

# Simply to Die For

Roving Rogue Productions

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By CJ Corl

# 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 EIGHT:

### Scene One:

#### NARRATOR

Let’s get started! As you may recall, we’ve had quite a few murders this evening at the Day Gala. A quick run down? Dr. Jameson a local doctor, Mrs. Terry Bull wife of the Mayor, Anita Goodman co-owner of the Telephone company and socialite, brewer for the Day Gang Tom Collins, and most recently, Mayor Eddie Bull. Considering that Mayor Bull was shot to death, Mary Goodman suggested that whoever had a gun was their obvious killer. With one minor problem. Which she discovered when every single guest at the party pulled out some sort of handgun, including her husband.

MARY

Noah!

NOAH

I know, but I figured it would be better to have some protection if we were going to be here with two gangs that don’t get along. No offense, Mrs. Day, Mr. Scannon, but I wanted to be able to protect my family if there was an altercation.

LEW

No offense taken here. You're a smart man.

MARY

Wait, so you all just wander around with guns?

*-variety of noises of agreement from the rest of the group-*

LEW

A lot of us are involved in crime. I'm always armed.

SONNY

Same.

BELLE

And when you work as an entertainer, you never know who's going to become obsessed with you.

VERA

Like you'd know anything about that.

BELLE

Oh, honey, the only reason you have one is because you're that man's moll. No one's obsessed with you.  
Especially not after you open your mouth.

VERA

Lew-ie!

MARY

So this doesn't help us figure out who it was at all.

SONNY

It doesn't seem like it.

MARY

Noah... I don't like this. I want to go home.

NOAH

We all do, darling. We all do.

MAY

Well, why don't we all take a few moments to collect ourselves? Mrs. Goodman, I'm sure that was quite a scare, and you're looking a bit pale. Why don't you lay down for a bit?

MARY

I don't want to go back up there.

SONNY

There's a fainting couch in the parlor down here. No need to go back upstairs. I'll show you where.

NOAH

Come on, darling. Lean on me.

NARRATOR

Sonny leads the two down the hall, to the morning room, pausing for just a moment before she flips on the light. The room is small with a few seats and a fainting couch.

NOAH

Here, sit. Put your feet up. For the baby.

MARY

Thank you, my dear.

SONNY

Here, let me pour you a drink, Mary.

MARY

Oh, thank you.

NOAH

So what did you and Mayor Bull actually talk about?

SONNY

Oh, um... I don't think that's something-

NOAH

It was about me, right?

SONNY

Noah... It's really private. Do you really want to talk about this here?

MARY

Anything you can say to my husband, you can say to me. We have no secrets.

NARRATOR

Oh, you say that now.

SONNY

Oh... Umm...

NOAH

It's about Skip, isn't it?

SONNY

Uhhh...

MARY

Noah?

NOAH

Miss Sonny, when my wife says she knows about everything, she knows about everything. She knows about Skip and me.

SONNY

So you...

MARY

I know about them. Noah and I have always had a good relationship. Probably because we've always been honest with each other.

SONNY

But... doesn't it make you jealous?

MARY

No. Noah is my best friend. I'm happy he's found someone he cares about.

SONNY

What about you?

MARY

I have my own lover also.

SONNY

So... the child?

NOAH

Any child Mary has is a Goodman.

SONNY

But-

NOAH

Look, I know it might not make much sense, but it works for us.

MARY

We're happy together. What's more important than that?

SONNY

I suppose you're right.

NOAH

Is that what this was about? Mayor Bull wanted to tell Mary?

SONNY

Yes, he was trying to convince me to go with him and tell you. He didn't think it was fair.

MARY

Well, that's sweet of him. But I would have just laughed.

NOAH

That man was like a wolf teaching a chicken how to fly.

MARY

*-laughs-*

Well, thank you for your honesty, Miss Day. I also appreciate your loyalty to us.

SONNY

It's not my secret to tell. Although, if I ever need some help, you know I'll be coming to collect.

NOAH

I wouldn't expect it any other way. But hopefully as allies, and not as rivals.

SONNY

Allies it is then.

NARRATOR

Well, that wasn't nearly as climactic as I expected.

Let's find someone else to peek in on. Oh, here's someone... May peers out into the hall, her perpetual scowl on her face as she looks around. Ever think her face is just stuck like that?

## Scene Two:

MAY

Now, where is that maid?

MILLIE

Right here, ma'am.

MAY

Go see to the Mayor and clean that up. Before there are stains. The rug in my office is already ruined. I don't need the ones upstairs ruined also.

MILLIE

Yes, ma'am.

MAY

Why that girl can't just do things without being asked, I'll never know.

NARRATOR

Millie steels herself before heading upstairs where Mayor Bull is still laying on the floor.

MILLIE

Alright, Millie... Let's get him... somewhere...

Ugh... disgusting man.

NARRATOR

Millie spreads out a canvas next to the mayor to move him onto. As one does when presented with the lovely task of moving the dead body of an elected official.

MILLIE

I do not get paid enough for this.

BELLE

You're right, you probably don't.

MILLIE

*-gasps-*

Oh lord!

BELLE

Sorry. Didn't mean to scare ya.

MILLIE

It's okay, Miss. I just didn't hear you come up.

BELLE

I do have a tendency to move about without making much noise.

...

Is there no one else here to help you?

MILLIE

Not tonight. Mrs. Day isn't a fan of having a lot of help.

BELLE

Which is why you're here scrubbing blood out of her precious floor rugs?

MILLIE

I'm here because she's my employer and she asked me to.

BELLE

But she sure don't treat you right.

MILLIE

She isn't as bad as some of my former employers.

BELLE

That don't mean she's good.

...

So, who do you think did it?

MILLIE

What?

BELLE

Oh come on, chickadee. You and I both know it's people like us who notice everything.

MILLIE

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

BELLE

Oh come on. You surely do.

MILLIE

Ummm... I'm not sure.

BELLE

Huh... I'd love to know who you think it is if you decide to share.

You need help moving that body?

MILLIE

What?

BELLE

The body? You need help moving it?

MILLIE

You'd help?

BELLE

Sure. How different can moving dead bodies be to moving passed out drunks?

NARRATOR

*-snorts-*

Very different...

BELLE

Here. I'll get the canvas closer and we can roll him over and- wait... what's this?

MILLIE

What's what?

BELLE

This? It's a... bracelet?

MILLIE

That's Miss Day's. She loves it dearly.



BELLE

Then what's it doing right where a man was shot?

MILLIE

I don't know. The clasp is always coming loose though. I've told her we should take it to the jewelers to get it fixed, but she hasn't yet.

BELLE

Do you think it could be her?

MILLIE

Miss Day? The killer?

BELLE

Yes.

MILLIE

Oh... I don't know... She's always been such a kind soul. At least to me. But she does have a... well, I've seen her be quite cruel with the men sometimes. Just like her grandmother.

BELLE

Interesting... well, I suppose it's not really evidence. Especially if it could have fallen off. I'll just put it in my clutch for now and give it back when we're done.

**(DOOR CREEKS OPEN)**

Scene Three:

NARRATOR

Silently. Stealthily. Sneakily. The door opens and a figure slips into one of the upstairs rooms. A slight clicking of heels on the hardwood floor.

LEW

Sunshine.

SONNY

Scannon.

LEW

You wanted to see me?

SONNY

I have a proposition for you.

LEW

What's that?

SONNY

Well, it seems like we could be... mutually beneficial to each other.

I mean, unless you're intent on killing everyone.

LEW

Depends. Anyone you want me to kill?

SONNY

Hmm... I don't know... I think you'd be more fun for me alive.

LEW

Oh yeah?

SONNY

Yeah. Now come here, you big brute.

LEW

Thought you'd never ask.

**(KISS)**

NARRATOR

Oh-ho... Didn't see that coming, did we?

LEW

Christ, I've wanted to do that all night.

SONNY

I know. It's so odd to be around you and my grandmother at the same time. All I want to do is be around you.

But...

LEW

I know. The old bag would kill us both if she knew.

SONNY

That's an understatement.

LEW

Think we could steal a few more moments?

SONNY

For what?

LEW

To show me what pretty bits of silk you have on under this dress.

SONNY

I suppose you can.

LEW

Only suppose?

NARRATOR

Lew pushes Sonny back against the wall, grinning like a maniac. His hand slides down, skimming over her waist and hips before gathering up the skirt of her dress. Sonny grasps his shoulders,

SONNY

*-gasp-*

NARRATOR

pulling him closer.

SONNY

I wish this wasn't so difficult.

LEW

I know. But you could always come back with me.

SONNY

You keep killing our gang members and I just might have to.

LEW

You have to know that I'm not doing that.

SONNY

Do I?

LEW

Like I said, I'm happy to take Day down. But I want to do it fair and square and beat her at her own game.

SONNY

So not infiltrating a party and slowly murdering people?

LEW

Nah, that seems too sneaky for the likes of me. I like my fighting out in the open.

SONNY

Unlike your relationships.

LEW

Hey, it's you who won't let this happen. Not me.

SONNY

What are you saying?

LEW

Come with me. Leave your family's gang and come with us.

SONNY

But my grandmother. And the Days.

LEW

I dunno, I've got a pretty good gang myself. And we could use a smart gal like you, Sunshine. Besides, we've been doing this sneaking around for two years now.

SONNY

But-

LEW

Just think about it?

SONNY

I'll think about it.

**(KISS)**

LEW

Good, now how about I liberate you from some of your layers. You've been teasing me in this dress all night.

NARRATOR

*-clears throat-*

Uhh... let's uhhh... I'm not sure if we should really be here for this.

**(DOOR OPENS)**

MILLIE

I think this should be fine-

SONNY

*-startled yelp-*

LEW

Christ!

**(BELLE AND MILLIE DROP THE MAYOR)**

MILLIE

Miss Day?

NARRATOR

*-chuckles-*

BELLE

Oh damn. You two?

NARRATOR

Millie and Belle stand in the doorway, holding the canvas that the very dead Mayor Bull is wrapped in.

Damn, there is a lot of blood. Glad I'm not helping with that. I'm honestly not sure how Millie and Belle don't have any blood on them.

BELLE

Honestly, I never thought I'd see this.

SONNY

You didn't see anything.

BELLE

Oh no, we definitely saw you and your fiercest rival necking.

LEW

Sunshine, we're caught.

SONNY

But we can't-

MILLIE

Don't worry, Miss. I won't say anything.

LEW

Miss Tone? I know you won't say anything, right?

BELLE

Ugh... another secret I can't gossip about?

LEW

How about I promise that you can tell everyone once we've got a few things sorted?

BELLE

Oh?

LEW

Yep, you can out us. Just let us get a few things set first?

BELLE

Well, it's not like there's really anyone I can tell while we're stuck here.

LEW

See, Sunshine? Nothing to worry about.

SONNY

My grandmother will kill me.

LEW

She won't yet.

SONNY

If you say so.

BELLE

Wait, what about Vera?

LEW

What about her?

BELLE

She seems pretty attached to you.

LEW

Ugh, that's all in her head. We aren't serious. She's just a good lay.

SONNY

Hey!

LEW

I'm joking Sunshine. You know you're the only girl for me.

SONNY

I better be. Or I'll go find my gun.

LEW

Oooo... I love it when you threaten me.

BELLE

Well this is all well and good, but we were gonna leave the Mayor in here. It was closer than dragging him downstairs. Probably quieter too. Ya know... thump... thu-thump... thu-hump...

LEW

Oh, sure. Let me help you ladies.

NARRATOR

With a little bit of help, they drag the canvas wrapped body into the room. The four stand together, surveying their work.

LEW

Well, I suppose that means we need to find somewhere else for some fun.

SONNY

You are incorrigible.

LEW

That I am. Come on, sunshine. Let's get out of the way of these ladies.

MILLIE

Thank you, Mr. Scannon, Miss Tone, Miss Day. I should be getting back. I found some more appetizers and put them in the oven. They should be done now.

SONNY

That should make grandmother happy. Good luck.

LEW

Come on, Sunshine. And, tell me about these handcuffs you have?

NARRATOR

Ooo.. kinky.

Millie scurries down the back stairs to the kitchen again while Belle heads back to the main rooms on the first floor.

#### Scene Four:

NARRATOR

In the corner, three of the men gather: Noah, Skip, and Rick. All watching the other party-goers.

SKIP

Good riddance if you ask me. That man was an ass.

NOAH

But why kill him? None of this is making sense.

RICK

How doesn't it make sense?

NOAH

These killings. They don't make sense. Sure, killing Collins and the Doctor to get at Mrs. Day? But what about the Bulls? What about Anita?

SKIP

And what about the attack on us and Lew? I'm sure if you wouldn't have come along, Rick, we would have been dead too.

RICK

I didn't even see anything. You could have been out for a while when I got there.

SKIP

Maybe, but I think I heard someone swearing and running off. Then you were there. I really think someone was going to kill us.

RICK

Heard something? Like their voice?

NOAH

Did you recognize it?

SKIP

Nah, it was just a harsh whisper. It could have been anyone for all I know.

RICK

Or you could have imagined it.

SKIP

Yeah, I suppose I could have.

NOAH

See? That's just it though. It's like we're playing a game without knowing the rules. There has to be something that connects everyone to each other.

SKIP

But who would know what that is?

RICK

Don't look at me. I wish I knew who it was. It's rather... elegant in a way.

NOAH

In what way?

RICK

Get everyone you want to kill in the same house. Make sure we can't get out. Then just pick them off one by one. It's a game.

SKIP

That's the kind of thing a crazy person does.

NOAH

Great, then who's the crazy person here?

RICK

I mean, Vera's crazy. But I don't know if she could actually kill someone. If she's smart enough to plan something like this, I've never seen that part of her.

NOAH

Honestly, I thought it was the Mayor for a brief moment. Let him get out from under his wife and some of the biggest gangs in the city.

RICK

But what about your sister?

NOAH

I don't know. But I do know that 'Nita was good at collecting secrets. It wouldn't surprise me if she didn't have something on him.



SKIP

But then he died.

NOAH

Right, so I guess it's not him.

RICK

That would have been too easy. Always hated that guy.

SKIP

You're not the only one.

MILLIE

Excuse me, sirs? I've brought up some desserts if you'd like some?

SKIP

Thank you.

NARRATOR

Millie makes her rounds to each of the guests, providing them with some delicate tarts, filled with fruit or chocolate.

BELLE

These are delicious. Here, Skip, try a bite of this one.

MAY

Our cook is one of the best. These tarts are my favorite. They're simply to die for.

NARRATOR

Maybe not the best choice of words, May.

VERA

I wouldn't know, you've barely fed us anything all evening.

MILLIE

My apologies, Miss.

VERA

Apologies don't bring food up here. Oh, there's still a chocolate one. Good.

MILLIE

I'll see if I can find anything else, Miss.

VERA

Please do. I'm going to faint if not given something to eat. I'm delicate, not inhuman. I still need to eat even if my figure doesn't look like I do.

MAY

Girl, go and get some more food for our guests.

MILLIE

I don't know-

MAY

Now.

MILLIE

Yes, ma'am.

MAY

Good help is just so hard to find.

NARRATOR

Rude.

VERA

Isn't it? Although, these tarts are delicious.

NARRATOR

Vera pops another of the delightful morsels into her mouth. May, on the other hand, frowns, looking over the tart she selected. She shrugs and then eats hers.

MAY

They are very good. Cook used my favorite recipe.

VERA

*-coughs a little-*

I think the cream in that one is a little off.

MAY

Oh, it's not just cream. It's a coconut cream base.

VERA

Coconut?

NARRATOR

Vera sways a little, catching hold of a chair to steady herself.

MAY

Yes, it's quite good with the chocolate, don't you agree-  
Miss Piercing. You've gone rather pale. Are you feeling alright?

VERA

Just a bit faint. Can you fetch Lew?

RICK

What's going on here?

ROBIN

Vera?

MAY

Perhaps you should sit down?

VERA

Yes... Yes...

RICK

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Vera, your face.

VERA

What about it?

RICK

You're all red and swollen.

VERA

I... I-

*-coughing, tongue swelling-*

Oh, I don't feel well.

MAY

What's wrong with her?

VERA

Lew-ie?

RICK

Come on, sit down, Vera. I've got ya.

ROBIN

Boss!

NARRATOR

Lew busts into the room, looking around frantically.

LEW

What? What is it?

RICK

Something's happening.

LEW

Christ. Vera, stay with me.

MAY

Her tongue. It's swelling up.

VERA

Can't...

LEW

Come on, girl, just take some deep breaths.

RICK

Boss... I don't think...

LEW

What the hell happened?

NARRATOR

His eyes wild as he searches the room before landing on May.

LEW

Day, what the hell did you do?

MAY

Nothing! The girl brought up some tarts, we both ate some.

VERA

Lew-ie...

NARRATOR

The actress claws at Lew, pulling on his shirt. Her cheeks are pale and waxy, and there are some angry red hives popping up. Her eyes widen as she tries to make sense of what's going on. She tries to speak but can't, unable to with her lips and tongue swelling up. In another moment, she stops moving altogether. Fingers originally clenched around Lew's shirt loosening and her eyes staring vacantly towards the ceiling.

LEW

Shit.