

MARTA (Continued)

Blink twice if you can hear me, Freddie ... once, twice ...that's good... because I want you to understand I've not only murdered you but I'm going to get away with it as well. For starters, I've invented the world's greatest alibi for myself. This is a prepaid cell phone. You pay cash for them at convenience stores and truck stops, so there's no record of who owns this phone or where it's located. I bought two of them, Freddie, and I'm calling the other phone now. When my party answers, we'll be having a phantom phone call and no one on earth can trace either end of our conversation.

She has finished dialing eleven digits. We hear a CELL PHONE RINGING from an area beyond the stage.

LIGHTS UP on the side of the stage. A NICE-LOOKING MAN (TODD) in his late-twenties, early-thirties with a discreet earring in his left ear is wearing a towel monogrammed HHM as if he has just stepped out of the shower. He goes to a small night table upon which is a brown touch-tone desk phone. By it is a device that might be some sort of answering machine. It has two cradles on it. He looks tense as he answers the phone.

START-----

TODD

Hello?

MARTA

It's me. It's done.

TODD

It's done? You did it?

MARTA

Yes, I'm done with his poisonous book, done with his alimony payments, I have "done him in," as they say. Are you still at my beach house?

TODD

Well of course, everything depends on me being here, darling. How did it go on your end?

MARTA

I came in from LA as the invisible Ms. Dot Cahn. It took me less than an hour in the Roxbury district of Boston to buy an unregistered Saturday Night Special -- I'm pretty smart about these things since my semi-recurring role on HOMICIDE. Then I drove here and showed him the phony note that I wrote to myself as an explanation for why I was here...

TODD

Beautiful.

MARTA

Then put him off his guard by pretending my car keys were missing and acting afraid of Tom Thumb ...

TODD

Brilliant.

MARTA

... which allowed me to ask him straight out if he had any other weapons within reach other than the ax. I had to be certain he had nothing lethal close at hand, just in case I missed with my first shot. But I didn't miss, Todd.

TODD

Of course you didn't, God, you are just the most incredible woman, Marta. All right, now like we did before, I'm going to set my cell phone into the cradle of this speaker box, then I'm going to put the receiver of your home phone in the other side of the speaker box. From then on, you'll be speaking through *my* cell phone directly into your home phone here in Malibu.

MARTA

Todd, I've got it, okay?

TODD

Hey, if anyone's got "it," Marta, it's you.

MARTA

You mean that, Todd?

TODD

Honey, I could send you heart-shaped balloons and a cake from Carvel, but nothing says "I love you" like helping you kill your husband. Now remember, darling: as far as anyone will be able to tell, you'll be speaking from your home phone here in Malibu, where it is currently ...

(looks at watch)

... one-twenty in the afternoon, a little overcast and windy out on the beach. Got all that? Now your next phone call is to uhm ...

(consults a sheet of paper)

... Bishop James McCormack, on his private line. He's in San Francisco so the call will show up on your home phone bill as a long-distance call from Malibu to San Francisco --

MARTA

-- and how could I have murdered my husband today in Vermont when at this very moment I'm in Malibu speaking to a Bishop for God's sake?

TODD

Make him tell you what time it is, darling, and keep him on the line for at least a minute. Remember now, you're in Malibu --

MARTA

(yells)

Todd!!

(calmer)

I know, I know. I'll even make sure The Bishop hears the sound of the surf in the background. I bought one of those Relaxation CDs at the airport in L.A. Tell me how this sounds.

She takes a CD jewel box out of her bag, takes the CD out, moves over to a stereo system in the room and hits a button on a CD player.

FX: SOUND OF SWEEPING OCEAN SURF.

She lowers the volume to very low in level.

MARTA (Continued)

How's that? Can you hear it?

TODD

It sounds very believable, sweetie. All right, the next thing you'll be hearing is the dial tone and me ringing the Bishop.

(sexy)

And before too long, Marta ... you'll be in my arms and right back on your back where you belong.

END

DIM-OUT ON TODD as he places the phone in the cradle, touch-dials a number, and exits. Marta wipes the room for fingerprints and looks at her watch.

MARTA

Bishop McCormack, please. Oh, hello your Grace, this is Marta Dunhill --
(bellows to the deaf)

I said this is Marta Dunhill with my one-thirty call. It is one-thirty, isn't it? I'm sorry, my watch has stopped. Well, it's a bit overcast down here in Malibu... yes, I'm having lunch on my terrace overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Can you hear those breakers?

She holds out the phone. Suddenly, the sound of ocean waves diminishes and we hear a voice BOOMING ABOVE THE WAVES:

HYPNOTIST (V.O.)

As you hear the hypnotic sound of the waves, you sink deeper and deeper into relaxation, deeper and deeper...

Marta frantically lunges for the CD player, pushes buttons. When the sound of the speech above stops, she continues.