

SIDE#8 pgs. 98 - 99 - KEN, CLAIRE, GLENN, WELCH,  
DESCRIPTION OF SCENE: Officer Welch questions everyone.  
WHAT DIRECTOR IS LOOKING FOR: Welch needs to be strong, straight forward. All others need to be evasive. They are as transparent as a kid caught with their fingers in the cookie jar.

START SIDE 8

→ WELCH. May I have your name, sir?  
GLENN. My name?  
WELCH. Yes, sir.  
GLENN. You mean, my name?  
WELCH. Yes, sir ... Is there a problem with giving me your name?  
GLENN. I'm sorry. I just can't see you very well.  
WELCH. You don't have to see to talk, sir. The drops didn't go in your mouth, did they?  
KEN. Officer, I feel you're being unnecessarily abusive to these people. If you're going to ask any more questions, you'll have to tell us what this is all about.  
WELCH. Yes, sir. I will ... Can you please tell me who owns the BMW outside?  
CLAIRE. It's my husband's car.  
WELCH. And what is his name, please?  
KEN. You don't have to answer that, Claire.  
CLAIRE. His name is Len. Leonard Ganz.  
WELCH. And where is Mr. Ganz now?  
KEN. *(Like in court.)* I object.  
WELCH. *(Annoyed.)* I ain't a judge! This ain't a court! I don't have a gavel! I just want to know where the man is.  
KEN. You still haven't told us what this is about, so we're still not telling you where Mr. Ganz is.  
WELCH. I don't know why I always have trouble in this neighborhood ... Okay ... *(Consulting his notebook.)* At approximately eight-fifteen tonight, an auto accident occurred on Twelfth and Danbury. A brand new red 1990 Porsche convertible with New York license plates, smashed into the side of a brand new BMW four-door sedan. Now,

we know it wasn't the BMW's fault because the Porsche was a stolen car. Stolen at eight-fifteen tonight right off the dealer's lot. The man and the Porsche got away. Now do you know who that brand new Porsche belonged to?

CLAIRE. How would I know?

WELCH. It belonged to Deputy Mayor Charles M. Brock. Purchased today as a gift from his wife, Myra. A surprise wedding anniversary present.

CLAIRE. Surprise hardly says it.

KEN. Aha! So, you're here to investigate the car accident?

WELCH. That's right. Now if Mr. Ganz is here, I'd like to speak to him. And if he's not here, the police department would like to know where he is.

KEN. I see ... Do you think you could wait outside for one moment, officer?

WELCH. Why?

KEN. Mrs. Ganz is my client. I would like to consult with her before any further questioning. It's within my rights.

WELCH. ... One minute. That's all you get.

(WELCH motions to PUDNEY and THEY BOTH go out the front door.)

END SIDE 8

KEN. All right; we don't have much time. One of us has to be Lenny.

ERNIE. What are you talking about?

KEN. The man doesn't even know about the gunshots. He just wants to ask Lenny about the accident. But Lenny can't be Lenny because we need Lenny to be Charley in case he wants to ask Charley about the new car, and we