

Killers with Benefits

A comedy of bad manners

A play in two acts

By

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Killers with Benefits

Cast of Characters

Mandy Drake	A young woman in her mid-30s, like so many, a beauty ruined by marriage
Caesar Drake	Her husband (to add insult to injury - a lawyer)
Donald Farmer	A man in his late 30s, Mandy's old flame.
Ruby Hepp	Mandy's domestic help
Lon Penz	Their family physician. An odd little man who, in this day and time, makes house calls
Nancy Galvan	Caesar's secretary. One good look at her should reveal that she is not "just a secretary"
Tim Sleeper	A neighborhood security guard
Frank Columbo	An escapee from a state prison
Peter	An uninvited guest. We'll never know his name
Harriet Erickson	A psychologist, goes by the name, Harry
Dick	A police officer.

ACT I

Time: Yesterday evening. A wall-clock shows 10:15 pm.

Place: Somewhere in Texas.

Living room of an upper-middle class family.

Furniture reminds one of IKEA –functional, minimalist, and characterless. Two watercolor paintings on the wall are an ostentatious attempt at emulating “The Water Lilies” - A failed attempt at best. Stage right, an over-sized, frosted glass door, is the main entrance door to the house. Three other doors upstage open into the kitchen, the master bedroom, and a guests’ bathroom. Two big windows, one close to the entry door reveals a ficus hedge in the distance, and the second window between two doors shows a street lamppost and a part of the hedge. Floor-length curtains hang on each side of the windows. It is raining heavily, and as expected, with thunderclaps and lightning. A radio is playing a roaring symphony by Beethoven.

MANDY DRAKE, dressed in a knee-high nightshirt and a silk robe is sitting in a recliner. She is holding a paperback edition of “The Great Gatsby” in one hand and a tall glass that held Long Island tea now only holds half-melted ice cubes. A tall jug on an end table contains about two fingers of drink. She sets aside her book and looks at the glass. She seems surprised that the drink is gone. She debates if she should refresh the drink or call it a night. A thunderclap, instantly followed by static on the radio, draws her attention. Music fades quickly, almost rudely. A sleepy announcer, as if just dragged out of his deep slumber, begins an announcement somewhat reluctantly. He has not had a chance to read or rehearse the announcement.

ANNOUNCER (in a tone of irritation rather than concern): We interrupt our program for a special bulletin. We have just received word from the local police that *(matter- of-fact, since such things happen with regularity)* a prisoner has escaped from the county’s high-security detention facility. The escaped prisoner is armed. He is convicted of murder and is serving a 30-year term with no-parole. He is five-foot seven, medium built, about 170 pounds, and is dresses in civilian clothes that he has stolen from the facility’s laundry room. The man’s name is Frank Columbo, no relation to the detective on the TV show. According to the police report the man is hiding somewhere in Lake Shore area. All residents are

asked to secure their windows, doors, and gates. Please make sure to turn on all motion-detectors and security systems, and keep all areas around the house well lit. (MANDY *pours the last of the Long Island tea in her glass.*) The prison authorities have been unable to determine if the prisoner stole the clothes that had been laundered or were waiting to be washed.

(MANDY *gets up with her drink and goes into the kitchen. She secures a window, draws curtains, and returns with a bottle in her other hand. She puts the bottle on the end table and flicks a light switch. Two spotlights shine on the ficus hedge. She goes into the bedroom. More windows are secured and curtains drawn.*)

ANNOUNCER: If anyone has any information about Frank Columbo, please call the local police or call 9-1-1. If you come across Frank Columbo, police advise using extreme caution. Remember that Columbo is armed, and has killed before. Thank you for your attention and now back to our regular program, Mondays with Masters of Classical Music.

(*Music fades up*)

(MANDY *walks to the window between two doors. She secures the window and draws the curtains. She moves to the entry door. Checks it. It is open. She locks it and as she pulls the second curtain, all light go out. The stage is pitch black. MANDY screams. Sounds of struggle and as MANDY tries to scream again, her voice is muffled.*)

A MALE VOICE: Be quiet, or I'll kill you.

MANDY: Who are you? Let me be! (*pause*) What do you want?

THE MAN: I said be quiet!...If you think you can get out of my grip, you're mistaken.

MANDY: You're hurting me. What do you want? Stop that! That tickles.

THE MAN: I'll shoot you if I have to.... If you cooperate, you won't get hurt.

MANDY: Won't get hurt! What do you want with me? Oh God, no!

THE MAN: No, nothing like that.

MANDY: I'm scared of the dark.

THE MAN: I can turn the lights back on, but you have to promise to cooperate.

MANDY: Okay.

(*The lights are turned on. A man fitting the description of Frank Columbo is waving a gun at MANDY.*)

MANDY: You are that murderer they were talking about on the radio. The one that ran away from a prison...

THE MAN: I didn't hear what they said. You shouldn't believe what they say on the radio or on TV.

MANDY: But you are ... what was that name? ... That murderer ... (*softly*) the gentleman that ... that ... from a high-security State facility.

THE MAN: Some of it is true, some isn't. Yes, I've run away, but a murderer, no. That's a load of lies.

MANDY: If you're not the murderer than you should leave.

THE MAN: And if I am the murderer, can I stay?

MANDY: What? No! If one's chasing you ... there's no need for you to be paranoid ... you should leave.

THE MAN: That makes no sense. Moreover, I'm not paranoid. But that doesn't mean that people are not out to get me. They are...

MANDY: Who are they?

THE MAN: I don't know that. Do you know all your enemies?

MANDY: I don't have enemies. At least, I don't think so.

THE MAN: Believe that if you like, but we all have enemies.

MANDY: Maybe so. I suggest you leave here and deal with your enemies outside of my house.

THE MAN: Can't do that. Not right away. I'll have to stay here for the night. I'll leave in the morning. Tomorrow, my lawyer will have the proof of my innocence. All I need is this night.

MANDY: I can't let you stay here.

THE MAN (pointing the gun at her) It's just a matter of one night. Who else is in the house?

MANDY: Who else?.... Well, lots of people. You'd better leave right away or else....

THE MAN: Or else what? Don't play games with me. I'm not stupid. Come on, tell me! Who else is in the house?

MANDY: My husband. The maid, and the neighborhood security guard. He stays in the garage.

THE MAN: All right, call all those people in here Go ahead, call 'em! Why don't you call them? What's the matter? You are all alone. Correct? All alone in the house. Then, it's settled. You let me spend the night here and I'll leave, first thing in the morning. I promise. No harm will come to you.

MANDY: My husband will be home any minute. You have to leave. What will he say?

THE MAN: Yes, what might he say? I'll deal with him when he gets here. I'll explain everything to him.

MANDY: As you have explained "everything" to me.

(A soft knocking on the front door. The man looks towards the window and the long curtain.)

THE MAN: Who is this? Doesn't your husband have a key to the house?

MANDY: Be quiet.

(Another knocking. This time a little more persistent.)

THE MAN: I'm going to hide behind the curtain. Whoever it is, get rid of them. Try anything funny, I'll kill you both. After all, they can only hang me once.... I've got nothing to lose.

(Knock on the door).

A MALE VOICE: Miss Mandy, are you OK?"

(MANDY opens the door. A young security guard enters. He's carrying a long flashlight in one hand and his other hand is resting on his holstered gun.)

MANDY: What's the matter, Tim?

TIM: I thought I heard a scream...that's what woke me up. Are you all right, Miss Mandy?

MANDY: Oh, yes, I'm fine. I was drawing a curtain and a spider fell on my arm...

TIM *(jumping as if alarmed)*: A spider? Where?

MANDY: Don't worry; I flushed it down the toilet.

TIM: What if it crawls back up?

MANDY: Can spiders swim?

TIM: I hope not. I don't know.

MANDY: If it returns, I'll squish it first and then flush it down. Or I'll call you and you can shoot it, with your pistol.

TIM: I don't think it's necessary to use a gun on a spider. I'll probably miss.

MANDY: In that case, I'll have to use a fly swatter or something.

TIM (*relieved*): Good. Then, everything is fine.

MANDY: Yes, you go on and do your round. When you return, you can turn off the outside lights. Do you need anything else?

TIM: No, Miss Mandy, thanks. I'll take care of the outside lights.

(TIM *exits*. MANDY *locks the door behind him*. THE MAN *steps out from behind the curtain*.)

THE MAN: A spider!

MANDY: That's all I could think of. I couldn't very well say, oh, there's an armed man hiding behind the curtain. He would have shot you through the curtain. It would have destroyed my perfectly good set of curtains and made a bloody mess on the wall and the carpet. It's a lot less messy with an imaginary spider than a dead man on the floor. Besides, he bought the story.

THE MAN: You're a very convincing liar.

MANDY: You have no right to judge me or to stay here another minute. If you have a single decent bone in your body, you'd leave immediately.

THE MAN: A decent bone in me? I'm accused of murder and who knows what else, I've escaped from a prison. Armed and dangerous. That's me. The police are looking for me, probably with dogs.... I leave decency to your lot.... Listen, I got wet in the rain. My clothes are soaked. Do you think you could find me some dry clothes? Or your guest might catch a cold.

MANDY: You wait here. I'll get you some clothes. You can sit down if you like.

(*The man sits in a chair*. MANDY *goes to the master bedroom and disappears behind a door*. A series of beeping sounds from behind the door. *The man jumps up and rushes into the bedroom*. Inside the room, MANDY is holding a cellphone.)

THE MAN: Put it down! (MANDY *obeys*.) Calling the cops, were you? I could ask you to remove the battery from the phone, but I don't think I need to do that. Do I? No one is coming to your rescue tonight. Get that through your head.... I asked for a change of clothes, or don't have any male clothing in the house?

MANDY: Of course, I do. (*opening a closet and throwing a shirt and a pair of pants at him*) There. I think these will fit. (*She walks past him and into the living room*.)

THE MAN (*calling from behind*): You stay right where I can see you. I'm not letting you out of my sight for a second. I don't trust you anymore.

(From behind the door, the man tosses his shirt on the floor. A moment later, his pants fall on the shirt. There's a knock on the door. MANDY turns to look inside the bedroom. She looks away as she sees the man without his pants. The man abandons the idea of pulling up the pants and reaches for the gun.)

THE MAN: Who is it now? *(He is dragging the pants on his ankles as he walks in.)*

MANDY: I'll look. You go and hide in the kitchen. *(He disappears into the kitchen and MANDY opens the door. RUBY HEPP, the maid, enters.)*

RUBY: Sorry to bother you, I hope you hadn't gone to bed yet.

MANDY: No, not yet. It's hard for me to fall asleep when it's thundering like this. Did you need anything? I thought you were going to the movies tonight, on a date...

RUBY: I got stood up. Men, good for nothing.... Of course, you can't fall asleep, with Mr. Drake away out-of-town. I say what good is a job like that, keeping a young couple apart? I just don't see how it's worth

MANDY: Ruby, it's late. Did you want something?

RUBY: Yes, sorry, I forgot.... *(She starts for the kitchen. MANDY blocks the kitchen door).*

MANDY: Forgot what?

RUBY: I fixed me a plate of leftovers and I forgot to take it. It's on the counter by the ice-box.

MANDY: You stay right here. Take the load off your feet. I'll get it for you. Sit.

(Reluctantly, RUBY sits down. MANDY goes into the kitchen.)

MANDY *(from the kitchen)*: Oh! I see it. *(A moment later, she appears with a plate of food covered in cellophane wrap. She hands it to RUBY and walks her to the door.)*

RUBY: Goodnight, Miss Mandy.

MANDY: Night.

(The man steps out of the kitchen. He has not tucked in the shirt and the waist button on the pants is not done. The pants are too short for him.)

THE MAN: The shirt fits fine. The pants are a bit tight and ...

MANDY: Perhaps you should lose some weight.

THE MAN: Yes, I ought to.... What I don't understand is why didn't you let the maid go into the kitchen?

MANDY: You were standing there half-naked, with a gun in your hand. Who know what you might have done?

THE MAN: That was your chance. Why didn't you take it?

(MANDY thinks about the missed opportunity and smiles.)

THE MAN: What? Why?

MANDY: I slipped. Made a bad mistake, *(playfully)* will you ever forgive me?

THE MAN *(taking out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from the shirt pocket)*: Would you like one?

MANDY: No thank, I gave 'em up.

THE MAN: Do you mind if I smoke?

MANDY: I wish you wouldn't. Not inside the house.

(He puts the pack of cigarettes in his pocket and leaves the lighter on the table.)

THE MAN: You haven't even told me your name.

MANDY: You never asked.

THE MAN: Really! Now, where are my manners? Is that book any good? I heard they made a movie from it.

MANDY: Yes, the best thing about the movie was the clothes.

THE MAN: The book's about clothes? Who wrote it? Yves Saint Laurent?

MANDY: F. Scott Fitzgerald.

THE MAN: What have you got against Scott Fitzgerald?

MANDY: Nothing, why?

THE MAN: You said, "F" Scott Fitzgerald.

(A car comes to a stop outside. The engine is turned off. The car door opens and closes. Footsteps on the gravel.)

THE MAN: Who could this be?

MANDY: I have no idea.

THE MAN: You're lying! Who is it?

MANDY: I really don't know. I can't see through the walls, you know.

THE MAN: Whoever it is, get rid of him or else...

MANDY: Yes, you'll shoot us both. My, oh my, you are a cock-happy person. Now, put that thing away and hide back in the kitchen.

(The man follows orders without offering any resistance. MANDY open the door. LON PENZ, dressed in a white overcoat and carrying a leather bag, enters.)

MANDY: Dr. Penz, good evening.

LON: Good evening, Mandy. Hope *you* are well.

MANDY: I am, thank you. Who is *unwell*?

LON: Your husband, my dear. How is he?

MANDY: My husband is in Chicago. I think he's fine.

LON: Yes, he called me from Chicago, this afternoon. Said he'd be back by now.

MANDY: Was he not feeling well?

LON: No, no, he was fine. Just his usual complaint – his back. I think he does that to get our attention. I was in the neighborhood, I told him I'd look in.

MANDY: He's not back yet. I wonder why?

LON: Maybe he missed the plane.

MANDY: Could be, but he would have called.

LON: Well, he'll turn up eventually. And you my dear, are you still determined not to become a mother yet?

MANDY: All in good time, but not yet.

LON: Don't wait too long; remember there's a thing called the biological clock.

MANDY: We're just not ready yet. But I am a bit worried now. He called and told me that he'd be back this evening. He called you and told you that he'd be back this evening so that you could take a look. I wonder what has happened.... I don't like this. Why has he not called? Should I call the airline?

LON: The plane could be delayed. He may have missed the flight. I don't think you need to worry. He'll be back soon. I'm sure. I have to run along. Are you worried that you're alone?

MANDY: Alone! I'm not alone. I mean, the maid is here, in her room over the garage. And the security guard makes his round every hour. We let him use our garage. I'll be fine.

LON: If your husband continues to complain, we may have to do something about his spine.

MANDY: Do you think he ought to see a chiropractor?

LON: I can't recommend that, but if nothing shows up on the X-rays, I may have to surrender to alternative medicine.... Goodnight, dear.

MANDY: Goodnight, and thanks for stopping by.

(LON exits. The man reappears from the kitchen. He is carrying his wet clothes under his arm. He puts them on the floor by the sofa and sits.)

MANDY: Can I ask you a personal question?

(THE MAN *shrugs indifferently.*)

MANDY: Did you really kill someone?

THE MAN: That's not true. (*pointing to the radio*) None of that applies to me. I never hurt anyone.

MANDY: Why were you in prison? Why did you escape? Why the gun?

THE MAN: You argue like a lawyer.

MANDY: My husband is a lawyer.

THE MAN: Talking about lawyers, my lawyer is going to clear it all up. I just need this one night. Tomorrow morning, I'll be declared innocent.

MANDY: I can't believe a word of what you say.

THE MAN: You'll see, soon enough.

MANDY: Why can't you go and hide somewhere else? It's not safe for you here. I think you should leave right now.

THE MAN: You've been so good to me; you've hidden me from so many people. Now, if I go someplace else, there's no guarantee that I'll find someone as kind as you.

MANDY: I'm not a kind person. I'm not a nice person. I'm going to call the police.

(*There's a knock on the door. It startles them both.*)

MANDY: Who can this be, now?

THE MAN (*smiling*): Open the door, find out. Just because I have a gun does not mean I can see through the walls.... I'm right behind the curtain.

(MANDY *opens the door. NANCY GALVAN, CAESAR's private secretary enters. She's dressed in a business suit and is carrying a leather briefcase.*)

MANDY: Oh, hello, Nancy.

NANCY: Hi, Mandy, I have some papers that need Caesar's signature.

MANDY: I thought he went straight to you, I mean, straight to the office from the airport. He isn't here.

NANCY: I was waiting for him at the office. He was supposed to be back by now. He called hours ago.

MANDY: He called me too, but he isn't here yet. Your papers will have to wait until tomorrow.

(NANCY notices the pack of cigarettes and the lighter on the coffee table.)

NANCY: I didn't know you started smoking again.

MANDY: I was alone. I got bored. Thought I'd have one.

(NANCY notices the bundle of clothes on the floor and pretends not to have seen them.)

NANCY: So, you're alone tonight.

MANDY: Yes, tonight, we're both alone, Nancy.

NANCY: Being single, I'm used to being alone and doing things by myself.

MANDY: Being married, I'm also used to being alone and doing things by myself.

NANCY: Do you still see Don? Don Broom.

MANDY: No, why should I see him?

NANCY: Why not? You were very close to him once. Before you got married.

MANDY: Yes, before I got married. I'm married now. You also knew him when we were in college. Do you still see him?

NANCY: I'm not married. I can see whomever I like. Besides, I met Don after you married Caesar.

MANDY: Yes, you've made quite a career of collecting my leftovers and hand-me-downs. The bread crumbs....

NANCY: We singles can't be choosers.... Bread crumbs?

MANDY: My discards... Don ... Caesar, and who know, how many others....

NANCY: That's one point for you.... How many others were there? Well, it's not important now, is it? I must be off. You wouldn't want me to keep Caesar waiting at the office. I'm sure he's waiting for me. Sorry, I interrupted your smoke.

(NANCY exits. The man steps out from behind the curtain and gives MANDY a hard look.)

MANDY: What are you staring at? Have you never seen an adulteress before?

THE MAN: Oh, yes. I was married to one.

MANDY: You were married? What happened?

THE MAN: We all make mistakes. She got caught, in the worst way.

MANDY: Stop looking at me like that.

THE MAN: I wasn't looking at you. I was thinking about you.

MANDY: Well, don't. You don't need to bother your head thinking about me.

THE MAN: You don't love your husband.

MANDY: My personal life's none of your business.

THE MAN: But you're not happy with your life, are you?

MANDY: I'm not all that unhappy either. At least, the police aren't looking for me.

THE MAN: How can you tolerate living with a man you no longer love?

MANDY: A woman learns to tolerate many things. After all, I've tolerated you.

THE MAN: Me? That's only for one night.

MANDY: Life is like a night. A long night.

THE MAN: That's the most absurd philosophy I've ever heard. And where I live, I hear a

lot of outrageous things. Why don't you get a divorce? Why don't you run away?

MANDY: Like you ran away? Are you out of your mind? You should have your head examined.

THE MAN (*a sudden burst of anger*): There's nothing wrong with me! It's you that should have head examined. You are cheating on your husband. Your husband is cheating on you. Yes, I can see it all. You're not fooling me.

MANDY: That's more than enough. I want you to leave this instant. Or else, I'm going to start screaming. Now!

THE MAN (*holding the gun to her head*): Go ahead. Try. Scream! You make one little noise, I'll put your brains all over these walls. That'll put an end to all your deceptions.

MANDY: Oh, God! As if, I didn't have enough problems. I certainly didn't need you.

THE MAN (*lowering his gun*): Sorry I yelled at you. I'm getting hungry.

MANDY: You can go to hell.

THE MAN: I have a better idea. We'll go to the kitchen and fix something.

MANDY: I can't fix anything!

THE MAN: What do you mean?

MANDY: Can't cook. Period.

THE MAN: Come on, you can make soup.

MANDY: No, I can't. I wouldn't know where to begin.

THE MAN: It's easy.

MANDY: Then, you make it. Make some soup. I'll have some too.

(They go inside the kitchen. He finds a can of soup and a can opener. She watches him. He empties the soup in a saucepan and adds water. He turns on the stove.)

THE MAN: It'll take about eight minutes.

MANDY *(in total disbelief)*: Really? I had a dream once. I was in the kitchen, cooking for my lover and my husband walks in. I introduce them by saying, "Meet my husband, and this is my lover." In my dream, I couldn't remember my husband's name or my lover's name. I wonder what that means.

THE MAN: Probably neither of them is important enough to you.

MANDY: But they were both important to me.

(He shrugs, picks up two soup bowls and a couple of spoons and bring these to the coffee table. He studies an oil painting on the wall and shakes his head. There's a knock on the door. The man opens the bathroom door, and without turning on any lights, he steps behind the half-open door. MANDY comes out of the kitchen, looks around for the man, not seeing him, she walks to the front door and opens it. DON BROOM enters.)

MANDY: Don! At this time of the night? You ought to be more careful. Was there something you needed? Caesar may be home any minute.

DON: I missed you. Wanted to see you again. After all, you're alone, and I can always jump out from the bathroom window.

MANDY: I don't want you to drop in unannounced. It's not safe.

DON: There was a time when you couldn't be without me for a moment. *(Takes her in his arms. She offers no resistance. The bathroom door opens a crack and the man can see and hear the conversation between MANDY and DON.)*

MANDY: Times have changed. We can't continue like this. Not as long as I'm married to Caesar.

DON: We're going through with what we talked about.

MANDY: What are you going to do?

DON: It's going to be like the old times. We'll be together again. *(He whispers something in her ear. She steps back. He nods. She puts her hand over her lips.)*

MANDY *shakes her head.*) Yes. *(He lights a cigarette using the lighter from the coffee table and puts it in his pocket.)* That will be the perfect solution.

MANDY: Please, leave me now.

DON: If you wish.

MANDY: Yes, I want to be alone.

(DON shrugs and walks to the front door. He closes the door behind him. A train is approaching. It emits a sharp whistle that blends with a scream. THE MAN rushes out from the bathroom.)

THE MAN: My God, what have you done?

MANDY: What? What's the matter? Why did you scream?

THE MAN: The body. There's a dead body in the bathtub.

MANDY: What? Where?

THE MAN: Stop your playacting. I understand everything.

(The train is passing behind the house drowning the conversation between MANDY and THE MAN. As the train moves away, THE MAN takes MANDY by the hand and drags her towards the bathroom.)

MANDY: But is it that you want me to see?

THE MAN: See for yourself. *(He pushes her into the room and then turns on the light. She turns to him.)*

MANDY: What's here to see?

THE MAN: The body!

MANDY: What body? What are you talking about?

THE MAN: It was a man's body. I saw the face when the train went by. I saw it.

MANDY: You're remembering the murder you committed. You're hallucinating. You scared the hell out of me.

THE MAN *(not so sure of himself anymore)*: I saw it here.... There was a body of a man in the tub. I swear.

MANDY *(very calmly)*: So, there was a dead body, a minute ago, and then it got up and walked away, I suppose. Snap out of it! What's the matter with you?

THE MAN: Do you smell something?

MANDY: No. What? Now you can smell a dead body?

THE MAN: No! *(He rushes out of the bathroom and into the kitchen. He picks up the saucepan and puts it on the counter. MANDY enters the kitchen.)*

MANDY: Did the body move to the kitchen?

THE MAN: No. I thought I burned the soup. But it's okay. Are you ready to eat something?

MANDY: Sure. Is it edible?

THE MAN: Of course. It came out of a can, went into the saucepan. Why would it not be edible?

MANDY: You haven't tried my cooking. *(She stirs the soup with a ladle as she brings it to the living room.)* It smells good.

THE MAN: Told you, there's nothing to it.

(She serves the soup. They eat in silence. Then both speak simultaneously.)

MANDY: It's good.

THE MAN: I saw a body.

MANDY: You say that one more time, I'm going to make you sleep in the bathtub.

THE MAN: How can you joke about a thing like that?

MANDY: You're making me lose my appetite with your gruesome talk about a body in the bathtub. Boy, you've got some imagination.

(Without realizing it, THE MAN makes a sipping noise as he eats his soup. MANDY puts down her spoon and looks at him. He continues to eat. THE MAN clears her throat. He stops eating.)

MANDY: Does the whole neighborhood have to know that we're having soup? Can't you be a little discrete?

THE MAN: I'm sorry. Was I making a sucking noise?

MANDY: Noise? More like a roar.

THE MAN: I'm sorry. *(They resume eating. The music changes on the radio from a sleepy Jazz tune to *The Blue Danube*.)*

MANDY: Do you know how to play cards?

THE MAN: I know Gin and Black Jack.

MANDY: I'll get the cards. *(She gets up and goes to the kitchen. He leans forward to keep an eye on her. She turns back to look at him.)* Don't worry, I won't use the phone in there to call the cops.