

PETER/MARY

Mary: And what's your part in all of this? Where do you fit into to this family puzzle?

Peter: Well, as you heard, Delores and I are betrothed.

Mary: Yeah, I know that but how did it all come about?

Peter: Well, I met Delores a year and a half ago.

Mary: Yeah? Go on.

Peter: Am I being interviewed? Because it sounds like I'm being interviewed. But then I don't see you taking notes so maybe I'm mistaken.

Mary: I keep all of my notes up here. (*She points to her head.*) I've got a mind like a steel trap.

Peter: I see.

Mary: So, when did you meet Delores?

Peter: ...A year and a half ago. I just told you.

Mary: Uh-huh. And did you two hit it off right away?

Peter: Well, Delores was married when we first met, so there was no 'hitting it off' at that point.

Mary: And did you know her husband before he was, you know?

Peter: Mort?

Mary: Yes, before he was mort.

Peter: No, I was just referring to him by...yes I knew him. We played tennis together.

Mary: So you were friends?

Peter: Well, more like acquaintances.

Mary: But you did things together.

Peter: Yes.

Mary: Like what?

Peter: ...Tennis. We played tennis.

Mary: I see.

Peter: Are you sure you don't want to write this down? Mary: No thanks.

Peter: I'm sure I could find a pencil and a scrap of paper somewhere.

Mary: Don't need it.

Peter: All right.

Mary: So, you know about how he died.

Peter: Mort?

Mary: I think we've established that.

Peter: Yes, of course I know. I was there when it happened.

Mary: You were there?

Peter: Yes. It was a birthday party for Delores. The party was on their yacht.

Mary: How many people were there?

Peter: About fifty.

Mary: Uh-huh. And what was the reason for this party?

Peter: ...It was a birthday party. For Delores.

Mary: And no one saw him go overboard?

Peter: No.

Mary: Strange. Eighty people and no one saw a thing.

Peter: Fifty people. Are you sure you don't want a pencil?