

# Guilty Party

A murderous farce  
in three acts.

by  
Scott Doss

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You are cordially invited to a murder at  
Dr. Phil Fein's early retirement party.  
Who is guilty?

- Joe Blowe** – The social-climbing Public Relations Director. His ability to uncover a story was matched only by his skill at cleverly hiding information. Was murder one of his secrets?
- Sal Monella** – The sharp-tongued Director of Food Service. She had been acquitted of poisoning her husband. Was the mistake really made in the kitchen... or in the legal system?
- Candy Stryper** – The voluptuous and easily-confused Nurse's Aide. Her beauty had opened many doors that she refused to have closed by her apparent lack of intelligence. Was her light truly as dim as her bulbs suggested?
- Dr. Rose Thornbush** – The lovesick Head of Surgery. She was a brilliant cardiac physician, but she lost her heart to a man who habitually married other women. Had she finally had enough?
- The Princess** – The recently-widowed European aristocrat. Although she was born with talent and glamour, marriage had brought her wealth and power. How far would she go to keep her inheritance?

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** For comic effect, it is suggested that male actors portray all the characters.

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## ACT ONE

*Curtain rises: the setting is Cal Amity Medical Emergency Center's hospitality room.*

*(Joe enters and directly addresses the audience.)*

JOE: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome. I'm so glad you've come. My name is Joseph Blowe. I am the Public Relations Director here at Cal Amity Medical Emergency Center, and it is my pleasure to be hosting tonight's festivities. I'm sure we all regret that Dr. Philip Fein has chosen to relinquish his position as our Executive Administrator, but it is certainly no surprise to those of us who know him well.

Dr. Fein has often spoken of forsaking the rat race and relocating to some tranquil European village. So, tonight in our new, state-of-the-art Phil Fein Hospitality Room, we honor him and his dream. He will be extremely pleased that you are all here to help celebrate his last night in America.

*(Sal enters during the last of Joe's speech.)*

SAL: *(Half-heartedly applauding.)* Joe, I love that speech; I love it; I've loved it the last eight times I've heard it.

JOE: Sal, I didn't hear you come in.

SAL: Well, how could you... when you're in the middle of Hamlet's soliloquy?

JOE: Sal, you're such a character. I was just welcoming everyone to Dr. Fein's bon voyage party. I know you'll agree with me when I say that...

*(Sal cuts him off.)*

SAL: So, you think the old letch is actually going to leave this time?

JOE: *(Embarrassed.)* Sal, please, we have guests here.

SAL: Oh, come on, Joe. Phil Fein has been teasing us with threats of early retirement for years... ever since his wife died.

JOE: Which wife?

SAL: The last one, Joe. Or should I say, "the third one". I certainly don't want to put any

restrictions on his marital bliss.

JOE: Sal, how can you be so callous? Dr. Fein loved every one of his wives. Marriage has just been very unlucky for him.

SAL: I'd say it's been very unlucky for his wives... not to mention "unhealthy".

JOE: Well, that's the pot calling the kettle black.

*(Sal is momentarily stunned.)*

SAL: You know my husband's death was an accident.

JOE: Yeah, an accidental poisoning. Personally, I've always found that fact a little ironic, especially since you're our Director of Food Service.

SAL: Don't start with me, Joe. I know enough about this hospital – and you – to send us all up the river.

JOE: Well, that certainly wouldn't be uncharted territory for you.

SAL: *(Taking a beat.)* You're very glib tonight, Mr. Joe Blowe. Perhaps you're anticipating that Dr. Fein will name you as his successor in our little corporate structure.

JOE: *(Suddenly ominous.)* I was merely referring to your resume, Ms. Monella. You know personnel files can be wonderfully enlightening to someone who reads between the lines. And being the former Food Service Director for the Slamm-Locke Correctional Facility might look good on paper, but I doubt many people actually recall the publicity associated with your "stay" there.

SAL: Yes, you have exceptional "selective" memory... and so do I. But you seem to forget that we ALL had a past, before coming to Cal Amity Medical. I've often wondered if Dr. Fein recruited each of us for just that reason.

JOE: I don't know what you mean.

SAL: Don't play stupid with me, Joe. I know all about your ladder-climbing rise to the top of the public relations world. You have a unique sense of human nature, Joe... and your uncanny ability to "break" a story is matched only by your lucrative talent for keeping certain stories under cover.

JOE: What the hell are you implying? I was a respected journalist before Dr. Fein offered me an executive position at this hospital.

SAL: Oh, yes, I know that. Your network of informants crossed all levels of society, didn't it? Was it only coincidence that some of those more powerful levels found you to be invaluable for suppressing delicate information... and for reshaping public images?

JOE: Well, it seems you also have quite an impressive network of informants.

SAL: I'm on to you, Joe. And I know what you and Phil have been doing with the hospital's financial records. That's right. Oh, don't think for one minute that I've ever excluded the honorable Dr. Fein from our little circle of cutthroats. He's just like the rest of us, Joe. So, don't threaten me with what you may or may not "recall" about my past. You may not like...

*(Candy enters and interrupts. She is wearing a tight-fitting, seductive candy striper uniform.)*

CANDY: Where's Phil... uh, I mean Dr. Fein?

SAL: I give up... where did you have him last?

CANDY: What?

JOE: Never mind, Candy. It was supposed to be a joke.

CANDY: I don't get it.

SAL: Well, it loses something in translation.

CANDY: Oh, that explains it. I never studied languages... except for English, of course. But, even then, when I had to diaphragm sentences, I felt like I was working with a foreign tongue.

JOE: "Diagram," Candy.

CANDY: No, I can't. I just told you. I never got the hang of that.

JOE: No... "diagram". The word you meant to use is "diagram," not "diaphragm".

SAL: I think she was right the first time.

CANDY: *(Continuing.)* I could try diaphragming it, if you have a pen and a piece of paper.

JOE: Never mind.

SAL: Don't stop her; she's on a roll.

CANDY: You know, when I was in school, I always wanted to study foreign languages, especially the ones called Romance Languages.

SAL: *(As an aside.)* I'd like to see her diaphragm those.

CANDY: *(Continuing.)* But, every time I told my advisor to sign me up for Romance Languages, he always tried to pull a fast one.

JOE: Candy, that's awful! You mean your advisor made a pass at you?

CANDY: No, he kept registering me for classes in French, Italian and Spanish. But after a while, I caught on. I marched right into his office and said, "Like, what is the deal here? Do you think I'm dumb, or what?"

SAL: Oh, that was good. Hit him with a trick question.

JOE: Well... what did he say?

CANDY: Well, what could he say? He was totally emasculated.

JOE: I think you mean "exasperated".

CANDY: He said, "Miss Stryper, don't you realize that Romance Languages are those which were derived from Latin?"

JOE: And did you realize that?

CANDY: Of course not! I spent the next three weeks having nightmares about trying to diaphragm my doctor's prescriptions... and Father O'Malley's Sunday sermons.

JOE: *(Changing the subject.)* Candy... didn't you come in here for a purpose?

CANDY: Well, duh, Joe. Did you think I came in by accident?

SAL: I know that calls for a sharp retort, but I just can't think of one right now.

JOE: Candy, I meant, didn't you come in here looking for Dr. Fein?

CANDY: Yes, have you seen him?

SAL: Sure... he's the tall, handsome guy who runs this place.

CANDY: What?

SAL: Nothing. Look, folks, I hate to leave such snappy repartee, but I've heard this part. And I have some things to do before our fearless leader makes his entrance. Joe, remember what I said. Candy, as always, it was a pleasure.

*(Sal exits.)*

CANDY: I have to be going, too. I still need to find Phil... I mean, Dr. Fein.

JOE: You know, that's the second time tonight you've slipped and called him Phil. You're usually much more careful.

CANDY: Careful? That's an odd thing to say. Most people who work closely together are on a first-name basis. I mean, I realize I'm only a nurse's aide, and the hospital is a hieroglyphical society, but still...

JOE: That's "hierarchical" society, and we both know that's not what I'm talking about.

CANDY: Don't be so sure. I rarely know what anyone is talking about.

JOE: Oh, that's not true. You're actually quite bright. You just don't give yourself enough credit.

CANDY: And neither does my MasterCard.

JOE: *(No longer playing games.)* You're also quite ambitious – and very resourceful. And I want to know the truth... why are you at this hospital?

CANDY: *(Proudly, as if interviewing for a job.)* Well, after graduating from the Barbara Dahl School of Modeling, I realized my desire to join the medical profession while I was being photographed for a catalog of nurses' uniforms. My agent was sorry to lose me, but he agreed that I have outstanding attributes that will service me well in any field.

JOE: I'm sure he said the attributes would "serve" you well, not "service" you well... but on second thought, you're probably right.

CANDY: And the rest is history.

JOE: Yes... unfortunately, it's historical fiction.

CANDY: What does that mean?

JOE: It means that I recognized you the minute you joined our staff.

CANDY: Oh, you've seen some of my modeling work?

JOE: No, I've seen some of your "other" work at the Dates To Remember Escort Service.

CANDY: *(Gasping.)* And just what are you implicating?

JOE: I'm not "implying" anything. I'm simply stating a fact. And don't bother acting surprised. How long have you known about me? Who are you working for?

CANDY: Joe, calm down. You're hysterical – and I don't mean funny.

JOE: *(Regaining his composure.)* I was secretly financing the entire operation at Dates To Remember. You must have known that. Then, things started to go sour. I had to begin exploring "alternative methods" of bookkeeping. That's when you showed up here.

CANDY: Joe, I really need to be going.

*(Candy turns to leave.)*

JOE: Did Big Eddie Small send you?

*(Candy stops abruptly.)*

CANDY: Who?

JOE: That's it, isn't it? You're spying on me and reporting to Big Eddie Small. Aren't you? How much is he paying you? Tell me!

CANDY: Joe, I don't even know who Big Eddie Small is.

JOE: *(Chuckling to himself.)* That's a very cleverly constructed statement, my dear... a statement that proves you're not as "dim" as you try to appear.

CANDY: What's this... more hysterical friction?

JOE: I said your lies were "historical fiction" not "hysterical friction". And don't change the subject.

CANDY: What is the subject?

JOE: The subject is Big Eddie Small. And I believe you when you say you don't know who he is... because NO ONE knows who he is! Big Eddie Small manages his entire criminal operation through veils of secrecy. His true identity has never been revealed. So, just because you lack a formal introduction, don't pretend you're not on his payroll.

CANDY: Joe, I'm leaving now. And if you're as smart as you think you are, you won't mention this conversation to anyone else. Because if you do, I can assure you that...

*(Rose enters. She is wearing a lab coat.)*

ROSE: There you are, Candy. I've been looking for you.

CANDY: Yes, Dr. Thornbush?

ROSE: Hi, Joe.

JOE: Hello, Rose.

ROSE: Candy, have you seen Dr. Fein?



CANDY: No, I was just on my way to find him though. Maybe he's still upstairs in his study.

ROSE: Well, as long as you're going there anyway, could you take him his heart medication?

*(Rose takes a bottle of tablets from her lab coat pocket and hands them to Candy.)*

CANDY: Oh, dear. Where did he leave it this time?

ROSE: In the lounge, on top of the soda machine.

JOE: You know if my life depended on regular doses of heart medication, I think I'd be a little more careful about keeping it with me.

CANDY: Oh, you wouldn't believe the number of times I've found his pills left in odd, out-of-the way places. I'll get these to him right away, Dr. Thornbush.

ROSE: Thank you... oh, and Candy, see if he's in the lab first. I just phoned his study and there was no answer.

CANDY: Alright.

*(Candy exits.)*

ROSE: Well, Joe, this is going to be quite the celebration. You've really outdone yourself this time.

JOE: Thank you, Rose. That's nice of you to say. I realize this whole business with Phil isn't exactly the happiest of times for you.

ROSE: Oh, I've had better, I have to admit.

JOE: But still, you're the prime candidate to replace him as Executive Administrator of the hospital. And even without that, you're a brilliant cardiac surgeon – and the most respected staff member we've ever had.

ROSE: Power and esteem are poor substitutes for love, Joe. I'd drop everything and go away with Phil... if only he'd ask me.

JOE: Was that part of the original plan? Is that what you expected?

ROSE: Oh, I don't know what I expected – obviously too much. But, that's always been my nature. I watched him endure three marriages of pure hell. Oh, he played his part perfectly. No one could have ever guessed the torture those women put him through... no one, except me. But then, I didn't have to guess. He told me. He always confided in me about everything. And I listened. I listened... and I waited. I was always there for him... because deep in my heart, I knew I was in love. And I hoped that one day he would

realize... that he loved me, too.

JOE: I'm sorry, Rose. I really am.

ROSE: It doesn't matter. We might have been able to have something once, but all that changed when... well, there's no use worrying about it now. It's over. They're leaving. They're leaving... and I'm staying.

JOE: They? What do you mean "they"? Who's going with him?

ROSE: Oh, Joe, surely you know what's been going on. Why, it's as plain as...

*(The Princess enters. She is the epitome of affected elegance.)*

THE PRINCESS: *(Extending her hand to Joe.)* Jeff... how marvelous to see you again.

ROSE: *(Looking at Joe.)* Jeff?

JOE: Princess! What a pleasant surprise. I thought you'd already returned to Europe.

THE PRINCESS: Oh, no. I wouldn't miss this evening for the world.

JOE: You remember Dr. Rose Thornbush, our Head of Surgery?

THE PRINCESS: Yes, of course. Dr. Thornbush, how are you?

ROSE: It's nice to see you again, Princess.

JOE: Oh, Dr. Fein will be delighted that you're joining us tonight. Your presence enhances any occasion.

THE PRINCESS: How charming. Thank you, Jeff.

JOE: Uh, it's Joe.

THE PRINCESS: Of course. Speaking of Dr. Fein, do you know where he is? I really must see him before the festivities begin. It's very important.

ROSE: He's in constant demand, it seems. One of our nurse's aides just went to find him.

THE PRINCESS: Oh, that must have been the young lady I passed in the hall. She appeared to be on a very serious mission.

ROSE: I'm sure she was.

JOE: Princess, if you'd like, I can try to locate him also.

THE PRINCESS: Could you, please? That would be so nice. It really is quite imperative that I speak to him privately.

JOE: My pleasure. I'll be back shortly.

PRINCESS: Thank you, John.

JOE: It's Joe.

THE PRINCESS: Of course.

*(Joe exits.)*

ROSE: So, Princess, you must be anxious to return to your estate.

THE PRINCESS: Yes, I have to admit I am a little homesick.

ROSE: Well, unfortunately, that's one sickness for which even Phil has no cure.

THE PRINCESS: Excuse me?

ROSE: Oh, I only mean that you're lucky to have Dr. Fein moving to your village. He'll enjoy it there. That lifestyle is what he's always wanted.

THE PRINCESS: I've been trying to discourage him actually.

ROSE: What?!

THE PRINCESS: Well, let's face it. Phil Fein is a product of the modern world. Those stories about the peace and tranquility of the laid-back European countryside are great for travel brochures, but get real. Boring is boring! There's just no other word for it.

ROSE: But, I thought the purpose of your trip here was to persuade Phil to relocate to Europe.

THE PRINCESS: Heavens, no!

ROSE: But Phil has been closely associated with your family for years... and it's no secret that you're the hospital's most prominent independent benefactor. He'd do anything for you.

THE PRINCESS: Apparently not.

ROSE: Well, then why has he suddenly made this decision?

THE PRINCESS: Dr. Thornbush...

ROSE: (*Warming up to her slightly.*) Call me Rose.

THE PRINCESS: Of course. Rose, I'm sure you know Phil Fein as well as I. He is not an impulsive man. He treats the world as if it were his own private game. He moves the pieces, he stacks the decks, and he always plays to win. This early retirement charade of his is a carefully calculated maneuver. The trick is to find out exactly what prize he is playing for.

ROSE: But what could he possibly achieve by moving to your village?

THE PRINCESS: That is precisely what I want to...

(*Sal enters.*)

SAL: Well, hello, Princess. Long time, no see.

THE PRINCESS: (*Gasping.*) Sal Monella!

SAL: I didn't know you were going to be here tonight. Are you on the program?

THE PRINCESS: Uh... what?

SAL: Oh, I just thought maybe you were going to sing.

ROSE: Sing? Sal, what are you talking about?

THE PRINCESS: It's nothing, Rose.

SAL: Nothing! What do you mean, nothing. Rose, at one time, The Princess was a very popular cabaret entertainer in Paris... of course, that was before she married royalty.

THE PRINCESS: Sal, I don't think we need to go into this.

SAL: Well, you're probably right. That was long ago... back when my husband Frankie was still alive. You didn't know my husband, did you, Rose?

ROSE: No, Sal, I...

SAL: *(Continuing.)* Oh, he was a fun guy, Rose. The places we went, the things we saw! It was wonderful. He owned shares in nightclubs all over the world. And the Princess, here, was a headliner – until she met that Balkan nobleman.

ROSE: Really?

SAL: Yeah. Well I never saw him, myself, but apparently he was the proverbial handsome prince... just like in a fairy tale.

THE PRINCESS: Yes, he was.

SAL: And it was so tragic to hear about his recent death – on your honeymoon, no less. I'm truly sorry, Princess.

THE PRINCESS: Thank you. But as they say, life goes on.

SAL: Exactly! That's why I thought maybe you'd resumed your singing career. I'd really love to hear you again. Rose, believe me, no one can belt "What I Did For Love" like The Princess.

ROSE: Sal, please. The Princess is not here to sing.

SAL: Well, alright. I just thought it would be nice if we livened things up a little...

*(Joe enters.)*

JOE: Princess, I'm sorry. I can't find Dr. Fein anywhere.

ROSE: Did you check his private study?

JOE: No, but I saw Candy on her way there. She said she'd already checked the lab and the only place left was the study.

THE PRINCESS: Well, I guess it's nothing that can't wait. I'll just see him later. Thank you for trying, Jim.

JOE: It's Joe.

THE PRINCESS: Of course.

JOE: And, Princess, this may not be the most appropriate time, but I haven't had a chance to extend my condolences about your husband. I never had the pleasure of meeting him, however I'm sure he was a wonderful man.

THE PRINCESS: Yes... just not a very good shot.

ROSE: Excuse me?

THE PRINCESS: Well, you see, our honeymoon was an African safari – and he was eaten by a lion.

SAL: That reminds me, Princess. You used to do a mean rendition of "I Am Woman, Hear Me Roar". Are you sure you don't want to sing?

THE PRINCESS: *(Snapping at her.)* No!

*(Candy screams offstage and rushes in.)*

CANDY: Dr. Thornbush, come quickly!

ROSE: Candy, what's wrong?

CANDY: It's Dr. Fein. He's dead. I think he's been murdered!

EVERYONE: *(Except Candy.)* What?!

CANDY: Oh, come quickly! He's slumped over the desk in his study – and it looks like he's been stabbed in the back!

ROSE: Stabbed?!

JOE: Candy, are you sure he was "stabbed"?

CANDY: Right in the middle of his martini. Well, actually the "stabbing" was in his back... but it must have happened while he was drinking his almond martini. That room reeks of booze and burnt almonds.

ROSE: Alright, Candy. I'll get my medical bag, and I'll meet you there. Joe, Sal, Princess... I may need your help, too.

*(Everyone exits, except Joe. He directly addresses the audience.)*

JOE: O.K., now folks, we're going to go see what we can do. Everyone here just please remain calm, and I'll be back shortly to let you know what's going on. I'm sure there's a reasonable explanation for everything. So, just relax and enjoy yourselves. There's nothing to worry about. It's probably all just a big misunderstanding. But... if it's not, believe me, we'll get to the bottom of this – or my name isn't Joe Blowe.

*(Joe exits.)*

*CURTAIN.*

## ACT TWO

*Curtain rises: all characters except Rose are onstage.*

*(Rose enters, carrying a medical bag, and directly addresses the audience.)*

ROSE: Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen. If I could have your attention please... I regret to inform you that Dr. Fein is, indeed, dead.

JOE: *(To the crowd, as if in a press conference.)* Yes, and it appears that he has met with foul play.

SAL: "Appears"? Joe, there is a very prominent knife wound in Phil's back. Of course, he met with foul play.

JOE: Oh, sure, there's a knife "wound". But where is the knife?

SAL: What?

JOE: Sal, there is no murder weapon. Therefore, I don't think we should jump to conclusions. After all, we are not the police.

CANDY: It could have been an accident.

SAL: Like your hair color?

CANDY: What?

JOE: Forget it, Candy. It was just a sophomoric simile.

CANDY: It was not! It was a hateful comment about my hair, wasn't it?

JOE: Candy, we have more important things to worry about.

CANDY: Well, why isn't someone worried about the martini glass?

JOE: What do you mean?

CANDY: I mean the knife isn't the only thing missing. What about the martini glass? Like I said before, that room reeked of booze and burnt almonds... so Phil must have spilled his martini onto the carpet as he was being stabbed.

JOE: I didn't smell anything.

SAL: *(Looking suspiciously at Joe.)* Interesting...

CANDY: All I'm asking is, "Where is the glass?"

JOE: Oh, Candy, forget the glass and let us get back to Phil's murder!

SAL: Aha! See, you do agree it was murder!

JOE: I never said it wasn't.

SAL: Yes, but you insinuated it.

CANDY: *(To Sal.)* So, you incinerated my hair color was an accident.

ROSE: Alright, everyone! This isn't getting us anywhere. Now, we all saw Phil's body. The fact is he is dead... and there is a puncture wound in his back. How that wound got there is mere conjecture at this point.

SAL: Yes, and that conjecture is exactly what will interest the police.

JOE: For once, I agree with Sal.

SAL: And for once, I agree with Candy.

*(Everyone stops and looks at Sal.)*

SAL: *(Continuing.)* We all know Phil enjoyed some type of flavored martini every afternoon as he was winding down. You made those for him, didn't you, Rose?

ROSE: Yes. Phil had a "problem" keeping alcohol in his own study.

SAL: Uh-uh...



ROSE: So at the end of each day, I'd mix him a drink in my office and take it to him.

SAL: Did you do that today?

ROSE: Like clockwork.

SAL: And did you stay to join him in a drink?

ROSE: Not today. He had someone in the study with him. When I knocked, he barely opened the door to take the glass. Then, he just... dismissed me.

SAL: So, you don't know who was in the study... and you don't know if Phil actually drank the martini.

ROSE: No.

SAL: *(Looking at Joe, Candy, and The Princess.)* Were any of you in the study with Phil?

JOE: No.

CANDY: No.

THE PRINCESS: No.

SAL: Interesting.

JOE: Sal, what are you getting at?

SAL: Just this... Candy was right. The room DID smell like booze and burnt almonds. So, most – or all – of that flavored martini is in the carpet. Now, we all know Phil was not the type to waste good alcohol. In fact, that's the real reason Rose had to keep his liquor locked in her office. That means he either spilled the drink accidentally... or perhaps this mysterious, unidentified person in the study DID stab Phil... and cause him to drop the martini. Either way, I repeat Candy's question, "Where is the glass?"

*(Everyone looks at each other.)*

SAL: *(Sarcastically.)* Well, don't strain your brains. Maybe the butler did it... and then cleaned up afterwards.

CANDY: We have a butler?

SAL: (*Ignoring Candy.*) Rose, in your opinion, how long has Phil been dead?

ROSE: Well, I can't say for certain. To make an assumption without a proper autopsy would just be a stab in the dark.

SAL: Ooh, bad choice of words.

CANDY: Wait a minute! Was that another sophomoric simile?

JOE: No, that was a metaphor. But you're catching on.

ROSE: (*Continuing.*) However, Joe has notified the proper authorities, and when they arrive, I'm sure more of our questions will be answered.

SAL: And I'm sure they're going to have quite a few questions for us, too.

THE PRINCESS: Us? But, why us? We're innocent party guests. We don't know what was happening in Phil's study.

SAL: (*Laughing.*) Oh, we are FAR from innocent party guests, Princess. And by the way, I was wondering when you were going to speak up.

THE PRINCESS: Well, it's ridiculous to even suggest that we would have information about Phil's death.

SAL: Oh, I don't know. If I were a detective, I'd say the five of us make a prime group of suspects.

EVERYONE: (*Except Sal.*) What?!

SAL: Well, think about it. We were gathered tonight to say goodbye to him, but who among us was actually sorry to see him go?

*(Everyone, except Sal, makes grumbling sounds, trying to think of some way to answer her question.)*

ROSE: I was. It's no secret that I loved him – and I'm not embarrassed to admit it.

SAL: No, Rose. You loved him once, but that ended when he told you he was moving to Europe... alone.

ROSE: Actually, he never made such a claim – and that was the whole problem! You see, he thought I'd never suspect... that I'd never find out the truth.

SAL: What?! He never admitted to you he was leaving?

ROSE: No, that's not what I mean. He said he was moving to Europe alright – but he never said he was going alone.

JOE: Rose, you started this earlier. What exactly are you talking about?

ROSE: I'm talking about his latest little affair. Oh, he was very sly. He thought no one knew. But I did. I mean, after all these years, how could I not sense something?

THE PRINCESS: And you suspected me, didn't you?

ROSE: Well, why not! Suddenly, out of the blue, you arrive just as he's about to relocate to your village. You have to admit it all falls neatly into place.

THE PRINCESS: Rose, I can assure you... Phil and I were far from lovers.

ROSE: But how was I to know? I've spent my life waiting for Phil. I watched as he married three glamorous women, each one more horrible than the other – and I held him later, as he cried. He vowed never to make those mistakes again. When you showed up, it just seemed like history was repeating itself.

THE PRINCESS: Well, considering his wives have all died in mysterious accidents, I don't think I'd want to be a part of that history.

SAL: So, why are you here?

THE PRINCESS: I, uh... well, I had some unfinished business to discuss with Phil.

SAL: Something that couldn't wait until he got to Europe?

THE PRINCESS: Really! I don't see how any of this concerns you.

SAL: Maybe not me, personally. But, these are questions the police will ask. You can answer them now or later. It's up to you.

THE PRINCESS: Oh, I knew I should never have come here. Phil Fein was nothing but trouble. He had been hounding my husband's family for years.

SAL: Spare me the violins.

THE PRINCESS: It's the truth! He wormed his way into their lives long ago when he was a young intern in Europe.

ROSE: What?! Phil practiced medicine in Europe?

THE PRINCESS: And you thought you knew all his secrets.

ROSE: He never mentioned living in Europe.

THE PRINCESS: As you said earlier, he was very sly. There actually was a time when Phil was the attending physician for my husband's royal family. In fact, when my late husband was born, Phil was the doctor who delivered him.

JOE: Yes, and if I remember correctly, he also delivered your husband's twin sister.

THE PRINCESS: (*Obviously flustered.*) Uh... ah... you must be mistaken, Jack. My husband doesn't have a sister.

JOE: Well, not any more, that's true. She was stillborn. And my name is Joe!

ROSE: Joe, how did you know this?

JOE: When The Princess began donating large sums of money to the hospital, I ran a background check through an international wire service – strictly for PR purposes, you understand. It seems the story of her husband's birth – and the corresponding death of his father – was big news.

SAL: I knew there was melodrama here. O.K., spill it.

JOE: Well, while the royal mother was in labor, the royal father was racing home to her bedside. He lost control of his car on the icy mountain road and was killed in a fiery crash. Meanwhile, the mother gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl.

ROSE: And only the boy survived?

JOE: So they say.

SAL: Princess, what did you mean when you said Phil had been hounding your husband's family for years?

THE PRINCESS: Just that! Of course, I don't know all the details. But my mother-in-law had very few kind words for the eminent Dr. Fein.

SAL: That's quite a turn of events.

JOE: Exactly! I'd like to know why Phil tumbled from the good graces of the royal mother. If he was her doctor, she obviously trusted him at one time. What did he do to destroy that?

THE PRINCESS: We may never find out. My mother-in-law died last month. And now... Phil's dead, too.

CANDY: How sad. I saw something like this in a TV mini-series.

SAL: Well, look who just woke up.

CANDY: You know, if this were a movie, the twin sister would have secretly survived under an assumed identity. Then, at the last minute, she would step forward to reclaim her rightful inheritance. But, *(Giggling.)* that's impossible. *(Suddenly getting a new idea.)* Unless, of course, she doesn't realize who she is – or she has some need to remain “unanimous”.

JOE: You're right – that's impossible.

CANDY: Well, if I were the twin sister, I know I wouldn't be unanimous. I'd go to Europe with The Princess, and we'd rule our estate together.

SAL: Oh, that's a lovely thought. Huh, Princess?

THE PRINCESS: Charming... and unfortunately quite fanciful. You see the laws of my estate are very antiquated. Upon a man's death, his property and power can pass to his widow... or to his son... but not to his daughter. It's all very misogynistically feudal.

CANDY: Yeah! And it discriminates against women, too.

