



“Revenge” (Photo: Xhoana Xheneti)

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## Revenge

Theodore Jerome Cohen

“You can’t prove a thing, Martelli!”

“Don’t play with me, dollface. I have a pretty good idea what you’ve been up to.”

“Listen, if you had anything on me, you would’ve arrested me long ago. And yet, here we are, having this little *tête-à-tête*. It’s almost romantic.”

“Don’t flatter yourself, kid,” replied the detective, flaring his butane lighter and lighting her cigarette.

She took a long draw, slowly released the smoke from her mouth, and allowed it to rise into her nose. “So, what exactly is it that you think I did.”

“You know what you did. You killed Hallaway, Morrison, and now, Chapman because of something that happened in high school.”

“Really? Why would I have waited 20 years to kill them—and I’m not saying I did, mind you. But if I had wanted to kill them, why would I have waited this long?”

“Stranger things have happened.”

She took another drag on her cigarette. “And pray tell, what would have been the motive, Martelli?”

“I’m not quite sure, but—”

“See! There you are. You’re not quite sure. As I said, you can’t prove a thing.”

“No, but I have a hunch what you did is tied to that party the football team threw 20 years ago at which Morrison got you drunk and members of the team took turns having their way with you. And further, I suspect your daughter recently learned one of those men is her father. Am I getting close?”