

SFX: OPENING TANGO MUSIC, THEN --

The QuaranTeam presents Mansfield Mysteries: 'To The Depths' - Chapter Two.

SCENE ONE:

SFX: LAKE WAVES, SPLASHING, GULLS IN THE DISTANCE.

SARABELLE: What a lovely afternoon.

ANNABELLE: Well, it's much more peaceful inner-tubing out on the lake than it is under Morton Anderlee's scrutinizing eye up on the beach. This is quite the turn of events!

SARABELLE: I'll say.

ANNABELLE: Serendipitous to say the least.

SARABELLE: Seren what?

ANNABELLE: Destiny.

SARABELLE: Destiny who?

ANNABELLE: Good fortune.

SARABELLE: Not for Mark Miller.

ANNABELLE: No, silly goose, for us! He was never going to sign off on our charity. Not even after all those free trips to England.

SARABELLE: To think he was going to get in the way of all the good we're planning for those poor skin cancer survivors.

ANNABELLE: Sarabelle, darlin', you are aware that the Zinc Oxide Skin-stitute was a ruse.

SARABELLE: A what?

ANNABELLE: A ploy. A scheme. A trick.

SARABELLE: It is? Why?

ANNABELLE: Oh, Sarabelle. To be innocent again. What I wouldn't give not to know what I know.

SARABELLE: What do you know? Are you saying we're guilty of something?

ANNABELLE: Let's just say, Mark Miller's untimely demise couldn't be more timely as far as we're concerned. I know for a fact Rosemary Berkshire will-- Hold on one high fallutin' minute. Alice Breckenridge! (SPLASHING) Is that you hiding behind that parasol? (MORE SPLASHING) Alice! I see you trying to paddle away on that floatie! Alice! Isn't that Alice right there?

SFX: FEET AND HANDS SPLASHING AWAY.

SARABELLE: I can't rightly say, Annabelle. Whoever it is is sculling too quickly for me to see clearly.

ANNABELLE: Alice! Alice, you come back here!

ALICE: I don't know any Breckenridge! (FROM A DISTANCE, IN AN ODD ACCENT) Just paddling along, minding my own business!

SFX: THE PADDLING FADES OUT.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE TWO

SFX: CROWD NOISES, CARNIVAL MUSIC, GULLS.

DORINDA: Pardon me, excuse me, please. Excuse me!

CROWD PEOPLE: Hey!... What are you doing?... Watch it!

STACEY: Mom, slow down.

DORINDA: We have to get to the dunk tank. We have to see the body to have a better understanding of what transpired.

STACEY: That's the police's job, Mom.

SFX: KEYS JINGLING OFF, COMING CLOSER.

DORINDA: Exactly! But why haven't they been called? Where are the sirens? Where's the ambulance?

MORTON: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Where's the fire, Mrs. Mansfield?

DORINDA: I'm not sure you're the right person for Head of Security, Mr. Anderlee, if you're worried about a fire, when there's a dead body in the dunk tank.

MORTON: Figure of speech, Mrs. Mansfield. You need to head back to the beach now. This is an active investigation. No one near the dunk tank except the authorities.

DORINDA: And where, pray, are the authorities? Why is there no police presence yet?

MORTON: I'm the authority for the time being. This is a private matter on a private beach. We call the police when Mrs. Berkshire says we call the police.

STACEY: Excuse me? Mark Miller is floating in the dunk tank, and no one's called 911?

SFX: RECORD SCRATCH - THE CARNIVAL MUSIC STOPS. CROWD NOISES STOP. GULLS SQUAWK OVER THE AWKWARD SILENCE.

MORTON: Well, um, sure. We're calling any moment now--

SFX: CROWD NOISES START UP AGAIN.

DORINDA: Unacceptable, Mr. Anderlee. As a citizen of Berkshire Bay, I demand you call 911 immediately, or I will.

MORTON: Of course, Mrs. Mansfield. I'm calling the moment the area is secured, so please, if you'll just return to the beach--

STACEY: (gasps) Oh my god! Look! Poor Mark!

DORINDA: Poor Mark, indeed! A Speedo? At a work event?

STACEY: He was the star of the high school swim team. Those were like a second skin.

DORINDA: I'll say. (to Morton) Who dunked Mark Miller, Mr. Anderlee? Do we know that? Who threw the lethal softball?

MORTON: (KEYS JINGLE) I'm not at liberty to say, Mrs. Mansfield. Now, please, if you'll just return to the beach.

DORINDA: Very well, very well. Toodle-loo, Mr. Anderlee. For now.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE THREE

SFX: BEACH NOISES, LAKE SURF.

STACEY: What do you make of this, Mom? Mark can't have drowned. He was an excellent swimmer.

DORINDA: Well, something is fishy, that's for sure, and I don't trust that whale of a mall cop to figure it out.

STACEY: Mom, you shouldn't say things like that.

DORINDA: You're right. A mall cop has more sense than Morton Anderlee.

STACEY: No, you shouldn't comment on his size.

DORINDA: Not for men either? When did that happen?! Oh, look. There's an empty cabana. Let's grab it.

ALICE: (OFF) Yoo hoo! Dorinda!

DORINDA: Good timing, Alice. We just spied this empty cabana and—  
—

SFX: TENT FLAPS MOVE AS THEY ENTER.

ALICE: And I've just spied on the Southern Belles. They are in quite the tizzy over this Mark business.

DORINDA: How so?

ALICE: Well, you recall they were about to make a big announcement regarding their charitable works committee?

DORINDA: Yes, but Mark had to sign off on something first, right?

ALICE: I'll say!

DORINDA: Sit down, sit down.

SFX: CHAISE LOUNGER CREAKS AS ALICE SITS.

ALICE: It's a very complex situation. I'm going to need a drink to explain it all.

DORINDA: Stacey?

STACEY: I'm on it. Two Bombay Sapphire martinis.

SFX: SHAKER CLINGS OPEN.

ALICE: Very dry.

SFX: SCOOP GOES INTO ICE. ANOTHER LOUNGER CREAKS AS DORINDA SITS.

DORINDA: With bleu cheese olives, darling. Thank you.

SFX: ICE IS POURED INTO SHAKER.



STACEY: Why are the Southern Belles a part of Berkshire Bay Brand anyway? I know they've lived here for years, but what exactly is the connection?

SFX: THE GIN BOTTLE OPENS.

ALICE: Annabelle and Sarabelle's family owns the largest zinc mine in the South! They're the zinc oxide supplier for Berkshire Bay Brand's sunscreen.

STACEY: OK, so they run the family business?

SFX: STACEY POURS THE GIN IN THE SHAKER.

DORINDA: Good God, no! Those two haven't worked a day in their lives, but they do like to be on boards and such. It gives them a sense of importance.

STACEY: And what is their charity?

SFX: STACEY SHAKES THE SHAKER.

ALICE: Well, that's the fascinating part. They plan to open a skin cancer treatment facility. A "skin-stitute."

SFX: THE SHAKING STOPS.

STACEY: In Berkshire Bay?

ALICE: No, Windsor, England.

STACEY: England? Why would they pick England instead of here?

ALICE: Tax shelter, I'm guessing.

SFX: STACEY POURS THE DRINKS INTO MARTINI GLASSES.

DORINDA: Why would 3-B open a skin cancer facility in the gloomiest country in the world, when there are rumors about their ineffective SPF? And why would Mark Miller sign off on it?

STACEY: Here you go, Mom. Alice.

ALICE: Thank you, Stacey.

DORINDA: Cheers, darling.

SFX: CLINKING GLASSES. SIPS.

STACEY: Mom, I think we need to get to the bottom of this. It seems like a lot of people have a lot to gain from Mark being dead.

DORINDA: Rosemary Berkshire, for one.

ALICE: The Belles, of course.

DORINDA: Mayor Berkshire's reelection is in the bag.

ALICE: And Rebecca would have her revenge for his indiscretions.

DORINDA: (to ALICE) And you'd be free and clear, dear Alice, from being associated with that cad.

ALICE: You caught me! I killed him! (ALICE AND DORINDA LAUGH.)

STACEY: Mom, how about I feel out the mayor since the only thing he seems to remember is me? Well, me and his fifteen cats.

DORINDA: Keep your eye on Galen, too. He's a slippery one. Something tells me he's not content with being the mayor's assistant for very long.

STACEY: And maybe you could track down Rebecca.

DORINDA: I'll try. I know that girl is speaking English, but I can't understand a word she's saying.

STACEY: Just see if she has an alibi for the time of Mark's death.

DORINDA: Time of Mark's murder, dear. This was a homicide. I'm sure of it.

SFX: THE CHAISE LOUNGER CREAKS.

ALICE: And I'll stay here to keep this cabana. It's quite a nice place to pass the time in the shade, since this sunscreen isn't worth a damn. (SIPS HER DRINK) This martini is just wonderful, Stacey. Leave that little cooler and shaker, please. Just in case.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE FOUR

SFX: BEACH NOISES.

STACEY: (to herself) Hmmm, I wonder where the mayor might be. Everyone in town is here.

SFX: SQUEAKY WHEELS IN THE DISTANCE.

STACEY: Oh, there he is! In the big tent! Mr. Mayor! Mr. Mayor!

GALEN: We're a little preoccupied right now, what with this untimely death of Mark Miller.

SFX: BIG PARTY TENT CROWD CHATTER, DJ MUSIC THUMPING IN THE BACKGROUND.

STACEY: Murder, you mean.

GALEN: Nonsense! He drowned.

MAYOR: Someone's drowned?

GALEN: Yes, Mr. Mayor. Mark Miller is dead.

MAYOR: Mark who?

GALEN: Mark Miller, who was going to run against you for mayor?

MAYOR: Mark Miller is dead? When did that happen?

STACEY: Just now.

MAYOR: Just now, I was on the Ferris wheel. What have you been up to?

SFX: GALEN LINT ROLLING THE MAYOR.

STACEY: Mr. Mayor, like I said, we just found out Mark Miller is dead, and my mother is sure he was murdered!

MAYOR: Why, there hasn't been a murder in Berkshire Bay since, since--

GALEN: There's never been a murder in Berkshire Bay! Not in a hundred years, at least!

MAYOR: -- A decade anyway.

STACEY: Well, a star swimmer doesn't drown in three feet of water.

MAYOR: Who drowned?

GALEN: Mark Miller, Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR: Mark Miller who's running against me in the next mayoral election? Why a Berkshire has been mayor of Berkshire Bay since, since--

STACEY: Since the turn of the 20th Century. I know. But something's not sitting right.

GALEN: Exactly why we don't have time to chat.

MAYOR: I always have time for my closest adviser's daughter, Galen. What's the matter, Stacey? What can I do to help?

STACEY: I'm trying to think of who has the most to gain by killing Mark Miller.

MAYOR: Well, I do, certainly. He's planning to run against me in the spring election.

GALEN: Sir, don't be ridiculous. Mark Miller was never a real threat to your mayoral seat.

STACEY: Says who?

MAYOR: Galen.

SFX: LINT ROLLING.

GALEN: We did some polling, a little opposition research. Mark has a sketchy past.

MAYOR: Not Nixon-level. Did I ever tell you about my time with G. Gordon Liddy?

STACEY: Yes, yes, you did. So, what exactly did you find out, Galen?

GALEN: A little questionable with his taxes. A womanizer. We got our hands on some medical records. There're a few infections in his history your mother's friend, Alice, might want to get checked out.

STACEY: Excuse me?

GALEN: Anyway, once his true character was exposed, no way could he oust Mayor Berkshire.

STACEY: What about this ineffectiveness stuff I've been hearing about, you know, regarding Berkshire Bay Brand's sunscreen?

GALEN: All speculation. There's no "there" there.

STACEY: Not according to the rumors I've been hearing today. (LOUD CRUNCH) Ouch! What did I step on? Metal? On the beach? Is that an inhaler?

GALEN: Sorry, that's mine. Must've fallen out of my pocket. Lifelong asthmatic. (COUGHS)

STACEY: Oh, that's too bad. So, then what about this charitable works thing?

GALEN: Stacey, I'm sorry. We have to go. The mayor will be needed for this investigation.

MAYOR: (WAKES UP) Investigation? What's happened?

GALEN: If you're interested in who has something to gain here, I'd talk to his wife.

STACEY: Rebecca?

GALEN: If anyone is familiar with his flawed character, it's her. Now you'll have to excuse us.

SFX: SQUEAKY WHEELS LEAVING, ROLLING QUICKLY.

STACEY: I'd better find Mom. If Rebecca is the killer, who knows how she'll react to being questioned.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE FIVE

SFX: CROWD MURMURS, THE SIZZLE OF MEAT ON A GRILL, GULLS OVERHEAD.

DORINDA: Look at these people, stuffing their faces. It's not a contest, for goodness sake. Utterly repugnant.

REBECCA: It's disgusting, isn't it?

DORINDA: (startled) Oh Jesus!

SFX: FLIP FLOPS SHUFFLE AROUND.

REBECCA: But so delicious! Hashtag Zachariah King, y'all!

DORINDA: Rebecca! Just the person I was looking for. Oh, good God, you're not still on that phone!

REBECCA: Uh oh, folks. Looks like Mommy's come to, like, drag my hungry ass back to the sandcastle contest.

DORINDA: No. Haven't you heard about Mark?

REBECCA: If it's about his affairs, you're, like, too late. We all already know, am I right, Besties?

DORINDA: No, Rebecca. They made an announcement five minutes ago--Mark's dead.

REBECCA: What? Hashtag hold the phone!

DORINDA: I know. It's awful.

REBECCA: No, hold my phone. Hey there, Becca's Besties. I've, like, got something real serious to deal with here. I'll be back live ASAP. Until then, remember to be the bestie that you can be! Peace out.

DORINDA: Here's your phone back.

REBECCA: (dropping her persona) Thanks. Now what happened?

DORINDA: They found Mark floating in the dunk tank thirty minutes ago.

REBECCA: Did anyone see what happened?

DORINDA: The Head of Security isn't talking.

REBECCA: I don't know what to say... Oh, and could you pass me a napkin? Other than it serves him right.

DORINDA: Sure. I am sorry about Mark.

REBECCA: Well, it's not exactly a poetic end, but it'll save me thousands in attorneys' fees in our divorce.

DORINDA: Because of his affairs?

REBECCA: You're referring to your friend, Alice? Please, she was just a fling--one of many. I was divorcing him because he was about to blow up his reputation and ruin my brand.

DORINDA: Oh, the venereal diseases?

REBECCA: (smacking her lips) God, these ribs are good! I think I taste paprika. Sweet Hungarian paprika, to be exact. I never get to have Sweet Hungarian paprika! There are brown sugar notes, too, and mustard. The liquid smoke is strong--

DORINDA: By the way, where did you go earlier? During Rosemary's speech? That's when they announced Mark was dead.

REBECCA: I forgot my sunglasses in the car. I'm trying to get a new sponsor.

DORINDA: But you're not wearing sunglasses.

REBECCA: Turns out I'd left them at home.

SFX: MORTON KEYS JINGLE IN BG, MOVING CLOSER.

DORINDA: Hmm. Oh, goodness, here comes that incompetent Mr. Anderlee. Maybe he knows something.

REBECCA: I'll say! He's Rosemary Berkshire's hand puppet.

MORTON: Hello, Mrs. Mansfield. Excuse me, are you Rebecca Miller?

REBECCA: Yes.

MORTON: I'm Morton Anderlee, head of security.

DORINDA: Yes, yes. Have you made a break in the case?

MORTON: This isn't your business, Mrs. Mansfield. I'm here to bring Mrs. Miller Mr. Miller's personals. It's just his clothes and his inhaler and his phone and his beach towel.

SFX: A BAG IS HANDED OVER.

DORINDA: Yes, but is there any word on who threw the fatal softball that dunked him?

MORTON: Well, it's probably not my place to say, (KEYS JINGLE) but it looks like there was no fatal softball. Mr. Miller collapsed into the dunk tank before any ball was thrown.

REBECCA: Like, he had a heart attack or something? That can't be. Mark was in perfect health.

MORTON: That'll be for the coroner to say.

DORINDA: So, you've called the authorities.

MORTON: Like I said, the coroner.

DORINDA: No, I mean the police.

MORTON: This was an accident, Mrs. Mansfield. There's no evidence of foul play.

DORINDA: According to you! I say Mark Miller was murdered.

MORTON: Well, it's not for you to say, Mrs. Mansfield. In fact, I think it's time for you to go.

DORINDA: I don't take orders from 3-B security. Good day, Mr. Anderlee.

SFX: SIZZLES ON A GRILL.

MORTON: And I don't take orders from amateur detectives, Mrs. Mansfield. Good day, Mrs. Miller.

SFX: KEYS JINGLE OFF, FADING OUT.

EMPLOYEE: (off) Oh my God! That gull just took my hotdog!

REBECCA: Could it have been an accident? I mean, I had my own issues with Mark, but it seemed like he had bigger issues with Berkshire Bay Brand.

DORINDA: Something bigger?

REBECCA: I was going through his phone--on the advice of my divorce lawyer--taking screenshots of his dating app messages and such. But it was hard to sift through because most of what was on there was spreadsheets from 3-B and medical studies and stuff. A real mess!

DORINDA: About the ineffective sunscreen?

REBECCA: I don't really know, but most of the emails were from the U.K. Oh, and there was a lot of polling data about his possible run for mayor.

SFX: SIZZLES ON A GRILL.

DORINDA: Would you let me see them?

REBECCA: I guess I could forward them to you. I don't need them anymore. I have them on my phone. What's your email?

DORINDA: Oh, dear, I don't do email. But my daughter does.

REBECCA: I can't say I'm sorry he's dead...

DORINDA: But I'm not sure what her email is--

REBECCA: Found it on her profile. Sent. And now I've got to get back to my live stream.

SFX: AIRHORN BLAST FROM REBECCA'S CELL PHONE.

REBECCA: (returning to her persona) Hey, hey, hey, Becca's Besties! Like, look who's suddenly single! Rate your favorite dating apps in the comments. Now let's, like, head back toward the water. It's hashtag bikini time!

SFX: FLIP FLOPS RUN AWAY.

STACEY: Mom! Mom! Are you all right?

DORINDA: What a silly woman that Rebecca is! Who behaves that way?



SFX: SIZZLES ON A GRILL.

STACEY: What way?

DORINDA: She barely stopped production on her little phone show when she heard her husband had died. No love lost there.

STACEY: Well, I talked to the mayor and Galen. I didn't pick up on much motive there. More confusion than anything.

SFX: KEYS JINGLE BACK UP TO DORINDA.

MORTON: Mrs. Mansfield, I asked you nicely, and I told you firmly--

DORINDA: And I told you I don't take orders from--

MORTON: You will take orders from Rosemary Berkshire. She has demanded I escort you off her private beach immediately.

DORINDA: Why would Rosemary care if I'm here?

MORTON: It's not my job to care; it's my job to walk you to your car, ma'am.

DORINDA: Stacey, darling, I'm going to walk myself to my car. (whispering) And then I'll meet you back at the cabana.

MORTON: Let's move it along, Mrs. Mansfield.

DORINDA: I'm perfectly capable of walking to my car solo, thank you very much. See you later, darling. Enjoy the rest of the Extravaganza.

MORTON: No, Rosemary Berkshire insisted I see the two of you off her property. This way, please, Mrs. Mansfield, Miss Mansfield.

DORINDA: Well, if that's how you're going to be about it... Run! Run, Stacey! Run!!!

STACEY: Oh my God!

SFX: MORTON FUMBLES THEN BEGINS CHASING THEM, KEYS JINGLING.

MORTON: Oh, jeez. I'm not in shape for this. I've gotta get to the gym more. (SHOUTING) Hold it right there, Mrs. Mansfield! I see that giant hat!

DORINDA: (in the distance) Toodle-oo, Mr. Anderlee!

SFX: KEYS JINGLE OFF INTO THE DISTANCE. BEACH SOUNDS FILL THE AIR.

SFX: MARTINI GLASSES CLINK

CLOSING CREDITS:

Mansfield Mysteries

CLOSING CREDITS AND TANGO MUSIC:

Mansfield Mysteries

Featuring Melissa Hughes Ernest as Dorinda Mansfield  
And  
Melissa Zeien as Stacey Mansfield

With:

Doug Despin as Mayor Berkshire  
Cody Ernest as Morton Anderlee  
Brianna Hubbard as Rebecca Miller  
Michael L. Johnson as Employee  
Mona Goss Lewis as Alice Breckenridge  
Tina Paukstelis as Annabelle  
Joan Roehre as Sarabelle  
And  
Christopher Wild as Galen

Written by Amy Hanson and Michael L. Johnson

Sounds Design by Paul Reese

Directed by Nicholas Hoyt

Special thanks to: Dennis Hoyt, Rich Smith and the Over Our Head Players, as well as an extra special thank you to Amber Miller for inspiring this whole project. We couldn't have done it without any of them.

You've just enjoyed a QuarantTeam production.