

# Simply to Die For

Roving Rogue Productions

2021

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# CAST

Narrator	Announcer and narrator who sets the stage for the project
Sonia “Sonny” Day	Granddaughter of May Day and heir to the Day Gang
May Day	Matriarch and leader of the Day Gang, having taken over when her husband died
Tom Collins	Brewer and smuggler for the Day Gang
Millie Graham	Maid for May Day
Lew Scannon	Leader of the West Side Gang
Rick O’Shae	Enforcer and “muscle” along with Lew’s second in command
Robin Hyde	Bookkeeper for the West Side Gang
Vera Piercing	Lew’s on/off girlfriend and silent film star with an obnoxious voice
Belle Tone	Local Jazz singer who’s been hired to sing at the party
Skip Dover	Belle’s pianist and manager, along with the owner of the club she sings at
Eddie Bull	Local Politician who’s trying to campaign all the time
Theresa “Terry” Bull	Eddie’s wife who’s increasingly unhappy with her marriage
Noah Goodman	Owner of the local telephone company along with his sister, Anita
Mary Goodman	Wife of Noah Goodman, from old-money who doesn’t have money anymore
Anita Goodman	Sister to Noah and technically co-owner of the phone company
Dr. Jameson	Doctor who’s struggling and invited in hopes of getting more into smuggling

## EPISODE TWO:

### Scene One:

NARRATOR

When we last left our roaring Day Gala at Night, there was a frightful scream, heard throughout the house thanks to Miss Belle Tone’s powerful singing lungs. She certainly can belt one out. But with a house full of gangsters and politicians and who knows what else, it was only a matter of time before we heard a scream or two. After all, we did promise an evening you’d never forget.

SKIP

Belle? Bearcat? Come on, breathe for me.

*-next chatter should be overlapping, hurried, and not to the whole group-*

EDDIE

What is this? What’s going on?

MILLIE

Ma'am? I heard a scream.

TERRY

Edward! Where are you going?

SKIP

Belle, come on.

ANITA

What was that scream all about?

NOAH

'Nita, stay with Mary.

EDDIE

Who screams in the middle of a party?

RICK

What's all the racket?

ROBIN

I don't know. Can you see, Rick?

VERA

What's happening? I can't see a thing?

SONNY

Grandmother?

MAY

What the hell is going on?

COLLINS

Why's everyone shouting?

BELLE

He's dead!

*-chatter dies down with Belle's statement-*

MAY

Dead? No one can be dead at my party.

NARRATOR

May pushes her way through the crowd in the hall, forcing herself into the small office. Sure enough, there was Dr. J Jameson, lying face down on the dark red carpet.

MAY

Doctor!

LEW

I think the dame might be right, May.

NARRATOR

Lew steps into the office, flipping the good doctor on his back before checking for a pulse. There were rope burns on his neck.

LEW

He's definitely dead. Strangled if you ask me.

MAY

Of course, you'd know. You probably killed him.

NARRATOR

There are literally rope burns on his neck, May. If you can't tell, May and Lew get along as well as two cats dunked in water.

LEW

Now why in the world would I kill the man? I didn't even meet him until tonight.

SONNY

Grandmother, perhaps not here.

MAY

Of course, come, let's move out of here. Girl!

MILLIE

Yes, ma'am?

MAY

Call the police. They must know about this immediately.

SKIP

Did your gal not tell ya, ma'am? Tree's down on the drive. No one's getting in or out of here until that gets cleared away after the storm's moved on.

MAY

Oh?

MILLIE

I did-

MAY

We'll discuss this later, girl.

Ladies and Gentlemen, why don't we all go back to the main parlor?

LEW

Whatcha gonna do with the doctor?

MAY

Unfortunately, I believe there's little that can be done for him. Until we're informed otherwise, I suppose we should just leave him be. I'll close the door and lock it so no one disturbs anything.

LEW

Ah, so only you can get in and move evidence around?

MAY

It's my house. Why wouldn't I have a key?

LEW

Just making sure everyone knows who has access to rooms when something strange happens. I don't want no coppers thinking I killed the good doctor.

MAY

Only someone guilty would think that way.

LEW

Only the dumb wouldn't think that way.

SONNY

*-taking charge of the situation-*

Why don't we all go back to the parlor? I'm sure some drinks will calm everyone's nerves.

## Scene Two:

NARRATOR

Slowly, and with a decent amount of reasonable suspicion, the guests move back to the front parlor where they originally gathered. They pair off into small clusters, sticking mostly to those they already know, eyeing each other as they do so.

ANITA

Oh, Noah, I don't like this.

NOAH

Don't worry about that, 'Nita. I'll keep you safe.

NARRATOR

The Goodman siblings own the local telephone company, which is growing faster than they ever anticipated when their father started it. Now Noah Goodman and his sister Anita Goodman both own half the business, although Noah does most of the work. Anita is more often found living the high life. She hates being reminded that their family scraped their way up from the bottom of the barrel.

She also usually has some good gossip.

MARY

I'm sure you will, darling. I just hope it was all an unfortunate incident that we can quickly put behind us.  
Perhaps it was a poor idea for me to come this evening.

NARRATOR

Noah's wife, Mary Goodman, is from old money and her marriage to the young upstart gave the Goodmans a little more social status, despite them being New Money. After all, few people are going to accept a family born poor, even if they're rich now.

For Mary? The marriage provided her with the money she's accustomed to. Old Money doesn't stretch quite as far as it used to.

EDDIE

Nonsense, old girl! It's the young ones like you we need right now.

TERRY

Do you mind if we join you, Miss Goodman, Mrs. Goodman? It has been so long.

ANITA

Oh, please, sit, Mrs. Bull, Mayor Bull.

MARY

We always appreciate your company.

NARRATOR

The Goodmans do not appreciate the Bull's company. Mostly, the Goodman ladies do not appreciate the attention of Mayor Bull. Or of his wandering eye. And hands.

EDDIE

Terrible business, wouldn't you say, old sport?

NOAH

Oh yes, a shame.

TERRY

Seems a little too odd for me. Why kill him here? At a party of all places?

EDDIE

Bah, who knows why killers kill.

TERRY

But it does not make any sense, Edward. The killer could not get away like this. We are all still here.

ANITA

Are you suggesting that the murderer could still be here with us?!

MARY

Hush, now.

NOAH

Keep your voice down, 'Nita!

TERRY

I think that is more than possible, Miss Goodman. You heard that club owner. A tree is down in the woods. Besides, I do not think anyone would get anywhere on foot with that storm brewing outside.

EDDIE

Come on, old girl, why are you stirring up trouble? That doctor probably just got in over his head and someone saw him as competition. I heard him talking to Mrs. Day about running some liquor.

TERRY

Edward! Hush!

EDDIE

It's true, isn't it? It's probably that Scannon fella. I'd much rather work with the criminals I know who are willing to work within the law.

*-beat of silence-*

NARRATOR

Huh?

NOAH

Well, that does seem, Ummm... logical, Mr. Mayor.

EDDIE

Exactly, if we're going to have criminals, better to have ones we can trust. The old established families. Not these new ones coming up from immigrants who don't understand the value of hard work.

TERRY

*-hisses-*

Eddie!

MARY

Quite right, Mr. Mayor. Best to have business owners who appreciate hard work, like my Noah.

EDDIE

Exactly, Mary, my girl! Now, tell me when you're going to give your husband that son he needs.

NARRATOR

Mary is expecting the couple's first child. She also hates it when the Mayor is so familiar with her. Especially now that everyone is asking after her condition.

MARY

We'll all just have to wait and see, won't we?

NOAH

We'll be happy as long as the child is healthy. I wouldn't mind seeing a little girl wandering around that I can spoil to bits. And I'm sure Mary and Anita would love getting frocks for the little thing.

EDDIE

Ah Bully! We both know that all men want strapping sons to carry on the family name. Besides, who will take over the business from you?

NOAH

We'll figure that out when the time comes.

EDDIE

Better do it sooner rather than later, sport.

MARY

We'll keep that in mind, Mr. Mayor.

### Scene Three:

NARRATOR

You know, I'm never really sure how to react to the Mayor. Or if he ever listens to what comes out of his mouth.

Either way... Downstairs is the domain of the staff. Mostly, it's just Tom Collins and Millie Graham. Mrs. Day isn't too big on large staffs in her line of work. She'd rather a trusted few close to her. Especially after her husband was killed by one of their chauffeurs. Although, it remains to be seen if that was actually murder or if the car really had just hit a patch of ice.

Who knows?

MILLIE

Let's see now...

COLLINS

Talking to yourself again, Mill?

NARRATOR

Tom Collins has been with the Day Gang since Prohibition hit. However, he's known the Days since before his family's brewery shut down, and is always willing to make a deal with May.

MILLIE

Just going to call down to the police station, as Mrs. Day asked. I thought you were supposed to be mixing drinks for everyone. Why are you down here?

COLLINS

Grabbing a few more bottles. Mrs. Day won't like it, but I think we'll need it.

MILLIE

Of course, she won't. The cheapskate.

COLLINS

Never happy with anything, that one. But I still gots a job and still gets to brew. Can't complain too much.



MILLIE

I suppose so. You best be getting back up there.

COLLINS

Just topping off my flask so I can make it through the rest of the evening.

MILLIE

*-amused by Collins-*

Get on you. Don't get yourself too drunk.

COLLINS

I'd never.

NARRATOR

Tom Collins most certainly would.

#### Scene Four:

NARRATOR

Meanwhile, in the far corner of the front parlor stands Lew Scannon with Robin Hyde and Rick O'Shae, his best friends and closest allies. Robin Hyde is the numbers gal behind the West Siders. Quick with math and a knack for anything mechanical, she's useful to have around for the gang. She's usually seen not too far from Rick O'Shae, her man for the past few years, and Lew Scannon's right-hand man and enforcer.

Thankfully, no Vera in sight.

ROBIN

I don't like being here.

LEW

Your opinion has been noted. But we're here either way.

RICK

And we're going to stay?

LEW

Can't really go anywhere else, can we? Besides, there's probably not much of anything to be worried about. The doctor is already dead. I highly doubt that someone wants to turn this party into a killing spree. Although that certainly would make things more interesting.

NARRATOR

That it will.

TERRY

Sounds like you know a lot about these things, Mr. Scannon.

NARRATOR

Are you eavesdropping, Mrs. Bull?

LEW

Sure do, Ma'am. I make it my business to think like my adversaries. I wouldn't go bumping off a lot of people all in one place. Makes it too likely to get caught.

TERRY

Are you saying that to throw the attention off you? The police have been after your gang for a long time. It will be easy for them to catch you now.

LEW

Then you'll also need the police to arrest our lovely hostess for the evening. After all, we are both in the same business. And besides, wouldn't it look a little bad if your husband's constituents saw the two of you here, at the party of a known crime lord?

TERRY

Well, I-

LEW

Don't worry, Mrs. Bull. I have no desire to get into any fight with you or your husband. Although, I have always been more concerned about you. Your keen mind is a lot more dangerous than your husband realizes. Tell me, what do you think of everything that's going on?

TERRY

Why should I tell you? You could be the murderer.

LEW

Strangling? That's not really my style.

TERRY

And what is your style, Mr. Scannon?

RICK

Sending me.

TERRY

So you do not get your hands dirty, Mr. Scannon? Send your man to do it?

LEW

Mrs. Bull, I didn't get to where I am in this business without making my abilities known. But I don't think a lovely lady like yourself needs to know about all that.

TERRY

Because you think I can not handle the knowledge?

LEW

On the contrary, Mrs. Bull, I believe you can. I believe you are a very clever woman. Perhaps a little too clever.

TERRY

Are you trying to throw me off your trail?

LEW

Never. But I think that this will be nothing.

TERRY

Good to know you think so, Mr. Scannon. Do your friends agree?

RICK

I leave decisions like that to my better half. She's the brains between the two of us.

NARRATOR

Smart man.

ROBIN

Trying to sweet talk me, Rick?

RICK

Aye, always. You're lucky to have a good man like me, lass.

ROBIN

What do you think, Mrs. Bull?

TERRY

Not all of us are lucky enough to get good men.

ROBIN

That means you think there are some good men out there.

TERRY

Oh, you have got me there. You are a smart girl. Pretty too. But must you wear those eyeglasses? You would certainly look much prettier without them. I know I always keep mine in my clutch unless I need them.

ROBIN

I'll take your thoughts into consideration.

EDDIE

*-in the distance, but loud-*

Now I don't see why you have to...

TERRY

Oh, dear. If you will excuse me. I think I need to encourage my husband to sit down a bit.

LEW

Of course. I'm sure this is very trying for him right now. We'll finish this conversation another time.

NARRATOR

Mrs. Bull hurries off, dragging her husband away from the conversation he was having with Noah Goodman and Skip Dover. The couple disappears into the hall, speaking in hushed tones.

LEW

I think that woman's smarter than her husband. Shame she doesn't run for office.

ROBIN

She'd crack down on you.

LEW

Maybe, or maybe not. She's got a keen mind. Might realize the good I could do for her.

RICK

Think she's right? That there might be more killing?

LEW

I think that if someone wanted someone else dead, and another someone else framed for it, this wouldn't be a bad way of going about it. Mrs. Bull might just be clever enough to play detective and figure out who it is.

RICK

Any reason we need to be worried? Or anyone I need to keep an eye on?

LEW

May Day has had it out for me since I was just an up and comer. But I wouldn't be concerned. I can take care of myself. You two okay?

ROBIN

We are. We'll keep an eye on each other.

RICK

Aye, just like we always do.

LEW

That is true.

VERA

Lew-ie-kins!

NARRATOR

*-groans-*

LEW

I guess that's my cue. Now the only decision is if I heed it or not. You two don't get into too much trouble.

NARRATOR

While Lew, in his right mind for once, is trying to avoid the very piercing Vera, other guests wander between the front rooms. The festive atmosphere is now certainly a bit more subdued. Although it'll probably pick up once there's more food and alcohol. Booze and bites always make for a good party.

I wonder if Millie's got everything under control downstairs.

Scene Five:

MILLIE

Alright, just report it to the police, Millie girl. Not that big of a deal. There's just a dead body, in your crazy employer's house.

-sounds of a phone being picked up, jiggling the receiver a few times-

NARRATOR

Or maybe she's trying to call the police. I guess that's important too.

MILLIE

Yes, please connect me to the police station? It's an emergency.

... ..

Yes, my name is Millie Graham, I work at the Day residence at 716 Foxglove Dr. A tree has just come down across the lane and there's been an accident at the house. A man-

**(PHONE DISCONNECTS)**

is dead and we think...

**(PHONE CLICKS AGAIN)**

Hello? Is anyone there?

**(HANGS UP PHONE, JIGGLES RECEIVER AND TRIES AGAIN)**

Come on... Come on...

NARRATOR

The phone line is quiet. Dead. Because of course it would be or this would all be much too easy for everyone involved. Including you, my dear listeners.

MILLIE

Damn

NARRATOR

After trying the phone a few more times,

**(MILLIE HANGS UP PHONE AND PICKS UP TRAY)**

Millie fetches a tray of food already prepared for the party and starts upstairs to the guests, before Mrs. Day can get too upset at her.

MILLIE

Of course. Of course this is how it would go...

**(MILLIE AND ROBBIN RUN INTO EACH OTHER, STARTLING THEM BOTH- NARRATOR CAN ALSO BE STARTLED)**

ROBIN

Oh, I'm sorry!

MILLIE

Christ! You scared me!

NARRATOR

Scared me too, Robin.

ROBIN

I'm sorry. I was looking for the lav, but seem to have ended up turned around. Are you alright?

MILLIE

Oh, sure. Just gave me a bit of a fright.

ROBIN

You sure? You seem a bit on edge.

MILLIE

Well, I am a bit on edge. There's a dead man in the house and I just tried to call the police-

ROBIN

Tried?

MILLIE

The phone line went dead. I can't get a hold of anyone.

ROBIN

Well, that's bad news. I suspect it's because of the storm.

MILLIE

You're probably right. I should be going to tell Mrs. Day about it right away. If you'll excuse me?

ROBIN

Oh, of course. But one thing?

MILLIE

Yes, Miss?

ROBIN

The lav?

MILLIE

Oh, right, Miss. Down the hall and to your left.

ROBIN

Thank you, Millie.

NARRATOR

Back upstairs, if one just takes a look out in the hall, they'd find May and Sonny are huddling with one another, speaking in hushed and rather intense tones. I wonder what they're saying.

MAY

I really don't know why I keep that girl around. She's never where I need her to be.

SONNY

Grandmother, Millie just went downstairs to get food for our guests and to call the police. Just like you asked. I really don't think you're being fair to her.

MAY

I shouldn't have to tell her what to do. She should just do it. When I was your age, servants knew how to anticipate their employer's every need.

SONNY

I know, Grandmother. But it's the 20s now. We're not living in the 19th century anymore.

Now come on, let's lock up this room. I don't have a good feeling about this. Mrs. Bull thinks it's just the start.

MAY

Gah, that old bat? Her thoughts aren't worth much.

SONNY

She's not stupid, no matter what her husband says.

MAY

But it's her husband who has all the power. She's never been brave enough to seize it for herself.

NARRATOR

Is that what we're calling your actions these days, May?

SONNY

Please, this isn't the time to go into what I need to to run our operations. I'll be ready when the time comes. You've prepared me well.

MAY

I know I have. It's whether you listen to me-- that is the real question in all this.

SONNY

Grandmother, please. Right now we have more important things to worry about. There is a dead doctor in your office. And Mrs. Bull said she heard the two of you were going to meet there.

MAY

Yes, we did. We conducted our business and then we left to rejoin the party.

SONNY

But if no one saw him after you spoke, then people are going to be suspicious.

MAY

Which is why you must say that I was with you.

SONNY

But you weren't with me.

MAY

No, I went to freshen up and check that the entertainment was ready. But no one will buy that excuse. If the police ask, you were with me.

SONNY

But-

MAY

Why the buts? Were you with someone who can dispute that claim?

NARRATOR

*-like the sassy friend wanting some gossip-*

Hmmm?

SONNY

No. I wasn't with anyone.

MAY

Good, then this covers us both. I don't want anyone trying to claim it was you either.

SONNY

Of course.

MAY

Then we're both on the same page. Now, let's get back to our guests.

NARRATOR

Oh, dear... the plot thickens.

I'm curious as to what Mrs. Day is up to. Let's continue following her, shall we?

MAY

Collins!

COLLINS

Missus?

MAY

Why aren't you behind the bar?

NARRATOR

That's an excellent question. I'd much rather our bartender be mixing me a new drink than hiding in a dark corner where he can't be seen.



COLLINS

Sorry, Missus. Just looking at what else we've got in the cabinet. I gots to go downstairs and gets a few more bottles.

MAY

Well, be quick about it. And find that girl. I want food circulating now.

COLLINS

Yes, Mrs. Right away, Mrs.

NARRATOR

Collins starts for the downstairs kitchen, opening the door to the steep staircase that led to the servants quarters. At the bottom of the stairs is a figure.

COLLINS

Millie? That you, girl?

NARRATOR

The figure doesn't move as Collins lumbers down the stairs.

COLLINS

Hello?

NARRATOR

He flips on the light.

COLLINS

Oh, Christ.

NARRATOR

Prostrate on the floor, with her neck at a quite unnatural angle is Mrs. Terry Bull. Vacant eyes and a surprised expression staring up at the world.

I guess you could say she was right about there being more than one death tonight.