

and uses a different voice and a tougher body. JANE is the typical moll of the thirties and talks with a Bronx accent. She chews gum. They come to between the settee and the desk.)

GREGORY. Good. They took a powder.

JANE. How much time we got?

GREGORY. I can signal now.

JANE. You're a genius, Gregory.

GREGORY. (Takes a stance.) I am da Boss.

JANE. Was it tough rubbin' out Summers?

GREGORY. Naw. Just like stickin' a knife in a wedge of Camembert cheese.

JANE. You gonna give it to the others?

GREGORY. If they get in the way, we'll sink them in the ocean in cement galoshes.

JANE. Let's do it anyway, just for practice.

GREGORY. Get the ice first and we'll have fun afterwards.

JANE. Five hundred clams in uncut diamonds, emeralds, and rubies sitting out there in a dinghy.

GREGORY. The biggest heist in history. And they said the crown jools couldn't be stolen. (Moves D. C., his hands in his pockets.) They reckoned without "Da Boss."

JANE. (Down to him.) But you blew it.

GREGORY. (Twists her arm behind her.) What do you mean by that?

JANE. Oww, you're hurtin' me.

GREGORY. You only hurt the one you love.

JANE. (Slowly turns in to him.) You're aces with me. (They kiss, a staged "thirties" kiss.)

GREGORY. How'd I blow it?

JANE. Them writin' people comin' here. You didn't figure that.

GREGORY. No sweat. (Lets go of her.) Summers came first and got the Camembert cheese treatment. Now, I'll signal from the tower, the boat comes in and delivers the diamonds. The 'copter is due at midnight

and then we'll be off, Hon. (Clutching her shoulders.) Anywheres you like. Rio, Capri, Detroit.

JANE. This is it. One big heist and then easy street.

GREGORY. Thirty minutes and they'll be in my mitts. The jools.

JANE. I love the way you say that word. Jools!

GREGORY. Hang loose, Hon. (Crosses to arch.) And remember, you're mine. All mine. (Exits.)

JANE. (Moves to R. of settee.) The jools. That dumb cluck. Little does he know once he gets them, it's curtains for The Boss. That's right. Curtains! (Flings back the U. drape with a violent gesture and RODNEY is there looking as tough and as much like Jack Club as possible.)

RODNEY. Hi ya, Baby. (Moves toward D. C.)

JANE. Who are you?

RODNEY. (Takes dime from his pocket and flips it in the air a la George Raft.) They call me Jack Club! (Fails to catch the dime and it falls to the floor.) Damn. (Reaches down and picks it up. JANE comes down to him.)

JANE. Jack Club, the Private Eye?

RODNEY. You tagged it, Baby.

JANE. There ain't a hood in the underworld whose chin you ain't scarred and not a hood's dame whose lips you ain't blistered.

RODNEY. So they tell me. (Puts the dime away and takes out a small pocket nail file and cleans his nails.)

JANE. How'd you get here?

RODNEY. Swam.

JANE. You're tough, Jack Club. All tough.

RODNEY. So they tell me. Now let's level. The jools is gettin' here in thirty minutes.

JANE. (Shocked.) You heard?

RODNEY. (Puts nail file away and moves R.) I clean my ears with the barrel of my .22.

JANE. What're you gonna do?

RODNEY. Them jools go back to the Queen of Ilanya and you, Baby—

JANE. Yes.

RODNEY. You go off with me. (*Swaggers up to her.*) You're about to get blistered, Baby. I hope you got Unguentine in your lipstick. (*Grabs her and kisses her violently. She pulls away and slaps his face.*)

JANE. What the hell do you think you're doing?

RODNEY. Kissing you, Baby. Kissing you hard.

JANE. (*Pushes him back.*) Well, just lay off.

RODNEY. You didn't like it?

JANE. You're a dirty old man.

RODNEY. Come on, Baby—

JANE. I'd just as soon kiss a dried sponge.

RODNEY. (*Dropping from character a moment.*)

That's not what you're supposed to say. This whole thing is going wrong.

(*GREGORY enters through arch and, unseen by RODNEY, crosses to above bench.*)

JANE. The Boss and I get the jools and you get a shiv in the back same as Jason Summers. (*Sees GREGORY and now tries to maneuver RODNEY into position where GREGORY can hit him.*)

RODNEY. So you lured him to his death, eh? (*JANE moves D. so RODNEY has to come to her. GREGORY comes to behind him with the butt of his gun ready to hit RODNEY over the head.*) I can see it now. He steps towards you. He puckers up. Then Gregory knives him.

JANE. Smart, ain't ya? I can't resist ya.

RODNEY. Too smart to fall for that line, Baby. (*Moves away D. L. to JANE just as GREGORY brings the revolver down, missing him.*)

JANE. (*D. to RODNEY, turns him. GREGORY to behind him.*) You wouldn't give me a kiss even if I begged you?

RODNEY. Not utter that bit about the dried sponge.

JANE. (*Seductively, puts her arms around his neck.*) I was only foolin'. Come on, I like antiques.

RODNEY. Since you can't resist, maybe one little

smacker just so you'll have something to remember in stir. (*As he is about to kiss her, GREGORY strikes him on the head. RODNEY yells and moves D. C., hopping from one foot to the other, his hand on his head.*) Oww! That hurts!

GREGORY. It's supposed to.

RODNEY. (*Continues hopping.*) I mean, it really hurts! Oww! Oww!

JANE. Why doesn't he fall down?

GREGORY. He's got a head like a pair of cement galoshes.

RODNEY. (*Below the desk.*) I had no idea it would hurt this much. I always have my heroes hit on the head and they shake it off and go into a fistfight. You know, this really hurts.

Jess. (*Comes downstairs and through arch.*) What is going on down here? Who is yelling like that?

GREGORY. (*Assuming his original character.*) An intruder, Mrs. Olive. I'm afraid I had to resort to violence.

RODNEY. Ow! Ow! Ow!

Jess. Who are you? (*Moves to him.*)

RODNEY. (*Turns to her.*) Jessica, please.

Jess. (*Leans back on desk.*) My God, it's Jack Club. Thank goodness I have Unguentine in my lipstick.

RODNEY. He's the murderer. There. Gregory. And she's his accomplice and my head hurts.

Jess. The servants? No, Mr. Club, the servants never do it any more. That's passé.

RODNEY. (*Getting himself under control.*) OK, see for yourself. I'll prove it to you. Get over there. (*Pushes her D. R.*) This is it, Jane. The showdown. (*Moves in c.*) You take him and the jools or me, Jack Club, without the jools. No woman can resist me. I'm tough. All tough.

GREGORY. (*To the L. of JANE. He hitches up his pants à la James Cagney.*) OK, Baby, what do ya say?

RODNEY. (*Similar gesture.*) She has no choice, Buddy.