

JUDD: I can't find them. They've got to be here somewhere, I couldn't have left them out there.

ARTIE: Of course not.

JUDD: The last time I wore them I was studying. In that tweed jacket.

ARTIE: Yeah, the same one you had on yesterday. The same one you tossed on the ground when you got that brilliant idea about hiding the body. (*Talking to the teddy bear he's holding.*) He left them there like a calling card, didn't he Teddy? Huh?

JUDD: I didn't drop them. You picked my coat up, you grabbed it by the tail and tossed it to me. That's when they fell out. I agree it was inexcusable to have them in my pocket but I didn't drop them.

ARTIE: Oh, he agrees with us teddy, isn't that lovely, he agrees it was all our fault! We said dump the body in the lake, but no, he had a stroke of genius. Shove the kid in the culvert he said, nobody will ever find him there, no, not in a million years he said.

JUDD: Artie, will you please stop that?

ARTIE: Shut up, we're not talking to you! The first guy on his way to work pulled him out of that stinking culvert! Why do you suppose he picked the culvert teddy, huh? (*puts teddy to his ear*). Because he was scared, and it was the first place handy? Yeah, I think you're right. And you know what else I think? I think he never wanted to go through with it anyway.

JUDD: That's not true and you know it Artie. We agreed it was the true test of the superior intellect.

ARTIE: Superior Intellect? What do you think of that Teddy? You and I work out this perfect, beautiful crime, and then the superior intellect tries to see how many ways he can screw it up.

(*beat*)

JUDD: I don't know how I could've been so stupid.

ARTIE: You were.

JUDD: I could go in and claim the glasses tomorrow – tell them I read about them in the papers.

ARTIE: Mmm hmm. Do you go out to the park a lot?

JUDD: With my students, sure. I don't have to know when I dropped them.

ARTIE: Ahh, you'd butch it up.

JUDD: As I say sergeant, I take my birding classes to the park very often, and there's just a possibility that when I dropped—

ARTIE: Birding classes, Steiner? Hey, what are you, some kinda nut or something?

JUDD: I happen to be an ornithologist, sergeant, with special permission from the department of parks to take my classes on field trips.

ARTIE: Oh, I see, and uh, that's how you figure you lost the glasses, huh?

JUDD: It's possible.

ARTIE: That, uh, wouldn't happen to have been Wednesday afternoon about 6:00, would it?

JUDD: Oh, no sir. I remember it particularly, because it was just about that time that a friend of mine and I picked up a couple of girls on Lakeshore drive. They said their names were May and Edna, but I—

ARTIE: Bettie and Edna, you idiot.

JUDD: No, Artie! We agreed on May and Edna, I know we did, and we picked them up on Lakeshore drive, right by the aquarium.

ARTIE: So what, what difference does it make? It's so pat, nobody'd believe it. When you start remembering details like that, they know it's an alibi.

JUDD: But it's all we've got! Suppose they pick me up and question me. You promised you'd stick by it, you swore you would.

ARTIE: All right, I'll stick to it. For a week. One week, and not a minute longer. After that, I'll make up my own alibi. And stop worrying, it's not that easy to trace an ordinary pair of glasses.

JUDD: But suppose they do? Suppose it is more than a week?

ARTIE: So what? They're not my glasses. (*Artie exits.*)