

JON. What are you talking about?

KATE. I have to go now.

JON. Why are you leaving? I thought you could help us with dinner.

KATE. Yeah well. I have to go pick up a few things.
(Laughs.)

JON. Would you please sit down. (JON forces KATE down as JANSEN re-enters.)

JANSEN. Nothing there.

JON. What do you mean, "nothing there?" Nothing's there?

JANSEN. No women's clothes and no women.

JON. What about a Leslie? Did you find a Leslie up there?

JANSEN. No. There's nothing up there.

JON. Then where the hell . . .

JANSEN. I gotta go. Nice meeting you, Mrs. Trachtman. You're my kind of woman. Drunk. Thanks for the brew.
(JANSEN exits out the front door. KATE pops up.)

KATE. Jon, I have to talk to you.

JON. Kate, don't start with that camera stuff again. I want to see where Leslie went. (JON rushes upstairs. KATE calls after him.)

KATE. But Jon, I . . . Oh! (The DOORBELL rings.)

FLOYD. What a busy place.

KATE. Mrs. Trachtman's asleep again. Would you mind getting that cheese, Mr. Spinner? (FLOYD crosses towards the kitchen. The DOORBELL rings. JON rushes back downstairs.)

FLOYD. Shall I get that?

KATE. No! Go get the cheese. Get the cheese!

(KATE pushes FLOYD off into the kitchen. KATE and JON exchange a look, then open the door. In stumbles LESLIE; wigless, scratched up and wearing a ripped dress. He can barely stand and wears one shoe. JON and KATE help support his sagging legs. He is out of breath.)

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JON. Where the hell have you been? Where's your wig?
Are you trying to blow the whole thing?

KATE. I've been trying to tell you. He went out on the
ledge when Jansen came in and he slipped off. I thought he
was dead.

JON. Great. Now what are we supposed to do about your
hair?

KATE. He just missed killing himself and all you care
about is how his hair looks?

JON. If we get caught, we might as well be dead.

KATE. How can you be so heartless. Leslie, what broke
your fall?

LESLIE. You haven't lived until you've skydived into
Mrs. Gill, sunbathing on her terrace.

JON. You fell onto Mrs. Gill? I'm surprised you didn't
bounce back up to the ledge.

KATE. You poor thing. Are you all right?

LESLIE. Yeah. The fall didn't bother me. But it's the first
time I ever saw Mrs. Gill without her stretch pants on.

JON. What happened to your wig?

LESLIE. The last time I saw it, it was halfway down the
throat of her German shepherd.

JON. What happened to your dress?

LESLIE. I tried to get the wig back.

KATE. Oh you poor thing.

JON. Wait a minute. Where's Spinner?

KATE. He's in the kitchen.

JON. Leslie, I still have a couple of Kate's things here.
Maybe I can doctor you up. Kate, you distract him and
we'll go get dressed.

KATE. How am I supposed to do that?

JON. The same way you distract me. You're a woman.
He's a man. There's enough difference right there for some
sort of distraction.

KATE. I can't do that.

JON. Yes you can. Leslie, don't you find Kate
distracting?

LESLIE. Wgha . . . wflagh . . .

JON. Oh great. The fall must've knocked his sinuses loose. Come on, let's go get dressed.

(JON and LESLIE run off into the bedroom. KATE turns around in time to see FLOYD enter with the cheese.)

FLOYD. Here it is. (FLOYD crosses towards the coffee table, but is stopped by KATE.)

KATE. Mr. Spinner, I want to tell you how much I admire men that work for the Internal Revenue Service.

FLOYD. You do?

KATE. Oh yes. It's such a macho position. Out on the streets, risking your life every day. I didn't have the chance to tell you before.

FLOYD. If you'd like, I could have your return audited and you could tell me again.

KATE. Would you? You're my kind of man, Floyd.

FLOYD. Thank you. You're not bad yourself. I know how you younger girls are, these days. More open to having affairs with whoever you want to, whenever you want to, wherever you want to. And with all due respect to Mr. Trachtman . . . I'm all for it, baby! (He begins chasing her around the room, unbuttoning his shirt.)

KATE. Mr. Spinner! Is this any way for an I.R.S. man to act?

FLOYD. Oh yes. In the old days, a lot of people got out of paying taxes this way.

KATE. Mr. Spinner!

FLOYD. Don't fight it. It's kismet. It's kismet. Kiss me Kate . . .

KATE. No! What about Mrs. Trachtman?

FLOYD. I don't want to kiss her.

KATE. She's right there on the couch!

FLOYD. She's asleep. And evidently, Jon and Leslie have left us all alone.