

S: Here's your lunch. Its fruit salad. You seem to like that the most although you still don't eat as much as you should.

B: My body has become a more efficient machine. I go further with less food.

S: Well you must be in pretty good shape by now. You certainly look good, you've lost a lot of weight.

B: Huh?

S: Oh yeah, you've lost a lot of weight. At least 20 pounds.

B: What, twenty? Do you have a scale? I don't know how to thank you. I've been to ten different fat farms in the last, god, I don't know how many years and I lost a total, a total of 6 pounds. I have lost twenty pounds. I wasn't sure – but it felt thin. You wouldn't have a... never mind.

S: A what?

B: No, no, no, its very silly.

S: No but please tell me.

B: All my life I wanted to have a slinky little figure so I could wear some you know, Bill Blass, Valentino, you know some exotic full length evening gown, like Christian Dior.

S: Are you kidding me, you're kidding me aren't you?

B: I'm sorry I know its ridiculous to think that somebody of your, well, moderate means ...

S: Don't go anywhere, I'll be right back.

B: This is absolutely beautiful. Who's design is this. Is this Bill Blass, is this Albert Nippon?

S: Nah – too conventional.

B: No I know who did it. Oscar De La Renta.

S: I designed it.

B: Get outta here. Really? Wow. You're a professional.

S: Nah

B: You are. Honey this is sensational. Do you have any more? So Sam told you I was his partner – no way, he was just passing the buck. Oh god. So when do I get out of here?

S: As soon as Mr. Stone pays the ransom.

B: Well what's the problem – what is the ransom

S: It was 500 thousand dollars

B: That shouldn't be a problem.

S: He complained

B: Complained?

S: And then we dropped our price to 50 thousand dollars.

B: He didn't pay. So now what?

S: So now, we're dropping our price again to ten thousand dollars.

B: Do I understand this correctly. I'm being marked down? What is this the bargain basement? I've been kidnapped by K-mart.