

SFX: OPENING TANGO MUSIC, THEN -

The QuarantTeam presents Mansfield Mysteries: 'Murder at Xanadu'  
- Chapter Three.

SCENE ONE:

SFX: CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS, MUFFLED BEHIND A DOOR. A DESK PHONE RINGS.

SFX: THE DOOR OPENS, MUSIC SWELLING. WHEEZING IS HEARD BEFORE THE RECEIVER IS PICKED UP.

BUTLER (English accent/wheezing): Berkshire residence. (Charlie Brown-style noise is heard)... Please hold for a moment.

SFX: HE SETS DOWN THE RECEIVER AND WALKS OUT OF THE ROOM, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

SFX: TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS, GROW LOUDER UNTIL THE DOOR OPENS AGAIN.

ROSEMARY (to the BUTLER): It's not another lawyer I hope. All calls should go directly to Harry Hoffman. I was assured that there would not be a class action lawsuit anywhere in Europe. There's no FDA equivalent there. They'll put anything on the shelves.

BUTLER: I don't believe it is a lawyer, Mrs. Berkshire.

ROSEMARY (into the receiver): Hello? ... Oh, it's you ... Is it done? ... Excellent ... Whatever do you mean? ... Who? ... Dorinda Mansfield? What is she doing there? ... Oh, never mind. There's no way to connect ... Well, maybe there will be another accident. (giggles) ... Don't worry, once the case is closed, you'll have your money. And do not call me here again until it's over.

SFX: SHE SETS THE PHONE ON THE CRADLE AND STANDS.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D): Call my friend in Norway. We need to talk.

BUTLER: Yes, Mrs. Berkshire.

SFX: SHE WALKS TO THE DOOR AND CLOSSES IT BEHIND HER.

SFX: THE BUTLER LIFTS THE RECEIVER ONCE MORE AND DIALS A NUMBER, WHEEZING AS IT BEGINS TO RINGS.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE TWO

SFX: CRYSTAL SOUND BOWLS AND LIGHT GONGS PLAY AROUND THE ROOM.

SFX: GURGLING MUD OCCASIONALLY POPS IN THE ECHO-Y ENVIRONMENT.

DORINDA: I don't know why I thought these mud baths would be outside....

STACEY: Me, too. Like, in the sunshine.

DORINDA: This is very Playboy Mansion grotto.

STACEY: I don't know what that is.

DORINDA: I'm so glad.

STACEY: It's kinda creepy, but it's ALSO kinda cool. It's like we're in a prehistoric cave.

DORINDA: I just hate to think of where all this mud is oozing. How do you get it off? How do you get it out?

STACEY: I saw a shower room that has, like, 12 nozzles. You'll be mud-free.

DORINDA: It's very soothing and not at all malodorous. I was sure this mud bath would smell like a cow pasture.

STACEY: No, just... earthy.

DORINDA: Speaking of earthy, it seems to be quite the ordeal retrieving Xanthia's body. I heard mention of a crane?

STACEY: Yeah, they need some apparatus brought in from Albuquerque to scale the ravine. There was also talk of a body bag.

DORINDA: Oh, goodness. Who did you hear that from?

STACEY: Celestia and Calypso were having a heated conversation near the front desk when you asked me to look for disposable flip-flops.

DORINDA: I couldn't risk having mine caked with mud. But hold on, you said they were heated?

STACEY: Heated, like, on edge. And I guess you can't blame them. You know, Xanthia is their longtime employer and friend.

DORINDA: She was, yes. But there's something afoot between those two.

STACEY: What, like they're conspiring?

DORINDA: I can't tell if they're working with or against each other, but neither seems particularly bothered by Xanthia's demise.

STACEY: Yeah, I see what you mean. You know, they're upset but they're not sad.

DORINDA: Exactly. Don't you think that's suspicious?

STACEY: Well, you never know how people will react when--

DORINDA: And another thing: what about this Jack Boyd character?

STACEY: Don't forget his partner! Oh, they must both be FBI.

DORINDA: Why would FBI agents be masquerading as mineralogists?

STACEY: Yeah, well, maybe they were investigating Celestia and Calypso?

DORINDA: Or Xanthia herself.

STACEY: And she was killed before they could finish the investigation. But do either Celestia or Calypso strike you as capable of pushing someone off the side of a mountain?

DORINDA: We don't know what we're capable of until tested. For instance, I didn't think I'd be setting my feet in this mud bath, much less submerge my entire body.

STACEY: No, I mean psychologically. You know, like, they're nice.

DORINDA: How about physically? It would take some muscle to propel someone far enough over the side so that they would certainly fall to their death.

STACEY: Well, they are both masseuses.

DORINDA: Strong, strong hands. That's a good point.

STACEY: How about the silent one?

DORINDA: That's something else I don't understand. Why would Bennett have a matchbook from the Berkshire Bay Country Club?

STACEY: Coincidence?

DORINDA: Ha! There's no such thing.

SFX: A DOOR CREAKS OPEN AND CLOSED AS FOOTSTEPS WALK TOWARDS THEM.

ALICE: Good morning, you adorable rhinoceri.

DORINDA: Excuse me?

ALICE: You're rolling in the mud like a pair of rhinoceroses.

DORINDA: I don't think that's right.

ALICE (struggling): Rhinocer-ee?

STACEY: She thought you were commenting on her weight.

ALICE: I would never! I'm sorry! I don't know any other mud loving animals, except pigs. Will you accept a cold martini as an apology?

STACEY: Alice, it's not even noon!

ALICE: That's why I brought lemon twists instead of olives. (Begins shaking martinis.) More brunchy, don't you think?

DORINDA: Sounds very refreshing.

SFX: MARTINI SHAKER POURS IN A GLASS.

ALICE: Here you go.

DORINDA: Thank you.

ALICE: Joy's coming soon; she'll want one, too.

STACEY: Are you going to join us, Alice?

ALICE: We did the mud bath upon arrival, so I don't think we'll be joining you. I'm still oozing dried dirt from crevices I'd forgotten I had, but can't you just feel the magic minerals refreshing your skin?

SFX: THE DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN AND CLOSED AGAIN.

DORINDA: Actually, I can.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS WALK OVER AS A CIGARETTE SIZZLES.

JOY (exhaling smoke): Isn't it a beautiful morning?

DORINDA: There's no smoking in here.

JOY: But doesn't it remind you of the Playboy Mansion grotto?

DORINDA (to Stacey): See?

STACEY: Again with the grotto. I have no idea what you're talking about.

JOY: Feels like we should be doing something naughty.

ALICE: Would a martini suffice?

SFX: PUTTING OUT CIGGIE WITH FOOT AFTER ONE LAST PUFF.

JOY: Anyhoo, I see you brought lemon twists. Good thinking for this time of day.

SFX: ALICE SHAKES AND POURS A MARTINI FOR JOY.

SFX: THE LADIES CLINK GLASSES.

ALICE: To the depths.

JOY (in unison): To the depths.

DORINDA (in unison): To the depths.

JOY: Alice's gentleman caller will be joining you shortly, Dorinda. I saw him in the lobby in his robe.

STACEY: What about his partner?

JOY: Suit.

STACEY: Oh! Swimsuit?

JOY: No, his usual navy suit.



SFX: THE DOOR OPENS AND FLIP FLOP FOOTSTEPS WALK QUICKLY OVER.

JACK: Morning, ladies. Oohhh, I can't wait to slip into this cohesive sediment!

STACEY: What?

JACK: Mud. Filled with humic acid, fulvic acid -

ALICE: Oh, you can drop the act, Jack.

DORINDA: We know you're FBI.

JACK (after a pause and with a different, more down-to-business voice): What was my tell?

ALICE: Well, I went through your things when you were in my shower.

JACK: I didn't figure you for a snoop.

ALICE: Oh, I'm into all sorts of things that might surprise you.

JACK: Such as?

DORINDA: Please save your foreplay for later. Jack, we need your help. Yours and your silent partner's. Xanthia is dead. Murdered we think. Pushed from the mountainside by one of her employees.

JACK: Motive?

DORINDA: Unclear.

JACK: Think.

DORINDA: Money?

JACK: Classic.

DORINDA: Jealousy?

JACK: Possibly.

DORINDA: Revenge?

JACK: Overrated.

JOY: Anyhoo, it seems like if we teamed up, we could get this mystery solved and salvage what's left of this relaxing getaway.

JACK: My partner and I are here looking into Xanthia and her magic mud. Some years ago, two scientists disappeared when they discovered the properties of this mud bath. That's my part. Bennett is IRS. He's following the money.

DORINDA: Yesterday, that Marxist one mentioned something about money ruining the paradise that was Xanadu. Or the sandalwood one. I just can't keep those two straight.

JACK: I'm working a theory that they're in cahoots. Neither one of them has a paper trail that leads off this resort. They live and breathe Xanadu.

STACEY: But they're not getting along. I saw them arguing this morning.

JACK: I'm afraid I'm not going to have time for this mud bath. I've got to find Bennett, and we've got to interrogate those women. Last thing we need is for the Albuquerque cops messing up this investigation.

DORINDA: How do you plan to question them? They think you're a mineralogist.

JACK: The jig is up. Time for the polygraph.

ALICE: Mmmm. Sounds promising.

DORINDA: That's a lie detector test, Alice -

ALICE: Oh.



DORINDA: Not whatever you were thinking. But you can't just make someone take a polygraph.

JACK: They don't know that. Doesn't really matter because they're not admissible in court, but they are pretty accurate. You'd have to be a cold-blooded killer to beat it. In my experience anyway.

ALICE: How about you tell me all your experiences while I walk you back to your room.

DORINDA: Alice, please be serious.

ALICE: Just so he can change back into his clothes. We can celebrate once you've cracked the case.

STACEY: I suppose we should all clean up and participate, right? I mean, shouldn't we pretend we're suspects, too?

JACK: Great idea.

JOY: Oh! I'll be a difficult witness, and you can offer me a ciggie so I'll answer your questions.

DORINDA: Whatever are you talking about?

JOY: That's what they do in the movies.

JACK: I'll meet you all in the salt cave. Excellent setting for a good probing.

DORINDA: Alice: say nothing.

STACEY (getting out of the bath): OK, Mom. I'll take the first shower and give a shout when I'm heading back to our room. And then you can clean up.

SFX: STACEY PADS DOWN A HALLWAY OPPOSITE THE DOOR.

DORINDA: That'll give me time to finish this martini.

JOY: I'll head to the lobby and see if I can find Bennett. It's no fun smoking alone.

SFX: JOY WALKS BACK TO THE DOOR AND EXITS.

ALICE: Come on, Jack. Let's get you out of that robe.

DORINDA: Alice!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AS JACK AND ALICE EXIT NEXT..

SFX: DORINDA SIPS HER MARTINI, RELAXING.

DORINDA (to herself): Mmmmm. This is the most relaxed I've been since... maybe ever. This mud really is magic.

SFX: THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN SLOWLY AND A COUPLE FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD.

DORINDA (calling out): Hello? Is somebody there?

SFX: LIGHTS SWITCH OFF AS POWER ZAPS OFF.

DORINDA: What happened to the lights?

SFX: FOOTSTEPS MOVING SLIGHTLY FASTER TOWARDS DORINDA.

DORINDA: Hello? Stacey? Celestial? Who's there?

SFX: HEAVY FOOTSTEPS CLOSE BY.

DORINDA: Oh my -

SFX: THE MARTINI GLASS TIPS OVER AND SHATTERS AS MUD SLOSHES AND DORINDA IS PUSHED BENEATH IT.

SFX: HER SCREAMS ARE TRAPPED IN HER MOUTH AS SHE HEARS HER HEARTBEAT IN HER HEAD. SHE STRUGGLES AND GASPS FOR BREATH.

DORINDA (breaking the surface): Get your -

SFX: SHE STRUGGLES MORE, SPLASHING THE MUD BEFORE SHE'S UNDER AGAIN.

SFX: HER SCREAMS ARE MORE FRANTIC AS THE HEARTBEAT RACES FASTER NOW.

DORINDA (getting air): For the love of Pete!

SFX: MORE OF THE SAME - STRUGGLING AND SCREAMING UNDER THE MUD - HEARTBEAT AT A HIGH.

DORINDA (pushing out): Stacey! Help?! You, you... get your hands...

SFX: PUSHED UNDER FOR THE LAST TIME.

STACEY (muffled/from a distance): Mom, are you calling me?

SFX: DORINDA RISES UP FROM MUD, SPLASHING.

DORINDA: Get off of me!

SFX: THE FOOTSTEPS RUN QUICKLY AWAY.

SFX: DORINDA GASPING FOR BREATH.

DORINDA (holding back sobs): Oh, my goodness. Did someone... Did I just...

STACEY (still at a distance): OK, Mom, I'm out of the shower room. Why is it so dark in here?

DORINDA: Stacey, darling!

STACEY: I found the light switch.

SFX: LIGHTS TURN BACK ON.

STACEY (runs to her): Mom, are you OK?

DORINDA: Stacey, I think someone just tried to drown me. To murder me!

STACEY: What?

DORINDA: Look at me! Would I have done this to myself? My hair!

STACEY: Oh, my god, Mom! We have to tell Jack! One of those women just tried to kill you!

DORINDA (sobs): I can't... I can't...

STACEY: Deep breaths, Mom. Deep breaths. Now think back: what exactly happened?

DORINDA (thinking): I was sipping my martini, closing my eyes, and enjoying what might have been the most relaxing moment of my life, when all of a sudden, the lights went out, and I was pushed into the mud.

STACEY: Did you notice anything else?

DORINDA: Did I notice anything?! I was fighting for my life!

STACEY: No, I know, I know, but, like, clues, Mom, clues. Anything funny right before you went under?

DORINDA: No, like I said I had my eyes closed, martini nearby. Where's my martini?

STACEY: The glass is on the floor, but you must've finished it because there isn't any liquid.

DORINDA: That's probably what gave me the strength to fight! But let me concentrate: eyes closed, martini, the lights went out. There were suddenly just very strong hands on my shoulders.

STACEY: Like a massage.

DORINDA: Only less relaxing. Do you see anything? Footprints?

STACEY: No, but whoever did this to you has mud all over them. There are a lot of splash marks.

DORINDA: This is what it feels like to be a victim.

STACEY: Did you happen to notice anything else?

DORINDA: Not that I recall - just earthy mud and whatever was left of Joy's cigarette exhaust.

STACEY: Hmmm.

DORINDA: Help me out of this death trap, my darling daughter. We've got to get in on Agent Jack Boyd's interrogation.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE THREE:

SFX: SPA MUSIC PLAYS FROM A SPEAKER, ECHOING AROUND THE SALT CAVE.

JOY: I have nothing to confess. Oh, except that I might've offered my new artistic discovery a little less than her sculpture was worth. But that's just good business. What about you?

ALICE: Well, I suppose I should own up to a few cosmetic interventions.

JOY: Besides the facelift, Botox, filler, and breast augment -

SFX: FOOTSTEPS WALK INTO THE CAVE.

JACK: What are you two talking about?

ALICE: Oh, Jack!

JOY: You're right about this salt cave! It's an excellent place to reveal secrets. They come pouring right out.

JACK: I'm going to get this polygraph set up. The others are on their way.

SFX: JACK BEGINS SETTING THINGS UP.

ALICE: Do you have any confessions to make, Jack?

SFX: ANOTHER SET OF FOOTSTEPS ENTER.

SFX: BENNETT GRUNTS.

JACK: Ah, Bennett. Glad you're here. I'm going to use you as the crash test dummy.

JOY: Pardon?

JACK: You'll see. All we need now are the rest of the ladies.

SFX: TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS SHUFFLE IN.

DORINDA: We're coming! We're coming! It took a while to get all this mud off. I didn't even have time to dry my hair.

STACEY: Oh, you look great, Mom.

JACK: This isn't about how things look; it's about how things are. And how things are is highly suspicious.

SFX: FLIP FLOP FOOTSTEPS SCUFF INTO THE CAVE.

CELESTIA: We're here.

CALYPSO: What is the salt cave emergency we're needed for?

DORINDA: Your body oils filling this cave with such heady scents might be the first order of business.

SFX: CELESTIA'S FOOTSTEPS WALK PASSED THE GROUP.



JACK: No, the first order of business is to announce that a crime has been committed at Xanadu.

CELESTIA: A crime?

JACK: Yes, a murder.

CALYPSO: Who's dead?!

SFX: CELESTIA STOPS THE MUSIC.

JACK: Xanthia.

CALYPSO: I mean, other than her.

JACK: Xanthia is the victim. Of murder.

CELESTIA (walks back to the group): I don't think so. She fell.

CALYPSO: She tragically fell to her death.

JACK: That's what the killer wants you to think. Or killers.

CELESTIA: Well, the police should be here with the crane within an hour.

JACK: I supersede the Albuquerque police. I'm FBI. And Bennett is my partner.

CELESTIA: What?

JACK: We've been investigating the disappearance of the geologist and chemist some years back.

CELESTIA: The professors? We don't have anything to do with that.

JACK: We'll find out soon enough. Let me introduce you to my little friend.

CALYPSO: What is that?

JACK: A polygraph. Each one of you is a suspect, and each one of you will answer my questions to suss out the killer of Xanthia.

CELESTIA: I don't -

JACK: I'll use Bennett to demonstrate.

JOY: The crash test dummy. (laughs) I see.

JACK: We all know Bennett isn't much of a talker, but you will see simply from his physiological reactions whether he's lying or not. Bennett, if I may...

SFX: SOUNDS OF POLYGRAPH BEING PLACED ON BENNETT, MAYBE VELCRO, SOFT HEART BEAT BEEP BEGINNING, ETC.

JACK (CONT'D): Et voila! All right, let's begin. We always start with questions for which you will only have a true answer. For instance: is your name Bennett Fleming?

SFX: BENNETT GRUNTS. EVEN BEEPS AND BLIPS.

JACK (CONT'D): Do you work in Washington, D.C. for the IRS?

SFX: BENNETT GRUNTS AND SIGHS. EVEN BEEPS AND BLIPS.

CALYPSO: The IRS?

CELESTIA: We pay our taxes. I have the records.

JACK: Please let me continue without interruption. (a pause) Bennett, are you here to investigate the money trail from the disappearance of those professors?

SFX: BENNETT GIVES CONFIRMATION. EVEN BEEPS AND BLIPS.

JACK (CONT'D): See how this works?

DORINDA: Shouldn't you ask him something that might elevate his heart rate or respiration?

JACK: Excellent point. (a pause) Bennett, did you push Xanthia off the mountain path?

SFX: BENNETT SIGHS, BORED. EVEN BEEPS AND BLIPS.

JACK (CONT'D): See? Now, who's next?

JOY: I refuse to answer your questions unless I'm given a cigarette!

JACK: Calypso, how about you?

CALYPSO: I don't have anything to hide.

SFX: CHANGING POLYGRAPH TO HER.

SFX: VELCRO.

SFX: ELEVATED HEART RATE FROM CALYPSO.

JACK: Take a breath, Calypso. No need to be nervous. As you said, you have nothing to hide.

DORINDA (whispering to JOY, ALICE, and STACEY): I hope the killer is obvious. If these Cs are working together, maybe they'll be able to beat the polygraph.

JOY: They had no idea they'd be placed on a lie detector machine and asked questions about Xanthia's death. Didn't Jack say that only a cold blooded killer could beat it?

JACK (to Calypso): Let's begin with some softballs. Can you please state your full name?

CALYPSO: Calypso.

JACK: Uh... And where were you when Xanthia was pushed down the mountainside?

CALYPSO: Celestia and I were cleaning up the massage rooms - we'd just given Mrs. and Ms. Mansfield their massages. We were preparing to walk up to the sound bath.

JACK: Where I was waiting.

CALYPSO: According to you, yes.

JACK (snaps): I'm not the one under interrogation here. (calmy)  
Next question: why have you and Celestia been arguing?

SFX: BEEPS PICK UP SPEED.

JACK (CONT'D): Do you need me to repeat--

CALYPSO: No. Celestia and I are like sisters. We bicker. Rarely over anything specific. We just get on each other's nerves.

JACK: Could you give me an example?

CALYPSO: Sometimes I find Celestia to be a little forward with the guests.

JACK: For instance?

CALYPSO: She gets a little chatty, a little familiar.

JACK: Such as?

CALYPSO: Such as blabbing details about our magical mud and those missing professors when the Mansfields were on the massage tables. It's unprofessional.

JACK: And that lack of filter annoys you?

CALYPSO: Yes. And Xanthia never does anything about it. Or never did. It was a point of contention, but nothing to kill over!

CELESTIA: That's true! We just bicker like sisters.

JACK: Your time will come, Celestia. My focus right now is Calypso.

CELESTIA: Yes, sir.

JACK: Calypso, did you kill Xanthia?

SFX: BEEPS ARE EVEN FASTER.

CALYPSO: No.

JACK: No?

CALYPSO: No!

SFX: THE HEART BEAT BEEPS SLOW DOWN.

JACK (after a pause): Dorinda, you're up.

SFX: SWITCHING OUT THE POLYGRAPH MACHINE SOUNDS, SWAPPING CALYPSO FOR DORINDA.

SFX: THE MACHINE GIVES STEADY, CALM BEEPS.

DORINDA: Fire away. Start with the hard stuff. I'm ready.

JACK: Is your name Dorinda Mansfield?

DORINDA: Yes.

JACK: And how old are you?

SFX: POLYGRAPH SPEEDS UP. DORINDA SCOFFS.

STACEY: Ah, maybe we should just skip to the murder?

JACK: OK. Were you at the murder scene?

SFX: POLYGRAPH RETURNS TO NORMAL

DORINDA: No, Xanthia's fall was reported to me by Joy and Alice. They saw the disturbed rocks and looked over into the ravine and saw Xanthia's body at the bottom.

JACK: But you did hear about how money had interfered with the general mood at Xanadu?

DORINDA: Yes, the Marxist masseuse mentioned something about that.

JACK: And you'd been in a massage room with Calypso and Celestia before you'd heard about Xanthia's demise.

DORINDA: Yes. Stacey and I both.

JACK: Do you have any idea where Calypso and Celestia went after your massage?

DORINDA: No.

JACK: But you have witnessed the tension between them.

DORINDA: I have -

SFX: THE HEART BEAT BEEPS BEGIN TO PICK UP.

DORINDA: Wait a minute. Joy, Alice: when you came across the disturbance on the path, did you notice any lingering lavender or sandalwood?

ALICE (in unison): No...

JOY (in unison): Not that I recall.

JACK: What does that have to do with anything?



DORINDA: If you're FBI, certainly you've picked up on the scents of these women. Anywhere these Cs have been reeks of lavender or sandalwood for some time afterwards.

CELESTIA: Reeks? That's a bit rude.

CALYPSO (overlapping): Cs? That's unnecessary!

DORINDA: If neither Alice nor Joy didn't catch a trace of either scent, I say it cannot be either woman. And furthermore, there was an attempt made on my life less than an hour ago.

ALICE: What? Are you all right?

JOY (overlapping): What are you talking about, Dorinda?

CELESTIA (overlapping): What happened?

CALYPSO (overlapping): Where were you?

DORINDA: And, not to do your job for you, Agent Boyd, but perhaps you'll notice only one person in this salt cave wasn't surprised by my announcement.

JACK: Your daughter?

DORINDA: Your partner: Bennett Fleming.

SFX: STEADY BEEPS FROM DORINDA.

SFX: A COLLECTIVE GASP.

JACK: Bennett?! It was you?

SFX: BENNETT GROANS.

JACK: That's why you were late to the yurt.

ALICE: Dorinda, I know you're very good at solving crimes, but think: why would an IRS agent push a spa owner off a cliff?

DORINDA: Why would an IRS agent have a matchbook from the Berkshire Bay Country Club?

SFX: A LARGE HANDGUN IS COCKED. ANOTHER COLLECTIVE GASP.

JOY: Oh my goodness! He's got a gun!

JACK: He's got my gun! Bennett, whatever's going on, you're only going to make it worse.

SFX: INCREASED BEEPS FROM DORINDA.

DORINDA: When he was hooked up to the polygraph, perhaps you should've asked him where he was 45 minutes ago, and whether it was in the mud baths pushing me beneath the surface in an attempt to kill me, too!

JOY: Stop provoking the man, Dorinda. He has a gun, and you're strapped to a chair!

JACK: Yes, everyone keep your hands where he can see them. We don't need any itchy trigger fingers.

ALICE: What's he doing now?

SFX: THE SOUND OF A CELL PHONE UNLOCKING AND THUMB-TYPING ON A KEYBOARD.

STACEY: Texting, it seems.

JACK: Hey, hey, hey, Bennett. This does not have to end badly. I know you're backed into a corner, but--

JOY: He's literally backing out of this cave.

DORINDA: We know who he is. Let him go. You FBI boys can catch him later. We don't want any bloodshed.

JACK: Dorinda's right. Bennett, get out of here.

JOY: Look at his suit. He's wearing black. He changed his suit! He was wearing navy earlier. He was the person who tried to kill you!

SFX: BENNETT COCKS THE GUN AGAIN.

JOY (shrieks): Ah! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Stop pointing that thing at me!

DORINDA: For heaven's sake Joy, now you're the one provoking the man.

JACK: Bennett, just get out of here. (a pause) That's right. I'm not going to give chase. You've got my gun after all.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS SLOWLY EXIT THE CAVE AND MOVE INTO THE NIGHT.

ALICE: Aren't you going to go after him?

JACK: No! We're in the middle of the desert. He won't get far. The important thing is you're all OK.

CALYPSO: I'm a wreck!

CELESTIA (overlapping): I'm in shock.

JOY (overlapping): I need a ciggie.

ALICE (overlapping): I need a martini.

STACEY (overlapping): This trip certainly got my mind off my breakup!

SFX: DORINDA'S STEADY HEART MONITOR.

JACK: Maybe you're the killer, Dorinda. The polygraph remained steady throughout.

DORINDA: As it did with your partner. Like you said, only a cold blooded killer could beat it.

JACK: Partner?! I barely know the guy. We were paired up for this investigation. We just met last week.

SFX: JACK UNSTRAPS DORINDA AND TURNS OFF THE MACHINE.

DORINDA: I hope the next time you meet him is when you're slapping a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

JOY: Dare we peek out of the cave? I'm starting to get a little claustrophobic.

SFX: THE GROUPS FOOTSTEPS MOVE SLOWLY OUT INTO THE DESERT NIGHT.

SFX: HELICOPTER NOISES MOVE IN FROM THE DISTANCE, GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER.

DORINDA: What on earth?

JOY (loudly): Is that a rope ladder descending from that helicopter?

STACEY: This is like a James Bond movie!

DORINDA: Unfortunately, with the killer getting away.

SFX: THE HELICOPTER FLIES AWAY.

JOY: The good news is we still have the rest of the weekend to enjoy, since Celestia and Calypso are still here to run the spa.

CELESTIA: That is great news.

CALYPSO: We have swordfish for dinner.

JOY: And whatever wine pairing is best.

ALICE: Keep in mind I don't always like what Joy likes.

JACK: There's been a murder, an attempted murder, a man pointed a gun at you ladies, and you're worried about wine pairings?

ALICE: Not yet. First, I insist on a very cold -

DORINDA: Very dry--

DORINDA AND ALICE (in unison): Martini!

SFX: SITAR MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE FOUR:

SFX: A WATER FEATURE RUNS IN THE BACKGROUND AS LIGHT SITAR MUSIC PLAYS.

DORINDA: Our final brunch before checkout. Any word, Agent Boyd, about Bennett Fleming?

JACK: Two things. One, he's not IRS. He was a mercenary posing as IRS to get in on my investigation.

STACEY: A professional soldier?

JACK: Or professional criminal.

DORINDA: And what was the second thing?

JACK: The helicopter was hired by a third party who's deep undercover. It takes money to go that deep. Big money!

DORINDA: Who do we know with that kind of wealth?

ALICE AND JOY: Rosemary Berkshire!

DORINDA: That would explain the matchbook.

STACEY: Why would Rosemary Berkshire be connected with two missing professors doing experiments on mud?

SFX: A COLLECTIVE GASP.

DORINDA, STACEY, ALICE, AND JOY: Berkshire Bay Sunscreen!

STACEY: The minerals!

ALICE: The magical properties!

JOY: The legal fines paid over ineffective sun coverage!

DORINDA: The money.

ALICE: Oh, Dorinda. Well played! You are Berkshire Bay's own Miss Marple.

JOY: Don't date her like that. She's more of a Jessica Fletcher.

STACEY: How about Olivia Benson?

JACK: I love *Law and Order*.

SFX: FLIP FLOP FOOTSTEPS WALK TO THEM.

CELESTIA: Ladies. And Agent Boyd. I hope you've had a marvelous stay at Xanadu, all things considered.

DORINDA: Oh, we have. And are you and Calypso doing all right?

CELESTIA: I think we've figured out how to proceed with the spa. The loss of Xanthia will take some time to digest.

JOY: Speaking of digestion, I want to compliment you on all of the wonderful food. I'm going to put clean eating on the top of my to-do list when we get back to Berkshire Bay.

DORINDA: Right after quit smoking?

JOY: Oh, heavens no. Life's too short not to smoke.

SFX: ANOTHER SET OF FLIP FLOP FOOTSTEPS ENTER.



CALYPSO: Mrs. Mansfield, Mrs. Wakefield, Mrs. Breckenridge, I have your bills ready.

JOY: Bill? This in an all-inclusive.

CALYPSO: Yes, except for the surcharges: wine pairings, the in-room champagne, the martinis -

ALICE: Oh, yes. Of course.

JOY: How bad can it be?

SFX: THE SOUND OF PAGES AND PAGES BEING THUMBED THROUGH.

SFX: THE THREE GIVE A COLLECTIVE GASP.

JOY: Oh heavens...

SFX: CLINK

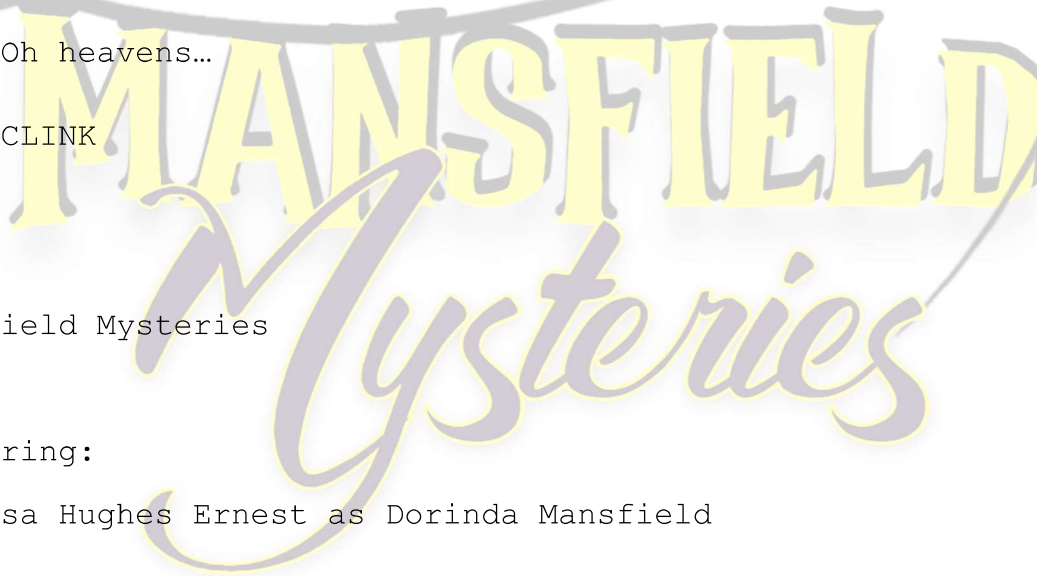
Mansfield Mysteries

Featuring:

Melissa Hughes Ernest as Dorinda Mansfield

And

Melissa Zeien as Stacey Mansfield



With:

John Adams as Jack Boyd

Kristin Althoff as Celestia

Mona Goss Lewis as Alice Breckenridge

Tina Paukstelis as Joy Wakefield

Joan Roehre as Calypso

and

Christopher Wild as Bennett Fleming

Produced by Nicholas Hoyt and Paul Reese

Written by Amy Hanson and Michael L Johnson

Sound Design by Paul Reese

Directed by Nicholas Hoyt

A special Thank You to Amber Miller for all of her contributions.

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You've just enjoyed a QuarantTeam Production.