

New York Adventure

“New York Adventure”
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MEET THE PLAYERS.

JACK WILKINS.

Jack Wilkins, 21 years old, lives in Fairfax, Virginia. He has some relatives in New York, who are helping to build and expand the city with enormous new buildings. Jack is visiting New York with Lucie, for the second year in a row, to see the public opening of their Dad's new building, which is still under construction. What he doesn't expect to find is an adventure that starts when a piece of paper flies into his car through the open window.

LUCIE WILKINS.

Jack's sister, and closest friend. She's in New York for only a few hours when she finds herself kidnapped by Jimmy Fenman, and held for ransom at the Woolworth building. Now she waits for Jack to rescue her from the madman Jimmy.

THE WILKINS FAMILY: DAD, GRANDMA, & GRANDPA.

Dad is an architect, spending much time working in New York on some of its larger buildings. Grandpa is a retired architecture expert, who has been without whiskey for many months because of the Prohibition. Grandma is glad to have things this way.

JIMMY "TRICERATOPS" FENMAN.

Jimmy Fenman nicknames himself the Triceratops, after the vicious three-horned dinosaur who lived one million years ago. Using violence, threats, and extortion, he has demanded ownership of the top three floors of the Woolworth building, the tallest building in New York, and indeed the world. In the Garment District, he's forced a few clothing store managers to let him take many nice suits. He's also holding many girls hostage in the Woolworth building for \$2,000 each, giving men a 24-hour time limit to hand over the ransom.

FRED O'STEVE.

The first friend whom Jack meets in his adventure to rescue his sister. Fred was a bartender, who was ruined by Jimmy Fenman. Now he helps Jack to save Lucie.

LEXI.

A friend of Fred's. Her role in the adventure will be vital: she can work the black market in ways that get her guns and ammo for free, the kind Jack would need in his efforts to stop Jimmy. Lexi works the black market herself, in a way. She's a hooker and a former thief.

NEW YORKERS.

New York is known for its crowds of men and women who walk about across the streets. At least 15 extras should be used at a time to form the crowd of New Yorkers.

HOTEL CLERK.

The clerk at the Grand Luxury Suites, in New York, near Central Park, when Jack books a hotel room for the first time in his life.

WOOLWORTH BUILDING CLERK.

The first clerk seen when a person enters the Woolworth building's lobby. Jimmy holds him up at gunpoint and makes him contact the building's owner, who is Oscar.

OSCAR JORGE.

The landlord of the Woolworth building, and one of Jimmy's first targets for threats and violence.

GARMENT DISTRICT CLERK.

The clerk who is held up at gunpoint for the demand of free clothes.

HAROLD BROWN.

The second friend to accompany Jack on his adventure. Harold is the driver of a taxi cab when the two cross paths. Being a cab driver, and knowing his way around the city, he is also critical in helping Jack get to the Triceratops' castle.

MOLLY JOYWATER.

The third friend to accompany Jack on his adventure. Molly is a nurse, working in Saint Mary's Hospital. She and Jack cross paths when she enters the same taxi cab as him as he's on his way to rescue Lucie.

9 KIDNAPPED GIRLS.

A look inside the top three floors of the building reveals 10 kidnapped girls, one of them being Lucie. The girls are afraid to attempt to leave the building, for fear of Jimmy's threats: if one makes it out, all the others die.

ACT ONE.

Scene 1. INT. NEW YORK CITY – THE YEAR 1920

Al Jolson's song “Swanee”, from the year 1920, begins to play.

The lights all FADE ON across STAGE LEFT, CENTER STAGE, and STAGE RIGHT, as spectacular photographic images are displayed of the islands of New York, early in the Roaring Twenties decade.

We see an image of the Statue of Liberty, hundreds of feet in size, standing on Liberty Island.

An image of the Woolworth Building, standing 57 stories tall.

An image of Pennsylvania Station, a place heavily packed with human traffic.

Half-finished buildings line the city, with all the inner framework exposed. The massive expansion of New York City is still in progress.

An image of a car: a 1915 black Ford Model-T.

Scene 2. INT. JACK'S CAR – FRONT SEAT

At STAGE RIGHT, the lights turn on to reveal Jack Wilkins sitting in a chair, gripping a prop steering wheel, and generally only driving straight ahead. Next to him, in the passenger's seat, rides his sister: cute blonde-haired 19-year-old Lucie Wilkins. She's holding a large paper map of New York with both hands, plus a few sheets of paper with navigation directions.

The image changes from the car to the Brooklyn Bridge. This is the image that stays. At last, the music begins to fade away, and we can hear Jack and Lucie talking.

JACK: How long do you think we've been on the Brooklyn Bridge now? 10 minutes?

LUCIE: I'd say more like 15.

JACK: I just can't get enough of it!

LUCIE: I don't see what's so great about a dumb old bridge.

JACK: Now. Where do I drive, after the bridge?

Lucie fumbles with a few papers in her lap.

JACK: Lucie? . . . Lucie? Hello?

LUCIE: Jack! Jack! Hello! I hear you. I'm just looking for . . . oh. Here it is. "Brooklyn Bridge, North-West. Right turn on Centre Street."

JACK: Then what?

LUCIE: Then, I'll tell you what to do, after we get there.

JACK: Come on. Right turn on Centre Street, *then* what?

LUCIE: Then I'll tell you after we get there!

JACK: Lucie! Come on!!

LUCIE: Oh, fine. All right. "Left turn on Chambers. Pass Elk Street."

JACK: Thanks. Was that really so hard?

LUCIE: Could you please not drive this fast?

JACK: We're on the bridge now, sister! I could do a *hundred* out here!

LUCIE: NO!! Slow down! Could you PLEASE slow down, at least while *I'm* in here?

Jack thinks about it, then removes his foot from the gas pedal, gradually slowing down the car.

JACK: All right. Sorry. I'll slow down for *you*.

Letting go of the gas, he uses his left foot to apply the brakes a little. We hear some screeching. The car slows down.

JACK: It's just . . . you have to understand. After driving for 350 miles to get here . . . now we're on the bridge. No more red lights.

LUCIE: I know about the red lights, Jack. I was here. I counted over 200 of them.

JACK: Really?

LUCIE: Really. I counted over 200 red lights. That's always what happens, when you drive 350 miles in a car, all at once.

JACK: Yeah! So, you understand! Now we're on the bridge! We're free from red lights! We finally get the freedom of movement!

LUCIE: Just please don't go so damn fast, Jack. You know, those red lights are here for a reason. They're here to stop all these car crash horror stories you always hear about. They're supposed to be doing us some good.

JACK: Yeah, “good riddance” to the red lights. I'm really not looking forward to the drive back home . . . but . . . oh well. At least we're doing this together.

LUCIE: We drove to New York a year ago.

JACK: *I* drove.

LUCIE: Well, still, we came to New York a year ago, and we got through it just fine.

JACK: That's true. Except I spent the whole time always being lost.

LUCIE: And I didn't?

JACK: Hopefully, now that it's my second time coming to New York, now I'll know the areas a little better.

LUCIE: This time we brought a compass. This time we won't get lost.

JACK: Heh. And which way is that compass saying now, again?

LUCIE: Hmm. Uhhh. North is pointing toward the right.

JACK: It's in between North and West. We're driving North-West right now on the Brooklyn Bridge, is what that means.

LUCIE: I don't understand. I thought all roads run only North, East, South, and West.

JACK: But this compass has us going North-West right now, on the Brooklyn Bridge.

LUCIE: Really? I don't understand that.

JACK: New York, New York. We're 350 miles from home now.

LUCIE: Yeah. We're not in Virginia no more!

JACK: No, we're not.

LUCIE: All right, focus. Right turn on Centre Street. Is that it?

JACK: Is what it?

LUCIE: Oh. Never mind. Wait. Is *that* it?

JACK: I think so. I'm gonna make that right turn.

He gets ready, and starts to turn his steering wheel to the right.

JACK: We're off the bridge now! We've left the Brooklyn Bridge. We're IN New York.

LUCIE: For the second year in a row!

JACK: Right turn on Centre Street. All right. What's the next step?

LUCIE: Oh. (*She checks her papers, and starts reading.*) Left turn on Chambers Street.

JACK: Okay.

LUCIE: Pass Elk Street. Keep going. Pass Broadway Avenue. Keep going.
Right turn on Church Street. Keep going. Compass should say North-East.
Stay on Church Street. Pass by Reade. Pass by Duane. Thomas Street. Worth
Street. Leonard Street. Franklin Street.

JACK: Okay, *that's* Franklin Street. God, when did we get off the bridge – an hour ago?

LUCIE: Just keep going straight.

JACK: Wait a minute. No! No! The road curves into two roads! Which way do I go?

LUCIE: Just stay on this road. *That* way is 6th Avenue. *This* way is Church Street.

JACK: Oh. That's right, I remember now. Last time I was here, I took 6th Avenue, and ended up lost.

LUCIE: Stay this way, on Church Street. Go past White Street. Pass Walker Street. Go as far as you can, until you can't possibly go on any farther, when you hit Canal Street. Left on Canal. Right turn onto 6th Avenue.

JACK: I can't believe how long I've been here, navigating. Jesus Christ, Lord Almighty, are we getting any closer?

LUCIE: We have to be. Let's see here. Keep going. Left turn onto West 14th Street. Right turn on 10th Avenue. There! That's 10th Avenue.

JACK: Are we *finished* yet?? I can't stand all these red lights. This is killing me!! At least, on the bridge, we had no red lights! Now we're back to this inferno!

LUCIE: Listen. That turn on 10th Avenue was *the final turn*. You're almost there. All you have to do now is take 10th Avenue the rest of the way there.

JACK: Really? That was *the final turn*?

LUCIE: Yes. Now just look for the Blue Birds Diner, on your right-hand side.

JACK: Oh, okay. Where is it, exactly?

LUCIE: On 10th Avenue, just past 81 Street.

JACK: 10th Avenue, just past 81 Street? We're on 10th Avenue right now. We're passing . . . 15 Street.

LUCIE: We're passing 15 Street. And we're driving all the way to 81 to find this diner.

JACK: Yes. So the driving has only just *begun*.

LUCIE: This will take days.

Screeeech! Jack looks startled for a second by a near-crash, and he quickly swerves the wheel to the left to avoid another car, who entered his lane without warning!

Jack sticks his head out the window to yell at the other car.

JACK: HEEEEY! You stupid idiot! You almost just killed me and my sister!
(*He sits back inside the car.*) That moron could have just put you into a crash!

LUCIE: (*pointing toward FRONT-STAGE*) Jack, the light's red.

JACK: Hmm? Oh!

And he uses his left foot to put on the brakes, screeching the car to a halt.

JACK: Careful, careful . . . okay. We're stopped.

LUCIE: That's it. That's it. Let me out *right now*. I want out of this death-trap.

JACK: No it's not. It's not a death-trap. All right? I'm driving. I'll make sure . . .

Jack is reading Lucie's facial expressions. She's clearly still uncomfortable.

So he leans over and gives her a hug.

JACK: Come on. It's all right. I won't let anything happen to you. Okay?

LUCIE: Jack, it's green now.

Jack goes back to the road.

JACK: Yes. Right. (*He accelerates again.*) Don't worry. We'll get to the diner even if it kills me. The travel so far sure almost did.

LUCIE: Let's just forget everything that's happened and make it to the diner in one piece, okay? Once we see Dad and Grandpa, and get started talking about everything, we'll forget about all this.

JACK: I . . . suppose I could give that a try.

A piece of paper flies into view, floating through the air to be snatched up by Lucie's hands.

LUCIE: Oh, wow! Look at this! A random treasure!

JACK: What?

LUCIE: Look at this! This piece of paper just flew in! I wonder what it is.

JACK: It's garbage, is what it is.

LUCIE: No it's not. Look! It's a letter! "Dear Jimmy."

JACK: Don't read it! That's not yours to read.

LUCIE: Oh. Sorry. I suppose so, yeah. (*She stuffs it away.*) I don't know! It's still kind of interesting. We should give it back to this Jimmy.

JACK: Do me a favor? Roll your window up. There's garbage coming in.

LUCIE: It's not necessarily garbage.

Jack shakes his head.

LUCIE: Well . . . I still think I'll hold onto it, for now.

JACK: Now, let's see. We still have to get to 81 Street . . . and we're just now passing 16.

The lights FADE OUT.

Scene 3. INT. NEW YORK – NEAR 10th AVENUE & 81 ST

At STAGE LEFT, Grandpa, wearing a big gray coat, enters the scene, smiling widely. He walks to STAGE RIGHT, to approach his two grandkids. During this time,

Jack puts the car into Park, then turns the engine off, undoes his seat belt, and then undoes Lucie's belt.

Grandpa, after reaching STAGE RIGHT, opens the door for Lucie, who steps out.

GRANDPA: Hey-hey! You made it!

JACK: I was gonna get that.

Lucie runs up to Grandpa to give him a big hug.

LUCIE: Of course we made it, Grandpa! Me and Jack made it *easily!* No way we're gonna miss out on this!

GRANDPA: Is that so?

JACK: Hey, Grandpa! How's it going?

GRANDPA: You made it all the way from Virginia to the Brooklyn Bridge . . . and all the way from the bridge to here, at the diner! That's quite a thing.

JACK: Oh, it was nothing.

GRANDPA: You two are so big now. How old are you now? Jack, you're 17?

JACK: 21, actually.

GRANDPA: Reaaaally! Dear GOD you're getting old!

JACK: Ha ha ha!

GRANDPA: And Lucie, that makes you . . .

LUCIE: 19. Can you believe I'm 19 now?

GRANDPA: 19 and 21! Wow! Oh, you two are here now, and that's good. I just wish you two could have seen what New York *used* to be like, back in the 80's and 90's.

JACK & LUCIE: The 80's and 90's??

GRANDPA: Yeah! The 1880's, the 90's . . . those times were better. No Model-T cars back then. No giant skyscrapers blocking your view of the real world. We used to have lots of nature here back then.

JACK: Hey, now, I hope you're not complaining about the buildings. That's Dad's bread and butter.

GRANDPA: Oh, I don't mind *all* the buildings. Just the skyscrapers. You know, I would never expect YOU two kids to remember this . . . but back in the 1880's, New York was all grass and fields!

JACK: It was?

GRANDPA: *Yeah!* Back then, Franklin Avenue was nothing but green, healthy plant life – and a LITTLE bit of buildings. Just enough to build up a perfect town. Yeah, New York used to be a great place for us nature-lovers. But *now* look! Nothing but buildings, skyscrapers, towers . . . and WAY too many people these days.

JACK: It's not that bad.

GRANDPA: No, it's worse! Pff. Wait till 1950. I'll bet there's not one piece of grass or plant life left here in the whole city!

JACK: Well, what about Central Park?

GRANDPA: We're not far from Central Park, actually. (*pointing*) It's over that way. Everything still looks exactly the same there as in the old days. Lots of healthy trees. Lots of plants. And for that I'm grateful. The day they replace Central Park with a bunch of skyscrapers is the day I kill 'em!

JACK: Okay, come on, now.

LUCIE: Yes, could we *please* talk about a subject a little less dreary now?

GRANDPA: Sure, sure. Jack, you're parked. Let's walk to the diner.

Scene 4. INT. NEW YORK – BLUE BIRDS DINER – SOON

Three tables are moved into view, at STAGE RIGHT, CENTER STAGE, and STAGE LEFT. At the middle table, Jack, Lucie, Grandpa, and Grandma sit. At the other two tables, many random extras sit, eating meals, talking, as waiters and waitresses walk around. We hear many sounds of silverware clashing together.

JACK: So when is Dad coming?

GRANDPA: He said he'll be here in 10 minutes. You know him – give him 20.

JACK: I don't know what I want to eat yet. Lucie, you wanna share something?

LUCIE: Okay. What did you have in mind?

JACK: I don't know, maybe some pasta?

LUCIE: Sure. I'll have whatever you have.

JACK: No, just order what you want –

Jack and Lucie's Dad suddenly approaches them from behind.

DAD: BOO!

LUCIE: Wahhhh!

Jack spins around, and starts laughing.

JACK: I was about to knock somebody out!

DAD: Ahhh ha ha! I got you good that time!

JACK: Oh, man! And you didn't think we would get here in one piece!

DAD: No, I did not!

GRANDPA: Can you believe it? The day's finally come when your father's building goes open to the public! And you two are here in New York to witness it!

LUCIE: *I know!* It's so exciting! Tomorrow, his building is opened up to everyone!

JACK: I bet it's gonna be the biggest building in the city!

GRANDPA: Well . . . no, actually, that would be the Woolworth building.

JACK: . . . Well, then, second biggest!

Grandpa and Lucie laugh.

JACK: Woolworth, huh? That's the tallest one?

DAD: Did you say the Woolworth building? That's the building that the Human Fly climbed up.

JACK: Yeah, I've heard about that! The Human Fly! That was earlier in this year!

DAD: Yeah! Some maniac – some NUT – dressed himself up in a black costume, and called himself “the Human Fly”, and he managed to climb his way up the side of the Woolworth building. He managed to make it all the way to Floor 30 – but he was arrested, there, for breaking and entering.

JACK: Why do the police hate costumed nuts?

DAD: Who knows. It's New York.

GRANDPA: I always order a whiskey when I come here. Always. But now look. Now it's under "Prohibition". Now it's "against the law". You believe that shit?

GRANDMA: Well, then, it's a good thing they passed that Prohibition law! (*She laughs.*)

GRANDPA: Damn it, woman, whose side are you on??

JACK: Oh – yeah! Prohibition! That started in, what, January?

LUCIE: January, yeah. January of this year. Just when I'm finally legal to drink, they go and make it illegal!

JACK: I know.

GRANDPA: What's next? What will they put under Prohibition next? Tobacco? Hemp? How about smiles? Put a Prohibition on smiling?

GRANDMA: That's enough, dear.

LUCIE: However, at the same time as where I can't drink, now I can vote. Pretty soon, this November, will be the first election where women are voting!

JACK: Hold on, now – it hasn't actually *happened* yet. You still don't know.

LUCIE: I'm voting for Cox.

DAD: Good girl! Let's see him nail that Harding!

LUCIE: Oh. Grandpa: we found this letter in the car. I did, rather.

GRANDPA: Yeah?

LUCIE: I was driving in the city . . . I mean . . . Jack was driving, and my window was open, and suddenly this paper just flew right in. A letter.

GRANDPA: Doesn't sound much like your letter, then!

LUCIE: Yeah.

DAD: Where is the waitress? She's taking forever.

JACK: I'm starving. I want the cajun.

The lights all FADE OUT.

Scene 5. INT. JACK'S CAR (STAGE RIGHT)

Back to the 1915 Model-T, with Jack driving, and Lucie as the passenger.

LUCIE: I never got a chance to read that letter I had found. I wonder what it says.

JACK: The what? The letter? Are you crazy? You didn't throw that thing out long ago?

LUCIE: Maybe it's a love letter. I bet a girl wrote it. The true love of his life.

JACK: Yeah, you would think that, wouldn't you.

LUCIE: Oh, I still want to read it! "Dear Jimmy." Aww. "Is your phone number correct? I've got 555-0303. Every time I called, some fellow named Alex answers. I don't think I have your correct number."

Awww! This girl is trying to find Jimmy!

JACK: How do you know for a fact that it's a girl?

LUCIE: I doubt it would be a man writing this.

JACK: You're right.

LUCIE: Well. His phone number is here. I want to call this number.

JACK: Why?

LUCIE: I can give this man a letter. I might be doing something really good!

JACK: Why do you think that way? You don't know if it's the man's lover, his business partner, his enemy, or what!

LUCIE: Well, let me see. "Read this and then destroy the letter. Tear this thing up."
Oh, wow! This is getting interesting!

JACK: It is *not* getting "interesting", it is somebody else's business. Now, please – let's get to the hotel. It's supposed to be not that far from here at all.

LUCIE: I still find this interesting.

She stuffs it away, in her pocket.

Soon, Jack parks the car. He and Lucie step out of the car, and walk from STAGE RIGHT all the way to STAGE LEFT. During this time, a whole bunch of men and women begin walking between STAGE LEFT and STAGE RIGHT – all available extras, walking about to form the gigantic crowd in New York.

JACK: Dinner was great. Now let's get ourselves situated with the hotel room. Dad said pay for three days.

LUCIE: We've never done this without Dad's help before.

JACK: I know. Now I'll be doing this on my own, for the first time.

LUCIE: This is so adult!

JACK: Grand Luxury Suites. Well, we'll get one room.

LUCIE: What if they don't have a room open?

JACK: Let's just see.

LUCIE: I'll help carry things.

JACK: We still have to figure out the room situation first.

He opens the door for Lucie, and holds it open as she steps inside. He walks in after her, so the two disappear at STAGE LEFT.

The lights FADE OUT, then FADE ON again in a more green shade of color. Jack and Lucie re-enter the scene at STAGE LEFT, having now entered the hotel. They approach a clerk standing near STAGE LEFT.

JACK: Hello. I'd like one room, please.

CLERK: One room? Are you two together?

JACK: Yes. Same room. And I'd like to pay at once for three days, if that's possible.

CLERK: It's very possible. (*gathering a clipboard, papers, and a pen*) We do have some rooms open. Would you prefer smoking or non-smoking?

JACK: Lucie?

LUCIE: Non-smoking.

JACK: Non-smoking is fine.

CLERK: Perfect. Your total bill comes to \$21 for three days.

JACK: *(to Lucie)* \$21 for three days. Can you believe this?

LUCIE: That's \$7 a day. That's pretty cheap, actually.

JACK: \$7 a day. I can't believe this. *(handing the money to the clerk)* All right, here.

CLERK: Perfect.

The lights FADE OUT.

Scene 6. INT. HOTEL – LOBBY

The lights FADE ON, still with the green shade of light, as Jack and Lucie walk in from STAGE RIGHT, Jack carrying a big garbage bag full of clothes, and they both walk until they stop just short of STAGE LEFT.

LUCIE: Why won't you let me carry some bags?

JACK: It's all right. You don't need to.

LUCIE: Well, then, what should I do?

JACK: Just open the doors for me. That would be fine.

LUCIE: I want to help carry things!

JACK: Really – you don't have to! We're almost there. Could you get the door, please?

Lucie goes to open the door. Jack and Lucie enter the room, and Jack finally makes it to STAGE RIGHT. He sets down the garbage bag on the floor.

JACK: This is our hotel room, all right.

LUCIE: Only for three days. Then we drive back home to Virginia. I'm actually starting to enjoy New York.

JACK: Yeah. It was a thrill, huh? Ever since we first got on, through the Brooklyn Bridge. I love it here. All right, let's see. What time is it? 8:30 p.m. What month is it, again? Oh. Right. September. Look, it's already dark out.

LUCIE: Yeah. I hate it, how the Sun goes down at 8 now.

Jack starts to walk away, to pull one of the curtains away with his hand, followed by the other curtain, to reveal the image of a window looking out into Upper Manhattan.

As Jack is busy moving the curtains, Lucie fumbles around with the paper in her pocket. She approaches the hotel's phone.

Soon enough, she's dialing the numbers 5, 5, 5, 0, 3, 0, 3. She waits for a moment, as the phone rings. Jack is still looking out the window.

At STAGE LEFT, Jimmy, wearing a black suit and tie with a red shirt, turns his head at the sound of his phone ringing.

JIMMY: Now who would *that* be? (*After the fourth ring, he picks up the phone.*) Hello?

LUCIE: Hello. Is this Jimmy?

JACK: What? Lucie, who are you on the phone with?

JIMMY: Ummm . . . my name is Alex. Can I take a message?

LUCIE: (. . . *Shoot!*) Umm. Well, you see, my name is Lucie Wilkins. I was trying to reach Jimmy. But, if he's not there . . .

JIMMY: Well, wait a minute. Let me see if I can get him. Hey! *Jimmy!* . . . Phone call!
. . . All right. He's coming.
. . . Hey. This is Jimmy. Who is this?

LUCIE: Hello. My name is Lucie.

JIMMY: Hello, Lucie. How old are you, sweetie?

LUCIE: How am I? I'm fine.

JIMMY: No, how *old* are you?

LUCIE: Oh. I'm 19.

JIMMY: 19. Nice. That was a nice age.

LUCIE: Yes. It is.

JACK: Who is that??

LUCIE: Jack – I called the phone number back, from the letter. I'm telling this man that I found his mail. I have him on the line.

JIMMY: Hello?

LUCIE: Yes. I'm here. I'm 19. How old are *you*?

JIMMY: I'm 27. I was born in 1893.

LUCIE: Oh. Now, listen, Jimmy – the reason I'm calling is because I was in my car today, driving on the road, and suddenly a piece of paper flew in through the open window. This piece of paper was a letter, starting with “Dear Jimmy”, and this phone number was at the top of it. So, I called the phone number. And here you are. I would like to return this mail to you whenever I can.

JIMMY: (*shocked*) Wow! You found my letter? I don't know what to say!

LUCIE: I – I decided NOT to read the letter, of course. I respect your right to privacy and all, sir. I would never read into a letter that wasn't mine, or isn't any of my business.

Jack looks at Lucie, just shocked. He shakes his head.

LUCIE: I don't know how to get this letter to you, though. Should I mail it to you?

JIMMY: Sure, you could. However, that would require postage and stamps. I say, I've got a car, maybe I can just drive over to you, to come pick it up.

LUCIE: Really? You could do that?

JIMMY: Sure! Sure! Why, where are you?

LUCIE: I'm in a hotel. I just got in.

JIMMY: Which hotel?

LUCIE: Grand Luxury Suites. My Dad says it's right across from Central Park.

JIMMY: Grand Luxury Suites. Right across from Central Park. Hmm. What streets are you on, again?

LUCIE: It's right by the cross-streets of 10th Avenue and 79.

JIMMY: 10th Avenue and 79. Perfect! I could start driving there, and from where I'm at right now, I could be there in 30 minutes. I'll just come collect my letter, and then I'll be out on my way.

LUCIE: 30 minutes?

JIMMY: Well. Be at the front doors in 30 minutes. I should be there right then, or within the next few minutes, because I'm running.

LUCIE: Perfect! So we would meet at the front doors, in 30 minutes?

JIMMY: Yes. What do you look like?

LUCIE: Ummm. I have blonde hair. Brown eyes. 19 years old. I weigh . . . 90 pounds.

JIMMY: All right. I'm 27. Black hair. Kind of tall. You'll know me.

LUCIE: Perfect! So I'll see you then.

JIMMY: Wait. Are you alone?

LUCIE: No. I'm here with my brother.

JIMMY: Oh. You are?

LUCIE: Yep. He's the one who drove me here, to New York. My Dad is here, my Grandpa, all in New York.

JIMMY: Oh. So . . . so you're really not alone.

He thinks about it.

JIMMY: Lucie . . . I get a little bit scared of people sometimes. Especially, I get afraid of large crowds. Do you think you could meet me alone?

LUCIE: Alone? (*That word catches Jack's attention.*) Okay. I'll come alone.

JIMMY: Perfect. Thank you, Lucie. I look forward to meeting you. If you're even half as cute in person as you sound over the phone . . .

Lucie smiles, and starts laughing.

LUCIE: I . . . I'll see you . . . in . . . yeah.

Jimmy hangs up, and begins to exit the scene at STAGE RIGHT.

JIMMY: Stupid girl, thinks she's gonna fuck with me. Play these little games. We'll see about this!

Soon, Lucie hangs up, too, smiling and squealing with excitement.

LUCIE: Wow! All of this, because a piece of paper flew in through the open window!

JACK: I seriously wish it had NOT!

LUCIE: But it did!

JACK: This is madness. That's what this is. It's madness.

LUCIE: Why? You're saying I'm not allowed to meet any cute guys, ever in my life?

JACK: You want to “meet cute guys”? Oh, my God. This is NOT why I brought you here to New York.

LUCIE: What does it matter to you, anyway?

JACK: “Meet cute guys”, huh? Are you planning on marrying them, too?

LUCIE: Jack, why are you being like this?

JACK: I just find it a little fishy that he said “come alone”, to give him back the letter.

LUCIE: He said he gets scared of people sometimes – especially large crowds. You're so scared of him; he might be more scared of us! You'll see. This Jim is NOT “up to no good”.

JACK: Absolutely wrong.

The two start to walk from the hotel room at STAGE RIGHT, with its view out into the New York skyline, through the hotel, to CENTER STAGE and STAGE LEFT.

JACK: You know, you do not have to involve yourself with some total stranger's love affair, just because you found his garbage letter.

LUCIE: It is not a “garbage letter”. What if something good comes from this? Like a networking opportunity, or something?

JACK: What? Networking?

LUCIE: Did you not hear anything Dad just said at dinner? About how networking and talking to people is what gets you somewhere? Maybe this Jimmy could get you a job.

JACK: Jimmy? What is he, a little kid? Little kids would be called Jimmy. A grown man should be addressed as Jim.

LUCIE: But maybe something could happen. *If* you ask him if there's any jobs available, if he's looking for people.

JACK: That sounds like an idea.

LUCIE: Hmm. I know I'm not supposed to, but, let me check out what this letter said.

JACK: We might as well, now!

LUCIE: “Dear Jimmy.” “Is your phone number correct?” “Read this and then destroy the letter. Tear this thing up.” Hmm. Okay. Yes! Let's see.

“Keep your eye on the new guy Mark. He has been sniffing around too much lately and asking too many questions. He may be onto the operations. May be a snitch. May be an undercover policeman.

“Our lawyers can convince the people you didn't do a thing. But 3 is an awful lot of people!”

Wait a minute. Jack. Are you hearing this?

JACK: It does sound a little bit strange.

LUCIE: “Our lawyers can convince the people you didn't do a thing”? “3 is an awful lot of people”? Jack, do you hear this?? This letter was being addressed to a criminal!!

JACK: And now he's on the way here??

Jack and Lucie make it to the front doors of the hotel.

Now, as they stand at STAGE LEFT, a whole bunch of extras begin to walk about around STAGE LEFT and CENTER STAGE.

JACK: Okay. We meet this Jimmy right here, we give him back the letter, he leaves. He knows our hotel. But . . . did you tell him the room number?

LUCIE: Ummm . . . ummm . . .

JACK: *Did you tell him the room number??*

LUCIE: I – I don't know! I don't quite remember! I don't think I did!

JACK: Great. Just fantastic! That one piece of paper flew in through the window, and twisted everything around on us!

LUCIE: This is chaos. Absolute chaos. This can't be happening.

JACK: My stomach is in knots. We've not been in New York that long, and now look what's happening.

LUCIE: *Your* stomach is in knots? I'm the one waiting for the guy.

Vrooom! Screech! We now see an image of a very big black 1920 car.

We hear the sound of doors opening, then closing. Jimmy enters the scene from STAGE RIGHT.

JIMMY: Hmm. Let's see. Lucie? . . . Lucie?

Jack and Lucie eye each other. Then they both look at Jimmy. Jack snatches the letter from her grip, and approaches Jimmy.

JACK: Are you Jimmy?

JIMMY: I prefer the nickname "Triceratops". Otherwise, yeah. I'm Jimmy. Why?

JACK: Are you here to get back a letter?

JIMMY: . . . Not from you!

JACK: Well – if you're here to get back a letter – here it is. (*He hands it over.*)

JIMMY: Where's blonde-haired Lucie? Oh! Is that you? Lucie?

LUCIE: Yes, it's me. Jimmy, look, you have your letter back. I promise I didn't read it.

JIMMY: Yeah, then how'd you know my phone number?

JACK: Listen – this is not about her.

JIMMY: She's the one that made the call. Now, I don't know what you two know – or how MUCH you know – but I don't want *any* problems in my life.

JACK: No. No. We're not here to present any problems. Okay? I gave it back, I'm just going to leave now.

JIMMY: I didn't say you could. Boys! Take the girl to the car.

Jimmy's men run up and grab Lucie by the arms.

LUCIE: What?? No. Don't TOUCH me!

JACK: Now BACK OFF!

JIMMY: Yeah? Or what? Huh? Or what? (*The men drag Lucie away, to STAGE RIGHT.*) You're going on a little car ride, Lucie.

LUCIE: No! NOOOO!!

JACK: You unhand her, right now!

JIMMY: Now here's my offer. You want your little girlfriend back? Then you've got 24 hours to deliver me \$2,000. Pay me that money, and you get her back. You got that?

JACK: Why are you doing this?? She did nothing wrong!

JIMMY: Like I said, come back to me with \$2,000, and you get the girl back, unharmed.

JACK: What makes you think I've got that kind of money?

JIMMY: Look at your hotel of choice. No broke man would come here.

JACK: I honestly don't have that kind of money.

JIMMY: Then I suggest you raise it – fast. Bring the two grand, all in 20-dollar bills, to the front doors of my office, tomorrow, by 7:00 p.m. in the evening.

JACK: Bring it where? I don't know where –

JIMMY: The tallest building in New York, by Broadway and Park Place.

JACK: What? Tallest building? That's . . . the Woolworth building.

JIMMY: Yes! Very good! The Woolworth building. Once again, Broadway and Park Place. You've got until 7:00 p.m. tomorrow to deliver my money, and you get her back.

Jimmy turns away and quickly exits STAGE LEFT. We hear the sound of a door opening, then closing back shut. The car takes off, making a getaway down 10th Avenue.

LUCIE: Jack! HELP MEEEE!

JACK: Lucie! LUCIE! Noooooo!!

He runs after the car, but, within seconds, he can see that he's no match for the speed of the vehicle. He nearly collapses. Breathing heavily, it seems like everything is over now. He holds his head with both hands.

JACK: Lucie . . .! No! What have I done . . .?

A crowd of New Yorkers begins to form again, walking between STAGE LEFT and STAGE RIGHT. Everybody walks on, as though nothing just happened.

The lights all FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO.

Scene 7. INT. NEW YORK – 10th AVENUE – SOON

A crowd of people is still walking between STAGE RIGHT and STAGE LEFT. Meanwhile, an electronic image is displayed of the distant skyline of New York, where many buildings, including the Woolworth building, are visible from far away. Meanwhile, the Philadelphia Orchestra's "Invitation to the Waltz" begins to play.

Jack Wilkins enters the scene at STAGE RIGHT. He slowly shuffles through the crowd to make his way toward CENTER STAGE, then toward STAGE LEFT. It becomes easy for Jack to get lost in the crowd. Lost among the people. Now, in this gigantic city 350 miles from home, he has become lost in the world.

JACK: What am I supposed to do now? No. No!

BUM: Hey! You, there! Come sit!

Jack looks. The bum, sitting on the ground, pats the ground, to offer Jack a seat.

BUM: You look even more down than me! Come sit.

JACK: No, no, I'm . . . I'm good.

BUM: What's got you so drained and stressed out?

JACK: I . . . I don't know.

BUM: You don't know? Well, that's not much of an answer.

JACK: My sister was just kidnapped! All right?

BUM: . . . What?

JACK: My sister – she's 19 years old – she was just kidnapped, only a few minutes ago. I – I just don't know what to do!

BUM: Oh, that's terrible! You need to go find a bar, or a phone booth, and dial 9-1-1.

JACK: I can't. If I alert the police, she dies. Her kidnapper wants \$2,000 in 24 hours.

BUM: Oh, my God! I'm so sorry to hear that, good sir! New York is normally not a land where this kind of thing happens!

JACK: Well, it did today! Stupid Jimmy!

BUM: Oh, no . . . Jimmy Fenman?

JACK: What? Fenman? I don't know. I don't know Jimmy Fenman from Jimmy . . . Sky. Jimmy Water. I don't know. He said something about . . . Triceratops.

BUM: Yeah. That's the one. Jimmy “the Triceratops” Fenman.

JACK: Why, you know him? Who is he?

BUM: He's a career criminal, is who he is. I take back what I said, then – don't dial the police. Not if it's Jimmy the Triceratops involved.

JACK: What? A career criminal? What are you telling me? This man is a criminal, like the kind from London, 1880's? The villains of the Sherlock Holmes stories?

BUM: Worse.

JACK: . . . Worse, huh? Well, *I've* never heard of him before.

BUM: How long have you lived in New York?

JACK: Uhhh – I don't. I live in Virginia. Fairfax, Virginia.

BUM: Oh! Well. That explains it.

Jack starts to take a seat next to the bum.

JACK: Why, is this Jimmy “the Triceratops” a big deal around here?

BUM: Well, did he kidnap your sister? Then yes, he's a big deal. He's burned a lot of people . . . so I think a lot of different people would agree that he's a “big deal”.

JACK: He said to meet him at the Woolworth building tomorrow. The tallest building in New York, that's his meet-up spot.

BUM: Meet-up spot? Oh, no. That Woolworth building – that's where he *lives*.

JACK: What??

BUM: Truth. He treats the whole building like his own personal castle.

JACK: And he kidnaps girls to that building? Does he do that often?

BUM: He's done it before. Your sister's most likely *not* the only one holed up in there.

JACK: What kinds of girls does he go after?

BUM: Any that breathe. Tall, small. Sometimes teenagers. Sometimes women in their 20's. Sometimes women that are older than he is. That man would kidnap your grandmother! He holds them for ransom for thousands of dollars at a time. I'm telling you – every penny of his fortune comes from someone's blood or suffering.

JACK: Does . . . does he kill them? He said he'd kill Lucie in 24 hours.

BUM: It's an empty threat. He just wants to convince you to give him the money.

JACK: How do you know so much about this Jimmy Triceratops guy?

BUM: Oh, it's a long story.

JACK: Hmm. Now, listen. I've got to find a phone somewhere, to dial the police. Where is there a phone booth?

BUM: No, no. If it's Jimmy involved, then don't call the police.

JACK: So, I should simply raise \$2,000, in less than 24 hours.

BUM: Well . . . that's the hard part.

JACK: What should I do? Counterfeit it?

BUM: That's up to you.

JACK: I've only got a day to decide. God, this just isn't fair!

BUM: Of course it isn't. A man like Jimmy . . . he ends up living in the tallest building in New York. A man like myself, Yours Truly, ends up like this, dead broke on the streets. That's the world we live in.

JACK: Hey, now. I see a flask of whiskey in your hands. I see you haven't shaved or cut your hair in a very long time. I don't think you can blame anybody here but yourself.

BUM: Yeah, THESE days! You didn't see me before Jimmy Fenman ruined me!

JACK: (*swallowing*) I'm . . . sorry to hear that.

BUM: Stupid Jimmy “Triceratops” Fenman. I refused all his little deals. I refused all his offers. I told him, time and time again, to *get outta town*, get outta here. He smashed my right hand with a hammer, he burned down most of my bar . . . you have no idea how long it took to recover!

JACK: What? That's horrible!

BUM: You're telling me! He was demanding percentages of all my income – 60% of everything the bar was making! I never even *heard* of such a thing! I'm telling you, this man was *beyond* crazy. The cops won't go after him. The detectives won't try to stop him. He's paying them all enough that they don't touch him. So, somehow, Jimmy can get away with kidnapping girls!

JACK: No. I can't do this. I have to phone the police, and tell them Lucie was kidnapped, in front of the Grand Luxury Suites, into Jimmy Fenman's car. I have to say that, because it's the truth. I know just where she's being held at, too.

BUM: Oh, good luck there. The police will say you have no proof. No paperwork. Nothing but an empty claim.

JACK: No paperwork?? Wait a minute. The letter. The letter! It's . . . it's . . . gone now.

BUM: So, you don't have any papers, any signatures, you can't really do nothing about a kidnapping. Sorry.

JACK: Well, what about all the witnesses? There were at least 20 people in front of the hotel when she was taken.

BUM: Witnesses? Are they not all long gone by now?

JACK: I don't know. I haven't phoned the police yet.

BUM: No. Let's say you do phone the police. Let's say they drive on over here. They ask around, with all the witnesses. Those men could all just lie. They could just *say* that they never saw anything happen – that they don't know *what* you're talking about. Then, the police will end up telling you that you made the whole thing up yourself.

JACK: What??

BUM: Trust me – call the police on him, and plenty of people will twist everything around on you, and make *you* out to be the wrongdoer, one way, or another.

JACK: What?? Why do you think people would do that?

BUM: Because they did that to me.

JACK: They . . . they did?

BUM: Remember, I said, Jimmy smashed my hand with a hammer? I called the police. They came. They asked around, with the witnesses. The witnesses all said: “No, officer. Nobody smashed that man's hand. It was like that when we got here.” They all lied. The police officer told me I was outnumbered, with 7 witnesses against one me – 7 witnesses

who swear Jim did nothing, and my hand was always like that, and all that happened was me cursing and screaming at poor, poor Jim.

JACK: They . . . they did that to you? They lied about it all?

BUM: They lied, all right. They swore I was the one yelling at him. He's got 'em good.

JACK: I don't understand.

BUM: See, Jimmy is well-known. A lot of people know who he is. He's built up a reputation. Certain parts of New York, he's got real *pull* on. You know? But you . . . you're nothing. Nobody. No one knows you. No one *cares* about you. So, phone the police, get the witnesses involved, but I'm telling you, they will *not* fight for you.

JACK: So it's all up to me. No police, no witnesses. All me.

BUM: In a nutshell. You don't wanna be told you're harassing Jimmy, after all.

JACK: Well, then. I'd better get started finding Jimmy. I should be off on my way now.

BUM: Alone?

JACK: Yes, alone. Right away! I can't get there fast enough.

BUM: Well, I wish you good luck. I would love to see him get taken down, too.

JACK: Well, then, why don't we *both* go there? Why don't we *both* stand up against Jimmy? We've both got reasons to go after him.

BUM: Both?

JACK: Yeah. We track down the Woolworth building, we find Jimmy, we kick his ass!

BUM: Hmm. It sounds lovely. It sounds like a fairy tale. But . . . I'm afraid it's too late.

JACK: It is *not* too late. I'm stopping the Triceratops myself. (*sigh*) Are you coming with me, to the Woolworth building? Or not?

BUM: I'm afraid I can't. Although I do wish you success.

JACK: Well, I don't have a lot of time, then. I'm going.

Jack stands up, and turns away.

There is still a big crowd of people walking around between STAGE LEFT and STAGE RIGHT. So Jack starts to walk toward STAGE RIGHT, and quickly, he finds himself mixing in with the enormous crowd again.

The bum lowers his head. Already, Jack is gone . . . headed toward his doom.

JACK: I'll find you, Triceratops.

Jack continues to walk on. He's almost out of the bum's sight already.

BUM: Wait. Wait! (*He stands up.*) Wait! Jack! Hold up!

The bum starts to run through the crowd, then in between people, following Jack.

BUM: Jack. Jack! Wait!

Jack turns his head. Seeing the bum again, he stops walking.

FRED: How rude of me. I forgot to introduce myself. Fred O'Steve.

JACK: Fred what?

FRED: Fred O'Steve. Once upon a time, I was a magnificent bartender.

JACK: Then you and I have got two very different reasons to go up against Jimmy.

FRED: But we have one thing in common: our rage against him, for what he did to us.

JACK: *Yes.* Jimmy *has* to be stopped.

FRED: You're gonna get yourself killed out there, if you run out alone. Hey – I'd say the same thing about myself, y'know. I go out there . . . I'll get myself killed halfway down Broadway Avenue. But *two* men . . . as *two* men working together, we *could* get the job done. We could stop Jimmy. We could rescue your sister . . . what was her name, again?

JACK: Lucie.

FRED: Lucie. Rescue her. And rescue all the other girls Jimmy's got captured up in there. God knows how many. Come on. Let's go on down to that Woolworth building.

JACK: I don't know. How do we find it?

FRED: How do you find it? Oh, that part is easy. Look.

Fred turns around and points to the image of New York's skyline. There is a red circle around the Woolworth building.

FRED: See all those buildings? One of 'em has to be the tallest. There it is: the Woolworth building.

JACK: Ohhh, that one, yeah. But how do we get there?

The red circle fades away.

FRED: Well, now that you can see it with your eyes, you just keep walking toward it, until you get there.

JACK: I can't do walking. I mean – I don't mind the walk. I love a good walk. But I've got a deadline, of 24 hours. There's a timer counting down, see, every second, and once that timer reaches zero . . . death.

FRED: I'm pretty sure he won't kill her. Although, he may not let her leave the building.

JACK: The point is, we have 24 hours for that ransom. We have to move *fast, fast, fast*. We don't have time for walking.

FRED: We need a set of wheels. A taxi cab service.

JACK: Oh, wait a minute! We don't need a taxi. I've got my own set of wheels.

FRED: You what? You have a car?

JACK: I drove my Dad's car here to New York. My Dad took the train here.

FRED: Your Dad took the train here. How is your Dad getting back home?

JACK: He's taking the train back home to Virginia. Then I drive the car back home, with Lucie. He just *did not* want to deal with the long travel time of cars – you have no idea, getting from Virginia to New York, all the right lights!

FRED: I could imagine. How much gasoline do you have now?

JACK: About a third of a tank.

FRED: Good. Once we get to your car, finding the Woolworth building will happen in one hour or less.

JACK: Yeah? Come walk this way. The car's in hotel parking. It's not far.

Scene 8. INT. JACK'S CAR – FRONT SEAT

The electronic image of New York's skyline changes to an exterior photo of Jack's vehicle, the black 1915 Ford Model-T.

Jack and Fred finally make it to STAGE RIGHT, where we see the interior of Jack's car, being two chairs and a steering wheel.

JACK: I have less than 24 hours to get to the Woolworth building. Let's both get there *right now* and stop him!

Jack takes his key, opens the door, steps inside, closes the door, reaches over, and unlocks Fred's door. Fred gets inside and gets seated.

FRED: Boy, this car is comfortable enough to live in! I could pay my rent money here.

JACK: Heh. All right. Well, it feels like Heaven to be back in my set of wheels again.

He gets started driving, steering the car out of hotel parking and back onto the main roads.

JACK: Of course, with this being my father's car, there must not be a scratch on it.

FRED: Oh, don't worry, I do understand.

JACK: So it looks like I'm back to 10th Avenue. I'll just drive back toward . . . whoa! Here's the compass!

FRED: What?

JACK: The compass! My sister was holding this compass, before we went inside the hotel! It's . . . still here.

FRED: Good. Which way is North pointing?

JACK: 9:00, left. So . . . let me see . . . I'm driving West. No, wait. I mean, East.

FRED: Correct, East down 10th Ave. All right, here's what you do. It's very simple. Just take a right turn, on any street, and then take a left on Broadway. Then you've got the hard part done.

JACK: Yeah? It's that easy?

FRED: It's that easy. The goal is to be going East on Broadway Avenue. Then, just keep going until you get to Park Place. Then you are *at* the Woolworth building.

JACK: Magnificent.

FRED: It's funny. The building's only been around 7 years.

JACK: Yeah?

FRED: Yeah! A decade ago, it was not here!

JACK: Then, what's the second tallest building? What used to be the tallest?

FRED: It was the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company Tower.

JACK: Oh. Very long name. Hmm. So, how tall is the Woolworth building, again?

FRED: Oh, let me think here. Let me think. Ummm. It's 241 meters tall . . . or, 792 feet. Ain't that something? 792 feet tall.

JACK: Why's it named Woolworth? What does it mean?

FRED: It was named after Frank Woolworth.

JACK: Oh.

FRED: Yes, I'm big on this architecture stuff. Ask me anything.

JACK: Hmm. How much did it cost, to build the whole Woolworth building?

FRED: 13 and a half million dollars.

JACK: Gee, whiz! 13 and a half million dollars . . . and 7 years ago! I mean . . . compared to that, \$2,000 now seems kind of small.

FRED: Kid, there are people out there throwing around *millions* the way you or I would treat dollars.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK: God.

FRED: All those *facts*, I just have deeply ingrained into my head. Architecture.

JACK: Do you think anyone will ever make something taller?

FRED: Christ – taller than that? Not for a *long* time! It's the tallest in the entire state.

JACK: I don't understand, then. If it's named after Frank Woolworth, then how did the building come to be owned by . . . Jimmy?

FRED: Well, here's the thing. You might be very surprised. The Woolworth building itself has very little space dedicated to the actual Woolworth company. See . . . doesn't it seem like an awful lot of building space, just to house Woolworth's headquarters?

JACK: Of course.

FRED: The Woolworth company really only uses a floor or two of the building for their headquarters. That's really all you need. All the rest of the floors get rented out, to all kinds of different tenants. Banks. Music studios. All kinds of different stuff is going on in different floors.

JACK: That's interesting.

FRED: So, Jimmy walked in one day, *demanding* that the building belong to him. That the ownership of the building be turned over to his name.

Jack and Fred exit the scene at STAGE RIGHT.

Scene 9. EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING – CENTER STAGE

An image appears of the exterior of the Woolworth Building – the tallest building in the city – at a close angle.

Jimmy the Triceratops enters the scene from STAGE RIGHT, walking all the way to CENTER STAGE. He stops moving, stays in the same spot, and takes a second to look in all directions around himself. Then he enters the Woolworth building's front doors, and proceeds to its interior at STAGE RIGHT.

INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING – LOBBY – SOON

Charles Harrison's "Pretty Kitty Kelly" plays. Inside the building's lobby, Jimmy approaches a clerk at a desk.

JIMMY: Hey YOU!

The clerk looks up, a little startled.

CLERK: Hello. Can I help you, sir?

JIMMY: Who owns this building?

CLERK: Excuse me? I don't own this building.

JIMMY: I need to speak to the person who does.

The clerk blinks a couple times, and laughs.

CLERK: I'm afraid I can't do that.

JIMMY: Yes, you can. Because I need to speak to the man. And I've got all day.

The clerk blinks a couple times, again.

CLERK: I – I simply can't arrange for all that to happen, all in one second.

Jimmy pulls his gun from his pocket, aiming it at the clerk.

JIMMY: Does this change your mind? Huh?

The music fades away.

CLERK: Sir . . . put that away.

JIMMY: Why?

CLERK: Listen. This is not the Wild West.

JIMMY: Tell me. Do you have the phone number of the man that's in charge of this building? Hmm?

CLERK: I don't.

JIMMY: Well if you do, now would be a good time to dial it.

CLERK: . . . Yes. I understand.

The clerk nods his head. He begins to make a phone call, putting his finger into the 9 and turning it to the right. He lets go, puts his finger into the 1, and turns it to the right. But Jimmy stops him, shutting the phone.

JIMMY: No. Better yet – just so I know you don't dial out to the police – give ME the number and *I'll* call.

Jimmy takes the phone into his hands.

CLERK: This must be really urgent.

JIMMY: Oh, it is, it is. Do you have the number?

CLERK: Uhhh – uh, yeah, I just remembered it. Here, let me write it down real quick.

The clerk quickly starts to write the phone number down. 555-0723. He hands the paper to Jimmy, nodding his head.

JIMMY: Thanks. I appreciate your cooperation. I won't shoot you.

CLERK: Th-thank you.

JIMMY: What's his name?

CLERK: Oscar.

JIMMY: Oscar *what?*

CLERK: Oscar Jorge (*hoar-hey*).

JIMMY: Oscar Jorge? Got it. Thank you.

Jimmy begins to dial the number, pulling one number at a time. Soon, as we hear the sounds of a phone ringing, we also see the building's owner enter at STAGE RIGHT.

OSCAR: Hello?

JIMMY: Hello! Am I speaking to the owner of the Woolworth building?

OSCAR: What? Who is this?

JIMMY: Am I speaking to the owner of the Woolworth building?

OSCAR: You're speaking to the *landlord*. Who ARE you?

JIMMY: My name is James Fenman. I prefer the nickname Triceratops.

OSCAR: All right, well. James: how can I help you? What are you calling for?

JIMMY: I'd like to speak with you right away, about a lucrative business opportunity.

OSCAR: I'm afraid I don't have time right now. I've got a lot of tenants to meet today.

JIMMY: Well, when *could* we meet? I've an offer I think you'll find too good to pass up.

OSCAR: "Offer"? Huh. I somehow doubt it. (*sigh*) All right, let me see. 2:00 p.m. today is my only opening. But I've only got 20 minutes of time. Wait . . . no. 15.

JIMMY: 15 minutes? That's perfect – I only need 60 seconds. And I thank you again.

OSCAR: Hmm. All right. Let me tell you where to meet me at . . .

Jimmy walks away, to STAGE RIGHT, as the clerk hangs up the phone and leaves the scene at STAGE LEFT. Jimmy approaches Oscar and aims the gun at him.

JIMMY: Yes, I am Jimmy – and *this* is why I wanted to meet. I got six clean bullets in this gun. Zero fingerprints on the bullets. Now do as I say, and *maybe* you will live!

OSCAR: What? What in the Hell do you want?!

JIMMY: The Woolworth building. I want the whole building signed over to me! Now!!

OSCAR: Kid, you are crazy! I don't care if you've got a gun and a tank and a whole God damn Army, you are NOT getting the building!

JIMMY: Oh, *really!*

So Jimmy aims at the sky and fires the gun. POW! Many pieces of plaster rain down to the floor from the ceiling.

JIMMY: You know that Wild West story, about the guy shooting the apple off the other guy's head? Hmm? Well . . . consider me that guy who shoots the apple off *your* head!

POW! Another shot fired, this time just above Oscar's head!

He flinches. Now he actually is afraid.

OSCAR: What do you WANT?!

JIMMY: You KNOW what I want!! I want the Woolworth building!

OSCAR: Well you can't have it!

JIMMY: Well. What about the top seven floors, then?

OSCAR: . . . One floor. Maybe *one* floor – *if* you set down the gun.

Jimmy sets his gun down to his side.

JIMMY: Five!

OSCAR: . . . Three.

JIMMY: . . . Three. Okay. You got a deal.

Jimmy drops his gun, and steps forward to shake Oscar's hand.

JIMMY: The top three floors. A fair compromise. See? I'm generous.

OSCAR: Or gen-uinely mad.

JIMMY: Now, all the other . . . 54 floors, you know, I won't do nothing to them. I won't be bothering anybody. I'll just be staying in my top three private floors, to run my small businesses there.

OSCAR: Small businesses?

JIMMY: If it makes good money, I'm on it.

OSCAR: Got you.

JIMMY: I don't want money from you. I don't need you to “give” me anything. I just want those three floors . . . the top three floors. There, I will generate money. You do your thing, I do mine.

OSCAR: Let's . . . let's take it easy here. Listen to me. The building needs to have a *landlord*. A living, breathing landlord. And you would not know how to do this job without me. So, leaving me alive is only logical.

JIMMY: Yeah. You make a good point.

Jimmy and Oscar leave the scene at STAGE RIGHT.

Scene 10. INT. JACK'S CAR – FRONT SEAT

Back to Jack and Fred, sitting in the front seat of Jack's car. Behind them, in the far distance, lies the image of New York's skyline, while many extras walk between CENTER STAGE and STAGE LEFT.

JACK: So you're saying that he simply . . . demanded the top three floors of the building.

FRED: And he got 'em. One floor where he lives, in privacy. Total privacy and seclusion. Two floors for work and business. He owns more of that building than the Woolworth company itself does. Literally.

JACK: That's so evil. He can just get away with whatever he wants.

FRED: I know. All kinds of illegal business began to happen in his secret two floors.

JACK: Like kidnapping girls? Going after defenseless women, like a fucking coward? Holding them for ransom from rich people?

FRED: Yes. Either rich people, or, perhaps, in your case, he *thought* you were rich.

JACK: He did. I was staying at a rich hotel. Funny part is, I didn't pitch a penny toward that hotel room. So.

FRED: Ever since that alcohol Prohibition started, earlier in this year, he's been brewing drinks all day and night. He's already at the top of the top. His only problem is, everything he takes in, he pisses away on himself and all his friends. Lets everyone have free drinks all the time. So, that might make it a little hard for him to take over the town.

JACK: Okay. So. At least we're on the way to the Woolworth building now – WHOA! WHOA! What the Hell is this up ahead??

The electronic image shows us a map image of New York: Broadway Avenue, where Jack is driving to. A red arrow identifies where he's driving, approaching 60 St. Soon, his path on Broadway Ave will hit a traffic ring, the Columbus Circle, which also intersects with one of the four corners of Central Park.

JACK: Whoa! What? The road stops!

FRED: Relax. It's just the Columbus Circle. It's a driving circle. I'll tell you what to do.

Jack steers his wheel to the right, and then, once he's comfortably in the ring, he turns it back to the left, as he drives.

JACK: Where do I go? There?

FRED: No! No! That's 8th Avenue! No, keep going. Right there. See? The next turn is Broadway, go there.

JACK: Okay, I've got it now. So now I'm back on Broadway again.

FRED: Yes, there will be one or two times that you're forced to get off Broadway, then back on, a minute later.

JACK: What?? You never told me it was this insanely complicated. How will we *ever* reach Lucie now?

FRED: It's okay. All right? I'm looking at the map. I'll tell you what to do.

On the map, we still see the Columbus Circle, at the upper-right corner of Central Park. We FADE TO a more zoomed-out image, with Central Park still at the bottom, but a greater range of area visible at the top. We FADE TO a further zoomed-out image, with some of Central Park still visible at the bottom, and all of the edge of the New York islands at the top. A red circle marks the location of the Woolworth building.

JACK: It's gonna be a long drive.

FRED: It's fine. Just keep going down Broadway. Hey, look! Central Park is to our left.

JACK: Hmm? Oh, so it is! Beautiful.

We see a few images of Central Park, as Mamie Smith's "Crazy Blues" plays.

Many of the extras walk to STAGE LEFT, who begin to hold up large signs identifying what street he's on, and what part of town he's in. One man stands in the middle, permanently holding up a green sign reading "BROADWAY AVE" in white letters. He does not move or change at all. The Central Park image fades to BLACK.

Standing to his left (audience-right) is a man holding up a green sign reading, in white letters, "W 58 ST". Standing to his right (audience-left) is a man holding up a white sign with black letters reading "Broadway". Meanwhile, in the electronic image, Broadway is circled on the map in red.

"W 58 th ST."	"Broadway."
"W 50 ST."	"Midtown."
"W 45 ST."	"TimesSquare."
"W 34 ST."	"Garment District."

Scene 11.

The electronic image's map view FADES TO a higher position, so that 34 Street is visible at the very bottom, with the Woolworth building's location visible at the top. Both Broadway/34 and the Woolworth building itself are circled in red.

Near Jack and Fred, at STAGE RIGHT, a man walks to front-stage, holding up a large sign reading "MAPS".

VENDOR: Maps for sale! Maps for sale! See the whole city! Never get lost! Maps!

JACK: Wow. You get a lot of foreigners here in New York.

Soon, the vendor is out of sight, at STAGE RIGHT, again.

FRED: You get people from all over the *world* coming here to New York. That man with the maps – I know him – he's from Hong Kong.

JACK: Oh, yeah? Hong Kong?

FRED: Like I said: New York's got people in it from around the *world*. China. Hong Kong. Japan. Italy. Ireland. Cuba. Every country ever.

JACK: Wow. I never quite realized before.

Fred continues to look over the maps in his hand.

FRED: We're making good time. We're at Broadway and 34. We should be there within a few hours, or less.

JACK: Yes!! Yes!! We're going to do it! We're gonna get this done!

FRED: Well . . . you're almost ready. Almost. You've got a car. That's the important thing. You've got a map. You've got a compass. Those are all things that you need. It's almost everything. But one thing's missing.

JACK: And what's that?

FRED: Guns. Ammunition. Weapons. Anything. Any kind of weapon. You've not armed yourself at all, to stand up against the Triceratops!

JACK: Whoa! God, you're right! He's probably got a whole army of guns!

FRED: You need to find out how to buy guns and ammo, fast. And I say, the easiest way we're gonna get this done, is through the black market.

JACK: The what? What's the black market?

FRED: It's all around the city, kid. It's found in the right street corners, and intersections. Just come with me. I'll show you.

JACK: I'm scared.

FRED: It's nothing, kid. You just . . . you go to the right places. You meet the right people. You buy things. Or, hey, maybe you're there to sell, who knows.

JACK: "Buy and sell" what?

FRED: Whatever your heart desires. Alcohol, for instance.

JACK: Alcohol is *illegal*.

FRED: Maybe true. But I bet you two bits that I could take you to the black market and find you any drink, *any* drink, just name it.

JACK: I . . . I don't know.

FRED: Not just alcoholic drinks. In the black market, you can buy guns, live ammo, all sorts of goodies. Sometimes, *they* may even buy something that *you've* got! If you have anything valuable enough on you, that is.

JACK: I don't understand. This all seems like some big *role-playing game* to me, and I really don't get all the rules.

FRED: Of course not. You're new to this. Yeah, it's confusing at first. Just don't worry. All you need to do is drive. I can direct you to the black market.

JACK: I'm so excited.

FRED: Listen. We just need to meet Lexi.

JACK: What?

FRED: She's usually on 5th Avenue. If we can find her, she can bring us to get the guns.

JACK: I thought *you* were the man with the connections, on where to get guns.

FRED: I am. But . . . Lexi might be able to get them for free.

JACK: How?

FRED: Lexi can get things for free – she's a woman. We get nothing for free, we're men.

JACK: So, we meet Lexi? Then, we go to find people that sell guns? She gets guns and ammo for free, and just gives them to us?

FRED: That's my plan.

JACK: Oh, God. I'm gonna throw up.

FRED: No. No. Just listen. Lexi has a big heart. Once we tell her about the dilemma, I'm sure she'll lend a hand. She can get things for free, or bought for her, even if it's guns.

JACK: If you say so. But I don't understand. Alcohol is illegal. But guns are legal – the Second Amendment is the Right to Bear Arms – so why look for it in the black market?

FRED: Why look for watches in the black market? Okay. Let's say there's a 60-dollar watch you want. 60 dollars! On the black market, you can find an imitation, it's just as good, you cannot tell the difference, looks like the real deal, eh, 40 bucks.

JACK: Who the Hell's got 60 dollars?

FRED: It's just an example. You can find anything in the black market. Anything.

JACK: But I don't want to lose Broadway Avenue. We have to stay on this street. We have to keep going to the Woolworth building.

FRED: We also have the right to arm ourselves first. Look – I've got the map. I can get us back on-track. We will not get lost. Okay? Lexi is usually on 5th Avenue.

JACK: So, let me get this straight. These are my objectives now. Go to 5th Avenue. Meet Lexi. Go to buy guns. Get them for free. Then, go to Jimmy.

FRED: Maybe she'll come *with* us, to go after Jimmy.

JACK: Yeah? Hmm. Three against one? Three people going to rescue Lucie?

FRED: Rescue Lucie? Rescue *all* the girls he's kidnapped. God only knows how many.

JACK: All right! Yes! Let's do this! Just tell me where to go.

He continues to steer. The lights FADE OUT. Then they come BACK ON.

JACK: We've been searching for this Lexi for about 15 minutes now! What makes you think she'll be here?

FRED: She's always here, on 5th Avenue. Wait! Wait! I think this one's her.

JACK: For, what, the third time?

FRED: Lexi? (*He moves his hands to roll down the windows.*) LEXI! . . . Lexi?

Lexi appears near STAGE RIGHT. She's facing the audience, but she quickly looks at the man yelling, to investigate. Fred is waving his arms. She recognizes him.

LEXI: . . . Freddy? (*She walks closer.*) No way. Is that really you, handsome?

FRED: It sure is!

LEXI: I haven't seen you in months now! What are you doing around here, sweetie?

FRED: Looking for you, actually.

LEXI: Really? No way.

FRED: I need some help. Me and my new friend Jack here both need some help. (*a moment of silence*) You see, Jack's sister was kidnapped . . . by Jimmy Fenman.

LEXI: Jimmy Fenman?? Oh, no . . .!

FRED: Yeah, the world is full of sick bastards, I tell ya! Just earlier this month – not even 2 weeks ago – the Wall Street bombing killed almost 40 people. Now this. It's so horrible. Now Jack's sister was kidnapped . . . we just need to get our hands on some guns and ammo, if we want to stand against him, and rescue the girl.

LEXI: You need guns and ammo, eh? What do I look like? Some sort of gun salesman?

FRED: No. But, you know. Remember how you used to say? You could get anything you want, for free, if you're determined . . .?

LEXI: That does *not* mean I can just . . . hmm. Jack? Is that your name?

JACK: Yes.

LEXI: Is it true, that your sister was really kidnapped?

JACK: Yes. I've got . . . about . . . 19 hours left, now, to pay the \$2,000 ransom.

LEXI: Oh, God! No! Okay. Let me just see what I can do.

Lexi climbs into the car, sitting on a chair behind Fred. We hear the sounds of the door opening and closing.

LEXI: If what you're saying is true, then I'll do what I can to help. But if you're lying to me, then I'll never, *ever* trust you again.

FRED: I swear I'm not lying. Jack – were you lying to me??

JACK: No! It's true. She was kidnapped . . . I have to get to her.

LEXI: All right, gentlemen. One of you drive. I'll direct the way. Mind if I smoke?

JACK: Uhhhh . . . yeah, that's fine.

Lexi starts to strike her match repeatedly, to get a fire started up, to smoke her rolled-up tobacco joint.

LEXI: Okay, boys. We're going to find the black market, to find some guns. Right?

JACK & FRED: Correct!

LEXI: Then head straight down 5th Avenue until I say to make a left turn. Good?

He puts his foot on the gas, revving it up. The three adventurers drive on, down 5th Avenue. But Jack quickly grows sleepy.

JACK: Fred. Could you take over the wheel for me, please? I am *exhausted*.

FRED: Sure, sure.

Jack uses his left foot to brake. He puts the car in Park, then steps out of the car, and switches places with Fred. Soon, with Fred driving, Jack lays back to sleep.

Fred drives on. Jack sleeps. Lexi looks out the window. The lights FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE.

Scene 12. INT. GARMENT DISTRICT – CLOTHING STORE – DAY

The electronic screen FADES TO a map view in which Broadway/34 is in the middle: the Garment District. Eddie Cantor's "You'd Be Surprised!" begins to play.

At CENTER STAGE is the inside of a clothing store. A large sign reads "Roy's Clothing". As two men walk about inside the store, a clerk and the owner, Jimmy suddenly enters from STAGE LEFT, walking to CENTER STAGE, followed shortly by three goons holding guns.

JIMMY: Who owns this store?

CLERK: Hmm? Excuse me, what?

JIMMY: I said: who owns this clothing store?

CLERK: I-I'm not at liberty to – OWNER: *I own this place. Why? Who's asking?*

JIMMY: I am. Boys! Three horns!

Jimmy's three goons aim their guns at the owner in a 3-man formation.

OWNER: (*holding his heart*) What do you want?

JIMMY: I want your finest suits, and clothing, for me and all my boys. Got that? Oh . . . sorry. Forgot to introduce myself. James Fenman! But you can call me: Triceratops.

OWNER: Triceratops? . . . Why dinosaurs?

JIMMY: Triceratops was a vicious giant lizard dinosaur that lived one million years ago. It had three sharp horns on its head, for tearing into its prey. See my men here? Three men, with guns – it's like a Triceratops, with three horns that you *don't* wanna mess with.

CLERK: I thought the Triceratops was a . . . an herbivore. A . . . a plant eater.

JIMMY: Oh, no. It was a relentless predator. A vicious sonofabitch. Just like me.

OWNER: So . . . so you want clothes? Fine. You can have clothes.

JIMMY: Yes: I want clothes, and you want to not die. So, we each have something the other wants! Next, we're gonna go get some food. You want anything? It's on me.

The lights FADE OUT. The clothing store is cleared away.

Scene 13. INT. JACK'S CAR, AS IT DRIVES ON DOWN 5th AVENUE

The lights FADE ON at STAGE RIGHT, and we're back to Fred driving, with Jack laying sound asleep in the passenger's seat, and Lexi in the back.

FRED: Once we get our hands on some guns and ammo, we can stand up against Jimmy.

LEXI: Mmm. How am I supposed to get those things for free?

FRED: I thought that's what you said you were good at.

LEXI: Well, let's just see. All right. David should be right around here. Let me out.

A night-time crowd of New Yorkers builds up across CENTER STAGE and STAGE LEFT. Standing at STAGE LEFT is David, the black-market arms dealer.

Fred puts on the brakes. Lexi steps out, and walks all the way to David.

JACK: Wait, what? Where did the girl go? What's going on? Oh well. (zzzzzzzz)

LEXI: Excuse me! (*She can't get his attention.*) Hey! David! Hey! It's *me!*

DEALER: Hmm? Oh. Hello.

LEXI: I need two guns. That's two guns, plus ammo. You see, this girl was kidnapped –

DEALER: Two guns? Sure. I got what you need!

He opens up his coat, revealing many items for sale on the inside.

DEALER: Take your selection, and pay me in cash. .20-caliber pistol? .45-caliber?

LEXI: I just want . . . hmmm. How about . . . two .45-caliber pistols?

DEALER: Yeah? Two pistols. Sure. Come take your pick of *which* .45's you want.

LEXI: But, I was wondering. Do I . . . *have* to pay . . . right now?

DEALER: Yes, I'm afraid so. You don't get the goods till after I get the money.

LEXI: What?? Darn. You see, I'm . . . out of money, today.

DEALER: Well, then, little lady, I suggest you come back to me when you've got cash.

Lexi walks away, burned. So she walks back to Jack's car at STAGE RIGHT.

Scene 14. INT. JACK'S CAR

She enters the car, slamming it shut (we hear the sound of it closing).

JACK: (*waking up, startled*) What happened?

LEXI: I can't get it for free. He won't give me *anything* for free!! RRRRRGH!

FRED: Let's keep trying. Try arms dealers that you know better.

LEXI: No! No! Listen. I have one other way of raising money. Just leave this to me.

She exits the car again. As she makes the long trip from STAGE RIGHT to STAGE LEFT, she slowly shakes away the appearance of stress, and nervousness, and gets back into the appearance of a sexy young lady walking down the street.

She walks all the way to STAGE LEFT. But she finds nothing there. She gives it a moment, but finds nothing. So she turns back around and starts to walk back toward STAGE RIGHT. The crowd of New Yorkers is walking around again.

LEXI: Hi there, handsome. Are you looking for a good time?

CROWD MAN: Am I? I always am!

LEXI: Tell you what. For . . . hmm. For \$10, you can get a good time.

CROWD MAN: Yeah? For how long? An hour?

LEXI: 90 minutes costs you \$10. But, pay \$20 . . . and you get me, plus Patricia.

CROWD MAN: Yeah? Let me just see what I have.

Lexi looks around. She looks for Jack's car. Then she accepts the man's money.

CROWD MAN: 20 dollars is an extreme amount of money. This is not a light choice.

LEXI: I'll make it worth it, sweetheart! Oh – could you help me over here, for a second?

She walks the man away. She gets him busy and occupied, for one second. Then she turns away, and quickly runs back to Jack's car at STAGE RIGHT. It takes him 5 seconds to even notice that she has run off with his money, an entire \$20.

CROWD MAN: Hey! Wait a minute! HEY!! You God damn thief! Get back here!!

Now she makes it to Jack's car, where she opens the back door to climb inside.

LEXI: Start driving! Start driving! Some crazy guy is after me!

JACK: What?? Oh, no! *What happened?*

Jack starts driving. *Vroom!* We hear the sound of acceleration.

LEXI: Yes! Some guy is coming after me, trying to get my money. Hurry! Drive!

JACK: This makes me mad! What is it with this city and predatory men? Huh? Men that go after innocent women! *ARRRRR!!*

FRED: Lexi. You need to tell me. *WHAT* happened? I will crush this man!

LEXI: Is he still there? No . . . I think we're losing him. Okay. Whew! Thank God!

Lexi presents two green bills, which she hands to Fred.

LEXI: Listen. Forget that guy. The important part is, I've got \$20 now, in cash.

JACK: Wait a minute. How did you get all that money?

LEXI: Oh, I went to visit my Grandma, and she gave it to me.

JACK: What? That doesn't make . . .!

LEXI: Listen. For now, just drive back over to the dealer – I'll get you what you want.

Scene 15.

Jack, Fred, and Lexi all exit the car, and begin to walk toward STAGE LEFT, where the gun dealer stands, just as he did before.

LEXI: Listen, boys, you do NOT have to walk with me the whole way.

FRED: Yes, we do! You just got assaulted by that last guy! So, yes we do!

Jack and Fred stop walking at some point, and let Lexi walk on, to meet with, and talk to, the black market guy. But this man must never see Jack or Fred. They turn away, staying low-profile.

Jack looks at Lexi, for a second, walking toward the man. Fred looks, too. They stay low to the ground, and hide behind garbage cans, in an effort to stay unseen.

LEXI: (*smiling*) Hello. It's me again!

DEALER: You actually got the money this time?

LEXI: (*holding up the money*) Take a look . . . see? 20 dollars. 20!

DEALER: That's better, then! Wonder why you didn't have it the last time.

BOW! Jack accidentally makes a loud noise, with his metal trash can.

DEALER: What the Hell was that?

LEXI: It's . . . a raccoon! See it? I see the raccoon! Up in that tree. Nasty little things.

DEALER: Raccoon? Well. Anyway. You got the guns, now, what you do with them is up to you. The boxes of bullets . . . hey! HEY! I'm throwing this in for free, now!

LEXI: Thank you. I love you!

DEALER: All right. Come back any time, sweetie.

Lexi hugs the man. Then she turns away, and starts to walk back toward Jack and Fred, who continue to hide and stay out of sight. Finally, Lexi passes by them.

LEXI: You can stop hiding by the garbage now, you know.

All three travelers walk back to Jack's car at STAGE LEFT. Bam. Bam. Bam. All three doors close, and they're all inside again. Lexi pulls from her shirt 2 new guns.

LEXI: Did you two boys order some guns?

JACK: Yes!! Yes!! We actually stand some chance against Jimmy now!

FRED: We actually stand a chance against Jimmy!! Oh, Lexi, I love you! Thank you so much! You don't even know. This means so much.

LEXI: Heh heh. Oh, it's nothing. Really. (*to Fred*) Here's two boxes of ammo. That part, I did get for free. You'll need this, right?

FRED: Oh, this is great. Ohhhh, wow! Lexi, the Lord will bless you for this!

LEXI: Told you I would come through! Hey, Jack: can we stop the car? I need some air.

JACK: Sure! Sure. (*He stuffs his pistol away.*) From now on, this gun never leaves my sight! Until Jimmy is outta the way.

FRED: Hey! Hey! Let me show you how to actually *use* that thing!

Jack and Fred start to climb out of the car. Lexi follows.

LEXI: Hey! *Make sure to lock your car!* Be careful here!

Lexi walks away, quickly. She waits for Jack and Fred to catch up.

LEXI: Ohhhh, no! I left my makeup in the car!

FRED: What? What makeup?

LEXI: Can I see the keys, please? I just need to get my makeup bag.

FRED: Uhhh, sure, sure. (*He hands her the keys.*)

LEXI: (*smiling*) Thank you! I'll only be one second, I promise. I'll be right back.

JACK: Yeah, that's fine. Take your time.

She walks off in the direction of the car. Jack checks her out for a moment.

JACK: So, how long you been friends with her?

FRED: A number of years now.

Lexi climbs inside the car. Within seconds, the engine starts up. The gas pedal is slammed. Tires screech. The car makes a fast getaway, as a fog machine imitates the vehicle's tailpipe, blowing out endless smoke.

JACK: She . . . WHAT? She STOLE MY CAR!! This can't be happening. NOOOOO!!

Jack runs after the car. Fred chases him, and they both slow down to nothing.

JACK: I TRUSTED her! She wasn't supposed to DO this! NOOOO-AHHHH!!

FRED: Jack! Jack! Please, you have got to keep your calm.

JACK: Now what am I supposed to do??

FRED: Phone the police. Report your car stolen. Give them your license plate number, the current one, for *this year*. Then, you can slowly get it back.

JACK: Slowly?

FRED: Or – think of it this way – she's always on 5th Avenue, right? We'll find her there.

JACK: That's true. Still. We don't have time. The timer is still counting down to zero for Lucie. NOOO!! Why would she DO this?! Knowing we're on the way to a hostage!

FRED: Listen, forget about that. We have to figure out a way to the Woolworth building.

JACK: And how do we do that? We walk?

FRED: People have been doing that for thousands of years. Have they not?

JACK: I . . . suppose. Yeah – you're right. We could walk. But where do we sleep? We WERE gonna sleep in that car. That car is PERFECT for sleeping! Now what?

FRED: Welcome to my world. I have no wonderful, amazing car to sleep in. I feel lucky to find an abandoned building.

Scene 16. INT. ABANDONED BUILDING

Jack and Fred walk to CENTER STAGE, and lay down on the wood floor.

JACK: I tell you, this “abandoned building” idea was the best idea you ever had!

FRED: Yeah, yeah. Don't get *too* excited there.

They both curl up, to fall asleep. Then, the electronic image becomes a DEEP BLUE backdrop, with white snowflakes falling. After 5 seconds, Jack and Fred rise to their feet. Now they're freezing cold, shivering, arms wrapped around themselves.

JACK: How long have we been walking through this snow and ice now?

FRED: About 4 hours. Why do you ask?

JACK: I'm freezing cold! Freezing to death here! And when I was a kid, I loved snow!

FRED: Oh, me too! Remember, going sledding, around Treehill Elementary?

JACK: Of course! Wait. We went to school together? . . . Oh yeah! That's right!

The electronic image FADES TO an old, colorful drawing of a clown, smiling, against a swirling background of purple. Then, the image FADES TO three clowns.

FRED: Jack! Jack!

Jack goes back to laying on the floor. The electronic image FADES TO BLACK. Jack is back inside the abandoned building, with Fred shaking him awake.

FRED: Wake up, Jack! Wake up! You are going to be late to the Woolworth building! Do you hear me, Jack? Eh?

JACK: What? Wait a minute! I didn't finish . . . talking to the clowns yet . . .

FRED: Come on, Jack, it's 2 in the afternoon. You've only got 5 hours now to get there!

JACK: What? OH, NO! I slept in THAT late, until 2:00 p.m.??

He bolts up, and starts to walk, yet finds that he almost falls.

JACK: Ohhhhh! My body is so drained! I haven't eaten anything!

FRED: How do you think I feel? I'm starving, also.

JACK: I just need . . . I need food and drink . . . ohhh, God. Hey, where are the guns?

FRED: (*lifting up a box*) Still here. Thank God! Come on. Let's get some sandwiches.

Fred takes the guns, and the ammo, and tosses half of his supply to Jack. Both men walk on, to STAGE RIGHT, as the crowd of New Yorkers comes back.

Scene 17. INT. NEW YORK – 5th AVE

Fred is now holding one thumb up in the air.

JACK: What are you doing?

FRED: Hailing a cab. You've lost your car – what else can you do? Walk?

JACK: (*feeling his pockets, nervous*) Wait. We've still got guns and ammo on us.

FRED: And? You just hide it, keep the safety on, and there you go. It's that easy.

JACK: I don't have any money. The last of it went towards those sandwiches. The only way I could think, to raise money, is to sell one of the guns, on the black market.

FRED: Oh! Look at you! Mr. Black Market!

JACK: It can't be that hard. Right?

FRED: Hold off on that, Jack. Let me see if I can find another way to get a free cab ride.

JACK: A free cab ride? How you gonna do that, by being cute?

FRED: Ever the comedian. Just let me try. All right?

JACK: Tell me you are NOT planning on holding a cab driver up at gunpoint!!

FRED: Will you relax? I'm not holding up anybody at gunpoint! I'm just thinking . . . you know . . . maybe we could take a taxi cab to the building, and, you know . . . run off without paying. I'm sorry! But it's to *save the girls*. It's what we have to do.

On the screen, the electronic image becomes a 1920-style yellow taxi cab vehicle.

FRED: Hey! There's one! Taxi! Taxi!

Fred starts jogging toward STAGE LEFT, to catch up with the taxi. Soon, he and Jack sit down in two chairs at CENTER STAGE, facing FRONT-STAGE, sitting behind the cab driver, Harold, who drives a prop steering wheel.

HAROLD: (*tipping his hat*) Evening, gentlemen!

JACK: Hello! I need one ride to the Woolworth building, please. East.

HAROLD: Woolworth building? Coming right up. (*He starts to drive.*) So what brings you two to such an exclusive building as Woolworth?

JACK: Oh. Uh. Well. You know. Nothing.

HAROLD: Nothing, huh? Hmm. Well. It must be something great, then! Heh.

The New Yorkers are still walking between STAGE LEFT and STAGE RIGHT. One is a nurse, dressed in all white, holding one hand up in the air for a ride.

HAROLD: Hmm. What do you think? Should I pick up this broad? Or should I not? Hmmm . . . hmm. Should I, shouldn't I. Oh, Hell! I'll do it.

Harold steers his wheel toward the lady. Smiling, she nods her head, and gets ready to enter the taxi cab.

JACK: I thought you *have* to pick up everyone who needs a ride.

HAROLD: Not necessarily. Us cab drivers can choose and decide who to pick up, and who to just *drive right past*. Troublesome people. People that look like they would be criminals – don't want them. This lady seems like a nurse. She's probably good enough.

The lady enters the cab's front seat, as Jack and Fred remain in the back.

MOLLY: Hello. (*She hands Harold two green bills.*) Take me to Canal and 6th, please.

HAROLD: No, no! You pay me at the end.

MOLLY: Just showing you, y'know, that I do have the money.

We hear VERY LOUD SOUNDS of a heartbeat: *ba-bump! Ba-bump! Ba-bump!*

HAROLD: You a nurse?

MOLLY: I am. It's a good-paying profession. Nurse work also does run in my family, going back through the Civil War.

HAROLD: Oh, wow! What's your name, doll?

MOLLY: Molly Joywater. HAROLD: Molly? Harold Brown.

JACK: Hello! I'm Jack Wilkins. FRED: Fred O'Steve.

MOLLY: And what brings you two to town?

Jack and Fred eye each other.

JACK: Well, see. Hmm. You see . . . my sister was kidnapped.

MOLLY: What? I'm afraid I don't understand.

JACK: Yeah. My sister, Lucie, was kidnapped . . . by a man named Jimmy . . . and brought to the Woolworth building, where she's being held at ransom.

MOLLY: Oh my God. What? When?

JACK: Not that long ago. Only yesterday evening. She's being held hostage at the Woolworth building, for \$2,000 – cause it's the tallest building in New York.

MOLLY: Who did this? Who kidnapped her?

FRED: His name is Jimmy “the Triceratops” Fenman.

HAROLD: Are you serious, about all this??

JACK: Unfortunately, yes. And that's why I'm on the way to the Woolworth building.

MOLLY: That's a public building. People go in and out of there every day. You know what? You two are not going there alone – I'll come with.

(*to Harold*) Hey – forget Canal and 6th. Take me to the Woolworth building.

JACK: Oh my God! Wow. Thank you!!

The lights FADE OUT. In the darkness, all four adventurers clear the scene.

Scene 16. INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING – FLOOR OF HOSTAGES

Jimmy the Triceratops enters the scene, along with Lucie, and 9 other kidnapped girls. The lights FADE ON to the sight of 11 people in the room at once.

LUCIE: You should NOT have messed with my family. My brother will kick your ass!

JIMMY: Au contraire, madam. I ain't scared of your brother. At all.

LUCIE: You should be.

JIMMY: Lucie Fenman. Do you like that name? Hmm? You could be my gal. My little princess. Now give me a kiss.

He leans in close, for a kiss. Lucie responds by spitting on him. She keeps up an angry glare. Jimmy blinks a few times, and turns away, scorned.

JIMMY: Little princess is feeling brave, huh? (*He grabs her by the neck.*) You little bitch! Come here! I'll show you to spit on me!!

The other girls are getting scared.

JIMMY: You girls know the rule. ANYbody tries to leave – ANYbody tells on me – and ALL of you die!! You got that?!

So Jimmy storms on out of the room. The girls are all afraid. After he leaves, all the girls clear the scene, until everybody is off-stage.

Scene 17. INT. TAXI CAB – AS IT DRIVES DOWN BROADWAY AVE

Back to Jack, Fred, Harold, and Molly in the taxi cab vehicle.

JACK: – and so the vehicle, my Dad's car, is *stolen*, by that *stupid* hooker.

MOLLY: Oh, no! That's terrible!

JACK: Now I have NO car, not even a map, or a compass – I was robbed of everything! Although . . . on second thought . . . at this point, we're so close, I could find the building on my own now. But – this part, I still don't get. Why in the WORLD would she steal my car, right after handing me two guns, AND live ammunition?

MOLLY: Because in all that time it takes you to load up even two bullets, she is GONE.

JACK: Ohhhhhh, you're right!

MOLLY: However, you're also to blame, for trusting her, knowing what she does.

JACK: Hmm. However, not all hookers are necessarily thieves –

HAROLD: Okay. Canal Street is coming up. Woolworth building is not far now!

On the electronic screen, we see, in white letters against green, CANAL ST. Soon, it becomes FRANKLIN ST. Then: CHAMBERS. WARREN. MURRAY.

FRED: We're so close. We're extremely close now. Once we hit Park Place, we're there!

The screen shows us the words PARK PLACE.

HAROLD: We're almost, almost, almost there! Should be on the right-hand side.

The electronic image becomes a photo of the entire Woolworth building.

HAROLD: I'll let you out right here.

Molly hands Harold the money. Then everybody climbs out of the car.

HAROLD: Stay right here, and wait for me. Just let me park – I'm coming with!

MOLLY: What?

HAROLD: Yeah! I'm coming with you. *Someone's* gotta drive the hostages back home.

MOLLY: (*smiling*) We'll wait for you, Harold.

He closes the door. Bam. He starts to drive off. *Vroooooom*. Jack, Fred, and Molly are standing behind him, facing the audience, watching him drive off. Within moments, he slows down, brakes with his left foot, parks, and steps out of the vehicle, to walk on-foot again until he gets back to Jack, Fred, and Molly.

MOLLY: Now, remember. Us four are a band: “The Clouds”.

HAROLD: Jack? *You* came up with that name? “The Clouds”?

JACK: How did you know??

FRED: Terrible. Just terrible. The Clouds. It sounds like you just looked up at the sky and just named the first thing you saw.

MOLLY: Well, I kind of like it. The Clouds.

JACK: Yeah!

The electronic image becomes a ground-level angle of the building's front entrance. Jack, Fred, Harold, and Molly all approach the building, facing away from the audience, their heads turned up toward the sky to see the tall structure.

JACK: Wow. Here we are. This thing is taller than every castle ever built.

FRED: But hundreds of people come in and out of here, every single day. No big deal. Right? We just . . . we just need to go in there, find Lucie, get her out. Ladies first!

Fred opens the door for Molly, who steps inside. Harold follows after her.

JACK: Well . . . here goes nothing, right?

So Jack and Fred follow Molly and Harold into the open door. On the other end of the doorway, they all turn around to face FRONT-STAGE, as the electronic image becomes the building's lobby.

Scene 18. INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING – LOBBY

JACK: Wow! So this is the place, huh? Nice . . .

FRED: Very spacious. I've never been here before, either!

CLERK: Ummm . . . ahem. Hello. Can I help you, sir?

JACK: Uhhh, yes. I'm here with . . . important business on Floor 15. Now, if you'll excuse me . . .

He walks on, shaking badly, trying to hide his fear as he walks to STAGE LEFT.

JACK: Elevator. Perfect.

Everybody climbs inside the elevator at the far end of STAGE LEFT.

JACK: What's the top floor here, again? 57. But . . . there's no 57 button here.

FRED: What? How could that be? It only goes up to 56!

JACK: Oh. Wait a minute! I see – it's covered in red tape. That's . . . weird. I guess Jimmy wants Floor 57 to be off-limits. *(He presses the button.)* Floor 57, here we come!

FRED: He owns 3 floors – why not check out all 3? *(He presses Buttons 56 and 57.)*

Now the two simply stop, and listen to the elevator music. The electronic screen shows us an image of the number 2, inside a yellowish-white circle outlined in black (an elevator's button). The number 3. The number 4. The number 5. 10. 20. 30. 40. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. The elevator's hum dies down. *Ding!* The doors open.

Scene 19. INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING – FLOOR 55

JACK: So these are Jimmy's 3 private floors, huh?

FRED: We don't necessarily know what's . . . going on here?

Walking around the area, starting at STAGE LEFT, Jack and Fred an alcohol brewery across CENTER STAGE and STAGE RIGHT. Countless men (the same crowd of extras that played the New Yorkers) are busy stirring alcohol in 4 large white vats.

FRED: What in the world are they stirring here?

JACK: Smells kind of like alcohol . . . and it sounds like a real gamble.

BREWER 1: Gambling? Gambling is over *that* way, pal.

Jack looks, to find men throwing dice at a roulette table. Five men yell loudly, clapping and cheering. Jack walks back to the elevator at the far end of STAGE LEFT. Fred, Harold, and Molly follow him. The scene is cleared of all alcohol and gambling.

The elevator's hum builds up again. The people all lose their balance for a moment as the elevator gets started. Then, it reaches its destination. *Ding!* The doors open up, and Jack, Fred, Harold, and Molly step out, all four walking single file.

Scene 20. INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING – FLOOR 56

All across CENTER STAGE and STAGE RIGHT stand 10 young women, all kidnapped by Jimmy. One of them is Lucie.

JACK: This does not look like a brewery, or a place of gambling . . .

FRED: This must be where he keeps the girls that are kidnapped.

Jack walks around the area. It's just too terrible to be true. Now he's finally seeing the condition in which the girls are kept, all of them prisoners in this high floor.

GIRL 1: Are – are you one of Jimmy's men?

JACK: No. Girls! Listen! We're here to rescue you! All of you are now free to leave!

GIRL 1: No! No!! You don't understand.

GIRL 2: Please!! Don't. You *can't* . . .!

JACK: Lucie? Where's Lucie?

Jack walks around the area a bit, and suddenly finds her. Lucie. His sister. The same way she looked last time he saw her.

The two stay silent for a moment. Then Jack steps forth, and they hug each other.

JACK: Lucie! I'm here now. I'm here! It's okay.

LUCIE: Jack! Jack! You don't understand. I . . . I can't leave. Jimmy told us . . . if even *one* girl leaves . . . all the others *die*. He made me promise not to tell you anything.

JACK: The Hell with this! Lucie, we're getting you out right now! You do *not* have to listen to him.

GIRL 1: No! Pleaaaaase! (*begging*) If even ONE of us leaves, all the others get killed!

GIRL 2: We have to do something to protect ourselves!

JACK: The Hell with that! That's not “protecting yourselves”! *Here's* protecting yourselves – I find Jimmy, Jimmy *dies*! That's “protecting yourselves”!!

LUCIE: No!! Then he can have you charged with threatening him! Jack – please!

Jack takes a step back, now feeling removed from the entire world.

JACK: You . . . you really would do this?

FRED: Come on, Jack. Those girls won't leave this place unless Jimmy dies.

Fred goes back to the elevator at STAGE LEFT, followed by Jack, Harold, and Molly. The elevator starts to rise again, and we hear its hum for the final time.

Scene 21. INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING – FLOOR 57

Ding! The elevator opens. Jack steps out, followed by Fred, Harold, and Molly. All 8 of Jimmy's men (the same cast and crew of actors as the alcohol brewers – 8 of them) enter the scene at STAGE RIGHT, and begin to run to STAGE LEFT.

Jack runs forth, screaming in rage. He punches one goon. He runs farther, and punches a second goon, then a third. They push him back. He falls.

Fred arrives, punching one goon, then grabbing a second by the throat, punching him once, twice, thrice, and letting him go as he falls backward. He jumps back, and kicks a goon who's facing him.

Two goons grab Jack, and hold him down. He struggles, unable to escape their grip. Fred runs forth and bashes both attacking mens' heads together. They let Jack go. Jack goes on to fight another goon, and Fred turns the other way to fight.

Meanwhile, two goons grab Harold, and run him up toward the wall.

HAROLD: Oh, really?

Harold grabs one of the two goons by the throat, and runs him into the wall instead. Soon, he runs him into the wall a second time. A third time. Then he spins around and starts swinging punches at the second goon. When he's done, he throws the first guy into the wall again, leaving him to fall to the floor, done for.

4 goons are down, but 4 still stand. All 4 are now overpowering Jack, beating him badly. So Fred attacks them from the back. At first, his attacks are weak. But he delivers one powerful face-punch, knocking one goon away from Jack, and then a second punch to another goon, and a third, as Harold fights through that same small crowd.

Jack and Fred quickly stand back-to-back. Harold knocks one more goon onto his side, finishing him off, then runs to join Jack and Fred, as only 2 goons are still standing.

Everybody stands in place. All the people keep their arms up high, ready to fight, swaying back and forth. 4 good guys are up against 2 goons.

JACK: Where's Jimmy?

GOON 1: None of your concern!

So Jack runs forth, but loses the fight in seconds. Both men give him a brutal beating. Now Fred and Harold make a two-man team, going up against the final 2 goons. Jack stays down and out of the fight, for now, while Fred and Harold fight on.

Fred and Harold both put up a good fight. They work together to throw one goon through the air. One goon still man remains standing. Molly suddenly smashes a lamp against the back of his head. He is instantly knocked down to the floor, done for.

HAROLD: Oh my God. You did that?

MOLLY: Self-defense.

Jack looks around, and admires the sight, of all the fallen men.

JACK: We did it, men. We did all this, without having to open fire, even once.

Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow! Everybody ducks down to the floor, avoiding gunshots.

Jimmy enters the room from STAGE RIGHT, holding a giant gun in his hands.

JIMMY: You come into MY home and make loud noise! Now you face: the Triceratops!

He runs forth again, opening fire toward FRONT-STAGE, to STAGE LEFT, to CENTER STAGE, to STAGE RIGHT. He's shooting up the entire place. We hear countless copies of the sound of glass smashing apart. This man is indestructible.

Ratatatatat! The bullets never end. He continues to open fire, slowly sweeping his way from STAGE RIGHT back to STAGE LEFT, but Jack, Fred, Harold, and Molly are all either running away from the direction of the gunfire, or taking cover underneath any object they can find.

JACK: He runs out of bullets eventually!

Ratatatat! Ratatatat! Finally, the sound of gunfire stops, as he must be out.

Jimmy begins the process of reloading his weapon. It will take him some time. So Molly runs forth, and clobbers Jimmy in the head with the same lamp as before. Then, Harold punches Jimmy, causing him to finally drop his gun, leaving him unarmed.

Harold grabs Molly's hand and runs forth. A few seconds later, Jack and Fred both open fire on Jimmy at once. His body shakes, and then he moves quickly into the glass wall . . . into the open hole. He slips, and his body falls out the open window.

JIMMY: Noooooooooo!!

He falls out of sight. (The actor slips into the back-stage, to no longer be seen by the audience.) His voice becomes a screaming echo, which soon dies down to nothing.

JACK: Jimmy . . . fell out the window . . . of the tallest building in the world.

FRED: No more Jimmy . . . no more Triceratops.

HAROLD: Come on. Let's go back to those kidnapped girls.

Everybody walks, single file, back into the elevator. Fred presses button 56.

Scene 22. INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING – FLOOR 56

Jimmy and his 8 hired goons clear the scene. All 10 kidnapped girls, including Lucie, return to the stage. Jack, Fred, Harold, and Molly step out of the elevator at STAGE LEFT to approach the girls at CENTER STAGE.

JACK: Girls! It's all right. Everything is over now. Jimmy the Triceratops is dead!

FRED: Consider this building Jimmy's castle no longer! You are now all free to leave!

Jack returns to Lucie, and holds her tightly.

FRED: So. That must be the kidnapped hostage you spoke about, huh?

Jack doesn't even hear Fred. He and Lucie continue to hold each other.

MOLLY: Come on, girls. Follow me into the elevator. Can we all fit at once?

HAROLD: You're gonna have to take several elevator trips, I'm afraid. Just the same as I'll have to make several trips to drive my cab, to get everyone home.

MOLLY: You're driving everyone home?

HAROLD: Of course. What else am I good for?

Lucie, trying not to cry, shows Jack a paper she wrote him.

LUCIE: I wrote this. I prayed you would come find me here.

JACK: "Jack, I love you. Please get me out of this Hell. Lucie." Awwww.

They hug one more time.

LUCIE: The other girls wrote some S.O.S. messages and threw them out the window. Only problem was, they had no idea exactly where we had all been taken to.

JACK: What? What?? How many papers were thrown out the window?

LUCIE: Oh, a lot. *A lot.*

JACK: Great. Well. Got any more paper and pen?

LUCIE: Yes, I do. Here's some.

JACK: Thanks.

Jack takes an empty sheet of paper and pen, holds the paper against the wall, and begins to write a message over it. He spends a good 7 seconds writing his message.

LUCIE: What are you writing?

JACK: I'll show you.

He shows her the message. She reads it. Then he walks over, to throw it out the open window, from the tallest floor in New York.

The electronic screen FADES TO an image of the paper, with Jack's hand-drawn message (written in print, the clearer the better, but it should still be human-drawn).

"17th of September, 1920. The Triceratops is no longer in charge of the Earth."

HAROLD: I guess I'm driving you and your sister back to your house.

JACK: Yes. Well, the hotel room, actually. It's right near Central Park.

HAROLD: Well . . . my first trip will be the hostages. Second trip, I'll come get you.

JACK: I don't care if I'm last. However, all I ask, is that me and Lucie not be separated.

HAROLD: Fair enough. I'll get you two on the second trip.

Scene 23. INT. TAXI CAB

Harold walks on toward his taxi cab at STAGE RIGHT, shoving a few girls on the arm to motion which ones to follow into his vehicle. Once 4 girls sit in his car, he spends a while seeing everybody's seat belts buckled, and then he gets started making a slow drive down the street. Now the floor of hostages is 4 people thinner.

Soon, the girls leave at STAGE RIGHT. Harold walks right back into Floor 56.

HAROLD: Look – I'm sorry that I took so long. I'm glad to see you're all still here.

LUCIE: Oh, no, don't worry. Trust me, it took that long for everyone to tell their stories.

HAROLD: Only in New York!

JACK: That's not true! . . . Oh, yeah. The tallest building. Yeah. Only in New York.

Harold leads 5 more hostage girls into his taxi cab at once. Considering the standard large size of vehicles, it's not difficult at all to fit 4 girls into the backseat.

Once they walk away at STAGE RIGHT, Harold returns to Floor 56, to find Jack, Lucie, and Molly talking, and Fred and Harold both talking while smoking tobacco joints.

HAROLD: I tell you. I've never met this Lexi girl. But if she tried that on *me* . . .!

JACK: (*to Molly*) Would you like to see our hotel?

Harold leads four people to his cab. Now all five people sit in their chairs, in silence. Harold drives the people on. Paul Whiteman's "Japanese Sandman" plays.

MOLLY: (*inspecting Jack's arm*) That's quite an injury here, Jack.

JACK: What? This little mark?

MOLLY: Remember – nurse. What you need is a First-Aid medical kit. One of those will bring you back to perfect health again. Stores sell them *all* over the place.

Soon, Harold comes to a stop. Jack and Lucie step out of the vehicle, and they get started walking toward a hotel bed at STAGE LEFT, while everyone else goes to a bar being set up across CENTER STAGE and STAGE RIGHT.

Scene 24. INT. HOTEL ROOM

At STAGE LEFT, Jack tosses his gun onto the bed, next to his new First-Aid kit.

JACK: I've still got my gun, and a little bit of ammo left. If anyone tries attacking you now, this will keep us safe. Now let's take a minute to pray . . . that we never have to.

Jack and Lucie hold each other tightly, one more time.

Scene 25. INT. BAR

All across CENTER STAGE and STAGE RIGHT is the bar. Jack and Lucie walk to the bar to sit down on barstools beside their new friends.

LUCIE: Me and Jack here have been on an exhilarating New York adventure. Starting with the Brooklyn Bridge. The hotel by Central Park. The kidnapers.

JACK: Then there was me meeting Fred, thinking he was just home homeless bum, and then finding out his whole story. Then there was the black market. Hiding behind garbage cans. Lexi, who then stole my car. Sleeping in an abandoned building. The cab. Molly, the nurse, you were very important, too – all the medical knowledge.

MOLLY: Oh, it's nothing. I'm trained, and taught, to know everything – everything – about human bodies, both male and female.

JACK: Yeah?

FRED: We've got some real wild stories, indeed.

BARTENDER: Those are some wild stories, all right. Real wild stories, is all that is.

The bartender walks away, wiping a wet mug dry with a white rag. Jack, Lucie, Fred, Harold, and Molly all exit the bar, walking single-file to FRONT-CENTER STAGE, facing away, as the electronic image becomes the New York skyline.

Paul Whiteman's "Whispering" plays. The Sun is now setting, incredibly bright in the sky. The 5 travelers are all walking together through New York, into the Sunset.

The entire cast and crew of actors and actresses joins them, with everybody facing the audience, as the curtains close and the adventure comes to an end.

END OF ACT THREE.

THE END.