

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

The curtains open to reveal the stage in darkness.

SFX: A CAR DRIVING.

BUGSY (O.S.)

Goddamnit, Lanky! We spent the last three years listening to you brag about what a great wheel man you are. Can't you drive this heap of junk any faster?

LANKY (O.S.)

I'm going as fast as I dare to in this snow, boss. These roads are real icy and the tyres on this thing are bald.

BUGSY (O.S.)

It'll be the four of us who are bald if we get caught. They'll shave our heads before they sit us down in the electric chair and blast two-thousand volts through our bodies. Drive faster!

TANK (O.S.)

Hey, I don't hear any sirens, Bugsy. We're in the middle of freakin' nowhere. Nothing but empty streets and abandoned buildings out here. Why don't you try and relax?

BUGSY (O.S.)

Relax? Relax?! We just broke out of the joint, stole this tin can piece of shit *and* held up a gas station in less than three hours and you tell me to relax! Here's what's gonna happen, you jackass. Within the next hour or two, one of those dumb prison guards is gonna realise that we ain't laying there all nice and cosy in our cots. Next, they're gonna find the tunnel we dug right outta death row. Then they'll alert the cops. The cops will probably already know about this car we jacked *and* the gas station stick up, so they'll put two and two together and get four... us four!

FRECKLES (O.S)

Yeah, well, if the goddamn car comes off the goddamn road at this speed, they won't need to go through the effort of electrocuting us - we'll already be dead.

BUGSY (O.S.)

Don't you turn old woman on me too, Freckles. Lanky, I mean it. We got maybe two hours tops before every cop in the state is looking for us. So put your foot down and get us the hell out of here!

LANKY (O.S.)

You got it, boss.

SFX: CAR SPEEDS UP

BUGSY (O.S.)

How much did we haul in the stick up, Tank?

TANK (O.S.)

There's gotta be at least a thousand bucks here.

BUGSY (O.S.)

Good. Now you hold onto that real tight. We're gonna need it if we want to make it to Mexico.

FRECKLES (O.S)

Hey, easy on this bend, Lanky.

LANKY (O.S.)

I got it.

TANK (O.S.)

Lanky, ease up!

LANKY (O.S.)

I said I got it!

SFX: TYRES SCREECH. CAR CRASHES. BUGSY, LANKY, FRECKLES AND TANK YELL AND SHOUT.

BUGSY (O.S.)

Oh... oh, my head. Lanky, you rolled us right off the road, you schmuck...

Lanky? Lanky, you alive?

LANKY (O.S.)
Ugh... I think so, boss.

BUGSY (O.S.)
Freckles? Tank? You guys okay back there?

TANK (O.S.)
My arm... it's trapped in all this metal. I'm bleeding real bad.

FRECKLES (O.S.)
I can't feel my legs. Oh God, I can't feel my fucking legs!

SFX: ENGINE BURSTING INTO FLAME

LANKY (O.S.)
Boss! The engine's caught fire!

BUGSY (O.S.)
I can see that, you dummy! Everybody outta the car now! Tank, bring the loot.

SFX: TWO CAR DOORS OPENING

TANK (O.S.)
Damn the loot! Didn't you hear me? I can't get my arm free!

FRECKLES (O.S.)
I can't move! I can't see anything. Oh God, the fire!

BUGSY (O.S.)
Sorry, boys. It's every man for himself. Move it, Lanky! Head up the slope back up to the road.

TANK (O.S.)
Freckles? Freckles, wake up! Bugsy, you bastard! Don't leave us trapped in here! We'll burn to death! Bugsy!
BUGSY!

SFX: SLOW FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING IN THE SNOW

TANK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh, Buggy! You came back! I thought you were leaving us here! Here, help me try and pull my arm out of this mess.

BUGSY (O.S.)

It ain't you I'm back for, pal. It's the loot. Now do yourself a favour and pass out like Freckles over there. It'll all be over in a few moments.

TANK (O.S.)

Damn you, Buggy! DAMN YOU! Help me! Help me! Arrrrgghh!

SFX: EXPLOSION

LANKY (O.S.)

Boss, up ahead. Some old building.

BUGSY (O.S.)

I see it. Let's get out of this storm and lay low in there until I can figure a way out of this mess. Hurry it up! Get your ass in there before anyone sees us!

BUGSY and LANKY enter the theatre from a side door for the audience. They are both dressed in prison outfits and BUGSY is holding a canvas bag with a dollar sign on it. They stand at the door and look around, dusting snow off themselves.

LANKY

It's a theatre.

BUGSY

There's no fooling you, is there, Lanky? Of course it's a goddamn theatre.

LANKY

Who'd build a theatre out in the middle of nowhere?

BUGSY

How the hell should I know? Just thank your lucky stars they did or we'd be freezing our asses off outside.

BUGSY and LANKY make their way up to the stage and look