

SFX: OPENING TANGO MUSIC, THEN --

The QuaranTeam presents Mansfield Mysteries: 'Art of Murder?' - Chapter One.

SCENE ONE:

SFX: CAR DRIVING

SFX: RADIO FLIPPING THROUGH CHANNELS. STATIC, THEN A ROCK SONG. STATIC, THEN A SLOW SONG. STATIC, THEN A DANCE SONG. THE RADIO SHUTS OFF.

DORINDA: Jeez, nothing on... The weather is perfectly fine, Stacey, and it's sunny besides. I simply don't understand why you insist on driving.

STACEY: Well, parking might be difficult at the museum, Mom.

DORINDA: Oh, there's valet, dear.

STACEY: Well anyway, I just don't want you getting frustrated.

DORINDA: Frustrated?! Me?!

STACEY: You're already so concerned about this Easter tableau at the gala. Though I do think it's odd, you know, Berkshire Bay Museum having a fundraiser on a religious holiday. I mean, aren't a lot of people at church?

DORINDA: Not the people on Joy Wakefield's guestlist.

STACEY: Art is their religion, I suppose.

DORINDA: No, darling, art is an investment. Being seen is their religion. Everyone who's anyone is at the annual Easter gala. And most of them gave up repenting for lent.

STACEY: Well, you know, I'm just excited to be included this year.

DORINDA: Oh. Since Margret and Nicholas O'Toole the Third couldn't attend, Joy gave me a plus one. Who else would I bring but my darling daughter?

STACEY: Oh, I can't wait to be in the tableau. Do you have any idea which painting we're recreating this year?

DORINDA: Oh, Stacey, Joy's lips are tighter than Alice's last facelift.

STACEY: Her last one? How many has she had?

DORINDA: Oh, no, no, no. A lady never discloses her weight, her income, or her cosmetic procedures. And speaking of income, do not let me leave the gala without pulling Wilmore aside.

STACEY: Wilmore Parker, of Berkshire Bank?

DORINDA: Yes. I have it on good authority that the besmirched Steve Wakefield, currently under house arrest, along with Rosemary Berkshire have some knowledge regarding Alice Breckenridge's husband.

STACEY: He's been missing for years! You'd think the case would be closed.

DORINDA: That's what I thought until Steve and Rosemary--

STACEY: What do you think they know?

DORINDA: Wilmore manages Alice's money. If there's a trail to be followed, it begins with offshore bank accounts.

STACEY: Don't you think the police would've already looked into that?

DORINDA: Oh, darling. It would take a team of archeologists to dig through the layers of how the wealthy hide their money.

STACEY: Isn't that what Daddy used to do for Berkshire Bay Brand?

DORINDA: Let's not speak ill of the dead. (a pause) Oh, look.

SFX: CAR'S TURN SIGNAL CLICKS.

STACEY You're right! Valet parking.

SFX: CAR PARKING, DOORS OPENING/CLOSING. BIRDSONGS.

VALET(in an Icelandic accent): Good morning, ladies. I am the valet. Here is your ticket. Enjoy the gala.

DORINDA: Is that a question?

VALET: No, a wish.

STACEY: Um, do you need me to bring anything before he takes the car?

DORINDA: No. They'll provide the costumes for the tableau.

STACEY: I mean... like, your mini-cooler?

DORINDA: Don't be ridiculous. It's Easter!

STACEY: Of course. Plus, brunch-time, yeah, is a little early for martinis.

DORINDA: Oh, darling, I'll definitely need a martini to get through this event. These people are exhausting. But it's April. Alice brings the drinks on even-numbered months.

SFX: CAR DRIVING AWAY.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE TWO:

SFX: THE VOICES IN THE FOLLOWING SCENE MIGHT REVERBERATE FROM THE CAVERNOUS ART GALLERY.

SFX: STRING QUARTET, MINGLING VOICES, LAUGHING.

JOY: Dorinda! And your lovely daughter, Stacey! Welcome, welcome to the Berkshire Bay Museum Easter Gala!

DORINDA: Joy. Good to see you.

JOY: And you as well! You know I hate to ask, but would you mind leaving your cell phones here at the front desk? This is a phone free event!

STACEY: Certainly. Here's mine.

SFX: A CELL PHONE IS DROPPED INTO A PLASTIC TRAY.

DORINDA: Mine's at home. I'm a grown woman; I don't need to be that accessible. Plus, everyone I know is here.

STACEY: Thank you so much for inviting me, Mrs. Wakefield.

JOY: Oh, dearheart, you must call me Joy.

STACEY: Thank you, Joy. I'm so excited to be part of this year's tableau!

JOY: Well, once Margret dropped out I just knew you'd be a perfect replacement.

DORINDA: In what world do you equate Margret O'Toole with my beautiful daughter?

JOY: I'd tell you, but I'd be giving you a hint about what fabulous painting we're reenacting, and Shapshaw would have a fit.

DORINDA: Shapshaw? The artist?

JOY: Yes, yes! She's agreed to stage the tableau this year, and her vision is extraordinary! I cannot wait for it to be revealed. Help yourself to some sushi, we flew in a renowned sushi chef from - (pronounced with a Japanese accent) Kyoto.

SFX: CROWD NOISE

STACEY: There sure are a lot of people here!

JOY: Well, it's the museum's annual cash cow. Between the price of a table and the auction... Well, I'd say we raise at least five million dollars.

STACEY: That's a lot of money.

JOY: To tell you the truth, we could do better. With the staggering wealth in this room, it's actually rather stingy.

DORINDA: And on Easter.

JOY: Sinful. Oh, and speaking of sin. Look at those little devils in that far corner.

STACEY: Next to the bar?

JOY: Yes, yes that's right. That man in the center, the one with the comb-over, he inherited millions from his father. Pharmaceuticals. And he's running through his fortune with

reckless abandon, and not from buying art. Oh no. He'll be broke in a few years if he carries on like he has.

STACEY: Carrying on?

JOY: Oh, Dorinda. What do people who inherit fortunes usually, typically waste it on?

DORINDA: Horses.

JOY: Yes.

DORINDA: Wives.

JOY: Of course.

DORINDA: Real estate.

JOY: He just purchased Berkshire Bay Tower, if that gives you any clue as to how clueless he is.

DORINDA: I thought you loved your penthouse condo.

JOY: Loved. Past tense. Like my marriage.

STACEY: I'm sorry, Joy. I heard about your husband and his house arrest.

JOY: Oh, thank you. Anyhoo, you see that little busybody next to him? With that beret? He's here because if he's not invited, he'll tell everyone what a failure the event was and pretend he didn't want to go since it was going to be a flop. (a pause) God, I need a ciggie. (a pause) And that woman next to him: nobody trusts her, because nobody knows where her money came from, but she gets invited to everything because, well, she has money. The wealthy are so shallow, aren't they?

SFX: THE SQUEAKING OF WHEELCHAIR WHEELS IS HEARD.

DORINDA: Insufferable.

MAYOR BERKSHIRE(In the distance): Oh, oh... Is that Stacey Mansfield?

ALICE (also in the distance): Yoo hoo! Dorinda!

MAYOR BERKSHIRE (CONT'D): No, over there. Over there.

SFX: SQUEAKING OF WHEELCHAIR.

DORINDA: Gah! Good Lord, it's the mayor. Come along Stacey, I think I see Alice.

SFX: THE STRING QUARTET MUSIC FADES SLIGHTLY AS THEY WALK AWAY FROM IT AND GO BEHIND PART OF THE TABLEAU CURTAIN.

JOY: Well, I was wondering when you'd get here, Alice Breckinridge. If you need a mimosa--

ALICE: Oh, Joy. Dorinda Mansfield and Alice Breckenridge do not do mimosas.

DORINDA: Do you have what I think you have in that giant Birkin you're carrying?

ALICE: Of course!

SFX: HEAVY BAG BEING PLACED ON TABLE. MUTED CLINKING OF BOTTLES.

ALICE: And I trust Stacey will play her usual role.

JOY: Stacey is in this year's tableau, but no one knows their roles yet.

ALICE: No, Joy. As mixologist. Dorinda and I will be drinking martinis.

JOY: Gin? At eleven in the morning?

ALICE: Not "gin". Bombay Sapphire.

DORINDA: It will help us get in character, Joy. Stacey, darling. Will you do the honors?

STACEY: Of course.

SFX: MARTINI SHAKER OPENING, ICE, POURING.

ALICE: Careful with those glasses, Dorinda! They're Waterford!

DORINDA: Oh, Alice, I have a cabinet full at home. Haven't broken one yet.



ALICE: I was just talking to the mayor, and people have been in his ear about putting a tasteful gate around Berkshire Bay. Can you believe such a thing?

DORINDA: Berkshire Bay? A gated community? Sounds like something Rosemary came up with.

SFX: SHAKING AND POURING.

STACEY: That sounds awfully elitist.

DORINDA: Yes, then it definitely came from Rosemary.

STACEY: Regular or blue cheese olives?

DORINDA: Surprise us, darling. It's Easter, after all.

JOY: You're going to have to sip those down a little. We're walking up to the third floor.

ALICE: Walking?

JOY: The service elevator is filled with props for the tableau.

STACEY: Oh, Mom, you're wearing heels. Do you think you can manage stairs after a martini?

DORINDA: Honestly, dear. Sometimes I wonder if you don't know your mother at all.

CURATOR/GUY (in French accent): And what beautiful heels they are, Madame Mansfield. Je m'appelle Guy Manon. I am the curator of the Berkshire Bay Museum, and I have been sent to--how do you say recuperer--ah, retrieve, the remaining participants in the tableau.

ALICE: Guy. Bonjour. Je m'appelle Alice Breckenridge. J'adore ton accent. Je parle un peu Francais. I just love a man dressed head to toe in white.

JOY: Alice, there will be plenty of time to flirt later. Please, we must make our way upstairs. I cannot risk a Shapshaw meltdown!

GUY: Oui. She is infamous for her temper. You know artists, no?

JOY: Anyhoo, let me scoot you two up to the room where the tableau will prepared.

DORINDA: It's not being done in the primary gallery?

JOY: Eventually! But, but, but Shapshaw insists on complete secrecy! The tableau will be assembled upstairs before the grand reveal in the primary gallery.

GUY: Will you two be bringing your drinks?

SFX: ALICE LAUGHS AND TAKES A SIP OF HER MARTINI.

GUY: But of course, mesdames. Right this way.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE THREE:

SFX: VOICES AND FOOTSTEPS ECHO IN THE STAIRWAY AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY UP.

DORINDA: There's only one elevator in this giant museum?

JOY: Well, the proper elevator has an elevator operator, but we had to give him Easter off. Unions.

ALICE: I'm going to need to take a big sip of this martini to climb three flights.

DORINDA: Me as well!

SFX: THEY STOP WALKING. MARTINI SIPS ARE HEARD.

GUY: Well, I have quite the story to fill these many steps, mesdames.

JOY: Guy knows all the dirt in the art world.

SFX: THEY BEGIN WALKING AGAIN.

GUY: Oui, we are lucky to have the famous Shapshaw here. Her artistic vision is manifique. She practices transcendental meditation and claims that this tableau came to her in a state of complete tranquility.

JOY: Oh! That's fascinating!



GUY: It is a representation of the seas surrounding Iceland. She grew up free diving in those frigid waters off the coast of Reykjavik, and the effect is riveting. But there's more.

JOY: More dirt?

GUY: Dirt is right! Charcoal to be exact.

JOY: Oh, no! Charcoal is Jan Jewel's current medium.

GUY (overlapping): Jan Jewel! Exactement! Jewel is furious that his drawing of the Messiah is not the premier auction item, but charcoal is for children, not collectors of important art!

JOY: I will never forgive my ex-husband for selling off my Jewels and Shapshaws. I discovered both of them, you know!

GUY: Yes, you were an early supporter of their art, Madame Wakefield. Who knows what price a black market dealer got for those pieces?

JOY: Oh! Never to be recovered!

ALICE: Can we stop for a moment? I need a sip.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS STOP. SOME DRINK SIPPING.

GUY: Anyway, I don't know if you noticed Jan Jewel in the main gallery--

DORINDA: Jan Jewel is here?

GUY: Oui. Who could miss that hulk of a man?

JOY: Yes, even after all that fuss he made about not being selected to stage the tableau.

GUY: Oui.

STACEY: He's not here to make to make trouble, I hope.

GUY: Not if he wants to see his work on the walls of the Berkshire Bay Museum!

ALICE: You have to admit, Dorinda, the martinis are medicinal today.

DORINDA: Prescribed by Dr. Mansfield.

SFX: THEY CLINK MARTINI GLASSES.

DORINDA: Let's carry on.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS STOP ON A LANDING.

GUY: Et, voila!

SFX: DOOR OPENING.

GUY: Here we are!

ALICE: Then a cheers to our arrival. To the depths!

DORINDA: To the depths!

SFX: CLINKING OF GLASSES AS THEY WALK DOWN A HALLWAY.

JOY: Oh, my goodness.

SFX: A DOOR OPENS. MUFFLED DANCE MUSIC PULSATES FROM THE ROOM.

JOY: We're fifteen minutes past call time. Shapshaw is sure to be--

SHAPSHAW (*In Icelandic accent*): Shapshaw is sure to be what? Vexed? Invalidated by your devaluation of my time? The violation of my process? There is a valet to park cars, so people are not late. There are volunteers volunteering their time so we can visualize this valuable work of art for the Berkshire Bay public. I have had costumes in this vault--

JOY: Oh, I deeply apologize for our--

SHAPSHAW: Do not verbalize these apologies. We have work to do. All four of you have to dress, and you--

GUY: Moi?

SHAPSHAW: Yes, you Guy. You need to revisit the stage downstairs. You have the blueprint? I emptied the elevator of the props, so make sure it all remains behind the curtain until it is time for all to be revealed! Not a chalice, (claps with each word) not a grape out of place.

GUY: Oui. Au revoir for now.

DORINDA: Toodle-oo, Monsieur Curator.

SFX: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES BEHIND HIM.

SHAPSHAW: Myron! Myron! Where are you? We need costumes on these latecomers.

MYRON: Yes, Shapshaw.

SHAPSHAW: You, with the martini glass--

ALICE: Yes?

DORINDA (overlapping): Yes?

SHAPSHAW: The one with the tight face.

DORINDA: That's Alice.

SHAPSHAW: Alice, you will be Amelia Earhart. Myron, where is that bomber jacket?

MYRON: In the vault, Shapshaw.

SHAPSHAW: In the vault?! Well, get it! For god's sake, what am I paying you for? You should be anticipating my needs, not adding an extra burden to my process.

MYRON: Yes, Shapshaw.

ALICE: Amelia Earhart? Whatever painting are we recreating?

SHAPSHAW: Silence. You: the other martini drinker. Myron, how do you view this one? She has the gravity of Eleanor Roosevelt, and yet...

MYRON: But her aura is more like, um, --

SHAPSHAW: Who asked you?! Be silent. Her aura is more like the honorable Ruth Bader Ginsburg, no? (a pause) Myron? Do you concur?

MYRON: Yes, Shapshaw.

SHAPSHAW: Do you think the lace collar will fit her neck?

ALICE: I have mentioned Dr. Margosian's magical neck treatment, Dorinda.

SHAPSHAW: Amelia Earhart, pretend you are on your final flight over the Pacific and have lost all communication. I need silence. (a pause) Dorinda? That is your name?

DORINDA: Yes.

SHAPSHAW: You shall be Ruth Bader Ginsburg. If the lace collar is too tight, Myron will hand stitch it closed, yes?

DORINDA: Yes.

SHAPSHAW: And you. The one who smells of cigarette smoke.

JOY: I do not--

SHAPSHAW: Silence! You do smell of smoke, and Eleanor Roosevelt also partook of this vile habit, but as a feminist act. You are made for this role! And you: young one.

STACEY: Yes?

SHAPSHAW: I was very pleased to know that the very plain woman who was supposed to take part of this--

MYRON (whispers): Margret O'Toole--

SHAPSHAW: Myron! If I must vocalize one more time my need for your silence--

MYRON: Yes, Shapshaw.

SHAPSHAW: Young one, because that other woman dropped out, my vision can truly come to life. I was told everyone in this tableau was menopausal--

SFX: AUDIBLE PROTESTS FROM THE MENOPAUSE CROWD.

SHAPSHAW: --but the addition of you... this will be genius. This will be vital to my value in the art world. (a pause) You, young one, will be Madonna. "Like a Virgin" Madonna. It shall be my most brilliant undertaking. People will speak of this rendering for years. Decades! I will go down in the annals of art history. Yes? (a pause) Yes, Myron?

MYRON: Yes, Shapshaw.

DORINDA: Pardon me. I don't mean to interrupt your process, but what on earth are we reenacting? Amelia Earhart, RBG, Eleanor Roosevelt, Madonna?

SFX: CLICKS OF A REMOTE CONTROL TURNS DOWN THE MUSIC TWO LEVELS.

SHAPSHAW: Myron, I want you to get out your camera. I want you to film the reactions of these women when I reveal the painting, just as you will film the reveal at the gala. Capture their veneration.

MYRON: Yes, Shapshaw.

SHAPSHAW: Come on. Get out that camera of yours, and not your phone.

MYRON: You insisted on no phone, Shapshaw.

SHAPSHAW: Nevertheless. We are not doing filters, no editing--just the pure, unadulterated fervor of their faces. This is art, not entertainment.

MYRON: Yes, Shapshaw.

SHAPSHAW: The painting we are recreating today is a feminist rendering of... "The Last Supper"!

SFX: FIVE CLICKS OF A DIGITAL CAMERA GO OFF.

SFX: SILENCE AND THEN A FEW CLAPS.

JOY: Why, Shapshaw, that is brilliant! And instead of the apostles--

SHAPSHAW: Yes, yes, you are seeing my vision now. Instead of the apostles, there are the women who have led to the enlightenment of the world.

DORINDA: Interesting.

SFX: TWO MORE REMOTE CLICKS AND THE MUSIC VOLUME RISES.

DORINDA: What other figures will be in the tableaux?

SHAPSHAW: Simone de Beauvoir, Gloria Steinem, Hillary Clinton... you'll recognize them all. I was somewhat constrained by Berkshire Bay's limited demographics but--

JOY: Anyhoo, this will be a gala talked about for ages. Let's get changed, ladies!

SHAPSHAW: This is not about the gala. This. Is. Art.

MYRON: Yes, Shapshaw.

SHAPSHAW: Did I speak to you, Myron? You know I do not care to be spoken to unless I have engaged you. (silence) I am so irritated, now I must have a cigarette. Get these women in costume, do you understand? (silence) Myron?

MYRON: Yes, Shapshaw.

SHAPSHAW: Yes, Shapshaw. You sound like a victim. Do I give you Stockholm Syndrome, Myron?

MYRON: No, Shapshaw.

SHAPSHAW: Very good. And where have you stashed my cigarettes?

MYRON: They are tucked behind the hand towels in the restroom, Shapshaw.

SHAPSHAW: When I return, I expect to see Amelia, Ruth, Eleanor, and Madonna ready for places. That nitwit Guy is setting the stage right now. I want to reveal "The Last Supper" before brunch.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING, AS SHAPSHAW EXITS.

MYRON: Ladies, your costumes are clearly marked in the vault, and there are dressing screens in there, as well. Madonna, I suggest you go first, as you have many layers of crinolines and tutus, the veil, the corset...

STACEY: What about makeup?

MYRON (laughs): I'll help you with that.

STACEY: I'll be right back!

ALICE: I'd better get started, too. Let me just finish this martini.

SFX: A SLURP AND A GLASS BEING SET DOWN.



DORINDA: So, Myron, who else is in the tableaux?

MYRON: Two indistinguishable ladies with Southern accents--

DORINDA: The Southern Belles. Of course, Annabelle and Sarabelle finagled their way in here.

MYRON: And I have a hard time telling the rest apart. They all look very similar before they're in costume.

DORINDA: Yes, plastic surgery will do that.

JOY: Well, who is playing Judas?

MYRON: I'd have to consult my chart. I can't keep you ladies straight.

DORINDA: And what about Jesus?

MYRON: Jesus will be depicted by Rosemary Berkshire.

DORINDA: Why am I not surprised? And what is her costume?

MYRON: Apparently Rosemary Berkshire doesn't "do" costumes, so Shapshaw allowed her to choose one she felt comfortable with. We won't know until we see her. I mean, she insisted on meeting us downstairs.

DORINDA: Well, I'd better get in my judicial robe in case we need time to stitch the lace collar.

JOY: Oh, Dorinda, your neck is regular sized. Don't let that comment get in your head.

MYRON: Shapshaw is...

JOY: An artist!

DORINDA: Rude.

JOY: Temperamental anyway.

MYRON: I'm going to excuse myself and make sure Guy has arranged the scenery accordingly. I'll be back shortly.

SFX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

JOY: That poor man is utterly abused! But one must separate the art from the artist.

DORINDA: Must one?

JOY: Yes! Imagine how vapid the art world would be if we were to insist on good behavior!

STACEY: So, what do you think?

DORINDA: As your mother, I refuse to answer that question.

JOY: Oh my, I've been returned to my youth! You look like you could be writhing on the stage of the MTV awards!

STACEY: Thank you!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

ALICE: And how about me?

DORINDA: Alice! As soon as you put on that little leather cap, you'll be a dead ringer for the real Amelia Earhart. Emphasis on the dead.

ALICE (laughs): Oh, I'm not wearing this leather cap. Hurry up and get dressed, your honor. We'll have time for a quick martini!

DORINDA: Stacey, dear--

STACEY: Oh, I'm on it.

DORINDA: Come on, Joy. Let's get dressed.

SFX: STACEY BEGINNING MARTINI PREP.

ALICE: I hope all this fuss is worth it.

STACEY: I think it'll be great fun! To think we'll be part of a living work of art!

ALICE: I'm sure there will be many bids on Shapshaw's works. Events like this can make an artist!

STACEY: Or break them.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE FOUR:

ALICE (sips martini): Stacey, this martini is just wonderful.

SFX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

MYRON: OK. Everything is ready downstairs. The elevator is free again, with all the props set up. You two look great! I'm going to need to get some eye makeup and red lipstick on you, Madonna.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS.

JOY: Do I really need to wear these false teeth? Surely, I won't be smiling in the tableaux.

MYRON: If they're on the hanger, they're on your body. That's what Shapshaw would say.

JOY: It's really quite boorish to focus on Eleanor's physical shortcomings particularly in a feminist rendition-

MYRON: Just put in the teeth!

DORINDA: Well, what do you think? Stacey, darling, here are your crucifixes. So many. Don't you think it's too many?

MYRON: Please stop questioning Shapshaw's vision. She will be back any moment.

JOY: Perhaps I'll delay her by offering her another ciggie. I simply must have a puff before we head downstairs.

MYRON: No, OK. Please be quick, Mrs. Wakefield. You haven't seen Shapshaw when she's angry.

DORINDA: We haven't?

MYRON: God, no!

JOY: I'll be quick.

SFX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

SFX: MARTINIS POUR.

DORINDA: Ah, yes, Stacey. Well-timed. Amelia and I can sneak in a quick martini.

MYRON: Mrs. Mansfield, Mrs. Breckenridge... We need absolute stillness to make this tableau just right. I beg

you. Please don't have a drink right now. Can't it wait until after--

ALICE: What do you think we are?

MYRON: I'm not suggesting--

DORINDA: No, I'm sure you're not.

MYRON: It's just--

DORINDA: Myron, Ruth Bader Ginsburg and Amelia Earhart are back from the dead, and want to live a little.

SFX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

JOY: Dorinda, Alice! Oh, my goodness! (takes long cigarette drag, then) Something, something horrific has happened!

DORINDA: Joy, what is it?

JOY: It's Shapshaw! She's on the floor of the women's bathroom! I think she's dead!

SFX: GASPS, SHOCK FROM OTHER PEOPLE.

DORINDA: Stacey, dear. Bring that shaker. If this is another murder, we'll surely need another martini.

SFX: MARTINI GLASSES CLINK.

CLOSING CREDITS AND TANGO MUSIC:

Mansfield Mysteries

Featuring:

Melissa Hughes Ernest as Dorinda Mansfield

and

Melissa Zeien as Stacey Mansfield

With:

Doug Despin as Mayor Berkshire

Cody Ernest as Valet

Mona Goss Lewis as Alice Breckenridge

Nicholas Hoyt as Myron

Tina Paukstelis as Joy Wakefield

Joan Roehre as Shapshaw

And

Christopher Wild as Guy

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.

Special thanks to Ottawa Steel and Leading The Blind In Madison.

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

You've just enjoyed a QuarantTeam Production.