

SFX: OPENING TANGO MUSIC, THEN --

The Quaranteam presents Mansfield Mysteries: 'Gimme, Gimme - Murder!' - Chapter Two.

SCENE ONE:

SFX: WAVES ON A TROPICAL BEACH. BIRDS IN THE AIR.

BRIDGET: Oh, my god, Stacey! There was a stabbing at karaoke night?!

STACEY: And they didn't even get to sing!

BRIDGET: Eiw. Was there a lot of blood?

STACEY: She didn't say.

BRIDGET: But there must've been, right?

STACEY: It's not important, Bridget. What's important is that my mother was trapped--during a snowstorm, no less--inside a penthouse with a murderer.

BRIDGET: So, the lights went out because of the snow?

STACEY: Yeah, power lines and whatnot.

BRIDGET: Well, but then the generator kicked in?

STACEY: Yup. And that's when they saw the pianist--

BRIDGET: Slumped over the piano. Covered in blood.

STACEY: What's your fascination with the blood, Bridget?

BRIDGET: Oh my God, I'm just using my imagination. So, what happened next?

STACEY: Well, there was only one person standing next to my mom the entire time. Only one person she could be sure wasn't the murderer: her arch enemy, Rosemary Berkshire.

BRIDGET: So what'd your mom do then?

SCENE TWO

SFX: THE PENTHOUSE FIREPLACE CRACKLES.

Dorinda: Joy, call 911!

JOY: What's the number?

DORINDA: Nine. One. One.

JOY: OH, Of course! I'm just beside myself! No one's ever been murdered in my home before. My phone's in the bedroom. I'll call. Where's Steve? Where's my husband?

SFX: A BODY COLLAPSES ON THE GROUND.

NICHOLAS: Oh, no! Margret has fainted! What do I do?

ROSEMARY: Just make sure she's comfortable.

DORINDA: At least she collapsed on the cushions.

SONYA: A woman is dead! We have a killer in our midst!

WILMORE: Calm down, Sonya. The police will come. You're safe.

SONYA: But someone in this penthouse is a murderer!

WILMORE: Well, darling, it isn't me. Now take a breath.

SONYA: Has anyone checked this poor woman's pulse? Do we know for sure she's deceased?

DORINDA: I will.

SFX: DORINDA LIFTS POLLY'S WRIST OFF THE PIANO KEYS TO CHECK FOR A PULSE, THEN DROPS IT BACK DOWN.

DORINDA: She's dead all right. Rosemary, may I have a word with you in the kitchen?

SFX: DORINDA PUSHES THROUGH THE SWINGING DOOR AND ROSEMARY FOLLOWS HER INTO THE KITCHEN.

DORINDA: I hate to say this, Rosemary.

ROSEMARY: And I hate to hear it, Dorinda, but I know what you're about to tell me.

DORINDA: We're the only two here I know didn't commit this crime.

ROSEMARY: And therefore, we'll have to forge a bond of sorts. What did Abraham Lincoln call it? "A coalition of enemies?"

DORINDA: I think it was "team of rivals." Anyway, we're going to have to solve it.

ROSEMARY: Solve it? Please. The police will be here shortly. We'll just have to make sure no one leaves.

DORINDA: Berkshire Bay hasn't seen a blizzard like this in a decade. The police won't be here anytime soon. And nobody is going anywhere in this blizzard.

ROSEMARY: What makes you think we can piece this puzzle together?

DORINDA: I've become rather a pro if I do say so myself. It so happens I've had my darling daughter, Stacey, with me to sort out this rash of murders in our tiny town, but tonight, it's you and me. First, though, a martini.

ROSEMARY: How is that going to help solve a murder?

DORINDA: You'd be surprised. Joy! Joy! Where is our hostess?

SFX: THE KITCHEN DOOR PUSHES OPEN AS NICHOLAS ENTERS.

NICHOLAS: Looking for her husband. Everything all right?

ROSEMARY: Is Margret OK?

NICHOLAS: She's come to. Just getting her some water.

ROSEMARY: Nicholas, what do you make of all this?

NICHOLAS: I'm not sure, Rosemary. That pianist was one of the most popular performers in Berkshire Bay. I can't imagine anyone wanting to harm her, much less kill her.

DORINDA: Hello. I'm Dorinda Mansfield. And you're Nicholas--

NICHOLAS: O'Toole The Third. Pleased to meet you, though regretful of the circumstances, of course.

DORINDA: Do you know how to make a proper Bombay Sapphire martini, Mr. O'Toole? The Third?

NICHOLAS: A proper what?

DORINDA: Oh, never mind. What do you mean about the pianist being so popular?

NICHOLAS: Well, aside from being a regular at all our secret karaoke nights, she played at gallery openings--

ROSEMARY: I'm sure that's how Joy knows her, what with her art collection.

NICHOLAS (they chuckle): No doubt. And she was the entertainment at Berkshire Bay Bank's last Christmas party. Private gatherings, of course. I believe it was Sonya who made the connections for her. They went to Oberlin together.

SFX: NICHOLAS OPENS THE CUPBOARD AND REMOVES A GLASS.

DORINDA: Odd Sonya didn't mention their connection when she was worried about a pulse. She called her that "poor woman." And funny I've never heard of her, what with her popularity.

ROSEMARY: We don't exactly run in the same circle, Dorinda.

DORINDA: My circle doesn't contain murderers.

NICHOLAS: The pianist performed on your yacht last summer, did she not, Rosemary?

SFX: WATER RUNNING FROM THE SINK INTO GLASS.

ROSEMARY: Yes, but I didn't find her to be that talented, to tell you the truth, especially considering where she went to school.

NICHOLAS: Keep in mind that's where Sonya studied acting.

SFX: THE FAUCET TURNS OFF.

ROSEMARY (they laugh together): Oh, Nicholas. You're so bad.

NICHOLAS: I am...

DORINDA: I guess I'll make a martini for myself. And one sparkling water for you, I suppose, Rosemary.

ROSEMARY: I suppose if there's a night that requires a little liquid courage, it's this one. I'd never touch a martini, what do you suggest?

DORINDA: One martini and a bourbon neat coming up.

NICHOLAS: I should bring this glass of water to Margret. Excuse me, ladies.

SFX: THE SWINGING KITCHEN DOOR OPENS ONCE MORE AS HE LEAVES.

SFX: DORINDA BEGINS MAKING A MARTINI, ADDING ICE TO A SHAKER.

DORINDA: So, what's Nicholas' story? Joy said he's a reformed playboy, right?

SFX: DORINDA UNSCREWS THE GIN BOTTLE AND POURS IT INTO THE SHAKER.

ROSEMARY: Possibly reformed. He's married to my cousin Margret, remember? Those two don't strike me as particularly passionate.



DORINDA: But would he have any reason to kill that poor piano player?

SFX: DORINDA SLIPS THE LID ONTO THE SHAKER.

ROSEMARY: Not unless he was the one who hired her. Like I said, she isn't--or wasn't--very good.

DORINDA: Could there be romantic entanglements?

SFX: DORINDA SHAKES THE SHAKER.

ROSEMARY: Well, as you know, I know everything that happens in this town--

SFX: DORINDA ABRUPTLY STOPS SHAKING THE SHAKER.

DORINDA: You didn't know Niles Higgenbottom was murdered before the Halloween Club Open...

SFX: DORINDA GETS GLASSES FROM THE CUPBOARD.

ROSEMARY: --AND I happen to know Nicholas was entangled with a woman named Pollock, Warhol--some artsy name--a year or so ago, but I've haven't heard much lately.

DORINDA: Maybe Margret looked the other way? Or maybe she was so incensed, so insulted that she decided to kill the mistress!

ROSEMARY: Why are people driven to commit murder? Jealously, revenge--

DORINDA: Rage.

ROSEMARY: To shut someone up.

DORINDA: Well, once I pour our drinks, I suggest we start interviewing the suspects.

SFX: SHE POURS HER DRINK.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE THREE

SFX: THE FIREPLACE CRACKLES.

SFX: THE KITCHEN DOOR SWINGS CLOSED AS DORINDA AND ROSEMARY EXIT.

DORINDA: Joy? What's wrong?

JOY: Attention everyone, I got through to the police, but with the snow and all the cars in ditches, they can't make it for at least an hour.

SONYA: Wilmore, let's go home.

WILMORE: Not in this weather. Nobody's going anywhere.

DORINDA: See, Rosemary? It's fallen to us.

JOY: I think this blizzard has made everything a hundred times more difficult.

DORINDA (quietly): Except murder.

ROSEMARY: Joy, how well do you know the dead pianist?

JOY: Quite well! Her name is Polly Pollock, and she's been a fixture within the art community--always tickling the ivories at gallery openings and museum events.

DORINDA: I don't mean to speak ill of the dead, but did you find her to be particularly talented?

JOY: Hmmmm. Well... Come to think of it, she was never especially gifted. But capable. And a winning personality. Steve, for instance, really enjoyed talking with her.

STEVE (whistling unrecognizable ABBA song): Did I hear my name?

JOY: Steve! There you are! Finally showing up at your own party.

STEVE: Money never sleeps. What's going on? That blackout was unexpected, right?

DORINDA: You're working? On a Friday night?

STEVE: Hello. Steve Wakefield. And you are?

DORINDA: Dorinda Mansfield.

STEVE: Oh, of course. Joy's friend. You're the one bringing over the *Mamma Mia!* tickets.

DORINDA: Yes.

STEVE: I just love ABBA. I'm going to sing some ABBA songs tonight: "Dancing Queen," "Gimme, Gimme, Gimme"... So, how's everyone?

DORINDA: Have you not heard what's happened?

STEVE (whispers jokingly): I mean, it's secret karaoke night, right?

JOY: Steve, sweetheart, there will be no *karaoke* tonight.

STEVE: What? Just because I was stuck on the phone?

DORINDA: No, because someone stuck a knife in the pianist's back!

STEVE: Polly Pollock is dead? What the hell happened? And why are we all just standing here?

JOY: Look behind you.

STEVE (starts to gag): I'm going to be sick.

SFX: STEVE PROFUSELY GAGS AND VOMITS.

SFX: THE GROUP REACTS IN COMPLETE DISGUST.

JOY: Oh, look what you've done to my beautiful Turkish rug!

SFX: STEVE CONTINUES TO VOMIT.

JOY: That might never come clean!

ROSEMARY: Joy, I have a dry cleaner who can get anything out. No need to upset yourself more.

STEVE: Who could've possibly done such a thing? These are our friends.

JOY: Not to mention *karaoke* night is absolutely ruined!

DORINDA: It's all right, Joy. There will be other *karaoke* nights.

JOY: I need a ciggie right now. I'm going out on the patio.

STEVE: It's snowing like crazy out there! Just smoke in the kitchen like you normally do.

JOY: Oh, go brush your teeth. You smell like vomit.

SFX: JOY LEAVES AND ENTERS THE KITCHEN THROUGH THE SWINGING DOOR.

STEVE: I'm just going to excuse myself to the bathroom.

DORINDA (once alone, under her breath, to Rosemary): We need to divide and conquer. Let me feel out Joy, see what she knows. Plus, she was standing close to the corpse--the body--as were Wilmore and Sonya. How about you question them? Someone has to

know something, and in my experience, anxiety makes for loose lips.

ROSEMARY: What am I supposed to ask them?

DORINDA: The basics: how do you know this Polly Pollock, and where exactly were you when she was murdered?

ROSEMARY: Shouldn't I use a little more finesse than that?

DORINDA: That's what the bourbon neat is for. Down it and get to work.

SFX: DRINK BEING SLAMMED AND GLASS SET FIRMLY ON TABLETOP.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE FOUR:

SFX: JOY SLIDES THE KITCHEN WINDOW OPEN AND TRIES UNSUCCESSFULLY TO LIGHT HER LIGHTER. IT FINALLY CATCHES AND SHE INHALES.

SFX: THE KITCHEN DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

DORINDA: Oh, Joy, it's freezing in here. Do you have to have the window wide open?

JOY: I'm having a hot flash. Want a smoke?

DORINDA: I gave up cigarettes when I had Stacey, and you should, too. It--

JOY (overlapping): It's a disgusting habit, I know.

DORINDA: I was going to say it ages you faster than drinking. Which is why I quit smoking.

JOY: I just can't believe there's been a murder in my home!

DORINDA: Tell me, Joy. Do you have any idea who could've done such a thing? Who might have a motive?

JOY: That's what I don't get! It's not like Polly has some million-dollar life insurance policy. She's a piano player. She's pretty, but not murder pretty!

DORINDA: You said Steve enjoyed talking with her. Because of her great personality?

JOY: What are you suggesting?

DORINDA: Nothing! I'm only trying to get a better understanding of the victim.

JOY: Everyone at this party, except you, knows her. (catches herself, with emotion) Knew her.

DORINDA: From these art parties.

JOY: And the *karaoke* ones. See, that's what Polly's good at: pop songs. (takes a drag from her cigarette and blows out) You'd think, studying at Oberlin, she'd be a classical player, but she knew all the hits. In fact, I never heard her play anything other than pop music.

DORINDA: Even at gallery openings and at the museum?

JOY: Even there.

DORINDA: Odd. But back to how Steve like to chat with her.

JOY: I don't like what you're implying, Dorinda.

DORINDA: I'm not suggesting anything untoward. I'm just curious what an entrepreneur would have in common with a pop song pianist.

JOY: Ask him. I don't know. I probably don't want to know.

DORINDA: What's that supposed to mean?

JOY: Well, she's had dealings with more than one man at this party. I've been telling myself Steve isn't one of them, but who knows.

DORINDA: Do you suspect Steve was having an affair with this Polly character?

JOY: I hope he wasn't, but you know how things are at our age, Dorinda.

DORINDA: I'm a widow at our age, so I'm not quite sure what you mean.

JOY: Of course. I'm sorry. It's just, after all these years together... sometimes you'd rather not know. Because Steve isn't leaving me for a so-so piano player. But maybe he'd consider... well, you know.

DORINDA: Yes, I know.

SFX: HEAVY GUST OF WIND. BANGING SHUTTER/WINDOW.

JOY: I'd better put this thing out and get back to the group.

DORINDA: Oh! Let me have a quick drag, would you? Life is short.

SFX: DORINDA TAKES A LONG DRAG ON THE CIGARETTE AND THEN GIVES A RELAXING BLOW.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE FIVE:

SFX: THE FIREPLACE IN THE MAIN ROOM CRACKLES AT A DISTANCE.

ROSEMARY: Well, I just can't imagine how upset you must be, Sonya. What with you two knowing each other since college.

SONYA: Yeah, ten years is forever.

ROSEMARY: So, you two were very close.

SONYA: Like sisters who see each other once a year.

ROSEMARY: That close.

SONYA: I don't really go to these secret karaoke nights. I mean, Wilmore probably knows her better than I do. But, yeah, we were close.

WILMORE: I wouldn't say I was closer to Polly than you were, Sonya.

SONYA: Well, you knew her in the Biblical sense, so I'd say that's closer.

WILMORE: That was before you and I met. Was that the source of your falling out with Polly?

SONYA: I wouldn't call it a falling out. Just a little tiff.

WILMORE: Were you trying to patch things up tonight? I saw you near Polly at the piano.

SONYA: I was running offense. She didn't want Nicholas around, but it sounds like you were keeping an eye on Polly.

WILMORE: No, keeping an eye on you.

SONYA: Funny, that's not what Margret told me.

ROSEMARY: My cousin Margret?

SONYA: She hangs with the big boys. Margret hits up every drink after work, every party, every guys' night. That's how she's so successful, and that's also how she knows everything about these gentlemen, if you'll pardon the loose use of the word.

WILMORE: Excuse me? I told you in confidence about Nicholas and Polly's little romance. That doesn't mean we're all like him.

SONYA (sarcastic): Sure, sure. Rich white men are known for their restraint, not to mention their deep respect for women.

ROSEMARY: Sonya's got a little bite to her, Wilmore. I like that!

WILMORE: She'll bite, she'll dress up. Hell, she'll spank you if you ask, so long as you cover her bills.

SONYA: What did you just say about me?

WILMORE: Only repeating what Berkshire Bay already knows. You know what they say about models and actresses?

ROSEMARY: It's the twenty-twenties, Wilmore. I don't think "they" say anything about models and actresses these days.

WILMORE: You're old money, Rosemary, just like me. And I know you know what I'm talking about... I need to cool off. That blizzard looks pretty inviting right about now.

SFX: THE PATIO DOOR SLIDES OPEN AND CLOSED, WIND RUSHING IN AS WILMORE LEAVES.

SONYA: Thanks.

ROSEMARY: For what?

SONYA: Standing up for me. I do know what everyone thinks of me, marrying that man. It has to be for his money, right? Why else would anyone want to be with him?

ROSEMARY: I've heard talk.

SONYA: I don't know. Maybe there's some truth to it. I mean, look at Polly. Not now that she's dead, but before. All she does is stretch canvases and miter frames together during the day, play shitty piano for karaoke and other fancy parties at night, all so she can spend her weekends chasing her true passion: painting.

ROSEMARY: Painting?

SONYA: Polly Pollock studied Fine Art at Oberlin. She's a very gifted painter. That's why she did all this shit--to try to make connections in the art world. And I'm the one who brought her into it! I'll never forgive myself!

ROSEMARY: Oh, you couldn't have known it would come to this!

SONYA: Couldn't I? Placing her in dark spaces with wealthy men. It's like throwing raw meat into a lion's cage.

DORINDA: Rosemary, we must have a chat. Alone, if that's all right, Sonya.

SONYA: That's fine. I should try to eat something.

DORINDA: Good idea! There's no need for you to be so thin if you're not an actual actress. Live a little!

SONYA: Excuse me?!

DORINDA: Yes, you're excused. (a pause while Sonya exits) Now, Rosemary, tell me what you've found out.

SFX: SONYA PICKS UP SOME CHINA AND SILVERWARE IN THE DISTANCE.

SFX: DORINDA AND ROSEMARY HEAD TO THE KITCHEN, THE DOOR SWINGING OPEN AND CLOSED BEHIND THEM.

ROSEMARY: So far, I think we can rule out Sonya. She claims she was trying to keep Nicholas away from Polly, plus she was friends with the victim and seemed genuinely distraught.

SFX: ROSEMARY CLOSES THE WINDOW JOY OPENED EARLIER.

DORINDA: And she's not that good of an actress, so if you believed her, it must be real.

ROSEMARY: Exactly. Though they had a tiff recently, so maybe we shouldn't exonerate her completely. Wilmore was a little more cagey. He stepped out onto the patio for some air after exchanging words with his wife.

DORINDA: What kind of words?

ROSEMARY: A typical marital spat. She suggested he might've had relations with the deceased, and he replied by calling her a whore, of sorts.

DORINDA: Hmm. Any read on his disposition?

ROSEMARY: General upset, but nothing that suggests a murderer.

DORINDA: But nothing that acquits him either.

ROSEMARY: There is a distinct suggestion that Nicholas has had some involvement with the dead girl.

DORINDA: I'll speak with him. And Margret since the two of you are related.



ROSEMARY: And then there's Steve.

DORINDA: He is having money troubles, not that Polly Pollock has any financial pull. And he had quite a reaction to the corpse, but anyone might wretch when they see a dead body.

ROSEMARY: Oh, and I nearly forgot to tell you the best clue I discovered!

DORINDA: Yes?

ROSEMARY: The reason Polly Pollock was such a terrible pianist is because she studied fine art, not music. She's a painter.

DORINDA: A painter!

ROSEMARY: Hence her connection to all the art parties.

DORINDA: Interesting. I can't believe I'm going to say this, but good work, Rosemary.

ROSEMARY: Thank you.

DORINDA: However, I should probably take it from here. I'll try to corner Margret and Nicholas together. Marital tension always reveals secret truths.

ROSEMARY: What about Steve?

DORINDA: We'll let him freshen his breath, and then perhaps we can play Good Cop/Bad Cop.

ROSEMARY: Which one am I supposed to be?

DORINDA: Good cop.

ROSEMARY: Oh!

DORINDA: Casting against type is more effective.

ROSEMARY: Huh. You don't think Joy's husband--

DORINDA: Joy said herself that Steve enjoyed "talking to Polly." Remember: only the two of us are innocent. Everyone else is a suspect.

ROSEMARY: Even Joy?

DORINDA: Even Joy. She was right next to the body!

SFX: THE KITCHEN DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

JOY: Did I hear my name?

DORINDA: OH! Joy! Yes. We were just wondering how the group is holding up.

JOY: Everyone is distraught, of course. Sonya keeps wanting to leave, Wilmore returned from the patio and keeps telling her to breathe, Nicholas is silent, Margret is now pacing, and Steve is still brushing his teeth.

ROSEMARY: Well, how about you stay in here with me for a minute. You can have a cigarette, and we'll let Dorinda go entertain everyone for the time being. The police won't be here for another 45 minutes.

SFX: JOY OPENS THE KITCHEN WINDOW, LETTING THE SOUNDS AND WIND OF THE STORM COME IN.

DORINDA: Good idea, Rosemary. Give yourself a little break, Joy.

SFX: JOY LIGHTS A CIGARETTE AND TAKES A LONG INHALE.

JOY: A girl couldn't ask for better friends.

SFX: DORINDA PUSHES THROUGH THE DOOR INTO THE LARGE MAIN ROOM.

DORINDA: Well, I see someone's thrown a blanket over the deceased.

SONYA: I couldn't bear to look at her anymore.

WILMORE: Breathe, darling, breathe.

DORINDA: Nicholas, Margret, may I speak to you over--on the cushions, I suppose?

SFX: THEY SLOWLY MOVE TOWARDS THE CUSHIONS, THE FIREPLACE CRACKLING LOUDER NOW.

NICHOLAS: What about?

MARGRET: Yes, Dorinda, what about?

DORINDA: I'm just trying to dot a few i's and cross a few t's.

NICHOLAS: I've heard tell of your amateur detective skills, but I'd prefer to wait for the authorities.

MARGRET: Same.

DORINDA: So, you two are comfortable with the fact that a killer is here with us in this penthouse?

NICHOLAS: More comfortable than I am on these damned cushions! Joy and her theme parties...

DORINDA: You know what that suggests?

NICHOLAS: That I'm getting old and set in my ways? Well, so be it. I do not care to sit on the floor at my age.

DORINDA: No, the fact that you're not exactly agitated.

MARGRET: She's trying to imply that one of us is the killer.

DORINDA: Not implying, merely observing.

MARGRET: Here's an observation for you: Nicholas was nowhere near the murder scene.

NICHOLAS: That's right! I was in the little boys' room.

DORINDA: Oh, do stop using that childish phrase. It's embarrassing.

NICHOLAS: Well, I never.

DORINDA: Yes, I know. People don't dare speak truth to power, but trust me, I'm doing you a favor.

MARGRET: She is, Nicholas. But that doesn't change the fact he was all the way in the powder room when the murder occurred.

DORINDA: And you, Margret--

MARGRET: I was stuck in these cushions! Besides, I have no reason to kill dear Polly!

NICHOLAS: Not to mention Margret collapsed at the sight of the body!

DORINDA: Dear Polly?

MARGRET: She was a dear. A dear, dear friend.

DORINDA: And how exactly did you two meet?

MARGRET: At her many performances. Nicholas introduced us, in fact, at secret karaoke. She was truly a talent.

DORINDA: In what sense?

MARGRET: She was a gifted artist.

DORINDA: I was told she's only a so-so pianist.

MARGRET: A gifted visual artist. She studied at Oberlin, you know. Polly could paint anything! She was magnificent, just magni-(starts to cry) Magnificent.

DORINDA: I'm sorry. I didn't know you were so close.

NICHOLAS: They were close, all right.

DORINDA: What do you mean by that, Nicholas?

NICHOLAS: Nothing.

DORINDA: Because Rosemary suggested... Well, maybe we should speak in private.

NICHOLAS: We don't need to speak in private. Margret and I keep no secrets.

DORINDA: All right. Well, Rosemary suggested that Polly didn't want to see you. She said Sonya stayed near the piano to keep you away from Polly.

NICHOLAS: And?

DORINDA: It sounded, shall we say, romantic in nature.

NICHOLAS (chuckles): Ri-dickey-dickey. Ridiculous.

DORINDA: Is it? I know I'm not in your circle, but everyone in Berkshire Bay is familiar with your reputation.

NICHOLAS: That's before I was married. (a pause) I swear!

MARGRET: Nicholas and Polly were not involved. Not since we've been married.

NICHOLAS: See?

DORINDA: How can you be sure? I know spouses say they don't keep secrets, but--

MARGRET: Because Polly and I were involved. When Nicholas found out, Polly was nervous he might confront her. There. Are you happy now?

DORINDA: Oh, no. Not happy. But I am one step closer to knowing who killed Polly Pollock.

SFX: MARTINI GLASSES CLINK.

CLOSING CREDITS AND TANGO MUSIC:

## Mansfield Mysteries

### Featuring:

Melissa Hughes Ernest as Dorinda Mansfield  
Melissa Zeien as Stacey Mansfield  
and  
Amy Hanson as Rosemary Berkshire

### With:

Elizabeth Bitner as Bridget  
Doug Despin as Steve Wakefield  
Tina Paukstelis as Joy Wakefield  
Dana Rodgers as Sonya Parker  
Joan Roehre as Margret Berkshire-O'Toole  
Matt Specht as Wilmore Parker  
And  
Christopher Wild as Nicholas O'Toole

Written by Amy Hanson and Michael L. Johnson

Sound Design by Paul Reese

Directed by Nicholas Hoyt

Special thanks to Dennis Hoyt as well as an extra special thank you to Amber Miller for inspiring this whole project. We couldn't have done it without any of them.

You've just enjoyed a QuarantTeam Production.

