

SFX: OPENING TANGO MUSIC, THEN --

The QuarantTeam presents Mansfield Mysteries: 'Game, Set, Murder!'
- Chapter Two.

SCENE ONE:

SFX: BAR NOISES (SHAKERS SHAKING, GLASSING CLINKING TOGETHER, ETC.) AND PEOPLE CHATTING.

BARTENDER: Two mimosas for the two lovely ladies.

SFX: TWO GLASSES ARE SET ON THE BAR.

ANNABELLE: Oh, thank you. Isn't he just a cutie-pie?

SARABELLE: Tip him well... Tip him well.

SFX: THEIR GLASSES CLINK TOGETHER.

DORINDA: Oh, Annabelle! Sarabelle!

ANNABELLE: Dorinda Mansfield! Don't you dare think you're going to get in our heads the morning of the doubles tournament.

SARABELLE: My heavens, yes. We know your tricks.

DORINDA: Oh, I nearly forgot! The doubles final is today!

ANNABELLE: Tricks and jokes, how adorable. But seriously, on a less funny note, how's your partner licking her wounds after last night's derriere kicking?

SARABELLE: (laughing) I shouldn't be laughing, but it was such a gauging! So unexpected! It was all anyone could talk about at the after-party last night. Well, that and the man she seduced.

ANNABELLE: Downed one house Chardonnay--

SARABELLE: --and picked up one middle aged man.

ANNABELLE: Deep in middle age. So unlike her.

SARABELLE: To date within her own age box. But she was so clearly devastated to lose the title she always wins.

ANNABELLE: And to an outsider!

DORINDA: That's what I want to ask you about. Who is this mysterious Russian woman? What do you know about her?

ANNABELLE: What don't we know? We befriended her over brunch this morning and got the whole backstory.

SARABELLE: Well, she looks like Grace Kelly but she sounds like Natasha from "Rocky and Bullwinkle," full-on Russian spy vibe.

ANNABELLE: Well, sure, until you actually speak to her. Her English is better than mine! I mean, she's very accomplished.

SARABELLE: Oh hon, she works for the Russian Ministry of Culture with a focus on 19th Century Imperial Art.

ANNABELLE: She did. Now she's looking for work in the States--

SARABELLE: --because she just got out of a relationship.

ANNABELLE: She was Putin's mistress for fifteen years! I mean, can you just believe it?

SARABELLE: Vlad finally got a divorce, but she'd had enough by that point and left him.

DORINDA: What's her name?

ANNABELLE: Nadia. Like the Olympic gymnast.

SARABELLE: And that's why she was here playing tennis.

DORINDA: What do Putin and gymnastics have to do with tennis?

ANNABELLE: Because Nadia trained for the Russian Olympic tennis team.

SARABELLE: She is quite the player.

DORINDA: Alice was beaten by an Olympic athlete?

ANNABELLE: Then she gave up tennis for that Ministry of Culture job, but when she saw our little Halloween Open, oh bless her heart, she decided to enter.

DORINDA: Do you have her number?

SARABELLE: Why?

DORINDA: She sounds fascinating!

ANNABELLE: It's not like you to make new friends.

SARABELLE: Good point, Annabelle. What's really going on?

ANNABELLE: (gasping) She's looking to replace Alice.

DORINDA: (suspiciously) Why would I need to replace Alice?

ANNABELLE: Because of how poorly she played last night, of course.

SARABELLE: Anyway, we don't have Nadia's number, and there's no way she could still be in the sauna.

ANNABELLE: Sarabelle!

SARABELLE: I mean, sorry, cannot help you.

DORINDA: That's all right. You're already helping me by day-drinking the morning of the doubles tournament, but I suppose you need a little hair-of-the-dog after last night. Tooodle-oo, ladies.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE TWO:

SFX: SAUNA DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING, FOLLOWED BY STEAM ON HOT ROCKS.

DORINDA: My, it's dark and steamy in here! I can't see my hand in front of my face.

(A beat.)

DORINDA: Excuse me, do you mind if I--

SFX: SHE SITS ON THE WOODEN BENCH.

NADIA: (with thick Russian accent) In my village in Russia, each morning my father would take sauna. It was there that business was conducted among men-- trading of livestock, arrangement of

marriages. My father became powerful man in sauna such as this. What is it you seek?

DORINDA: At this tennis club in America, we go to the sauna to relax and lose water weight.

SFX: STEAM ON HOT ROCKS.

NADIA: My father taught me one thing about dealing with Americans, and that thing is-- (her cell phone rings) Excuse me, please. (to the person on the phone) Privet? Vlad, I'm having sauna. This is not a good time. (a pause while she listens) Yes, I'll get it, and I'll bring it back to Moscow next week, and then my role at Ministry will be complete. (another pause) Yes, I got the wine: the Chateau Lafite Rothschild. I have already disposed of it. (another pause) I don't care how expensive it was! (another pause) No, I will not go horseback riding with you, and there will be no private dinners. We are no longer involved. (hangs up and continues speaking to DORINDA as if the phone call did not happen) My father told me--

DORINDA: Quite the phone call! If you don't mind my asking, what exactly do you do for a living?

SFX: DORINDA SHIFTS ON WOODEN BENCH.

NADIA: I used to work for Russian Ministry of Culture, making sure historical artifacts are properly preserved.

SFX: STEAM ON HOT ROCKS.

DORINDA: What kind of artifacts?

NADIA: Jewelry, paintings, costumery. Anything significant from the Imperial Era.

DORINDA: Including Faberge eggs?

SFX: STEAM ON HOT ROCKS.

(A beat.)

NADIA: Of course.

DORINDA: That's funny. My friend Alice has a Faberge egg.

NADIA: I am aware. I had meeting with Alice yesterday, attempting to purchase for Tretyakov Gallery. It did not end well.

DORINDA: How so?

NADIA: It was incomplete. The egg lacked surprise.

DORINDA: But isn't the egg still quite rare? Or did she just refuse to sell? For sentimental reasons.

SFX: NADIA'S CELL PHONE RINGS AGAIN.

NADIA: Excuse me. (she answers and listens) That is very unbecoming talk. I hang up now before you embarrass yourself further. (she hangs up) As my father always said: Love is evil-- it will make you fall for a goat. And then you must slaughter goat. Excuse me, I've had enough heat for this day.

DORINDA: Speaking of heat, I hear you're a hell of a tennis player.

NADIA: I am passable.

DORINDA: I'm looking for a doubles partner. Mine is no longer available.

NADIA: Shame.

DORINDA: Alice. The woman you beat in singles yesterday. Apparently after trying to buy her egg?

NADIA: Let's say her refusal was motivating force on court.

DORINDA: I was hoping you might team up with me.

NADIA: Well, as my father always says: hope dies last. I am not available. Excuse me.

SFX: SAUNA DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

SFX: NADIA'S CELL PHONE RINGS.

DORINDA: Nadia! Wait! You forgot your phone! (a pause, answers phone then-) Hello? President Putin?

SFX: RUSSIAN MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE THREE:

SFX: SAUNA DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

DORINDA: My that sauna was hot! I'm going to have to take a cold shower to cool down.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ON WET TILE. VOICES. SHOWER HANDLE SQUEAKS AS WATER BEGINS TO FLOW. THERE ARE SEVERAL MEMBERS SHOWERING. SOMEONE IS HUMMING.

SHOWERING WOMAN 1: Did you hear about Alice...?

SHOWERING WOMAN 2: Shh!

SFX: DORINDA TURNS ON SHOWER.

DORINDA: Oooohhh! That's cold!

MEMBER 1: (in a posh British accent) Yes, ma'am. Yes, we'll get right on that.

MEMBER 2: (same accent) Anything you need, Mrs. Berkshire. Just give the word.

(A beat.)

DORINDA: Mrs. Berkshire?

ROSEMARY: Yes? (a pause) Well, if it isn't Dorinda Mansfield, as naked as the day she was born.

DORINDA: We are in the club shower.

ROSEMARY: I would've assumed you'd use one of the curtained-off stalls.

DORINDA: I would've said the same about you. (a pause) Why would you think I'd be in a private shower?

ROSEMARY: Just given your ... situation.

DORINDA: My situation?

ROSEMARY: Menopause can be so unkind.

DORINDA: (laughing) You should know.

ROSEMARY: But some bodies weather the storm better than others.

DORINDA: Those who pay regular visits to Dr. Margosian for tucks and lifts, I suppose. Your augmentation seems to be healing well.

ROSEMARY: Speaking of healing, I understand your tennis partner was ravaged last night.

DORINDA: Ravaged might be a little strong--

ROSEMARY: Oh, no, I've seen him. I think ravage is just right.

DORINDA: Wait, what are you talking about?

ROSEMARY: The man she brought home. Niles Higgenbottom.

DORINDA: How do you know about that?

ROSEMARY: I know everything that happens in this town, Dorinda. Now if you'll pardon me, I have an appointment at the Berkshire Bay Museum. I'm meeting the aforementioned Niles Higgenbottom--

DORINDA: Oh--

ROSEMARY: - who happens to be a famous British art dealer -

DORINDA: But--

ROSEMARY: - regarding a new showpiece for the European wing.

DORINDA: Well...

ROSEMARY: I'm in possession of a significant artifact and we're negotiating--

DORINDA: You're not staying for the Halloween Club Open?

SFX: ROSEMARY'S SHOWER TURNS OFF.

ROSEMARY: Please.

DORINDA: Doesn't your brother own the club?

ROSEMARY: Your point?

DORINDA: You usually show up to important events.

ROSEMARY: Important events, yes. Ta ta.

SFX: WET FOOTSTEPS.

DORINDA: Toodle-oo, Rosemary.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE FOUR:

SFX: DORINDA'S WET FOOTSTEPS. SHE OPENS A LOCKER DOOR.

SFX: LOCKER ROOM NOISES IN BACKGROUND (WET FOOTSTEPS, LOCKERS OPENING AND CLOSING, SHOWERS RUNNING, ETC.)

SFX: A DOOR LEADING TO A HALLWAY OPENS AND CLOSES, MUZAK BLEEDING IN FOR A MOMENT.

ANNABELLE: Dorinda, Dorinda!

DORINDA: Annabelle, Sarabelle. You surprised me!

SARABELLE: Was that Rosemary Berkshire?

DORINDA: I'm afraid so.

ANNABELLE: Here two days in a row?

SFX: THE HALLWAY DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES AGAIN, MUZAK BLEEDING IN.

DORINDA: I know. She almost never comes to the club. She couldn't wait to get out of here.

SARABELLE: Well, last night, she was entertaining a gentleman.

ANNABELLE: An English gentleman!

SARABELLE: In fact, that same gentleman your tennis partner lured away from the party.

ANNABELLE: We didn't want to mention that earlier.

SARABELLE: Alice picking up Rosemary Berkshire's sloppy seconds.

ANNABELLE: (laughing) We don't like to be rude.

DORINDA: You don't happen to recall his name, perchance?

SARABELLE: Something British sounding.

ANNABELLE: Yeah, yeah... Nathaniel Heathcliff.

SARABELLE: Nigel Hawthorne.

ANNABELLE: Yeah, yeah. Something like that.

SFX: THE HALLWAY DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES AGAIN.

DORINDA: Hmmm. That's odd. Anyway, I didn't think I'd see you two until the matches start.

SARABELLE: My, that's the thing! Pam just told us about Alice!

ANNABELLE: How tragic!

SARABELLE: Utterly horrific!

ANNABELLE: Nearly bludgeoned to death in her own home?

SARABELLE: With her own fire poker! How is anyone to feel safe these days?

ANNABELLE: I suppose you're gonna have to forfeit the match.

SARABELLE: Now, that's not how we wanted to win, but--

SFX: THE HALLWAY DOOR OPENS AGAIN AND WE HEAR --

STACEY: (muffled) Hello out there! Anyone?! Brandon?! Carl?! Mom?!

DORINDA: I think that's Stacey! Stacey, honey, I'm coming! Just let me throw on a robe! (to the Southern Belles) Don't start shining that trophy just yet, ladies.

SFX: DORINDA CLOSES HER LOCKER AND RUNS OUT THE DOOR.

SFX: DORINDA RUNS DOWN HALLWAY.

DORINDA: Stacey? Stacey, honey, where are you?

STACEY: Locked in Brandon's office!

SFX: DORINDA STOPS AND TRIES THE LOCKED KNOB.

DORINDA: How on earth did that happen?

STACEY: I don't know! One minute, I was looking for the Russian's registration info, but the next thing I knew, someone locked the door on me.

DORINDA: Who? Brandon?

STACEY: He was the one who told me to look on his desk. Speaking of which, I might've found a clue!

DORINDA: Who else has the key? And what did you find?

PAM: (surprising DORINDA) Everyone knows there's a key behind the desk.

DORINDA: Pam! You scared me! What are you doing here?

PAM: I heard Stacey yelling and thought I'd set her free.

DORINDA: With the desk key that everyone knows about?

PAM: Yes.

DORINDA: I didn't know there's a key behind the desk, and I've been a member here for 25 years.

PAM: I don't know what to tell you, Dorinda. It's, uh, it's pretty common knowledge.

SFX: UNLOCKING DOOR; DOOR OPENING.

STACEY: Thank you, Pam! I was starting to get claustrophobic.

PAM: No problem. Happy to help.

STACEY: Mom, why are you wearing a robe?

DORINDA: Sauna, shower, and then suddenly you were screaming for me.

STACEY: Did you find the Russian?

DORINDA: I most certainly did. We had a nice sauna together, Nadia and me. You know her, Pam.

(A beat.)

PAM: We've met.

DORINDA: I suspect she's Pam's new doubles partner.

PAM: Well, my first choice said no.

STACEY: That's, uh, because my mom had already found a replacement for Alice.

PAM AND DORINDA: (simultaneously) What? Who?

STACEY: Me.

DORINDA: (flustered) That's right.

STACEY: So, I guess we'll see you out on the courts at two.

PAM: Yes, I suppose you will. May the best team win. Goodbye, ladies.

SFX: PAM WALKING AWAY.

DORINDA: Toodle-oo! Stacey, honey, you don't have to play with me. Do you even remember how to serve? I know you haven't picked up a racket since school.

STACEY: No, no. I want to. In Alice's honor. That is, if you have a racket I can borrow.

DORINDA: I have a racket, and we have matching outfits! Oh, but honestly, don't feel pressured. You have quite a juniors legacy here at the club. You don't need to ruin that just to make your old mom happy.

STACEY: Don't worry, Mom. I've got this. Let's get my name on the draw.

DORINDA: Great! Let's get dressed, and while we warm up, I want to hear about what you found in Brandon's office. I have a feeling between your digging and mine, we're close to finding our killer.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE FOUR:

SFX: BIRDS SINGING AND OUTDOOR CROWD SOUNDS.

SFX: AN ANNOYING AIRHORN BLASTS.

BRANDON: (on a mic) It's 2 PM, ladies! All teams report to the front desk. First matches will start in five!

SFX: INTENSE MUSIC. TENNIS BALLS BOUNCING, CROWD SOUNDS, CHEERS.

BRANDON: What a shake-up! Regardless of the winners, there will be new names on that beautiful trophy at today's ceremony.

SFX: INTENSE MUSIC. TENNIS BALLS BOUNCING, CROWD SOUNDS, CHEERS.

BRANDON: The semi-final scores have been reported. Thirty-minute break before the finals. Great job, ladies!

SFX: INTENSE MUSIC. TENNIS BALLS BOUNCING, CROWD SOUNDS, CHEERS.

BRANDON: What a finish! I don't think anyone could've predicted the level of tennis we saw here at the club today! Now let's get our dancing shoes and costumes on for the trophy ceremony, and we'll see if we can keep this night going even longer than last night!

SCENE FIVE:

SFX: FADES INTO HALLOWEEN MUSIC THAT PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND AT THE TROPHY CEREMONY/END-OF-THE-YEAR BASH.

STACEY: Officer! Thank you for coming.

POLICE OFFICER: Stacey! I barely recognized you! That's quite the dress. Who are you supposed to be?

STACEY: I'm Glinda. From The Wizard of Oz?

POLICE OFFICER: Well, I need to speak to your mother immediately.

STACEY: You know where to find her. She's at the bar.

POLICE OFFICER: That's a lot of green face paint she's got on!

STACEY: Yeah. She's the Wicked Witch of the West. And she thinks she's found a primary suspect!

POLICE OFFICER: Who is it? Give me the name. I'll question them immediately.

STACEY: Well, my mom is pretty sure she knows who did it, actually.

POLICE OFFICER: Not a chance. Not unless she's gotten her hands on the medical examiner's lab report.

STACEY: What does it say?

POLICE OFFICER: Can't tell you just yet. All I can say is this: Niles Higgenbottom did not die by bludgeoning.

SFX: MUSIC AND THE CHATTERING OF MEMBERS SWELL --

SFX: MARTINI GLASSES CLINK.

Mansfield Mysteries

Featuring:

Melissa Hughes Ernest as Dorinda Mansfield
and
Melissa Zeien as Stacey Mansfield

With:

Doug Despin as Police Officer
Cody Ernest as Brandon
Amy Hanson - Rosemary Berkshire
Anne Mollerskov as Pam and Member 2
Tina Paukstelis as Annabelle and Nadia Gorcheva
Paul Reese as Bartender
Joan Roehre as Sarabelle and Member 1
And
Christopher Wild as Carl

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 Quaranteam production.

