

SFX: OPENING TANGO MUSIC, THEN --

The QuarantTeam presents Mansfield Mysteries: 'Bon Voyage, Murder?' - Chapter One.

SCENE ONE:

SFX: MOTORBOAT ENGINE, CRASHING WAVES.

DORINDA: My goodness, Stacey! I had no idea the boat ride to the yacht would be this treacherous. I wouldn't have worn these shoes!

STACEY: It is choppy, Mom.

DORINDA: Choppy?! It's tempestuous! You'd think Rosemary Berkshire would have a more civilized means of transportation to this party she's throwing for Dr. Margosian.

STACEY: Well, I'm surprised she's throwing it at all. Doesn't she famously deny he's done any work on her.

DORINDA: Please, Stacey. You don't have breasts that high or skin that tight at our age. Not naturally.

STACEY: Ugh. I didn't realize the Atlantic Ocean was this rough. I don't feel so hot.

DORINDA: Well, perk up, my darling daughter. You're my plus-one, and I'll need you by my side. This party has the "who's who" of Berkshire Bay, and you'll have to be my life raft when I get stuck in boring conversations.

STACEY (retching): I might need to lie down for a bit, Mom. God, I really don't feel well.

DORINDA: Luckily I see the yacht. We're almost there. We can get you a 7-Up. You'll be fine.

SFX: BOAT HORNS OR OTHER SIGNALS FOR THE SPEEDBOAT APPROACHING THE YACHT.

STACEY (retching): I don't think 7-Up is gonna to do the trick.

STACEY: Why did we have to come all the way to Panama for this birthday party anyway?

DORINDA: Rosemary Berkshire has flaunted her money in every possible way at home. She needed to take her fortune abroad, or that's what Alice thinks.

STACEY: Where is Alice?

SFX: BOAT SLOWING DOWN (THAT GURGLY SOUND).

DORINDA: She missed her flight, and she refuses to fly coach, but she'll be here. Alice wouldn't miss Dr. Margosian's birthday! She's his best client!

SFX: MOTOR STOPPING.

CHIEF STEW/ADONIS (in an Australian accent): G'day, ladies! Welcome to The Liquidity 2! I'm Adonis.

DORINDA (to STACEY): I'll say...

ADONIS: I'm the Chief Stew. May I help you with your bags?

STACEY: Ummm, sure. Mine is right here.

ADONIS: Light as a feather.

DORINDA: And mine is here.

ADONIS (struggling): Crikey! Whatcha got in here? A dead body?

STACEY (laughing): No. Not yet!

ADONIS: Here, let me give you a hand up.

STACEY: Thanks.

ADONIS: Right this way.

DORINDA: How about me?

ADONIS: Of course, ma'am.

DORINDA: Don't ma'am me. You can call me Mrs. Mansfield. And this is my daughter, Stacey.

ADONIS: Stacey. I like the sound of that.

DORINDA: And you'll be escorting us to our cabin?

ADONIS: Yes, Mrs. Mansfield, Stacey. Please, follow me.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE TWO:

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AND A TROLLEY CART ROLLING AHEAD OF THEM. WAVES CRASH IN THE BACKGROUND.

ADONIS: Watch your step, ladies. It gets a little rocky at sea. Oh, here's a bitta good luck. Let me introduce you to our captain.

CAPT. ADELAIDE (in an Australian accent): Blimey, these guests are...

ADONIS: Captain Adelaide!

CAPT. ADELAIDE surprised): Oh, hello! Aah, two more delightful party goers. I'm Captain Adelaide, master and commander of The Liquidity 2. Welcome aboard.

DORINDA: You're the captain?

CAPT. ADELAIDE: As I said, yes, ma'am.

DORINDA: You look like you should be on the cover of Vogue.

STACEY (overlapping): Mom!

DORINDA: Well, she's very attractive, don't you think?

ADONIS: Just showing these lovely guests to their quarters.

CAPT. ADELAIDE: Wonderful! I'm sure to see you all a bit later, but I'm set to launch. Time to hit the high seas. Pleasure to meet you.

SFX: THEY WALK AGAIN, PUSHING THE TROLLEY CART.

ADONIS: Don't mind her. She's prickly but a right good captain. Anyway, let me show you around and get you to your cabin.

STACEY: Great!

ADONIS: Now, over there, you've got the hot tub. Great at night with a drink in hand. And over there, we've got a shuffleboard court.

DORINDA: I see Rosemary Berkshire is playing as we speak. And who is that with her?

SFX: JINGLING KEY RING.

ADONIS: Security, she said.

DORINDA: How could I have missed the sound of Morton Anderlee's keys? What's that buffoon doing here?

ROSEMARY (fading in): I win again, Mr. Anderlee, 75 to zero. Set us up for another game. Is that Dorinda Mansfield?

DORINDA: The one and only. Panama is certainly a remote place to host a birthday party.

ROSEMARY: Not far enough away to keep the riff raff from coming. Oh, and you brought your daughter, Tracy.

DORINDA: Stacey.

ROSEMARY: Of course. Good to see you, Stacey.

STACEY: Thank you for having me. I've yet to meet Dr. Margosian, but I'm sure--

ROSEMARY: Yes, surely you'll need his services in time. Oh, and you remember my head of security, Morton Anderlee?

MORTON: Morton Anderlee, head of security.

DORINDA: Why on earth do you need security on a private yacht party?

ROSEMARY: Marauders, pirates. One never knows what might happen on the high seas.

MORTON: There could be marauders, pirates.

ADONIS: Shall we proceed to your quarters?

DORINDA: Yes, please. Toodle-oo, Rosemary. (a pause) Mr. Anderlee.

SFX: THE KEYS JINGLE AGAIN AS ADONIS PUSHES THE TROLLEY CART PASSED THEM.



ADONIS: Now over here, we have the swimming pool. Not everyone is comfortable diving into the ocean, so this is a right nice alternative.

SFX: SPLASHING SOUNDS AND CANNONBALLS CAN BE HEARD A SHORT WAYS OFF, COMING INTO FULL VOLUME.

DORINDA: Is that? Wilmore Parker, I've been trying to bump into you since the Berkshire Bay Art Museum Gala! You are one slippery devil.

SFX: A DIVE AND SPLASHING.

WILMORE: If I'd known you were looking for me, Dorinda, I'd have let you find me immediately.

DORINDA: Wilmore, you old cad, don't sweet talk me. You've been in hiding: socially anyway.

WILMORE: Then you're socializing at the wrong places.

DORINDA: You're not swimming today, Wilmore?

WILMORE: Chlorine is unkind to blond hair.

STACEY: Uh. Isn't that your wife swimming laps?

WILMORE: She doesn't do laps. It'll mess up her makeup. But she does frolic. Hey, Sonya! Look who's here!

SFX: SWIMMING OVER.

SONYA: Dorinda! So good to see you! You should put on your suit! The water's amazing!

WILMORE: Yes, Dorinda, you should put on your suit.

DORINDA: Maybe later. Anyway, I need to speak with you about Richard Breckenridge.

WILMORE: Who?

SFX: SONYA SWIMS AWAY.

DORINDA: Wilmore, I have questions about--

WILMORE: Keep me in suspense. Let's not talk shop. It's a party.

ADONIS: Let's proceed towards your cabin, yes?

STACEY: Yes. (to DORINDA) Mom, I think I'm gonna to puke. Let's hurry, OK?

DORINDA: Of course, my darling daughter. Lead the way, Adonis. (a pause) Wilmore.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE THREE:

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AND THE TROLLEY CART WHEELS SQUEAKING. THEY STOP.

ADONIS: All righty. Well, here we are. Cabin Seven.

SFX: DOOR FOB BUZZES, UNLOCKING THE DOOR. THE DOOR OPENS. THEY ENTER.

ADONIS: What'dya think?

SFX: THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM.

DORINDA: Is this all of it?

ADONIS: Yes.

DORINDA: For both of us?

ADONIS: There're two beds, double-sized. Your own loo. This is one of the better cabins, Mrs. Mansfield. Things are tight on the high seas.

DORINDA: I'll say.

STACEY: It'll be fine, Mom. Can we just--

DORINDA: Oh, yes. Adonis, would it be possible to get a 7-Up for my daughter?

ADONIS: A 7-Up for Cabin Seven.

DORINDA: And maybe some Saltine crackers?

ADONIS: Not feeling so hot, eh?

STACEY: Yeah. I'm afraid not.

ADONIS: No worries. I'll be right back. Oh, and a stewardess will be here shortly to unpack your things.

DORINDA: Thank you.

SFX: DOOR OPENS AND HE LEAVES.

DORINDA: The 7-Up will help your stomach. But what will help my claustrophobia? This cabin is more like a closet!

STACEY: Oh, it's just for sleeping, Mom. We'll be outside with the rest of the partygoers. Or, at least, you will.

DORINDA: Whatever do you mean?

STACEY: Yeah, I'm gonna to have to lie down.

DORINDA: Who am I supposed to talk to?

STACEY: Your friends?

DORINDA: My friends aren't here yet. I don't know when Alice will arrive, and I haven't caught sight of Joy or Gigi.

STACEY: Well, I thought you needed to speak with Wilmore. How about you talk to him?

DORINDA: Hmmm. I need to catch him when Sonya isn't around.

STACEY: Without his wife present? Why?

DORINDA: Don't look at me like that! I have no interest in Wilmore Parker beyond his knowledge of Alice's finances.

STACEY: Then shouldn't Alice be the one to speak with him?

DORINDA: Oh, you know Alice. The moment she's on her second martini, all practicalities go out the window.

STACEY: What kind of practicalities?

DORINDA: I want her to have Richard declared dead, once and for all. She needs to move on with her life, and she needs access to Richard's accounts to do that, and Wilmore manages those accounts.

STACEY: Well... You're a good friend.

DORINDA: My, this cabin isn't exactly roomy, is it? This must be the—

SFX: A SMALLER DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN AND A LIGHT SWITCH IS FLIPPED, TURNING ON AN EXHAUST FAN.

DORINDA (gasping - voice echoing): What I thought was a closet appears to be our bathroom!

SFX: DORINDA FLIPS THE SWITCH AND LEAVES THE ROOM.

DORINDA: Where am I to hang my clothes?

STACEY: I bet that skinny cabinet is the closet.

DORINDA: But I have several caftans, not to mention my hat.

SFX: ANOTHER SMALL DOOR SLIDES OPEN AND CLOSED.

SFX: ADONIS KNOCKS AND PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN.

ADONIS: Ladies? I've got 7-Up; I've got crackers.

SF: DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND HIM.

STACEY: Thank you, Adonis.

DORINDA: Good gracious, there certainly isn't room for three in this sardine can. I'm going to head back up to the deck and find the bar. Stacey, darling, feel better.

ADONIS: There's a bar on every level. No worries wetting your whistle.

STACEY: Thanks, Mom. Have fun.

DORINDA: Toodle-oo!

SFX: DORINDA OPENS THE DOOR AND EXITS. THE DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND HER AND BEEPS, LOCKING IT.

ADONIS: And don't forget, I'm just one buzz away and happy to help with anything you might need.

STACEY: Thank you.

ADONIS: Anything. Just say the word.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE FOUR:

SFX: SEA NOISES IN THE DISTANCE.

SFX: MINIMAL BAR SOUNDS; GLASSES CLINK, THE OCCASIONAL PARTYGOER SOUNDS.

DORINDA: Oh, bar keep!

DR. MARGOSIAN: Give the lady an ice-cold Bombay Sapphire martini, up with olives.

AUSSIE BARTENDER (in an Australian accent): Blue cheese or regular?

DR. MARGOSIAN: Surprise her.

BARTENDER: Yes, sir.

DORINDA: Am I that predictable?

DR. MARGOSIAN: We've known each other a long time, Dorinda.

DORINDA: Yes, we have Dr. Margosian. Is it too early to say happy birthday?

DR. MARGOSIAN: What time zone are we in?

DORINDA: I have no idea.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AND JINGLING KEYS APPROACH.

MORTON: Um, excuse me?

DORINDA: Morton Anderlee, what on earth do you want? Shouldn't you be guarding Rosemary Berkshire from pirates?

MORTON: I'm here by her request. She wanted to make sure everything was to your liking.

DORINDA: Actually, my cabin is a tad small--

MORTON: No, Mrs. Mansfield, I mean the doctor, here.

DORINDA: He's just fine. He's in excellent company. (a pause) He's with me.

MORTON (after another pause): Oh, I get it, Mrs. Mansfield.

DORINDA: You're quite the wit, Mr. Anderlee.

DR. MARGOSIAN: You can tell Rosemary I'm just fine, thank you.

MORTON: Will do.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AND JINGLING KEYS FADE AWAY.

DORINDA: I didn't realize you and Rosemary were so close, Doctor.

DR. MARGOSIAN: WELL, We run in the same circles.

DORINDA: Speaking of circles, when I last saw Rosemary, she was puffy, puffy, puffy, and now today? Gone.

DR. MARGOSIAN: I hadn't noticed.

DORINDA: Listen, I know about HIPPA; I sign the forms. But if you could just tell me--

DR. MARGOSIAN (smiling): I have no idea what you're talking about.

DORINDA: You have a light touch for the right price. I want you to do the same thing to me that you did to her.

WILMORE (fading in): That sounds promising. Sorry to interrupt!

DR. MARGOSIAN: You heard wrong.

DORINDA (overlapping): Don't be ridiculous!

WILMORE: Easy, easy. We're at a party, right?

DR. MARGOSIAN: Doesn't exactly feel like one.

DORINDA: You're certainly dressed for one, Wilmore. A pool party anyway. Do you have a coverup for that speedo?

WILMORE: Look, I know the news today wasn't good--

DR. MARGOSIAN: Not here, Wilmore. I'm a private man. I don't galivant all over town--

WILMORE: Like some people? Like me? Is that what you're saying?

DORINDA: What is going on with you two?



DR. MARGOSIAN: Just another example of money and friendship not mixing.

WILMORE: Even during the Great Depression, the market averaged a seven percent gain over a decade. It's a waiting game; it's not blackjack.

DORINDA: I have no idea what you just said, Wilmore, but it would give me pause if that's how my financial planner spoke to me.

WILMORE: I'm not a financial planner; I'm a hedge fund operator, who dabbles in the dark arts of the market.

DR. MARGOSIAN: You sounded a lot more confident when--

SFX: A MARTINI IS BEING MADE IN THE BACKGROUND.

WILMORE: Come on, buddy!

DORINDA: How about I take Wilmore off your hands?

DR. MARGOSIAN: My pleasure. Just don't let him talk you into investing any of your money. I'll see you later. I'm heading back to my cabin to get dressed for the party and order a quick club sandwich. I'm starving.

SFX: MARGOSIAN SLAMS DOWN HIS DRINK ON THE BAR AND LEAVES.

DORINDA: Goodness! What did you do to him?

WILMORE: One tip that didn't pay off. It's nothing.

SFX: MARTINI GLASS IS SET ON THE BARTOP.

BARTENDER: Your martini, ma'am.

DORINDA: Thank you.

(Dorinda sips.)

WILMORE: I'll do an Aperol Spritz, when you've got a moment.

BARTENDER: Right away, sir.

DORINDA: Let me ask you a question about--

WILMORE: Richard Breckenridge. You know, Dorinda, hedge fund managers are a lot like doctors. There's an expectation of privacy that cannot be breached.

DORINDA: Oh, please.

WILMORE: Plus, we're at a party--

DORINDA: My dearest friend in the world has been held captive by her missing husband. He needs to be declared dead once and for all, so she can access his accounts.

WILMORE: That's outside my purview. But I will say this: there's been some activity on those accounts.

DORINDA: How is that possible?

WILMORE: That's what I intend to find out come Monday morning, once we're off this yacht.

DORINDA: What kind of activity?

WILMORE: It's no secret Richard socked away millions when he was the Russian ambassador. All that elbow-rubbing and deal-brokering with oligarchs? It wouldn't be like Richard to leave money on the table amidst those reprobates.

DORINDA: You're not answering my question.

WILMORE: There have been blips over the last five years. Withdrawals. Easily explained by an associate with limited access to his money. But over the last six months, there have been many of them. Too many for it not to have been--

DORINDA: Been what?

WILMORE: Someone with intimate knowledge of Richard.

BARTENDER: One Aperol Spritz.

WILMORE: Gracias. Is Spanish what they speak here?

BARTENDER: I'm Australian. But, yes, I think so.

WILMORE: Australian, eh? Well, then I'm going to go throw another shrimp on the barbie and join this party.

DORINDA: Wilmore, we are not finished here.

WILMORE (fades out at end, walking away): I won't know anything until the banks open on Monday. Cheerio, mates! I'm heading to the upper deck.

DORINDA: This is an excellent martini, by the way. It can't be easy to get it this cold in such tropical conditions.

BARTENDER (quietly): I heard you asking about Richard Breckenridge.

DORINDA (whispers back): You know Richard Breckenridge?

BARTENDER: Not as well as the captain.

DORINDA: What's that supposed to mean?

BARTENDER: Sorry, that's all I can say. Excuse me, ma'am.

DORINDA: Hmmm. Well, I can't exactly sit here and drink alone. Maybe that captain is floating about.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE FIVE:

SFX: WAVES SPLASH IN THE BACKGROUND.

DORINDA: This must be the dining room. Oh, place cards? Let me find my table.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS, CLINKING OF DISHWARE AND GLASSES AS DORINDA SEARCHES FOR HER PLACECARD.

DORINDA: I will not be sitting between these two. Hmmm. I suppose I shouldn't rearrange Rosemary's entire seating chart. Maybe just this table. Never heard of this person-- strange. Sometimes the devil you don't know is better than the ones you do. She can be to my left and, let's see, oh! Speaking of devils... Harry Hoffman. Perhaps he can give me a little legal advice about having Richard declared dead. Lets just do a little shuffle here to put some distance between myself and--

MORTON (keys jingle): Hold it right there, Mrs. Mansfield. What are you doing with those placecards?

DORINDA: Whatever do you mean, Mr. Anderlee?

MORTON: I spent a lot of time on this seating chart.

DORINDA: Why on earth would you be in charge of the seating arrangements?

MORTON: Because I know everybody, Mrs. Mansfield.

DORINDA: Yes, you're quite the socialite. I only flipped a few seats at this table. You seated me between--

MORTON: Oh, I know who I seated you next to.

DORINDA: And I thought Rosemary was to blame.

MORTON: Not always. Anyway, I'm going to need to escort you out of the dining area. There are drinks next to the pool if that martini is running low.

DORINDA: I'll see myself out, thank you.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AS SHE WALKS AWAY.

MORTON (calling after her): See you at the party, Mrs. Mansfield.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE SIX:

SFX: WAVES. FOOTSTEPS ON THE DECK. WAVES CRASH.

DORINDA: This is why I need Stacey. I seem to have gotten turned around.

SFX: WET FOOTSTEPS MOVE UP QUICKLY AND TWO PEOPLE COLLIDE.  
DORINDA LAUGHS.

SONYA: Have you seen my husband?

DORINDA: Oh, well, hello to you, too, Sonya.

SONYA: Sorry. Hello. Have you seen my husband?

DORINDA: We were just chatting in the bar below deck. He said he was coming up here.

SONYA: Did he? Or did he mean the bridge?

DORINDA: Why would he go to the bridge?

SONYA: To chat up that captain. You've seen how beautiful she is.

DORINDA: Not as beautiful as you, Sonya. Believe me, you have nothing to worry about.

SONYA: Wilmore loves a challenge. Captain Adelaide is in a relationship--engaged, based on that diamond on her left ring finger--so she's a challenge.

DORINDA: He's past his dog days now, don't you think? You have him pretty well trained.

SONYA: I'm his fourth wife, Dorinda. And now that we've been married for a few years... I can tell he's bored.

DORINDA: Oh, dearheart, every married couple is bored. It's such a comfort.

SONYA: Wilmore doesn't like to be comfortable. He's a risk-taker.

DORINDA: Like, with other people's money?

SONYA: Always! (a pause) Say, what are you wearing to this party tonight? The invitation said "Canal Chic," but I have no idea what that means.

DORINDA: I let my daughter choose something. I actually have no idea what she picked.

WILMORE (fading in): Hello, ladies.

SONYA: And where are you coming from?

DORINDA: Wilmore, we were just talking about you.

WILMORE: All good things, I hope.

SONYA: Who were you with?

WILMORE: A better question is how many margaritas have you had?

SFX: DRINK THROWN IN HIS FACE.

SFX: WILMORE GASPS.

SONYA: I guess I'll need one more now.

SFX: WET FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY.

WILMORE: What did I do?

DORINDA: According to your wife: Captain Adelaide.

WILMORE: Oh. Not yet.

DORINDA: Oh, Wilmore. You're too old to be this much of a cad.

WILMORE: So my wife keeps telling me.

ROSEMARY (fading in): Wilmore! There you are.

DORINDA: Where's your bodyguard? Arranging the flowers?

ROSEMARY: Steaming my dress. Would you please excuse us, Dorinda? I need a word with Wilmore.

DORINDA: I should get dressed. Toodle-oo, you two. (she sips)

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AS SHE WALKS AWAY.

ROSEMARY (muted by distance): I didn't invite you all the way to Panama for you to slink away into dark corners, Wilmore.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS STOP.

(Dorinda sips again)

WILMORE (also muted): I don't slink, Rosemary.

ROSEMARY: Slither is more like it. I spoke with Dr. Margosian about our mutual investment with you.

WILMORE: It's the level of risk that creates the level of reward. This risk didn't pay off.

ROSEMARY: You promised the Russian zinc mines—

(Dorinda sips again)

ROSEMARY (a pause): Dorinda? Dorinda Mansfield, I can hear you sipping over there.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS START UP, WALKING AWAY.

DORINDA: Just finishing my martini! See you at the party.



(Dorinda sips again)

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE SEVEN:

SFX: DOOR FOB BEEPS AND OPENS.

STACEY: Mom! You should knock before entering.

DORINDA: I thought you'd be asleep. Oh--

ADONIS: G'day, ma'am. I was just checking on the patient.

DORINDA: How kind of you. But if you don't mind, I need to change for the party.

ADONIS: No worries. See you later, Stacey. Excuse me, ma'am.

SFX: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES, BEEPING AT THE END.

DORINDA: Feeling better, I see, if a little flushed.

STACEY: It's the, um, the seasickness.

DORINDA (under her breath): Lovesickness, perhaps. (in her regular voice) Anyway, let's see what outfit you've selected for me.

STACEY: It's in the garment bag across your bed.

SFX: UNZIPPING.

DORINDA: What on earth?! This is a little racy, wouldn't you say?

STACEY: Hardly! I used a mix of Captain and Tennille and Barbra Streisand as inspiration.

DORINDA: You weren't even a glimmer in your mother's eye when they were around.

STACEY: No, but, you know, I was going for "yacht rock." Trust me, it's a thing.

DORINDA: How on earth am I going to get into this? And won't the seagulls pick at my sequins and beads?

STACEY: No. It's just gulls, Mom, and no. They don't fly out this far.

DORINDA: I thought we'd be docking for the party.

STACEY: Not exactly. Adonis said--

DORINDA: Oh, Adonis said.

STACEY: Yes. He said you'd be dropping anchor. That's still offshore.

DORINDA: What shoes am I wearing?

STACEY: A sensible Blahnik slide with a rubber bottom. These boats can tip a bit.

DORINDA: All right, well help me get into this thing. And don't get any cracker crumbs on my dress.

SFX: DORINDA GRUNTS AND MOANS.

DORINDA: I'm going to need some Spanx for this.

STACEY: No, Mom. I made sure the material is flattering. No one wants to wear Spanx in this heat!

SFX: MORE GRUNTING AND MANEUVERING INTO OUTFIT.

DORINDA: Are you sure you aren't well enough to join me at the party? It's lonely without you.

STACEY: Oh, you'll know practically everyone there.

DORINDA: You won't believe who's at my table!

SFX: KNOCK.

SFX: THEY STOP MAKING NOISE.

ADONIS (through the door): We're going to drop anchor in thirty minutes, ladies. Your seasickness should improve then, Stacey. And Mrs. Mansfield, hors d'oeuvres start in fifteen minutes. Drinks are already being served.

STACEY (loudly): Thanks, Adonis!

SFX: A ZIPPER GOES UP.

DORINDA: What about this mop of hair? This is what happens when your hairdresser turns out to be a murderer: grown out highlights and bad layers.

STACEY: Oh, you look great. And, you know, it's kind of a "seaside hair, don't care" vibe.

DORINDA: I have no idea what you're saying, darling, but you'd tell me if I needed to fix it, right?

STACEY: Yes, Mom. Maybe just a little lipstick.

SFX: DRESSER DRAWER OPENING, A LIP PUCKER/SMACK. SHE PUTS THE LIPSTICK BACK IN THE DRAWER AND SHUTS IT.

DORINDA: Done. All right, dear, I going to hit the deck, as they say. I'm sure I won't be late. You get some rest.

STACEY: I will. And try to have fun! You look great.

DORINDA: Toodle-oo, darling.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE EIGHT:

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AND THEN ANOTHER SET OF HEAVIER ONES FOLLOWED BY KEYS JANGLING.

DORINDA: Why Mr. Anderlee, you keep turning up like a bad penny.

MORTON: I could say the same about you, but I wouldn't, because it's rude.

DORINDA: That's how you speak to a lady?

MORTON: No.

DORINDA: Well, I never!

MORTON: Party's this way, ma'am. Just heading there myself.

SFX: MUFFLED ARGUING FROM A DISTANCE.

MORTON: I don't like to be late.

DORINDA: Shhh. Please, Mr. Anderlee, someone's fighting.

MORTON: We should be quiet and give them their privacy, Mrs. Mansfield.

DORINDA: No, we should be quiet so we can hear them.

MORTON: That's eavesdropping.

DORINDA: Sounds like it's coming from the deck above us.

SFX: MORE MUFFLED ARGUING, THEN:

WILMORE: No, no, no. You've got it all wrong! Come on, just give me a second to explain.

SFX: MUFFLED REPLY. THE GENDER OF THE CHARACTER CANNOT BE DETERMINED.

DORINDA: That's Wilmore Parker's voice.

WILMORE: That simply isn't true! Please! No! You stay back! No, no, no!

SFX: WILMORE SCREAMING AS HE'S PUSHED OVERBOARD.

SFX: WHOOSH OF BODY PASSING AND SPLASH.

BOSUN: Man overboard!

DORINDA: Oh, my goodness, Mr. Anderlee! Was that a--

MORTON: Yes, Mrs. Mansfield, that was a body.

DORINDA: Look! He's floating away! Someone's got to do something!

SFX: BOAT ALARM SOUNDS.

MORTON: Seems like somebody is.

SFX: SPLASHES.

CAPT. ADELAIDE (on a loud speaker): Adonis, get the dinghy!

DORINDA: Do you see a life preserver anywhere?

MORTON: No.

SFX: MOTOR AND SPLASHING WAVES.

DORINDA: This is like the Titanic! Beautiful, minus my tiny cabin, but not enough safety equipment!

ADONIS (on a speaker): Anybody see the body?

DORINDA: Oh, if anyone can save Wilmore, it's Adonis.

SFX: DINGHY MOTOR, SPLASHES.

ADONIS (a little breathless - on speaker): I can't see him! He's disappeared!

DORINDA: I don't see Wilmore anywhere!

MORTON: Me neither.

DORINDA: Oh, Mr. Anderlee, I hate to say this: I think Wilmore Parker was pushed to his death! Come on, Mr. Anderlee, let's go.

MORTON: To find Captain Adelaide?

DORINDA: No, to find the bar.

SFX: CLINK

Mansfield Mysteries

Featuring:

Melissa Hughes Ernest as Dorinda Mansfield

and

Melissa Zeien as Stacey Mansfield

With:

Cody Ernest as Morton Anderlee

Amy Hanson as Rosemary Berkshire

A.J. Laird as Bosun

Tina Paukstelis as Captain Adelaide

Michael Retzlaff as Dr. Margosian

Dana Roders as Sonya Parker

Joan Roehre as Aussie Bartender

Matt Specht as Wilmore Parker

And

Christopher Wild as Adonis

Produced by Nicholas Hoyt and Paul Reese

Associate Produced by Drew Owen

Written by Amy Hanson and Michael L Johnson

Sound Design by Paul Reese

Directed by Nicholas Hoyt

A special Thank You to Amber Miller for all of her contributions.

This season is dedicated to the memory and honor of Dutch and Sandie Hoyt.

You've just enjoyed a QuarantTeam Production.