

*The lights change to the bank office. The NARRATOR becomes KEN. He holds his fingers as if holding a gun.*

KEN: This meeting is about to take an odd turn. I know you have a gun and an alarm. Where are they please?

LLYOD: What? Why?

KEN: This is a hold up.

LLOYD: A what? A what?

KEN: This is a hold up.

LLOYD: You'll never get away with this.

KEN: Please keep your hands where I can see them.

LLOYD: You said you were a businessman from Buffalo.

KEN: I lied.

LLOYD: You just can't walk into my office and point a gun at me. I'm the bank manager. It's just not done. Normal criminals go to the teller. With a note. Don't you read the papers? For heaven's sake, you're wearing a suit! How was I supposed to guess you were going to rob my bank?

KEN: You weren't supposed to know.

LLOYD: I'll bet your real name isn't even Mr. Gair.

KEN: The gun and the alarm if you please?

LLOYD: I knew it! I knew it! You're not even from Buffalo!

KEN: Mr. Lloyd, please keep up with me. Where are the gun and the alarm?

LLOYD: The gun is in my desk and the alarm is over there on the...

KEN: Thank you, I can see it.

*There is a pause. KEN starts to whistle a Christmas tune.*

LLOYD: What do we do now?

KEN: We wait.

LLOYD: I'm just supposed to sit here while you point a gun at me? Is that it?

KEN: We are conducting business Mr. Lloyd.

LLOYD: But it's closing time!

KEN: Your secretary believes I am opening an account in your fine bank. If we leave your office, two seconds after we have entered, that might look suspicious. I would rather not look suspicious right now. Tell me about your family.

LLOYD: What?

KEN: Your family. Are you married?

LLOYD: Yes.

KEN: Children.

LLOYD: Two.

KEN: I have a number myself. Quite a handful. What are you going to do for Christmas?

LLOYD: Well, the Mrs. and I are going to take a little trip to... I am not going to divulge my Christmas plans to you. You'll dress up like Santa Claus and take everything I own up the chimney!