

TODD

Then I read about it in the papers ...

JANE

No, we're not as cruel in Vermont as you folks from LA.. No newspaper here would have a headline: "Town Drunk murdered."

TODD

Well then I guess I --

He moves away from the bar and discovers that he is now handcuffed the rail.

TODD (Continued)

START-----

(to Wilton)

You handcuffed me.

He looks at Wilton, who smiles slowly.

WILTON

Now how did I ever do that?

Todd snaps:

TODD

I want a lawyer.

JANE

So does my sister Beverly but she's probably going to marry the plumber.

TODD

I'm not saying another word. Don't you either, Marta!

JANE

I wonder if we brought Ernest Tedrow up here if he'd recognize you, Mister Monroe. From that night in the bar, when you watched Chester, followed him as he staggered out of the place, killed him and cut off his thumbs? Ernest said there was a man that night wearing a brown wig -- Ernest wears a toupee himself, he knows about these things -- and with a little hole in his left ear lobe as if he had temporarily removed an earring.

Marta moves toward Jane.

MARTA

Jane...I told him about "Tom Thumb" when Freddie first wrote to me about the murders. Then a few weeks ago, right after Todd came back from a short skiing trip, we heard there'd been a fourth killing. That's when Todd came up with his plan --

TODD

Marta, shut up!

JANE

Where did he go on this skiing trip?

MARTA

Aspen. That is, he *said* it was Aspen.

JANE

What do you make of it Wilton?

WILTON

Well, I think that ...

He puts away his spectacles, takes off his hat as he speaks ... and he gradually removes the New England accent and simple-minded manner of "Wilton."

WILTON (Continued)

... Mister Monroe came up with a plan that would give him a hold over Miss "Gabrielle Seraphim" here for life -- such as helping her to commit a murder and serving as her only alibi. But three Tom Thumb murders were insufficient since considerable time had elapsed since the last one. Mister Monroe needed to add a fourth victim to make it seem as if Tom Thumb was back on the prowl again. Chester Kendall was the perfect candidate: a man who got so blind drunk every night, he posed no physical threat to even a coward like Mister Monroe, and nobody here on the east coast knew or cared one iota about what happened to my brother.

TODD

Your brother.

"WILTON"

Chester Kendall. Oh excuse my bad manners. My name's Howard Kendall. My wife and I live in the town of Spanaway, about fifteen miles south of Tacoma, Washington. I'm an industrial architect ... and the brother of the man you murdered.

JANE

He came here to help find his brother's killer.

(to Howard)

You know, I'm really going to miss Wilton. You did a nice job there, Howard.

"WILTON"/HOWARD

It's easy playing a dimwitted deputy when you don't have a clue what you're doing. Thank God you didn't make me handle a gun ... I couldn't even tape up that doorway.

(to Todd)

You should be grateful to the Sheriff here, Mister Monroe. She's the only thing stopping me from personally killing you with my own two hands.

(to Jane)

Well, at least I have the answers I wanted.

JANE

Me too. I was afraid there was some crazy copycat killer out there.

TODD

Listen, I have my rights --

JANE

Only if you're a suspect who's been placed under arrest. You're just a slug who's been handcuffed to a railing.

(to "Wilton")

Oh, speaking of "slug," Howard?

"WILTON"/HOWARD

Oh yes thanks.

With his back to the audience, we see "Wilton"/Howard punch Todd hard in the stomach, bringing him to his knees, and again into the side of his face. Todd is momentarily unconscious. Jane picks up the video camera.

JANE

And you'd better put that ax someplace where Mister Monroe can't get at it.

"WILTON"/HOWARD

Yes, good thinking.

He retrieves Freddie's ax from where Freddie hid it and places it somewhere in plain view but well out of Todd's reach. As he does so.

JANE

Well ... are you ready to make your confession now, Marta?

MARTA

Yes, but ... you said if I did ... my life would end.

JANE

"Your life as you know it." You're going to write an open letter to the press and your producers saying you've been transformed by the death of your ex-husband and that you're going to retire from show business forever.

MARTA

No.

JANE

Yes. You're going to sell all your worldly possessions and underwrite a children's wing at Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital. In Freddie's name, not yours. And then Marta, I'm going to personally find you your next job.

END-----