Accordingly of a Woman

Morphet #2

SERGEANT CALDER

Stort

Dangerous sealing up all the windows like that Mrs. Kendall.

MARGARET

It's Margaret. Call me Margaret.

CALDER

Damn humidity swallows up all the air. It's the dehydration that will get you.

CALDER retrieves her dress from the car. We see a shovel and wrapped parcel lying partially covered on the backseat floor.

He hands her clothes, turning shyly away as she dresses. MARGARET flirts more, sensing his suspicion.

MARGARET

You must garner a great deal of respect in the department. I can see how devoted you are to your work. Could you zip me?

She turns. Holds up the back of her hair like a girl. The younger OFFICER is uncomfortable. CALDER steps up.

And I'm just so grateful you came by when you did. I should make you dinner.

STATE POLICE

Ma'am...

MARGARET

It's Margaret.

STATE POLICE

Yes, Margaret. Well we come to the aid of many in...

MARGARET

You see when my husband was alive, (MORE)

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Archoeology of a Woman

Magaet#2.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

well he was an excellent provider I'll give him that, but he was quite spineless. Yes I can say it now. You don't realize this when you're young and you think you're in love. Then our daughter came along, and well years pass and he became so ill. I stayed with him, well because that's what women of my generation were inclined to do.

Another POLICE CAR heads to the crime scene. CALDER waves him on. MARGARET slinks along her car protecting its contents.

STATE POLICE

Ma'am this is a restricted area.

MARGARET

I'll bet you know every inch of it.

SHE gets back in and REVS the engine.

INT. CAR

A very shy CALDER draws closer. HE tries to lean in the window. Her arm juts out abruptly, keeping bim away from the car.

CAR... EXT.

She checks her make-up in the rear view mirror and slips away.

STATE POLICE

Straight out that way ma'am.

INT. MARGARET'S HOUSE SAME MORNING

KATE'S POV through front WINDOW as MARGARET pulls in the driveway. KATE wears the same clothes from the night before, is on the phone with the police station. We hear the LOUD sound of a BEE frantically throwing itself against the glass.

KATE

I know it's not the job of the police. Well what else can I? Yes of course. I will make some kind of arrangement.