

SFX: OPENING TANGO MUSIC, THEN --

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

SCENE ONE:

SFX: REPEAT OF CRASHING NOISES FROM THE TABLEAU TABLE AS IN THE END OF EPISODE TWO, ALONG WITH GASPS AND SHOUTS FROM THE AUDIENCE AND TABLEAU PARTICIPANTS.

DORINDA: Stacey, darling, are you all right?

STACEY: Fine, Mom. Are you OK?

DORINDA: Yes, yes. Alice?

ALICE: Nary a drop spilled! (*sips*)

SFX: ONE SLOW CLAP FROM THE AUDIENCE.

PATRON ONE: Brava! Brava!

SFX: MORE CLAPS.

PATRON TWO: This is sheer genius! Shapshaw's brilliant!

MAYOR BERKSHIRE: What happened? Ooohh... Is little Stacey Mansfield all right?

GUY: (*in mic*) Mesdames et messieurs! Shapshaw's "Last Supper"!

SFX: CLAPPING BUILDS TO WILD APPLAUSE.

STACEY: Why didn't they tell us this was going to happen? Someone could've gotten seriously hurt.

JOY: I don't believe this was part of Shapshaw's tableau. She would never want her work to collapse into a pile of broken plates and goblets.

SFX: MICROPHONE FEEDBACK.

GUY (*on mic*): Now everyone, please enjoy the gala and make sure you bid on auction items accordingly. It is your patronage and generosity that allows Berkshire Bay Museum to attract this level of artistry.

SFX: CROWD NOISES.

PATRON ONE: The commentary on not only feminism, but the collapse of the patriarchal system--

PATRON TWO: The literal collapse. Of the expectations of females across history. I cannot believe we bore witness to this masterpiece!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ON THE RUBBLE OF THE TABLEAU.

GUY: Is everyone all right? Quel nightmare!

DORINDA: Everyone is OK. What is that you're holding out before you? A baseball cap?

GUY: Yes, and coveralls. I'm trying not to mar my white suit. They were crumpled in the men's room and covered in charcoal.

DORINDA: So, the custodian you saw earlier was no custodian, rather a saboteur. Of Jan Jewel's, though, not Shapshaw.

GUY: They are bitter rivals. And another thing: that table was not meant to fall. Shapshaw's vision--she discussed it with me at length.

DORINDA: Let's take a look.

SFX: DIGGING AND MOVING OF BROKEN PLATES, GOBLETS, ETC.

VALET: Excuse me, sir?

GUY: I'm sorry, who are you?

VALET: The valet, sir.

DORINDA: Oh, yes. He parked my car.

GUY: What do you want? We are very busy.

VALET: I was just wondering, as you vacate this area, if there are any volunteers who need medical assistance?

GUY: No, we are very lucky. No one was hurt.

VALET: No one?

GUY: No one.

VALET: Because I am well versed in emergency medical procedures. I was once a paramedic.

GUY: We're fine. Merci.

VALET: You are sure? No one needs medical assistance.

GUY: Au revoir, valet.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS.

DORINDA: What an odd little man.

SFX: DIGGING THROUGH RUBBLE.

DORINDA: Look! Look, Guy!

GUY: The screws on that table leg--

DORINDA: Clearly unscrewed. Check that one over there.

GUY: Also loosened! There are no breaks here. This was done on purpose.

DORINDA: Guy, I think we need to reexamine the camera footage.

GUY: Meet me in my office in five minutes. I just need to make sure the guests are taken care of.

SFX: GUY EXITS.

STACEY: Mom, look!

DORINDA: A screwdriver. Hmmm.

STACEY: A Phillips screwdriver.

DORINDA: Who's Phillip?

STACEY: Mom, it's a type of screwdriver. I guess it's not necessarily a clue. It could be for anything--a tool to set up the tableau.

DORINDA: Or take it apart. Leave it where it is for the moment, in case the police need fingerprints. We shouldn't interfere more than everyone already has.

STACEY: Mom, I think now is a good time to call 911.

DORINDA: Just give me a moment, my darling daughter. I need to think this through.

STACEY: What? There's a dead body upstairs of an artist whose greatest and final work fell apart before our eyes.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS.

SFX: THE STRING QUARTET GETS QUIETER.

DORINDA: There's more than that. Someone dressed as a custodian to provoke Jan Jewel by moving his painting, and this destruction of the tableau: it was planned. The screws to the table legs were tampered with.

STACEY: What does any of that have to do with Shapshaw's murder?

DORINDA: I haven't figured that part out yet. We're going back to Guy's office to look at the cameras. There has to be something we missed. At least we can take the service elevator this time. I can't handle another three flights of stairs in these heels. With or without a martini.

SFX: HEAVY ELEVATOR DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

SFX: DORINDA AND STACEY STEP ON A BUNCH OF BUBBLE WRAP FROM THE TABLEAU PROPS.

DORINDA: Good god!

STACEY: The bubble wrap must be from the staging pieces, Mom. All these broken down boxes, too. Wait, what's that?

SFX: BUBBLE WRAP POPPING.

DORINDA: A gurney?

STACEY: That's strange.

DORINDA: There's no gurney in "The Last Supper."

STACEY: Maybe it was for the exit? To take Jesus away? To the cross?

DORINDA: Your father and I really should've sent you to Sunday school.



SFX: ELEVATOR DOOR OPENING.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE HALL.

SFX: A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

DORINDA: Guy doesn't appear to be here yet. I think we should take another look at the scene of the crime.

STACEY: The bathroom? We didn't notice anything before.

DORINDA: Except a dead body. That tends to distract one from other details.

STACEY: All right. Yeah. Let's take a look.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE TWO:

SFX: BATHROOM DOOR OPENING.

DORINDA: It was chilly in here before, wasn't it?

STACEY: Yeah. Cold.

DORINDA: Like Guy's office. But now it feels just fine.

STACEY: That's weird. Why would the temperature of a restroom vacillate like that?

DORINDA: Look up there. At the vent. Does that cover look a tad askew?

STACEY: It does. It's loose.

DORINDA: I can't believe we missed this before!

SFX: STACEY STRUGGLING.

DORINDA: Darling, do not crawl on the sink. That's very unladylike.

STACEY: I just need to see-- *(a pause)* A ha!

DORINDA: What is it?

STACEY: It is loose, barely holding on, and it's a Phillips screw, as well! See? The little cross?

DORINDA: How do you know these things?

STACEY: How do you not know these things?

DORINDA: Well, I'm sorry dear, I'm a widow, not an engineer.

SFX: STACEY STRUGGLING WITH THE VENT COVER. AIR BLOWS OUT FREELY.

STACEY: Got it!

DORINDA: There's that blast of cold air again. The second you pulled off the cover--

STACEY: The temperature drops.

DORINDA: Is it possible the murderer crawled through the vent?

STACEY: Maybe. I mean, I could fit through here.

DORINDA: That's because of your lovely figure.

STACEY: Mom... wait, what's this? Look!

DORINDA: A black crayon?

STACEY: It's a charcoal pencil. A big one, and the end is flattened to a nub.

DORINDA: Huh. A charcoal pencil, a costumed person covered in charcoal--

STACEY: Don't forget those marks on Shapshaw's throat!

DORINDA: Yes, they were black and gray, like charcoal.

STACEY: But who could creep through this vent, strangle Shapshaw, and escape? It is too high to crawl in and out of without making a complete mess.

DORINDA: But no one is seen going in or out of the bathroom. (a pause) We need to get back to those cameras.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE THREE:

SFX: KNOCKING ON DOOR.

DORINDA (*from behind door*): Guy?

GUY: Oui? Entree.

SFX: DOOR OPENING.

DORINDA: Have you pulled up the footage?

SFX: THE COMPUTER WAKES UP.

GUY: Just tell me what you need to see.

DORINDA: Let's go back to the gallery. That custodian.

STACEY: Pretend custodian.

SFX: VIDEO NOISES REWINDING. STOPS.

GUY: Et voila.

STACEY: There he is.

DORINDA: These air vents, Guy. Where do they go? How many floors?

GUY: The entire museum.

DORINDA: Hmmm. All right. Let's look. There he--or she--is.

STACEY: Why do you say that? Are you saying the suspect is a woman?

DORINDA: I'm saying this faux custodian is built like one. Petite, as one must be to fit through these vents.

STACEY: No way could someone go up or down three flights in these vents. It would be too slippery.

DORINDA: But there is some connection between the cold air in this office and the cold blast of air in the bathroom.

GUY: There is the custodian. Just like before, moving the Jewel painting to exchange with the other one.

DORINDA: Keep the camera on the custodian. Yes, there's the charcoal all over the coveralls after the fact. Hmmm.

STACEY: What, Mom?

DORINDA: Guy, scroll back. Way back. Before the custodian leaves the men's room. I need to see where the tableau is being staged.

SFX: VIDEO NOISES REWIND AGAIN. STOPS.

DORINDA: Do you see what I see?

STACEY: Is that--

DORINDA: Jan Jewel! Creeping out from behind the tableau curtain.

STACEY: He said he was outside smoking.

GUY: Let me scroll back further.

SFX: VIDEO NOISES REWINDING. STOPS.

GUY: There he is, exiting out front. This would've been almost an hour before the reveal.

SFX: MORE VIDEO NOISES. STOPS.

GUY: But look. He returns through the back door next to the freight elevator moments later.

SFX: JOY LAUGHS IN THE DISTANCE.

ALICE (*muffled from the hallway*): Yoo hoo. Dorinda! Are you coming back downstairs with those martini fixings, or do I need one made for me up here? (*Knocks, comes into the room*) The guests won't stop talking about this tableau. Thank god I didn't ruin my blowout with that leather cap! We're going to be here for a while. It's the best Easter Gala in years!

JOY (*laughing*): This is going to be the talk of the town for some time.

STACEY (*sarcastic*): Wait until they find out the artist is dead!

JOY: These patrons will be so excited that their paintings have risen in value overnight!

DORINDA: Risen...

STACEY: What is it, Mom?

DORINDA: Jan Jewel and Shapshaw have been known rivals for years. And they've both been sabotaged today.

STACEY: Well, one was murdered.

DORINDA: And who else has stakes in this deadly game? For instance, you, Guy.

GUY: Moi?

DORINDA: You curate this museum. Stirring up some controversy, along with some high-priced bids, serves your interests.

GUY: You think I would murder one of my greatest artists?

DORINDA: And where is Shapshaw's assistant, Myron? That little emotional hostage of hers could snap at any time.

STACEY: He was down at the reveal, last I saw.

DORINDA: There's Jewel, of course. Master of charcoal with hands big enough to choke a bear.

JOY: I don't think the great Jan Jewel would risk his future--

DORINDA: We need to assemble the suspects immediately. In the room where we dressed. I think I know who killed Shapshaw.

SFX: VOICES GET LOUDER AS THEY APPROACH.

MYRON (*from hallway*): Mr. Jewel! Mr. Jewel! You cannot go in there!

JAN (*from hallway*): I go where I please, you little ninny. Why don't you go find your boss so she can receive her audience? I need to get my hands on Guy, that crook, that swindler. (*enters room*) Guy, you voleur.

STACEY: That means thief in French.

DORINDA: You truly amaze me, Stacey.

GUY: Qu'est-ce que c'est?

JAN: This tax document. You are stealing my money! It is incorrect, and you simply trust I will not look at my own paperwork?! I am an artist, so I do not understand math?!

GUY: Non! Non! What are you talking about?

DORINDA: Gentlemen, this financial crisis must wait a moment. There is a crime to solve.

JAN: I'll say! And the criminal is right here!

DORINDA: The criminal is close, yes.

JOY: What are you talking about, Dorinda?

DORINDA: I need you all to follow me down the hall.

JAN: I do not take orders.

JOY: No, but you do rely on my good will to keep your artwork in this museum, so do as my dear friend has requested.

SFX: JAN HUFFS.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE FOUR:

GUY (*muffled from hallway*): But why must we return there, Madame? Should we not--

SFX: DOOR OPENS.

DORINDA: Should we not what?

STACEY: Should we not call 911?

JAN: 911? What's going on? Guy and I can sort out my commission check without police involvement.

DORINDA: This is about commissions, Jan. You're right about that. But more than money, this is about murder.

JAN: What do you mean, murder?

DORINDA: Are you not astonished Shapshaw has yet to make an appearance?

JAN: Shapshaw is a diva and prefers a diva's debut.



GUY: This is quite true, and yet today--

DORINDA: Today she will not take a bow as expected. Today we discovered her body--cold and lifeless--in the restroom next door.

JAN: Shapshaw is dead?

DORINDA: You sound surprised.

JAN: Surprised?! I say good riddance.

DORINDA: And you, Myron, have not once suggested we call the police.

MYRON: Well, we've been busy. The tableau, the collapse of the tableau.

DORINDA: And speaking of the tableau, when you were meant to check on it, you did not. You were nowhere to be found, not on camera anyway.

MYRON: I did check! It was perfect.

DORINDA: Earlier, yes. But not when you were instructed to.

MYRON: Well, I... I...

DORINDA: You, on the other hand--

JAN: Me?

DORINDA: Yes, Mr. Jewel. You--when you said you were smoking and schmoozing--were, in fact, sneaking behind the tableau curtain.

JAN: To see what Shapshaw had in store, sure. I was curious.

DORINDA: But the tableau had yet to be set. There was merely a decorated table.

JAN: Ya, and as soon as I saw that, I left.

DORINDA: According to the camera footage, you were there for several minutes. Long enough to, say, loosen some table legs.

JAN: I don't know what you're talking about.

DORINDA: Perhaps as revenge for Shapshaw's act of treachery?

STACEY: What do you mean, Mom?

DORINDA: Obviously, Jewel's painting being moved to a back gallery was contrived by Shapshaw.

JAN: My painting was moved?

DORINDA: Playing dumb doesn't suit you, Mr. Jewel. You cannot be both expert and idiot at the same time.

JAN: Idiot?!

JOY: Now, Dorinda, I must ask you not to speak to one of my premier artists that way. Difficult? Yes. Problematic? Certainly.

ALICE: I've been called problematic on several occasions, but my friends assure me that only means "old school."

STACEY: Yeah, Alice, that's not a compliment.

ALICE: Well, "old" certainly isn't--

DORINDA: May we please stay on topic? We are discussing Shapshaw's death, not Alice's stretched--

ALICE: Careful, Dorinda.

DORINDA: And Guy, let's not forget you.

GUY: Moi? I told you. I was in my office.

DORINDA: An office with a direct air vent to the bathroom where Shapshaw was found lifeless and pulseless.

GUY: Mon dieu! Why on earth would I harm my premier artist?

DORINDA: For the money. The filmed tableau collapse, every piece of her art purchased today: the prices will skyrocket.

JAN: Like I said, he is a thief!

DORINDA: And yet, one of the most prominent clues surrounding Shapshaw's death are the large marks around her neck. A strangulation with distinct charcoal handprints.

JAN: What, do you think I came from my studio covered in coal, snuck into the women's room right before the tableau reveal, and choked my greatest rival, only to have her become a part of artistic history?

DORINDA: I don't know about that, but I do know you're too big to fit through the vents.

STACEY: Plus, the video footage shows no one going in or out of the bathroom until Joy goes to have her cigarette.

JOY: It wasn't me!

DORINDA: Of course not, Joy, but we can definitely narrow down who it is. Let's reexamine the actual clues.

STACEY: Well, we have the A/C vent askew.

DORINDA: Something we missed the first time around because of the bathroom's horrid decor--

STACEY: And the dead body.

DORINDA: Yes. But that vent connects to Guy's office. Guy, who has a vested interest in Shapshaw's prices rising.

GUY: I told you, I would not harm one of my artists.

JAN: Other than financially.

DORINDA: I don't know about that, but I do know you could not crawl through a vent, cover your hands in charcoal, and keep your white suit pristine.

GUY: Exactement!

DORINDA: Myron, on the other hand, was absent during the murder, certainly had a motive--

MYRON: I would never--

DORINDA: That's the Stockholm Syndrome talking, Myron.

MYRON: Yes, Shapshaw. I mean, Mrs. Mansfield.

DORINDA: However, when Myron goes missing, he was in disguise as a custodian and moving Jan Jewel's painting as directed by Shapshaw. Am I right?

MYRON: No, uh... Yes, Mrs. Mansfield.

STACEY: So who's the killer, Mom? You've just eliminated all of the suspects.

DORINDA: All but one.

Joy: Who, Dorinda? I told you, it wasn't me.

DORINDA: Guy, open the vault.

SFX: SOUND OF VAULT CODE BEING PUSHED AND A HEAVY DOOR OPENING.

SFX: HEAVY BREATHING/GASPS FOR AIR.

SFX: ALL THE CHARACTERS GASPING, RESPONSES OF SHOCK.

MYRON: Shapshaw...?

SHAPSHAW: Jesus Christ, I thought I was going to die in there!

MYRON: Shapshaw!

DORINDA: Guy, Jan, Joy, everyone: Shapshaw has risen.

SHAPSHAW: What the hell?! How dare you lock me in a vault for, what, close to three hours? I was nearly out of oxygen!

STACEY: Shapshaw wasn't murdered?

DORINDA: Shapshaw wasn't murdered.

SHAPSHAW (*overlapping*): Shapshaw wasn't murdered. Your daughter's pretty quick on the uptake.

DORINDA: Do not speak ill of my daughter! You're the foolish one in this scenario.

SHAPSHAW: Betrayed is more like it.

GUY: How so?

JOY: I don't understand any of this.

STACEY: Who betrayed you?

SHAPSHAW: You, first of all, Joy Wakefield. My benefactor, the discoverer of my work.

JOY: Me?

SHAPSHAW: You moved my dead body into the vault!

JOY: But you were dead! We felt for your pulse! We checked for a heartbeat.

DORINDA: Yes, we most certainly did.

SHAPSHAW: And then neglected to call 911, I might add. But I was also double-crossed by my assistant.

MYRON: I would never!

SHAPSHAW: No, my real assistant and co-conspirator: Vince.

EVERYONE: Wince?

SHAPSHAW: Vince. The valet.

DORINDA: Yes, that strange little man.

SHAPSHAW: He's my cousin.

DORINDA: Vince the valet, who kept wondering if there was someone in need of assistance, was meant to remove your body from the scene, yes?

SHAPSHAW: Yes.

STACEY: That's what the gurney was for.

DORINDA: Because if we had, that's when Vince the valet would have sprung into action. Wheeling her corpse away before real medical professionals could detect what we were not able to.

STACEY: Like Joy said, there was no heartbeat, no breath, no pulse.

SHAPSHAW: He should have persisted. He knew the plan, and it still could have worked!

JOY: What plan?

DORINDA: Would you like me to explain, Shapshaw, or would you care to do it?

SHAPSHAW: I have nothing to say.

DORINDA: It didn't click immediately. Not until Guy mentioned--what was that phrase, Stacey: cold blood?

STACEY: Sang froid.

Guy: Oui.

DORINDA: And then I thought back to Shapshaw's free diving in the cold waters off of Iceland, combined with her practice of Transcendental Meditation.

STACEY: What do you mean, Mom?

DORINDA: Shapshaw could slow her breath, her pulse, her heart so that she appeared to be dead and gone, at least long enough to get out of the museum.

STACEY: And the charcoal?

DORINDA: She covered her own fingers with it, placed them around her neck, stashed the charcoal, and washed her hands.

STACEY: That's why the faucet was running when we found her!

JOY: But to what end? Shapshaw's gone!

DORINDA: Not just gone, Joy: dead. And with all the financial benefits for her unexpected death.

SHAPSHAW: Like Basquiat. Or Warhol.

GUY: Well--

DORINDA: The one thing I can't figure out is how you planned to rise again. Faking your own death? Wouldn't your painting values plummet once that was discovered?

SHAPSHAW: I was not coming back. This art game is not for me, but with the rise in my painting values--

GUY: But who could claim your commission? You have no partner; you have no offspring.



SHAPSHAW: Vince. The valet. He is my only blood relative, and he would be the beneficiary of my estate. I have a will as air tight as that vault.

DORINDA: And now your plan is ruined.

GUY: But your tableau is a rousing success! Shapshaw, you must meet your audience. They must receive the genius they to which they have borne witness!

MYRON: Yes, Shapshaw.

SHAPSHAW: Perhaps I can remain in this vocation a bit longer.

MYRON: Avocation, Shapshaw.

SHAPSHAW: Avocation.

GUY: But do not forget, you have Jan Jewel to thank for how your tableau was received.

SHAPSHAW: That vain egoist? How is he to take credit for my vision?

GUY: He unscrewed the table legs, which led to a spectacular collapse--

SHAPSHAW: Which led to a statement on the very theme of feminism itself.

SFX: SHAPSHAW CLICKS THE REMOTE, TURNING UP HER DANCE MUSIC ONCE AGAIN.

SHAPSHAW: Genius! Thank you, Jan. You are a varmint, but an inventive one.

GUY: Perhaps as you take your victory lap, Shapshaw, we can also announce that next year's tableau will be staged by none other than Jan Jewel!

SFX: JAN GIGGLES.

GUY: Joy, do you think that would be all right, or should we consult the board?

JOY: I think it's a marvelous idea!

GUY: Then Shapshaw, Jan, please come with me.

SHAPSHAW: Myron, follow me. I need you to find Vince and bring him up to speed.

MYRON: Yes, Shapshaw.

GUY: Ladies, we bid you adieu.

SHAPSHAW: Yes, and thank you for being part of my vision, even with some artistic liberties. For instance, I see neither the teeth nor the leather cap.

ALICE: (imitating the Icelandic accent) It takes a village.

GUY: Nevermind about that. Allons-y! Au revoir, mesdames.

DORINDA: Toodle-oo, Guy.

SFX: DOOR CLOSSES.

STACEY: Well, Mom, you did it again! Another mystery solved.

SFX: DORINDA TAKES THE CONTROL AND CHANGES THE STATION. TANGO MUSIC PLAYS.

DORINDA: Can you imagine how many white collar crimes are committed every single day in Berkshire Bay? Fraud, embezzlement, money laundering--

JOY: That white lace collar around your neck is pretty frightful.

ALICE Well I, for one, find it refreshing that this murder wasn't actually a murder!

DORINDA: Agreed! There was enough ugliness in that restroom without an actual corpse. Joy, you really must do something about that. Those tiles are atrocious!

JOY: I promise to bring it up at the next board meeting.

ALICE: I don't know about the rest of you, but all of these mysterious doings makes me thirsty.

DORINDA: Stacey?

STACEY: On it.

SFX: MARTINI FIXINGS, SHAKING, ICE, ETC.

JOY: You know, I was thinking, if it had been another detective, one who didn't know me so well, and my excellent character, I would've been the prime suspect in all of this.

DORINDA: Joy, no one could ever mistake you for a killer.

JOY: Whyever not?

DORINDA: You're too soft.

ALICE: But Dr. Margosian has just the treatment for that!

DORINDA: While we await our drinks, how about we get out of these awful costumes. This lace collar is strangling me! (a pause) Get it?

SFX: ALICE AND STACEY LAUGH.

ALICE: Oh, Dorinda. You're so bad. I do like these jodhpurs though. I find them to be quite flattering.

DORINDA: They hide a multitude of sins.

ALICE: Well, it is Easter.

STACEY: Martinis are ready.

ALICE: I can repent tomorrow.

JOY: What shall we toast to? Shapshaw? To Dorinda?

DORINDA: To all the fine women in the tableau and in this room!

ALICE: And to the depths!

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, Patron 2, and Jan Jewel

Cody Ernest as The Valet

Mona Goss Lewis as Alice Breckenridge

Nicholas Hoyt as Myron

Michael L. Johnson as Patron 1

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

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

You've just enjoyed a QuarantTeam Production

