

SFX: OPENING TANGO MUSIC, THEN --

The QuarantTeam presents Mansfield Mysteries: 'Gimme, Gimme - Murder!' - Chapter One.

SCENE ONE:

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

SFX: A RING TONE (The Mansfield Mysteries theme song!) BEGINS, WHICH CARRIES ON UNTIL STACEY PICKS UP.

STACEY: Oh, come on!

BRIDGET: What's wrong, Stacey?

STACEY: It's my mom.

BRIDGET: How do you know?

STACEY: It's her ringtone.

BRIDGET: Well, so don't answer.

STACEY: She'll just call back, Bridget.

BRIDGET: She knows you're on a girls trip, right?

STACEY: Sure.

BRIDGET: OK, well do you think it's an emergency?

STACEY: Doubtful.

BRIDGET: Then why would she bother you when you're on vacation?

STACEY: Why would my mother be a bother?

BRIDGET: Well... Ummm...

STACEY: No, that's what she would say. I'm just going to answer. (picking up) Hi, Mom.

SFX: DORINDA'S MUFFLED VOICE IS HEARD THROUGHOUT

STACEY: Uh huh... Really?... At a what kind of party?

BRIDGET: OK, I'm going to hit the bar. Can I bring you another pina colada?

STACEY: Yes. (reacting to phone call) No, I was saying yes to Bridget, not yes to are you bothering me?... Because how could

you be a bother? You're my mother!... No, it's fine, Mom. Finish your story.

SFX: TROPICAL BEACH MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SFX: OUTDOOR BAR NOISES (CLINKING GLASSES, MURMURS OF RESORT GUESTS, ETC.)

BRIDGET: Perdoneme, señor! Otra pina colada, por favor. Dos pina coladas. Gracias!

BARTENDER: Yes, ma'am.

SFX: BARTENDER TURNS ON BLENDER.

BRIDGET: ¿Qué hay en una piña colada de todos modos?

BARTENDER: Rum, cream of coconut, and pineapple, ma'am.

BRIDGET: Las piñas coladas realmente se me suben a la cabeza. Son tan fáciles de beber.

SFX: DRINKS ARE POURED INTO GLASSES AND SET ON THE BAR.

BARTENDER: Two pina coladas, ma'am. (Bridget gives a little giggle.)

SFX: TROPICAL BEACH MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SFX: DORINDA IS TALKING, INTELLIGIBLY THROUGH THE PHONE.

STACEY: No, Mom. That is a crazy story! I can't believe how much intrigue occurs in our little Berkshire Bay! And more than that, I can't believe you ended up being dragged into it by your arch enemy, Rosemary Berkshire!

BRIDGET: I just met the cutest bartender. I'm gonna do all our drink runs all day.

STACEY (wrapping up): Well, Bridget is back with our drinks, Mom. I have to go, but I'm really glad you called me... Yes, I'm wearing sunscreen... No, it's not Berkshire Bay Brand... Anyway, Bridget is here and my pina colada is melting... I know it's cold there... Well, I'll be back in three days... Love you, too. Toodle-oo.

BRIDGET: That was a long call! What's up?

STACEY: Remember how I told you about my ex-boyfriend being murdered at the Berkshire Bay Beach Extravaganza?

BRIDGET: Yeah.

STACEY: And then that other murder before the Tennis Club Halloween Open, when I was visiting home a couple months ago?

BRIDGET: Uh huh, go on.

STACEY: Whelp, there's been another murder!

BRIDGET: Oh... My... God...

STACEY: Yeah. And once again, it was my mom who solved it! It sounds like an old-timey mystery. My mom gets stuck with her only true enemy, Rosemary Berkshire. She's, like, town royalty. The Berkshires run and own everything in Berkshire Bay. The mayor is a Berkshire, every business owner is a Berkshire. Anyway, they were being driven through a blizzard... And my Mom was in the back seat...

SCENE TWO:

SFX: TRANSITION TO INTERIOR CAR NOISES AND HARDWORKING WINDSHIELD WIPER BLADES.

SFX: A SNOWSTORM BLOWS OUTSIDE.

DORINDA: For goodness sake, Rosemary. I don't know why you won't let me drive. It's my car after all.

ROSEMARY: There's no point in having a driver if you don't have him drive.

DRIVER: It is my pleasure, madam.

ROSEMARY: Anyway, I am very grateful you stopped for us. Who knows how long we would've been in that ditch if you hadn't.

DORINDA: I didn't recognize your Bentley. But even if I had, I couldn't leave a fellow Berkshire Baysian stranded in a blizzard.

ROSEMARY: You're a regular Mother Theresa, Dorinda Mansfield.

DORINDA: So, will you drop me at home, and I'll get my car tomorrow, or--

ROSEMARY: I'm heading to Berkshire Bay Tower. The driver and I can arrange transport from there.

DORINDA: I'm going to Berkshire Bay Tower.

ROSEMARY: I'm headed to Joy Wakefield's.

DORINDA: I'm going to Joy Wakefield's

ROSEMARY: For the party?

DORINDA: What party?

ROSEMARY: I mean, what business do you have with Joy?

DORINDA: Oh, I have some theater tickets for her. They're for tomorrow night, and who knows how bad the streets will be by morning.

ROSEMARY: I'd be happy to bring them up for you. It's the least I can do with you saving my driver and me from a bone-chilling fate.

DORINDA: Oh, no. I'll run them up myself. I do enjoy seeing what new "art" Joy has purchased.

ROSEMARY (chuckles): Art. That's rich.

DORINDA: It's expensive anyway.

ROSEMARY: Her explanation of each piece's importance is just precious.

DORINDA: The last one she showed me was a giant X in black paint on a ten-by-ten canvas. I got a fifteen-minute monologue on what it meant.

ROSEMARY: Oh, yes. I heard that one, as well. X is the great unknown--

DORINDA: And the first letter in the Greek word for Christ--

ROSEMARY: And then there was something about the Phoenicians.

DORINDA: She might as well say X marks the spot.

ROSEMARY: That's certainly what the gallerist saw on Joy's forehead when she walked into the showroom: an easy target.

DORINDA: Reminds me of Alice. Remember that horrible Faberge egg she used to have?

ROSEMARY: Pardon me. That's now in the European wing of the Berkshire Bay Museum. Where is Alice these days, anyway? I haven't seen her around the tennis club.

DORINDA: Well, I'm not supposed to say anything, but it'll be too obvious to ignore. She's in recovery from a full nip/tuck.

ROSEMARY: Oh. Courtesy of Dr. Margosian, no doubt. I suppose his work is good enough for Alice.

DORINDA: But not you?

ROSEMARY: I don't get work done, Dorinda.

DORINDA: What do you call it then?

ROSEMARY: Driver! Grab that parking spot! I refuse to walk any farther than necessary in this snowy mess.

DRIVER: That's handicapped parking, madam.

ROSEMARY: The handicapped aren't out in this weather.

DORINDA: You are not parking my car illegally.

ROSEMARY: Well, if you're going make such a fuss: driver, drop me at the door, and then you and Mrs. Mansfield can find another spot.

DRIVER: Of course, madam.

DORINDA: You're not going to drop me at the door, as well?

DRIVER: Madam?

ROSEMARY (pause): I suppose.

DRIVER: And I'll just wait in the lobby?

ROSEMARY: Yes. That will be fine.

SFX: CAR STOPPING AND SEATBELTS UNCLICKING.

DORINDA: Thank you, driver. Toodle-oo.

DRIVER: My pleasure, Mrs. Mansfield. Thank you for—

SFX: THE BACK CAR DOOR OPENS AND THEY BEGIN TO SLIDE OUT.

ROSEMARY: That's enough. I'll see you in the lobby when I'm through.

SFX: THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

DRIVER: Yes, madam.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE THREE:

SFX: MOTION SENSOR SLIDING DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE AS DORINDA AND ROSEMARY ENTER.

SFX: THE BLIZZARD RAGES OUTSIDE.

ROSEMARY: If I recall, we need to be buzzed up.

DORINDA: A buzz would be nice right about now.

SFX: BUZZER.

JOY (on the intercom): Wakefield residence.

ROSEMARY: It's Rosemary Berkshire, Joy.

DORINDA: And Dorinda Mansfield. With those theater tickets I promised you?

JOY (on the intercom): Get on up here, you two! I'll buzz you in.

SFX: A BUZZER AND THEN HEAVY DOORS OPENING AND CLOSING.

JOY (on the intercom): We're the top floor.

DORINDA: We're the top floor. As if everyone in town doesn't know about the Wakefield penthouse at Berkshire Bay Tower. Remember when this was a quiet little hamlet with a picturesque skyline?

SFX: ELEVATOR BUTTON IS PUSHED.

ROSEMARY: Well, it's her husband, Steve's, investment, this condominium. And it's my understanding the mayor approved it because he decided we needed to be more cosmopolitan.

DORINDA: A cosmopolitan sounds good right about now.

ROSEMARY: Regardless of the fact that it's an eyesore.

DORINDA: A monstrosity. Say, isn't the mayor your uncle?

ROSEMARY: Your point?

DORINDA: I would've thought a nouveau riche condo was beneath Rosemary Berkshire, even if your uncle signed off on it.

ROSEMARY: Unfortunately, good taste doesn't always run in families. But if this place goes under, maybe we can have it knocked down.

DORINDA: Goes under?

ROSEMARY: So far they haven't sold enough units to keep it afloat. But you didn't hear that from me.

DORINDA: Hear what?

SFX: ELEVATOR DING, DOORS OPEN. THEY STEP IN.

ROSEMARY: Save your clever little remarks for your tennis partner, Dorinda, all right? Just don't mention Steve's money troubles. Joy told me that in confidence.

SFX: FLOOR BUTTON PUSHED.

DORINDA: Joy loves a secret. Speaking of which, how cold do you think it'll be in her condo?

SFX: ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE AND THEY BEGIN TO RISE, A BEEP SOUNDING AS THEY PASS EACH FLOOR.

SFX: MUZAK PLAYS ABOVE.

ROSEMARY: The same as it is outside. Joy always has her windows open, as if the fresh air hides that nasty cigarette habit of hers. Odd she's not worried about tainting her art collection with all that smoke.

DORINDA: Well, one good thing about Joy's place is her well-stocked liquor cabinet.

ROSEMARY: You spend a lot of time talking about alcohol, Dorinda.

DORINDA: Your point?

ROSEMARY (short pause): What theater tickets are you dropping off anyway?

DORINDA: The Berkshire Bay Players are staging Mamma Mia.

ROSEMARY: In the dead of winter? Odd timing. (a pause) I suppose I should give you a quick heads-up before we arrive at the penthouse. In case Joy's manners compel her to invite you to stay.

DORINDA: Head's up?

ROSEMARY: The party I mistakenly mentioned. Joy is throwing it for her husband's banking partners--

DORINDA: Yes?

ROSEMARY: And I'm under the impression there's some singing involved.

DORINDA: Excuse me?

ROSEMARY: It's a secret karaoke night --as Joy insists on pronouncing it.

DORINDA: This isn't some kind of Eyes Wide Shut sex party you're bringing me to?

ROSEMARY: No. Nothing like that. Like I said, there will be singing--

DORINDA: I will not be singing!

ROSEMARY: Please don't. Anyway, these financiers have a kind of traveling, clandestine karaoke night, and tonight Joy is hosting it.

SFX: ELEVATOR STOPS AND THE DOORS OPEN.

SFX: THEY STEP INTO THE PENTHOUSE.

JOY: Rosemary! Dorinda!

ROSEMARY: Joy!

DORINDA (in unison): Joy.

ROSEMARY: You're wearing a caftan. In December.

JOY: I have another if you'd care to twin.

ROSEMARY: Pass.

JOY: Anyhoo, thank God you two are here! This party is as dull as ditchwater--seems like everyone is in some sort of secret tiff--but you ladies will liven things up a bit! Can I get you some drinks? The cater-waiters are about to leave before this storm dumps any more snow, but I can have one fetch you some martinis.

DORINDA: You read my mind.

ROSEMARY: Just a sparkling water for me, please.

JOY: Oh, Sarah! Sarah, dear!

SFX: THEY MOVE FURTHER INTO THE PENTHOUSE. A FIREPLACE CRACKLES NEARBY AS HOLIDAY MUSIC PLAYS.

SUE THE CATER-WAITER: It's Sue, ma'am.

JOY: Yes, Sue. Before you pack up, would you be so kind as to mix one Bombay Sapphire martini--

DORINDA: Very dry!

SUE THE CATER-WAITER: Any particular kind of olives? We have regular, garlic-stuffed, bleu cheese, jalep--

DORINDA: Surprise me.

JOY: And one sparkling water. Thank you, Scarlett.

SUE THE CATER-WAITER: It's Sue, ma'am.

JOY: I'll have a martini, too, while you're at it. Thank you.

SFX: KITCHEN DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND CLOSED.

JOY: In fact, that gives me just enough time for a quick ciggie.

SFX: CIGARETTE BEING REMOVED AND LIT. JOY PUFFS THROUGHOUT.

DORINDA: Let me give you these theater tickets before I forget, Joy.

JOY: Oh, thank you so much. I think Mamma Mia in the dead of winter is a ridiculous idea, but Steve just loves ABBA.

ROSEMARY: Where is Steve?

JOY: He's in our bedroom on a call, leaving me to entertain his fellow money-grubbers. Please tell me you'll stay, Dorinda. I need a few of my friends in the mix.

DORINDA: Well, given the weather, and my martini coming, I suppose I could stay...

JOY: Excellent. But before I introduce you, I should give you a little backstory. Rosemary is intimate with these monsters, but you're in a different tax bracket.

ROSEMARY: I don't believe that being rich makes you a monster, per se.

DORINDA: Maybe not but staying rich does.

ROSEMARY: I've stayed rich.

DORINDA: Exactly.

JOY: You've stayed rich because of people like this who do the dirty work.

DORINDA: Your husband is one of them--

JOY (overlapping): Steve's one of them. That's how I know of what I speak. Anyhoo, let me bring you up to speed before they miss me. (She takes a long drag of her cigarette then blows out smoke.) You know Steve, of course, a mere minotaur compared to these Medusas and Typhons.

DORINDA: What does that make you?

JOY: Tonight, I'm a siren. Get it? Because I'll be singing?

ROSEMARY: Yes, I warned Dorinda about the karaoke.

JOY: Warned? It's utterly delightful! And Steve found us the most accomplished pianist in Berkshire Bay as the accompanist. She's in very high demand. I believe she studied at Oberlin College--

DORINDA: Get back to these mythological monsters of which you speak.

JOY: Right, right. Well, other than Steve, there are two higher-ups from Berkshire Bank: Wilmore Parker and Margret Berkshire-O'Toole. That tall one - there - is Wilmore. With the slicked back hair? He is extremely charismatic and charming, but he's constantly looking for some angle to exploit, so watch what you say to him.

DORINDA: What do you mean, watch what I say?

JOY: Once he finds a weakness, he'll use it to his advantage sans remorse. It's how he got to where he is: head of Berkshire Bank's largest hedge fund. And he's a flirt! Every one of his wives came from affairs.

DORINDA: How many wives has he had?

JOY: I think his current one is number four. Now that squat, brown-haired woman in the pantsuit, is Margret. She's following in her father, Remington Berkshire's, footsteps by running the bank itself.

DORINDA: Remington Berkshire. Isn't he your uncle, Rosemary? Which makes Margret your cousin.

ROSEMARY: Yes, the mayor's brother. Or as we call Remington within the family: the smart one.

JOY: Margret's a smart cookie, too. She's not there by name only; she is completely cold and calculating, possesses neither heart, nor empathy. Which is why Remington chose her to run the company, instead of her older sister.

ROSEMARY: Or as we call the older sister within the family: the pretty one.

JOY: No, Margret's no beauty. In fact, I couldn't attest to whether she has teeth. I've never seen that woman smile. Margret recently married Nicholas O'Toole, that redheaded gentleman near the bar.

DORINDA: Redheads are always trouble.

JOY: He's a reformed playboy, also the son of a reputable banking family. It's what they might've called an arranged marriage in the olden days. They were partnered to bring competing banks together, but then Berkshire Bank completely absorbed the other within months. Margret's a beast!

DORINDA: I can't imagine many women would care to be described as such.

JOY: And lastly, see that young thing next to the piano? That's Wilmore's current wife, the beautiful Sonya Parker. Sonya was a successful model but failed actress, and personally, I think she figured getting married was easier to stomach than countless audition rejections. (takes a drag) Anyhoo, she'll divorce well.

DORINDA: Oh, yes. I recognize her from that ad campaign. She can't act though?

JOY: Dorinda, Dorinda, she couldn't get a walk-on part in a community theater production of Mamma Mia.

DORINDA: Seriously?

JOY: I dread her karaoke performance tonight. I'll need a few cocktails in me to withstand it. Speaking of which, where are those drinks?! Stephanie? Stephanie! We need those martinis!

SFX: THE KITCHEN DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

SUE THE CATER-WAITER: It's Sue, ma'am, and I've got them right here.

DORINDA: Thank you.

JOY: It's about time.

SUE THE CATER-WAITER: Yes, we're all just packing up. The snow is getting worse by the minute. There were power outages reported across town.

JOY: That's the benefit of new construction. We have a generator here that kicks in after thirty seconds.

SUE THE CATER-WAITER: Still, we wouldn't want to be trapped in the elevator.

JOY: It would only be for thirty seconds. But I suppose you should all make your way out. I only have four guest rooms.

SUE THE CATER-WAITER: Thank you, ma'am.

SFX: THE ELEVATOR BEGINS TO DING IN THE BACKGROUND.

JOY: Let me introduce you ladies to everyone else. But don't look at that horrible empty space on my wall as we pass. I was supposed to have this beautiful painting back by now--Steve insists on having all of my artwork framed by this special shop, so that it can be properly insured, but it's taking forever. Anyhoo, it's a Shapshaw. Have you heard of her?

DORINDA: Shapshaw? I don't believe so.

ROSEMARY (overlapping): Shapshaw? No, Joy. I haven't.

JOY: Oh, Rosemary, are you in for a treat once I have it up on my wall. Shapshaw uses a combination of graphite pencil, masking tape, and glue. I know it sounds crazy, but I've been promised she's the next big thing. A real investment piece. The glue and the tape provide texture and form. Some see water imagery. Others believe it's a metaphor for the brain or the soul. But the way the graphite clings to and rejects the base simultaneously. Well, it simply takes your breath away.

ROSEMARY: I can't wait to see it.

JOY: I'll throw a little lunch once the framing is finished. You'll come, too, Dorinda. And I can invite Alice. She can show off her new face!

ROSEMARY: Which will also take our collective breath away, I'm sure.

DORINDA: How did you know about Alice's work?

JOY: After she sustained that little knock on the head at the Tennis Club Halloween Open, it was only a matter of time until she used that bruise to have her whole face tightened. That's what you call serendipity!

DORINDA: I suppose.

JOY: Now I should introduce you before we get started. Oh, I forgot to mention it, but we have a theme tonight: Bohemian Rhapsody.

ROSEMARY: Isn't that a song?

JOY: Yes, it's Steve's karaoke song, and I've used it as inspiration for my decor, the food... Oh well, everything! You'll see.

SFX: RING CLINKING ON MARTINI GLASS

JOY: Everyone, everyone! May I have your attention, please? I want to introduce our latecomers. Of course, everyone knows Rosemary Berkshire. And this is my dear friend Dorinda Mansfield.

SFX: GENERAL MURMURING OF HELLOS, ETC.

JOY: I'll introduce you all personally once we get this party started. (takes a drag) Just make sure you fill your plates and find your cushions so we can get to karaoke!

ROSEMARY: Find your cushions?

JOY: Yes, see what I've done here in the living room area? I've had a giant Turkish rug imported--I love it so much I might keep the thing and redecorate--and then these very comfy cushions for us to sit on. That's the Bohemian part.

ROSEMARY: We're sitting on the floor?

JOY: On cushions, yes.

DORINDA: It looks like a hookah bar.

JOY: Exactly!

DORINDA: Is there a hookah?

JOY (quietly): Well, Steve didn't want me to get one, but I did. It's in the other room in case people actually loosen up.

ROSEMARY: What does one smoke in a hookah?

DORINDA: Tobacco, I believe.

ROSEMARY: Aren't we getting enough of your second-hand smoke as it is?

JOY: Oh, Rosemary, don't be such a stick in the mud. If you insist on being a teetotaler, you can't also be so boring. Now grab some food, ladies. I have to check on the pianist. There's a fondue station and a caviar station and a delicious fois gras pate that cannot go to waste. Oh, and the seafood tower - outstanding. Plus, best for last, there'll be a chocolate fountain for dessert later. Please, help yourselves.

SFX: THEY MOVE TO THE FOOD.

ROSEMARY: Fondue and caviar and fois gras and a seafood tower and a chocolate fountain?

DORINDA: The Cheesecake Factory has a shorter menu.

ROSEMARY (with an unexpected chuckle): Touche.

MARGRET: Hello, cousin Rosemary.

ROSEMARY: Cousin Margret.

MARGRET: Ready to karaoke?

ROSEMARY: I Will Survive.

MARGRET: One hopes.

ROSEMARY: No, that's my song.

MARGRET: I'm more of a "These Boots Were Made for Walking" kind of woman.

ROSEMARY: Have you met Dorinda Mansfield?

MARGRET: No. Anyway, I'm going to hit this smorgasbord of a buffet and find a cushion. Nice to meet you, Dorinda.

DORINDA: Charming. So, what do you fancy, Rosemary? Shall we grab a plate?

ROSEMARY: Joy sprung for Regalis caviar. I guess I'll have some of that. Maybe a little lobster.

SFX: CHINA AND SILVERWARE BEING GRABBED.

DORINDA: I'm going savory. It's hard to find fois gras these days. It's so ethically questionable.

ROSEMARY: By all means, take advantage of Joy's questionable ethics.

SFX: CLINKING GLASSWARE, SILVERWARE AGAINST CHINA.

WILMORE: I do love a fois gras pate. Hard to find outside of France.

DORINDA: That's what I was just saying to Rosemary.

ROSEMARY: This is Wilmore, Dorinda. I suggest you stay far away from this miscreant.

WILMORE: Wilmore Parker. And your name is Dorinda?

DORINDA: Dorinda Mansfield, yes.

WILMORE: Are you Alice Breckenridge's tennis partner she's always bitching about?

DORINDA: I most certainly am. How do you know Alice?

WILMORE: I keep an eye on her investments. You know, since her husband--

DORINDA: --disappeared, yes.

WILMORE: And they still haven't found him?

DORINDA: Not yet.

WILMORE: Shame. And what's your story, Dorinda Mansfield? Is there a mister who's mistakenly let you out of his sight this evening?

ROSEMARY: Oh. See what I mean about this cad?

DORINDA: I'm a widow.

WILMORE: Oh, I'm sorry.

DORINDA: Don't be. Time has passed.

WILMORE: And yet your beauty is timeless. I'm surprised our paths haven't crossed.

DORINDA: I tend to keep my social circles small, Mr. Parker, and money men tend to bore me.

WILMORE: That's because they tend to be boring, but I hope to change your mind tonight. At least about this money man.

DORINDA: Well, I am a fan of the arts. How's your singing voice?

WILMORE: Passable.

ROSEMARY: Is there a particular song you plan to entertain us with, Wilmore?

WILMORE: I do a little Lionel Richie. "Endless Love" is my favorite when I have a partner. Do you know it, Dorinda?

DORINDA: I'm familiar, but I don't do duets.

WILMORE: Maybe I can change your mind.

DORINDA: I'm sorry, aren't you married?

WILMORE: Your point?

ROSEMARY: He is. To that beautiful woman standing beside the piano.

SFX: SILVERWARE CLINKING ON GLASS TO CALL ATTENTION.

JOY: Come, come, come everyone! Find your pillows! It's time to begin!

MARGRET: Nicholas, did you get me some of that shrimp cocktail?

NICHOLAS: Yes, I set it down next to your cushion, Margret.

MARGRET: Are you going to join me?

NICHOLAS: As soon as I use the little boys' room.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AWAY.

JOY: Well, Margret, at least you've trained your husband to fetch your dinner and claim your cushion. I can't get my husband to join his own party!

MARGRET: Business first.

JOY: Oh, there's the pianist. I have to have a quick chat before we begin. Excuse me.

SFX: A MECHANICAL SOUND THAT SIGNIFIES POWER LOSS. THE HOLIDAY MUSIC STOPS. THE FIREPLACE CRACKLES AS THE BLIZZARD CONTINUES OUTSIDE.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS BEGIN RUNNING.

SONYA (screaming): Oh, my god! What happened to the lights?

WILMORE: Sonya, dear, stay calm! I'll find you.

SFX: A GLASS SHATTERS.

DORINDA: My martini!

WILMORE: I'll make my way from the seafood tower!

SFX: THE KITCHEN DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND CLOSED. A KNIFE IS PULLED FROM A DRAWER.

JOY: It's all right, everyone! The building's backup generator will be on in thirty seconds! Just hang tight and stay where you are!

SFX: THE FOOTSTEPS RUN FROM THE KITCHEN, THROUGH THE APARTMENT.

DORINDA: I don't know where I am, other than somewhere in the dining area.

WILMORE (breath knocked out of him): Ugh! Excuse me!

SFX: A RIPPING OF CANVAS.

ROSEMARY: Well, I just spilled my caviar. That's a few hundred dollars lost.

DORINDA: Oh, my. And I believe I just fondled some fois gras.

A LOUD GASP/STABBING VICTIM NOISE; HEAVY BANGING OF THE PIANO KEYS. THE FOOTSTEPS RUN AGAIN.

DORINDA: Joy, do you have a flashlight? Some candles?

JOY: It's fine, it's fine. It'll just be a few seconds.

SFX: THE GENERATOR KICKS IN AND AN ELECTRICITY FILLS THE SPACE. THE HOLIDAY MUSIC STARTS TO PLAY ONCE AGAIN.

JOY: See? Thirty seconds. Wilmore, what are you doing on the floor?

WILMORE: Someone bumped into me, and I'm sorry, but I seem to have bumped into your beautiful painting.

DORINDA: Me, as well! My martini glass has been shattered. Now I'm going to need to fix another.

ROSEMARY: Always worried about your drink. I'm no doctor but--

NICHOLAS (out of breath): What the hell just happened?

MARGRET: Nicholas, your fly is open. For god's sake.

NICHOLAS: Sorry, I'm claustrophobic. When the lights went out--

SONYA (screams again): Oh, my god!

MARGRET: It's just his penis.

SFX: NICHOLAS ZIPS HIS FLY.

WILMORE: What is it now, Sonya, my love?

SONYA: Look! Slumped over the keys! The pianist is... dead!

MARGRET: Dead?! It can't be!

DORINDA: She's been stabbed. In the back!

Joy: I'm going to call the police. I need to find my phone. In the meantime, everyone please help yourself to the pate.

DORINDA: Not, so fast Joy. We have more than pate on our plates, we have a mystery, for someone in this room is a murderer!

SFX: THE MUSIC PLAYS FOR A MOMENT BEFORE THERE'S A RECORD SCRATCH. THEN JUST THE SOUND OF THE STORM AND THE FIREPLACE.

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 Driver
Cody Ernest as Bartender
Tina Paukstelis as Joy Wakefield
Dana Roders as Sonya Parker
Joan Roehre as Margret Berkshire-O'Toole and Sue the Cater-Waiter
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.