

**Connie & Sly**

A short play by Harrison Zacher

**CHARACTERS:**

- Young Sam – M, 11
- Young Connie - M, 10
- Teen Sam - M, 17
- Teen Connie - M, 16
- Sam (Sly) - M, 27
- Connie - M, 26
- Police

**SETTING:**

San Francisco in the 90s.

**NOTES:**

Connie narrates the play and talks directly to the audience through a phone on stage right, as if the audience is currently visiting Connie in prison. The play is split into three different vignettes capturing the different ages: Young Connie and Sam, Teen Connie and Sam, and Present Day Connie and Sam.

*CONNIE steps onto stage right wearing an orange jumpsuit. He sits down on the only piece of furniture onstage: A metal stool lit by a spotlight. There's a prison phone set up next to him. He picks it up.*

CONNIE

I'm glad you could make it.

We don't have much time. 10 minutes to be precise. So I'll just get started.

This is the story of Connie and Sly.

But of course, during the beginning, my partner's name wasn't Sly. He didn't earn that name until later on.

So let's start with the story of Connie and *Sam*.

### SCENE 1:

*Lights up.*

*YOUNG CONNIE and YOUNG SAM sit on a wooden bench upstage center. They hold black bags.*

CONNIE

Ever since we were young, we knew that we stole for different reasons.

Sam needed to steal, it was a lifestyle.

But I *wanted* to steal, for the thrill.

That's not saying that I didn't need the things I stole, I just did it for a different reason than Sam knew.

*Young Connie and Sam dump their bags out on the bench.*

*Young Connie holds up three stacked donuts.*

YOUNG CONNIE

Sam look! Donut sandwich.

*He stuffs the whole thing in his mouth.*

YOUNG CONNIE

What did you get?

YOUNG SAM

I got a loaf of bread, a pack of batteries, and the Marlboro reds. For dad.

YOUNG CONNIE

How did they let you buy those?

Sorry but if I was a cashier I wouldn't think you look 18...

YOUNG SAM

Connie, I didn't actually pay for any of this...

YOUNG CONNIE

What?

YOUNG SAM

Yeah! It's called *stealing*.

You can take anything you want!

Just wear your biggest hoodie and stuff the pockets, it's easy.

YOUNG CONNIE

No way.

But that's against the law!

What if we get caught?

YOUNG SAM

Well Connie it's simple: Just don't get caught.

YOUNG CONNIE

That's easy for you to say, sly fox.

I'm not as gifted with sleight of hand as you are, I'd get caught right away.

YOUNG SAM

Well I could teach you a thing or two.

Plus, think about the things we could steal with both of our hoodies!

YOUNG CONNIE

My pockets are huge, I could probably fit like 50 donuts!

YOUNG SAM

That's 100 donuts between the both of us.

YOUNG CONNIE

That sounds like a dream come true.  
You really think we could get away with it?

YOUNG SAM

Yes really. With my stealing skills and your brain power, we'll be partners in crime, forever.

YOUNG CONNIE

Partners in Crime.  
Forever.

*They get up and exit SL.  
Lights down.  
Spotlight on Connie.*

CONNIE

We were young and naive. And didn't know the meaning of forever.

But then, we grew up and realized there's more to life than just stealing from the convenience store.

Like...bikes, motorized scooters (which do surprisingly well on craigslist by the way), cars, pawn shops.

But with all this high reward, came the high risk. The complications.

**SCENE 2:**

*Lights on.  
A secluded alley at night. TEEN CONNIE and  
TEEN SAM stand flat against a brick wall.  
Police lights and sirens go by, but fade into the  
distance.*

TEEN SAM

Ok. I think they're gone.  
We're safe.

TEEN CONNIE

Safe? Sam, they had DOGS looking for us.  
DOGS!

This is it. I think we officially have gone too far.

TEEN SAM

Too far? We just outran the cops. We could practically get away with anything. You're not thinking straight!

We just hit our biggest score yet and what, you can't even be excited?

TEEN CONNIE

Of course I'm excited!

It's just getting...dangerous.

TEEN SAM

Come on, you know I'm always here to protect you.

TEEN CONNIE

Yeah I know.

But then who protects you?

Because obviously I'm not as capable as you are.

TEEN SAM

Connie, what are you saying?

TEEN CONNIE

I'm just saying that if we're gonna keep doing this, maybe we can't be partners anymore.

I'll just end up getting us caught.

You gotta find a new partner.

TEEN SAM

A new partner? Like who?

TEEN CONNIE

I don't know. What about Craig?

TEEN SAM

Craig? That guy sucks!

I don't wanna do this with anyone else but YOU Connie.

I love this.

I love you.

*Sam kisses Connie on the lips.*

TEEN CONNIE

Whoa.

TEEN SAM

I am so sorry.

I was just feeling so emotional and I–

TEEN CONNIE

It's ok, you don't have to be sorry.

*He kisses Sam back.*

*Lights down.*

*Spotlight on Connie.*

CONNIE

So along with our new life as high schoolers with too much money, there came this: A young, beautiful, and spontaneous type of love. Something neither of us had ever experienced before.

It was fragile and delicate.

Threatened and doomed from the beginning.

Our secret relationship lasted for a while. At least it felt like it was a while. Up until our final heist: the bank.

You could probably guess what happened at the bank, because it's exactly how I ended up in here and how Sam ended up out there.

**SCENE 3:**

*Lights on.*

*The stone wall of a bank at night.*

*CONNIE and SAM creep across the stage with bags of money.*

*Before they can make it to the other side, a spotlight shines on the two thieves.*

*They hold hands, preparing for the inevitable.*

CONNIE

And just like that. It was over. After all those years.

You may be asking yourself, didn't they both get caught? Shouldn't they both be in prison?

Wrong.

You don't know Sam like that.

Remember how I said Sam would earn the name Sly? Well this is it.

I don't know exactly what he said in that interrogation room but I imagine it went a little bit like this.

#### **SCENE 4:**

*Spotlight on an interrogation table, center stage. Sam sits handcuffed to the table.*

SAM

You've got the wrong guy.

POLICE (V.O.)

Sir, we caught you at the scene with the evidence. You are going to jail for a long time.

SAM

Connie was the mastermind behind all of this, not me.

I'm innocent.

POLICE (V.O.)

Holy shit this guy is totally telling the truth.

We gotta let him go.

*Lights down on the interrogation table.*

CONNIE

Those stupid pigs really believed that slippery son of a bitch.

He managed to wiggle his way out just like usual. He's Sly like that.

As for me, I couldn't do it like him. I could never do it like him.

I was the reason we got caught, so I took responsibility and I did the time.

And there you have it. That's how I got sent to the federal prison for the next decade.

Meanwhile, my ex-friend, ex-lover, ex-partner got to live a luxurious life with all of our stolen shit.

But now—

*He hangs up the phone and gets handed a change of plain clothes.*



CONNIE

I'm out. And I'm ready for revenge.

*Connie walks offstage right.*

**SCENE 5:**

*Lights up on Sly's living room. An organized mess in a larger than life mansion. Display cases with various high-price items: A Fabergé egg, several famous paintings, a mammoth skull, and a full set of medieval armor. Sly wears a bathrobe and sips a glass of bourbon on the couch.*

*Connie slips out from behind the suit of armor. Wearing a ski mask, he holds a gun up to Sly.*

CONNIE

Put the glass down Sly.  
You owe me answers.

SLY

Sly? I haven't heard that name in years.  
Connie? Is that you?

*Sly stands up from the couch.*

CONNIE

Who else would it be Sly? Who else have you betrayed and sent to prison?

*Connie lifts up his ski mask.*

SLY

You look so grown up.

CONNIE

I sat in my cell every day thinking about what would happen when I came to see you. I thought of revenge, I thought of just hugging you, but I realized I don't even know how you feel about me anymore.

SLY

Nothing has changed. I still feel the same way that I did all those years ago.

CONNIE

That can't be true. How could you say you love me when you betrayed me, ratted me out, and sent me to prison for 10 years?

I loved you, Sam. I thought we were partners forever.

SLY

That's not how it happened.

CONNIE

Then please. Explain.

*Lights down.*

**SCENE 6:**

*Lights up on the interrogation table. Sly sits handcuffed to the table.*

POLICE (V.O.)

The way I see it, you really have two options here.

Confess and go to prison for the next 10 years or confess and we could work out some kind of deal.

SLY

A deal? With you?

Who do you think I am?

POLICE (V.O.)

Someone who is always looking for the next big score...

SLY

How much?

POLICE (V.O.)

Go undercover. Be our informant for 7 to 8 years and come out with a bag of money three times the size you were carrying out of that bank. Sounds good right?

SLY

What about Connie?

POLICE (V.O.)

Oh he'll be serving his time in prison. We know that you were always the real talent behind your little operation.

SLY

Just keep him out of this. He can't know about any of this, or I'll lose him. Forever.

POLICE (V.O.)

Done. Sign the paper.

*He signs it.*

**SCENE 7:**

*Back to Sly's living room.  
Spotlight on Sly and Connie.*

SLY

Can't you see? It was all for you!

This house, the money, I didn't spend 10 years undercover in the Cuban mob just to throw our relationship away.

Let's go. Right now. We can run away again and relive the glory days. A new city. New opportunities.

And this time we'll be more careful about it now that we're older.

Connie please. I've thought a lot about this. I need this. WE need this.

*Sly tries to hold Connie's hands, he turns away.*

CONNIE

No, Sly. We don't.

Not anymore.

I'm sorry, but I'm done.

*Connie throws his ski mask to the ground.*

*Sly falls to his knees as Connie exits.*

*The rest of the lights start to turn on.*

*The display cases behind him are now empty  
and there are discolorations on the wall where  
the famous paintings used to be.*

*One last heist.*

**END OF PLAY**

