

MANHATTAN MURDER MYSTERY (USA 1993)

Director: Woody Allen

Cast:

Woody Allen	Larry Lipton
Diane Keaton	Carol Lipton
Jerry Adler (I)	Paul House
Lynn Cohen	Lillian House
Ron Rifkin	Sy
Joy Behar	Marilyn
William Addy	Jack, the Super
John Doumanian	Neighbor
Sylvia Kauders	Neighbor
Ira Wheeler	EMS Doctor
Alan Alda	Ted
Anjelica Huston	Marcia Fox
Melanie Norris	Helen Moss

[At the hockey game]

LARRY: Come on.

CAROL: What?

LARRY: You promised to sit through the entire hockey game without being bored and I'll sit through the Wagner opera with you next week.

CAROL: I know, honey, I promised. I know.

LARRY: I already bought the earplugs.

CAROL: Yeah. Well, with your eyesight I'm surprised you can see the puck.

CAROL: Yay, hooray.

[In the street]

LARRY: God. I can't wait to get into bed and stretch out.

CAROL: Yeah.

LARRY: You know, there's a Bob Hope movie on television later.

CAROL: I know. Can you believe this guy in Indiana? Killed twelve victims, dismembered them and ate them.

LARRY: Really? Well, it's an alternative lifestyle.

CAROL: Yeah, I'll say.

[In the hallway]

PAUL: Hold the elevator.

LILLIAN: I'm coming.

PAUL: Hold the elevator.

LILLIAN: That's right.

PAUL: Thank you.

[In the elevator]

LILLIAN: I, uh, I see you at the gym sometimes.

CAROL: Oh, you do?

LILLIAN: Yeah, we live in the apartment down the hall.

CAROL: Oh, well, I go whenever I have the discipline.

LILLIAN: It's important to put that time in. It does wonders.

CAROL: Oh god, yeah. I agree with you.

LILLIAN: Exercising changed my life.

CAROL: Well, geez...

LARRY: I...I prefer to atrophy. I'm not a very exercise person.

PAUL: We bought a treadmill last week.

CAROL: Oh, well, we had one. But you know, we got rid of it because it was just taking up too much space.

LILLIAN: Oh, it-it-it...

LARRY: 'Cause you have to turn it on and get on it once in a while. That was her problem.

LILLIAN: Hey, I...exactly, I...and it's so confusing, with all those buttons and computerized programs. I'm just never gonna get that.

CAROL: Oh, I know. It's late.

LILLIAN: It's so wonderful, meeting.

CAROL: Oh, well, yeah.

PAUL: It is just like New York. You have neighbors. You never meet them...you guys.

LILLIAN: I've seen you so many times in the hallway, you know...and I've always wanted to come up and say hallo.

PAUL: Well, anyway...good night

CAROL: Good night. Such a lovely couple. You know that...

LILLIAN: Oh, uh, say, hello?

CAROL: Huh? Yeah?

LILLIAN: Huh, listen why don't you come in for a-a-a second and have a drink with us? I mean, we'd really love that.

CAROL: Oh, oh well that'd be fine...

PAUL: She makes great Irish coffee.

LILLIAN: Oh, please? Uh uh, I want you to give me a treadmill lesson.

LARRY: There's a movie on television I want to watch.

CAROL: Oh, about the tread...oh, well, if I can figure it out, then believe me, anybody can.

[House's apartment]

LILLIAN: Have a look at the instructions. They drive me crazy. You know? I don't know what I'm doing at all. Let's look...

CAROL: No. Please, it's easy.

LILLIAN: Wonderful book they've given me. Now I'm at level five.

CAROL: What?

LILLIAN: That I know.

CAROL: You're that advanced?

LILLIAN: Well, yeah.

CAROL: God, I only got to level two.

LILLIAN: Look at these diagrams. Do you believe this?

CAROL: That's amazing.

LILLIAN: I can't understand this even.

CAROL: Let me see.

LILLIAN: Yeah, well. See this?

CAROL: Okay.

PAUL: Now, let me show you a mint 1933 airmail. Very rare...and very beautiful.

LARRY: Yeah.

PAUL: Look at that. And this plate block is quite unique because it has a flaw in the engraving. See if you can see it.

LARRY: Uh, it's hard for me.

PAUL: Actually I'll give you a little hint. Right down here in the corner.

LARRY: That tiny thing there?

PAUL: Interesting, yeah.

LARRY: Ah, you have a really...

PAUL: That makes it quite valuable, you see. And I just got a commemorative set of issues that are going to be quite valuable, too.

LARRY: Yes.

PAUL: Look at the color, right there. All these are gonna become a real f...

LARRY: Well, listen...we're probably keeping you up, right?

PAUL: Oh, no-no-no. This is wonderful.

LARRY: I should be going.

PAUL: What do you do, if I may ask?

LARRY: Me? I'm in book publishing. I work up at Harper's.

PAUL: Are you really?

LARRY: Yeah.

PAUL: I own an old, uh, cinema. Having it redone.

LARRY: Oh.

PAUL: Used to have a string of three, but, you know, business is not what it used to be. Now, look at these presidentials. Look at the color work. Even the perforations are still intact.

LARRY: Where's Carol?

PAUL: All the...

LARRY: 'Cause I should really be going, actually.

PAUL: Oh, really?

LARRY: Yeah. I mean, so, we...

LILLIAN: Coffee's ready!

LARRY: Oh, coffee. I forgot coffee.

PAUL: Good. We can get back to this later. Come on in.

LILLIAN: Well, we've never had any children, but it's easy to empathize. Oh, um, uh, what college does your son attend?

CAROL: Brown.

LILLIAN: Oh.

PAUL: Nice color.

LILLIAN: Paul never attended college. He's self-made.

PAUL: Always regretted it. I think knowledge is the second most important thing. First is health, then knowledge, then money.

LARRY: You know, it's amazing how time, we,...we'll just...

LILLIAN: And, do you work?

CAROL: Huh? Do I?

LILLIAN: Yes.

CAROL: Oh, well, I actually, um, I used to work at an ad agency, but that was many years ago. But...You know, I've been seriously thinking of starting a little restaurant. But, well, Larry, he's trying to talk me out of it.

LARRY: Oh, she's a great cook, though, really. Her duck and fennel omelette on a bed of scallops and Hollandaise sauce with truffles and sweetbreads'll

make you snap into a fetal position and have you in bed screaming for a month.

CAROL: He loves to tease me, but actually, he really loves exotic food.

LILLIAN: My weakness is any rich dessert, cream, butter, anything with fat.

CAROL: Oh, really? Oh well, let...listen...I'll fix you a dessert that'll make your eyeballs roll up. You'll have to exercise for a month to work it off.

LILLIAN: Yeah.

PAUL: We're going to Le Cirque for our anniversary.

CAROL: No, really?

LILLIAN: Yes. Twenty-eight years. November.

CAROL: Really?

PAUL: Well, what do you buy the woman who buys everything?

LILLIAN: We already have twin cemetery plots.

LARRY: Well, it's...I always think a Bentley is in good taste. You know, or you can go the route that I went with her. On her twentieth, I got her some

very lovely handkerchiefs.

CAROL: Yeah. Oh no. But, you know, they had my initials on them.

LARRY: Yeah, it was a very, very high-class item. I didn't even know her size. I'm going over.

[Lipton's apartment]

LARRY: Jesus, couldn't you keep the conversation going a little longer in there? I was signaling you frantically.

CAROL: I was just trying to be neighborly.

LARRY: Neighborly? If this guy showed me his stamp collection one more time... I mean, my favorite thing in life is to, you know, look at canceled postage.

CAROL: Oh, come on, Larry. It was sweet. They, you know, they're looking forward to their anniversary.

LARRY: Oh, and I'm looking forward to seeing that Bob Hope movie. I don't know why they put it on so late.

CAROL: You know, do you think that's gonna happen to us?

LARRY: What?

CAROL: Well, that we'll become like them? You know, just another dull aging couple, you know, with our little walks, you know...

LARRY: We are a dull aging couple.

CAROL: Our TV, our lox and bagels. And...and our twin cemetery plots?

LARRY: No, we should be as lucky as them. To, you know, to be in their physical shape, at their age? They look great.

Did you see the dumbbells this

guy lifts? If I lifted dumbbells like those, I would get a hernia the size of the San Andrea's Fault.

CAROL: How often do you think they make love?

LARRY: Oh, you know, probably more than we do, in their shape. You know, I'm sure as much as once a week.

CAROL: Larry?

LARRY: I'm exhausted. What?

CAROL: Do you still find me attractive?

LARRY: Of course. What kind of question is that? Of course I do.

CAROL: Yeah, but we're not turning into a pair of comfortable old shoes, are we? Do you think?

LARRY: Never comfortable.

CAROL: No?

LARRY: I don't think you have to worry about that.

[At the marketplace]

LARRY: How you guys doing?

SY: We're fine.

MARILYN: We're good.

SY: We like that. We're gonna get this one.

MARILYN: That's very nice, actually.

LARRY: So, actually...

MARILYN: Listen, are we going to see you at Elaine's Thursday?

CAROL: Oh, no. Thursday's our Wagner opera.

MARILYN: Uh...hum. You know...Ted's coming to Elaine's with us.

CAROL: Ted.

MARILYN: Yeah.

CAROL: How is Ted?

MARILYN: He's...he seems to be doing well. I mean, I I actually think he's glad...I think he's glad he's divorced.

SY: Well, I don't think he's...no, he's not doing...Come on, he's not doing well at all. He's not used to it.

MARILYN: Well he looks...I think he looks, you know, like he's glad.

SY: Yeah, yeah. This.

LARRY: So what do you want to do? you guys gonna browse, or...

SY: No, we're gonna go to a movie.

MARILYN: Yeah, we're gonna go see Double indemnity.

CAROL: Oh, really?

MARILYN: Yeah.

SY: Why don't you come with us?

MARILYN: It starts in a little while.

[From "Double indemnity"]

"I'd have the police after her so fast, it'd make her head spin."

"They'd put her through the wringer. And brother, the things they would squeeze out."

"They haven't got a single thing to go on, Keyes."

"Oh, not too much. Just twenty-six year experience..."

"All the percentage there is, and this hunk of concrete in my stomach."

[In the street]

CAROL: God, that movie was great, wasn't it?

LARRY: Yeah, I I...it was one of my favorites.

CAROL: I loved it.

LARRY: It just...they were all so wonderful, in the picture.

CAROL: You know, who could we fix Ted up with? I mean, there must be somebody in your office.

LARRY: Ted?

CAROL: Yeah.

LARRY: Well, I don't know. Ted...I always thought Ted had a crush on you.

CAROL: Me?

LARRY: Yeah. Why are you so stunned? I think that...

CAROL: Please. I mean, you know, I adore him, but you know, he's like a girlfriend to me.

LARRY: Uh. Now he's divorced, you know?

CAROL: Do I detect a note of jealousy?

[House's apartment]

NEIGHBOR: I had to come up here and call nine-one-one.

NEIGHBOR: So what's the trouble?

NEIGHBOR: Oh, is that the-that the E.M.S.

NEIGHBOR: That guy's so excited.

NEIGHBOR: The doctor and the E.M.S.

LARRY: What's the matter? What's going on? What happened?

NEIGHBOR: She had a heart attack.

CAROL: Oh my God.

NEIGHBOR: Sh-She's dead.

LARRY: She-she's dead?

CAROL: Dead?

NEIGHBOR: They're giving Mr. House a sedative right now. He's running around like crazy.

NEIGHBOR: I called E.M.S. and they got here as soon as they could, but it was too late.

LARRY: Sh-We just met her last night.
NEIGHBOR: Awful, just awful.
LARRY: What happened?
DOCTOR: Well, it was a classic coronary. She just went like that.
CAROL: Is there anything we can do?
LARRY: Oh, my God.
DOCTOR: You can be good neighbors. You know, we calmed him down, uh...
LARRY: Th-Th-Th-The first time we saw them was last night. We just met them. W-We had...They invited us in for coffee.
NEIGHBOR: Such a...S...Such a nice lady.
NEIGHBOR: Nice lady.
NEIGHBOR: Sweet person.

[In the street]

CAROL: God, okay.
LARRY: You look wonderful.
CAROL: Oh, hallo.
PAUL: Hi.
CAROL: Hi, Mr. House, so...sorry.
PAUL: Thank you so much for those wonderful flowers.
CAROL: Oh.
PAUL: It was quite nice of you.
CAROL: That's...sure.
LARRY: If there's anything we can do. You know, anything you need, just tell us and we'll...
CAROL: No, anything. Anything at all. I mean, God, it's just such a shock when anyone...It was just so sudden. I mean, she seemed so...God, well, healthy.
LARRY: Yeah.
PAUL: She had a heart condition.
CAROL: She did? She never mentioned it...It...that she was...
LARRY: Ah.
PAUL: She wouldn't have.
CAROL: No. Right. Well...
LARRY: If there's anything we can do.
CAROL: Yeah, anything. Really.
LARRY: You know, if you need anything, if you are lonely, come by. You know.
PAUL: Thank you. You know, you owe me a wonderful French dessert.
CAROL: Oh, no, no, no. I know, I haven't forgotten. Believe me, I haven't forgotten.
PAUL: Well, have a nice time. You seem all gussied up.
CAROL: Yeah. Oh, I know. We're going to the opera.
PAUL: Oh, enjoy.
LARRY: My favorite, my favorite.
PAUL: Goodnight.
LARRY: Goodnight.
CAROL: Goodnight.
LARRY: Come, we're gonna be late.

[Leaving the Metropolitan Opera House]

CAROL: The deal was, I sit through the ice hockey game and you watch the whole opera.
LARRY: I can't listen to that much Wagner, you know. I start to get the urge to conquer Poland.

[At Elaine's]

SY: I'll tell you something. I think it's weird. I mean, listen to this. One night she's having coffee, and the next night they are carrying her out in a rubber bag.
CAROL: Oh, I know, I know. And she did not look like she was ready to go.
TED: Maybe this guy killed her, you know? Like, he's got, like, a young tootsie stashed someplace, or something.
LARRY: No, no, not this...you gotta, you gotta see this guy. This guy gets his jollies from licking the back of postage stamps. He's a-a boring old...
TED: Well, I can see that. Yeah, depending on whose picture is on the stamp.
CAROL: She never once mentioned that she had a heart condition.
LARRY: Well, what is she gonna say? Oh, yeah, hello, I'm Mrs. House and I have a bad heart.

CAROL: Well, she had no problem telling me about her hysterectomy in the first five minutes.
SY: It is much easier to talk about a hysterectomy than it is to talk about a heart condition.
TED: You said she liked...she liked eating high cholesterol desserts. Is that what you said?
LARRY: So, she had one too many.
CAROL: No. No! She wasn't on a diet. We discussed diets.
LARRY: So she wasn't on a diet. But...
TED: This would be a really great way to kill somebody.
SY: How?
TED: You clog their arteries with whipped cream, chocolate mousse, butter. They go like that.
SY: That's great.
LARRY: I like a...It's disgusting.
TED: you know what I mean?
LARRY: It's disgusting, but a...It's fatal.
TED: Wouldn't that be great?
MARILYN: I'd like to French-pastry myself to death right now.
SY: I'll help you.
MARILYN: I really would.
SY: All right.
MARILYN: In fact, I'd like another piece of pie, right after this. Do I dare? I like yours better than this.
TED: Are you gonna start a restaurant? Are you serious about that?
MARILYN: You really should. you're a great cook.
TED: 'Cause, if you do, count me in. I wanna be part of that. Really.
LARRY: Really?
MARILYN: You should.
CAROL: No. Well, I don't know. I mean, you...Are you serious?
TED: Yeah. Oh, oh, God, it'd be wonderful.
LARRY: What are you encouraging her for? It's so...
TED: She's great. She's a great cook.
LARRY: I know, but...
CAROL: Well, it's thanks to you, actually. I mean, it was his idea. The cooking lessons, so I mean...
TED: Yes, I had...
SY: Yes, but a restaurant is a serious business. I mean, you just can't take that lightly. You can't be cavalier about a restaurant.
CAROL: I'm not being cavalier about it.
LARRY: Do you know how time-consuming it is? Yeah. You have to be there every night.
SY: Absolutely.
LARRY: You'd be stuck there, you know.
TED: Wait. Look, look.
LARRY: They steal from, if you're not...You gotta be hap...
CAROL: But it's bi...it's what I do. It's-It's what I do, Larry.
TED: She'll cook...She's great. She's-She's a pro. She's a pro. She'll be cooking... She'll be cooking in the kitchen. I'll be at the front, running the joint like Rick, you know, in "Casablanca".
SY: It's not that easy.
MARILYN: You do it anyway. Right as well get paid for it.
LARRY: Right. Directs...
TED: I'm set, I'm serious about it. I don't...I mean, it's not like a hobby. I mean, it's gotta be a serious thing.
SY: I'll be the first customer.

[Lipton's apartment]

LARRY: You know, I was thinking of fixing Ted up with Helen Dubin. You know, I figured they would just, you know, get into an argument over penis envy, or something.
CAROL: Oh.
LARRY: The poor guy suffers from it so...
CAROL: Did he seem a little too cheerful?
LARRY: No, he seemed like his regular self to me, but-but, uh, when you brought up the notion of the restaurant... the guy lit up like Mr. Glowworm.
CAROL: The restaurant?
LARRY: Yeah. He sees himself as, uh, you know, as Humphrey Bogart in Casablanca. I-I see him more as Peter Lorre, wringing his hands.
CAROL: No, no, no. No, no, no. I mean, Mr. House, Mr. House. Didn't seem a little too cheerful to you?

LARRY: Mr. House, our next-door widower?

CAROL: Yes. Yes. I mean, there's...Well, you know. I mean, didn't he seem too compose for a man whose wife just died. Don't you think?

LARRY: Well, Jesus. What do you want the guy to do, walk down the street sobbing hysterically?

CAROL: Well, I don't know. All I know is, they were supposedly looking forward to their, you know...anniversary, and, and, and, you know, uh-uh, i-i-if

I suddenly dropped dead...wouldn't you sob for months, or-or years, if I...You know...

LARRY: Hey, don't make those kind of jokes, okay? I don't like those remarks. And, meanwhile, I'm the guy who needs a physical check-up.

CAROL: Oh, I don't know.

LARRY: Uh, uh.

CAROL: I mean, to me he just seemed a little too perky. You know? Now, suddenly he wants his French desserts, and, "Have a nice time, you know, at

the opera". And, my God, "We're certainly dressed up". I mean, you know. This guy should be a wreck.

LARRY: Right. Meanwhile, I can't get the-the Flying Dutchman theme out of my mind, you know? Remind me tomorrow to buy up all the Wagner records in town and rent a chainsaw.

CAROL: Helen Dubin's wrong for Ted.

LARRY: Yeah?

CAROL: She's too mousey.

LARRY: Well, he's a little mousey, too. They could have their little rodent time. They can eat cheese together. Oh, Christ. Hallo? Yes. Yes, of...Yes, of

course you woke us. You know, not everybody's up at one o'clock in the morning watching the porn channel. I'll put her on.

CAROL: Who is it?

LARRY: Ted. For you.

CAROL: Ted, hi.

TED: I figured out how he killed her and made it look like a coronary. He gagged her and tied her to the treadmill, and then he turned the exercise program up to the Olympic levels.

CAROL: No, no. You know, I mean, I just think this guy is too perky. You know, I mean he's not acting like a man whose beloved of twenty-eight years died just a few days ago.

LARRY: Jesus, are you onto that? My God, I thought you were just joking.

CAROL: Yeah, I know.

LARRY: Let me speak to him, all right?

CAROL: What? Oh. Here. Just a sec. Here's Larr...

LARRY: Hey, listen. She was not murdered. She...she had a heart attack. It was a coronary. There was a doctor there. He said to....He was an old man.

TED: How do you know it was a real doctor?

LARRY: I'm not gonna touch that. I'm tired. I want to go to sleep. Look...

TED: Wait-wait-wait a minute, wait a minute, put Carol back on, I called about something else. Listen, I know a great location for a restaurant.

[At the restaurant]

TED: Hah, look at this. Isn't this great?

CAROL: Well, it's dark.

TED: Aren't these walls great? You know, like you have to go through a little cave.

CAROL: Oh, I see.

TED: And then you come out, to this here.

CAROL: Oh, look at this though. It's really so beautiful.

TED: Yeah. Isn't it great?

CAROL: But...it's kind out of the way for a restaurant, isn't it?

TED: No, no...that's the appeal. That's just the appeal, because it's...it's, I mean it's so romantic,...tucked away back in here like this.

CAROL: Yeah.

TED: And, you don't want street traffic. You want...

CAROL: No.

TED: you want a little out of the way spot that people hear about and lovers go to.

CAROL: Yeah.

TED: It takes months to take a reservation, you know? Very few tables.

CAROL: You know, you've really thought this out.

TED: Oh, well, I used to come here all the time with-with July, when we were married.

CAROL: Uh uh. Right.

TED: Used to walk around here. Really beautiful at night. It's gorgeous at night.

CAROL: It's beautiful, I bet.

TED: I used to think, "What am I doing here with July? We don't love each other any more", you know? It made the moment doubly poignant.

[House's apartment]

PAUL: Hi. How are you?

CAROL: Hi. How are you?

PAUL: Oh, my...

CAROL: These are my floating islands. I hope you like meringue.

PAUL: I love it. Come on in, come on in.

CAROL: Well, okay.

PAUL: This is unbelievable.

CAROL: I know, it's just...

PAUL: Did you do it?

CAROL: I did do it. I told you. Anyway, this has got...this is vanilla sauce here and I put little chocolate truffles.

PAUL: Well, come on in. Would you share it with me?

LARRY: Oh, no. She made these just for you. This is...

CAROL: Oh, well...

PAUL: No, no, no, it's too much for one. I'll I make some coffee. Please.

LARRY: They're only half a dozen.

CAROL: No, no, no. Look, I'll make the coffee. That'd be better. Let me make it.

PAUL: Oh, you've already done so much.

CAROL: No, no. I insist, I insist. Go on, sit down, relax.

PAUL: Aren't you nice.

CAROL: Enjoy yourself, you've been through enough.

LARRY: She worked on those for... How're you holding up?

PAUL: Oh, I don't know. I was thinking after a while. I'd get away from here. From this place and all its memories.

LARRY: Uh uh, so you have someone to go with, or are you...

PAUL: I have a brother in Florida.

LARRY: Oh, really?

PAUL: I'm hoping he can get away for a while.

LARRY: Good. It's a good idea.

PAUL: Do you like snorkeling?

LARRY: Snorkeling? No, no. I get nervous when brightly colored fish are staring at me face to face, you know.

PAUL: Hey, I've got some stamps I wanted to show you.

LARRY: Oh, stamps. Well, that's...

PAUL: Come on, look at these.

PAUL: This is very delicious.

CAROL: Thank you.

PAUL: You are an artist.

CAROL: Well, thanks very much. Uh, was it a large...funeral?

PAUL: Oh, no. We had...very few friends, no family.

CAROL: Right. Just a simple affair, uh? Well, they're the best, aren't they?

PAUL: Yeah.

CAROL: I guess. Anyway, then you're laid the rest, and, you know, I was just... where, um, where are the twin cemetery plots? We...'cause, we were

thinking that that was just such a romantic idea. Weren't we, Larry? You know? Larry? You remember when we were talking about the twin

cemetery plots and, you know, how kind of romantic that is? Remember?

LARRY: Uh-huh. Yes, yes. We were. We were spending the eternity with the beloved. I sound like...I sound like one of those guys, now.

PAUL: Yes.

CAROL: Yes but, I was just wondering where, um, where is the cemetery?

PAUL: Oh, it's...uh, in...uh, it's in Nyack. We used to summer there occasionally.

[Lipton's apartment]

LARRY: What was all that stuff about twin cemetery plots?

CAROL: Listen, Larry.

LARRY: You know? I mean, we-we never discussed it at all, but I knew that you were trying to tell me something, so I picked up on it quickly.

CAROL: Listen.

LARRY: But I...You know, we...

CAROL: Okay, just... I was in the kitchen okay? And I was making the coffee. There were no beans, so, I was looking in his cupboards, just to see, you know, and I came across this urn, okay? And I opened it and there were ashes in it.

LARRY: Ashes? Funeral ashes? Did you wash your hands?

CAROL: Larry, he had her cremated!

LARRY: How did you know it was her, for Christ's sake? They were ashes. What, did they resemble Mrs. House?

CAROL: Oh, and who else would it be, okay?

LARRY: Anybody. Could it be, an associate, an old relative, his accountant, his cat. Who knows?

CAROL: Right, right. Hidden, uh? Hidden away?

LARRY: What do you mean? Th-th-the guy didn't do anything.

CAROL: Look, Larry. All I know is he lied, okay? He lied.

LARRY: Look. Maybe-.maybe-maybe he is embarrassed. Maybe he didn't want to spend eternity next to the beloved, so he-he told us that-uh...You know, what's the difference? Who are you calling?

CAROL: Ted!

LARRY: Oh, Jesus. Leave the guy alone. You know, he-he...he's a poor widower, he wants to go on a vacation or something.

CAROL: Yeah. Where? Oh, I know where, ah ah. Snorkeling, right? Ah ah.

LARRY: So what? Different strokes. You know, he has fun, uh, sitting at the bottom of the water, face to face with squid.

CAROL: Oh, I know. I know. What about this? What if they had a big insurance policy, or something like that, huh?

LARRY: Too much "Double indemnity", you know?

CAROL: Hu-Huh. Hi. Yeah. Hi, it's me. Listen, we were just in our neighbor's apartment, right? Yeah. And get this. I came across an urn with ashes in it. Only he says he had his wife buried.

TED: That's what you do if you don't want an autopsy. You don't want something discovered, you know? Like-like poison.

CAROL: Mm. Right. They'd have detected poison, wouldn't they?

TED: Uh, I don't know. There's a lot of different kinds of exotic poisons, you know?

CAROL: Yeah, but why would he...Why would he be lying? I mean, why-why would he lie at all?

LARRY: Jesus, you're up to poisons already. You guys are slipping into a mad obsession.

CAROL: Yeah. Oh, would you do that? C...That'd be great. 'Cause, you know, I'm not good at that kind of thing, okay? All right. Okay. Well, I'll talk to you later. Okay, 'bye.

LARRY: Let's go to bed. Could we go to bed, now?

CAROL: Hey, I'm not tired.

LARRY: What do you mean, "You're not tired"?

CAROL: You know, Ted's gonna check with the funeral home, tomorrow.

LARRY: Great.

CAROL: You know what I mean? I mean, I don't understand why you're not, not more fascinated with this. We could be living next door to a murderer, Larry.

LARRY: Well, New York is a melting pot. You know, get used to it.

CAROL: Oh my God.

LARRY: Hey, are you okay?

CAROL: Larry. Larry, I heard a noise. I-I-I heard a noise in the hallway, so I just...I...You know, I-I looked and I think...I think Mr. House was getting on the elevator.

LARRY: Yeah? You're sure?

CAROL: Yeah, you know, I was...I'm-I'm... almost certain that it was him.

LARRY: So-So-So what?

CAROL: Just, you know...I mean, who else could it be?

LARRY: So what? It's not a crime. He can get on the elevator.

CAROL: I know. I know. But wh-who would it be at one-thirty in the morning?

LARRY: Oh, Jesus. I was in a deep sleep. What-What's the difference?

CAROL: But, you mean, you know how we're always complaining about living on the geriatric floor. Do you know what I'm saying? A joke?

LARRY: All right, so it was Mr. House. So he got on the elevator. It's not a felony. The guy pays rent. He's entitled. I mean, what...Can you go back to bed? This is crazy. You woke me up out of a deep sleep. I gotta get up early tomorrow morning.

CAROL: I know what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna ring him up. I'm gonna ring his apartment. I'm gonna see if he's home.

LARRY: You're gonna ring Mr. House, now?

CAROL: Yes, because this is really...

LARRY: What are you talking about?

CAROL: It's very sus...

LARRY: Don't ring Mr...What are you doing? No, don't ring...

CAROL: Let me just...Larry, don't. Wait.

LARRY: Don't ring Mr. house. This is a widower. Leave the poor guy alone. You're crazy. Stop it.

CAROL: That's one ring.

LARRY: So you saw him go out. It's not a-not a crime.

CAROL: Okay, two rings. He's not there, yet.

LARRY: Give me this. Give me this.

CAROL: What are you doing?

LARRY: Look, if you want to find out if somebody left, just call downstairs. Call the-the-the person at the desk.

CAROL: All right, I'll call. Just keep ringing.

LARRY: Ask if someone went out.

CAROL: Keep ringing.

LARRY: Yeah, um. Sure, I'm gonna keep ringing. You got it.

CAROL: Oh, man.

LARRY: This is insane. What's gotten into you?

CAROL: I don't know. What is he doing? Where is this guy at one-thirty in the morning? You know what I'm saying?

LARRY: It's not your business. He can go any place he wants.

CAROL: Hallo? Yes, hallo. This is Mrs. Lipton. Yes. Did anybody just leave the building? I'm just...MM. You're sure? You're sure no one? No, okay.

All right. Yes. Thank you.

LARRY: Okay. Are you happy?

CAROL: I don't believe this. Man, I don't get it.

LARRY: Now, can we back to bed?

CAROL: No.

LARRY: For crying out loud, it's no big deal. You're making a mystery where nothing exists.

CAROL: Just let me think about this a second. Okay, I got it. Wait. I know, it...No, wait. Listen to me. Larry...Listen. He got on the elevator, okay?

LARRY: You know, I'm gonna...

CAROL: No, wait. No, no, listen to this. No.

LARRY: I wanna go to sleep. I don't want to be standing here in the middle of the night.

CAROL: I know. Larry, he got on the elevator and he took it to the basement.

LARRY: Oh, great! Great! So what? Now, what've you got?

CAROL: He has a car, right? He's got the garage door key, he opened...he could...he has the...

LARRY: So what? So what?

CAROL: What do you mean, "so what"? He's...

LARRY: What's the big deal? So, the next-door neighbor went out in the middle of the night and took his car. So, he went someplace.

CAROL: All right. So, I'm right, though.

LARRY: That's all.

CAROL: I mean, I'm right.

LARRY: I mean, so you're right. So big deal.

CAROL: Yes, he isn't in his apartment.

LARRY: But this kind of right is gonna put us in the toilet. So, you're right. You're suspicious.

CAROL: Yeah, that's right.

LARRY: It says more about your mind that about him.

CAROL: What about your rigidity? How about that?

LARRY: Get into bed. Get into bed.

CAROL: How about that point?

LARRY: You're so...What's wrong with you? Jesus.

[In the basement]

CAROL: Jack? Jack, do you think you could come upstairs today, 'cause I got a leak in the kitchen?

JACK: Well, yeah. Yeah.

CAROL: You can?

JACK: Sure.

CAROL: Well, but, it will be this afternoon.

JACK: But I...I got...

CAROL: All right, you're not gonna go now?

JACK: I'll be back in about a minute.

CAROL: In a minute.

JACK: Okay, just wait a second. I'll be right back.

CAROL: Yeah. Okay. All right. Oh, God.

[House's apartment]

TED: Hallo?

CAROL: Ted...I'm in his apartment. The urn is missing. It's gone. Yeah, I think it might have been. He had this satchel last night. He was carrying this

bag, and I think that might have been what he had in his satchel.

TED: Listen, I'd get out of there right away, if I were you. No, no, no. Go, go, go. We'll do...We'll talk more from your apartment.

CAROL: He's not going snorkeling with his brother. He's got two tickets to Paris, and he's got reservations at the Georges Cinq hotel with a woman named Helen Moss.

[In the hallway]

NEIGHBOR: Oh. Hi. How are you?

PAUL: Good morning. How are you?

NEIGHBOR: Good. You got the notice on the...Uh, maintenance increase?

PAUL: No. When did that happen?

[House's apartment]

CAROL: I'm gonna look around and see what else I can dig up here, okay? Yeah. I'm telling you, this is just...Ted, I-I'm just dizzy with freedom. This is just...uh, this is just the craziest thing I've ever done.

TED: Yes, it's crazy. But soon, we'll be too old to do anything crazy. Go, leave, leave, leave.

PAUL: Hallo. Oh, hi. Yeah. I know. I-I...Yes, I miss you, too. I did. I made all the arrangements. Yeah, look. I...Okay, I have to run. But I'll see you later,

okay? Okay. Extension five. Well, keep ringing, would you please? 'Cause I just talked to her. What? Okay. Uh, will you tell her...yes, tell her that

Tom called? Tom. Thank you.

[Larry's office]

LARRY: So, I thought your rewrites were great. I really think you helped your book, you know? It's...It's dense a little bit, but, uh...

MARCIA: Well, I don't want it to be too transparent, I mean...

LARRY: That's-That's something you're never gonna have to worry about, you know? This book makes "Finnegan's Wake" look like airplane reading, you know? But-But it's long. It's-It's-It's...

MARCIA: You know, you're the only editor in the world I'll take suggestions from, but even you shouldn't push it.

LARRY: No, I'm not pushing it. I think the book is great. Absolutely great. You know, but, uh...how much, how much of Dorothy is you? As I was

reading it, I kept thinking how much is...you know, how much did you base it on your own life?

MARCIA: Well, I was a waitress. I lived with a poet. I was a film critic.

LARRY: Right, but not-not a blackjack dealer, right?

MARCIA: No, but I put myself through school playing poker.

LARRY: Oh, really? Do you still play?

MARCIA: No, but I still know how.

LARRY: Yes? Are you good?

MARCIA: Yeah.

LARRY: Yeah, 'cause maybe you could give me some pointers.

MARCIA: I could turn your game around in two hours.

LARRY: Could you? That's great. That's...you know, you-you have all these skills, and you're beautiful, and you can write so well...and now it turns out

you play poker. This is, uh, too good to be true.

MARCIA: Well, I wouldn't say beautiful.

LARRY: Oh, I would.

MARCIA: But I do have tremendous sex-appeal.

LARRY: Okay, you sold me. Are-are you seeing anybody?

MARCIA: No. Don't let my confidence fool you, it's a facade. Why do you ask?

LARRY: 'Cause I have a friend who became single recently, and I-I know he would get a big kick out of you.

MARCIA: Oh. So, when do you want your poker lessons?

LARRY: Uh, next week. I could take you to lunch. We could-we could, um, I'll put you on my expense account, and you could...teach me when to...bet and when to fold.

MARCIA: How about a cheeseburger right now?

LARRY: Now? That's a possibility. You know, we could, we could do...[Answering the phone] Hallo. Yes? Where are you? Is everything okay? Really?

No, I could, sure. I could. Yeah. I need-I need, you know, five minutes, or so. Okay. Yes. Yes. I know where it is.

Okay, hold on. [To Marcia] I can't

do it. I have to...My wife, I have a little thing I have to do. I'll do the cheeseburger with you next week, or something.

MARCIA: Story of my life.

[In the street]

LARRY: What do you mean, you snuck into his apartment? Are you nuts?

CAROL: Oh, stop being such a fuddy-dud.

LARRY: A fuddy-dud?

CAROL: Yeah.

LARRY: What are you talking about? That's a crime. You can't do that. You...That's-That's burglary and breaking and entering. But...What has gotten into you lately? For crying out loud, save a little craziness for menopause.

CAROL: It was a cinch. I took the key and I just let myself in.

LARRY: Hey, look. Do... I don't want to... You-You'll wind up rooming with John Gotti. You can't do that. You can't just steal the key and then go into somebody's apartment.

CAROL: Listen. He's not going snorkeling with his brother, okay? Okay?

LARRY: I don't wanna know. I don't wanna be an accessory.

CAROL: He's going to Paris, to a fancy hotel with a woman named Helen Moss.

LARRY: Tell Ted. I don't want to know. Leave me alone.

CAROL: I told Ted.

LARRY: You told Ted before you told me?

CAROL: Yeah. He's more open-minded about these things.

LARRY: Yes, I know. I'm-I'm-I'm a bore. I'm-'Cause I-'Cause I don't break the law, you know?

CAROL: Yeah.

LARRY: I live within the Constitution, so I'm dull.

CAROL: Listen. Perhaps he got rid of the urn, okay?

LARRY: I-I don't wanna hear. Leave me alone. Don't tell me.

CAROL: He talked on the phone with a woman.

LARRY: How do you know?

CAROL: Because he...Well, he came back while I was there, you know, so...

LARRY: He did?

CAROL: Yeah, but I hid under the bed.

LARRY: You hid under his bed?

CAROL: He didn't see me, Larry. He didn't see me at all.

LARRY: I cannot believe this. My stomach is curdling, here I...

CAROL: He was-He was very lovey-dovey with his kind of bimbo, you know? He kept saying stuff like, you know, "don't worry, it's gonna be all right.

We're gonna be together." That kind of thing.

LARRY: But what would you have done if he, if he found you out?

CAROL: I know, listen, I-I couldn't think that far ahead.

LARRY: That far ahead? You're talking two seconds.

CAROL: No, I c...

LARRY: He could have looked under the bed and there you are. What do you...

CAROL: Yeah, but...Larry, listen. And then, listen to this. He-He called this woman back. Probably this-this Helen Moss woman, right?

LARRY: I don't wanna know. Leave me alone.

CAROL: And when he calls her back, she's not there. And then he leaves this message, and he says: "Tell her Tom called." You know what I'm saying?

Tom. Tom, Larry.

LARRY: Yeah, yeah. I...I know, I get it, his name is Paul, but I don't care. I don't wanna hear.

CAROL: Well, okay. Well, I'll tell you. I thought I did...

LARRY: I just don't...

CAROL: I thought I did a great job, and so did Ted. I don't think a private eye could have done any better than me. I put everything back where I found it,

I was very careful. I made one mistake.

LARRY: What?

CAROL: I left my reading glasses on his table.

[House's apartment]

CAROL: Oh, hallo. Hi. I-I thought I'd bring you some chocolate mousse. I know how much you enjoyed the last dessert.

PAUL: Well, thank you.

CAROL: I thought I'd-I'd give you, you know, another shot at something really delicious. Do you want me to serve that for you, because, you know, you should have it while it's still fresh.

LARRY: And you can divide it up and we can all have some.

CAROL: That'd be great. That's a great idea.

LARRY: You'll really like this dessert.

PAUL: Okay, I'll get some plates for it. Wait a minute.

CAROL: Okay, that'd be really good.

LARRY: Yeah, that's great.

CAROL: Come over here. I put'em...um...right here. Right in here somewhere. The first...Wait. I should...Uh, how- How are you doing in there? You need...You need any help?

PAUL: No, I'm fine. I'll be right in.

CAROL: Um...Okay, great.

LARRY: Are you okay? Can-can-can-can we do anything for you?

PAUL: Coffee or tea?

CAROL: Tea. It's what...I'd like to have some tea.

PAUL: You know, I found your glasses.

CAROL: Mine?

PAUL: These are yours, aren't they?

CAROL: Yes.

LARRY: No.

CAROL: Uh, no. Yeah. Uh...No no no no no. They...They...Oh, God.

LARRY: No, no, those aren't yours. These are the same, actually. They are, aren't they? These-These-These ones, are.

CAROL: They are actually...They're mine. Honey, they're mine. I...You know what happened? I think the other night, I must have left them here. It's the strangest thing.

PAUL: Did you? I didn't notice that.

CAROL: No, no. Yeah. I know. Because, remember, you were saying that you thought that I left them at your mother's house?

LARRY: At your mother's house.

CAROL: That's right. Of course, so...

PAUL: That mousse looks fabulous.

CAROL: Anyway, it's so good. I love mousse.

PAUL: Thank you very much.

CAROL: Hey, listen, are you looking forward to going snorkeling in the Caribbean?

PAUL: Very much. Very much.

CAROL: Uh uh.

PAUL: That's funny. I found those glasses under my bed.

CAROL: That's because I must have dropped them and they probably got kicked under.

LARRY: Kicked under, right, 'cause what she'll do, she'll drop...

CAROL: They were just...

LARRY: She'll always drop things and she'll kick them all around the house.

CAROL: They f...

PAUL: The mousse?

LARRY: She's always-She's always kick...

CAROL: Anyway, I'd love to have some mousse.

LARRY: Yes, really? Remember there was the time you kicked the mousse under the bed in the house. Remember that? It was...

CAROL: I remember.

LARRY: It took-took six months to get the...

[In the car]

TED: Hi. I'm sorry I'm late. The traffic's murder.

CAROL: I know, but where...where are we going?

TED: I looked up, looked up Helen Moss in the phone book.

CAROL: Yeah.

TED: It was just H. Moss.

CAROL: Right.

TED: So I-it's on Bank St., Bank St. we're going to go down and do surveillance. I got a lot whole of food. It's great. I called up this...I called this

number. [Pause] There's her house.

CAROL: Right. So we should just sit here and wait, huh?

TED: Yeah.

CAROL: Okay. [Pause]

TED: Maybe he thought that if he, if he, if he divorced her, she'd-she'd hit him for a ton of alimony. Or maybe she, maybe she controls the family fortune. What do you think of that?

CAROL: Oh, I don't know. Yeah, maybe we're wrong, Ted. Maybe we're just, you know...I mean, maybe she died of natural causes, like the doctor said and we're just two people with, you know, hyperactive imaginations whose lives need a little shot of adrenaline.

TED: Does yours? I'll tell you, mine needs something.

CAROL: Yeah? What's that, there?

TED: You want? They're jelly doughnuts. You Want a jelly doughnut?

CAROL: Ooh.

TED: Eh? Come on. No, come on. Come on. You gotta get into it.

CAROL: Okay.

TED: Oh my God. Look, look, look, look, look!

CAROL: What? What? What? What?

TED: Helen! Helen! Duck, duck, duck!

CAROL: Ted! God, oh...Oh.

TED: Helen! It's not her.

CAROL: It's not her?

TED: No, it's not her. [She laughs] Wha...

CAROL: Oh, God, you really have this worked out, don't you? [Pause]

TED: I figured she'd come out and go to work, you know?

CAROL: Maybe she doesn't work. Maybe she's like...you and she has writers hours.

TED: I'm writing a play about something that happened to you and me.

CAROL: Oh, God. Oh, dear. What?

TED: Remember-Remember that time...you and...you and I and Larry and Julie were all on that-that eating tour of France?

CAROL: Oh, God. Yeah. Yeah.

TED: And they, and then they wandered off and they forgot to pick us up? You remember? We had to share that bed-and-breakfast place.

CAROL: Right. Do you remember those wonderful cottages?

TED: Yeah.

CAROL: And I remember...that we shared a bedroom together, right?

TED: Yeah, but not a bed.

CAROL: No, not a...Well, God. You were too gentlemanly to suggest that.

TED: Well, it's not...Not that I didn't think of it.

CAROL: No. Well, I knew what was going on in your mind...'cause of the way you kept plying me with Chateau Margaux, remember?

TED: It could have been our little secret, then you passed out.

CAROL: Well, you...Yeah, God. It seems like a long time ago, doesn't it?

TED: Not that long ago. [Pause] Look, look, look, look.

CAROL: Oh, what?

TED: Helen! Duck, duck, duck, duck, duck.

CAROL: Oh, god, yeah. Right.

TED: She didn't see us. She didn't see us.

CAROL: No? No. That's gotta be her.

TED: I'll bet it's...

CAROL: Are you sure?
TED: I mean, she answered to Helen.
CAROL: She answers to...She's pretty.
TED: Yeah, I'll say.
CAROL: She's...What is she doing? She's getting a...
TED: She's getting a cab.
CAROL: Okay, okay. Hold on.
TED: Keep-Keep down.
CAROL: Okay, don't worry. Don't worry.
TED: I'm gonna follow her.
CAROL: All right.

[At the movie house]

PAUL: Watch your step. It's very steep. Be careful.
HELEN: Oh, this is beautiful.
PAUL: Isn't it?
HELEN: Yeah.
PAUL: Well, we only show revivals now. This week, we have Fred Astaire. Next week, we have an Orson Welles festival.
HELEN: Oh, yeah?
PAUL: Yeah, it'll be about the last thing we do before we start renovating.
HELEN: Mm. Oh, Paul, I...
PAUL: Oh, come on, there's nobody around.
HELEN: I-I...
PAUL: Come on.
HELEN: Okay. [They kiss] I've never been behind a movie screen before like this.
PAUL: Strange, isn't it?
HELEN: Yeah.
PAUL: Used to be a first-run house when the neighborhood was better.
HELEN: Oh.
PAUL: Beautiful, huh? Look around.
HELEN: All these mirrors.
PAUL: Huh? Well, it used to be all mirrors, and it was quite beautiful. I'm having all this broken glass replaced as we go along with this renovation. You know, they used to have stage shows, here. Now, of course, we only show old movies.
HELEN: It has such a lonely feeling.
PAUL: That's 'cause I'm the only one here. And my assistant, Mrs. Dalton. I'm gonna have this place fixed up, then I'm gonna sell it. The money's gonna come in handy.
HELEN: It sure will.
PAUL: What's that noise?
HELEN: Where?
PAUL: Oh, Mrs. Dalton. I didn't know you were here so early.
MRS.DALTON: Oh, uh, I-I didn't know whether an-anyone was here. I-I'm sorry. I-I-I heard the noise and I thought...
PAUL: It's quite all right.
MRS.DALTON: But, but, uh...
PAUL: It's quite all right.
MRS.DALTON: I apologize.
PAUL: Quite all right.
MRS.DALTON: All right.
HELEN: I'd love to really get an acting job. I had it with this modeling.
PAUL: Maybe you won't have to work at all.

[Lipton's apartment]

CAROL: Oh, my God.
LARRY: What's the matter?
CAROL: Larry, come with me, okay?
LARRY: Oh, Geez, I was...
CAROL: Come on.
LARRY: I was fast asleep. I was dreaming of round card girls.
CAROL: Okay. Uh, it looks like he's gone. Yeah. Yeah. He's gone.
LARRY: Oh, Christ. Not that again. Please, you know...

CAROL: Listen, Larry. I want to take another look around his apartment. Yeah.
LARRY: What are you talking about? Where're you going?
CAROL: Listen.
LARRY: It's-It's one o'clock in the morn...
CAROL: He'll never be back, Larry.
LARRY: What? What?
CAROL: No, he's not coming back. Not for at least an hour, an hour and a half.
LARRY: What-What're you doing?. You got his key?
CAROL: Yeah.
LARRY: You're kidding. What are you talking about? You can't do...Why, 'cause you-you followed him to the movie house, you-you said there was nothing happening.
CAROL: No, wait a minute, look, he was with this young model type, and they were talking about money.
LARRY: Well, so what? That's the...
CAROL: So, that's the motive.
LARRY: What...Hey, listen to me. Come here.
CAROL: What are you talking about?
LARRY: Come here. Wait a minute. Come here. Look, look.
CAROL: Come here. What do you mean, Larry?
LARRY: I've been thinking about you.
CAROL: What do you mean?
LARRY: I think you gotta see...I gotta...You gotta, you gotta go back to your shrink.
CAROL: What do you m...
LARRY: I want you to see Doctor Ballard again.
CAROL: Huh? Larry, I went for two years.
LARRY: I'm s...Yeah. I know. But you...
CAROL: Just come...come on.
LARRY: You know how General Motors will recall defective cars? Well, you gotta go in for a tune-up.
CAROL: Larry, we'll be in and out in five minutes.
LARRY: You got...No. No.
CAROL: Five. Only five.
LARRY: I...What...I'm telling you, I'm your husband. I command you to sleep!
CAROL: Well, I didn't...
LARRY: Sleep! I command it!
CAROL: No, I...
LARRY: I command it! Sleep!
CAROL: Larry, all I can tell you is, if this had been a few years ago, you would have been doing the same thing. 'Cause if you recall, we solved a mystery. Yep, we solved a mystery once. Remember? It was the-it was the noises in the attic mystery.
LARRY: Uh, yes. The country house. The bluebird. I know.
CAROL: That's right. So...
LARRY: But that, though, was a sweet mystery. This is murder.
CAROL: This...Wh...You agree, right? It's murder, Larry? So, I'm right.
LARRY: No, I...Yeah, look, no, I-I forbid you! I forbid you to go! It's a-a...I'm forbidding! Is that what you do when I forbid you? If-If that's what you...I'm not going to be forbidding you a lot, if you do...

[House's apartment]

CAROL: Oh, damn it.
LARRY: Don't do this. We should be asleep, now, in one of our many cuddling positions.
CAROL: Please, stop it, will you? Please, be quiet, Larry.
LARRY: This is wrong.
CAROL: Be quiet. You're gonna wake up the neighbors, okay? Okay, I got it. I got it.
LARRY: This is no good. I promise you, this could only lead to great unhappiness.
CAROL: Listen, Larry...Relax, okay?
LARRY: Pl...I can't relax. How can I relax? I'm in a strange man's apartment in my, in my T-shirt and-and pajamas.
CAROL: Oh, don't worry about it. All right, now Ted told me to try something here...Yeah.
LARRY: What do you mean, Ted told you? Who...Ted? Ted? What is he, your mentor?
CAROL: Um, "Last number dialed".
LARRY: Ted is a sick schmuck. He's-He's home, and we're in...
CAROL: Just be quiet for a second, all right?
LARRY: I mean, I'm...What if he comes back? I'm...My heart is....

CAROL: Larry.
VOICE: Waldron.
CAROL: Uh, who?
VOICE: Who is this? Who do you want?
CAROL: Um, who's this? [To Larry.] Do you know anybody named Waldron? Waldron?
LARRY: Hang the phone up.
CAROL: Just be quiet. Okay, wait.
LARRY: Hang the phone up, now.
CAROL: Oh, great. Now they-they hung up on us.
LARRY: Good, good.
CAROL: Oh, great.
LARRY: Let's get out. I wanna go home. I want to go back to bed.
CAROL: No, just let me think for a second, now. Waldron, right? Helen Moss. Okay. He used the name Tom, right? So, Tom Waldron. We gotta run a check on that.
LARRY: Run a check on it? What, do you want to beat it down to the morgue? You got all the jargon.
CAROL: Come on.
LARRY: Where are you going?
CAROL: Right.
LARRY: I'm not a night person. I don't wanna be...What are you...I don't know what I'm looking for.
CAROL: Oh, oh, wait. Look.
LARRY: What? What do you wanna do, go through the guy's mail? This is insane.
CAROL: What do you mean?
LARRY: Oh, my...Jesus. Oh, Christ!
CAROL: What are you do...Well, just...Clean it up, Larry. Clean it up.
LARRY: What do you mean, clean it up? What am I gonna do, vacuum?
CAROL: Put it under the rug, or something like that, okay?
LARRY: I can't. It's a wall-to-wall carpet. I broke his-his-his-his...porcelain...
CAROL: Well then glue it. Glue it back to...
LARRY: What do you mean, glue it? What are you talking about?
CAROL: Oh, look. Look.
LARRY: What?
CAROL: Look.
LARRY: So what? Gloves. I have gloves. They keep my fingers warm.
CAROL: So? I know. I know, but you keep yours out on the bureau in this kind of weather? Uh?
LARRY: Let's get out of here, because this is a...
CAROL: I think something's very strange, here. I mean, he left these out and ready. I think the whole thing is really sinister.
LARRY: It's eye of the beholder. What you have...you've got to go to the eye doctor, get happy glasses.
CAROL: What?
LARRY: Look, I'm gonna take the pieces with us, and we'll-we'll get rid of them.

[At Twenty-One Club]

CAROL: So, how did you like your birthday cake, Nick?
NICK: I loved it, I...
CAROL: I know.
NICK: I loved...But then again, I love chocolate anything, so...
CAROL: I know.
LARRY: Right.
CAROL: I know. What-What-What are you laughing about?
NICK: Well, I...
LARRY: If only he could stay in town-If only could stay in town just a couple of more hours.
NICK: I know. I was going to, but I...
CAROL: Well, what about that?
NICK: They're working us so hard at school. I can't.
CAROL: Oh.
NICK: I gotta get right back.
CAROL: Really.
LARRY: I'm gonna take him to Brooks Brothers for his present. And-And-And, uh...
NICK: Brooks Brothers. Yeah.
LARRY: Your mother's going to a wine-tasting.
CAROL: You're going to get something from Brooks Brothers?

NICK: Yeah. A sweater.
LARRY: She's going to a wine-tasting. Can you believe that?
CAROL: Well, if I'm going to be a restaurant owner, I should know something about wines. Don't you...Larry?
LARRY: Hi. Hey, I want you to meet somebody.
CAROL: What?
LARRY: I want you to meet somebody. This is, this is...
MARCIA: Hi, Larry.
LARRY: Hi. How are you?
MARCIA: Good. How are you doing?
LARRY: This is my wife.
CAROL: Honey, I'm here. I'm right o...
LARRY: You snuck around.
CAROL: Carol. Remember me?
LARRY: Yeah. This is Marcia Fox.
CAROL: Oh, hi.
MARCIA: Hi.
LARRY: My son Nick. He's in town on, uh...
MARCIA: Good to see you.
LARRY: It's his birthday, so we took him to Twenty-One.
NICK: Nick. How are you doing?
LARRY: It's a tradition we have in the family.
MARCIA: That's great. Oh, your friend called me. He's taking me to dinner in New Jersey next week. Some mafia joint.
LARRY: Oh, I fixed her up with Ted. He's going to take her...
CAROL: Oh, you did.
LARRY: Yeah. That place that we ate at.
CAROL: Well, very nice. That's lovely.
LARRY: He's a lot of fun. You'll have a very good time.
MARCIA: Great. Great.
LARRY: That's great. So.
MARCIA: Well, good to see you. Good to see you.
CAROL: Okay, you too.
MARCIA: Take care.
CAROL: Goodbye.
LARRY: Oh, it's great. She'll have a great time.
CAROL: So, that's Marcia Fox, huh?
LARRY: S-So, what are you making a face for? She's great.
CAROL: Well, do you think she's Ted's type? Is that...
LARRY: Ted's type?
CAROL: Yeah.
LARRY: She's anybody's type. She's brilliant, she's talented. Yeah. I gave you...
CAROL: Thank you.
LARRY: You get your bag.
CAROL: You know, your pupils are dilating.
LARRY: No, she's dangerously sexual.
CAROL: I just wanted to tell you that.
LARRY: Let me tell you...Listen, when you go to the wine-tasting, honey...
CAROL: I see.
LARRY: Getting back to real life, spit it out. Okay? When you drink...
NICK: Yeah. Don't drink too much, Mom.
LARRY: Yeah, spit...And spit it out.
CAROL: What do you mean? Nick.
LARRY: They spit it out at a wine-tasting, you know what I mean? 'Cause, yeah. I don't want you to be lying on the bathroom floor with your head by the bowl tonight, you know?

[At the wine-tasting]
TED: That Mouton '45. That was...
CAROL: Didn't you love it?
TED: Oh, that was-was like, sublime, you know?
CAROL: Yeah.
TED: And the inexpensive Spanish one. Wasn't that ...wasn't that a nice surprise?

CAROL: It was very, very...
TED: Wasn't that great?
CAROL: Yeah.
TED: Look at these paintings. Look at this.
CAROL: So, uh...
TED: I love the blue in that.
CAROL: So, Larry fixed you up with Marcia Fox, huh? His, uh...
TED: Yeah, yeah, well, you know. He's...
CAROL: His favorite writer.
TED: He says she's wonderful, and I'm...
CAROL: Oh.
TED: I'm trying to do everything I can to get out and meet people, you know.
CAROL: Sure.
TED: I'm-I'm not looking forward to this.
CAROL: So, you're taking her to Vincent's out in Jersey?
TED: Yeah.
CAROL: Is that what you're...
TED: I-I guess. She's not my first choice.
CAROL: No? God, look at this! Oh, that park is so beautiful.
TED: Yeah, it's great. [Pause] Of course, I can't have my first choice.
CAROL: No?
TED: I'm getting drunk. I don't know what I'm saying.
CAROL: You're getting...So am I. I don't know about this.
TED: I'm gonna be late for my shrink. I've got a...
CAROL: You've got to go, huh?
TED: Yeah.
CAROL: Okay.
TED: Well, you know, you would be my first choice.
CAROL: Me, huh?
TED: Yeah.
CAROL: Well. Oh, boy.
TED: Well, you...Can I give you a lift? Do you, uh, I'm gonna go east. Do you...
CAROL: Thanks. No, I-I think I'll stick around, I need to think. I need my...I feel a little, you know, tipsy.
TED: I didn't offend you by what I said, did I?
CAROL: No, no. You didn't offend me, no, I was very, uh, flattered by this, Ted.
Flattered. Well, anyway.
TED: See you later.
CAROL: See you. Oops, careful. Whoops.
TED: Sorry. Excuse me.
CAROL: Excuse me.

[Lipton's apartment]

LARRY: I got a great sweater at Brooks Brothers' today for Nick, today. Really beautiful. It's cashmere. Very expensive. The kid looked so handsome in it, though. Also, I decided I'd cook dinner tonight. My one dish: tuna casserole.

CAROL: Well, no wonder he had her cremated.

LARRY: What?

CAROL: Mrs. House.

LARRY: Oh, Jesus. You're not about Mrs. House again. I thought we'd have a light dinner, you know, because we had a rich lunch at Twenty-One, I thought.

CAROL: Larry.

LARRY: What?

CAROL: I just saw Mrs. House.

LARRY: What are you talking about? The ashes?

CAROL: No, no, no. A bus. It passed me, and she was on it.

LARRY: Uh, the dead woman passed you on a bus? Which bus was this, the bus to heaven?

CAROL: No, but I'm not, I'm not joking. I mean, I'm telling you something. I'm telling you, I really saw her. I actually saw her.

LARRY: Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

CAROL: Yeah.

LARRY: You want to lie down for a while? We'll put a cold compress on your head, or a hot compress on your back, or...

CAROL: No, Larry, you know, I was at the wine-tasting, right? And I was just... I was sitting at, you know, a bay window. I-I happened to look out. A bus passed, and she was on it, Larry.

LARRY: Remember I said to you? Yes, remember I said to you, spit it out?

CAROL: I...

LARRY: I said don't drink it. You said you were going to a wine-tasting?

CAROL: But?

LARRY: You said you were going to taste wine all afternoon? I said spit it out?

CAROL: Yeah...

LARRY: I said don't swallow it? You swallowed it. And that's why you're this way.

CAROL: I know. I know. Okay. I-I... Yeah. I had a few drinks, but it's-it's not... I mean, I saw her.

LARRY: Yeah, I 'm sure you saw her.

CAROL: I...

LARRY: How could you see her? She's dead. Not only is she dead, she's been cremated. It's not even Halloween.

CAROL: Okay. Are you telling me that you... That, that, that, that you... That I didn't see her? Is that what you're saying?

LARRY: I think it's a pretty fair assumption that if a person is dead, they don't suddenly turn up in the New York City transit system.

CAROL: I just... I just don't know what's happening, Larry. I-I-I don't know what's going on.

LARRY: What's going on?

CAROL: What's... yeah.

LARRY: Let me put it this way: total psychotic breakdown. Okay? Is that enough?

CAROL: I...

LARRY: Maybe, look. Maybe she's a twin. That's possible. Now forget this.

CAROL: Why?

LARRY: Taste my tuna casserole. Tell me if I put in too much hot fudge.

CAROL: Honey, you're getting so close-minded these days. I just... [The phone rings] Oh. Oh, God. [She answers] Hallo? Ted. Ted.

LARRY: Oh, Ted. Ted.

CAROL: Ted, you're not going to believe this, but, Ted, I saw Mrs. House. Yes, Mrs. House. Yeah. Mrs. The murdered woman. That's right.

LARRY: She wasn't murdered. It was a coronary. It was a coronary, folks. It was a coronary. She wasn't murdered. I don't know what they're talking about.

CAROL: Yeah. No, I'm sure. I'm sure I saw her. She was on a bus, you know? I mean, I-I saw her just moments after you left. I was looking out the...

LARRY: He was at the wine tasting, too. Sure, why not.

CAROL: Would you?

LARRY: They're both at the wine tasting.

CAROL: Would you really? Oh, that would be so great. You'd just run a check on Paul and Lillian House.

LARRY: Don't run a check. Don't run a check.

CAROL: What are you talking...

LARRY: Stop.

CAROL: What are you doing? I mean...

LARRY: [To Ted on the phone] Listen, could you call back later, 'cause my marriage is falling apart. [He hangs up on Ted]

CAROL: Larry, what are you... But, what?

LARRY: Forget it. Will you? If you're gonna have an affair with the guy, you don't need a murder to do it.

CAROL: I'm telling you, I saw Mrs. House.

LARRY: Yes, I know, on the bus, the dead persons' bus. No car fare.

CAROL: I s...Okay.

LARRY: Now, sit down. Let's...

CAROL: Now look. Just... I can tell you. I can show you the exact spot, Larry.

LARRY: Yeah, I'm not going to see the exact spot.

CAROL: Uh? What about lunch? Tomorrow?

LARRY: No, I've got a business lunch tomorrow. I got...

CAROL: On...on your, on your lunch hour?

LARRY: No, I got a business lunch. I'm not interested.

CAROL: Oh, God. I'm telling you...I mean, this is such a shock.

LARRY: Hm? I'm not interested. Come on, will you...

CAROL: I mean, I'm telling you, I'm just vibrating from this. I mean, I saw this woman.
LARRY: Will you eat something? We've got tickets to the theatre.
CAROL: What? Wh...I'm not going to the theatre.
LARRY: What do you mean you're not go... We've been holding onto these tickets for two months, now.
CAROL: Do you comprehend the enormity of what I'm telling you, Larry? Do you compr...
LARRY: If you got a big story, tell it to the Police. Don't tell it to me.
CAROL: What am I going to say to them?
LARRY: Tell them your story. Tell them this whole cockamamie story.
CAROL: What story? I don't have a story. I mean, I got nothing. Unl...Oh.
LARRY: That's right. That's right, you've got nothing.
CAROL: Unless...Unless I locate her.
LARRY: Yeah, okay, good. Now, will you sit down 'cause we're going to the theater. I don't care what you say.

[In the lobby]

LARRY: Oh, Jack? Jack? You-you were there when Mrs. House died, right? You saw her?
CAROL: Right. Yeah. You saw her lying there, right?
JACK: Yes, she was lying on the floor.
CAROL: You said...Yeah, but...but you're, you're sure it was her, right?
LARRY: Hey, he said it was lying on the floor. Right. Right. You know, I...He's sure. He's sure. He's sure.
JACK: She was in that bag. Yeah.
LARRY: My-My-My wife's been having some bad dreams, and she doesn't know what she's talking about.
CAROL: Okay, look. H...Yeah, yeah.
LARRY: Yeah, this is, this is for all the times I call you to fix the faucet, and you show up six months late.
JACK: Thanks.

[They're talking about the case at 'Guys and dolls']

CAROL: The super is a drunk. I know, but, we've seen him smelling of Jack Daniel's, remember?
LARRY: Yeah, but...
CAROL: I mean, I know he didn't see Mrs. House, Larry.
LARRY: If she's a twin, it's a different story. But you don't seem to feel she is, so...
CAROL: Well, I don't know. Oh, I know. Unless he's in on it.
LARRY: Who's in on it? The super? The super can't change a fuse.
CAROL: I mean, she...
LARRY: What?
CAROL: Well, she's alive. And my question is, who was in that bag. I mean, somebody...
LARRY: She's not alive, unless she's a twin. Okay? Now keep quiet...
CAROL: Look, somebody c...Somebody got cremated, Larry. Somebody.
LARRY: Shut up.

[In the street]

TED: Lillian House.
CAROL: Right.
TED: Uh, maiden name, Lillian Beagle. Born in Carlyle, Pennsylvania, nineteen-thirty-five. Married Paul Richard House.
CAROL: Right, I know.
TED: She was not a twin. Had an older sister who...
CAROL: So goes Larry's theory.
TED: Uh, went to England twenty years ago, and an older brother who died in nineteen-eighty-seven.
CAROL: Right here. This is it.
TED: This is where we were.
CAROL: This is where we were. I know. And I was sitting right here, after you left.
TED: Right.
CAROL: And I was having a glass of, you kn-you know, wine, and I looked out the window, and-and I saw the...right here.
TED: You saw her after I left?
CAROL: Yes, I saw...her on a bus. It was passing. You...It was, like.
TED: Wait a minute. Are you...You're absolutely sure you saw her? You saw her face?
CAROL: I'm positive I-I saw her. Whoo. Excuse me. I-I'm telling you, Ted.
TED: What was the number of the bus?
CAROL: Uh, I don't know what the number of the bus was, but I know that it was heading west to east, so it was...it obviously was a cross-town bus.
TED: All right. Okay, look, look. It's a cross-town bus.

CAROL: Right.

TED: Okay, so look. The end of the line is a few blocks down there.

CAROL: So, okay. So, then, it's like...

TED: So, she s...She had to get off somewhere...somewhere.

CAROL: Then...Her destination was probably within the next five or six blocks.

TED: Yeah, right. So, let's, let's look around. Let's, we, we'll see some, you know, uh, like a, like a, you know...clue, or something. Or something.

Maybe we'll see her. You're sure you saw her face?

CAROL: Don't, don't doubt me, okay?

TED: Okay, okay, okay. No, no, no, no.

CAROL: I'm-I'm not kidding. Look. Oh, God. Well, I think, you know, I think we've reached the end of the line.

TED: I think this is it.

CAROL: Look. The bus.

TED: I don't think...there's noth...Watch out. Watch out.

CAROL: Yeah, what? Oh. Whoo.

TED: Yeah, look. See? See, he's turning. That's it.

CAROL: Yeah, I know.

TED: That's all there is, here.

CAROL: Well, what do you think?

RED: What?

CAROL: Do you think we should retrace our steps?

TED: You-you wear a tie with a dress. It's a...It's a very special...

CAROL: No, I don't think it looks good, and I don't even know if it looks...I mean, I feel like it'd be to masculine if I wore it with a pair of pants.

TED: Oh, it'd look great on you. No, no, just don't wear it with pants.

CAROL: Oh.

TED: With pants, it's-it's...what?

CAROL: Ted, look.

TED: At what? What?

CAROL: That hotel.

TED: What about it?

CAROL: Well, that's...the Waldron. I mean, I thou...I-I was in his apartment, I pressed the number..."last number dialed", and...

TED: You're kidding.

CAROL: And they answered the phone. And said...Waldron.

TED: Let's-Let's-Let's get to a phone. Let's get to a phone. Let's call up. You got a quarter? Hallo? Mrs. House, please?

Mrs.-Mrs. House. Can you ring her room for me, please? Really?

CAROL: Well?

TED: What. Maybe...Well, maybe she checked out. No-nobody, nobody at all. Uh...What about...?

CAROL: Wh-What about...

TED: Yeah, what about, uh, Helen Moss, Moss. You're sure? Nobody...nobody at all. Alr-All right. All right, okay. I'm sorry. All right. Thank you. thank you.

CAROL: Great. Oh, God. It looks like it's gonna rain again. Well?

[Marcia is teaching Larry poker]

MARCIA: If I get two kings, I take one. Otherwise, I fold.

LARRY: So...

MARCIA: Got it?

LARRY: I-I never go out. I-I-I-I-I just, I can't take...I can't...

MARCIA: That's how you wind up on welfare.

LARRY: You know, I need the action, for some reason. I-I can't...I bet anything. Okay, just...

MARCIA: Cut?

LARRY: No, no, go ahead, I trust you. Lay it on me.

MARCIA: You seem in a strange mood.

LARRY: No, no, no. I'm just probably just a little drunk.

MARCIA: On Perrier?

LARRY: No. What are you talking about? I had rum cake.

MARCIA: Want any cards?

LARRY: Uh, one second. Just let me, let me see, see what I, possibilities I got here. Uh, yeah. I'm gonna have, uh...I'll have, uh...I'm gonna have four

cards.

MARCIA: Four.

LARRY: Yeah.

MARCIA: Cruisin' for a bruising.

LARRY: Inside and outside straight.

MARCIA: You're in trouble, now.

LARRY: You know, I can't escape the feeling that my-my wife is becoming attracted to somebody else...and it's really bothering me.

MARCIA: Really.

LARRY: Yeah. That's why I'm not playing my best. This guy's, you know, more adventurous than I am, and for some reason they just seem to hit it off.

I'm gonna be very lonely if, uh, you know, if this happens.

MARCIA: You must love her a lot.

LARRY: Yeah, I do. I do.

MARCIA: Um...if you want to hold on to her, you have to make some effort. I mean, who's the guy?

LARRY: Uh, Ted. The guy that I fixed you up with.

MARCIA: Ted.

LARRY: Yeah.

MARCIA: Well, we could always switch. Ted gets Carol, I can be your date.

LARRY: Maybe-Maybe I should actually make a greater effort with-with Carol.

[Now Carol and Larry are waiting outside the Hotel Waldron for activity.]

CAROL: So, you bored? I mean...

LARRY: Well, it's more fun than the Wagner opera.

CAROL: Yeah. Well, to me, I mean, just...I mean, it's just one of the most exciting adventures I've ever been on.

LARRY: Would you rather be here with Ted?

CAROL: Well-Well, he has a more enthused attitude, Larry. I...

LARRY: More enthused?

CAROL: Yeah, enthused, yeah.

LARRY: Well, he's a fun guy. He's a light guy, I'm a heavy guy.

CAROL: Well, I...

LARRY: You know, Ted-Ted would be fun on a scavenger hunt.

CAROL: No, look. I...Larry, you used to be a lot of fun.

LARRY: You know, he's the guy you want if you have a really heavy scavenger hunt. He's the man.

CAROL: I know, well, but, y-you know. You used to...

LARRY: Do you know that this neighborhood was where I first took you out on a date when we-we first started going out.

CAROL: What? I don't know. I don't know. Just for some reason, you've gotten so stodgy in your old age, you know?

LARRY: Hey, you remember there was a movie house right on this corner.

CAROL: No, I know. Yes! Yeah, I remember.

LARRY: Not to change the subject.

CAROL: You know, I...

LARRY: I took you to see "Last year at Marienbad" on our first date?

CAROL: Yeah, I know. I had to explain it to you for the next six months.

LARRY: Who knew they were flashbacks? You know.

CAROL: Look, Larry. Look. We've got plenty of time to be conservative. You know what I'm saying? Don't you see?

It's to me, it's like this-this

tantalizing plum has just, like dropped into our laps. I mean, life is just such a dull routine and here we are, right? I

mean, we're on the threshold of a

genuine mystery. I mean, to me, the whole thing is like. It's...Hey, no.

LARRY: Are you gonna burst into a song, here? We're in a car.

CAROL: Just don't make fun of me, okay? Because I'm open to new experiences.

LARRY: Let me ask you a personal question, here.

CAROL: Yeah.

LARRY: Did you ever sleep with Ted?

CAROL: Sleep?

LARRY: Don't get nervous. Yeah. Yeah, you guys...

CAROL: What, are you nuts?

LARRY: We were on an eating tour of France, together.

CAROL: Yeah.

LARRY: You two guys spent an evening, you know, together.

CAROL: Yeah, right. We sp...

LARRY: At that place, you know.

CAROL: I know...Yeah, but what about you? Remember? You spent the evening with Julie. Am I right? You spent the night, and shared a...

LARRY: That meant absolutely nothing. She hated me. Julie despised me.

CAROL: What?

LARRY: You know that. She-She thought I was a low-life and a wimp and a vermin and a roach. Just-Just jump in anytime you want to defend me, you know.

CAROL: Hey, I mean, I'm waiting for you to say something I don't agree with, okay?

LARRY: Ho-ho! Hey, you're nailing me. Jesus.

[They then see Mrs. House walk in to the Hotel Waldron.]

CAROL: Oh. Larry.

LARRY: Yeah.

CAROL: Larry, Larry, look. It's her! I'd say it's her!

LARRY: Oh my god, it is.

CAROL: Yeah. You see what I mean? See, so I was right all along, wasn't I?

LARRY: Can you...Are you sure? Are you sure?

CAROL: I'm positive. Yes.

LARRY: Oh, my God.

CAROL: Right? Right? I mean, I was...

LARRY: I'm...Jesus, I'm sh...

CAROL: I know. W-Well. Come on.

LARRY: That is her. Are you...

CAROL: Yeah. I know.

LARRY: I told you so.

CAROL: What do you mean, you told me so? What are you talking about? You're nuts, honey.

LARRY: Oh, Jesus. I'm flabbergasted.

CAROL: Yeah. No, look. You're white. You're completely white.

LARRY: I know. All the blood rushed to my brother.

CAROL: Larry.

LARRY: I don't know what to do.

CAROL: Let's go. Let's get out there. Let's find out what's going on.

LARRY: No, I don't want to.

CAROL: Oh, come on. Y-You're not afraid of her, are you?

LARRY: No, I'm not afraid.

CAROL: You're not afraid of Mrs. House.

LARRY: She's an old woman and I'm a virile male.

CAROL: I know.

LARRY: And yet somehow I am scared. I don't know why. Maybe because she's dead. You know?

CAROL: Let's go. You know, I tell you, I'm gonna break this thing wide open.

LARRY: Well, how? What do you want to do?

CAROL: I'm...You know, I'm...God, if only Ted were here with us now. You know what I'm saying?

LARRY: Oh, don't give me Ted! Wh...Let's...Let's...Wh...Let's get out of here.

CAROL: No, wait. I got an idea.

LARRY: What?

CAROL: I know what we should do. We should get a gift, right?

LARRY: What?

CAROL: We'll surprise her. We'll sneak into the hotel. Come on.

LARRY: How? How?

CAROL: Yeah, no. Come on.

[Hotel lobby]

CAROL: Uh, excuse me. Hi.

HOTEL DAY CLERK: Hi.

CAROL: Um, we were just wondering. Uh, did you see a woman come in? She was, uh, she was a little woman, about five foot three? She had on a gray sweater?

HOTEL DAY CLERK: Older woman?

LARRY: And came in with a-with a canvas bag, and an umbrella.

CAROL: Slightly older. Not...

HOTEL DAY CLERK: Mrs.Caine?

LARRY: Mrs. Caine?
CAROL: Mrs. Caine. Oh, yes. Uh-huh. That's her.
LARRY: Mrs. Caine. Uh-huh.
CAROL: Yes.
LARRY: We-We had a present for her. We're friends. We-We wanted to surprise her, 'cause it's her birthday, so-so...
HOTEL DAY CLERK: Oh.
CAROL: Yes, that's right. What room?
HOTEL DAY CLERK: Uh, six-eleven.
CAROL: Six-eleven. Really, thanks a lot.
HOTEL DAY CLERK: Okay. Sure.
LARRY: Yeah, we-we may need some information, while we're here, so-so, we just want you to know...I'll take very good care of you, if you play ball with us. What are you making that face for? He's the father of our country.
CAROL: Will you come on?
LARRY: I'm coming, I'm coming.
CAROL: Come on. What're you doing?

[In the hallway]

CAROL: Okay. Um, six-eleven. Six-oh-seven.
LARRY: Huh. Very nice. I love a hotel that's got lots of blue powder sprinkled along the baseboard.
CAROL: Six-eleven. Here, Larry. All right. Um, Mrs. House? Mrs. House? M-Mrs. House?
LARRY: Hallo?
CAROL: Hallo? Mrs. Hou...

[They enter the room]

LARRY: I don't...I don't...
CAROL: My God, I don't...
LARRY: I don't think she's...
CAROL: I don't see her.
LARRY: This may not be the right-right place.
CAROL: Just hold on, Larry. Hold on, hold on, hold on.
LARRY: There's nothing here.
CAROL: Larry!
LARRY: What's the matter?
CAROL: Oh, my God! Wait a minute!
LARRY: Oh, Jesus.
CAROL: Oh, my God, look! Mrs. House? Mrs. House.
LARRY: What's the matter?
CAROL: Hallo?
LARRY: What-What-What...
CAROL: Mrs...Oh, Larry.
LARRY: What? What-What's...
CAROL: I think she's dead.
LARRY: Dead? T-T-Try-Try giving her the present.
CAROL: Yeah. Oh, my God. Mrs. House? Mrs. House?
LARRY: Oh, come on! Let's get out of here!
CAROL: I think that's it, Larry. I think she's dead!
LARRY: Come on.
CAROL: Oh, my God.
LARRY: I'm thinking of running the Boston marathon.
CAROL: Oh, God. Okay, oh God.
LARRY: This woman is forever dying. Come on, come on. Move, move. Adrenaline is leaking out of my ears. Get down those stairs.
CAROL: Okay, all right.
LARRY: Come on, come on. Quickly.

[The police come and Larry and Carol talk at them a mile a minute. In the middle of explaining all that's happened, they lose their train of thought.]

CAROL: And then, you see, what happened was I suspected Mr. House, right? He's a...He runs a movie house. But-But then what hap...We're sit...I saw

her on this bus, right? And... And she has... no ... at all. Then we checked anyway. So we were just sitting there, just waiting...

LARRY: We-We-We were there. She-She was very nervous. So-So we were going to the movies, and, and, and we were walking and looking around the place. And then suddenly she's a... Her hand is on the floor. You could see it on the side of the bed. She was lying there, she was sort of...like blue in

the face. The girl was nervous. I tried to keep calm, as best as I could.

POLICE OFFICER: There's nobody up there.

CAROL: There's what?

LARRY: What do you mean, there's nobody up...

POLICE OFFICER: There's nobody.

CAROL: Wait a minute, wait...

POLICE OFFICER: There's no body there.

CAROL: We-We saw...

LARRY: We just saw her there. She's lying on the floor.

CAROL: We...

POLICE OFFICER: Mike, check the basement with...

LARRY: She was totally dead.

CAROL: We...She's there.

LARRY: Wait, wait.

[In the hotel room]

CAROL: She was right here. She was lying, like, right this-a-way.

LARRY: Yeah, she was definitely laying here.

CAROL: Because, I mean, she was, she was there, do you understand?

LARRY: The...Y-Yes. She was...It looked like she was strangled, or something. Not-Not that I'm an expert on violent death, 'cause I wouldn't know.

CAROL: We're-We're two professional people.

LARRY: Right, I'm a...I-I work at Harper's.

CAROL: Yeah.

LARRY: I'm in publishing.

CAROL: Yeah, that's right, and I'm-I'm looking to start a little restaurant, basically French, although international cuisine would be fine. Not that I really have a location...

LARRY: Right, she's a fantastic cook. But, uh, I'm against the restaurant, myself, but-but she's a wonderful cook.

POLICE OFFICER: Calm down. Calm down! Please!

CAROL: Okay, just...

LARRY: Look, obviously what happened is, in the time it took you guys to respond...somebody came here and removed the body. Not that you didn't

respond quickly, you know, you were here fast. It took-took you three minutes, not-not-not counting the half-hour that the operator 911 took to understand what I was saying.

POLICE OFFICER: Nobody is doubting you, okay? We're going over the whole building, all right?

CAROL: All right.

[In the street]

CAROL: Uh, did you check...

POLICE OFFICER: Mr. House, he's been at his place of business all day.

LARRY: Any witnesses?

CAROL: Yeah, b...

POLICE OFFICER: Uh-huh, backed up and corroborated.

CAROL: Yeah, but you didn't use our names, or anything like that, did you?

POLICE OFFICER: No, we didn't.

CAROL: No, okay.

POLICE OFFICER: I don't know. If you think you saw his wife, shouldn't you tell him?

CAROL: No, I'm...No, I mean, he's in some sort of scheme, here. It's...

POLICE OFFICER: We think you should calm down and file a report.

CAROL: It's not...Oh.

POLICE OFFICER: This way, if anything turns up, we got it on record.

CAROL: All right.

POLICE OFFICER: Take a card, give us a call, have a good day.

CAROL: Thank you. Thanks very much.

POLICE OFFICER: Bye-bye.

CAROL: Thanks very much. Oh, man, I don't know how we're gonna...

LARRY: Jesus, I gotta have a drink. I gotta calm myself. I need fourteen Zanacks or something.

CAROL: Where is Ted? I just don't understand where Ted is. I mean, you know, all this stuff is happening.

LARRY: Ted? Ted-Ted's, you know, he's got his date with Marcia Fox tonight. He's probably out buying some Spanish Fly.

CAROL: Do you think Helen Moss might be in on this?

LARRY: Helen? I don't know and...

CAROL: I think so.

LARRY: I don't want to know about this. I think we should change our lives.

CAROL: No, think about it.

LARRY: We should move out of that stupid apartment, you know. You know, start over maybe in Mexico.

CAROL: No, no, no.

LARRY: You know, sell blankets. We'll work off the hood of a car or something.

[At a cafeteria]

CAROL: I'm just beginning to calm down.

LARRY: I'm telling you, I didn't know what's happening. It was like one of those television shows, where you open the door, and you see a-a dead body.

You know, I always hated those shows.

CAROL: Yeah. You know, I've never seen a dead person before in my whole life.

LARRY: I...The only one I ever saw was my uncle Morris, who was ninety-four years old.

CAROL: Yeah.

LARRY: He collapsed from too many lumps in his cereals.

CAROL: Larry, is this the most exciting thing that's ever happened to us in our whole marriage?

LARRY: This is too exciting. I don't need this. You know, I like something quiet...like a fishing trip, a Father's day, you know, or, the time we saw Bing

Crosby walking on 5th avenue. You know, I don't need a murder to enliven my life at all.

CAROL: You know, whoever did it was probably still in the room while we were there. Probably hiding in the closet.

LARRY: Make sure and tell me that just before I go to sleep, tonight. That'll be good for me.

CAROL: But you know, that probably means he saw us.

LARRY: Great, I'll never get my eyes closed. You know, I mean, what do you want me to do? I'm petrified. Not only that, but I'm a little drunk.

CAROL: I wonder who was cremated. Who was it?

LARRY: Well, it was...Well...You know, obviously, it wasn't Mr. House, 'cause he has an alibi.

CAROL: Well, yeah, but I don't buy that.

LARRY: She doesn't buy that. She doesn't buy the alibi. Let's get out of here. I want to go home.

[In the street]

LARRY: Jesus, it's starting to rain again. Can you believe that?

CAROL: Oh, God. If only Ted were with us, he'd have a million theories about this, I'll tell you that.

LARRY: Yeah, I know. I know. Ted's got a mind like a steel sieve.

CAROL: Oh, right.

LARRY: You know what I think? I think it's possible. That hotel room was on the, on the ext...That end of the hall.

CAROL: What? Yeah?

LARRY: It's right up there. That's the room.

CAROL: I know.

LARRY: Well, what if they got the body out over that little roof? You know, that would be a possibility. Why would...

CAROL: What are the lights...

LARRY: Oh, Jesus.

CAROL: Larry, the lights!

LARRY: Yeah, that's eerie, isn't it?

CAROL: My God. This gave me chills, Larry.

LARRY: Yeah, well, let's call the police.

CAROL: I mean...Oh, no, no, no. Come on. Let's go over there now. Let's check it out. Come on. We don't have time.

LARRY: Check it out?

CAROL: Yes.

LARRY: What, are you nuts? No, I'm not gonna check that out.

CAROL: No, but look at it, Larry. Look at that. There's lights going on, there.

LARRY: Yeah, I know, I know. That's crazy. Look, look. Why don't we go home and nap, and we'll call the police, and they can check it out while we're home in the...?

CAROL: Oh, no, the police are red tape. Come on. This is my case, honey.
LARRY: What do you mean, it's your case?
CAROL: Yes, it's my case.
LARRY: Hey, come here. I don't want to do this.
CAROL: No, come on.
LARRY: No.
CAROL: Oh, God. If only Ted were with us.
LARRY: Hey, don't give me Ted. Ted would be shaking in his boots.
CAROL: Ted...Oh, God.
LARRY: I'm at least just trembling like a leaf.

[Waldron Hotel]

CAROL: Um, excuse me. We're with the Police department. We'd like to, uh, check out room, uh, six-eleven, please?
HOTEL NIGHT CLERK: You were here before.
CAROL: Uh, that's right. Yes. Mm-hm. Yeah.
HOTEL NIGHT CLERK: You are Police?
CAROL: Ee...Ooh, um, just, uh-uh...Show him your card.
LARRY: My what?
CAROL: Your-Your card. Your-Your Police identification card.
LARRY: Yeah, I-I...
CAROL: Your card, you know. Your card. He's got his card. Yeah. See?
HOTEL NIGHT CLERK: Okay.
CAROL: Thank you very much. Six-eleven? Okay. Great.
HOTEL NIGHT CLERK: Is there any trouble?
LARRY: No, no, no, no, no. I-m-I'm-I'm-I'm j...I'm-I'm ju...um...I'm a detective. They-They-They lowered the height requirements, so I...I'll take this card back. They-re, they're...
CAROL: Come on.
LARRY: ...expensive.

[Entering the room.]

CAROL: Okay.
LARRY: Be careful.
CAROL: Telling me to be careful. Now, just don't upset anything. Okay, Larry?
LARRY: I'm not upsetting anything. I just, you know, I'm just gonna leave a-a set of fingerprints around, so if there's a trial, we can get trapped.
CAROL: All right, now look. The murderer must have, like, hid in this closet, right?
LARRY: I don't like this.
CAROL: Right, and then he must have...
LARRY: Let's go. You know, I've got to get up early tomorrow. I've got to be in temple.
CAROL: Okay, he must have dragged the b...The body out, really fast. What?

[Larry gets ready to hit whoever comes through the hotel room door over the head with a lamp. It turns out to be the cleaning lady]

CLEANING LADY: Oh, Jesus! What...

LARRY: I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm...Didn't mea...I-I, oh, it's-It's-It's a...

CAROL: Oh, hi.

LARRY: You don't have to turn the bed out. It's not necessary. And no-no-no croissants tomorrow for breakfast. Here, here. Here, take this for yourself. I

like the towels. Keep the little mints coming on the pillow, uh...

CAROL: Oh, Jesus. Larry. I mean, really.

LARRY: Let's go. That's why the light was on. This is crazy, we're gonna get in trouble.

CAROL: Just a second, Larry. Let me just look around here, just a little bit.

LARRY: Oh, look. I did damage. I...Now. I'll be sued.

CAROL: Larry!

LARRY: That's what?

CAROL: Larry, look. Look. I think that's her wedding band, Larry.

LARRY: How do you know?

CAROL: How do I know? I saw it on her.

LARRY: You did?

CAROL: Yeah.

LARRY: Jesus.

CAROL: I think so.

LARRY: So much for the police combing every inch of this place. Where did you find it?

CAROL: I found it behind the door, right there.

LARRY: Oh, brother. Let's get out of here, come on. And take the ring with you. Maybe there's a pawnshop open.

CAROL: Okay. Okay.

[They're in the elevator and it stops; Larry is a world-renowned claustrophobic]

CAROL: Didn't I tell you the police weren't thorough? I mean they probably thought we were cranks, right? I mean, we got no body, and...I mean, they

must get fifty crisis calls a minute. Why would they bother with us?

LARRY: I don't know. I just know, this is very deep stuff.

CAROL: Just...

LARRY: We should not be here. I'm scared, this is creepy. You know what I mean? This goes...this could be...Who knows who's involved in this? This

could go very deep, Carol. This could be like, you know, like with the Warren commission, or something. I don't like it.

CAROL: Oh, not the Warren Commission. Oh, my God!

LARRY: Jesus. What is that?

CAROL: Wait a minute. Okay, all right, now look. All right. The-the elevator's probably stuck.

LARRY: Why are we stopping? Why are we stopping?

CAROL: Relax now, Larry.

LARRY: Don't tell me to relax! I'm-I'm-I'm a-a world-renowned claustrophobic.

CAROL: It's okay. It's okay, everything's going to be fine.

LARRY: Stop. Hit something.

CAROL: I am hitting it.

LARRY: I don't like this, I don't, I don't...

CAROL: I know, I know. It's okay.

LARRY: It's easy for you to say, but I can't breath, I'm phobic.

CAROL: The-the idea is, there's plenty of air, in this elevator. Uh, Larry, relax. Now, if you just don't panic, okay?

Don't panic, all right?

LARRY: I'm not panicking, I'm not panicking, I'm...

CAROL: Now, just don't worry.

LARRY: I'm just going to say the rosary, now.

CAROL: Somebody'll help us. Somebody's gonna help us. Somebody'll find us here. Hello!

LARRY: Oh, I don't know, I don't like this.

CAROL: Hello!

LARRY: Say something. Stop it.

CAROL: Hallo. Hallo!

LARRY: I don't like this.

CAROL: Oh, God, look just...

LARRY: I'm running over a field, I see open meadows. I see a stallion.

CAROL: Yes, it's...

LARRY: I'm a stallion.

CAROL: Shh. Shut up, Larry.

LARRY: There's-There's a cool breeze passing over me.

CAROL: Larry, just shut up and calm down. Just, okay? You're gonna be o...

LARRY: I see grass. I see dirt.

CAROL: Larry, shut up! Hallo! Hallo!

LARRY: You know, you said, you said, "Act as a policeman".

CAROL: I know, yeah.

LARRY: I said "No". You said "Pretend to be a policeman". You said "Show him your card". I said "What card".

CAROL: Okay, wait a minute. I know what. Here, just... Larry, boost me up.

LARRY: You know, I ca...

CAROL: Boost me up, and we'll get out there. We're gonna do it.

LARRY: I can't get through those things.

CAROL: Yeah. Yes we can. I can do it. I can loosen it.

LARRY: It'll never open, they're painted shut.

CAROL: No, wait. No, Larry.

LARRY: They're-They're... They-They never, they... they never open.

CAROL: Come on. All right, put your hand together. Come on. Put your hand together.

LARRY: I'm breathing.

CAROL: No, no, it's okay.

LARRY: I can't breathe. I can't breathe.

CAROL: Larry!

LARRY: I can't breathe. I can't breathe.

CAROL: Larry, I mean, it's just... All I have to do is loosen that, okay.

LARRY: I'm fainting because the-there's...

CAROL: All right, put your hand together. Put you hand together. Now give me a boost, okay?

LARRY: Oh, Jesus.

CAROL: All right, you ready? Wait a second! Wait, wait!

LARRY: Oh, Jesus, you've got to cut down on those rich desserts.

CAROL: Oh, wait a minute, now! Oh, just wait. Wait, wait.

LARRY: Let's go, my life is passing in front of my eyes. The worst part of it is, I'm driving a used car.

CAROL: Okay, now you'd think they'd loosen this stupid thing.

LARRY: I'm scared.

CAROL: Oh, my God!

LARRY: Oh, my God. It's her.

CAROL: So that's where he hid her.

LARRY: Oh, Jesus. Claustrophobia and a dead body. This is a neurotic's jackpot.

CAROL: Oh! Oh, Larry, hold on. I'm scared.

LARRY: We're going down.

CAROL: Oh, God. What's happening?

LARRY: We're going down.

CAROL: Oh, God, press up! Press up!

LARRY: Press up? I can't see my hand. How can I press up? Jesus.

CAROL: We must be heading for the basement, Larry.

LARRY: The basement. I want to get off in the mezzanine. I'm returning shoes. It's dark in here.

CAROL: What? What are you doing?

LARRY: Where are you... I'm getting back on the elevator. I don't care.

CAROL: I don't know where... Larry.

LARRY: I-I can't see anything.

CAROL: There's nothing out there. Wait a minute. What are you doing? Hey, what are you doing with matches?

LARRY: Th-Th-These are my matches. I got them at...

CAROL: Wait a minute, what... When were you at the Cafè des Artistes?

LARRY: Look. I got... Yeah, I was with an author. An authoress. At-at the... At...

CAROL: At the Cafè des Artistes?

LARRY: Yeah, b... A French, a French authoress. An author.

CAROL: Wait.

LARRY: Jesus.

CAROL: Try this way.

LARRY: I like a basement with-with knotty pine and a pool table. You know, where you can...

CAROL: Hey, look, look, look, look. Uh-huh.

LARRY: What? What?

CAROL: What's this?

LARRY: I... No, wait a minute. Not so fast. I don't like it here, it's dank.

CAROL: All right.

LARRY: And there's strange noises. I don't know what this is. I don't know. This... Oh, Jesus!

CAROL: Calm down.

LARRY: Calm down? Don't tell me to calm down.

CAROL: There. Turn the light on.

LARRY: This... Wh-Wh... I-I don't... What do you...

CAROL: Let me see. Where... There. Oh. We're locked in here. What are you gonna do?

LARRY: Oh, relax, relax, relax. Don't... I'll break it down. Stand back.

CAROL: Careful, now.

LARRY: Don't worry. Just-Just give me a second.

CAROL: Don't hurt yourself.

LARRY: Must be one of those new doors.

CAROL: Let's try out here.

LARRY: Oh, my god. I keep hearing noises.

CAROL: Oh. What's down there?

LARRY: Where? Where you... Where are you going? Don't leave me.

CAROL: Let me see. It's okay. What? Oh! Yeah. I think this is it. I think this is the service entrance.

LARRY: Well, come on.

CAROL: I'm trying.

LARRY: Come on, get it open.

CAROL: I got it. I got it.
LARRY: Go into a trot.

[In the street]

CAROL: Wait! Wait! Did you see that?
LARRY: What?
CAROL: It looks like somebody's putting a body into a car.
LARRY: Jesus.
CAROL: I swear. Look. It's got a white sheet on it.
LARRY: Yes.
CAROL: Right... Yeah. Come on.
LARRY: It is. Oh, brother. Let's-Let's-Let's get out of here. Let's get out of here.
CAROL: Oh, my god. Wait. No, look! Let's-Let's follow him. Come on.
LARRY: No, no, no, no.
CAROL: Yeah, no. Come on.
LARRY: I'm not going to follow. I'm not gonna... I don't wanna follow him.
CAROL: No, let's follow it. I swear, there was a body in that car.
LARRY: I know, I saw that there was a...
CAROL: Larry!
LARRY: I don't wanna follow a car with a body in it.
CAROL: Come on, hurry up. Hurry up!
LARRY: It's-It's probably-It's probably a rented car.
CAROL: There! Oh!
LARRY: And a rented body.
CAROL: Hurry up. Come on.

[Driving over Brooklyn bridge]

LARRY: Oh, Jesus. I-I can't c... I can't follow his car.
CAROL: Well, he's right up ahead. He's right there.
LARRY: Where, up ahead? I don't know which car I'm following here. I... You know, I'm not a good driver. I can't chase somebody in a car. I'm gonna have an accident. I'm, you know, I'll-I'll-I'll wind up hitting a school bus or something.
CAROL: Look, it's nighttime. There's no school buses at night-time.
LARRY: Don't tell me that. What about night school? You have no sense of direction. I was...
CAROL: Well, not exactly. Twenty-twenty vision.
LARRY: You have no sense of direction.
CAROL: Not exactly. But anyway... No, I do have a sense of direction. He came right here.
LARRY: Where the hell are we? What is this?
CAROL: I-I don't know why here.
LARRY: I don't know, but...
CAROL: There it is!
LARRY: What?
CAROL: There's his car. Right there.
LARRY: How do you know it's his car?
CAROL: That's his car.
LARRY: Oh, it is his car.
CAROL: It is his.
LARRY: Yes. Yes. Yes.
CAROL: Well, of course.
LARRY: Okay, let me turn the light off. Be careful, be careful, be careful.
CAROL: Look, look!
LARRY: Oh, my god! It's Mrs. House's body! Come on! We gotta stop it before it gets dropped.
CAROL: Oh, my God.
LARRY: Good bye, Mrs. House. That was Mr. House! That was definitely Mr. House.
CAROL: What are we gonna do?
LARRY: I'm gonna call the Police, now.
CAROL: Oh, Larry, and tell them what?
LARRY: And get them...
CAROL: I mean, this guy...
LARRY: What are we...
CAROL: You know, he's got proof his wife died of a heart attack two weeks ago. We've got no body. We've got nothing, Larry.

[In the street]

CAROL: What? What? What's wrong? What? Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

PAUL: Hallo, there.

CAROL: Hey.

PAUL: How are you?

CAROL: H-How are you?

PAUL: May I introduce Gladys Dalton, my gal Friday?

CAROL: Mrs. D... How are you? Nice to see you.

PAUL: This is Larry and Carol, my neighbors.

CAROL: Yes.

GLADYS: Nice to see you.

PAUL: We were just watching Madame Bovary. Wonderful.

GLADYS: Such a sad story.

CAROL: Yeah, it is. We, you know...

LARRY: She-She-She gets cremated. She gets killed at the end.

CATOL: Yeah.

PAUL: Yeah. Listen you gotta stop up for a drink before I go on my trip.

CAROL: Love to.

PAUL: See you later.

CAROL: See you later.

PAUL: Oh, incidentally, if you hear of anybody who needs an apartment, I think i may be moving.

CAROL: Oh, well, it...

PAUL: See you later. Come on, Gladys.

CAROL: What a shame.

PAUL: Good night.

CAROL: Good night.

[Larry and Carol are talking in bed]

LARRY: Oh, Jesus. What a day, huh? I can't figure it out. It's got to be that either he's a...

CAROL: What?

LARRY: Either she's a twin, or he's a twin.

CAROL: He... He...

LARRY: Or they're multiple personalities, or you're a twin or I'm a twin. [She laughs] Because I don't know what's going on.

CAROL: You're nuts.

LARRY: You know, look.

CAROL: Wait, wait, yeah.

LARRY: Let me be logical about this.

CAROL: Okay, she's not a twin. We know she's not a twin.

LARRY: Hey.

CAROL: What are you talking about, Larry?

LARRY: Stay calm. I want to try and puzzle this out.

CAROL: I'm calm, Larry. Okay, but okay, she's a twin, she's not a twin. I mean, now you're saying we are twins? What are you, nuts? Okay, I'm calm. I'm calm, okay.

LARRY: Yeah, I'm going to be logical.

CAROL: All right, all right.

LARRY: The, um, the first thing is this. We came home that night. There had been a heart attack. Uh, what if they induced it? You know, some kind of

poison. We never saw the body. You know, it had to be some other woman. You know, some-some woman who probably had some kind of ballpark

resemblance to Mrs. House. The super says he saw her, but, uh, he's a drunk, you know. Mrs. House could have been hiding. But you-you remember

that you heard a noise that night. That had to be Mrs. House leaving to check into the hotel.

CAROL: Yeah. Yeah. Well...

LARRY: I can't sleep. I just, I...

CAROL: No, wait a minute, wait.

LARRY: I'm too, you know... I'm too...

CAROL: But it doesn't make any sense at all, Larry, because suddenly, you know, he murders her. I mean, what's it all about?

LARRY: Let me, let me call Vincent's restaurant in New Jersey... and why don't we go meet Ted and Marcia and get something to eat, and talk with them.

CAROL: Wait a minute. At one in the morning? What are you talking about? You mean... You wanna...

LARRY: Yeah, so what? So what? It's so, you know, Ted-Ted was taking her to a show and to-to-to dinner... so they'll be there.

CAROL: All the way out to New Jersey...

LARRY: So, hey, kid, this is the apple. This is the town that never sleeps. That's why we don't live in Duluth. That, plus I don't know where Duluth is.

Lucky me.

[At Vincent's]

TED: Uh, you really saw his face? You saw, you saw what he looked like? No question. You know exactly who it is.

CAROL: Yes. Oh, yes, I'm here to tell you...

LARRY: Oh, no question about it. It was-It was Mr. House. There was no... Not a, not a question. I mean, you could see him because, uh, you know, there was-there was just no way that you could avoid it. He was right there.

MARCIA: To me, it's obvious.

LARRY: Wh... How do you see it?

TED: How obvious? What do you mean?

MARCIA: Obvious he's committed the perfect murder.

LARRY: What do you mean?

TED: What? How? What do you mean?

MARCIA: Okay, look. You have to start off with another woman who bears some ballpark resemblance to Mrs. House.

TED: Yeah.

LARRY: That's what I said. That's exac... I used the term "ballpark resemblance" myself.

CAROL: I know. You used the term, right.

LARRY: It was my idea. I said what she said.

MARCIA: They're with this woman.

TED: Yeah.

MARCIA: Maybe having dinner. They don't induce a heart attack, 'cause that's fiction bullshit. She has a heart attack. She drops dead spontaneously.

They had no thought of killing her. Maybe they wished she was dead.

TED: Why?

MARCIA: I don't know. Maybe they stood to gain if she died. They see a golden opportunity. Mrs. House dresses her up in her clothes. She hides.

LARRY: This is my theory. Exactly my theory.

MARCIA: That's right. She checks into a hotel.

CAROL: Yeah, well, we got that far, with the exception of the actual spontaneous heart attack.

MARCIA: Okay, you know the husband's planning to go to Paris with this pretty young woman.

TED: Yeah.

LARRY: Yeah.

MARCIA: He's cheating on his wife.

TED: Yeah.

MARCIA: So, instead of finishing the schema they planned, he double-crosses her and kills her, taking her share of the profits.

TED: Well, you think, you think Helen Moss is in on this, too, huh?

MARCIA: Yeah, a good chance she's aware.

CAROL: Okay, but what about Mrs. Dalton? He claims he took her to the movies.

MARCIA: She's his alibi. She covered for him when he strangled his wife. She said he was at work all day.

LARRY: That's right, 'cause he introduced her as a colleague.

TED: Wait, why---Why would she...

MARCIA: She's a colleague who maybe loves him.

TED: Oh, wait, wait. He's cheating on her, too.

LARRY: Cheating on two women?

TED: Yeah, yeah, yeah. It's perfect. Just, it all fits.

LARRY: The guy doesn't look the part.

MARCIA: The point is, he's gotten away with the perfect murder. There are no bodies around to prove anything. And all the paperwork is strictly above board. He's home free.

TED: Oh, my... Oh, where did you find this woman? She's a genius.

LARRY: She's brilliant. She's brilliant. But the guy... He knows that we know, so if he knows we're on him.

MARCIA: Well, he doesn't care. Why should he? Everything's been neatly disposed of. He's home free. Only he, and maybe his mistress, know the truth.

CAROL: Well, j...

LARRY: She's right, there's no body.

CAROL: Hold on, hold on, for a second. We don't know this is all true. This is just a theory.

LARRY: Yeah, but it's a great theory. Have you been paying attention? This is a great theory.

TED: Oh, yeah. It sounds good, it holds water. Everything fits together in this.

CAROL: I am paying attention.

LARRY: I think it's great.

MARCIA: When I come back from the ladies room, I'll tell you how to trap him.

LARRY: Oh, excuse me.

TED: Where-Where did you find her? She's-She's-She's really something.

LARRY: Her mind, it just goes.

TED: Yeah, she's got one idea after another. It's like one thing leads to another.

LARRY: Fantastic.

CAROL: I'm surprised you two didn't drool yourself to death.

TED: Oh, I thought we just had a nice first date. That's...

LARRY: I knew that they would hit it off.

CAROL: Why? Uh-huh. Yeah. Him.

LARRY: I-I-I knew this.

CAROL: Yeah, uh-huh. What about you? You were gonna jump into her lap. I saw you, Larry.

LARRY: What are you talking about?

CAROL: Huh?

LARRY: I'm, I'm, huh, what's wrong with you? I'm her editor. I'm-I'm a father figure to her, how...

CAROL: Yeah, the only thing you didn't do is rub your hands together. That was it.

LARRY: You gotta be joking. What... are you telling me that you're jealous of Marcia?

CAROL: I... Well. It's not that I'm jealous.

TED: Kids, kids. People, what are we doing, here?

CAROL: Yeah, look who's talking. My God, I mean, you kept staring into her eyes like she was the Dragon Lady, or something.

LARRY: What'd wrong with you? You're jealous because he's-he's interested in her.

TED: I'm interested in her theory. What... I don't... What are you...

CAROL: Well, I'd just like to know if you take all your-your authors to lunch at the Cafè des...

MARCIA: Okay, I've got it. Here's the story. Since he's gotten away with it, all we can do is bluff. As long as we have no body, we have no case.

TED: What... What do you mean? What do we... We pretend that he slipped up, and the molten steel didn't do the job? What-What do you mean?

MARCIA: Yeah, it's possible. He saw you there, he knows you're onto him. After he ran away, why couldn't you have retrieved the body?

LARRY: You're kidding. I... We couldn't have gotten her outta that. We... I would have wound up with a few toes and a shoulder, maybe, at most.

MARCIA: Well, that's... Okay, okay, you have the body. What does he know? He was probably too scared to be very lucid. He's an amateur. He dumped the body and ran off, and then somehow - who knows the details, you two dug her out. Now, you can send him to the chair.

CAROL: Okay, okay, just...

TED: I like this woman, she's lurid.

CAROL: Let me tell you why he's not going to believe us, okay?

LARRY: Yeah, first of all, 'cause I can't, I can't bluff or lie without giggling, so-so...

CAROL: Yeah. No, because if we really had the body, why tell him? Why not go straight to the Police?

MARCIA: If you tell the cops, you can't shake him down.

TED: Oh, she's wicked. Oh, I-look... look how, look how this works out. You go to the law, what do you gain? I mean, so-so maybe they, you know, they put him in jail. What have you got? You haven't got anything.

LARRY: Right.

TED: But if he wants the evidence, and he's got to pay for it, now... Okay, now he's nervous, right?

CAROL: Yeah, you know, wait. There's just so many fallacies in this, I can't even count them.

TED: What? Name one.

CAROL: Name one? Okay, the guy looks us straight in the eyes and says, "What body? What the hell are you talking about? Prove it."

MARCIA: Well, that's when we keep bluffing.

TED: What? How? What do we do?

MARCIA: We produce the body.

LARRY: Yeah, but where are you gonna get it. Madame Tussaud's?

MARCIA: Yeah. Say-Say we found someone to corroborate this story.

CAROL: Oh, really. J-Just...

MARCIA: Someone he trusted.

CAROL: Like who?

MARCIA: Like his lover. Say she called and said, "Paul, I've just seen Lillian's body. They want a hundred thousand dollars for it."

TED: Why-Why would she do that?

MARCIA: Remember that book you recommended to me? "Murder in Manhattan?"

LARRY: Oh, yes. Max Schindler's book. That's right, the phone call.

CAROL: I don't remember that book.

LARRY: This is perfect.

CAROL: You never mentioned that book to me.

LARRY: No, no. 'Cause you don't like light reading, so I never...

CAROL: Since when did I not like light reading, Larry?

TED: I don't know... I don't know this book. What is this book?

LARRY: This book. That's fantastic! It would be so perfect because s-she's a, she's a-an, actress, or would-be actress, anyhow, and you're-you-re... Jeez,

we could use his theatre. He's a playwright. This is so perfect. Your theatre is empty all the time, anyhow.

CAROL: Oh, God.

TED: Oh, yeah, thank you. That's great. What-What are we talking about here? What-What do you mean? What-What is this?

LARRY: Listen to this. What you do is, we get her in for a fake audition, and you write some lines that don't mean anything.

TED: Yeah.

LARRY: And she does them, and she doesn't know what she's doing and we tape-record it.

CAROL: Uh...

LARRY: Listen to this.

CAROL: I'm listening.

LARRY: And we edit it up. We edit the tape recording up, and we make one end of a phone call... and we play it into the phone to Mr. House.

TED: This is in the book?

LARRY: This is perfect, list...

CAROL: Oh, come on. No, that could never, ever work, in a million years. You don't know what he's going to say. What's he gonna say?

MARCIA: In the book, they use several tape recorders.

CAROL: In the book?

MARCIA: We coordinate it.

LARRY: It's coordinated.

CAROL: In the book. You mean, you're basing your plan on some dumb paperback?

LARRY: This is great. This is great.

CAROL: I s... No, really.

LARRY: I like... No, it's great.

CAROL: Oh.

MARCIA: He's gotten away with murder. Our only chance is to nab him as he tries to kill again, cover his tracks.

LARRY: It's great. What happens, is... it provokes him to kill again. They catch him the second time.

MARCIA: Exactly. He's gotten away with the first murder.

LARRY: You know what I'm thinking, though?

MARCIA: What?

LARRY: Actually, in the book what happens is, now that I think of it, he... he kills the... the two people that are working the scheme on him.

TED: Yeah, that's all right.

CAROL: But...

TED: But you're not worried about that.

LARRY; Um, well, I don't know.

MARCIA: It's perfect.

LARRY: Either that, or I've... I've just developed Parkinson's.

TED: No, we can handle him. We can handle him. Listen, this is incredible. This is an incredible idea.

MARCIA: It's perfect. It's perfect. He knows you're onto him. You shake him down.

CAROL: No, no.

MARCIA: He comes after you, we nab him.

TED: That's great. It's great. You're wonderful. I just... I'm amazed.

MARCIA: Yeah.

CAROL: I... I just...

MARCIA: It's either that, or he walks.

CAROL: Yeah. Yeah, wait. I... So, what you're saying is...

TED: This is great.

CAROL: Wait, no, okay... What you're saying... Oh boy. You're saying, you want to provoke Mr. House into trying to murder Larry and me.

MARCIA: Yeah. It's perfect. You're not scared, are you?

LARRY: No, no, no, no, no, I'm not scared. I'm not scared. I'm just turning it over in my mind. I just want to check with my clergyman before we commit.

[Helen is making a phone call from a booth]

HELEN: Hi, uh, B-twenty-four messages? Oh, really? Audition for what? Did he say? Okay, okay. Wait, hold on. Let me get a pencil. Okay.

[In the theatre]

AUDITIONER: Yeah, well, Dad, you know, I've heard just about enough of this.

TED: Good, that's great. Thank you, Suzanne. Thank you.

MARCIA: We'll let you know. That's Suzanne Raphael, right?

TED: Yeah. Good, thank you.

LARRY: This is Helen Moss.

HELEN: Hi, there.

CAROL: Hi, there.

MARCIA: Hi.

HELEN: Hi.

TED: Uh, have you, uh... I know, I know you just got the material, uh, you know, just in the... last little while, but... uh, h-have you had a chance to-to study it? To go over it, a little bit?

HELEN: Yes, yes. Uh, I have, but, um, I have just a few questions.

TED: Sure, yeah.

HELEN: Is she divorced, in this?

TED: Uh, yes. Yes.

HELEN: Uh, recently?

TED: Yes. Yeah. But she's, uh, very, highly emotional.

HELEN: Yeah.

TED: You know really... uh, lot of... Lot of feeling. Very strong.

HELEN: Oh.

TED: Hm?

HELEN: Should I just begin?

TED: Yeah, just... Whenever, you know, whenever you feel it. Whenever you feel into it.

HELEN: Yeah, okay. Hello, Joe? I-I was just... I...

TED: Uh, let me stop you right there. I'm sorry, I... uh, if you'll be... if you'll start out more frightened... then that'll take you where you're gonna go.

HELEN: Right, right. Hello, Joe? I can't talk much, now, and if I sound strange, don't get alarmed. Give me your hand. Hold on. Try not to fall. Hold on.

LARRY: I'm trying, I'm trying.

HELEN: Quickly! Hurry! They're asking two hundred thousand dollars for it. Yeah. They say it's Monet, but I say it's a fake. Ever since Joe came home from Vietnam, he's cast a pall on everything. A dark cloud, a pall.

[They are editing up the tape recording]

HELEN'S VOICE: Hello, Joe? I can't talk much, right now, and if I sound strange, don't get alarmed. Hello, Joe? I can't talk much right now. Hello,

Joe? Ever since Joe came back from Vietnam, he's cast a pall on everything. A dark cloud, a pall. A pall. Pall. Pall. Hello, Joe?

TED: It's so...

HELEN'S VOICE: Hello, Paul? I can't talk much, right now, and if I sound strange, don't get alarmed.

MARCIA: Perfect.

TED: That's great.

MARCIA: You did great. Great.

CAROL: Well, yeah, it's, excuse me, hey, don't worry, yeah, okay.

MARCIA: Fantastic.

[Marcia and Ted are driving to spot Helen]

MARCIA: There she is.

TED: Where?

MARCIA: You have to keep her busy for all afternoon.

TED: Yeah, yeah, okay. Okay, yeah. Yeah, I'll-I'll just keep improvising, you know?

MARCIA: Okay, well, it shouldn't be too hard. She's a hungry actress, you're a playwright with a role.

TED: You know what? I'll g... I'll talk about the play, or, get her, get her talking about the part, you know, her life. I'll get her talking about her life, and

her whole background. Stop the car, I'm gonna get out here.

MARCIA: Good. We'll hook up later, okay?

TED: All right. Good - Good luck with your assignment. Ok?

MARCIA: All right, you too.

[The company is about to call up Mr. House]

MARILYN: Listen, does anybody want some, a guacamole or anything?

SY: Would you stop with the guacamole? We have to get started with this.

LARRY: He should be back for lunch, right?

SY: Come on, let's go.

MARILYN: Yeah. All right, let's go.

LARRY: So, everybody's got the right tape recorder and the right tape in?

SY: Yes, we do.

MARCIA: Yeah.

LARRY: All right, one second. And then we ca... I mea... so, uh, we're on speaker.

CAROL: This is so insane.

LARRY: Now wait, wait, wait. There's, um... I'm not nervous.

CAROL: Oh, w...

PAUL: I have the contractor come in and nobody's here? Now you see if you can find... I'll get that. Uh, you go and call him.

GLADYS: Oh. Yes, yes, all right.

PAUL: Hallo?

HELEN'S VOICE: Hello, Paul. I can't talk much right now. And if I sound strange, don't get alarmed.

PAUL: What's the problem?

HELEN'S VOICE: They have your wife's body. They showed it to me.

PAUL: Say that again.

HELEN'S VOICE: They have your wife's body. They showed it to me.

PAUL: Exactly who has it? How many are there?

HELEN'S VOICE: Your neighbors. That's right. They want two hundred thousand dollars for it.

PAUL: Where are you calling from? There's an echo. Are you on a speaker phone?

HELEN'S VOICE: Hold on.

LARRY: We don't have an answer for that. What are we gonna do?

MARCIA: Go to a different thought.

CAROL: Mm. Mm. What thought? Wait.

HELEN'S VOICE: You've either got to pay them off, or get rid of them.

PAUL: Look, we can't talk about this on the phone. Can you meet me?

HELEN'S VOICE: Yes! They're keeping it refrigerated.

PAUL: What? What did you say?

HELEN'S VOICE: About two hours ago.

PAUL: Two... what? Two hours what?

HELEN'S VOICE: Hold on.

LARRY: Jesus... we're all screwed up. I got this all screwed up.

MARCIA: Okay, let's get off as quick as possible. We've done it.

SY: All right, well, do something. Do something.

MARCIA: Um, okay.

HELEN'S VOICE: Hello, Paul. I can't talk much right now. And if I sound strange, don't get alarmed.

PAUL: Look, Helen, you're not making any sense. I know you're upset, but you have to pull yourself together. Now, could we meet? The usual spot.

HELEN'S VOICE: Hold on.

PAUL: Helen? Helen, you still there? Helen?

MARCIA: Okay, hurry up, hurry up. Okay.

LARRY: Somebody press something, come on.

CAROL: What?

LARRY: You can't press some... Come on.

HELEN'S VOICE: You have no choice, they've got the goods. You just pay them off, or get rid of them. I have to hang up.

GLADYS: What's the matter, Paul? You look all shaken up.

PAUL: No, no. It's nothing.

GLADYS: I worry about you these days, Paul.

PAUL: I'm fine, I'm fine.

GLADYS: You're different.

PAUL: I said I was fine. Will you stop interfering?

GLADYS: You never used to pull away from me.

PAUL: I told you to leave me alone! I don't want to have this conversation all the time!

[In the street]

LARRY: Great. All right. Now, my job is to wait exactly one hour and call Mr. House from a phone booth. Where are you... Where are you running so fast?

CAROL: I have to go home and change. I've got an appointment with a friend of Ted's about a location for... What?

LARRY: What's the matter? What are you so angry about? What are you so... What are you so steamed up about?

CAROL: What do you mean? Well, I meant... I just don't understand how you could give a book to Marcia, and not to me.

LARRY: What are you talking about?

CAROL: I just don't need...

LARRY: We had just a big success in there.

CAROL :What...

LARRY: Marcia likes to read what I like to read.

CAROL: Oh, right, God. Yeah, well it's true. I guess it's true. I mean, we've got nothing in common, that's for sure.

Now that, now that Nick's grown up,

I mean, you know, we're just left facing each other.

LARRY: You got stuff in common with Ted, right? You can cook together with Ted, or you can take your clothes off and baste a chicken with him.

CAROL: Oh, right. Oh, oh, well, what about you and Marcia, huh? What does she teach you besides poker? That's what I'd like to know, okay?

LARRY: Mud wrestling. Is that what you want to hear? Nothing, I'm her editor.

CAROL: Look, I think the time has come for us to reevaluate our lives.

LARRY: I reevaluated our lives.

CAROL: Yeah.

LARRY: I... I... I got a ten. You got a six.

CAROL: Well, listen, I think maybe I will go back to seeing my shrink.

LARRY: Oh. You don't have to see your shrink. There's nothing wrong with you that can't be cured with a little Prozac and a polo mallet.

CAROL: Just... I just would like to be alone for a while, okay, Larry?

LARRY: What are you talk...

CAROL: Just... just, I... I... Uh, okay?

[Ted and Helen Moss during their conversation after the audiotaping]

HELEN: So, I have this, like, really crazy father and everything.

TED: Oh, yeah?

HELEN: And, yeah. He's wanted, like, in three states. He has a terrible driving record. So we had to move from Virginia then to New Jersey, and...

TED: So, your father is wanted in three states for driving? Really?

HELEN: Yeah, for driving. Yeah. So I moved to Hackensack, and then... Well, anyway, I was in all these different contests and I was even, uh, Miss, uh, Teenage Passaic.

TED: Oh, how wonderful.

[Meanwhile, Carol is back home, where Paul is waiting for her]

TED: Was that before or after the fourth abortion?

HELEN: Well, after the fourth, but before the drama prize.

TED: The drama prize?

HELEN: And... Mm... hm.

TED: I don't remember the...

HELEN: Remember? Remember?

TED: What?

HELEN: "Out, out, damn spot?" The topless "Macbeth?"

TED: Oh, yeah. Oh, for the fraternity party, yeah, yeah.

HELEN: Yeah, yeah.

TED: Topless "Macbeth". I don't... How could I forget that? It's just...

[Larry calls Mr. House from a phone booth]

LARRY: Hallo, Mr. House? This is Larry Lipton. I... I got a... a package I think you're gonna want. Of course it's gonna cost you, uh, \$200,000 in... in

small, unmarked bills. Or... or... or large marked ones, if... if... if you want to go that route.

PAUL: And I have a package you might want, Mr. Lipton. If you ever wanna see your wife alive again, you'll do as I say.

LARRY: Oh, really? Well, I think you're bluffing. Yeah, don't... don't ever try and bluff a bluffer. Yeah, if... if you got Carol, put her on the phone.

CAROL: Larry, Larry, help me! I'm here, Larry!

LARRY: Oh, my... Oh, my God. D... Don't hurt her!

PAUL: I'll tell you exactly where to meet me, and you bring that package I want. Now, once I have it and I'm safely gone, you'll get your wife back.

Otherwise, I'll kill her.

LARRY: Yes, yes. Yeah, no, no, no, no. I... I... I understand. I, uh, yes, no. I'll be there. I'll be there. I... I... Yes, I'll b... I... I'll bring your wife's body,

she... In... in... in the trunk of my car. Yes, I'll... I... I promise. I'll be there. I... [Larry hangs up] I don't have his wife's body. Bluff, bluff.

[Larry and Paul meet at the movie house]

LARRY: Where's Carol?

PAUL: First show me Lillian's body.

LARRY: I... I got it.

PAUL: There's no way she could have survived that vat of molten steel.

LARRY: No, no, I... I... I got...

PAUL: If you're not bluffing, where is she?

LARRY: Why are you so nervous? What are you so nervous about?

PAUL: Where?

LARRY: If I don't have her, what are you so nervous?

PAUL: Where is she?

LARRY: I got her in the trunk of my car.

PAUL: Open it. Come on, now.

LARRY: I... I got her.

PAUL: If she's not there, I'll put a bullet through your head. Now, open it!

LARRY: I... I...

PAUL: Come on! Come on! [Larry opens the trunk] Step back!

LARRY: No, no, I got her. See, if I don't have her, how come I got her ring? I got her ring, there. This is... This is her ring.

PAUL: I think you're lying!

LARRY: It's a... No, no, no, no. Uh.

PAUL: What is this? What is this?

LARRY: I could never bluff.

PAUL: What?

LARRY: I... I... I've lost a fortune in cards over the years.

PAUL: Listen to me.

LARRY: I'm not a bluffer.

PAUL: I'm going to put a... Get a... [They start fighting]

FROM The lady from Shanghai: "That's what Grisby thought. But, of course, she meant to kill Grisby, too. After he'd served his purpose. Poor howling

idiot. He never even did that. He went and shot Broome. And that was not part of the plan. Broome might have got to the police before he died. And

if the cops traced it to Grisby... and the cops made Grisby talk, he'd spill everything. And she'd be finished, so she had to shut up Grisby but quick.

And I was the fall guy. Why don't you try to understand? He was mad. He had to be shot. And what about me? We could have gone off together.

One who follows his nature, keeps his original nature in the end."

LARRY: Help! Help!

PAUL: They can't see us behind the screen, and they can't hear us with the sound on. Not even a gunshot.

FROM The lady from Shanghai: "I knew I'd find you two together."

GLADYS: Hallo, Paul. Didn't you expect me?

PAUL: Mrs. Dalton.

GLADYS: You made a lot of promises to me, over the years. And then, you decided to dump me for that young model.

PAUL: I never led you on.

GLADYS: It's late for excuses.

PAUL: None of you can prove anything.

FROM The lady from Shanghai: "So you'd be foolish to fire that gun." "With these mirrors, it's difficult to tell. You are aiming at me, aren't you?"

LARRY: Carol? Carol? Carol?

GLADYS: I'm aiming at you, lover. Of course, killing you is killing myself.

FROM The lady from Shanghai: "It's the same thing."

GLADYS: But you know, I'm pretty tired of both of us.

LARRY: God! Are you okay? Are you okay?

CAROL: Oh, God, Larry! Oh, Larry, I'm so happy to see you!

LARRY: Jesus, I was, I was never so glad to see somebody in my life. Are you all right?

CAROL: Yes, I'm all right.

LARRY: You don't know what's going on out there. I'll never say that life doesn't imitate art again. I'm... I'm... Oh, J.

CAROL: We... we gotta call the police, Larry.

LARRY: Yes, and... and... and... a glazier.

CAROL: I know. Oh, God.

LARRY: Quick, quick. Dial, dial, dial.

CAROL: Larry. Oh, God, Larry. Oh, God. Oh, honey. Oh, God. Ow! Ow! Oh, God! Jesus!

LARRY: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Oh, wife mine.

CAROL: Hello?

LARRY: Wife mine.

CAROL: Oh, God.

[Ted and Marcia are leaving the police headquarters]

TED: God, it's... it's so complicated. I can't... Can't keep track of it all.

MARCIA: Oh, listen. I'll give it to you one more time. Mrs. House had a sister who moved to England many years ago. She changed her name when she

married. Her husband died. She moved back to New York recently, a very, very rich widow... but a recluse. Mr. and Mrs. House knew they weren't

in her will. They have her over to dinner, she accidentally keels over. I guessed right there. She has a reasonable resemblance to her sister, so they

fake it... Pretend Lillian House died. They cremate the sister. Lillian checks into a fleabag joint... and for several weeks she pretends to be her

sister... closing her accounts, liquidating her assets, accumulating big money. What she didn't realize was that her husband was two-timing her with

Helen Moss, this pretty model. So, he decides not to cut her in and go off to... I don't know... With his mistress and, uh, keep all the dough. So, he

kills Lillian. He cremates her, or pours molten steel all over her or something... and, uh, that's when we came along and tripped him up.

TED: He had some great alibis.

MARCIA: Yeah, that woman that worked for him?

TED: Yeah.

MARCIA: Mrs. Dalton? She covered for him. She loved him. Not that she dreamed he was a murderer.

TED: What do you... What do you... I want, I want to celebrate, or something. What do you wanna do? You wanna...

Wanna go see what, uh, what Larry

and Carol are up to?

MARCIA: I think they wanna be alone.

TED: Oh, yeah. Uh, okay. All right. Uh, well, you have any plans?

MARCIA: You're taking me to dinner, right?

TED: Yeah, right. Absolutely. Only we can't sleep together.

MARCIA: Why not?

TED: Not... not tonight.

MARCIA: Why not?

TED: Well, I already slept with Helen Moss once today, and I'm not young and active like I used to be.

MARCIA: You'll do anything to catch a murderer, won't you?

[Larry and Carol are in the street going home]

LARRY: What an experience.

CAROL: Oh. I know.

LARRY: I'm... I'm still vibrating.

CAROL: I know.

LARRY: Incredible.

CAROL: Oh, you know, Larry, you were surprisingly brave.

LARRY: What do you mean surprisingly?

CAROL: Yeah.

LARRY: You seem shocked.

CAROL: Well...

LARRY: You know, I'm a pretty good guy, you know.

CAROL: Well, you know... Yeah, I know, uh...

LARRY: Where do you wanna go for dinner tonight? Let's not go to any restaurant where they serve cowards.

CAROL: I don't know.

LARRY: I... What are you laughing at?

CAROL: You know, Larry, I love you. I love you.

LARRY: How could you have ever been jealous of Marcia? Isn't that ridiculous? Don't you know that I could only love you?

CAROL: You were jealous of Ted.

LARRY: Ted?

CAROL: Yeah.

LARRY: You've got to be kidding. Take away his-his-his elevator shoes and his fake suntan and his capped teeth... and what do you have?

CAROL: You.

LARRY: Right. I like that.

CAROL: I...

THE END