

JANE

Oh I didn't know.

(beat)

Who are you?

MARTA

Marta Dunhill.

JANE

Mm, we seem to be well on the way to establishing that.

MARTA

I'm on TV.

Wilton pipes up from whatever he's doing in the bedroom:

WILTON (O.S.)

Every Sunday, eight P.M. on my television!

START-----

JANE

Oh wait, wait, the actress, of course. I was expecting the victim's wife, Freddie Bradshaw's wife, to be, you know, Mrs. Bradshaw. But you're an actress. Of course. Marta Dunhill. We talked on the telephone, didn't we.

MARTA

That was *you* with whom I spoke? I thought I was talking to the Sheriff's clerk or something.

JANE

Very perceptive of you. I held that position for many years. Combination secretary, office manager, school crossing guard and, by default, Sheriff's deputy as well. When the Sheriff passed away, my friends pushed me into running for the job myself and for some reason I haven't figured out yet, the voters went along with the idea.

MARTA

You don't sound very New England.

JANE

I'm southern Vermont courtesy of West Virginia. How about you?

MARTA

West Bel Air, courtesy of East Rutherford. That's in New Jersey.

JANE

Mm. And how old are you?

MARTA

(laughs)

Would you tell anybody your real age if you didn't have to?

JANE

I'm forty-eight, how old are you?

MARTA

Well younger than that. Thirty.

(beat)

Seven.

(beat)

I'll be forty last month.

JANE

And of course the murder victim, Frederick Bradshaw, was your husband?

MARTA

Oh, are these the *official* police questions now?

JANE

These have all been the official police questions, Ma'am. But we certainly don't have to do them standing up. Would you like to sit down?

MARTA

Well, it *is* a very long way from LA to Boston and then the drive...

She goes to sit. Jane goes toward the fridge.

JANE

(overlapping)

That's good, make yourself right at home. Oh, this *is* your home, isn't it?

MARTA

In a way.

JANE

I put some bottled water in the fridge here.

Jane produces a bottle of water from the fridge and will offer it to Marta.

MARTA

Thank you.

JANE

So the murder victim was your husband?

MARTA

My ex-husband.

JANE

More "ex" now than ever, huh? When were the two of you divorced?

MARTA

About a year ago.

JANE

That was when he moved in here?

MARTA

He bought it at a steal of a price and in our settlement, he got to keep it, although I was allowed visitation rights. Something like a child in a divorce case.

JANE

Did you have any children?

MARTA

No, no. God knows I tried but ... well, Freddie's reservoirs were not well-stocked for spawning purposes. His genetic pool was not a *kiddy* pool, if you see what I mean. However, I do have two cats who are in every way like my children.

JANE

Children who like to kill rodents and eat dead birds?

(beat)

Children who have nocturnal sex with the cat next door? See, to me, your child is someone you would die for. A man bursts out of the bushes with a gun, he says, "Quick: I either shoot you or I shoot your child," a mother says, "Shoot *me*." Same question about you and your cat ... Puss in Boots dies with its boots on. Can I ask your cats' names?

MARTA

"Mister Horny" and "Piss Off."

JANE

Well see, right there ... I don't know if most parents would give names like that to their children... I mean, at the baptism ceremony alone ...

MARTA

(overlapping)

Surely *this* is not part of the official police questioning.

JANE

Sorry. When would you say you were last here, on the premises?

MARTA

Oh god, six months, maybe longer. But I'm sure you'll still find my fingerprints all over the place. Freddie was not exactly Mister Dustbuster.

JANE

Well yeah, if you've stayed here now and then, it would be pretty strange if your fingerprints *didn't* turn up on the furniture and such.

MARTA

Exactly.

JANE

As it happens, I've turned up some fingerprints here that definitely didn't belong to your husband...and oh how I'm praying they're yours because if they're *not*...then they might belong to your husband's killer...and then I'll have to spend months squinting at thousands of fingerprints a day, comparing bifurcations, divergences, enclosures, loops and whorls and arches -- it's a -- how do I put it -- it's a shitload of work. So please, please tell me the fingerprints around this place are yours, Ma'am, and I will personally buy you a banana boat sundae at the Dairy Queen and kiss your televised butt to boot.

MARTA

Can I have chocolate sprinkles and a maraschino cherry on top?

JANE

Whatever you want. It's your butt.

END-----

MARTA

Well, it's nice to know that I'm apparently not a suspect then.

JANE

Well as you suggested when we last spoke, I had all the appropriate phone records faxed to me and made a few calls myself. Kind of hard for you to murder someone in Vermont while you're on the Pacific coast gabbing with the head of the Catholic Archdiocese of Northern California. Add to that the fact that there's almost never been a female serial killer, and I'd say you can consider yourself above suspicion, Mrs. Bradshaw.

MARTA

Miss Dunhill.

JANE

So would you mind me taking your fingerprints while I have you here? That's why Wilton and I have been waiting for you to show up. It sure would make my life so, *so* much easier if I can confirm that the prints belong to you --

MARTA

And not to "Tom Thumb?"

JANE

Well, actually, I'm pretty certain that the murder of your husband was not committed by Tom Thumb.

Marta chokes a bit on the water she's drinking.

JANE (Continued)

Yokay?