

The Play

The Desecration of a Place

A murder mystery play

By:

Robert G. Borelli

....**NARRATOR...**

High on a cliff, in the Village of Selden Creek, overlooking the majestic Connecticut River as it weaves its way toward Long Island Sound, lays a spot the inhabitants called Plac SACRÉ (Sacred Place).

Rick Selden looked up at the intimidating wall and the massive Iron Gate. He knew that behind that Iron Gate laid the answers to his reign as keeper of the Selden Creek Vineyards. Plac SACRÉ is only access able through a land bridge that connects the island to the cliffs, and the high wall and the Iron Gate sever the place from the unknowns and the unwanted. One could see this place from the river as it weaves around the massive cliffs that hem it, but one could not know the topography or the purpose.

Only Uncle Andre knows and only he has the keys to enter this sacred place that is, until today, September 13th 2010, Rick's 43rd birthday. Today the keys belong to Rick.

Rick Selden, newly ordained Vineyard Master, came to the sacred place for the first time today. The spot was to be his, and only his, to govern and to enjoy. No others, including family or friends are permitted or welcomed.

Uncle Andre was the keeper as long as Rick could remember and now it passed onto him. Andre told Rick to come here, not to encompass the beauty, or to lay his head to rest, but to cleanse his soul, as he would surely need, to justly administer the business of the family. Rick always knew that he was next in line to inherit the responsibility of the vineyards, but he also wondered why Uncle Andre didn't break tradition. He could have passed the governing onto Pierre, his son. For that matter, he also could have passed it on to one of Rick's brothers Jerome or John. For Uncle Andre never respected or liked Rick, but he continued the tradition and that was that. He only told Rick that when the next generation's oldest son came to the age of 43, Rick was to pass on to him the responsibility of running the vineyards along with the keys to this sacred place and remain silent about the place until his death. As all the eldest Selden sons before him, Rick vowed to carry on the tradition.

The Selden's long history with this island began when Raymond Selden and his brothers Ronald, Norman, Eugene, & William settled here around 1800 escaping the revolution in France.

Wine growers that they were, they set out to search for a place to establish a vineyard. They found an island about 6 miles long and 1 mile wide that extended off the Connecticut coast by 2000 meters that had perfect soil to start their vineyards and they named the island Selden's Creek. They built a wooden bridge to the Mainland in order to get supplies from the Saybrook colony to their island haven. Generation after generation of Selden's cultivated the soil until a rich beautiful Pinot Noir grape was harvested. Today Selden Creek Vineyards Pinot Noir wines are known world wide having won medals of distinction from all European countries, that is, except Portugal.

Vincenzo Frattia and his brothers Ricardo and Victorio, from Portugal founded Chester, which lies on the main land just opposite Selden Creek, around 1840 as an Oyster fishing village. They mirror the Selden's in one way, and one way only; the oldest son runs the business. And today it is Eduardo Frattia who runs the business. Like Rick Selden, Eduardo just inherited the responsibility of the family business and like Rick, Eduardo, as well, has a sacred place that only he and no other Frattia or friend is allowed to go. Vineyards and oyster beds do not conflict until uncontrolled use of the Selden's wine presses, destroy the oyster beds, AND THEN hell is to be paid. And Hell was paid the night of August 29th 1885 when war broke out between the Selden's and the Frattia's after the spill from the wine presses seeped into the river, and flowed on the tide to the sound, killing the majority of the oyster crop. The Frattia's responded by destroying the wine presses and a gun battle ensued. Three members of each family were killed including 1 woman, the Frattia Grandmother. The battle lasted until State Marshals from Hartford intervened. The memorial on the Chester/Selden Creek Bridge to the 1885 battle is still adorned with flowers by both Families although the original adversaries are long gone, the hatred continues. And this is just one of the things Rick has to contemplate as he puts the first key, in the first lock, of the iron gate, that leads into the Plac SACRÉ.

The Desecration of a Place

A murder mystery play

By:

StoneCastle Productions

Narrator Continues:

Will Rogers once said "There are two theories about arguing with a woman, and neither one works"

Cast in order of Appearance:

**Rick Selden
Diana Frattia
Pierre Selden
William Selden
Grand Lady Gracia Selden
Linda Selden
Grandma Donna Frattia
Eduardo Frattia
Dano Frattia
The Marshal**

Rick Selden (talking to himself)

Ok, I put the first key in lock one, turn 1/2 to the right. Ok, done. Put second key in lock three, turn 1/2 to left. OK. Put the third key in lock 4, 1/2 turn to right again. Put fourth key in, no don't put forth key in? OK. Turn first key back to center. OK. Gate should open. Now push and Voila! Gate is open. What the hell does key four do? Who knows, who cares, gates open. Boy, if I didn't have these keys and weird code, I could never get in here, nobody could.

Oh my God what a beautiful place. Opps! Shut gate. Done, locked and secured. I can't believe this, flowers and manicured shrubs and carpet like grass and Oh my! A pond filled with white Lilies. a gazebo? Pinch me I must be in paradise. Wow, look at the views. God, I can see the bottom of the river from up here. Ooh! Those rocks look nasty. Must be 100 feet down, doesn't look that high from the river.

....NARRATOR...

Rick walks around, getting acquainted with his new domain. After about 1/2 hour, remembering Uncle Andre's advice, Rick sits down on the rim of the pond to contemplate the family business. But he is too drawn into the beauty of the place *and again his mind shifts to the work that is needed to keep the place beautiful.*

Rick Selden (Again talking to himself)

This place is perfect, how the hell am I going to find time to keep it this way? Is this what Uncle Andre meant by “cleansing my soul”? Yeah he was right, no laying my head down here. This is B.S., how the hell can I run the Vineyards and take care of this place?

Diana Frattia:

You don't have to Rick. That is for me to do.

Rick Selden:

Diana! Where the hell did you come from? God you scared me. And what in the Hell are you doing here, anyway? This is a sacred place for the Selden's. No one, except a Selden is allowed here. Only I have the keys. And right now, this place is for me and me alone. No family, no friends.

Diana Frattia:

But Rick, you know I am neither family nor friend. You must be tired thinking about your new position and the responsibilities you are about to undertake. Take your clothes off Rick, and sit in the pond. You will find the warm water stimulating. I will join you.

Rick Selden:

What the hell are you talking about, Diana you may be one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen and I got to say desirable. If I get in that pond with you and I am stark naked, what the hell do you think would happen. I am a man, if you haven't notice.

Diana Frattia:

You are a Man. And what you do would be your right, as keeper of this place.

Rick Selden:

What do you mean my right? What the hell do you know that I don't? How bout telling me for starters: A. How did you get into this place? B. How come you know so much about this place? C. Why the hell are you here? And D. hell there ain't no, D. Just what the hell are you doing here? No, how the hell did you get into here? God you're too tiny to climb the damn wall. What do you weight 105 pounds? Perfect figure, beautiful skin? No! No! Rick don't go there. Hell, I am damn sure Uncle Andre didn't give you the keys. He really hates the Frattia's but I'm sure you know that, you seem to know everything else.

....NARRATOR...

Rick remembers Will Roger's Theories about arguing with a woman and decides to get into the pond. Diana sheds her clothes and joins him. Since the writer of this play is 1950's bred, He has decided to leave the rest of the time in the pond to the audience's imagination. And I'm sure; looking at this audience, there is absolutely no shortage of imagination about this sort of activity.

....NARRATOR...

And now, the play continues. After the usual time plus 20 minutes or so of chatting about their families businesses, the two emerge from the pond and proceed to get dressed.

Rick Selden:

Oh God, I can't believe what just happen. I am surely going to hell, talking about sleeping with the enemy. I should go back in there, put my face down and drown myself.

Diana Frattia:

Was I not good Rick? Do you not feel your soul has been cleansed?

Rick Selden:

Hell you were incredible, I mean incredible. I never ever, ever, experienced anything like that. It's just, Hell everything is happening too, too fast. First I'm the master of the vineyard, and then I get keys to the sacred place, and then you. I, I, can't explain it. Just incredible, in-cred-ible. And forgive me Great Grandpapa Raymond; I don't want this to end.

Diana Frattia:

Rick! And it won't. I will be here for you as long as you are keeper of the Plac SACRÉ. Would this please you?

Rick Selden:

Ah! Yes, I mean Hell Yes
I got to get the hell out of here before I go crazy. And anything can happen when I go crazy. Oh what the Hell! Will I see you again?

Diana Frattia:

I will be here for you every Sunday, in the afternoon.

Rick Selden:

O.K. I'm good with that! So then it's goodbye, No! Goodbye for now.

Diana Frattia:

Rick before you go, you must promise me something.

Rick Selden:

Anything, anything you want.

Diana Frattia:

Rick promise me that you will not do anything to hurt me or my family.

Rick Selden:

OK, I promise I won't do anything to hurt you or your family, especially you.

Diana Frattia:

Rick, I'm serious, promise me that you will not do anything to hurt me, or my family. I want you to make it a sacred promise, because you will make it here, in the Selden's sacred place. Rick I am dead serious, a sacred promise.

Rick Selden:

If it is that important to you Diana, You got it. Sacred Promise.

....NARRATOR...

The scene shifts. It is the next morning in the Vineyard office. Just Rick and his cousin Pierre are in the office.

Pierre Selden:

Sooo you went to the Plac SACRÉ yesterday. No problem pushing open the big gate, big man? Or did my father have to take you in by the hand? Think you're man enough to fill my Father's shoes? You are too small to be an Andre Selden. My father is a big strong man and you are, but a very petite escargot.

Rick Selden:

What the hell are you talking about? Do you have a problem with me being the Vineyard Master or maybe you have a problem because your father didn't think you're man enough to do the job. Whatever the hell your problem is, drop it! I'm your boss and will be for the next 20 or so years. So just be the production manager and keep your mouth shut about me.

Pierre Selden:

You don't have to be so nasty, I was just kidding.

Rick Selden:

Well don't. I need the production numbers for the next pressing. God we need some good grapes, we haven't won a medal in a long time. If we can't get a good yield this time, I think we will start a vinegar business. The SELDEN'S "Kings of the Sour Grapes" Hey! We could put it on those Frattia OYSTERS.

Pierre Selden:

Yeah! "Sour grapes on the half shell", a partnership made in hell.

....NARRATOR...

Both men laugh. I SAID, BOTH MEN LAUGH! Men laugh. Narrator says, Thanks. William Selden enters the room

Rick Selden:

Hey William! How's it going out in the fields?

William Selden:

What is all the laughter about? Hopefully you guys are not making bad jokes about good wine and I mean Good Wine.

Pierre Selden:

Good wine? Man! What are saying?

William Selden:

I'll tell you. I just came in from the fields and the Wine Master informed me that this year's harvest is going to be the best we ever had. He's assured me that in 12 days this harvest is going to yield our best grapes ever. We will have medals and medals and medals from everywhere, maybe even Portugal. No not Portugal. But it will surely guarantee that Selden Creek Wines will be around for a long time. REMEMBER; make no plans, we pick in 12 days. OK? Sorry to bother you guys. Please get on with your work or your jokes, or whatever.

Pierre Selden:

Rick, that's great, Oh boy! A minute ago we were squashing sour grapes and now, Wow, now medals. We ought to celebrate. What do you think Rick? Go into Saybrook, drink up a bit? Hell you know, maybe Diana's there.

Rick Selden:

Get serious Pierre, you know that woman won't give you the time of day and she is taboo as far as the family is concerned. And we sure in hell ain't going to celebrate and we sure in hell ain't going to the cellars with those grapes unless you get those SCRUBBERS working. I hate to say this, but if you can't get them up, we'll delay harvest.

Pierre Selden:

What are you crazy? We're not going to delay harvest. The grapes will spoil. We need this harvest. You heard William, the grapes will be ready in 12 days and we will press in 14 days. And that is that.

Rick Selden:

Without those Scrubbers we have to dump in the river and we're not dumping anything in the river. We sure in hell don't need to do that. I'm serious we don't need to have problems with the Frattia's. I'm telling you, if we have to, we'll delay harvest until you get those Goddamn Scrubbers up and running. And boy! You better hear me? And that is that.

...NARRATOR...

Scene shifts to Grand Lady Gracia's parlor. She is talking to her granddaughter Linda.

Grand Lady Gracia Selden:

Linda, you are a beautiful girl and today is your special day. I want you to know I too once shared your beauty and I also had my special day. But that was then and now is now. Let me share with you what my Grandmama told me on my special day and I want you to remember these things: Be gracious, but not meek; be wise in counsel, but do not dictate; speak not, unless to respond to; be faithful, but not passive; and remember, always, you are a Selden. You have been chosen, by me, to fulfill this important duty.

Although you possess the sole burden, you must remain silent about it. Do you understand child?

Linda Selden:

Yes! Grandmama. I just hope that I can be all the things you were and still are.

....NARRATOR...

Scene shifts to Grandma Donna Frattia's kitchen. Diana has just come in and the two women are alone.

Grandma Donna Frattia:

Come over here my child and sit. I did not see you yesterday when you returned from the SACRE place. Did everything go as we planned?

Diana Frattia:

Yes Grandmother. Everything went as you said it would. I finished late and was too tired to come to see you.

Grandma Donna Frattia:

You are so beautiful my dear. I only wish I could have had my chance in the sacred place. God didn't bless me with the beauty of Gracia Selden. Instead he gave me the body of Andre Selden that big brute.

Well that is that. Now my dear, did the new Vineyard Master, what's his name?

Diana Frattia:

Rick, Grandma, Rick.

Grandma Donna Frattia:

Ah, yes Rick. Did Rick make the PROMISE? I mean the sacred promise?

Diana Frattia:

Yes, Grandma he did. He did make the promise and he knew it was a sacred one.

Grandma Donna Frattia:

Good, good my dear. Tell me more about your conversation with, what's his name again?

Diana Frattia:

Rick, Grandma.

Grandma Donna Frattia:

And what other things did you and Rick talk about. Are the Selden's going to harvest soon?

Diana Frattia:

Yes Grandma as soon as they get their Scrubbers for the Presses fixed. He said he needs the scrubbers to handle the residue from the grapes that do not get pressed. Rick doesn't work on the presses, that's Pierre Selden's job.

Grandma Donna Frattia:

Pierre Selden? My, My, there is an interesting subject. He is a strange, and I understand sometimes very violent boy. Remember how as a teen he used to sneak over here to see you? He really was head over heels in love with you and did everything you told him to do. My! Oh! My! He really would do anything for you. If his father Andre knew what was going on, he would have disowned him. But that boy has a mind of his own and you can't predict what he will do next. A strange boy that Pierre Selden is, Tis, Tis, we will have to watch that one.

....NARRATOR...

DID I HEAR TIS, TIS? WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN? IS THE OLD BROAD GOING BANANAS? OR WHAT!

Anyway, the two women continue chatting. Scene again shifts to the following Monday to the Frattia's Oyster Office.

I DON'T MEAN AN OFFICE MADE OF OYSTERS. I MEAN AN OFFICE FOR OYSTERS! NO, NOT AN OFFICE WHERE OYSTERS MEET! AN OFFICE WHERE OYSTER BUSINESS TAKES PLACE. NO! I DON'T MEAN THEY SQUIRT THERE. WHATEVER! YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

Eduardo is talking to his brother Dano.

Eduardo Frattia:

Danny, How's our inventory: think we can sustain a dry season?

Dano Frattia:

Are you crazy man? Hell we just about survived 1999. Fighting with the damn Power Company, last year, over that cable crap wasted a lot of our resources. We could have gotten a lot more boats out there. Glad that's over. I think we are ready for our best harvest yet. No more lawyers biting off our bait. In 15 days I'll have all of our boats out there and we will scrape that bottom so damn well that there won't be 1 damn oyster sitting there. So to answer your question, we don't need inventory. Why are you asking such a stupid question, anyway?

Eduardo Frattia:

It's not stupid. I heard that the Selden's are having problems with their Scrubbers again and that could mean problems for us. I don't need to have problems with them. We don't have to love them but we have to live with them.

Dano Frattia:

Now you're really talking crazy. Those bastards have ruined our crop before and I tell you now, they won't do it again. Do you hear me Eduardo? They won't do it again. I swear on the grave of Great Grandpa Vincenzo, I will do anything to stop those bastards from ruining our business.

Eduardo Frattia:

Danny! Stop sounding like an ass and just let me know how we stand on inventory. I'll take care of the Selden's.

....NARRATOR...

Scene shifts to the next Friday. Pierre Selden is talking to his cousin William in the vineyards.

Pierre Selden:

William, I can taste the perfect wine flowing out of these grapes. Out of heaven! I mean Out of heaven. What did you do different to get these perfect grapes? I can't believe it, grapes to die for.

William Selden:

I can't believe it either. It's the climate Pierre, whatever happens I don't know. But it's like this, probably once in a century and man, we're here in the right century. I can't wait to get these grapes through the presses. I can just smell that beautiful scent of the finest Pinot Noir wines in the history of the Selden Creek Vineyards. By the way, you got those Scrubbers up and running, don't you?

Pierre Selden:

Don't you get on my case about that! I had it out with Rick last week about the Scrubbers. He let me know what he thinks, and I let him know what I think. I'll say this once cousin, pressing grapes is my responsibility and mine only, with or without Scrubbers! Hear me, with or without Scrubbers. And if I have to, I will personally give the orders to pick the grapes.

William Selden:

No Pete, it's Rick's responsibility. Not yours. Get your act together before you have real problems. And your real problems become ours, really fast. And we don't need any problems. Especially problems that can lead to a confrontation with the Frattia's.

....NARRATOR...

Rick joins the guys in the field.

Rick Selden:

Just want to tell you guys, I have to go out of town and won't be here for the harvest or the pressing. I have an emergency meeting with the financial guys and you know, they call all the shots. Remember William! Don't pick unless those scrubbers are running. And I mean I want you to inspect them yourself. Don't take Pierre's word for it. Inspect them, I mean really inspect them.

Pierre Selden:

Boy, I tell you! You talk as I'm not even here. What happened to family love?

What are you doing, disowning me?

Rick Selden:

Maybe, maybe so.

....NARRATOR...

Scene shifts three days. The infamous Oyster Office, the Frattia's Grandma Donna and Diane are working in the office. The telephone rings.

Grandma Donna Frattia:

Frattia Oysters, Operations Manager speaking.

....NARRATOR...

Good god! Now we have oysters speaking.

Eduardo Frattia:

Grandma, it's Eduardo. We're just clearing the creek entrance and one of the boats spotted a body below the cliffs on Selden Island. We're going back to check it out.

Grandma Donna Frattia:

Oh my God! Yes go find out what's going on. Call me back on the cell phone. We don't need to broadcast this.

Diana:

What's going on Grandma?

Grandma Donna Frattia:

It looks like there's a body below the cliffs on Selden Creek. It appears to be beneath the Selden's sacred place. Eduardo is going to check it out. He'll call back when he knows something.

....NARRATOR...

Twenty minutes go by and the phone rings again. Donna picks up the phone.

Grandma Donna Frattia:

Eduardo, what did you find?

Eduardo Frattia:

Grandma, it's Pierre Selden. He's dead. He must have fallen off the cliff and hit his head on the rocks. It took us a while to free his body; he was wedged between two rocks. If they weren't there, he probably would have floated out the river and into the sound. We have him on board and will be in, in about 10 minutes.

Grandma Donna Frattia:

All-right Eduardo, I'll have Diana call the Selden's and inform them about the terrible accident. Diane! Call Rick and let him know what happened.

Diana Frattia:

Grandma, I told you Rick's out of town, the only other Selden I talk to is Linda; I'll have to call her.

....NARRATOR...

Dianna calls Linda Selden. The phone rings. Linda picks up the phone

Linda Selden:

Hello this is Linda Selden!

Diana Frattia:

Linda, there has been a terrible accident, I hate to have to tell you this but your brother Pierre is dead. It looks like he fell off the cliff from the Plac SACRÉ.

Linda Selden:

That's impossible Rick is gone and there is no way that Pierre could get in there without the keys. Unless, Oh my God Diana, unless you.....

Diana Frattia:

No! Don't even think that. I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT THERE. This HAS TO BE a terrible accident and I think you should notify your family and get them over here. Eduardo is bringing his body in. They should be here in about 15 minutes.

Linda Selden:

You know Rick's out of town. I'll try his cell phone. Meanwhile I'm calling the Marshal's office in Hartford. I want them here, just in case.

Diana Frattia:

Good idea, we will be here waiting.

....NARRATOR...

The Selden family gathers at the Frattia's Oyster office as the boat docks with Pierre Selden's body. Agents from the State Marshal's office show up a short time later. The Selden's all greatly grieve the loss of Pierre. But questions quickly arise about the location of the body. It becomes clearly evident by the location of the body that Pierre either fell, or jumped off the cliff from the Selden's sacred place or his body was put there by someone who had access to the rocks by water. The location is inaccessible by land.

The Agents from the State Marshal's Office sense that there may be some problem and are well aware of the history of the families. They order that the body be taken to the State's Coroner's office for an autopsy and that an immediate investigation of the circumstances of the death begin.

....NARRATOR...

Three day' pass and the Marshal's office notifies both families to be present at the Selden Creek Vineyard Office to discuss the results of the autopsy and investigation. Both families comply and the scene shifts to the Vineyard office

State Marshal:

Is everyone here?

Whole Cast:

Yes!

State Marshal:

I want to tell you that our investigation has revealed that Pierre Selden was murdered at the Selden's Plac SACRÉ with a heavy traumatic blow to the back of his head. By all indications, it appears a very powerful PERSON STRUCK the fatal blow with a rock. We found the rock that was used. He was murdered and then his body was thrown off the cliff. Evidently the murderer intended that the body would fall in the river and float out to sea. It didn't happen BECAUSE THE BODY WEDGED BETWEEN TWO ROCKS. I am putting you on notice. You are all suspects and no one is to leave town without consulting with my office. Does anyone want to make a statement?

Whole Cast pointing at each other:

He did! She did! Those people over there, they did it! I didn't do I was in church when it happened! Not the Selden's those Frattia's did it! Hell I didn't do it; I was getting my fifth scotch when it happened! Hey! It couldn't be me, I'm not an actor, I was forced to play a role in this dumb play!

....NARRATOR...

Okay stop, stop, you bunch of Oyster heads! Director please yells CUT!

....NARRATOR... (after the director yells cut)

Hmmm audience! We have come to the End of this ordeal and it looks pretty suspicious for a lot of those suckers. Who do you think did it? Oh yes and also Why? What was their motive? Hint, the motive is not that obvious.

....NARRATOR... Continues

But before we get into guessing who the murder is, lets again introduce our players and let's hear a big round of applause for each one as I introduce them. Cast when your name is called, Come forward and take your bow.

Rick Selden.	Your applause please
William Selden.	Your applause please
Pierre Selden	Your applause please
Gracia Selden	Your applause please
Linda Selden.	Your applause please
Donna Fratti	Your applause please
Diana Frattia	Your applause please
Eduardo Frattia.	Your applause please
Dano Frattia	Your applause please
The State Marshal	Your applause please

NOTE: The Director steps in here and controls the guessing process. Director; for guidance see notes below

THE PLAY PAUSES HERE

Note to director:

Review of Guessing & Scoring Methods

There is always a cumbersome point in the play when the Narrator stops and asks the guest to render their opinion on whom the murder is and what was the motive. Suggestions on what format these opinions should take are strictly up to the Director. A great deal depends on how the play has been perceived, good or bad? The play ran too short or too long? There may be other considerations on extending or limiting the time for guessing that cannot be covered here. Again the Director has to be fluid about this. This is true, especially if an award is given to the person(s) getting the correct answer(s). Since in this particular play the Players will simply act out the murder scene, the correct guesser(s) will have to wait to be told. Remember there are two parts of the plot, the murderer and the motive and both should be guessed before the play resumes. The murderer will be easier to guess than the motive. Consequently there should be a higher score for guessing the motive than for guessing the murderer.

If picking the highest individual score is not that important, you may want to have groups guess. This could be done by having the Narrator asking for a show of hands on who the audience thinks the murderer is. This of course takes place after the play pauses and after the audience gets a chance to ask the players questions. **Reminder: MAKE SURE PLAYERS WEAR THEIR NAME TAG.**

When it becomes obvious that several guests are picking a particular player or another, the Director or the Narrator puts them in groups. The groups then discuss possible motives and render their opinions as a group. In this way a group can win rather than an individual.

End of Note:

Start the guessing process

THE PLAY RESUMES HERE

Break seal only when Instructed by Director

...NARRATOR... (After the guessing is complete)

So Audience, you think you know whom the murderer is? Let's go back to the day before the murder. This time we are in the Frattia's sacred spot. It is Eduardo Frattia and Linda Selden and they have just completed some mind cleansing exercises. Al-right Audience! Soooo you're going to have to crank up that imagination again. Sorry about that.

Eduardo Frattia:

Linda I just can't believe how relaxed I am. I have to tell you, I rather not go back out on the boat tomorrow. But out, I must go.

Linda Selden:

I am so happy that you feel that way. If only my brother Pierre can find that same kind of peace. He is so obsessed with pressing those grapes.

Eduardo Frattia:

For his sake let's hope he does the right thing. I don't think Rick would press unless everything is running. Oh! I almost forgot. I have a note that you must deliver to Pierre. It is for him alone.

Linda Selden:

Unfortunately Rick is out of town. My, my, this letter is scented. It must be from an admirer, maybe Diana?

....NARRATOR...

Linda delivers the note to Pierre. Pierre opens the note.

Pierre Selden reading the note out loud:

Pierre,

I know you desire me and I must confess, I cannot contain my passion for you any longer. I want you to meet me at the Selden's Plac SACRÉ at Seven O'clock this evening. There is a secret passage way to get in. It is to the left of the gate behind the tall vine. You must Count up six stones on the wall next to the gate, and then, count two to the left. Tap on that stone seven times and the will come out.. A large handle will then be exposed. Twist the handle to the right and the gate will open for you. Replace the stone.

It is extremely vital that you share this note with no one.

I cannot wait to see you. For Tonight I will be yours and yours alone.

With love that knows no boundary,

Diana

....NARRATOR...

Pierre does what he is told and at the appropriate time, he enters the Plac SACRÉ through the secret entrance.

Pierre Selden:

Diana, I'm here. Its 7PM, right on time. Are you here?
Where are you? Diana!

....NARRATOR...

A figure appears from behind the Gazebo.

Pierre Selden:

Oh! It's you. I am supposed to meet someone here.

....NARRATOR...

The figure points down the cliff and motions for Pierre to look down there.

As he looks down, the figure picks up a big rock and slams it to the back of his head. And then pushes him off the cliff.

Grandma Donna Frattia:

That'll teach you. You stupid, stubborn, and did I mention Jackass! Tis, Tis, watch those rocks.... OHHH! Ouch! Well! Great grandmas Frattia and Selden, with that jerk out of the way, we can keep the truce; and stop any war! No more women to die!

....NARRATOR...

AND Finally
(The End)

The Desecration of a Place

Character's Personal Note Page