

HONEYMOON HEIST

Kevin and Rachel, early twenties, are planning to get married and go to Hawaii for their honeymoon. Unfortunately, they don't have any money. So, they decide to break into a rich friend's father's house to steal money from his safe. As the scene begins, they have just crawled through the living-room window.

CHARACTERS

Kevin: 20s

Rachel: 20s, Kevin's fiancée, pregnant

SETTING

A beautiful colonial home owned by Kevin's wealthy friend's father

TIME

The present, evening.

KEVIN: (*Motions for Rachel to come closer.*) The coast is clear.

RACHEL: Thank God! And I'm not going back out that way.

I could have hurt the baby — I was practically stuck.

KEVIN: Rachel, you're fine. The baby's fine. We're in. No one's home. Everything's fine.

RACHEL: That's comforting. I feel comforted. I'm all about the comfort you're giving me.

KEVIN: Trust me. I know what I'm doing.

RACHEL: Me too. I'm going to jail. I'm going to give birth to our baby in a stinking, rotting cell.

KEVIN: Rach, we are not going to jail. I'm doing this for you, baby. For us. So we can be happy. You want to be happy, right?

RACHEL: Yeah.

KEVIN: You want to get married, right?

RACHEL: Yeah.

KEVIN: You want me to take you to Hawaii for our honeymoon, right?

RACHEL: Oh, yeah.

KEVIN: Then shut up and let's get to work here.

RACHEL: Kevin!

KEVIN: What?

RACHEL: Shhh! (*Whispering.*) Did you hear something?

KEVIN: (*Listening.*) No.

RACHEL: (*Whispering.*) I definitely heard something.

KEVIN: (*Whispering.*) You just imagined it. You're nervous. I scoped it out. No one is home. Besides, Darren told me over and over no one was going to be home this weekend. He went to his cousin's and his father went to New York for a getaway.

RACHEL: (*Whispering.*) There! Did you hear that?!

KEVIN: (*Whispering.*) No, I told you — that? Ohhh, I think I heard that.

RACHEL: I knew it. God's punishing me for wanting to go to Hawaii.

KEVIN: (*Whispering.*) Shhh! What is that?

RACHEL: The police obviously.

KEVIN: Would you calm down! It's not the police. It's thumping.

RACHEL: So the police can't thump? They thump all the time. They thump their shoes. They thump people on the streets. They thump with those sticks. They're all about thumping. I'm sorry God. Please forgive me. I don't want to give birth in a cell.

KEVIN: Rachel, stop. I'm going to see what that is.

RACHEL: No! Stay here. We'll go back out the window.

KEVIN: Calm down.

RACHEL: I'm calm.

KEVIN: Calm down.

RACHEL: I'm calm!!

KEVIN: Good!! (*Beat.*) Don't move from this spot.

RACHEL: I'm coming with you.

KEVIN: No. *(She grabs onto him hard, nails digging in.)* Oww!
OK. But be very quiet. *(They inch together over toward the
sound. Whispering.)* It's in there. *(She nods.)* On the count
of three we push the door open. *(She nods no.)* OK, I push
the door open. *(She nods yes.)* Thanks. A lot. One, two, three!
(Kevin pushes the door open and Rachel screams. Beat.)
RACHEL: Kevin? Are you alive?
KEVIN: Yep.
RACHEL: What's going on in there?
KEVIN: Oh, I'd say, the dryer.
RACHEL: *(Peeking in.)* Oh, thank God! Laundry. I love laun-
dry. Laundry is good. Are you OK?
KEVIN: You mean aside from losing hearing in one ear and
being threatened by a Clingfree sheet? *(Beat.)* I forgot. Dar-
ren did say the maid would be in and out.
RACHEL: You forgot?! Are you crazy? You mean the maid
might still be here?
KEVIN: Well, what is she going to do? Blast us with her
Pine Sol?
RACHEL: This is not funny. She could be a witness. Oh God,
I'm going to be a convict!
KEVIN: Trust me, she's left.
RACHEL: How do you know?
KEVIN: I saw her leave half an hour ago. I have been scoping
the place, you know?
RACHEL: So how do you know she won't come back?
KEVIN: Because she's a maid. They don't work long when no
one's home.
RACHEL: This is not instilling confidence. This is an assump-
tion. This is not certitude.
KEVIN: What? It's human nature. When your mom's not home
for the weekend and you're home during the summer and
she asks you to do the dishes, do you finish the dishes on
Friday?
RACHEL: We have a dishwasher. And my mother doesn't go
away on weekends. Besides, my brother does the dishes.

KEVIN: OK, forget it. Just trust me. She is *not* coming back.
RACHEL: How did you talk me into this? I don't think it's right.
I don't think it's fair. I don't think it's nice.
KEVIN: Would you rather go to Cleveland?
RACHEL: Where's the safe?
KEVIN: He's not even going to miss the few thou we take. Dar-
ren told me. He has too much to handle. And you, you're
going to look beautiful in Hawaii when I give you the ring,
and fantastic with a coconut drink in your hand and your
toes in the sand.
RACHEL: Aww, you're so sweet, Baby. Now cut the bull and
open the safe.
KEVIN: OK. *(He reaches in his pocket. Then checks another.)*
RACHEL: Is something wrong?
KEVIN: Nooo. Nothing's wrong. Not a thing. What would be
wrong?
RACHEL: When you do that something's wrong.
KEVIN: Do what? What do I do? I didn't do anything.
RACHEL: That. That stuttery-repeating-hyper-question thing.
KEVIN: What thing? A stuttery thing? I — I don't, I — a hyper
thing?
RACHEL: That would be it. You did it when you told me you
failed your driver's test and gave that guy a mild heart at-
tack. You did it when you ran over Mrs. Brundo's cat.
KEVIN: I didn't run him over. I bumped him. It's a driving thing.
I get nervous when I drive.
RACHEL: You did it the first time we made love.
KEVIN: What? That's ridiculous.
RACHEL: "Do you wanna? Should I just? Could I? I wanna.
Do you" —
KEVIN: OK! Excuse me for having manners and not simply at-
tacking you.
RACHEL: No, I appreciate that. You were nervous. But that's
not the point. The point is you forgot the condom. Some-
thing was wrong. That's the point. You do that thingy when

something is wrong. Man has heart attack, cat is squashed, condom is missing —

KEVIN: Safe combination is not in pocket.

RACHEL: What?! I thought you said it was something obvious. Something you didn't have to write down.

KEVIN: Well, it is, but you know I have that memory problem thing when I get nervous. So I wrote it down and put it in my pocket, but . . .

RACHEL: You are not serious about this? Tell me you're kidding?

KEVIN: My mother still washes my jeans when I come home for breaks.

RACHEL: And you didn't check?

KEVIN: Oh, I'm sure she washed them. They feel really snug.

RACHEL: I mean for the combination!!

KEVIN: I know! I know what you mean! I knew what you meant. I did. It was there. Right in my pocket where I put it.

RACHEL: Well what are we supposed to do now, Sherlock?

KEVIN: Just calm down. I'll remember it.

RACHEL: Think. Think hard. Think before I kill you.

KEVIN: Shh. I'm trying to think.

RACHEL: Think. Think something obvious for Darren and his father.

KEVIN: OK. Rich. Wealthy. Golf stuff. BMW-like.

RACHEL: Good. Move it along. Back it up. Rewind to when he told ya. Replay.

KEVIN: We were up late shootin' the bull and he said . . . "God, my father has so much money he doesn't know what to do with it. He barely works anymore. My father is filthy rich, but he is so dumb. Do you know what my father's safe combination is?"

RACHEL: Good, good, go on.

KEVIN: Oh yeah, then Darren kinda got sick and I took him up to the bathroom. That was gross.

RACHEL: Kevin, the combination! I know the story.

KEVIN: This is how detectives do it. They go over all the details.

RACHEL: OK, but do it faster!

KEVIN: Lying on the tile . . . laughing. He said the combo was . . . ? Said . . . said . . .

RACHEL: Yesss??

KEVIN: (*Straining.*) I can't remember.

RACHEL: No, no Kevin. You can. You will. You better!!

KEVIN: I think . . . I think . . . I think, we're screwed.

RACHEL: I refuse to be screwed! (*Beat.*) OK, look, in the movies they always have these scenes where the F.B.I. is trying to break a code and they always check things like nicknames, birthdays of their kids —

KEVIN: I don't know. I don't know. I can't handle this pressure.

RACHEL: Well, at least try! I'm not the one who let Mommy wash away our ticket to Hawaii.

KEVIN: Leave my mommy out of this! I mean, Mom.

RACHEL: What about Darren? That's six letters?

KEVIN: But isn't that *too* obvious?

RACHEL: To most people — yes. But you didn't think of it. (*He shrugs.*) What are the numbers? (*They both start singing the alphabet out loud and counting on their fingers.*)

RACHEL and KEVIN: (*Singing.*) A, B, C, D —

KEVIN: OK that's four.

RACHEL: Then A is one.

RACHEL and KEVIN: (*Singing again, mumbled.*) A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R —

RACHEL: Eighteen!

KEVIN: Twice.

RACHEL: Then E is five. So that's 4, 1, 18, 18, 5 . . .

RACHEL and KEVIN: (*Singing again, faster.*) A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N —

KEVIN: Fourteen!

RACHEL: That's it. Try it. Try it.

KEVIN: (*Turning the safe lock.*) 4, 1, 18, 18 . . .

RACHEL: Five.

KEVIN: Fourteen. *(He tries to open it.)* Come on, baby. *(It won't open.)* Well, there goes that idea, Ms. Obvious! This is ridiculous. What are we gonna do, just keep spelling relatives all night? God, I hate my mom! I hate Darren! Mr. Suthers is a jerk!

RACHEL: There goes our marriage! There goes our honeymoon!

KEVIN: An uncaring, selfish, mean, rotten jerk!

RACHEL: There goes Hawaii!!

KEVIN: Who doesn't care about anyone but himself! And that damn Chow Wow that died —

RACHEL and KEVIN: *(Beat. Realizing.)* Muffin!!!

RACHEL: *(Singing alphabet quickly.)* A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M — thirteen!

KEVIN: *(Continuing.)* N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U — 21!

RACHEL: F is six. M was thirteen so N is fourteen.

KEVIN: *(Trying safe lock again.)* 13, 21, 6, 6, 14. *(He pulls and it opens.)* Yes! Yes!!

RACHEL: Ahhhhhhhhh!! *(Kevin holds his damaged ear.)* Sorry. *(Beat.)* Wait!

KEVIN: What?!

RACHEL: We can't do this. I can't do this. I know Mr. Suthers and Darren have more money than God. I know Darren practically begged us to take it by telling us every detail about his alarm system. I know both of them are stingy, and spoiled and braggy, but it's still stealing, Kevin. It's still morally wrong. It's bad karma for us. For the baby. For our lives. I couldn't live with myself. I just couldn't live if I stole this money.

KEVIN: You're right. You're right. What if I take it?

RACHEL: OK.

KEVIN: *(He stares in the safe with disbelief.)* Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

RACHEL: What, my God? Is there that much? Why don't you just take a couple thou — maybe five or ten or so. And you'll pay it back as soon as you're able, right Kevy?

KEVIN: No. My God. *(He gestures for her to look into the safe.)* Look. My God.

RACHEL: *(Peering into the safe with shared disgust.)* What is that?!

KEVIN: It's Muffin. Stuffed. And a note. "April Fools. Love ya, Darren." Uhhhhhh!

RACHEL: *(Beat.)* Well . . . look on the bright side. At least we won't go to jail for robbery.

(There is the sound of a key at the front door.)

KEVIN and RACHEL: *(Turning suddenly, gasping.)* Oh no! *(Simultaneously pointing.)* Window!