

SFX: OPENING TANGO MUSIC, THEN --

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

SCENE ONE:

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

BRIDGET: Oh, my god, Stacey. This is wild!

STACEY: I know, Bridget. So, my mom uncovered that this dead Polly Pollack woman was rumored to be involved with the two men-- Nicholas and Wilmore. But Wilmore was an old fling, and Nicholas was an ex, too, but was now connected to the dead pianist because his wife, Margret, was having an affair with her.

BRIDGET: That is a twist! But either could have a motive. And then there's that other guy--

STACEY: Steve, yes. The one who liked to "talk to Polly"?

BRIDGET: He's the one with money troubles, who owns the building?

STACEY: Yeah.

BRIDGET: Can they discount the other women, Joy and Sonya? I mean, other than your mom's nemesis.

STACEY: Unclear.

BRIDGET: So, who's the killer?

STACEY: Well, my mom confessed she didn't know at that point. There were too many people with motive to keep Polly quiet, but there was still a good half hour until the police would arrive, so she kept trying to solve the mystery.

SCENE TWO:

SFX: MARTINI SHAKER SHAKING.

DORINDA: I do make a mean martini if I do say so myself. I usually have Alice or my darling daughter play bartender, but it seems I'm perfectly capable.

SFX: SHAKER TOP UNSCREWING OFF.

ROSEMARY: Capable or functional?

DORINDA: Experienced.

SFX: DORINDA POURS THE MARTINI INTO THE GLASS.

ROSEMARY: What did you find out from my cousin Margret and that allegedly reformed miscreant husband of hers?

DORINDA: Turns out the miscreant, at least currently, is Margret. She and Polly were--how should I phrase it? Involved.

ROSEMARY: What?

DORINDA: It's the twenty-twenties, Rosemary. People don't conduct their business in a closet anymore.

ROSEMARY: Please, I'm not worried about that. I just don't understand why Margret would marry such a testosterone-fueled man if she's a lesbian.

DORINDA: That I didn't have time to get into.

ROSEMARY: You don't think Nicholas offed Polly in a fit of jealous rage?

DORINDA: I'm ruling out nothing at the moment. Plus, Polly and Sonya had some tiff, which I still need to get to the bottom of.

ROSEMARY: Perhaps Polly's old fling with Wilmore?

DORINDA: It was before he and Sonya were together, but one never knows what weight an ex carries in a current relationship.

ROSEMARY: Well, personally, I don't think a second martini--or is this your third--is going to help break the case.

DORINDA: Third and a half. My glass was broken in the scuffle, remember? Does sound like you need another bourbon.

ROSEMARY: Just a splash. I do find it takes the edge off of being handcuffed to you, so to speak.

SFX: KITCHEN DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

DORINDA: Hello, Steve. (whispering to ROSEMARY) Remember: good cop, bad cop.

STEVE: What a night! My stomach still isn't right from seeing that, that--

ROSEMARY: I feel the same way. Just awful.

STEVE: I'm so sorry secret karaoke night turned into this. Christ, it might taint the entire endeavor, and we really enjoy our musical gatherings. Such a great way to blow off steam. Bond.

DORINDA: You seem to be grieving secret karaoke night more than your friend Polly.

STEVE: Oh, Polly wasn't a friend. Not that I'm not upset. I mean, you saw how upset I was.

ROSEMARY: Don't listen to Dorinda. It's the gin talking.

DORINDA: Several people noted that you enjoyed "talking to Polly" at these events.

STEVE: Sure, she was a great girl.

DORINDA: If my daughter, Stacey, were here, she'd correct you and say "woman."

STEVE: Woman, fine.

DORINDA: What did you two talk about?

STEVE: Music, a bit. Art mostly.

DORINDA: Art? Then you're aware Polly wasn't a trained pianist, even though you secured her to play for the evening.

STEVE: She was great at pop songs. That's all we needed.

DORINDA: So, what did you discuss about art?

STEVE (laughs): What is this? An interrogation?

ROSEMARY: Don't be silly, Steve. You're the unlikeliest of suspects. No one even saw you until after the murder. You were doing business, right?

STEVE: Yes. I was on the phone in the main suite. I didn't know anything until I came into the great room.

DORINDA: Then you won't mind revealing what you and Polly discussed. About the art world.

STEVE: I have no interest in embarrassing you, Dorinda, because I very much appreciate those *Mamma Mia!* tickets. However, the answer is not what you're hoping for. Polly frames our artwork. The shop where she works is the only one my insurance company allows us to use before we take out a policy on each piece. They're the best in the area, and the only shop that deals in high-end artwork.

DORINDA: So, you discuss framing? How scintillating.

STEVE: I told you it'd be a disappointment. Now I came in here for a glass of wine. I see you two have beverages. I'm going to help myself then join the others while we await the police.

SFX: CORK BEING PULLED OUT OF WINE BOTTLE.

STEVE: Cheers, ladies. I bid you adieu.

ROSEMARY: We'll be out shortly.

SFX: KITCHEN DOOR SWINGS BEHIND STEVE AS HE LEAVES.

ROSEMARY: I suppose it's my turn to give you a compliment. Good job, bad cop. More women our age should ask more men our age what they have to talk about with women half their age.

DORINDA: The silence would be deafening.

ROSEMARY: Steve's excuse seems credible, though. And he was far from the murder scene. The door to the main suite is down a ten-foot hallway from the great room. Now what about Joy? It seems unlikely she'd kill someone she hired as entertainment. Can we at least rule her out?

SFX: THE KITCHEN DOOR SWINGS OPEN AGAIN, SURPRISING DORINDA.

WILMORE: Here's the party!

ROSEMARY: Wilmore! I'm not sure "party" is the right word any longer.

WILMORE: Sonya needs something a little stronger than water. She's very agitated.

ROSEMARY: What does she drink? I'll fix it.

WILMORE: Anything clear with a splash of soda. On the rocks.

DORINDA: A teetotaling bartender! Isn't that the plot of *Cheers*?

ROSEMARY: Even I can figure that out. And you're proving my point, Dorinda, about why that little splash of bourbon is so necessary: takes the edge off.

DORINDA: Now what do you know about this little rift between your wife and the deceased, Wilmore?

WILMORE: Oh, nothing. They'd always been a bit competitive, and I think Polly took a swipe at Sonya about giving up her dream and marrying me instead.

SFX: LIQUOR POURS INTO A GLASS.

DORINDA: I'd call that more than a swipe.

WILMORE: Don't think Polly Pollock didn't consider nailing me down as her personal benefactor! Why, when we had our brief affair--

DORINDA: What? Finish what you were going to say.

WILMORE: She wasn't above striking an arrangement of sorts - if you know what I mean.

SFX: SODA IS POURED INTO THE GLASS.

ROSEMARY: I've always heard of "arrangements," as you call it, but I'm never quite sure what it means.

DORINDA: Ah, the gift of inherited wealth: not needing to know what things mean.

WILMORE: Let's just say she would've stayed with me in perpetuity if I'd bankrolled her career as an artist. But frankly, I didn't find her an interesting enough companion to entertain the idea. It was a distinctive end to our relationship, such that it was. Polly was taken aback by the breakup--enraged, one might say. Well, when you think you land your white whale and it slips away. Well, I believe that's the plot of *Moby Dick*. (He laughs)

DORINDA: So, Polly resented Sonya for securing your affection?

WILMORE: Bank account is what you're implying, but I'll have you know, I'm terrific company and great fun in the sack. Pass it on.

ROSEMARY: Here's a vodka soda for Sonya.

WILMORE: Thank you, Rosemary. I'm going to bring this to her tout suite.

SFX: HE PUSHES THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOOR AND LEAVES.

ROSEMARY: He is rather charming. And much nicer than he used to be.

DORINDA: Used to be?

ROSEMARY: Like Joy told us earlier--always working an angle, that one, when he was coming up.

DORINDA: Maybe he wasn't so nice to Polly Pollock?

ROSEMARY: Possible. But does that give him motive to kill her? Doubtful. Nor does he strike me as one to commit violence on behalf of his wife over a little tiff.

JOY (from the other room): God, I need a ciggie! Oh no! As if anything needed to make secret *karaoke* night even worse!

SFX: DORINDA AND ROSEMARY PUSH THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOOR, MOVING INTO THE MAIN AREA.

DORINDA: What's wrong, Joy?

JOY: Do you see this beautiful painting? It's a *Jewel**.
(pronounced Yewel)

DORINDA: It is a jewel.

JOY: No, that's the artist: *Jan** (pronounced Yahn) *Jewel*. He's very important in Liechtenstein and is meant to be huge among Western collectors in the near future. I mean big.

DORINDA: And?

SFX: CIGARETTE LIGHTER BEING CLICKED AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL JOY GETS IT TO STICK, AND THEN A LONG INHALE.

JOY: Look! It's been slashed! How could that have possibly happened? The painting is ruined... though I guess mixed media is probably more accurate. Do you see how the oils, thinned to replicate blood, combined with collage make for such an interesting depiction of anguish--

DORINDA: I do recall hearing some sort of ripping noise when the lights were out.

JOY: --but also the resilience of mankind?

ROSEMARY: How do you see such a thing in that abstraction?

DORINDA: And look at how the canvas is folded over. That suggests it was cut from left to right.

ROSEMARY: Didn't Wilmore fall into that painting in the scuffle?

DORINDA: This is definitely slashed.

JOY: Hold on. *Jan Jewel* works on wood, not canvas. Something's not right.

DORINDA: This is clearly canvas.

JOY: This is his greatest work: "Menschliches Leid und Uberwindung."

ROSEMARY: Excuse me?

SFX: THEY MOVE INTO THE KITCHEN.

JOY: It's German. Roughly translated as "human's suffering and overcoming." Anyhoo, like I was trying to explain, if you look at the juxtaposition of color and shape--

SFX: JOY OPENS THE WINDOW TO SMOKE, LETTING THE STORM SOUNDS IN.

DORINDA: You said it was meant to be on wood.

JOY: It was! I'm flabbergasted. There must be some sort of mix-up.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

MARGRET: Is this where the booze is? I can't take it out there any longer.

ROSEMARY: What can I get you, cousin Margret? You don't seem like yourself.

MARGRET: Certainly, word has spread about my connection to Polly. What do you have that will cure a broken heart?

DORINDA: Tequila.

MARGRET (holding back sobs): Yes, thank you.

DORINDA: Make it a double.

SFX: POURING OF A LARGE SHOT.

ROSEMARY: Here you go.

DORINDA: I'll toast with you.

MARGRET: To Polly!

DORINDA: To the depths!

SFX: SIPS AND GLASSES SET DOWN HARD ON THE COUNTER.

ROSEMARY: I am sorry for your loss, Margret, but I am surprised by your affair.

MARGRET: Affair, please.

DORINDA: What would you call it?

MARGRET: Polly would probably call it a dalliance. It wasn't going to last much longer, or so she said.

DORINDA: Because Nicholas found out?

MARGRET: I married Nicholas to take over his family's bank, and because I thought we could tolerate each other. He's pleasant enough company. But we don't have a traditional marriage.

ROSEMARY: Oh!

MARGRET: It's the twenty-twenties, Rosemary. There's no need to spread this around Berkshire Bay. there's also no need for shock. People marry for all kinds of reasons. It's nobody's business.

DORINDA: If you two had an arrangement, he couldn't have been in a jealous rage.

MARGRET: Who knows? These days, your friend Alice probably knows more about it than I.

DORINDA: Nicholas? I thought Wilmore had dealings with Alice.

MARGRET: Part of the arrangement was not to have dealings with people who would embarrass the other.

ROSEMARY: Everyone has had dealings with Alice, Dorinda. Since her husband disappeared.

MARGRET: Did I hear you say something about a hookah earlier, Joy?

JOY: Why, yes! It's set up in the study. Steve didn't want any more smoke in the house, but with my Bohemian Rhapsody theme--

MARGRET: Well, let's go. I want to try a hookah tonight.

JOY: I'm game!

MARGRET: Secret karaoke night was a disaster, my girlfriend--or whatever you want to call her--was murdered. That can't be all I remember of this evening. This evening is the night I smoke a hookah!

JOY: Care to join us?

DORINDA: Maybe later.

ROSEMARY (overlapping): Not right now, thank you.

MARGRET: If you change your minds... Come on, Joy.

SFX: MARGRET AND JOY LEAVE THE KITCHEN.

DORINDA: This gets more and more muddled.

SFX: THEY CLOSE THE WINDOW.

ROSEMARY: Well, the police should be here any time now.

DORINDA: The police won't know what we know.

ROSEMARY: What do we know?

DORINDA: Let's think back. To the very beginning.

ROSEMARY: When you rescued me and my driver from the ditch?

DORINDA: After that.

ROSEMARY: Remarking on what a blemish this condominium tower is on Berkshire Bay's skyline?

DORINDA: Yes, and...

ROSEMARY: The *Mamma Mia!* tickets, of course.

DORINDA: Keep going.

ROSEMARY: Joy not having the common decency to remember the names of the help.

DORINDA: My daughter, Stacey, has informed me that that phrase can't be used any longer. But, yes, that Joy did not remember the cater-waiter's name.

ROSEMARY: And then before the evening could begin, the lights went out.

DORINDA: Exactly! Rosemary, I know who murdered Polly Pollack, and we need to confront the killer before the police arrive, so they don't have the time to make up an excuse. We must all gather in the great room. Immediately!

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE THREE:

SFX: THE FIREPLACE CRACKLES NEARBY. THE COUGHING LAUGHTER OF MARGRET AND JOY IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE

SFX: DORINDA TAPPING A GLASS WITH SILVERWARE.

DORINDA: Rosemary, hand me that microphone. Attention! (on mic now) Attention everyone. I need everyone in here this minute! (shouting) Joy! Margret! Put down those hookah hoses and get in here!

STEVE: More smoke? Joy, this is why I didn't want you bringing that contraption in here. And what is that odor? It's not tobacco.

JOY: It is. Of a sort.

MARGRET (giggling): The sort that's legal in 19 states.

NICHOLAS: Margret, I've never known you to partake in, in...

MARGRET: There's plenty you don't know about me, Nicholas. And I could say the same about you.

DORINDA (on mic): Settle down, everyone. Take a cushion if you'd like. I want to say something. Before the police arrive.

MARGRET (giggling harder): Are you confessing, Dorinda?

DORINDA (on mic): Oh, that would be amusing, Margret. But no. This is not a confession; it's an accusation.

WILMORE: Excellent. Here we go with Detective Mansfield's accusatory speech. I've heard about your little soliloquies.

DORINDA (on mic): And I've heard about your little-- Never mind that. As you can see, we have a dead body on the floor and eight live suspects. Or, rather, six, since I know both Rosemary Berkshire and myself are innocent.

WILMORE: Says you. How are we supposed to know that?

DORINDA (on mic): Rosemary and I were locked in place at the caviar and foie gras stations for the entire 30 seconds of the blackout. Everyone else was shouting, moving, and in one person's case: killing.

JOY: Who, Dorinda? Who ruined my party by killing the pianist?

WILMORE: Interesting you're the first one to speak up, Joy. Trying to rule yourself out?

JOY: I didn't kill Polly Pollock!

DORINDA (on mic): She's right. She didn't kill Polly Pollock. Out of the six of you, Joy had the least motive to do such a thing. Polly was hired entertainment for a party Joy went to a lot of trouble and expense to throw. However, Joy unintentionally helped the killer.

JOY: How did I do that?

DORINDA (on mic): By offering them a window. You stated more than once that if the power went out, there would be 30-seconds of blackness to commit the crime.

JOY: I was certainly not advertising an opportunity for homicide!

DORINDA (on mic): Of course not, but it provided the cover of darkness for someone with a simmering motive to use that time--

WILMORE: And who do you think had the motive to murder Polly Pollock: a mediocre pianist and aspiring artist. Hardly a golden ticket.

DORINDA (on mic): She also had entanglements, of sorts, with nearly everyone at this party. You, for instance, Wilmore. You said as much yourself.

WILMORE: She and I fooled around for a few months several years ago. It may have ended a bit abruptly from her point of view, but why would that make me want to kill her?

DORINDA (on mic): Because of the kerfuffle between Polly and your wife.

WILMORE: You think I'd stab someone in the back over a girl fight?

STEVE: Um, they're "women," Wilmore. You shouldn't call them girls.

DORINDA (on mic): Thank you, Steve. Glad that stuck. But no, Wilmore, I don't think you had enough reason to kill Polly.

SONYA: You're accusing me?

DORINDA (on mic): Why would you say that, Sonya?

SONYA: I'm beautiful; I'm not stupid.

DORINDA (on mic): Well, you would've been if you killed Polly over a few slings and arrows about marrying well in order to stop working. After all, it's the second oldest profession.

SONYA: Hey--

DORINDA (on mic): And according to Wilmore, you two seem quite happy together, minus that spat earlier. No reason to commit first degree murder just because your old friend Polly harbored some resentment over you marrying well.

SONYA: Exactly. I would never!

DORINDA (on mic): Which brings us to the Berkshire-O'Toole union. Rosemary, you've been my partner-in-crime-solving tonight. Care to address the Margret and Nicholas of it all?

ROSEMARY: No. You're on a roll.

DORINDA (on mic): All right. Margret: you'd been cavorting with Polly Pollock for a while now, yes?

MARGRET: Yes. Nearly a year.

DORINDA (on mic): But you suggested your affair might be coming to a close, did you not?

MARGRET: Yes, but--

DORINDA (on mic): Which puts you quite high on the list of suspects. A broken heart, as you called it when you were seeking spiritual comfort--see what I did there, Rosemary? She came looking for a drink? For spirits?

ROSEMARY: No one can top you when it comes to liquor puns.

DORINDA (on mic): You asked for a drink to "cure a broken heart."

MARGRET: I did.

DORINDA (on mic): And you slammed a double tequila and then sought relief from the hookah, yes?

MARGRET: Yes.

ROSEMARY: I will say this: I don't consider Margret and I to be close cousins, but I do recognize the difference between drowning one's sorrows versus dulling one's shame.

MARGRET: Shame? I wasn't ashamed of my relationship with Polly.

DORINDA (on mic): Nor should you be. I mean the shame of committing a gruesome crime.

MARGRET: I didn't kill Polly.

DORINDA (on mic): Of course not. You're genuinely distressed. We can all see that. Which leaves--

NICHOLAS: You're not going to try to pin this on me, I hope.

DORINDA (on mic): Why would you be suspect, Nicholas?

NICHOLAS: Polly and I had a little fling awhile back. Hell, I'm the one who introduced Margret to her!

DORINDA (on mic): And Polly developed feelings for your wife that far usurped her affections for you.

NICHOLAS: So what? Women come, women go. And Margret and I have an arrangement.

DORINDA (on mic): You expect us to believe you had no anger over your very plain wife (Margret gasps) --pardon me, Margret; I'm just saying what everyone else is thinking--over your very plain wife stealing your mistress from you?

NICHOLAS: I mean, did it sting a little? Sure. Enough to jeopardize our cushy life together?! Not a chance.

DORINDA (on mic): My thoughts exactly.

NICHOLAS: Then who the hell killed Polly Pollock?

JOY (gasping): Steve? My husband?

ROSEMARY: How could it be Steve?

JOY: He was in our bedroom until after the body had been discovered. Remember? He vomited all over my beautiful Turkish rug.

STEVE: I'm utterly dumbfounded that you would accuse me of such a thing. I had nothing but a cordial relationship with Polly. And, like Joy said, I was down the hall. On a business call.

DORINDA (on mic): Really? Is that what the police will find when they subpoena your phone records?

STEVE: Subpoena? Whoa, whoa, you're getting way ahead of yourself here. Why on earth would I murder Polly Pollock?

DORINDA (on mic): It took me a while to figure it out. I had to start from the beginning. Remember, Rosemary? I had you think back to how the night began. Your car in the ditch, our arrival at this condominium. Do you recall what we discussed in the elevator?

ROSEMARY: How garish this tower is?

STEVE: I beg your pardon.

JOY (overlapping): I love this building. It's so modern compared to the rest of Berkshire Bay.

DORINDA (on mic): Questionable taste withstanding, do you recall what else about this vulgar condominium we discussed?

ROSEMARY: Well, I told you in confidence that Steve's investment in this property was a bit shaky. That the units weren't selling as they had hoped, and he was a bit underwater.

DORINDA (on mic): Precisely.

STEVE: And how would killing Polly Pollock alleviate my financial troubles. Not that I'm in trouble, per se.

DORINDA (on mic): That's what I wondered, as well. Until your wife pointed me toward the clue that would break the case.

JOY: What did I do?

DORINDA (on mic): You showed me the ruined *Jan Jewel*.

JOY: What does my destroyed *Jewel* have to do with anything?

DORINDA (on mic): You said the *Jewel* was painted on wood.

JOY: Well, technically, *Jewel's* a mixed media artist, but yes.

DORINDA (on mic): The piece your purchased was on wood.

JOY: Yes.

DORINDA (on mic): Then how do you explain the sliced canvas?

JOY: I don't know. There must've been some sort of mix-up.

DORINDA (on mic): Just what I was thinking.

STEVE: What are you getting at, Dorinda? You're speaking in circles and none of it is--

DORINDA (on mic): Circles, yes. A circle anyway.

STEVE: What's that supposed to mean?

DORINDA (on mic): I want everyone to think back to when the lights went out. First we heard footsteps. Fast ones. The killer knew what had to be done and how quickly. Remember, the window of blackness was a mere 30 seconds. Then there was the breaking of glass. My glass as the assailant ran past me at the speed of light. I was positioned at the fois gras station, which was at the corner of the island, mere steps from the hallway that leads to the main suite.

STEVE (laughs): You think I came barreling out of our bedroom, blew past you, breaking your martini glass--

DORINDA (on mic): I didn't say it was a martini glass.

STEVE: Oh, please. Everyone in Berkshire Bay knows Dorinda Mansfield drinks Bombay Sapphire martinis.

DORINDA (on mic): Sure, sure. Once my glass was shattered, the next things we heard were the killer and Wilmore bumping into each other amidst the chaos, as well as the opening of the silverware drawer to grab the knife. The weapon. Hence the ripped canvas, precisely in the direction that circles the kitchen heading toward the piano and the victim. Finally, the death rattle of Polly Pollock and her collapse on the keys. A pause and then the lights came back on.

STEVE: And?

DORINDA (on mic): It was you, Steve. You sprinted from the bedroom through the condo you know like the back of your hand, even in the dark. I was a hindrance, my martini glass collateral damage. But you grabbed the knife, accidentally slashed the Jewel that was canvas instead of wood, plunged said knife into Polly Pollock's back, and returned to your bedroom before the generator kicked in.

STEVE: To what end? Why would I want to kill Polly Pollock?

DORINDA (on mic): I suspect she was putting the heat on you, Steve. Blackmail.

STEVE: Blackmail over what?

DORINDA (on mic): The fake paintings you had her forge and frame, selling the originals to cover your deeper and deeper debt over this horrendous new construction you call home. We know Polly wanted someone to support her artistic career, but you were running out of money and out of time. She was about to blow your cover, and you were about to lose everything.

STEVE: That's utterly ridiculous.

DORINDA (on mic): Where are you going?

STEVE: What are you talking about?

DORINDA (on mic): Why are you backing out of the room?

JOY: Steve, is what Dorinda says true?

STEVE: Of course not!

JOY: Then, darling, why are you heading for the elevator?

NICHOLAS: Should Wilmore and I be ready to restrain him?

WILMORE: I'd take Margret over you, should it come to that.

JOY: Steve, what are you doing?

SFX: RAPID PUSHING OF ELEVATOR BUTTON.

STEVE: Nothing, dear.

SFX: ELEVATOR DING AND DOORS OPENING.

STEVE: I'm just going to run to the lobby for a sec--

MORTON: Hold it right there, Mr. Wakefield.

STEVE: Who on earth are you? And how on earth did you get up here without being buzzed in?

MORTON: I'm Morton Anderlee, head of security for Berkshire Bay Brand.

ROSEMARY: Morton! Finally, there you are!

JOY: What happened to the police?

ROSEMARY: Oh, I knew Mr. Anderlee would get here faster than the police. He'll take Steve into custody until they arrive.

MORTON: Can someone bring me up to speed?

DORINDA (on mic): I can, Mr. Anderlee.

MORTON: Mrs. Mansfield. I didn't think I'd have to see the likes of you again anytime soon.

DORINDA (on mic): Turns out it's your lucky night. This man, Steve Wakefield, is a murderer.

STEVE: I want my lawyer.

DORINDA (on mic): You'll need him, I should think.

MORTON: I'll take it from here, Mrs. Mansfield. Come with me, Mr. Wakefield. (in a lowered voice) Whatever you did, I can at least get you away from that woman.

DORINDA (on mic): "That woman"?! I can hear you Mr. Anderlee.

ROSEMARY: I'll come, too. My driver can take us to the police station. Is it all right if we use your car again, Dorinda?

DORINDA (on mic): Of course.

MORTON: Come on then.

ROSEMARY: Good night, Joy. I'll let you know how everything goes.
Ta ta!

DORINDA (on mic): I'll stay with her. Toodle-oo, Rosemary.
Toodle--oo, Steve. And toodle-oo, Mr. Anderlee.

SFX: ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSING.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE FOUR:

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

BRIDGET (slurping down her drink): Wow! Your mom is amazing,
Stacey! I cannot believe how she put that all together!

STACEY: She's something all right.

BRIDGET: Did she mention anything about how long it took to clean
up all the blood?

STACEY: Eiw. No. But she did say something strange.

BRIDGET: What?

STACEY: Steve--in the car on the way to the police station--was
trying to bargain his way out of trouble. He attempted to bribe
Morton Anderlee to let him go on the spot.

BRIDGET: In front of Rosemary Berkshire? Who'd just helped crack
the case?

STACEY: That's right, but Morton Anderlee is by the book. He took
them straight to the cops.

BRIDGET: So, what's the something strange?

STACEY: Well, my mom has a contact at the station--the cop who
made the arrest when there was that murder at the tennis club.

BRIDGET: And?

STACEY: He told my mom that Rosemary went into the interrogation
room with Steve, and since he couldn't bargain with money, he
leveraged information instead.

BRIDGET: What kind of information?

STACEY: My mom's tennis partner's husband has been missing for five years.

BRIDGET: Yeah?

STACEY: It's a cold case.

BRIDGET: No body, even?

STACEY: No body; no clues. But Steve Wakefield claims to know where he is. And Rosemary Berkshire seems to know, too.

BRIDGET: Oh. My. God. (Stacey finishes her drink)

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
Cody Ernest as Morton Anderlee
Tina Paukstelis as Joy Wakefield
Dana Roders 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.