

Detective Story

Jim: Mary?

Mary: I'm leaving now, Jim. Here are the keys.

Jim: Come inside.

Mary: My taxi's waiting.

Jim: Well, send it away.

Mary: No, my things are in it.

Jim: What things?

Mary: My bags and my trunk.

Jim: Please come inside I can't talk to you here.

Mary: The meter's running.

Jim: Let it run. Look, Mary, this isn't the time or place to discuss our lives. Let's go home, we'll work this out there.

Mary: You think we can?

Jim: We'll have to.

Mary: I don't. I don't think it's possible.

Jim: Wait a minute, I don't get this. What are you so bitter about? Who's to blame for what happened tonight? You put me through a cement mixer and now you're acting as if I were the—

Mary: The tramp?

Jim: I don't say that.

Mary: I don't invent the word either, Jim.

Jim: I wasn't myself.

Mary: You were never more yourself. I've thought everything over and over again... and I don't see any other way out. We couldn't go on from here.

Jim: Stop that kind of talk, will ya, Mary? I'm trying. I'm trying.

Mary: To what?

Jim: Put all this behind me.

Mary: And you can't do it.

Jim: If you'll let me.

Mary: No, the rest of our lives we'll be living with this. If you won't be saying it, you'll be thinking it. And I couldn't take it. I'd just dry up and die.

Jim blocks her.

Mary: Please, I'm so tired, let me go now.

Jim: To what?

Mary: Please Jim.

Jim: Where will you go? You, who turn on every light in the house when I'm not there. You can't fall asleep unless my arms are around you.

Stop it.

Jim: No! I'm not going to let you go.

Jim, you're hurting me.

Jim: I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Mary, but you just don't stop loving someone. I need you. Don't leave me. I love you.

Then help me. Help me, Jim.

Jim: It's no use, baby. I couldn't go home if you weren't waiting for me. I'd blow my brains out. I would, Mary. If I went home to an empty flat, I wouldn't dare take my gun with me.

They kiss.