

SFX: OPENING TANGO MUSIC, THEN --

The QuarantTeam presents Mansfield Mysteries: 'Fortune Says: Murder?' - Chapter Three.

SCENE ONE:

SFX: HURRIED FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE STEPS OF THE GAZEBO AND BRACELETS JINGLING ACROSS THE LAWN. A WATER FEATURE BABBLER AND BIRDSONG RINGS.

GIGI: What do you mean the cards told you who murdered Madame Anoushka? Mother Anoushka didn't even finish the reading.

DORINDA: Nevertheless.

LINA: Salvador isn't going to like the fact that someone was murdered in our brand new home.

DORINDA: If you live in Berkshire Bay long enough, it seems as if everyone will stumble over a dead body sooner or later. Come on. Let's get inside before the suspects try to leave.

LINA: Who do you suspect?

DORINDA: Lina, please do your part, and I'll do mine. Do not let them out the front door. Whatever you need to say, keep them here.

SFX: PATIO DOOR SLIDING OPEN AND CLOSED BEHIND THE THREE. HURRIED FOOTSTEPS THROUGH THE HALLWAYS.

BARB (fading in): Alright, well, thanks for havin' us, I guess.

SFX: LINA'S FOOTSTEPS REACH BARB AND MOTHER ANOUSHKA.

BARB: Uh. Bye.

LINA: Oh, my goodness! I almost forgot! No one can leave until I show you the house! I've been dying to give a proper tour.

SFX: THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK CHIMES.

LINA: Sorry, bad phrasing. But honestly, you simply must stay. Let's not allow an accidental electrocution ruin this day!

DORINDA (whispering): Well played, Lina.

GIGI: I know these are unfortunate circumstances, but I would really like to see your house. I mean, since we can't do anything for poor Madame Anoushka.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: Unfortunate circumstances?!

BARB: It's a fine home you got here. I'll take a quick tour.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: I suppose tour would be nice.

LINA: Come along! Come along, everyone.

SFX: PATIO DOOR OPENING AND WET FOOTSTEPS COME INTO THE ROOM.

MICHAEL (a little tipsy): Hey everyone, look! Salvador loaned me a pair of trunks. What's going on?

GIGI: Michael! We're about to see Lina's house. Care to join us?

MICHAEL: Nah, I was just coming up to grab a few poolside snacks. Salvador and I have been drinking margaritas, and I could use a little stomach lining, if you know what I mean. Where's that chef?

LINA: In the kitchen, I presume. But Salvador could've just buzzed.

DORINDA: He's buzzed, all right. Michael, you normally handle your booze better than this.

MICHAEL: I've been over-served.

DORINDA: Then a little stroll will do you good. Join the girls on the tour. I'll find Stacey, and we'll catch up with you.

MICHAEL: Yeah, but Salvador and I thought chips and guacamole would be just the thing--

DORINDA: Michael, as your friend--

MICHAEL: All right, all right. Lina, lead the way!

LINA (fading out as she walks): Great! We'll start with the library, which you passed as you entered. It was modeled after the Morgan Library in New York City. Has anyone ever been? Oh, it's a must-see whenever you're there. They've made it into a museum you know...

DORINDA: Now, I just need my daughter. (calling out) Stacey? Stacey Catherine Mansfield? Where are you?

SFX: WOOSHING, WHIPPING SOUND BRINGS US INTO THE KITCHEN.

STACEY: It was Oprah, right? Nobody else in Chicago had the power to make spin-offs. Not twenty years ago.

CHEF ANDRE: I will not crack.

STACEY: Other than, maybe, Steve Harvey.

DORINDA (from a distance): Stacey Catherine Mansfield? Where are you?

STACEY: Mom? Mom? Ma - We're in the kitchen.

SFX: A SWINGING DOOR.

DORINDA: There you are! Oh, and Chef Andre. I was meant to deliver a message regarding a margarita-inspired snack. Salvador would like some poolside chips and guac, if you can manage it.

CHEF ANDRE: I think a nice queso would be better, and I'll make fresh tortilla chips, not that bagged, processed stuff he keeps in the pantry. Hmmm, perhaps some chiles to up the heat. I'll get to work.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS, KITCHEN CLANKING.

DORINDA: Let's go to the verandah, Stacey, and let the chef have his kitchen.

STACEY: OK.

SFX: SLIDING DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

STACEY: This verandah is like something out of a hotel!

DORINDA: A three-star, maybe.

STACEY: So, what's up? Have you figured out what happened?

DORINDA: I think so, but I'll need everyone in the same room to gauge a few reactions.

STACEY: How so?

DORINDA: The mother/daughter tension between--

STACEY: Us?

DORINDA: Excuse me?

STACEY (laughs): Kidding.

DORINDA: This is no time for humor, Stacey. There's a dead body in the next room. I mean the tension between Mother Anoushka and Barb. There is--or was--a clear pecking order amongst the family members, and now that Madame has passed, I need to take the pulse of the remaining two. (A pause. Giggles.) Pun intended.

STACEY: So you can make jokes, but not--

DORINDA: What was your read on Chef Andre?

STACEY: He didn't seem nervous or worried. I mean, he's either cold blooded or unremorseful, if he has anything to do with it.

DORINDA: We need to get the backstory between Chef Andre and Michael. You saw that exchange between them when Chef Andre brought in the tea, yes?

STACEY: Yeah, hard to miss. Now, Chef Andre does have a connection to Madame Anoushka, but it's from twenty years ago. They were both up for a local TV slot. I'm not sure that's motive enough to kill her.

DORINDA: That's what I can't figure out. Yet. And poor Michael has some explaining to do. His past with Madame Anoushka could cause some lasting resentment, don't you think?

STACEY: But that's also twenty years in the past. I mean, I guess, but he's so successful here in Berkshire Bay. Plus, he's starting his hairdryer line. I mean, curling irons and styling products can't be far behind. He seems to be doing fine.

DORINDA: Well, according to the tarot cards, there's a lot of upset around money and pride. And disaster.

STACEY: Sounds pretty accurate. Anyway, how should we get them in one room?

DORINDA: That's the easy part. They're on a house tour. We just need to catch up and catch our killer.

STACEY: OK, but can I make a quick rest stop?

DORINDA: I'm sure this house has twenty bathrooms. Find one, and then join the group.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE TWO:

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AND WHISTLING.

SFX: MUFFLED ARGUING. THE WHISTLING AND FOOTSTEPS STOP.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: I will hear no more words about it.

BARB: Well, I have more words to say about it. You made me a promise, and you're gonna keep it. You don't follow through, party's over, Ma. I'm out.

STACEY: Oh, excuse me. I was just looking for the bathroom.

BARB: Yeah, so were we. The tea catches up sooner or later, am I right?

STACEY: Yeah. Tea, champagne. Yeah, eventually. Any idea where the closest one is?

BARB: I think we passed one back there on the right. Ma and I are just so upset about Ruth, uh, we had to step away.

STACEY: Of course. Well, thanks. I'll see you guys in a sec?

BARB: Yeah, in a sec.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE THREE:

SFX: DOORKNOB TURNS AND CLICKS OPEN. FOOTSTEPS AS THEY ENTER.

LINA: Now this room, Salvador simply insisted we turn into his study.

MICHAEL: It's very masculine.

SFX: DURING LINA'S DIALOGUE BELOW, SHE WALKS OVER AND OPENS A WINDOW.

LINA: I can't say he's much of a reader, contrary to that beautiful library of ours, but he did enjoy a little Hemingway in high school and became fixated on that sort of macho hunting lodge aesthetic.

GIGI: Goodness, is that a real lion's head? Is that legal?

LINA: I'm not sure, but there're "thirty-three heads covering every continent," as Salvador likes to say.

MICHAEL: Even Antarctica?

LINA: I'm sure there's a dead penguin around here somewhere.

GIGI: Well, that's definitely an elephant's tusk.

LINA: My understanding is that if it was purchased in a certain time period, it's grandfathered in. Or so the broker told me.

MICHAEL: That's quite a rifle collection.

LINA: More for show than anything. Salvador wouldn't harm a fly.

GIGI: How did you two make your money?

LINA: Isn't it rude to discuss money?

GIGI (laughs): Not among friends.

LINA: Big pharma. It's been good to us.

MICHAEL: Yes, that's what big pharma is known for: it's goodness.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS.

DORINDA: Oh, my! It's a zoo in here! Is that a giraffe?

LINA (excited): A baby giraffe, yes.

DORINDA: I thought everyone was on the tour, but we're missing Mother Anoushka and Barb--

LINA: And Stacey.

DORINDA: She'll be along any second. Michael, those swim trunks are awfully tight.

MICHAEL: Thank you.

DORINDA: You know, I was just speaking with Chef Andre about your connection.

MICHAEL: What do you mean?

DORINDA: How you two know each other?

MICHAEL: What'd he say?

DORINDA: Just the basics.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS GETTING LOUDER AS STACEY APPROACHES.

MICHAEL: I mean, Chicago was where we all met, but I wouldn't say we're connected. Not currently.

STACEY: So you know Chef Andre?

DORINDA (trying to clue STACEY in on her "gotcha" strategy): Stacey, darling, didn't you hear the chef and I discussing Michael?

STACEY: Oh. Yeah. Sure. I talked to the chef about his history with Madame Anoushka. You all sure had your share of drama back in the day.

SFX: TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS ENTERING.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: Barb, let's take tour as agreed, and we will finish conversation in car.

BARB: All right, then let's get this show on the road.

DORINDA: We all have to wait for the police, of course.

BARB: Us being here isn't going to bring her back. They can fill us in when they connect the dots.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: What dots? Electrocution, dead. Our star is dead.

BARB: Ma, we'll figure out another way.

DORINDA: Are you two worried about your business at a time like this?

BARB: We have three dates in Saratoga next week, and another three in Vancouver week after next. People pay good money to attend my sister's readings.

SFX: FROM A FAR DISTANCE, THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK CHIMES.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA (clearing her throat): Speaking of which... Mrs. Halston, I do not think you pay just yet.

LINA: I have a check ready for you. No worries there.

MICHAEL: All Mother does is worry about money. Right, Mother?

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: I am not your mother.

MICHAEL: I should hope not, betraying me as you did.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: I am not betrayer of you. Was Ruth.

MICHAEL: All three of you. Maybe this is karma coming back in your direction.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: Or yours.

DORINDA: All right, all right. We're all tense.

STACEY: After all, there is a deceased body in the kitchen. Not to mention all the taxidermy in here. Do you think we could move this house tour to another room? I'm a big animal lover.

LINA: Of course. Would you care to see the main suite upstairs?

STACEY: Sure!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS LEAVING THE ROOM, THEN CLIMBING THE STAIRS.

LINA: Salvador likes to use the elevator, but I prefer the stairs. Helps me get my steps in.

GIGI: That's what I use pickleball for.

DORINDA: Do not mention that horrid game within earshot of me.

GIGI (laughs): She's just a tennis snob.

DORINDA: Until the day I die.

LINA: These steps are marble, in case anyone was wondering. Roman travertine. And the railings are a simple black iron. It's the balance in decor, I find, that stops anything from appearing ostentatious.

DORINDA (quietly): The Vatican is less ostentatious than this house.

STACEY (quietly): What made you ask Michael about Chef Andre?

DORINDA: Just a hunch.

STACEY: And?

DORINDA: It's like your Magic Eight Ball again. "Outlook not so good."

GIGI: I could really use a glass of water. Is there a way, Lina--

LINA: I'll ring Chef Andre. Do you want flat or sparkling?

GIGI: Flat is fine.

SFX: CALL BUTTON WITH BUZZ. A CLICK.

CHEF ANDRE (on intercom): Yes, ma'am?

LINA: Could you bring a pitcher of flat water to the main suite, please?

CHEF ANDRE: Yes, ma'am.

SFX: ANOTHER CLICK.

LINA: Problem solved.

DORINDA (whispering): I'll say! She's getting all the suspects in one place!

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: I am too old for stairs.

BARB: I thought she said there was an elevator. I already got my steps in for the day.

MICHAEL: This place really is something, Lina. Is that a mural on the ceiling?

LINA: In the cupola, yes. Just clouds.

GIGI: You're so modest, Lina, even amidst all this grandeur.

LINA: Anyway, here we are: the main suite.

SFX: A DOOR OPENS AND THEY ENTER THE ROOM.

DORINDA: And yet another style of decor! What would you call this, Lina? Fairytale Princess?

LINA: That's just what Salvador said when he originally saw the sketches. It's simply the boudoir I'd always dreamed of having (winding a music box): the canopy bed, the soft and lacy linens, the mirrored vanity.

SFX: THE MUSIC BOX PLAYS A SOFT SONG.

DORINDA: Every little girl's dream.

SFX: A KNOCK AND THEN GLASSES TREMBLING ON A PLATTER.

CHEF ANDRE: Knock, knock. I have cucumber-infused water and glasses for all. Oh, Michael. I thought you were at the pool. I was just making queso for you and Mr. Halston.

MICHAEL: Oooohhh. That sounds good. I'll be sure to hustle down there as soon as the house tour wraps.

DORINDA: While you're here, Chef, might we hear a bit more about your relationship with Michael?

MICHAEL: You just said you'd heard all about it.

CHEF ANDRE: I should really get back to the kitchen. Mr. Halston cannot abide hunger.

DORINDA: As soon as you tell me about Chicago.

CHEF ANDRE: Really, ma'am...

DORINDA: OK, you can tell the police. The officer should be here any moment.

CHEF ANDRE: Police? What do you mean?

DORINDA: I mean the killer of Madame Anoushka is in this main suite.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: What is this you say? My daughter was killed? Was accident!

BARB: I gotta go with Ma on this one.

DORINDA: Of course you do. You're bonded.

BARB: Yeah, by blood.

DORINDA: By money.

BARB: Money comes, money goes.

DORINDA: But your meal ticket was meant to last forever.

BARB: You're proving my point. Why would either one of us jeopardize our meal ticket?

DORINDA: So that is how you regarded Ruth.

BARB: When it comes to the business, sure. But it's Ma who's got the gift. It'll get figured out.

DORINDA: Then how do you explain your lack of emotion?

BARB (deadpan): Shock.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: Yes. What she said.

DORINDA: All I know is if my daughter were accidentally electrocuted, I'd be inconsolable.

STACEY: Aww, thanks, Mom.

DORINDA: Don't mention it, darling.

LINA: I think you're making a mountain out of a molehill, Dorinda.

DORINDA: That's what I'm looking for: a mole. And then they'd better watch out. Your husband will hunt them down, stuff them, and hang them on his study wall.

MICHAEL: Sounds like you're looking for a rat.

CHEF ANDRE: But there's nothing to hide.

DORINDA: I beg to differ. Let's start with the obvious: money. You two were living off Madame Anoushka's sold out shows across the United States, no?

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: Yes. Is true.

DORINDA: And what exactly was your cut, Mother Anoushka?

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: Cut?

DORINDA: Your percentage. How much were you paid?

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: One third.

DORINDA: But you say it was 100% your gift.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: Yes, that I teach to daughter.

BARB: You got a third? I only got ten percent.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: You do less.

DORINDA: But money connects Madame Anoushka to others, as well. Right, Michael?

MICHAEL: Me?

DORINDA: Yes. And you, Chef Andre.

CHEF ANDRE: I really need to stir the queso.

MICHAEL: She's reaching, Andre. It's what she does. It's what she's been doing.

CHEF ANDRE: I have no financial ties with the deceased.

DORINDA: No, but she blew a big deal for you, didn't she?

CHEF ANDRE: Twenty years ago.

STACEY: With Oprah, I think.

DORINDA: And speaking of twenty years ago, that's when you and Ruth--as you knew her--were close. That's when she made you promises.

MICHAEL: Everyone knows that story, Dorinda. It's no secret, and I'm long over it.

DORINDA: Oh, I know. But are you over it, Chef?

CHEF ANDRE: Me?

DORINDA: Michael used to do your hair, too, didn't he?

CHEF ANDRE: Yes.

DORINDA: And isn't it hard to find a stylist who will do a permanent wave these days?

CHEF ANDRE: Harder than it should be. But that has nothing to do with Ruth.

DORINDA: Agreed, but you and Michael have kept your previous relationship a little opaque.

MICHAEL: Yes, yes. I'm embarrassed that I used to give Andre permanent waves, but now I have a thriving career in Berkshire Bay, and I have dozens and dozens of gossipy clients, not just one whose hair is mostly up in a turban.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: That is why she not hire you, Michael. Her hair is not priority at showtime. I wear turban, too. Is tradition.

MICHAEL: Yes, and like I said: I'm over it.

DORINDA: In fact, you're branching out to hairdryers.

MICHAEL: Yes! I hope to launch by the holidays next winter!

DORINDA: That is, if you can find an investor.

MICHAEL: I have a meeting set with Rosemary Berkshire next week.

DORINDA: And is she your first and only pitch?

MICHAEL: What do you mean?

DORINDA: Did you share this opportunity with any other possible investors?

MICHAEL: I haven't been quiet about my product, if that's what you mean.

LINA: He's told me all about the cold blast button that locks in shine.

GIGI: And he never stops going on about the air-touch retractable cord.

DORINDA: Air-touch retractable cord?

GIGI: You know how your cord always gets tangled up? This one goes "zoooppp" --

MICHAEL (overlapping): Goes in and out like a whisper, never catching the end of a countertop or discombobulating a makeup tray. It's the latest in cord technology.

DORINDA: I see. And you know about this how?

MICHAEL: I worked on the prototypes in the lab.

STACEY (snorts): The blowdryer lab?

MICHAEL: The workshop. Whatever-you-call-it. I'm a stylist not a physicist.

DORINDA: Would you say you're an electrician?

MICHAEL: Like I said, I'm no scientist. What are you getting at?

DORINDA: I'm getting at motives, and four of you have pretty convincing ones, as well as the fact that each of you was alone in the kitchen at some point. Lina--

LINA: I didn't do it!

DORINDA: No, no. Of course not. I was wondering if we could resume the tour. Does this closet lead to your main bath?

LINA: Why, yes, it does. You want me to take you to my bathroom?

DORINDA: If you wouldn't mind.

LINA: Sure, please come along.

SFX: OPENING OF CLOSET DOOR, LIGHT SWITCHES ON..

LINA: So, all the shelving and cabinetry were custom made. They're painted maple.

STACEY: This closet is the size of my apartment.

DORINDA: It's obscene!

SFX: HANGERS SLIDE AS GIGI LOOKS AT HER CLOTHING.

GIGI: I just love how everything is organized by color! Do you watch that tv show--

LINA: The one where everything looks like a rainbow?!

STACEY: I love that show! I love those women!

LINA: Yes, I had my personal organizer do it just like that.

SFX: GIGI PICKS UP A BAG.

GIGI: You do have a beautiful bag collection. (Gigi drops the bag) I love how they're displayed under lights.

LINA: It's all about LEDs and the right wattage. Can't damage the goods!

MOTHER ANOUSHKA (pronounced "Fing schwee"): Good feng shui in here. Much money flows.

BARB: I'll say. I shop at Target, but even I recognize Dior.

LINA: And here's the bathroom.

SFX: BATHROOM DOOR OPENS. AN EXHAUST FAN RUNS QUIETLY ABOVE THEM.

STACEY: This is what I hope is the size of my next apartment is!

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: I see good things for you, young one. Love is coming your ways. It will wash over you like giant wave. Soon.

STACEY: Really?

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: Believe. Is true.

BARB: If Ma says it, it's happening.

DORINDA: What, pray tell, does Ma have to say about her jealousy towards her adopted daughter? How that daughter possessed a charisma she never did?

BARB: Ma made the best of it. We all did. Ruth did have that, uh, "je ne sais quoi." That's a fact.

DORINDA: Well, I beg to differ. There is clear tension in the air. Or is it guilt?

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: My daughter is dead. Is grief.

DORINDA: But the cards spoke of the conscious and unconscious mind. One meant competition and conflict and the other represented a lack of recognition or excess of pride.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: Yes.

DORINDA: Barb, do you feel a lack of recognition or excess of pride?

BARB (deadpan): Nope.

DORINDA: No, you don't. Nor do I believe your mother would kill her own child, not when the money was so good.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: Exactly!

LINA (cutting in): You'll see the floor to ceiling marble in the double shower, as well as the matte black fixtures. Everyone is doing brass again--

GIGI: I have brass. Is that not right?

LINA: It's not wrong, maybe just overdone. At least, according to my decorator.

DORINDA: Rosemary Berkshire's decorator. Anyway, as I was saying. I think filicide and sororicide can be ruled out.

GIGI: What did you just say?

DORINDA: I think Mother Anoushka and Barb are not the killers.

CHEF ANDRE: I'm sorry, are you accusing me?

MICHAEL (overlapping): You're saying I killed her?

STACEY: Oh, my god, Mom. No. I was joking when I suggested a poisoning with an electrocution.

DORINDA: Don't be ridiculous, darling. Though that would be a new one.

CHEF ANDRE: You think I would poison the tea service, not caring who might eat what? I did not make individual plates; everything was on a tea tray. That could make me a serial killer! For a twenty-year-old grudge?

DORINDA: So, you admit you have a grudge.

CHEF ANDRE: Had, yes. For about a year, and then I got on with my life. I'm an artist! I make masterpieces!

DORINDA: Like your gluten-free butterscotch scones. And Madame Anoushka was the only gluten-sensitive guest, so it would be a pretty safe bet that only she would partake in that particular pastry.

GIGI: Well, I try not to eat gluten either.

DORINDA: You're just high maintenance.

CHEF ANDRE: I told you: you'd never know the difference. Besides, everyone loves scones! I expected each of you to try one.

STACEY: And he was making to-go bags, Mom. There were scones in every one.

CHEF ANDRE: That would make me insane!

DORINDA: Yes, it would. And clearly you are not. Which, it breaks my heart to say, brings me to Michael.

MICHAEL: Come on. Why would I jeopardize my future by digging up the wounds of my past?

DORINDA: Flowery language, Michael, but out of the four of you with both the motive and opportunity to murder Ruth, all signs point to you.

MICHAEL: What about Salvador? Where was he?

DORINDA: Not in the kitchen. He's coated in that awful 3B sunscreen, and there wasn't a note of that stench in the room.

MICHAEL: Mother Anoushka, do you want to weigh in on this? You're the clairvoyant.

DORINDA: And it was her reading that made me suspect you. It's your behavior that's confirming your guilt.

MICHAEL: I'm not doing anything.

DORINDA: Precisely! You're a practiced chameleon--you speak differently with each of your clients. You gossip about different things, commiserate about different things. And today, you're playing indifferent stylist.

MICHAEL: I'm not indifferent. Ruth was my friend. She was twenty years ago, anyway.

DORINDA: But more recently you spoke to her as an investor for your hair dryer line, correct?

MICHAEL: What makes you say that?

DORINDA: When she told me, in passing, that you'd spoken only last week.

MICHAEL: That was to set up this private reading. Nothing more.

DORINDA: Rosemary Berkshire's assistant set up this reading. It sounded like you were trying to get Madame Anoushka to invest in your hairdryer business.

MICHAEL: Well, I mentioned what an opportunity it might be...

DORINDA: And her reply?

MICHAEL: She said she wasn't exactly a businessperson.

DORINDA: A clairvoyant with no vision? I see.

STACEY (laughs): Good one, Mom.

DORINDA: Lina, do you have a hairdryer somewhere in here?

LINA: Certainly.

SFX: DRAWERS OPENING AND CLOSING.

LINA: Here you go.

DORINDA: I'd like everyone to notice the plug on this simple appliance. Look familiar?

MICHAEL: Yes, it looks like every other hairdryer plug.

DORINDA: Anyone else? See the three prongs? The squared-off head?

STACEY: It looks just like the hot water kettle!

DORINDA: My daughter is one smart cookie! That's exactly right.

MICHAEL: Your point?

DORINDA: Well, Michael, my point is that given your intimate knowledge of hairdryer construction from the "hairdryer lab", combined with the two-decade grudge you held against Ruth, not to mention her refusal to bankroll your little endeavor--

MICHAEL: I'm out of here. This is ridiculous.

DORINDA: Is it? The cards pointed to a lost opportunity or bad investment. She refused to make a bad investment, so you lost your opportunity.

MICHAEL: And so I just willy nilly stripped down some wire in the hopes Ruth would plug the thing in and fry?

DORINDA: Well, that came out pretty easily.

MICHAEL: I mean...

SALVADOR (muffled; calling from another room): Hey, babe? You up here?

LINA: Salvador! Babe! We're in the bathroom?

SALVADOR (still from a distance): What's going on? A little orgy in the double shower?

DORINDA: God, no!

MICHAEL: I've got to get out of here before I actually lose my temper.

SFX: SALVADOR ENTERS.

SALVADOR: Hey, I've got this officer here about the body?

OFFICER: Someone call about a corpse?

MICHAEL: Excuse me.

DORINDA: Officer, do not let that man pass. He's the killer!

SFX: SCUFFLE AMONG THE MEN.

OFFICER: Hold on there, fella.

MICHAEL: Get your hands off of me!

OFFICER: Hey! Hey! Hey! All right, all right. That's enough. Now you settle down, or I'm gonna cuff you.

CHEF ANDRE: He'd probably like that, Officer.

OFFICER: Yeah, OK. So, where's this body?

LINA: In the kitchen, Officer. (excited) Oh! Do we need to tie him up somewhere?

SALVADOR: I can handle him.

MICHAEL: Hey!

SALVADOR: Babe, you show the officer to the kitchen. I'll take this one to the study--show him what happens when animals step out of line.

LINA (leaving room): Come this way, Officer.

MICHAEL (leaving room): Jeez. No need to be so rough, Salvador.

CHEF ANDRE (following last): Don't let him fool you. He likes that, too.

STACEY: Wow, Mom. Another mystery solved! How did you put that all together?

DORINDA: I told you, darling. It was in the cards. I can see why you like doing this, Mother Anoushka. These things can be revealing.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: Not "like." Can't help. Messages come. I am but portal. And speaking of which, you must remember what my daughter said: look seaward. There is something in your futures, something on water. Something in Panama.

GIGI: But not a hat store?

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: No hat store. Money.

GIGI: Dammit. I hate when my husband is right. (giggles) Pardon my French.

BARB: All right, all right. Let's get out of here, Ma.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: Yes. Police will contact us at later date.

STACEY: Mother Anoushka, could you see that Michael was the murderer?

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: Of course!

STACEY: Then why didn't you say so immediately?

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: Why do you think, Dorinda?

DORINDA: I think it's a pleasure to see other women in their prime.

MOTHER ANOUSHKA: Yes. And prime is only beginning at our age. Come, Barb. Our work here is done.

SFX: BARB AND MOTHER ANOUSHKA FADE OUT AS THEY LEAVE THE ROOM.

GIGI: And then there were three.

STACEY: We should probably get out of the way.

DORINDA: Well, I think we should take Madame Anoushka's advice, may she rest in peace. We should head seaward. You know that beautiful supper club that overlooks Berkshire Bay?

STACEY: Yeah. The Berkshire Bay Supper Club?

DORINDA: That's the one. They make an excellent martini.

GIGI: It is five o'clock. And not somewhere--right here! Stacey, you'll drive us?

STACEY: But of course.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE FOUR:

SFX: PIANO BAR-STYLE MUSIC.

SFX: CROWD NOISES, CLINKING GLASSES, PLATES, AND OTHER RESTAURANT SOUNDS.

DORINDA: There's nothing more satisfying than being right, is there? Other than an ice-cold Bombay Sapphire martini?

SFX: SIPS.

GIGI: This is the best view in town. The bay is beautiful this time of day.

STACEY: What should we toast to? Another solved mystery?

GIGI: Shall we clink to finding a new hairdresser as soon as possible? I'm very upset that we lost Michael.

DORINDA: Yes, to all of the above! As well as to my daughter finding love that washes over her like a wave.

STACEY: Oh, Mom.

DORINDA: May we both be "gigis" soon!

GIGI: Yes, to that!

DORINDA: Now, you know my usual cheers is "to the depths," but today I say: seaward!

STACEY: Seaward!

GIGI: Seaward!

SFX: MARTINI GLASSES CLINKING.

SFX: CLINK

Mansfield Mysteries

Featuring:

Melissa Hughes Ernest as Dorinda Mansfield

and

Melissa Zeien as Stacey Mansfield

With:

Kristin Althoff as Barb

Doug Despin as Chef Andre and Officer

A.J. Laird as Salvador Halston

Tina Paukstelis as Gigi Montgomery and Mother Anoushka

Joan Roehre as Lina Halston

And

Christopher Wild as Michael Miller

Produced by Nicholas Hoyt and Paul Reese

Associate Produced by Drew Owen

Written by Amy Hanson and Michael L Johnson

Sound Design by Paul Reese

Directed by Nicholas Hoyt

A special Thank You to Amber Miller for all of her
contributions.

This season is dedicated to the memory and honor of Dutch
and Sandie Hoyt.

You've just enjoyed a QuarantTeam Production.

