

MARSHA

LET'S MURDER MARSHA

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BIANCA. I'd report him to the Domestics Union. They're very strict about things like that.

MARSHA. I mean if you were his wife.

BIANCA. Oh. (*thinks a moment before continuing*) Well, I suppose I'd call the police. They seem to be *terribly* set against people getting bumped off.

MARSHA. (*brightens*) The police! Of course! (*hops down from bar stool, heads for phone*) Why didn't I think of that! You *are* a treasure, Bianca. (*picks up phone, dials one digit, waits*) . . . Damn.

BIANCA. Mum?

MARSHA. I've got one of those recordings telling me not to bother the operator unless it's absolutely necessary. As if she had anything *else* to do but answer the phone! I'll never understand why they—(*abruptly reacts as operator comes on line*) Hello, operator? . . . Yes, this *is* an emergency . . . Of *course* I'm sure! . . . I will *not* cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die! . . . I want to talk to a policeman . . . No, I *don't* know which one! Any one will do . . . Because I'm about to be murdered! . . . By my husband . . . How do I know why?! . . . Well, I suppose he's grown tired of me . . . Operator, really, there just isn't *time* for us to see a marriage counselor! Could I *please* speak with the police?! . . . I don't *want* the number, I want the *police!* . . . But operator—! (*grits her teeth, and deliberately lies*) Yes, I am writing it down for future reference! . . . Thank you! . . . (*waits, visibly irate, tapping one foot impatiently, then brightens and speaks eagerly*) Hello, police? . . . My husband is going to murder me, can you come right over? . . . My name?—Oh, dear, do you really have to have that? . . . Well, you know, with the scandal and all, I'd really rather not . . . But can't I just give you our address and apartment number? I'm the only wife *here* who's about to be murdered . . . Oh, all right, if you

must, you must! My name is Marsha Gilmore, and my husband's name is Tobias . . . "Tobias" . . . T-o-b-i-a-s . . . What? . . . Well, no, he isn't murdering me right now . . . Tomorrow, down by the bay . . . Because I heard him say so . . . Well—no—I was the only witness—except for the woman he's in cahoots with—but I doubt if she'd testify to it . . . But isn't there *anything* you can do? . . . Now, look, you can hardly stake out the entire bay! . . . No, I don't know *where* on the bay he plans to do it! . . . "Ask him"?! Are you nuts?! . . . But officer—! . . . Look, all I know is, he and this woman talked about luring me down to the bay, bopping me with a bottle, and watching me sink into the water, and then dragging my body back here for the party! . . . No, I have *not* been drinking! (*BIANCA hears this, and loudly clears her throat; MARSHA looks her way, and BIANCA taps cocktail shaker while giving a shame-on-you shake of her head; MARSHA guiltily returns to phone and continues:*) Well, maybe one drink . . . Hell, if you were about to be murdered, wouldn't you have a drink?! . . . No, this is *not* the liquor talking, this is Marsha Gilmore talking! . . . Because I had the drink *after* I heard their plans! . . . (*listens a moment, then holds receiver about a foot from her face and shouts at it*) No, I will *not* cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die! (*slams receiver down into cradle, folds her arms*) So much for the police! (*turns her head BIANCA's way*) Any more bright ideas?!

BIANCA. (*who has finished the new batch and just tasted a freshly-poured drink*) How about a martini?

MARSHA. Oh, all right, why not! (*starts for bar*)

BIANCA. (*pouring one for MARSHA*) I thought you didn't like them?

MARSHA. I used to think a lot of things. I thought