

# 1

(Irritated, CORBAN starts to the bar and pours himself a drink. HE lights a cigarette nervously. SOUND of a car pulling up outside. CORBAN rushes to the door, opens it, anticipating the arrival of INSPECTOR LEVINE)

CharactersCorban  
levine

Inspector Levine ... CORBAN (Continued)

(LEVINE bursts in, carrying a small paper bag)

LEVINE

(X to coffee table)

I almost got killed -- can you imagine? She almost killed me. Nuts, maniacs, all of these New Yorkers. They're in such a hurry to start relaxing.

CORBAN

(Offering his drink)

You need this.

LEVINE

(Ignores the drink)

That nutty dame passed me on a curve ... going sixty! A mountain curve, mind you! I would've turned on my siren and chased her ... but I don't have a siren. Hello, Corban.

(Coat on sofa. Sees the sign in the Moose)

You two expecting someone?

CORBAN

(Xs to USC of coffee table)

You tell me. Have you brought me news?

LEVINE

I brought you a sandwich.

CORBAN

I don't need a sandwich. I need a wife.

(Xs SR of wicker chair)

LEVINE

(Peeking into bag)

Well ... a wife I haven't got ... a sandwich I do.

(Hands bag to CORBAN)

Here ... You must be hungry.

CORBAN

I am, Inspector ... for news about my wife. For three days you've been sitting on your hands.

LEVINE

(X to Bar for glass)

Corban, I got more important things on my hands than sitting. A cop in the country has a thousand problems. If you wanted personal attention, lose your wife in the city.

(Pours coffee in glass)

CORBAN

I'll remember that next time, Inspector. But right now, would you mind telling me what you've done?

LEVINE

Routine. I reported her missing and now we're looking. Every trooper in the East is watching for a yellow Marlin Rambler -- Michigan PPL 1412.

CORBAN

And that's all?

LEVINE

Well ... if she robs a bank, we'll put her picture in every post office.

(X to R of coffee table)

CORBAN

(Xs USR of coffee table)  
(Ignores the remark)

What a police force! You can't find a beautiful girl in a yellow Marlin couldn't get past Mr. Magoo!

LEVINE

(Quietly fed up)

Look, Corban ... if it's insults I'm looking for, I could call my wife.

CORBAN

Inspector, I'm upset. Forgive me.

LEVINE

You try to be a nice guy ... you bring a sandwich to a lonely man ... you hope he'll ask you to sit down and rest for awhile --

CORBAN

Sorry, Inspector, please sit down.

LEVINE

Who's got time? I gotta get over to the Carlton Lake. Big robbery. Lady lost a bracelet worth forty grand. The bloodhounds gotta be organized.

CORBAN

She's probably insured.

LEVINE

That's the point. You are talking to Levine, friend of the friendless insurance company. I'm an unsung public hero. The more hanky-panky I catch, the less insurance you pay.

CORBAN

(Xs DL of sofa)

Too bad they don't sell "Missing Wife" insurance. Then maybe you'd look for Elizabeth instead of that bracelet.

LEVINE

(Hands him a sandwich)

Here, eat. This comes from Sidney's Sandwich Shoppe -- the best.

CORBAN

(Ignores the offering)

Inspector, in case I haven't mentioned it lately ...

LEVINE

(Munching)

Your wife?

CORBAN

Yes.

LEVINE

Face it, she's gone.

(Talks to sandwich)

Sidney, you're a genius. This sandwich belongs in Tiffany's window.

CORBAN

(Impatiently)

Inspector ...

(Sits on bench SR of breakfast table)

LEVINE

So she's gone, Corban. So what? My wife's gone too.

CORBAN

What?

LEVINE

Of course. It's Labor Day weekend. And if you lived in the heart of the Catskills, two miles from Carlton Lake -- if you lived in the nicest mountains this side of Switzerland, where would your wife go for Labor Day weekend?

CORBAN

Inspector --

LEVINE

... to the seashore, of course. She's in Rockaway with her sister. For this I left the City force -- so my wife could go back to hot steaming Rockaway for a Labor Day weekend!

CORBAN

At least you know where she is. My wife has disappeared.

LEVINE

Corban, ... I have bad news for you. In 96 per cent of these cases, they come back.

CORBAN

Just what I need -- another Keystone cop!

LEVINE

(Annoyed)

What do you want me to do? Infidelity may be immoral, but it's not illegal. My men don't go looking for unfaithful wives --

(An afterthought)

-- not while they're on duty.

CORBAN

My wife is not unfaithful!

(Xs to LEVINE)

LEVINE

(Not convinced)

Oh?

CORBAN

We had a quarrel. It was late at night. We'd both had a few drinks. I don't think either of us knew what we were saying ...

(Xs USR of coffee table)

LEVINE

What were you saying?

CORBAN

(Innocently)

I wasn't saying anything. Scouts honor! I was just lying on the couch listening to a Stravinsky. I happen to like Stravinsky. In fact, I was playing the record for the third time. Suddenly, Liza leaped from the chair, called me a musical snob, ran over to the stereo and broke my Stravinsky records.

LEVINE

So what did you do?

CORBAN

(Xs DSR)

Well, you know how these things go.

LEVINE

Corban, did you hit her?

CORBAN

No, I swear to you.

LEVINE

What did you do?

CORBAN

(Sheepishly)

Well ... I broke her Sinatra record. Then Liz got terribly angry, stormed out of here, and drove down the hill in my Rambler.

(Xs USR to coat rack)

LEVINE

You shouldn't have given her the kevs.