

SFX: OPENING TANGO MUSIC, THEN --

The QuarantTeam presents Mansfield Mysteries: 'To The Depths' - Chapter One.

SCENE ONE:

SFX: INTERIOR CAR DRIVING NOISE. A TURN SIGNAL CLICKS UNTIL THEY TURN.

DORINDA: Stacey, dear, I can't understand why you insist on driving every time you come home to visit.

STACEY: I never get to drive in the city.

DORINDA: It's my age. You think I'm too old to be behind the wheel.

STACEY: More like your road RAGE. Plus, I'm counting on you for directions to Berkshire Bay Beach.

DORINDA: Head toward the water.

STACEY: Well, I know that, but is it north or south of--

DORINDA: North, north. After you hit Berkshire Park, there's Berkshire Meadow, and then Berkshire Bay, and then Berkshire Bay Beach.

STACEY: Yeah, that's right.

DORINDA: And the Berkshire's private beach is after that.

STACEY: Oh, it's at the private beach?

SFX: TURN SIGNAL CLICKS ON FOR A MOMENT UNTIL THEY TURN.

DORINDA: Of course. Berkshire Bay Brand's Labor Day Extravaganza is for company members only.

STACEY: It's nice they still invite you.

DORINDA: Your father worked for 3-B for close to forty years. He knew where all the bodies were buried. The least they can do is send his widow an invite to their annual shindig.

STACEY: I would've thought Rosemary Berkshire looked forward to crossing the name Dorinda Mansfield off the guest list. You two aren't exactly the best of friends.

DORINDA: She follows that old adage of keeping your friends close and your enemies closer.

STACEY: I'm excited to be home for this! I haven't been to the Labor Day Extravaganza since college.

DORINDA: You know, darling, what's-his-name might be there today.

STACEY: Oh, Mark?

DORINDA: Yes. And that god awful wife of his.

STACEY: Water under the bridge, Mom.

DORINDA: Wasn't it at the Extravaganza where--

STACEY: Yes, yes.

DORINDA: Well, I, for one, will never forgive him for breaking your heart. You, standing there in that hoop skirt, in the middle of the faux-Tara plantation Rosemary insisted upon. As God as my witness...

STACEY: Yeah, well, her Old South theme aged as poorly as Mark's and my romance. So, we've all progressed since then, thank goodness.

DORINDA: Thank goodness? You sound like a kindergarten teacher.

STACEY: I am a kindergarten teacher.

DORINDA: Hmm. This year's theme is just "beach." That's not offensive, is it?

STACEY: (LAUGHING) Not yet.

DORINDA: But the outfits are sure to be. I hope we're not subjected to atrocious mounds of flesh.

STACEY: Don't body shame, Mom. See, that is offensive.

DORINDA: I can't be held accountable for my reaction if the Southern Belles are in bikinis. I'm only human.

STACEY: Well, save your remarks for the ride home. Remember what you always taught me?

DORINDA: Talk about people behind their backs, like a lady.

STACEY: No, try to be kind. Then, if you must, talk behind their backs. Oh, we must be close. Look at all these cars. How many people come to this thing?

DORINDA: It's a company town, darling. Half of Berkshire Bay works for Berkshire Bay Brand.

STACEY: Berkshire Bay Brand: You enjoy the sun; we'll provide the shade.

DORINDA: Bring the shade, is more like it. The things your father used to tell me. Nasty, nasty people, the Berkshires.

SFX: THE CAR SLOWS DOWN AND A TURN SIGNAL CLICKS UNTIL THEY PULL UP TO A PARKING SPACE.

STACEY: Let's just enjoy today, Mom.

DORINDA: This is a long way from the beach.

SFX: THE CAR TURNS OFF. KEYS SHAKE FROM THE IGNITION.

STACEY: I could drop off you instead.

SFX: SEATBELTS UNCLICK AND CAR DOORS OPEN. BIRDSONGS FILL THE AIR.

DORINDA: Nonsense, dear, we might never find each other again.

STACEY: I don't think I could miss you in that giant straw hat.

SFX: BOTH DOORS SLAM CLOSED.

DORINDA: Given the alleged ineffectiveness of Berkshire Bay Brand's sunscreen... That's why I must wear this hat. Rumor has it their SPF 100 is more like a three.

STACEY: I'll make sure to reapply.

DORINDA: Oh, and don't forget the little cooler in the trunk, dear.

STACEY: But I thought the big deal about this picnic is that the company covers everything--food, drinks, all the activities.

SFX: TRUCK SLIDES OPEN.

DORINDA: Food, yes. Rosemary always hires excellent chefs. But there's no alcohol at a work event. She's a teetotaler, and you know what I always say--

SFX: COOLER SLIDES FROM THE CARPETED TRUNK.

STACEY: Never trust someone who doesn't drink.

DORINDA: Exactly. Or settles for anything beneath top shelf.

STACEY: Remember how you wanted me to tell you when you were sounding elitist?

DORINDA: Yes.

SFX: TRUNK DOOR CLOSES.

STACEY: Well?

DORINDA: I mean about things that are offensive, not about matters of good taste.

SFX: BEEP OF LOCKING CAR.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE TWO

SFX: LIGHT BEACH SOUNDS. GULLS SQUAWK OVERHEAD. A THUMPING BEAT FROM A DJ PLAYS OFF IN THE DISTANCE.

STACEY: Oh, look at those incredible kites! There must be three operators working each one of them!

DORINDA: 3-B loves to flaunt its money.

STACEY: A Ferris wheel and volleyball! Oh, and that looks like a dunk tank. Wow, there's a massive tent.

DORINDA: Where Rosemary Berkshire is holding court, no doubt.

STACEY: That must be where the main party is. Is that a DJ? There are a bunch of cabanas. And I see where the sandcastle contest is. You're still judging, right?

DORINDA: Always, dear. Oh, look at all this skin. It's practically pornographic!

STACEY: It's the beach, Mom.

ANNABELLE: (FADING IN) Yoo hoo! Dorinda!

DORINDA: Help me bite my tongue, darling daughter. The Southern Belles approach.

STACEY: At least they're not in bikinis.

DORINDA: But they look ridiculous!

SARABELLE: Why, Dorinda Mansfield. And this must be Stacey?

STACEY: Yes. Good to see you, Sarabelle.

ANNABELLE: Aren't you just as pretty as a meadowlark in spring?

STACEY: Thank you, Annabelle.

DORINDA: And what are you two dressed up as?

SARABELLE: I was just about to ask you the same thing.

DORINDA: I'm dressed for the beach. Cover-up, sandals, sun hat.
But your get-up--

ANNABELLE: We're in early 20th Century swimming costumes.

DORINDA: Complete with bathing caps, I see.

SFX: A RUBBER STRETCH OF THE CAP, THEN A SNAP BACK.

SARABELLE: Ow!

STACEY: I didn't realize you two were affiliated with the company.

SARABELLE: Why, we're on the board of charitable works.

ANNABELLE: And today Rosemary Berkshire is going to make a very exciting announcement.

SARABELLE: One that will impact our reputation as a nationally benevolent corporation.

DORINDA: Berkshire Bay Brand's benevolence. Quite the mouthful.

ANNABELLE: So long as Mark Miller signs off on it, that is.

DORINDA: Stacey's Mark?

STACEY: He's not my Mark.

DORINDA: You're right. That god awful girl's Mark?

ANNABELLE: Rebecca. That's his wife's name. She's something, all right.

SARABELLE: I'll say!

STACEY: Why do you say that?

ANNABELLE: She's very loud and always on her phone, trying to be one of those dominators.

STACEY: A dominatrix?

ANNABELLE: Eiw. No, not like that. One of those internet people.

SARABELLE: Those tick-tackers.

STACEY: An influencer?

ANNABELLE: Someone who's always making videos and having dog ears on their blurry-faced photos.

STACEY: Huh. Doesn't sound like someone the Mark I used to know would be into. The Mark I knew was into poetry--e.e. cummings--he liked music and reading--

DORINDA: A total nerd.

ANNABELLE: (LAUGHING) Anyway, I'm sure Mark will make the right decision.

SARABELLE: (LAUGHING) For the company's sake.

ANNABELLE: Speaking of right decisions, did you hear who's running the barbecue today?

SARABELLE: None other than Zachariah King himself!

ANNABELLE: King of the Grill is more like it!

STACEY: From the Food Channel?

SARABELLE: None other.

DORINDA: Rosemary does make sure her guests are fed well, and I'm sure you two will take full advantage.

ANNABELLE: Mmm hmmm.

SARABELLE: (in tandem) Yessiree.

STACEY: Which we call "food-positive" in the 21st Century, Mom.

ANNABELLE: Care to join us for some--

DORINDA: Oh, I see my tennis partner, Alice, near the cabanas. You ladies will have to excuse us.

STACEY: See you later.

ANNABELLE: But the barbecue is--

DORINDA: Toodle-oo!

SFX: QUICK TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE THREE

SFX: LAKE SURF, OFF. GULLS STILL CIRCLING IN THE DISTANCE.

DORINDA: Alice Breckenridge! You're wearing a two-piece? At your age? And in broad daylight?

ALICE: Oh sweet cheeks, this crowd couldn't handle my after dark look. I'm surprised you can see anything from under that giant hat on your head.

DORINDA: I didn't know you'd be here today.

ALICE: Just sucking off the company's dry teat. I forgot there's no booze here.

SFX: ALICE SHAKES AND SLAMS DOWN AN EMPTY PLASTIC CUP WITH ICE IN IT.

DORINDA: Stacey, darling, get Alice a real drink from our cooler, would you?

STACEY: Alice, I've got Chardonnay, or I could fix you a martini.

ALICE: Bombay gin?

DORINDA: Bombay Sapphire, of course.

ALICE: That'll do. And make it dry.

STACEY: Regular olives or bleu cheese?

ALICE: Surprise me.

STACEY: Mom?

DORINDA: Make it two.

STACEY: How dry?

SFX: STACEY UNZIPS THE COOLER.

ALICE: Well, open the vermouth somewhere nearby--

DORINDA: --but for heaven's sake, don't add a drop.

STACEY: That dry. Got it.

SFX: STACEY OPENS THE SHAKER.

DORINDA: Missed you at the tennis club this morning. I had a lesson with Brandon.

ALICE: Working on that backhand of yours, I hope.

SFX: STACEY SCOOPS THE ICE AND PUTS IT IN THE SHAKER.

DORINDA: That's what I told him to practice with you. And your serve.

ALICE: And your groundstrokes. And volleys, of course.

DORINDA: Eight weeks till the Halloween Club Open. We're the defending doubles champs. Is drinking at two in the afternoon part of your training regimen?

SFX: STACEY OPENS THE BOTTLE OF GIN.

ALICE: Of course! Whither my tennis partner goes, I shall follow.

DORINDA: To the depths then!

ALICE: To the depths! Besides, when I'm required to socialize with the 3-B bunch, at my age a little lubrication makes it less painful. Have you seen Rosemary yet?

SFX: STACEY POURS GIN IN SHAKER AND SCREWS THE CAP BACK ON.

DORINDA: I'm hoping to avoid her. And we're trying to steer clear of Mark Miller, as well.

ALICE: What? Why?

SFX: STACEY SHAKES THE SHAKER.

DORINDA: He was Stacey's high school boyfriend. Don't you remember?

SFX: STACEY STOPS SHAKING.

STACEY: Mom, let it go.

ALICE: Oh, that's right.

DORINDA: And the last time they saw each other was here, at the Extravaganza, when he dumped her--

ALICE: In the hoop skirt with the fire pits everywhere--reenacting the burning of Atlanta. Yes, I do recall that happening. He was a scoundrel then, and he's a scoundrel now.

DORINDA: What do you mean?

ALICE: Well, he and I had some dealings awhile back.

SFX: STACEY OPENS A NEW JAR OF OLIVES.

DORINDA: Dealings?

ALICE: He was consoling me. After Richard disappeared.

DORINDA: Don't tell me you slept with Mark.

ALICE: Keep your voice down.

DORINDA: He's a married man half your age!

SFX: STACEY BEGINS POURING THE GIN IN THE MARTINI GLASSES. SHE SKEWERS TWO OLIVES FOR EACH DRINK AND SLIPS THEM IN.

ALICE: And a terrible lay. I'd rather forget the whole thing. It would ruin my reputation if that little slip-up got out.

DORINDA: Your reputation?

ALICE: I'm known for my excellent taste.

DORINDA: In what?

STACEY: Here you go, Mom, Alice. Two Bombay Sapphire martinis with bleu cheese olives. Should you two be drinking out in the open like this at a dry event?

DORINDA: Only people with a problem drink in secret.

ALICE: Thank you, Stacey. Cheers, dears.

DORINDA: Cheers.

SFX: MARTINI GLASSES CLINK TOGETHER.

SFX: IN THE DISTANCE, A REPETITIVE SQUEAKING IS HEARD, THEN STOPPING TO HAVE A MUFFLED CHAT.

ALICE: Oh, good lord, look who's rolling in this direction.

DORINDA: Can you see if he's breathing, or is that busybody assistant of his just pushing his corpse around?

STACEY: Mom! Alice! You shouldn't say things like that. Mayor Berkshire has served this community--

DORINDA: Since the Dark Ages? I know.

STACEY: You sound ageist. And ableist.

ALICE: Stacey, he's 100 years old. He and his father and his father's father have held the mayoral office of Berkshire Bay since the turn of the 20th Century.

DORINDA: Which is the last time he had his wits about him. Everyone knows it's his assistant, Galen, who's been running the show for the last decade.

ALICE: And tending to the mayor's herd of cats.

DORINDA: Lint-rolling their hair off the mayor's suits.

ALICE: And pushing his wheelchair.

DORINDA: But only because the mayor doesn't like to walk. He's in perfect physical health.

ALICE: He just prefers to be paraded around?

DORINDA: Like a pharaoh.

MAYOR: (from afar) Is that Dorinda Mansfield I see? And Alice Breckenridge? May I have a word with you ladies? Over there, Galen. Over there.

SFX: WHEELCHAIR SQUEAKS GET LOUDER AND LOUDER.

ALICE: Should we make a break for it?

DORINDA: I don't want to spill my drink.

STACEY: Plus, it's the polite thing to do, Mom. He's an old family friend.

SFX: THE SQUEAKS GET LOUDER.

ALICE: This is our last chance. We could be stuck chatting with him for ages.

DORINDA: The actuarial tables are in our favor.

STACEY: Mom!

MAYOR: Is that little Stacey Mansfield?

STACEY: All grown up!

SFX: THE SQUEAKING STOPS.

MAYOR: I'll say. How I love the Mansfields. Your father is my most trusted advisor, you know.

DORINDA: Her father has been dead for eight years.

GALEN: Was his most trusted advisor, he meant to say.

MAYOR: Yes, thank you, Galen. Was.

SFX: GALEN LINT ROLLS THE MAYOR.

STACEY: Well, he certainly was fond of you, Mayor Berkshire.

MAYOR: He and I have dinner every Tuesday night, and I need to pick his brain--

GALEN: Used to have dinner, sir.

MAYOR: I am desperate to get his thoughts on this Annabelle and Sarabelle debacle. This charity nonsense--

GALEN: Mayor Berkshire, these ladies are not interested in--

DORINDA: Oh, now that's where you're mistaken, Galen.

ALICE: What have those Southern Belles done now, Mr. Mayor?

GALEN: Oh, nothing, nothing. Rosemary Berkshire's on top of that.

MAYOR: And then there's the exploratory committee! I can't wait to hear what your father has to say about that!

DORINDA: Exploratory committee?

MAYOR: Yes, that Mark fellow. What's his name? Have you heard of him?

DORINDA: Have I!

ALICE: Mark Miller?

GALEN: Yes, Mrs. Breckenridge, you know Mark Miller. Intimately, right?

SFX: GALEN LINT ROLLS HIMSELF WITH A ROLLER.

ALICE: What's that supposed to mean?

MAYOR: This Mark Miller is considering running for mayor! How absurd! Why, a Berkshire has held that office since--

DORINDA: Since the Dark Ages!

MAYOR: Exactly!

GALEN: The people of Berkshire Bay would rather see him dead than in the mayor's office. He's got a lot of enemies, and a lot of skeletons in his closets. Am I right, Mrs. Breckenridge?

ALICE: I'm sure I don't know one thing about his closets, Galen.

GALEN: Hmm. Anyway, sir, it's after two. Time for your nap.

SFX: GALEN LINT ROLLS THE MAYOR THROUGHTOUT HIS NEXT LINE.

MAYOR: Naps are for children! I'm a man. I'm a mayor! Besides, you promised we could go on the Ferris wheel.

GALEN: Yes, I did, sir, though you know my fear of heights. Anyway, good to see you ladies. Enjoy the Extravaganza!

SFX: SQUEAKY WHEELS AS THEY EXIT.

ALICE: Well, I wonder what that's all about.

DORINDA: Those Belles are not to be trusted. Not at tennis--

ALICE: And not at charitable works!

DORINDA: You should do a little investigating, Alice.

ALICE: I suppose I could do a little digging. (SIPS MARTINI) Mmm, that was a good martini. I'll see you ladies later. Ciao!

SFX: ALICE SETS DOWN AN EMPTY MARTINI GLASS AND LEAVES.

DORINDA: Toodle-oo, Alice. Report back when you get some dirt.

STACEY: Speaking of digging, don't forget you have to judge the sandcastle contest, Mom. I think it's starting soon.

DORINDA: Ugh. I'm going to need another drink for that.

STACEY: Another martini?

DORINDA: It makes it more enjoyable.

STACEY: You enjoy sandcastles?

DORINDA: No. Judging. Oh, do keep up, dear.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE FOUR

SFX: DJ MUSIC, LAKE SURF, GULLS SQUAWKING, ETC. IN THE DISTANCE.

STACEY: Mom, these sandcastles are pretty impressive. Like, professional-level.

DORINDA: Of course! You think Rosemary Berkshire wants children on her private beach?

STACEY: Who else is judging this thing? They're running late.

DORINDA: Well, I didn't want to tell you this, dear, but I believe it's Rebecca Miller. Mark's horrible wife.

STACEY: I'm sure she's fine.

SFX: FLIP-FLOPS IN THE SAND.

DORINDA: Well, here she is now. Hello, Rebecca.

REBECCA: Hey, Dee. Welcome to my live stream!

SFX: AIRHORN BLAST FROM REBECCA'S CELL PHONE.

REBECCA: This is Dee, y'all, and we're, like, judging a sandcastle contest! Whoop whoop!!!

DORINDA: It's Dorinda, Rebecca. I don't do nicknames. And please get that phone out of my face.

REBECCA: Dee don't do nicknames, y'all! DeeDee, don't be like that!

DORINDA: And this is my daughter, Stacey!

REBECCA: Hey, Stace! Welcome to hashtag Becca's Beach Day!

STACEY: Hi! Nice to meet you. All of you! You're Mark's--

REBECCA: Mark who, y'all? Am I right?

DORINDA: Stacey and Mark were high school sweethearts.

REBECCA: Child's play, you hear me, Stace? Hashtag next!

DORINDA: I wasn't sure you were going to make it, Rebecca.

REBECCA: I was dropping off Mark's inhaler. Hashtag allergies. Hit me up in the comments if people with allergies annoy you, too.

STACEY: Yeah, I remember he always had that inhaler on him.

DORINDA: Shall we begin? Castle one?

REBECCA: Lemme show the folks at home castle one. Seems to be coming apart at the seams, a bit. Hashtag hot ass mess!

DORINDA: Is this meant to be a Victorian?

REBECCA: If that means old and ugly. Like, reminds me of your tennis partner, Alice. I know my fans have heard me rant about Alice. Am I right, Becca's Besties?

DORINDA: Excuse me?

REBECCA: She's like a real housewife or something--full of Botox and hyaluronic acid and shit.

STACEY: You're getting all that off a sandcastle?

REBECCA: Hashtag act your age! Whoop whoop! Hey, like, DM me with pics of old ladies trying to be young.

STACEY: That's not cool, Rebecca.

REBECCA: It's that cougar, Alice, who's not cool! Chasing after younger men.

DORINDA: Ahh... Let's move on to castle number two, shall we?

REBECCA: Castle number two, y'all. Take it in! What do you think this is?

STACEY: It's very impressive! Honestly, they all are.

REBECCA: Looks like a first draft of a Disney princess palace.

DORINDA: This reminds me of Windsor Castle. Have you ever been?

REBECCA: No. Mark's been there. Mark's traveled all over the world for hashtag Berkshire Bay Brand, but not with me.

SFX: "CHA-CHING" SOUND FROM REBECCA'S PHONE WHEN SHE SAYS BERKSHIRE BAY BRAND.

DORINDA: That's a shame. I always got to travel with my husband when he was on company business.

REBECCA: This generation likes to keep work and play separate. We don't mix business with pleasure.

STACEY: What do you call this, then? Your stream?

REBECCA: This is who I am, not what I do.

DORINDA: You're doing all this and not getting paid?

REBECCA: Hell yeah, I get paid. I'm sponsored by hashtag Berkshire Bay Brand. Why else would I be here judging a sandcastle contest?

SFX: "CHA-CHING" SOUND FROM REBECCA'S PHONE WHEN SHE SAYS BERKSHIRE BAY BRAND.

SFX: KNOCK ON A MICROPHONE, THEN FEEDBACK. IT SURPRISES DORINDA.

ROSEMARY: (on mic) Excuse me. Excuse me, everyone.

DORINDA: Oh, goodness. The grand dame speaks from the giant tent, like the Wizard of Oz.

REBECCA: This bitch be tripping. Like, come on, y'all. Let's grab some barbecue! We're out!

SFX: REBECCA'S FLIP FLOPS WALK OFF.

DORINDA: Toodle-oo!

STACEY: I wouldn't have pictured Mark with her.

DORINDA: I didn't understand a word she said.

STACEY: She's such a character.

DORINDA: Caricature is more like it. Utterly tiresome.

ROSEMARY: (on mic) Good afternoon, Berkshire Bay Brand Family! I'm Rosemary Berkshire, CEO of our company, and I'm here to welcome you all to this year's Labor Day Extravaganza!

SFX: APPLAUSE AND CHEERS FROM TENT CROWD.

ROSEMARY: (on mic) Remember, it is you, our cherished workers, who make Berkshire Bay Brand what it is, and this little get together is our way of showing you our gratitude for all that you do. It is because of you that Berkshire Bay Brand is the workplace of choice in Berkshire Bay.

SFX: MORE APPLAUSE AND CHEERS.

ROSEMARY: (on mic) It is your dedication, the hours you toil beyond the paid workday, the extra meetings you attend without compensation, the time you volunteer for trainings that fall outside your work week--it is that allegiance to the company that has made Berkshire Bay Brand one of the top 25 employers in our nation!

SFX: A PAUSE AND THEN A SMATTERING OF APPLAUSE.

ROSEMARY: (on mic) I want to assure each and every one of you that this sunscreen ineffectiveness nonsense is just that: nonsense. And that matter will be handled shortly. But on that note, it has come to my attention that some of you have been in discussions about organizing a sort of group to represent the common workers against management, so let me just say this. Management is not against our beloved laborers. We are for you. And to be there for you, we kindly ask that any grievances brought forth are not done so anonymously. If there is an issue to discuss, a wrong to be righted, we most certainly need (MIC FEEDBACK) specific names and employee numbers attached to said issues. Moreover, I'm hearing terms thrown around like "prevailing wage" and "job security" and "labor practices." Now, I'm not sure what all of these things mean, but be assured that Berkshire Bay Brand is a family. We are--

SFX: BUNDLED KEYS JINGLING WITH HURRIED FOOTSTEPS. WHISPERS.

ROSEMARY: (on mic) Oh, excuse me, everyone. It seems I'm needed elsewhere for a moment. Please, enjoy the day! Enjoy the weather! And especially enjoy Zachariah King's delicious barbecue!

SFX: CROWD NOISES.

DORINDA: Different year, same nonsense. What a blowhard.

STACEY: She doesn't exactly sound pro-labor.

DORINDA: Please, that woman would employ children if she were running the company a century ago.

SFX: MICROPHONE FEEDBACK

ROSEMARY: (on mic) Excuse me, Berkshire Bay Brand Family. I, I... I'm afraid I have horrible news. I just can't be the one to say it. I'm going to have Morton Anderlee, head of security, take the mic.

SFX: KEYS JINGLE TO MICROPHONE.

MORTON: (on mic) Um, good afternoon, everyone. I'm Morton Anderlee, head of security. I'm sorry to tell you all this, but there's been a tragic accident, and I'm going to need everyone to remain on the premises for the time being while we look into it.

EMPLOYEE: (shouting from crowd) Oh my god! Mark Miller is floating in the dunk tank! He's dead!

SFX: CROWD GASPS, FEARFUL MURMURS, ETC.

STACEY: Oh, my god, Mom! Mark is dead?! I can't believe it!

DORINDA: Well, well, well. This extravaganza just got interesting. Stacey, darling, follow me. We have some work to do.

SFX: CROWD NOISES, GASPS...

CROWD PERSON 1: It is him...

CROWD PERSON 2: Is that really happening?

CROWD PERSON 1: Wow.

CROWD PERSON 3: Oh my God...

CROWD PERSON 2: Is he okay...? Is that real...?

CROWD PERSON 1: Is that who I think it is...? I can't tell. Can you see from here. If that's who I think it is, I'm not that upset about it, to tell you the truth.

SFX: MARTINI GLASSES CLINK

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
Amy Hanson as Rosemary Berkshire
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.

Follow us on social media:

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(END OF EPISODE 1)

