Synopsis from *Concord Theatricals Website*

“At a large, tastefully-appointed Sneden's Landing townhouse, the Deputy Mayor of New York has just shot himself. Though it's only a flesh wound, Charlie Brock's self-inflicted injury sets off a series of events causing four couples to experience a severe attack of farce.

As their tenth wedding anniversary party commences, Charlie lies bleeding in another room, and his wife Myra is nowhere in sight. The first guests, lawyer Ken Gorman and his wife Chris, scramble to get “the story” straight before the other guests arrive. As the confusions and miscommunications mount, the evening spins off into classic farcical hilarity.”

Setting: Sneden’s Landing, New York, 1980s

120 minutes

**Character Synopsis**

**Chris Gorman** – (Female) Ken’s elegantand high-strung wife. Chris is a lawyer, who has a hard time dealing with stressful situations. (Lead)

**Ken Gorman** – (Male) Chris’s husband, an attorney, who uses the law to help him maneuver through difficult situations. Ken loses his hearing for a part of the playafter Charlie’s gun is discharged. (Lead)

**Claire Ganz** – (Female) Lenny’s attractive wife. She is more sarcastic than Chris, with whom she shares gossip and rumors. Claire is a woman used to being in control; however, shegradually falls apart though the show(Lead)

**Lenny Ganz** – (Male) Claire’s irascible and sarcastic husband. The second couple to arrive at the party, Lenny and Claire have just been in a car accident in Lenny’s new BMW. He has hurt his neck and broken their expensive gift. He is constantly jumping to conclusions. Lenny has a two page monologue at the end of the play. (Lead)

**Cookie Cusak** – (Female) Ernie’s wife and the host of a popular cooking show. She endures back spasms through much of the show. This role requires a lot of physical comedy. The actor must be able to play Cookie’s ongoing back issues. (Supporting)

**Ernie Cusak** – (Male) Cookie’s adoring husband and a psychiatrist. At times, he feels under appreciated by the rest of the group. Ernie will support Cookie though her back spasms throughout the show. (Supporting)

**Cassie Cooper** – (Female) Glenn’s insecure and jealous trophy wife. Cassie uses crystals to gain clarity (Supporting)

**Glenn Cooper** – (Male) Cassie’s ambitious husband, a politician preparing to run for the **state** senate. (Supporting)

**Officer Pudney** – (Female) An Act II role only. A rookie cop with only one line; however, this officer’s silence can be hysterical, too. (Cameo)

**Officer Welch** – (Male) An Act II role only. Avigorous, straight-talking, veteran police officer. (Cam

*Audition Sheet*

*Rumors* by Neil Simon

Thank you for your interest in this production.

Actor Information:

Name \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Cell #: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Alternate Phone #\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Preferred E-mail Address: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Please briefly list any past theater experience you have had (or attach a résumé):

What special skills or talents do you have?

What do you think is your biggest strength as an actor?

What do you think is your biggest weakness as an actor?

* Have you read *Rumors*? Yes No
* Are you comfortable with PG-13 content? Yes No
* Is there a role you’d prefer to play? Yes No

If yes, which? \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

* Is there a role that you would not accept? Yes No

If yes, which? \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Conflicts: Please list any weekly conflicts that you have between the hours of 4:00PM to 8:30PM (weekdays) and 10AM to 6PM (weekends) September 1 – October 26.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday | Sunday |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

Please list any one-time conflicts you may have between Sept. 1 and Oct. 27.

Would you be interested in any of the following areas:

Stage management Yes No Sound Design Yes No

Lighting Team Yes No Costuming Yes No

Set Design Yes No Props Yes No

**CHRIS, KEN**

This is the opening scene of the show and introduces the inciting action. Charley, the deputy Mayor of NYC, has shot himself just as guests begin to arrive for an anniversary party. Chris and Ken are desperate to protect Charley from potential scandal.

This is a fast-paced scene and sets the tone for the show. Chris and Ken are panicked, but hilariously so.

*AT RISE: It is about eight-thirty at night on a pleasant evening in May.*

*CHRIS GORMAN, an attractive woman, mid-thirties, paces anxiously back and forth, looking at her watch, biting her nails. She is elegantly dressed in a designer gown. She looks at the phone, then at her watch again. She seems to make a decision and crossed to the cigarette box on the coffee table. She takes out a cigarette, then puts it back.*

**CHRIS.** Oh, my God!

(*Suddenly, Charley’s bedroom door opens on the second landing and KEN GORMAN, about forty, dressed smartly in a tuxedo but looking flushed and excited, comes out to the rail. THEY BOTH speak rapidly*.)

**KEN.** Did he call yet?

**CHRIS**. Wouldn’t I have yelled up?

**KEN**. Call him again.

**CHRIS**. I called him twice. They’re looking for him…How is he?

**KEN.** I’m not sure. He’s bleeding like crazy.

**CHRIS**. Oh, my God!

**KEN.** It’s all over the room. I don’t know why people decorate in white … If he doesn’t call in two minutes, call the hospital.

**CHRIS**. I’m going to have to have a cigarette, Ken.

**KEN.** After eighteen months, the hell you are. Hold onto yourself, will you?

(*He rushes back in, closes the door behind him. She returns to pacing*).

**CHRIS**. I can’t believe this is happening (*She crosses to the cigarette box. The PHONE rings*) Oh, God! (*She calls out.)* Ken, the phone is ringing. (*But he’s gone. She crosses to phone and picks it up*) Hello? Dr. Dudley? . . . Oh, Dr. Dudley, I’m so glad it’s you. Your service said you were at the theatre.

(*Charley’s bedroom door opens. Ken looks out*).

*KEN*. Is that the doctor?

**CHRIS.** (*Into the phone)* I never would have bothered you, but this is an emergency.

**KEN.** Is that the doctor?

**CHRIS**. *(Turns, holds phone, yells at Ken*) It’s the doctor! It’s the doctor!

**KEN**. (*Angrily)* Why didn’t you say so? (He goes back in, closes the door).

**CHRIS**. (*Into the phone*) Dr. Dudley, I’m afraid there’s been an accident … I would have called my own doctor, but my husband is a lawyer and under the circumstances, he thought it better to have Charley’s own physician … Well, we just arrived here at Charley’s house abut ten minutes ago, and as we were getting out of our car, we suddenly heard this enormous –

(*KEN suddenly comes out of the bedroom*)

**KEN**. Don’t say anything!

**CHRIS**. (*To Ken*) What?

**KEN.** Don’t tell him what happened!

**CHRIS**. Don’t tell him?

**KEN.** Just do what I say.

**CHRIS**. What about Charley?

**KEN.** He’s all right. It’s just a powder burn. Don’t tell him about the gunshot.

**CHRIS**. But they got the doctor out of the theatre.

**KEN.** Tell him he tripped down the stairs and banged his head. He’s all right.

**CHRIS.** But what about the blood?

**KEN.** The bullet went through his ear lobe. It’s nothing. I don’t want him to know.

**CHRIS**. But I already said we were getting out of the car and we suddenly heard an enormous – what? What did we hear?

**KEN**. (*Coming downstairs*) We heard…

**CHRIS.** (*Into phone*) Just a minute, doctor.

**KEN.** (*Thinks, coming downstairs*) We heard … we heard … we heard … an enormous – thud!

**CHRIS**. Good. Good That’s good. (*Into phone*) Dr. Dudley? I’m sorry. I was talking to my husband. Well, we heard this enormous thud! It seemed Charley tripped going up the stairs.

**KEN.** Down! Down the stairs.

**CHRIS**. Down the stairs. But he’s all right.

**KEN**. He’s sitting up in bed. He’ll call him in the morning.

**CHRIS**. He’s sitting up in bed. He’ll call him in the morning.

**KEN**. You!

**CHRIS.** You! He’ll call you in the morning.

**KEN**. You’re very sorry you disturbed him.

**CHRIS.** I’m very sorry I disturbed you.

**KEN**. But he’s really fine.

**CHRIS**. But he’s really fine.

**KEN.** Thank you. Goodbye.

**CHRIS.** (*To Ken*) Where are you going?

**KEN**. Him! Him! Thank him and say goodbye.

**CHRIS**. Oh. (*Into phone*). Thank you and goodbye, Doctor … What? Just a minute. (*To Ken as he goes upstairs*). Any dizziness?

**KEN.** No. No dizziness.

**CHRIS**. (*Into phone*) No. No dizziness ..What (*To Ken*) Can he move his limbs?

KEN. (*Irritated*) Yes! He can move everything. Get off the phone.

**CHRIS**. (*Yells at Ken*) They got him out of Phantom of the Opera (*Into phone*). Yes, he can move everything … What? (*To Ken*). Any slurring of the speech?

**KEN**. NO! NO SLURRING OF THE SPEECH.

**CHRIS**. (*To Ken*) Don’t yell at me. He’ll hear it.

**Ken, Claire, Lenny**

Ken confesses the truth to Lenny and Claire. Lenny and Claire are snarky and over-the-top in their reactions.

**KEN.** Did anyone else get here yet?

**CLAIRE.** Not to speak of, no.

**LENNY.** Is anything wrong?

**KEN.** *(Coming downstairs)* Why? Does anything seem wrong to you?

**LENNY.** You mean aside from the fact there’s no food, no guests, no host, no hostess, and that you and Chris only appear one-at-a-time and never together. Yes, I’d say something was wrong.

**KEN.** Okay. *(He’s looking at the floor, thinking)* Okay, sit down, Len, Claire.

*(LENNY and CLAIRE sit. He sits in the chair opposite).*

**KEN.** All right, I can’t keep this quiet anymore … We’ve got a big problem on our hands. O

**LENNY .***(To Claire)* Aha! What did I just say, Claire?

**CLAIRE.** You just said, “Aha!” What is it, Ken? Tell us.

**KEN.** Charley… Charley, er … Charley’s been shot.

**CLAIRE.** WHAT??

**LENNY.** SHOT???

**CLAIRE.** Oh, my God!

**LENNY.** Jesus Christ!

**CLAIRE.** Don’t tell me this !

**LENNY.** I can’t catch my breath.

**CLAIRE.** Please don’t let it be true.

**LENNY.** *(Wailing) Charley, Charley, no! No, Charley, no!!!*

**KEN.**  Take it easy, he’s not dead. He’s all right.

**CLAIRE.** He’s not dead?

**LENNY.** He’s all right?

**KEN.** He’s alive. He’s okay.

**CLAIRE.** Where was he shot?

**KEN.** In the head.

**CLAIRE.** In the *head?* The *head?* Oh, my God, he was shot in the *head!!!*

**KEN.** It’s all right. It’s not bad. It’s a superficial wound.

**LENNY.**  Where did the bullet go?

**KEN.** Through his left ear lobe.

**CLAIRE.** The ear lobe? That’s not too bad. I have holes in my ear lobes, it doesn’t hurt.

**LENNY.** I saw this coming, I swear. The truth, Ken, did she do it?

**KEN.** Who?

**LENNY.**  Myra, for crise sakes. Who else would it be?

**KEN.** Why would Myra shoot Charley?

**CLAIRE.** You don’t know what’s going on?

**LENNY.** You haven’t heard?

**KEN.** No. What’s going on?

**CLAIRE.** Charley’s been having a hot affair with someone.

**LENNY.** It’s not hot. You don’t know if it’s hot. Nobody said it was hot. *(To Ken)*  It’s an affair. A plain affair.

**KEN.** *(To Lenny)* Who told you this?

**LENNY.** Nobody told me *that.* What I heard was that *Myra* was having a thing*.*

**KEN.** A thing with who?

**LENNY.** A man. A guy. A fellow. A kid. Who knows?

**CLAIRE.** Someone else told me it was *Charley* who was having the affair.

**KEN.** What someone else?

**LENNY.** Some bitch at the club named Carole Newman.

**CLAIRE.** She is *not* a bitch. And she only told me what Harold Green told her.

**KEN.** Who’s Harold Green?

**LENNY** *(Quickly)* Some goddamn proxy new social member who doesn’t even play tennis. Comes to the club to eat lunches and spread rumors.

**CLAIRE.** Well, it seems to me Charley’s the one who’s having the affair if Myra was hysterical enough to shoot him.

**KEN.** Listen to me, will you, please? Myra didn’t shoot him. *Charley* fired the gun. He tried to kill himself. It was attempted suicide.

**CLAIRE.** *SUICIDE???*

**LENNY.** JesusChrist!

**CLAIRE.** Oh, my God!

**CHRIS, CLAIRE, LENNY, ERNIE, COOKIE**

While Cookie has a major back spasm, Chris, Lenny, and Claire try to make up a story for Ernie, who has noticed something’s wrong at the anniversary party.

**COOKIE.** Where’s Ken?

**CLAIRE.**  Ken? Ken’s with Charley.

**COOKIE.** And Myra?

**CLAIRE.** Myra’s with Ken … They’re waiting for Myra to get dressed.

**COOKIE.** *(Grabbing the back of a chair and screaming)* Oooooh! Ooooh! Oooooh!

**CLAIRE.** What is it?

**COOKIE.** A spasm. It’s gone. It’s all right. It just shoots up my back and goes.

**ERNIE.** You all right, poops?

**COOKIE.** I’m fine, puppy.

**LENNY.** Listen, maybe we should all sit outside. It’s such a beautiful evening.

**ERNIE.** *(Smiles)* Okay. Okay, you kids, what’s going on here?

**CLAIRE.** What do you mean?

**ERNIE.** You think I don’t notice everyone’s acting funny? Three people want to get me drinks. Chris wants me to hear this funny story. Lenny wants to get us all outside. Everyone creating a diversion. Why? I don’t know. Am I right?

**CHRIS.** No wonder you’re such a high-priced doctor. OK … Someone’s going to have to tell them.

**LENNY.** Tell them what?

**CHRIS.** About the surprise.

**LENNY.** What surprise?

**CHRIS.** The surprise about the party.

**COOKIE.** What surprise about the party?

**CHRIS.** Well, I think it’s the cutest thing, isn’t it, Claire?

**CLAIRE.** Oh, God, yes.

**CHRIS.** Tell them about it.

**CLAIRE.** No, you tell it better than I do.

**COOKIE.** I’m sorry. I think I’m going to have to sit down.

**CHRIS.** I’ll help you.

**LENNY.** I’ll do it.

**CLAIRE.** I’ve got her.

*(They all help to awkwardly lift Cookie to the sofa, while she winces, wails, and screams)*

**COOKIE.** The cushion. I need the cushion.

**LENNY.** Here it is. *(He puts the cushion behind her back)*

**ERNIE.** You all right, chicken?

**COOKIE.** I’m fine, Pops … So what’s the big surprise about?

**CHRIS.** Well…Charley and Myra decided … because they were going to have their closet friends over to celebrate their tenth anniversary … they weren’t going to have any … servants.

**COOKIE** *(Nods)* Uh huh.

**CHRIS.**  No Mai Li, no anybody.

**COOKIE** *(Nods)* Uh huh.

**CHRIS.** Isn’t that terrific. No help. Just us.

**COOKIE.** Why is that terrific?

**CHRIS.** Because!! We’re all going to pitch in. Like in the old days. Before money. Before success. Like when we were all just starting out. Those were the best ties in our lives, don’t you think?

**COOKIE.** No, I hated those times. I love success.

**CHRIS.** But don’t you find these are greedier times. Lazier, more selfish. Nobody wants to work anymore.

**COOKIE.** I work fourteen hours a day. I cook thirty-seven meals a week. I cook on my television how. I cook for my family. I cook for my neighbors. I cook for my dogs. I was looking forward to a relaxed evening. *(She reconsiders)*  But I don’t want to spoil the fun. What do we have to do?

**CLAIRE.** We have to cook.

**COOKIE.** You mean all of us cooking in the kitchen together?

**CHRIS.** Everyone except Charley and Myra. Claire and I told them to stay up there and relax. We’ll all them when we’re ready.

**COOKIE.** What are we going to make?

**CLAIRE.** It’s all laid out. Roast ham, smoked turkey, duck and pasta?

**ERNIE.** Roast ham? Duck? … That’s too much cholesterol for me.

**LENNY.** Ernie, we didn’t come here to live longer. Just to have a good time.

**COOKIE.** I just don’t understand why we’re all wearing our best clothes to cook a dinner.

**CLAIRE.** That’s not your best clothes. It’s a fifty year old Polish dress.

**COOKIE.** A sixty year old Russian dress.

**ERNIE.** The dress is hardly an issue worth arguing about.

**COOKIE.**  I didn’t say we wouldn’t cook it.

**ERNIE.** She didn’t say we wouldn’t cook it. Why is everyone getting so worked up about this?

**CLAIRE.** All right, Ernie, let’s not turn this into group therapy, please.

**ERNIE.** This is nothing like group therapy, Claire. You, of all people, should know that.

I don’t want

**Cassie, Glenn**

Cassie and Glenn are in the middle of an argument over a suspected affair. Cassie is accusatory, and Glenn is a slick politician.

**CASSIE**.I don’t know what the hell you want from me, Glenn. I really don’t.

**GLENN.** I don’t want *anything* from you. I mean I would like it to be the way we were before we got to be the way we are.

**CASSIE.** God, you suffocate me sometimes … I want to go home.

**GLENN.** Go home? We just got here? We haven’t even seen anyone yet.

**CASSIE.** I don’t know how I’m going to get though this night. They all know what’d going on They’re your friends. Jesus, and you expect me to behave like nothing’s happening.

**GLENN.** Nothing is happening. What are you talking about?

**CASSIE.** Don’t you fucking lie to me. The whole goddam city knows about you and that cheap little chippy bimbo.

**GLENN.** Will you keep it down? Nothing is going on. You’re blowing this up out of all proportions. I hardly know the woman. She’s on the Democratic Fund Raising Committee. I met her and her husband at two cocktail parties, for God sakes.

**CASSIE.** Two cocktail parties, heh?

**GLENN.** Yes! Two cocktail parties.

**CASSIE.** You think I’m stupid?

**GLENN.** No.

**CASSIE.** You think I’m blind?

**GLENN.** No.

**CASSIE.** You think I don’t know what’s been going on?

**GLENN.** Yes, because you don’t.

**CASSIE.** I’m going to tell you something, Glenn. Are you listening?

**GLENN.** Don’t you see my ears perking up?

**CASSIE.** I’ve known about you and Carole Newman for a year now.

**GLENN.** Amazing, since I only met her four months ago. Now I’m asking you to please lower your voice. That butler must be listening to everything.

**CASSIE.** You think I care about a butler and a bleeding cook? My friends know about your bimbo, what do I care about domestic help?

**GLENN.** I don’t know what’s gotten into you, Cassie. Do my political ambitions bother you? Are you threatened somehow because I’m running for the Senate?

**CASSIE.** *State* Senate! *State* Senate! Don’t make it sound like we’re going to Washington. We’re going to Albany. Twenty-three degrees below zero in the middle of winter Albany. You’re not *Time’s* Man of the Year yet, you understand, honey?

**GLENN.** *(Turning away)*  Oh, boy, oh, boy, oh boy!

**CASSIE.** What was that?

**GLENN.** *(Deliberately)* Oh-boy, oh-boy, oh-boy!

**CASSIE.** Oh, like I’m behaving badly, right? I’m the shrew witch wife who’s giving you such a hard time. I’ll tell you something, Mr. *State* Senator, I’m not the only one who knows what’s going on. People are talking, kiddo. Trust me.

**GLENN.** What do you mean? You haven’t said anything to anyone, have you?

**CASSIE.** Oh, is that what you’re worried about? Your reputation? Your career? Your place in American history? You know what your place in American history will be? … A commemorative stamp of you and the bimbo in a motel together.

**GLENN.**  You are so hyper tonight, Cassie. You’re out of control. You’ve been rubbing your quartz crystal again, haven’t you? I told you to throw those damn crystals away. They’re dangerous. They’re like petrified cocaine.

**CHRIS, KEN, CLAIRE, LENNY, ERNIE, COOKIE, GLENN**

*(The front door opens quickly and GLENN rushes in holding a bloody hanky to his nose)*

**GLENN.** We got trouble. Oh, God, have we got trouble.

**KEN.** What is it?

**GLENN.** The police. It’s a police car.

**LENNY.** *(Loudly, pointing at Ken).* Okay! I warned you! I *told* you we should have called the police. Now look what’s happened. The police came.

**KEN.** Who could have called the police?

**CLAIRE.** Maybe it was Myra.

**CHRIS.** Maybe it was Charley.

**LENNY.** Maybe it was Cassie. (*To Glenn*)You were fighting with her, weren’t you? Did she use the phone in my car?

**GLENN.** Not to call. She hit me with it.

**LENNY.** She broke my phone? My new phone in my new car?

**ERNIE.** Will everybody calm down. We’ve got to figure out what to say when they come in.

**COOKIE. *(****Looking out the window)* They’re trying to talk to Cassie. She won’t roll down the windows.

**LENNY.** *My* windows? They’re going to bust my windows? I’m going to take my car home in an envelope.

**ERNIE.** *(To Glenn)* Why did you leave her out there in the car? She’s in no condition to answer police questions.

**GLENN.** She’s in good enough condition to smash my nose… Goddam, I got blood on my shirt.

**LENNY.** And you’re running for the State Senate? I wouldn’t let you run for Chinese food.

**CHRIS.** What’s wrong with you people? I’ve got a six-year-old child at home who behaves better than we do.

**LENNY.** Fine! Then get him over here and tell *him* to talk to the police.

**KEN.** Take it easy, Len. She’s been doing her share. She’s the one who called Dr. Dudley.

**LENNY.** EVERYBODY CALLED DR. DUDLEY. HE’S IN THE YELLOW PAGES IN CHINA!

**CLAIRE.** Maybe Dudley called the police.

*(The phone rings)*

**ERNIE.** It’s the phone again.

**LENNY.** He’s right. He guessed it was the phone twice in a row. This genius is

going to save our lives.

**ERNIE.***(Picking up the phone)* Hello? … Yes? … Just a minute, please. *(To Glenn)*

Glenn, it’s for you. *(Announcing to the group)*  It’s the same woman who called

before.

**GLENN.** *(Crossing to the phone)* What same woman?

**CLAIRE.** She wouldn’t say. Maybe it was Myra, maybe it was Meryl Streep.

**GLENN.** Meryl Streep?

**CLAIRE.** You know how she sounds in the movies? Like she always does the

character perfectly, but it’s not really her? That’s how this person sounded.

**LENNY.** *(At the front door, looking out)*  We’ve got two policemen coming in, she’s

giving us a resume of the party.

**COOKIE.** *(Looking out the window)* Oh, oh. They’re walking over here.

**GLENN.** *(Into phone)* Hello?

**COOKIE.** *(Hobbling away from the window)* They’re on the way over.

**GLENN.** *(Into phone)*  Oh, hi. How are you? … No, it’s not a cold, it’s a

telephone injury.

**KEN.** Now listen. They thing we can’t do is let them see Charley. We can’t let him

downstairs or them upstairs.

**GLENN.** *(Into phone)*  I tried talking to Cassie, but she’s very upset.

**ERNIE.** *(Gesturing importantly)* Above all, no false statements. We must keep

within the law. This above all, agreed?

**LENNY.** *(Mocking Ernie’s gestures).* Yea! To thine own self be true. Wherein the

hearts of better men –are you fucking crazy? They’re outside the door.

**GLENN.** *(Into the phone)*  Of course I think you should talk to her, but I can’t get

her out of the car.

**LENNY.**  Kill him! Somebody kill him! Choke him with the telephone wire.