

# Lexington Heights – Episode One

**ANNOUNCER:** Thank you for tuning in as we proudly present a new and exciting serial drama... LEXINGTON HEIGHTS! A story which probes into the lives of everyday people like you and me and asks the question: What is the true source of happiness? Money? Friends? Adventure? Join us in seeking answers in each episode of... LEXINGTON HEIGHTS!

Our story begins in the office of Thurston Monroe, a successful and handsome lawyer. He is meeting Dorsey Witcomb, a new client, for the first time. Dorsey, an attractive young widow, has been accused of murdering her wealthy husband, Gerard Witcomb.

**THURSTON:** Won't you please come in, Mrs. Witcomb? (*Sound of door closing*) Have a seat. (*Sound of chairs being adjusted as Dorsey sits then another as Thurston sits*). Now, then, this is a serious case, Mrs. Witcomb, and, I must confess, the few reports I've seen in the paper indicate...

**DORSEY:** (*interrupting, her voice is calm and seductive*) Those stories help sell newspapers, Mr. Monroe, but they aren't true. By the way, please call me Dorsey. A man who's going to defend someone on a murder charge should be on a first-name basis with his client. Now, then, the client should know her lawyer's first name, too. Yours is Thurston, right?

**THURSTON:** Yes.

**DORSEY:** Well, from now on it's Dorsey and Thurston. Before we go any further, Thurston, I want to tell you I'm not asking you to cover up anything. I didn't kill my husband and I don't know who did. Ours was not a good marriage and I was not a perfect wife. But I am also not a murderer.

**THURSTON:** Well, thank you, Mrs. Witcomb. That makes...

**DORSEY:** (*Correcting him*) Dorsey.

**THURSTON:** Dorsey. I take more interest in a case when I know I'm fighting to clear an innocent client. When Adam Kroll asked me to take your case...

**DORSEY:** (*Interrupting*) Adam is my lover.

**THURSTON:** (*Slight pause*) I half guessed that, Mrs. ... (*He catches himself*)... Dorsey. Adam was most insistent that I represent you. And he paid me a handsome retainer. One doesn't do that for a mere acquaintance.

**DORSEY:** Yes, Adam is my lover, and I'm sure that fact will come out at the trial. That gives me a pretty good motive for killing my husband, doesn't it?

**THURSTON:** Yes, yes, it does.

**DORSEY:** It's not going to be easy for you, Thurston. Adam and I were at a motel the night Gerard was murdered. But Adam is the only witness who can attest to that. Even the night clerk didn't see me.

**THURSTON:** He must have seen Adam, though.

**DORSEY:** Not after 7:00 p.m. There was plenty of time for Adam – or anyone who was with him – to drive back to Lexington Heights and murder my husband. I don't have an alibi, and neither does Adam.

**THURSTON:** That brings up the question I've been meaning to ask. I understand that you and you alone, have been accused of murdering your husband. Why don't the police suspect Adam? Didn't he have an equally good motive?

**DORSEY:** Not exactly. Adam wasn't jealous of Gerard. He doesn't want me for a wife and he already has me as a lover. In terms of money, he stood to lose with Gerard's death. Gerard is... (*Catches herself*) ... WAS a big customer for Adam's firm. If I had asked him to help me kill Gerard, he would have done his best to talk me out of the idea.

**THURSTON:** Did you ask him?

**DORSEY:** My dear Thurston, I told you at the start I'm not here to ask you to cover up for me. As you can tell, I'm an outspoken person. At one time or another I've probably told Adam I wished Gerard were dead. I know some of the servants have heard me say the same thing directly to my husband.

But both Adam and they know that's just my way of talking. I speak out my feelings, but I am not a violent person.

**THURSTON:** What else makes the police believe you killed your husband?

**DORSEY:** His will.

**THURSTON:** He leaves all his money to you?

**DORSEY:** (*With deliberate calmness*) Two million dollars.

**ANNOUNCER:** Well! We will leave Thurston Monroe's office for the moment as his lively and attractive client continues to list the facts that make her a likely suspect in the murder of her late husband, Gerard Witcomb. In the meantime, let's listen in at 2900 Holley Avenue, the home of Adam and Meg Kroll, where things are NOT going smoothly.

**MEG:** (*Harshly*) It will serve you right if you get hauled into court as an accomplice to that female lynx.

**ADAM:** (*Calmer but edgy*) Dorsey did NOT murder her husband. You have every right to hate her – AND me. But you know as well as I do, she's not someone who resorts to murder.

**MEG:** If she can steal my husband, she can murder hers. And whether she's innocent or not, where do you think you get off using OUR money to hire OUR lawyer to defend HER?

**ADAM:** Thurston's the best lawyer in town. Dorsey needs all the help she can get.

**MEG:** (*Shouting*) But you don't have to pay for it! That's money you're taking out of my mouth. Leave my bed if you feel you must, but don't leave me penniless! I've stood by you for twenty-seven years, and now you want to leave me for a woman – a tramp – who's younger than your own son!

**ADAM:** I haven't said I am leaving you, and if you look around this house, I don't think you can say we're exactly poverty-stricken.

**MEG:** Nor is Dorsey Witcomb! You don't have to buy her a lawyer. Dorsey can buy her own lawyer. I'm already embarrassed that the whole town will learn of your affair with Dorsey when she goes on trial. Do you need to DOUBLE the embarrassment by letting everyone know that you paid for her lawyer?

**ADAM:** I'm not paying for her lawyer. I gave Thurston a retainer so that he would take Dorsey's case. She'll pay her own bills from now on. And Dorsey will repay me if that will make you happy.

**MEG:** (*Disgusted*) Make me happy? The only way she could make me happy is if she died. I hate her! Husband stealer!

**ADAM:** I've tried to tell you, Meg, it takes two to have an affair. And two to make a marriage not work. You can't put the blame all on one person.

**MEG:** Oh really! SHE was unhappy – marrying someone twice her age – and she set out to get someone to fill her lonely hours.

**ADAM:** (*Sarcastically*) And she found me – seven years younger than her husband but still twice her age. Remember? I have a son older than she is.

**MEG:** I can't help it if her tastes run to older men. But she set out to catch you as surely as if she'd put out a bear trap.

**ADAM:** (*Sarcastically*) If she was out for bear, she should have gotten you, my sweet. Because that's the way you've acted for the past five or six years now – like a perpetually angry bear.

**MEG:** She DID trap me! It was all part of her plan to lure you. Remember how sticky sweet and pathetic she was when we met her at the country club? (*Mimicking in an innocent voice*) “Oh, it's so good to talk to you, Meg. I need the friendship of a down-to-earth woman like you.” (*Back to her bitter voice*) Yeah, she needed me so she could come over and sit in this kitchen and bat her eyelashes when you walked in the door. Oh, what a fool I was to be a friend to Dorsey Witcomb!

**ADAM:** You WERE a good friend. And Dorsey feels doubly guilty about... what happened. We didn't plan it, Meg. Particularly not Dorsey. These things sometimes happen even though you try to avoid them. (*Slight pause*)

Oh, it's no use trying to explain to you. You can't possibly understand. I'm not sure I understand it.

**MEG:** (*Breaking down*) Oh, Adam. Where did we go wrong? I've tried so hard to be a good wife and mother. Where did we go wrong?

**ADAM:** (*Comforting her*) I don't know, Meg. I don't know.

**ANNOUNCER:** While Adam and Meg Kroll ponder their past and their future, let us shift our attention to an intimate Chinese restaurant in downtown Lexington Heights. There, at a secluded table toward the back, Adam and Meg's son Ricky Kroll is having lunch with Courtney Hamilton. Courtney, seventeen years old, has cut school to meet and talk with the handsome young tennis player.

**COURTNEY:** I'll sit here with my back to the door, Rick. If you spot anyone we know coming in the front door, tell me, and I'll slip out past the rest rooms and go out the back way.

**RICKY:** Who's going to find you here? Your history teacher?

**COURTNEY:** I didn't think anyone would see us at Belleview last week, but that Mrs. Richardson was there, and she went running to my mother just like I told you she would. Mother was furious. "Don't you hang around with that tennis bum!" she shouted. "He's ten years older than you are and he doesn't have a decent job." Then she really chewed me out about skipping school. With my luck, some other member of her bridge club will pop in here today.

**RICKY:** I'm only nine years older than you, and I earn more money than your old lady does.

**COURTNEY:** Not if you count her alimony as earned income. You charge a lot for those tennis lessons, but how many do you give a week?

**RICKY:** (*Sweetly*) Hey, come on now. You didn't meet me here so we could pick away at one another. (*Changing the subject*) What do you want to order? Shall we get the combination lunch for two?

**COURTNEY:** Oh, Ricky, you are sweet! I don't know what gets into me sometimes. I start sounding like my mother. I think she gets upset with me because she's jealous. Here I am in the prime of youth with lots of boys calling me up... oh don't worry Rick. They're all pimply-faced kids. I don't pay attention to them. But they call up. And there sits Mother. At home. Alone. She wishes she was getting phone calls.

**RICKY:** (*Skeptically*) From me? Or those pimply-faced kids?

**COURTNEY:** (*laughs*) Of course not. She probably wishes someone like Dr. Crawford would ask her for a date. Right now, I think YOU would be the LAST person Mother would want to have dating her.

**RICKY:** What has she got against me anyway? So I'm older than you are. I have been a "good boy." I HAVE treated you with respect. You are probably safer with me than you would be if you were dating those sex-crazed guys at your school.

**COURTNEY:** Sometimes I wish you WOULDN'T be so respectful.

**RICKY:** But what has your mother got against me?

**COURTNEY:** She doesn't know you like I do. She thinks you're dangerous and that you will get me pregnant or something. Or she thinks I'll get too serious and then you will drop me. And hurt me.

**RICKY:** That's what she TELLS you, but there's something more, isn't there?

**COURTNEY:** Well, you ARE turning me into a truant. School has sent six cut notices to Mother in the last two weeks.

**RICKY:** Seriously, Court.

**COURTNEY:** Six cuts is pretty serious.

**RICKY:** There's something about who I am. My family. Your mother doesn't like me because I'm Ricky *Kroll*.

**COURTNEY:** Well...

**RICKY:** Yes?

**COURTNEY:** You know Mother was Garard Witcomb's stepsister?

**RICKY:** Yes.

**COURTNEY:** Well, Mother feels that your father was partly responsible for Uncle Gerard's death.

**RICKY:** My father? He's big, but... murdering Gerard Witcomb? That's ridiculous.

**COURTNEY:** I said "responsible" Rick. That doesn't mean he actually pulled the trigger. It's that your Dad was seeing Dorsey. Mother feels that their affair is directly related to the murder. If Dorsey didn't do it herself, she arranged it. So I guess you can see why Mother thinks your father may be involved, too.

**RICKY:** That's crazy. I hope you know that, Court. *(Pause)* hey, now, you never answered me. Shall we order the combination lunch?

**COURTNEY:** Whatever you say. You're the expert on Chinese food.

**RICKY:** Not really an expert, I just like it. *(Short pause)* Hold it, Court. Don't turn around. You're not going to believe this, but your mother just walked in. She's standing up at the front counter now. Don't panic. Here's what we'll do. I'll walk up and talk to her. And about five seconds after I have started toward her, you skip out the back way, OK?

**COURTNEY:** OK.

**RICKY:** I'll pick you up after school. Sorry about lunch. Maybe you can grab a hamburger on the way back to school. See you later, hon. I'm going to start toward her now.

**COURTNEY:** Bye Ricky!

**RICKY:** Well, hello, Mrs. Hamilton! I didn't realize you love Chinese food. This is one of my favorite dives. (*As if giving her a confidential tip*) The pressed duck is the best thing on the menu.

**ELIZABETH:** (*Coolly*) Don't try to charm me, young man. I know you for what you are: a rich bum.

**RICKY:** Woah! Those are kinda harsh words, Mrs. H. I haven't done anything to annoy you just now, have I? I saw you come in and I...

**ELIZABETH:** You may be as pleasant as pie right now, but I know you spell trouble for my daughter. And all your sweet talk isn't going to make me like you.

**RICKY:** Look, Mrs. Hamilton, I like Courtney and she...

**ELIZABETH:** (*Interrupting*) ... THINKS she likes you. But I'm telling you, Mr. Kroll, keep away from my daughter or...

**RICKY:** (*Coolly*) or WHAT, Mrs. Hamilton? Or WHAT?

**ANNOUNCER:** As Elizabeth Hamilton considers how to respond to Ricky Kroll, we will interrupt for a moment and listen in to another conversation taking place only a few blocks away in the waiting room of Dr. Blake Crawford's office. Ruth Brown, the receptionist, is greeting Anne Mathews, the dancing school teacher whom Blake Crawford has been dating in recent weeks.

**RUTH:** (*Cheerfully*) Good afternoon, Anne. Dr. Crawford still has a patient in there, but he should be free in a few minutes. Have a seat.

**ANNE:** Thanks Ruth. Today's a slow day at the studio, and Blake...

**RUTH:** (*Interrupting*) I know, I have it written down right here on his calendar. "Lunch with Anne Mathews, 1:00 p.m." You should consider yourself complimented, young lady. Dr. Crawford is usually a very busy man. It isn't often he manages to find an hour in the middle of the day to have a leisurely lunch. (*Kindly*) Sometime you'll have to tell me how you do it. I keep urging Dr. Crawford to take more time off. (*Changing the subject*) Now, you. I imagine you may be finding the pace in Lexington Heights a



little too slow... settling back here after the rush-rush of New York and the excitement of Broadway.

**ANNE:** Well, not exactly Broadway. The Lincoln Center. But dancers are like athletes, Ruth; they become “has-beens” early in life. In some ways, I find...

*(Door opens and Blake enters with patient)*

**BLAKE:** Now, don't you worry about it, Mrs. Newsome. Have that prescription filled at Kelsey's and just take it easy for a few days. You'll get your pep back real soon.

**MRS. NEWHOUSE:** Thank you Doctor. Good day, Mrs. Brown.

**RUTH:** Good-bye, Mrs. Newhouse.

**BLAKE:** Hello, Anne. Hope I haven't kept you waiting.

**ANNE:** No, I just got here.

**BLAKE:** Good. I'm ready to go. *(To RUTH)* I'll be going to the hospital straight from lunch, Ruth. No appointments here until 3:30, right?

**RUTH:** That's right. Your next appointment is Courtney Hamilton at 3:30.

**BLAKE:** Fine. See you then.

**RUTH:** *(Musing to herself)* Hmmm. I wonder why Courtney Hamilton needs to see Dr. C. Last time she was in here was for a tetanus booster shot three years ago.

*(Door opens and Tony enters)*

**TONY:** *(In a falsely sweet tone)* Hello, Mother.

**RUTH:** I told you not to...

**TONY:** *(Interrupting)* Don't worry. I saw the doctor boss man leave. Who was the chick he was with?

**RUTH:** You promised me you would never come here.

**TONY:** OK, OK. I told ya. I waited till the boss left. I, uh, need to talk to ya.

**RUTH:** Couldn't you have waited till this evening?

**TONY:** I have these "friends." They sometimes get a little impatient.

**RUTH:** Which friends.

**TONY:** Friends.

**RUTH:** What do they want?

**TONY:** (*Slowly, with emphasis*) Five thousand dollars.

**ANNOUNCER:** Sorry, ladies and gentleman. Our time is up. Tune in next week to the second episode of... LEXINGTON HEIGHTS. What will happen to Dorsey Witcomb? Why does Courtney Hamilton have an appointment with Dr. Crawford? Will she and her mother come to a better understanding about Ricky Kroll? Why does Tony Brown need \$5,000? We will resume our story next week at the same time and learn more about the citizens of LEXINGTON HEIGHTS.