

CAT
Did I put my nose in something?

EXT. CITY STREET VAN

Gene moves to the driver's seat of the van and lights a cigarette. He returns his attention to the tape recorder.

BETH V.O.
I recently buried my husband.

INT. BETH'S STUDIO

Catalina is limbering her body by stretching.

Beth loads film into a camera.

CAT
I'm sorry.

BETH
You couldn't have known.

A curious Catalina turns to Beth and removes her robe.

CAT
You were married and he's dead? Was it a heart attack or cancer or something?

Beth places a light stand and opens an umbrella.

BETH
It was murder.

CAT
Talk about foot and mouth disease.

Beth moves another light stand in position.

BETH
It's okay. I'm pretty much over it.

CAT
Sounds like there was no love lost

Beth takes a quick light reading by CAT's face, then moves to adjust a light.

BETH

It wasn't love, it was just lust.

Catalina positions a stool then leans against it.

CAT

What happened?

BETH

Two bullets in the head. That'll kill ya' every time.

Catalina moves from the stool toward Beth as if to console her.

Beth holds up her hand to stop her. She then attaches a camera to a tripod.

Catalina returns to her modeling position.

CAT

That's awful.

BETH

You haven't heard anything yet.

CAT

There's more?

Beth sets the F-stop, then studies Cat through the lens.

BETH

Much more. But first your hands aren't placed right.

Catalina repositions her hands and adjusts the separation of her fingers that cover her breasts.

CAT

Is that better?

BETH

Perfect.

Beth places a black flag, blocking unwanted light.

CAT

C'mon Beth. You've got to tell me everything.

Beth moves to Catalina and pulls her hair forward.

BETH

The police think I murdered him.

Beth moves back to the camera and once again peers through the lens.

CAT

And why do the cops think you killed him?

BETH

I'm the wife and the beneficiary of a large insurance policy. Duh.

CAT

Okay wise ass why aren't you in stripes?

BETH

They don't have a good enough case. But they're working on it.

CAT

Did you?

BETH

Don't be ridiculous. I was, however, going to divorce the asshole.

Beth RELEASES the shutter and the camera motor HUMS as another frame is exposed.

EXT. CITY STREET VAN

Gene moves to the rear of the van.

INT. VAN

Gene places headphones over his ears as he relaxes in the back seat.

CAT V.O.

Well, at least divorce isn't grounds for murder.

BETH V.O.

Add that to a two million dollar life insurance policy. Oh, and did I mention I don't have an alibi?

Gene adjusts the volume on the recorder.