

SCENE 7

THE STOCKROOM. - THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

Stacy is busy opening boxes and placing toys on the shelves and floor. DSL are two very large and conspicuous boxes. They hold Crawford and Bunk. Beth struggles as she tries to open one of them.

BETH

Stace, give me hand. I can't get this stupid lid off. These toy soldiers are a pain to unpack. They're too big. And why would anybody waste their money on them anyway?

STACY

(coming to help)

Mr. Angberd says that they're one of the best selling toys in the store.

BETH

Go figure.

They finally get the two boxes open revealing Crawford and Bunk standing straight and stiff and looking ridiculous in their makeshift toy soldier outfits. Stacy and Beth stare at them.

BETH (cont'd)

Do you believe how ugly these things are.

STACY

(laughing)

Look at this one. It looks like a Christmas frog.

BETH

They should have made the ears smaller on this one. It looks like Dumbo.

STACY

Probably to match the big nose.

Who the heck would buy these things?

STACY

I think people like to put them on their front lawns.

BETH

For what, to scare away the neighborhood dogs?

Bunk begins twitching his nose. He lets out a loud sneeze, bending over at the waist. Crawford helps to straiten him up.

BETH (cont'd)

(screaming)

They're alive! They're alive! My God, they're alive! Help we're being attacked! Help! Help! Do anything you want, but don't take my money!

BUNK

(himself frightened by Beth's reaction)

Miss, please! We don't want to hurt you. Please stop screaming.

STACY

Beth. Calm down. If you've come here to rob us, you certainly picked a silly disguise.

CRAWFORD

We don't want to rob anyone.

BUNK

No.

STACY

Beth, call the police.

(Each time Stacy tells Beth to call the police, she stops when one of the men say so.)

BUNK

Don't. Please.

(STACY)

Well, what do you want then? Beth, call the police.

BUNK (cont'd)

No. Please.

He gets an idea and begins to improvise. He tries to fake a Russian accent.

BUNK (cont'd)

Ahem...you see we are members of Moscow Circus...we are performing in the Radio City Music Hall..We...are the Flying...Tushniks...

Bunk is looking at Crawford like he's crazy.

CRAWFORD
we do high wire act...on ice skates. Right, comrade?

He nudges Crawford with his elbow.

BUNK
I said right...comrade?

CRAWFORD
(not being much help)
OK.

BUNK
We wanted to defect so we hid in these boxes.

BETH
You don't sound Russian.

BUNK
That's why we had to defect.

STACY
Look. I don't know who you are, but you'd better have a better story than that. Beth, call the police.

CRAWFORD
Wait. OK. The truth, but you're not going to believe it. We escaped from prison to clear ourselves of a crime that we didn't commit.

BETH
Oh. Why didn't you say so. Help! Help! Escaped convicts! Help!

STACY
Beth, will you calm down. That story is more ridiculous than the other one.

CRAWFORD
But it's true.

STACY
We'll let the police decide, Beth...

BETH
I know. Call the police.

BUNK

No. Don't. Please. It's true. We were framed because I picked up the wrong suitcase at the airport. The suitcase had counterfeit money in it. We were convicted and sent to prison. We thought we could clear ourselves by escaping, so we dressed up in these suits and got shipped to this children's shelter.

STACY

This what?

CRAWFORD

Children's shelter.

BETH

This isn't a children's shelter. It's Angberd's Toy Emporium on Madison Avenue.

CRAWFORD

Angberd's Toy Emporium? You mean this isn't the 30th Street Children's Shelter? Harry, may I have a word with you?

They move DSL and begin whispering to each another. Stacy and Beth stare at them.

STACY

Actually, they're kind of cute.

BETH

I wonder if they have money.

STACY

A little goofy, though.

Crawford and Bunk return.

CRAWFORD

Look, we're sorry. This is all a big mistake. We should have been delivered to the 30th Street Children's Shelter and you girls look like you're busy, so we'll just be running along.

Crawford and Bunk try to nonchalantly walk away. Stacy stops them.

STACY

Hold it. How do we know you're telling the truth? Maybe you're real criminals.

BETH

Yea.

CRAWFORD

How do you know we're not telling the truth?

BETH

Yea.

STACY

If you really are criminals, that would make us accomplices to a crime. What then? We should turn you in.

BETH

Maybe there's reward.

BUNK

Please, Miss. Matthew, we have to get out of here. Warden Gilmore is probably on our trail right now.

BETH

Warden Gilmore?

STACY

Do you mean Warden Gilmore from Secaucus Prison?

BUNK

That's the one. Why, have you been in jail lately?

STACY

Of course not. But, Warden Gilmore is a friend of Mr. Angberd, our boss. He comes in the store all the time.

BETH

Yea. He and Mr. Angberd eat lunch together. Pastrami and mayo on white and chocolate milk. They make me go out for it. They don't even tip me. Cheapskates.

CRAWFORD

Wait a minute. Something sounds fishy here. Warden Gilmore is pals with this Angberd guy who owns this toy store: the shipment of toys from the prison ends up here instead of the children's shelter...

BUNK

Matthew, forget that. If we get caught we're finished. Let's get out of here.

STACY

Why would the toys from the prison end up here instead of the kid's shelter?

BUNK

Who cares? We're free. Matthew, let's go.

STACY

Not so fast. I want to get to the bottom of this.

BETH

Hey, wait a minute, Look, it's Mr. Angberd.

Crawford and Bunk try to get away.
Stacy stops them.

BUNK

Please, don't turn us in!

STACY

I want to see what's going on. Listen.

They duck behind a shelf. Angberd and Bubbles enter the store area. Angberd is playing with a yo-yo. Under his arm is a Pee Wee Herman Doll. He does his yo-yo tricks with a flourish.

BUBBLES

Oh, Cosmo.

Gilmore enters.

ANGBERD

Ah, Gilmore. Here to do some last minute shopping? I have just the thing for you.

He pulls the string on the Pee Wee Herman doll to make it talk.

GILMORE

(nervously)

Knock it off. I came for the money for the toy shipment. Do you have it?

ANGBERD

(oblivious)

How about a new yo-yo? Watch this one. Walk-the-dog...Around-the-World...

GILMORE

Forget the toys. The money. Where's the money?