

ACT I

SCENE 1

A HEARING ROOM. - SECAUCUS PRISON. - DECEMBER 22. - THE PRESENT.

NO. 1 "PROLOGUE AND INCIDENTAL"

The hearing room of the New Jersey Correctional Facility at Secaucus Prison. At a long elevated table sits the six members of the parole board. In the middle and on a higher seat is the PAROLE BOARD CHAIRMAN. They are dressed in black suits with white shirts and black neck ties. They all look alike. In front of them and with their backs to the audience are MATTHEW CRAWFORD and HARRY BUNK. They are dressed in orange prison suits. Over the house sound system is heard the booming voice of the Chairman. He bangs a large gavel, the sound of which fills the theater.

CHAIRMAN

In the matter concerning parole applicants Harry R. Bunk and Matthew Edward Crawford, parole is hereby denied.

BOARD

(in a monotone)

Denied!

CHAIRMAN

Inmates Crawford and Bunk will continue to serve out their prison terms as prescribed by law. The next application for parole may be submitted to this committee no sooner than December 24th, 2015. This hearing is adjourned.

BOARD

(in a monotone)

Adjourned!

The Chairman slams down the gavel. It is louder than before and is the downbeat of the next musical number. The Chairman and the Parole board dance off stage with very robotic break-dance type movements.

NO. 2 - "WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE"

TRANSITION TO:

SCENE 2

A CELL BLOCK. - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING.

As the Parole Board exits.  
SEVERAL PRISONERS enter in the same choreographic fashion. The set is changed simultaneously as each Prisoner carries two "prison bars" using the bars as props in the choreographed entrance.

CRAWFORD AND BUNK

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.  
IT'S A TRICK, A MISTAKE AND WE'RE SCARED.  
THIS CAN'T BE WHAT IT SEEMS.  
IT'S GOTTA BE A DREAM.  
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.  
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.  
IT'S CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRISTMAS CHEER.  
TWO HARMLESS CHAPS WHO TOOK A PHONEY RAP.  
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.

CRAWFORD

I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK ABOUT A FUTURE SO BLEAK.  
A YOUNG MAN HAPPY NO MORE.  
ONLY TWENTY-FOUR AND MY LIFE IS CUT OFF SHORT  
BY THE CLANK OF A PRISON DOOR.

CRAWFORD AND BUNK

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE

PRISONERS

(V.O)

GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.

CRAWFORD AND BUNK

IT'S WRONG, A MISTAKE AND WE'RE SCARED

PRISONERS

GOT TO GET OUT.  
ALL LIES. ALL LIES.  
GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.

BUNK

WHAT ABOUT ME?  
NEVER AGAIN TO SEE A SWEET LOVING FEMALE FACE.  
ONLY TWENTY YEARS OF AGE,  
AND I'VE TURNED THE FINAL PAGE.  
NO MORE WOMEN AND THE THRILL OF THE CHASE.

The music ends. The Prisoners pantomime while Crawford and Bunk move (remain) DSC.

BUNK

Matthew, I'm getting a little spooked. Are you sure we should go through with this?

CRAWFORD

Will you keep your voice down. Listen, the only chance we have of clearing ourselves is to get out of here. You heard the parole board. We don't get another hearing until 2015. There's no other way.

BUNK

But, what if we get caught?

CRAWFORD

Don't even think about it. They'll really throw the book at us. And what's the difference, anyway? We're already here, and bread and water in solitary can't be any worse than the slop they feed us now.

BUNK

Oh, I don't know, I kinda like creamed chipped beef on toast.

CRAWFORD

For breakfast? Look, you know as well as I do that we have to get out of here and this is the only way to do it.

BUNK

Yea, I guess you're right. But, why don't we take one of the other guys with us? You know, have a real criminal along to help out.

CRAWFORD

That's ridiculous. And how do you know you can trust them?

BUNK

They seem like OK guys to me.

CRAWFORD

OK guys? Listen to this. Hey Tiny, watcha in for?

TINY

Armed robb'ry and attempted homicide. But, I  
dittin do nuttin. I was framed.

CRAWFORD

There ya go. Maybe he should have tried the  
priesthood: Father Tiny of Our Lady of the  
Busted Kneecap. Kinda has a ring to it, eh?

BUNK

They may have a few small character flaws,  
but...

CRAWFORD

Character flaws! These guys wrote the book. How  
about Crusher over there? He kicked his  
grandmother down the stairs because she  
wouldn't get him a beer.

BUNK

But, he said it wasn't his fault.

CRAWFORD

Really! Hey, Crusher, Why'd ya do it?

CRUSHER

I was toisty!

CRAWFORD

Wonderful! You and your dumb ideas. It was you  
who got us here in the first place. If you  
didn't pick up the wrong suitcase at the  
airport, we'd be in the Caribbean sipping piña  
coladas.

BUNK

It looked like my suitcase. How was I supposed  
to know it was filled with counterfeit money.

CRAWFORD

Ok! But, why the heck did you try to pay for  
the coffee with a five hundred dollar bill?

BUNK

The guy said he couldn't break a thousand. And  
how was I supposed to know the money was  
counterfeit? I thought my ship finally came in.  
Remember, the fortune cookie at the Chinese  
restaurant?

CRAWFORD

And then when you said to the cop: "It's  
real...I promise."