

Carswell

CARSWELL. You've probably heard of my hero, detective Jack Manning. A man's man. With a face like a dirty angel and two fists like pit bulls on speed. The dames can't help falling in love with him, but his heart is in a locked box and he swallowed the key.

~~FENELON: Wow. He sounds really uni...vintage.~~

CARSWELL. He's too much of a man for the publishers these days. Now all they want are namby-pamby half-men with *feelings* who care about *other people*. Hmph. No wonder everything's going to heck. In my day, if you were a man, you crushed your heart into a lump of coal and were only able to express yourself to stray dogs.

~~DEBORAH: You've actually published books?~~

CARSWELL. Sweetheart, I wrote twenty-seven novels on a typewriter—my fingers used to be so strong I could poke a hole in a brick wall with my pinky. And I did it too, just 'cause I could and that's what you did when you were a man. You put holes in walls.