

ANNABEL

Yes?

HARRY

Would you...I mean, I thought...oh, I don't s'pose you would but would you...

ANNABEL

What?

HARRY

Well, I mean, what I'm trying to say is...would you consider...

ANNABEL

(The door slams.

MUSIC CUE 18: "Rita's Underscore and Nice Reprise".)

(RITA enters, dressed as a maid, wearing HER glasses. SHE holds a gun. HARRY and ANNABEL put THEIR hands up.)

RITA

All right. Nobody move. And nobody say one word about these glasses. (A beat) I look awful in them, don't I? (HARRY and ANNABEL are about to respond.) Shut up! Now where is it?

HARRY

Where is what?

RITA

The money. The diamonds.

HARRY

I don't know what you're talking about!

RITA

That money that you inherited, Mr. Witherspoon. That six million dollars. It's mine.

HARRY

Yours?!

RITA

Mine. And my husband's. I want it back.

But my Uncle left me that money. And anyway, I...I don't get my inheritance until the end of the week.

RITA

Don't give me that!

HARRY

It's in a bank or somewhere. My Uncle's lawyers gave me pocket money!

RITA

Pocket money my ass. Where is that heart-shaped box?

ANNABEL

It's...it's in Atlantic City.

RITA(POINTING GUN AT ANNABEL'S HEAD)

Look, don't screw around with me! I'm not kidding! Now, where is it?

ANNABEL

Don't give it to her, Harry !

HARRY (reaching under the bed)

Here! Here's the box. Take it. Now, be calm, all right? I mean, don't shoot or anything.

(HE hands RITA the box.)

HARRY

You...you can go now. You've got the money, all right?

RITA

Yeah. Yeah, I've got the money, all right. But what about my Tony?
You've still got him.

HARRY

You're welcome to him, too.

(RITA moves slowly toward the CORPSE. SHE can only see HIM from behind.)

I loved this man. I loved him with all my heart and soul. (A beat) Why are you dragging him around, dead?

HARRY

It was all his idea. He wanted one last vacation. He said he'd never really had a chance to live!

RITA(Hurt, upset, furious!)

He never lived? What do you mean he never lived? What about me? Oh, Tony, wasn't that living!?

(SHE swings HIM around in the chair, looks at HIM...and stops. A pause.)

RITA

Something funny's going on.

HARRY

Pardon?

RITA

What are you trying to pull?

HARRY

I don't know what you mean.

RITA

This...is not Tony Hendon!

HARRY

Of course it is!

RITA

I'm wearing my glasses now. I can see. And this isn't him!

ANNABEL

Have you had your prescription checked recently?

RITA

All right. I'll give you ten seconds to tell me what you've done with him!

HARRY (Panicking)

I've taken him snorkeling, skydiving, out for several very nice meals...