

SFX: OPENING TANGO MUSIC, THEN --

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

SCENE ONE:

SFX: SOUND OF RUNNING WATER AS THE BATHROOM DOOR CLOSSES.

JOY: See? I told you! Shapshaw is dead!

DORINDA: Hold on. Let me check her pulse, and Stacey turn off that water. (*a pause as the water shuts off*) Nothing. My goodness! How could this have happened? And right before the tableau reveal!

MYRON: Shapshaw! How is this possible?! A genius! Dead before her time!

STACEY: Mom, are you absolutely sure she's dead?

DORINDA: I'm afraid so, darling. No pulse. No heartbeat.

STACEY: But we should call an ambulance, right? And the police!

JOY: Everyone gave their cell phones to the front desk. And secondly, well...

DORINDA: What's the problem, Joy? Other than the need for a serious update of this restroom. That tile!

JOY: I'll mention it at the next committee meeting, but I mean...

DORINDA: The general incompetence of the Berkshire Bay police force.

JOY: There are a few hundred of Berkshire Bay's finest--

DORINDA: You mean wealthiest.

JOY: - Wealthiest art lovers in the main gallery awaiting this year's tableau, curated by Shapshaw herself.

STACEY: Yes. But Shapshaw is dead.

JOY: They don't know that.

DORINDA: What are you suggesting, Joy?

JOY (*deep inhale of cigarette*): I'm suggesting we carry on as planned. Shapshaw isn't going to reanimate in the next hour, but if we interrupt the gala--

MYRON: We'll animate the wealthiest donors to the museum.

JOY: I don't mean to be vulgar--

STACEY: Mom, we have to call 911.

JOY: We will! Just as soon as the tableau is revealed and the bidding has ceased. There are many Shapshaws up for auction. And just imagine how, how elated the buyers will be once their artistic investments have increased with the death of their creator!

DORINDA: Nothing raises value like an untimely death.

STACEY: Mom!

ALICE: Let's just hear Joy out.

JOY: One hour. That's all I'm asking.

STACEY: And we're just gonna let her body lay strewn across the bathroom floor! That's so disrespectful!

DORINDA: Well, we can't move her. We must maintain the integrity of the corpse.

STACEY: Integrity?

DORINDA: The clues. We can't be upset anything important.

ALICE (*finishes her martini*): I'm so upset. I'll definitely need a third martini before we perform this tableau.

DORINDA: Stacey, dear--

STACEY: Seriously?

ALICE: As serious as a heart attack. (*a pause*) Sorry. Too soon?

JOY: Maybe a heart attack is what killed Shapshaw!

MYRON: I don't think so. Shapshaw treated her body like a temple.

DORINDA: Huh. Look at that. Look at Shapshaw's throat.

JOY: What do you make of those marks? They aren't bruises, are they?

ALICE: I know all about facial bruising, she must have been strangled.

DORINDA: Perhaps, but the coloration isn't right. See? The marks are black and gray, not blue and purple.

ALICE: Has the body gone cold? Ice keeps the skin from bruising--at least that's what Dr. Margosian always tells me.

DORINDA: It looks like charcoal.

STACEY: Mom, we have to call the police. This is obviously a murder.

JOY: Charcoal? Anyhoo, like I said, Stacey, as soon as tableau and auction have taken place. Even your mother agrees!

DORINDA: I agree it won't bring Shapshaw back to life, and I suppose we could do a little preliminary investigating, especially since we've been given this clue.

JOY (*gasping*): Jan Jewel? You can't believe he would kill a fellow artist! And in such a public forum.

DORINDA: If I've learned anything in the last year, it's that desperate people resort to desperate measures.

JOY: How about we move Shapshaw's body into the vault?

DORINDA: Like I said, it would interfere with the investigation. We simply can't.

ALICE: We can't just leave her here.

JOY: If someone discovers the body, the auction will be ruined!

DORINDA: But Joy--

JOY: Dorinda, please! I'm begging you. This gala must raise the money the museum requires. Wilmore Parker hasn't managed our investments very well--

DORINDA: Oh, no! I meant to pull him aside today. I have a few questions for him myself.

JOY: Let's just say the future of Berkshire Bay's art world, not to mention my place in it, depends on this fundraiser. Oh please, Dorinda!

DORINDA (*after a significant pause*): All right. Here's what we're going to do. Stacey: martini duty. Alice, Joy: each of you take one of Shapshaw's legs. Myron: you guide Shapshaw's head--we don't want any accidental damage that might skew the investigation. The three of you will gently drag the corpse into the vault, and we will carry on with the tableau and the auction before calling the police. Disturb nothing!

STACEY: Except the body--

DORINDA: Stacey, please. Head back to the preparation room while we handle Shapshaw.

MYRON: If it makes you feel any better, Stacey, Shapshaw would want it this way. She placed art above all else.

STACEY: Above her own murder?

MYRON: Mhmm.

DORINDA: Stacey, darling, the decision has been made. Now please do your part.

SFX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

DORINDA: All right, Alice, Joy, you grab those legs, and Myron--

MYRON: On it.

SFX: ALICE DROPS A LEG.

DORINDA: Gently, gently now!

SFX: SOME EXERTION NOISES, THE BODY SLIDING SLOPPILY ACROSS THE FLOOR. DOOR OPENING, CLOSING, ETC.

DORINDA: I've got the door. Don't let those arms get caught!

ALICE: She's heavier than she looks.

DORINDA: Alice, this is not the time--

ALICE: I'm just saying.

MYRON: They always say muscle weighs more than fat.

ALICE: That's why I don't work out.

MYRON: Shapshaw is--was--a dedicated yogi. Very lean, but very strong.

DORINDA: Careful! OK, now let's get her into this room.

JOY: I'm afraid I'm going to sweat straight through my Eleanor Roosevelt costume.

SFX: DOOR OPENING. DANCE MUSIC PLAYS. THEY DRAG HER INTO THE ROOM AND SET HER DOWN.

DORINDA: Good, good job everyone. Now let's pull her into the vault, where she can remain safely out of sight until the gala concludes.

SFX: JOY, MYRON, AND ALICE GROAN AS THEY LIFT THE BODY AND PULL IT INTO THE VAULT.

STACEY: Concludes? You said until after the tableau and the bidding.

DORINDA: Yes, dear. Until then.

SFX: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

GUY: Mon dieu! What in heaven's name is taking so long?! The patrons are restless! (gasps) What are you doing to Shapshaw?

SFX: GUY USES THE REMOTE AND TURNS OFF THE MUSIC.

JOY: Guy, I am very sorry to report that Shapshaw has died.

STACEY: Been murdered!

GUY: Murdered! Do you have any idea--

DORINDA: No, we're not sure how. Yet.

GUY: No, no, no. Do you have any idea how valuable her paintings will become once this news--this tragic news--has been exposed? We must announce it immediately! Our auction will raise tens of thousands of dollars more--

JOY: Well, Guy, that might be so. However, the disturbance to the gala will ruin the auction all together. Not everyone wants to be associated with a crime scene.

GUY: But the opportunity to purchase the works of a dead genius--

JOY: Well, that crossed my mind, and I think the happy medium is to proceed with the gala and let these patrons be satisfied with their investments after the fact.

GUY: We should also consider filming the tableau, not just photographing it!

STACEY: Speaking of filming, there have to be cameras all over this museum.

GUY: Oui. I have a wall of screens right down the hall in my office.

DORINDA: Can we see the footage?

GUY: Like I said, downstairs the guests are--

MYRON: No, no, no, no, no. I'll see to them.

JOY: I can help, too.

MYRON: No, Joy. You must not allow your Eleanor Roosevelt costume to be seen! I'll tell the other tableau participants that you all will be down shortly and take the microphone, give the audience some details about Shapshaw's background and inspiration. You know, kill time.

JOY: Excellent idea!

GUY: But the moment Rosemary Berkshire arrives, we must assemble downstairs immediately.

DORINDA: In the meantime, we can scan the footage and see who's been lurking on the third floor.

ALICE: Other than our little menopausal gang. (*giggles*) I'm sorry. Laughter is my defense mechanism.

DORINDA: Or that third martini kicking in.

ALICE: Or that.

DORINDA: All right. Myron, keep the guests occupied, and Guy, take us to your office. And Shapshaw...

SFX: HEAVY VAULT DOOR CLOSING AND, WITH A FEW BEEPS, LOCKING.

DORINDA: You can stay here for safekeeping.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE TWO:

SFX: DOOR UNLOCKING, THEN OPENING AND CLOSING.

GUY: Here it is. My humble headquarters.

ALICE (*gasps*): I've never seen such a grand office!

DORINDA: Or such a gilded one. I'd say you and Alice share a similar aesthetic.

GUY: Merci. I am French, hence the Louis XIV adornments.

ALICE: How clever, how unique to cover the walls in portraiture.

GUY: Well, Rosemary Berkshire has this vast collection of British royalty that she offered. I felt obliged to display them, of course, as she often stops by the museum.

JOY: Yes, British.

DORINDA: You can tell by the teeth. And how they grow less and less attractive with each generation. (*a pause*) All the in-breeding.

ALICE: Yes, it's good they've added some commoners into the mix.

GUY: Mon dieu.

ALICE: Is it just me, or is it chilly in here?

GUY: My office is kept at a strict 65 degrees to protect these paintings. Rosemary Berkshire insists.

DORINDA: I think that's what they call a hot flash.

GUY: Her first investment in this building was for a new HVAC system. Very high-tech. State of the art--pun intended. (*laughs at his own joke*)

STACEY: Anyway, could we take a look at the video footage?

GUY: Oh. Oui, oui. How far back shall I run the cameras?

DORINDA: Thirty minutes.

JOY: But we were with Shapshaw fifteen minutes ago, tops.

DORINDA: Yes, but perhaps someone was waiting for her smoke break. There are cameras in the hallways, yes?

SFX: A FEW MOUSE CLICKS ARE HEARD AND THEN A COMPUTER WAKES UP WITH A GENTLE TONE.

GUY: Oui. The hallways, the stairwells, the elevator, and of course every gallery.

STACEY: We should check out the main floor, too, to see if anyone acts suspicious.

ALICE: Or disappears suddenly.

SFX: TAPPING ON THE MOUSE AND THEN THE FOOTAGE REWINDS. ALICE SIPS HER DRINK. GUY STOPS REWINDING.

GUY: Et, voila! Thirty minutes ago. Is there a particular angle you want to view, or shall I run them all at once?

DORINDA: Let's start with this floor. We have the room where we all gathered and the hallway.

JOY: Oh! Here we are, entering and being told about our costumes.

ALICE: I look a little heavy. Do, do I look a little heavy?

STACEY: Shapshaw seems like herself. No indication that she's upset.

JOY: Not beyond her usual self, anyway.

DORINDA: You can speed it up a little, Guy.

SFX: THE VIDEO FOOTAGE SPEEDS UP A BIT.

DORINDA: Thank you. All right, there's your departure, Guy, and Shapshaw leaving the room, in the hallway, heading into the restroom for her cigarette.

STACEY So far everything tracks.

DORINDA: And now Myron exits. (*a pause*) Huh.

STACEY: What is it, Mom?

DORINDA: Wasn't he supposed to be checking on Guy and the staging of our tableau?

SFX: GUY STOPS FAST FORWARDING AND PLAYS THE FOOTAGE.

GUY: Myron did not check on me. I do not need to be checked on.

DORINDA: My point is he wasn't where he said he'd be. Is there another angle to the hallway cameras?

GUY: But of course. Look at the top right screen. That is the hall that heads toward the elevator.

DORINDA: And there's Myron. But you say he did not find you in the main gallery?

GUY: Most definitely not.

DORINDA: But he's also left the floor of the murder scene, so let's go back to that footage. Who enters the bathroom after Shapshaw--

JOY: But before me.

SFX: VIDEO FAST FORWARDS AGAIN. CLICKS THE MOUSE AND IT PLAYS AGAIN.

DORINDA: Nothing. Not a soul.

STACEY: How is that possible?

DORINDA: No one enters or exits the restroom after Shapshaw.

JOY: Or before me.

DORINDA: Hold on, go back a minute, would you? To the hallway footage after we've all been assigned our costumes.

SFX: ANOTHER VIDEO REWINDS, THEN PLAYS. ALICE SIPS HER DRINK.

GUY: Here you go.

DORINDA: Yes, but where do you go?

GUY: Pardon?

DORINDA: You leave the preparation room but enter neither the elevator, nor the stairwell.

GUY: Excuse moi?

DORINDA: You said you were going to make sure the tableau was set correctly, yes?

GUY: Oui.

DORINDA: And did you?

GUY (*after a pause*): No. But look! You can see I return to my office.

DORINDA: Where there are no cameras.

GUY: This is my work space. It's private.

DORINDA: Why didn't you check on the tableau, and more importantly, why did you lie about it?

GUY: I didn't lie; I just didn't go. I needed to cool off. I knew Shapshaw had set the stage impeccably, but I knew I was about to perdre mon sang-froid.

STACEY: Sang-froid. Doesn't that mean cold blood?

DORINDA: You still remember your high school French. I'm impressed.

GUY: How do you say: lose my temper. She is very demanding.

JOY: Was. Yes.

DORINDA: Hmmmm. All right, we'll have to think about that. How about some shots of the main gallery? Let's check on the guests.

SFX: CLICKING THE MOUSE, THEN REWINDING. ANOTHER CLICK AND THE VIDEO PLAYS.

GUY: Here it is. The party scene. The anxious attendees.

ALICE: The usual suspects. Same old recycled guest list.

DORINDA: Look, Stacey. There's Wilmore Parker, the banker. I need to speak with him later. Wait! Isn't that Myron?

STACEY: Is he headed toward the tableau?

GUY: No, the tableau is in the opposite direction.

DORINDA: Can you pull up whichever camera shows where he's walking to?

SFX: A MOUSE CLICK.

GUY: He is headed toward the men's room.

DORINDA: OK. Let's fast forward a bit and check out the party-goers. Where is this Jan Jewel?

JOY: Jan Jewel should be easy to find; he's a very large man.

SFX: A MOUSE CLICK AND THE FOOTAGE RACES FORWARD. THE VIDEO PLAYS.

GUY: Arret! This is not right! We don't have custodians circulating on the gala floor.

DORINDA: Custodian?

GUY: That man in the coveralls. And a baseball cap? Inside? These workers should not be at the Easter gala. I will have that man fired!

DORINDA: What's he doing, then?

GUY: Looks like he's headed to the exhibit hall. It is where our latest acquisitions are displayed.

DORINDA: Yes, click on that, please.

SFX: CLICKS THE MOUSE THEN GASPS ALL AROUND.

STACEY: Wait. Is he--

GUY: Removing a very important piece from the wall! This is unbelievable!

DORINDA: What piece? Can you see?

GUY: It is the latest Jan Jewel. Purchased days ago. The charcoal might not even be sealed correctly, and this custodian is taking it down?

DORINDA: And carrying it out of sight.

GUY: Wait, let me click on the adjoining room.

SFX: CLICK.

DORINDA: And what is that?

GUY: A tiny gallery. Some Russian artifacts, nothing of note.

ALICE: That's my Faberge egg! (*sips*)

DORINDA: He's pulling another painting from that wall and switching it with the Jewel!

JOY: What a snake!

GUY: Wait, let me click back.

SFX: CLICK.

GUY: Oui, and he puts the Russian one in the place of the Jewel.

ALICE: Is it possible Shapshaw paid this custodian to do it?

JOY: The rivalry between those two is infamous.

DORINDA: Guy, click back to the main gallery.

SFX: CLICK.

DORINDA: Where is Jan Jewel? (*a pause*) Does anyone see him?

JOY: He was there earlier. Any chance he simply walked out? You know the egos on these artists.

DORINDA: Can we look now? In real time?

SFX: CLICK.

JOY: Oh! There he is! See? Oh, but look: there's Myron, leaving the men's room. That little mystery is solved.

DORINDA: OK, then go back again. Where did we lose Jewel, and where did he go?

SFX: CLICKS AND THEN A PHONE RINGS. HE STOPS THE VIDEO.

GUY: Pardon moi. I must answer. Usually it is Rosemary Berkshire who calls me on this phone. (a pause) Allo?

SFX: A MUFFLED VOICE ON THE OTHER END.

GUY: Oui. (a pause) No. (a pause) No, I have no idea what you are talking about, monsieur. (a pause) I do not understand what you are saying. (a pause) For the last time, no. Au revoir.

DORINDA: Who was that?

GUY: I am not sure. Someone who drives a van, perhaps. A visitor who was concerned about violence. But he sounded like a dessin anime. What you call a cartoon, I believe. It was a funny voice he made: a "wisitor" in a "wan" worried about "wiolence."

DORINDA: How bizarre. (a pause) I think we should go downstairs.

GUY: You cannot reveal your tableau costumes to the public!

DORINDA: But we need to speak with Jan Jewel.

GUY: Then I must go. We are friendly. He'll come with me. In the meantime, you ladies must finish dressing.

SFX: DOOR OPENS.

GUY: The tableau will carry on!

SFX: GUY LEAVES, PULLING THE DOOR CLOSED.

ALICE: Well, I, for one, refuse to put on this leather cap before I absolutely have to. It'll ruin my blowout.

JOY: And those false teeth in my costume bag... I really don't want to wear them. It's insulting towards one of the finest first ladies this country has ever known!

DORINDA: I thought you said Shapshaw did underwater paintings. What is this tableau all about?

JOY: Oh, you know artists. They need to stretch, like the very canvas they paint upon.

DORINDA: I'm going to need some help closing this collar. I know the real RBG was a tiny woman, but I'm regular sized. This thing is the size of my wrist!

STACEY: Let me help. I'm sure Guy will insist we reveal the tableau as soon as we've spoken with Jewel.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE THREE:

SFX: CROWD NOISES, FOOTSTEPS, CLINKING GLASSES. THE STRING QUARTET PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND.

JAN: ...and I said, if you're only going to pay half a price, you're going to get half a painting.

SFX: ADMIRERS LAUGH.

GUY: Bonjour, Jan!

JAN: Guy. What is taking so long? Pardon me, everyone, I must have a word with our curator. (*chair squeaks.*) Uh, that chair's a little tight, ya? (*just to GUY*) Guy, I cannot give hours of my time to this silly gala.

GUY: You are grincheux, Jan. And after we purchased such an expensive painting from you just days ago! A financial windfall should brighten your mood, not darken it.

JAN: And where is this painting of which you speak? I was promised a prominent wall.

GUY: We are just making sure the charcoal is set. We cannot risk marring a work of genius.

SFX: JAN GRUNTS IN REPLY

GUY: Anyway, I need you for a moment in my office.

JAN: What for? To save this ridiculous Shapshaw tableau? I'm in favor of a public execution, not a stay of one.

GUY: No, no, no. Just some last minute paperwork. You know how this country's tax collectors like their forms in duplicate, triplicate, and whatever four copies is.

JAN: Quadruplicate.

GUY: Exactement! Can I steal you away for just a moment? Shapshaw is taking her time.

JAN: I suppose.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE FOUR:

SFX: THE WOMEN GETTING READY. HANGS MOVE ON THE RACK.

JOY: Stacey, thank you for your help. You've really done Mrs. Roosevelt justice.

STACEY: Well, with Shapshaw dead, I guess it doesn't matter that you won't wear the teeth. I mean, how much of a smiler was she anyway?

SFX: A MARTINI SHAKER POURING GIN INTO GLASSES.

JOY: I believe you are right.

STACEY: And Alice, it's time to put on that leather cap. Guy will be back any second--

ALICE: Since I'm not actually flying, I don't think the hat is necessary. It's not like it acted as a protective measure. I think the bomber jacket and jodhpurs are plenty. And I think these top two buttons should be undone.

SFX: TWO BUTTONS POP OPEN.

STACEY: I think you're remaining true to her spirit. I can't wait to see all the other women. I think this tableau will be really something.

DORINDA: And you don't think anyone will notice this collar doesn't go entirely around my neck?

STACEY: Oh, you'll be facing the audience. They won't see the back.

SFX: DOOR OPENING WITH GUY AND JAN ENTERING

GUY: Mesdames, you are no closer to being dressed than when I left you!

JOY: We took a few artistic liberties.

JAN: What is this tableau? Caricatures of famous old women.

SFX: GASPS FROM THE WOMEN AT THE WORD "OLD".

DORINDA: How rude!

ALICE: I can't believe this!

JAN: I thought I was here to sign papers.

DORINDA: First, we have a few questions for you.

JAN: Who is this... this Justice Ginsberg impressionist?

DORINDA: I am Dorinda Mansfield. You know Joy Wakefield, of course, and this is Alice Breckenridge, my daughter, Stacey--

JAN: Are we having a tea party? There's no need for introductions. I am here to sign tax form or two or three or four. Guy, tell them...

DORINDA: Mr. Jewel, where did you go between your arrival to the gala and the time when Guy asked you to come upstairs?

JAN: I was in the gallery, inspecting Rosemary Berkshire's less than impressive collection. Minus the Jewels, of course.

DORINDA: You are not visible on camera.

JAN: Excuse me, who are you?

DORINDA: Now you'd like to be introduced? What I'm saying, Mr. Jewel, is that you are noticeably absent from the gala for at least twenty minutes.

JAN: So what?

DORINDA: So, a crime was committed in that time frame, and we'd like to know your whereabouts.

JAN: A crime other than whatever tableau Shapshaw is assembling?

DORINDA: Yes. And one that the police will be investigating the moment this tableau is revealed.

JAN: I know nothing of any crime.

DORINDA: Then you shouldn't mind disclosing where you were for close to thirty minutes.

JAN: Well... Let's see: I entered, shook hands with a few benefactors and owners of my art, and then once I saw there were no real drinks, I went outside for a cigarette. Or two or three or four. Satisfied? Allons-y, Guy. I don't have all day for this nonsense.

SFX: A SIP OF A MARTINI.

JAN: Excuse me, are you drinking martinis?

DORINDA: Stacey!

SFX: MARTINI BEING MADE.

DORINDA (cont'd): You're saying if we--if the police--check the camera footage, you'll be seen exiting the museum and smoking outside for a half an hour?

JAN: Guy, I will not be spoken to this way. Let's sign these papers or let me exit. Or is this part of Shapshaw's tableau?

SFX: SOUND OF POURING MARTINI. HAND IT OVER.

STACEY: Here you are, Mr. Jewel.

JAN: Oh! Thank you. (*sips*) Am I being projected in the main gallery? Is this some sort of absurdist art?

GUY: Of course not! I wouldn't allow her to embarrass you. You are one of Berkshire Bay Museum's premier artists!

JAN: That is a short list. Proost, ladies.

SFX: DOOR OPENS, MYRON ENTERING.

MYRON: What is going on? We are all waiting for you!

GUY: Myron is correct. Let's go.

JAN: This is absurdist art, whether planned or not.

SFX: PEOPLE BEGINNING TO LEAVE

JOY: All right. We're right behind you. We can use the elevator this time, yes?

GUY: Oui.

SFX: DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND PEOPLE.

ALICE: Let me just take one last sip of my martini. (*a sip*) Eiw. It's warm. You know I prefer my martinis to be ice cold.

STACEY: Oh, I'll make you a new one as soon as we finish the tableau.

ALICE: I said prefer, not need. (*she drinks*) Ah, that'll get me through this reveal.

SFX: DOOR OPENS AND ALICE LEAVES.

DORINDA: Stacey, darling. Stay back a moment.

STACEY: Mom, we really are late--

DORINDA: But we must confer. All of this camera footage.

STACEY: Usually we're face to face with our suspects.

DORINDA: I suspect we still are.

STACEY: Jan Jewel is definitely sketchy.

DORINDA: Oh, darling, I love a good pun. And I agree! But I do find Guy and his camera-free office to be a tad suspicious, as well.

STACEY: And what about Myron? He was gone when the murder happened, and the way Shapshaw spoke to him was so demeaning.

DORINDA: We'll have to consult the videos again.

STACEY: Come on, let's head out before they have too much time to think. We have become known for our amateur detective work.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE FIVE:

SFX: THE STRING QUARTET PLAYS IN THE MAIN GALLERY AS THE WOMEN CHAT AND SHUFFLE TO GET INTO PLACES ON STAGE.

MYRON: Come on, ladies. This way. We're heading behind the curtain.

GUY: I must stop in the men's room. Bon chance, mesdames! I cannot wait for the reveal!

ALICE: Do we just sit at an empty spot?

MYRON: No! You are each assigned a character and a chair. Joy, your Eleanor will take the role of Bartholomew, so you are at the far end of the table.

JOY: All right!

MYRON: And where are your teeth?! Ugh. And Stacey, your Madonna is the sixth seat from the end. You are John, but many people confuse da Vinci's depiction of him with the Virgin Mary--I just think it speaks to Shapshaw's genius--

STACEY: Got it.

MYRON: You two! You're in the wrong spot! Indira, Malala: return to the seats you've been assigned!

ANNABELLE: All right, all right. I simply prefer to feature my right side.

SARABELLE: That's right, sugarpie. And I don't want to sit next to Joy. She's such a know-it-all when it comes to art.

DORINDA: Of course, the Southern Belles are dragging down the tableau.

STACEY: Um, Myron, that's not OK.

MYRON: Exactly my point! They must be in the proper positions.

STACEY: No, I mean the cultural appropriation. It's really offensive!

MYRON: Alice, you're Thaddeus, second from this end.

ALICE: Second from the end?

MYRON: And where is your hat? Mrs. Breckenridge, you cannot take that drink with you!

SFX: ALICE LAUGHS.

MYRON: And Dorinda, you are now Judas. By special request.

DORINDA: A special request from whom?

ROSEMARY: Me.

DORINDA: Rosemary Berkshire. I've should have known. And who are you supposed to be?

MYRON: She's Jesus.

DORINDA: But who are you dressed as?

ROSEMARY: Coco Chanel, of course.

DORINDA: Coco Chanel as Jesus.

ROSEMARY: Her words are scripture.

DORINDA: Such as?

ROSEMARY: "You can be gorgeous at thirty, charming at forty, and irresistible for the rest of your life."

DORINDA: Hmmm. That's good.

ROSEMARY: "If you're sad, add more lipstick and attack."

DORINDA: Not particularly Christian, but not bad.

ROSEMARY: "I don't care what you think of me. I don't think of you at all." (a pause as they giggle) So, I'm in the center, yes?

MYRON: Of course.

ROSEMARY: Excuse me ladies while I take my place.

MYRON: Places, places everyone.

SFX: MURMURING, CROWD NOISES.

GUY(*on microphone*): Good morning, Berkshire Bay patrons of the arts! Welcome to the Easter gala, and the moment you've all been waiting for: the reveal of Shapshaw's tableau. May I present to you a feminist rendering of Leonardo da Vinci's "The Last Supper"!

SFX: CURTAIN FALLING, AUDIENCE GASPS, FOLLOWED BY APPLAUSE.

SFX: THE TABLE STARTS TO CREAK.

STACEY: Um, Mom? This table is a little wobbly, isn't it?

DORINDA: Oh, my. I think you're right.

ALICE: This is unstable. I'm going to hold my martini glass, even if da Vinci didn't paint it that way.

SFX: THE TABLE AND ALL OF THE ACCOUTREMENTS FALL TO THE GROUND WITH A GRAND SERIES OF CRASHES.

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 Jan Jewel

Mona Goss Lewis as Alice Breckenridge

Nicholas Hoyt as Myron

Tina Paukstelis as Joy Wakefield and Annabelle

Joan Roehre as Sarabelle

And

Christopher Wild as Guy Manon

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 her contributions.

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

You've just enjoyed a QuarantTeam Production.