PALMER. Tchin Tchin.

MARSHALL. La Chiam!

GERT. Up everybody's.

PALMER. Gert, you always know what's happening. What's the latest scandal?

GERT. I don't know a damn thing. Unless you mean that terrible story about ...

MARSHALL. Gert, that's a mean story and it's not true.

GERT. I didn't say it was true I said it was terrible.

PALMER. I'm going to love it.

GERT. Apparently one of our most cherished celebrities is stepping out on his wife.

PALMER. That's it?

GERT. With another man. *(TED drops a bottle of wine.)*

ANGELA. You could make a living dropping bottles. *(She hands him a napkin.)* Here. *(She takes bottle.)* Be careful, don't spill anymore. *(She spills wine on GERT.)*

GERT. My God!

ANGELA. Oh, Gert, I'm sorry. *(She sponges off GERT'S dress with napkin.)*

GERT. And I've never had the damn thing on!

ANGELA. I'm so sorry. You better get out of that dress before the stain sets. Throw on something of mine. Something black. Or white. Or anything. Maybe a print. *(handing TED napkin)* Ted, why don't you get rid of these in the kitchen?

TED. Oh, yes! Why don't I get rid of these in the kitchen!

PALMER. And bring in another bottle of wine, will you Teddy?

ANGELA. Yes! More wine! Let's all have some more wine!

TED. More wine! I'll get more wine! I won't be long, three and half minutes, four at the most! *(TED exits to kitchen, GERT starts after him.)*

ANGELA. *(to GERT)* Where are you going?

GERT. To sponge off my dress in the kitchen.

ANGELA and PALMER. *(unison)* No!

ANGELA. *(pulling GERT toward upstairs)* You can do it upstairs!

PALMER. She can't go upstairs!

ANGELA. Why not?

PALMER. Because it's almost midnight! *(to GERT)* You've got to be in this room at midnight!

GERT. Why?

PALMER. Because it's New Years fucking Eve, that's why! Sponge it off at the bar! Angie, help her.

MARSHALL. Gert, I want you to promise me never to wear that to an opening. How much did it cost me, anyway?

GERT. About one and a half percent of the gross.

MARSHALL. Well, there goes twelve dollars down the drain.

GERT. Oh hell, this is going to stain. Angie, do you have any spot remover.

PALMER. No.

ANGELA. Of course I've got spot remover! It's upstairs. Gert, go up and get it!

PALMER. Use club soda!

ANGELA. We're out of club soda!

PALMER. You're a pain in the ass, Gert.

GERT. Not as big a one as you!

ANGELA. Hurry Gert, go upstairs!

PALMER. And hurry back, God dammit!

ANGELA. Take your time, Gert. We have plenty of time.

GERT. *(tucking her dress between her legs and hurrying up)* Alright, alright! I'll hurry up and take my time.

ANGELA. It's almost midnight, isn't it? Oh, I'm having such a good time. Why don't we turn on the set. We don't want to miss Times Square, do we?

PALMER. Turn it on yourself!

(TED enters breathlessly from kitchen as ANGELA turns on TV set.)

MARSHALL. *(to TED)* Why are you out of breath?

TED. I guess I'm excited. It's almost the new year.

ANGELA. Everything alright in the kitchen?

PALMER. I was just about to ask the same thing.

MARSHALL. *(to TED)* Where's the wine?

TED. What wine?

MARSHALL. You went into the kitchen to get more wine.

TED. Did I?

ANGELA. Never mind Ted, there's plenty right here. Look at all this lovely wine. Who wants some?

MARSHALL. Piggy do piggy do.

ANGELA. *(handing him bottle)* Ted, would you? *(TED takes wine, moves to MARSHALL.)*

PALMER. *(stopping TED)* No. Ladies first. I'm sure Gert is dying of thirst.

MARSHALL. She's probably into the spot remover by now.

PALMER. *(handing TED glass of wine)* Teddy, why don't you bring this up to our Gertie, then bring her down.

ANGELA. For God's sake, leave Gert alone!

(At this moment the kitchen door is thrown open and LARRY bursts into the room. He wears a silk stocking over his head and waves a revolver. He speaks with a thick Puerto Rican accent.)

LARRY. Everybody, stay exactly where you are!

MARSHALL. What the hell ....

ANGELA. Oh my God!

PALMER. Who are you! What ...

LARRY. Shut up! All a you! I gonna make this easy as I can. Don't move, none a you. This ain't no toy. Now listen to me careful. Wallets, jewelry, everything in your pockets ... here ... on the table. *(He indicates they could empty their pockets and put wallets, wristwatches, etc., on the coffee table, which they all quickly do.)*

PALMER. Is this some kind of joke?

LARRY. This is no joke, mister!

MARSHALL. *(as he is putting all his belongs on the table)* You don't think you're going to get away with this.

LARRY. Shut your face! Move! Fast!

(At this moment, GERT comes out of the bedroom and sees what is happening. She screams.)

GERT. There! I think that ... *(Scream! LARRY turns up to her, as GERT screams, and MARSHALL lunges at LARRY. GERT screams again.)* Marshall don't! *(LARRY throws*

MARSHALL to the floor, and pins his arms behind his back. MARSHALL groans with pain. LARRY aims the gun at GERT, as if to fire.)

PALMER. For God's sake, Gert. Stand still! Do exactly as he says!

LARRY. He's right, lady. You want him to live a long time?

GERT. Please! Don't hurt him!

LARRY. Then, get your ass down here fast! *(to Ted)* You! Turn off some lights. *(GERT has scrambled quickly down the stairs and started toward MARSHALL. TED starts toward the light control panel, but is stopped by LARRY, who has just noticed the two women in almost identical dresses.)*

LARRY. Hey, wait! Wait! Wait a minute! *(He does a long "take" at the two red dresses, first at ANGELA, then at GERT, then back to ANGELA. He is obviously confused.)* Why are you dressed alike?

ANGELA. We're not. I'm in *red*. She's in scarlet tangerine.

LARRY. *(still somewhat puzzled)* O.K. *(to TED)* The lights! The lights! *(TED crosses to light panel and lowers the light in the room. LARRY sees GERT'S purse on the sofa.)* That your purse?

GERT. Yes. *(LARRY picks up the purse and throws it at PALMER, along with an airline flight bag that he has over his shoulder.)*

LARRY. *(to PALMER)* Empty it with the other stuff. *(PALMER puts GERT'S purse and the assorted wallets, watches, etc., from the coffee table into the flight bag. LARRY signals to GERT and MARSHALL.)* O.K., the both of you over here. *(to ANGELA)* You! In the chair! *(PALMER has finished filling the flight bag and throws it back to LARRY, who examines the con-*