MACKENZIE JAMES (MAC), business manager of Martin Estates (m or f). The upbeat one.

AIMEE: Yeah... But when you're a busy businesswoman you don't always have as much time to spend with your husband as you'd like. I was trying to figure out ways to slow down a little, maybe even go away on a holiday together. And as I said, maybe get some counselling. This is a nightmare. (a beat; she looks around) Is there anything else I should know? Might as well get it all over with.

MAC: I'm not sure this is the time, Aimee.

AIMEE: Oh no. What now? (MAC is silent) Come on, there's something else, isn't there? I promise not to pass out again.

MAC: Well.... (decides) Chuck had set up a company account and we had joint signing authority. Wednesday I got a call from the bank. He had been in to request his name be taken off the acount as signatory. The bank was calling me for my approval.

AIMEE: So?

MAC: So I raced down there to find out what the hell was going on. Aimee, Tuesday Chuck transferred one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the balance to his personal account. He was embezzling: siphoning off a few thousand dollars a month into this supposedly business account that he put my name onto as well. Then he took that huge amount out and left my name on the account. The auditors are due next month and I'll be the one left holding the bag -- and heading to prison!

AIMEE: Oh my god.

MAC: I've never been so angry in my life. I could have killed him! (dramatic music. ALEX enters, discreetly)

ANTOINE: So did you? I am sure you must own a gun as well.

MAC: Don't be ridiculous. I'm not someone who would commit murder.

ANTOINE: But you do have a gun, n'est-ce pas?

MAC: A 9 mm, like Jordan. For the raccoons in my attic.