until we're done?

MABEL: *(ignoring Dave and continuing the conversation with Myrtle)* That's another thing these young people do, Myrtle - they always have to make themselves the centre of attention. Don't they understand that there are other people to think about? That the world doesn't revolve around them? We were having a lovely conversation, then they charge in like they own the place!

PUGSY: *(getting frustrated)* But, it's a robbery! We're robbers! We need to charge in and surprise everyone if our plan is going to work.

MYRTLE: Well personally, I think it's very rude. What do you think, Mabel, dear?

MABEL: Oh yes, Myrtle dear. I completely agree. *(to the robbers)* I certainly don't feel like helping you when you behave like that.

DAVE: *(getting irritated)* We don't want you to help us! We're here to take your money! We're going to do it, whether you like it or not.

MYRTLE: No need to raise your voice, dear. No one likes to be yelled at.

MABEL: Quite right, Myrtle. Yelling is most unpleasant.

DAVE: So, let me get this straight. You're saying that we should have walked in calmly, introduced ourselves and asked everyone politely to give us all their money?

MYRTLE: It wouldn't have hurt, dear. My mother always said that good manners cost nothing.

MABEL: So true, Myrtle. She sounds very wise, your dear mother.

MYRTLE: Oh, she was. May she rest in peace.

DAVE: *(to Pugsy, exhausted from arguing)* Come on, Pugsy. I can't take this anymore!

PUGSY: Where are we going, Dave? Aren't we going to rob a bank?

DAVE: We are, Pugsy - just not this one. There's another bank down the street. Let's go and rob that one in peace!

THE END

