

~~Start~~ Liz / Jo / Mary

MARY. Do you think maybe I should bring this sponge?

Start

*There's a knock at the door. Jo and Mary scream. Liz pokes her head in.*

LIZ. Hey-y-y. Where are you guys going?

JO. Going?

MARY. We're not going anywhere.

LIZ. Then why are your coats on?

MARY. We just got back.

LIZ. From where?

JO. Two-for-one margarita night.

MARY. Dos por Uno.

LIZ. Where?

MARY. At that new Mexican place...

JO. The something Iguana...?

LIZ. The Red Iguana?

MARY. Yes!

LIZ. That's not new.

MARY. Iguana Verde?

JO. (*Fictionally correcting.*) Iguana Azul.

LIZ. I love margaritas. You know I love margaritas. Mary, I hope you're not mad about last night.

MARY. Nobody's mad...

LIZ. I'm sorry if I seemed judgmental...

JO. Judgmental about what?

MARY. We just figured you were busy with Jackson...

JO. You have been very busy with Jackson...

LIZ. I know. I haven't had time to *think*. Which has been *great*. But he's camping tonight. Remember? You were both freaking out about it.

JO. We were?

LIZ. It feels so *strange* to have a night alone. We buy these big houses when our families are expanding. We put enormous jungle gyms in the backyard. Trampolines. Basketball hoops. Then before you know it you're back to just the two of you. And then *surprise*, you're down to one. I ate my Lean Cuisine, looked at the paper, and thought it *must* be bedtime. It was only 6:25.

*Jo and Mary herd Liz towards the door.*

JO. That's why there's television...

MARY. That's why there's Dickens...

JO. You have to embrace the solitude!

MARY. Consider it "you time"!

JO. Alphabetize your spices!

MARY. Take a nice hot bath!

*Liz pulls a DVD out of her bag.*

LIZ. I was thinking maybe we could watch a chick-flick! Doesn't that sound fun?

JO. No, it doesn't as a matter of fact. I hate these rom-coms about 24-year-old girls who are editors and CEOs living in SoHo lofts. There's always that scene where the girl is so despondent she's eating ice cream right out of the carton even though the actress is some anorexic vegan who weighs less than a feather-duster. What does any of that have to do with us?

LIZ. Then forget the movie! Let's have a slumber party!

JO. A slumber party?!

MARY. We have a Fun Run in the morning!

LIZ. We could make popcorn, give each other pedicures...

MARY. Unfortunately, we have to be at that thing.

LIZ. I thought you just got back.

MARY. We're just stopping back to pick up some things we need for the thing.

LIZ. What thing? I'll go. Where are we going?

JO. *We're* not going anywhere.

LIZ. You're going without me?

JO. You can't just expect our lives to stay still while you go off with your new boyfriend...

MARY. You're not the only one getting out there...

JO. We have a date tonight.

LIZ. With who?

MARY. You wouldn't know him.

JO. Them.

LIZ. Why didn't you tell me?

JO. When were we gonna tell you?

MARY. We never see you anymore.

LIZ. You just saw me...

MARY. We never see you *alone*...

JO. Frankly Liz, you kind of dropped us like a hot tamale.

LIZ. I didn't mean to.

JO. Well you did.

MARY. But we're not mad.

JO. We're a little mad.  
MARY. We're a little mad but we're happy for you. But we really have to get going...  
LIZ. You're going on a date in *hiking* shoes?  
MARY. It's not a date-date...  
LIZ. Then what kind of date *is* it? I feel like you don't tell me things anymore.  
MARY. We tell you things...  
JO. But you don't listen...  
LIZ. I'm listening now.  
MARY. Truth be told Liz we're going...  
JO. Camping!  
LIZ. Camping where?  
JO. We're headed for the border!  
MARY. It's Thelma and Louise! It's a date with ourselves!  
LIZ. You aren't maybe headed to *Carmel Canyon*...?  
MARY and JO. (*Crazy talk.*) What?!  
LIZ. Mary, are you chasing after Trenner?  
JO. Trenner?  
LIZ. He's chosen to be with Amanda. You need to honor that.  
JO. *Trenner?*  
MARY. So Trenner went to Carmel Canyon?  
LIZ. He and Amanda are camping.  
MARY. But I thought she was going with Jackson...  
LIZ. She cancelled on him! And off she went with Trenner.  
MARY. I can't believe they got back together...  
LIZ. I thought you knew.

*Liz pats Mary pityingly. Knock on the door. Mary and Jo exchange a "what the hell" look. Mary opens the door.*

MARY. Why, it's Sergeant Sponsillar!  
KIRK. I'm sorry, Mary. I didn't realize you had company.  
MARY. Don't be silly. Come in, come in. You already know Jo...  
JO. (*Covering.*) How would he know me?  
MARY. This is Jo, who of course you haven't met...  
LIZ. Oh my God.  
MARY. (*Pointedly.*) And this is our friend *Liz*...  
KIRK. Ma'am.  
LIZ. Has anyone ever told you...?  
KIRK. [Christopher Walken]?  
LIZ. No, well yes, but you look *exactly* like...

Kirk

KIRK. The dentist?  
LIZ. Yes! You look just like my boyfriend!  
MARY. Doesn't he?  
KIRK. I've been informed by unnamed persons that Dr. Scull is camping with your daughter...?  
LIZ. How did you know he was camping?  
MARY. Detective work! That's what they're *trained* to do!  
LIZ. (*Glaring at Mary and Jo.*) Oh my God. Are you *trying* to send an innocent man to jail?  
MARY. We were concerned about you!  
LIZ. He just wanted to get away for *one* night. Is that a crime? He has a very busy practice and he was just *wrung out*. Why, the man could barely salsa last night!  
JO. Has something happened Sergeant?  
KIRK. I'm not at liberty to say whether something happened but if it did it was as recently as tonight.  
MARY. *Tonight?*  
KIRK. Not six blocks away. In the parking lot at the Whole Foods...  
LIZ. Oh my God. I go to that Whole Foods all the time!  
MARY. I do too! It's just around the corner from the library!  
JO. I get my roots done right across the street!  
MARY. I get the quinoa salad every Tuesday!  
KIRK. Do you happen to know exactly where Dr. Scull was headed?  
LIZ. To Carmel Canyon!  
JO. (*To Mary.*) I told you he should have written it *down*...  
KIRK. I mean where in Carmel Canyon?  
JO. Near the cave with the fluorescent rocks...  
MARY. Minerals actually...  
JO. At least we *think* he's up there...  
LIZ. (*Pulling out her phone.*) Whatever happened tonight, I can *promise* you it had nothing to do with Jackson! I will call him right now and you can trace the call or whatever and see that he is *nowhere* near the Whole Foods parking lot...  
JO. Liz, I don't think there's any reception down there...  
LIZ. Always with the doom and gloom, Jo, what an Eeyore! Honestly I can see the little storm cloud over your head...

*We hear the sound of a recording coming through Liz's cell phone.*

He's out of the service area. Which just *proves* that he's hours away and couldn't possibly have murdered anyone tonight!