

SFX: OPENING TANGO MUSIC, THEN --

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

SCENE ONE:

SFX: DOOR CARD BEEPS AND THE DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

DORINDA: Stacey, darling, wake up!

STACEY: I am awake. God, did you just barge in here without knocking again? What if I'd been--

DORINDA: Oh, your man friend is otherwise engaged. I knew I wouldn't be interrupting an interlude.

STACEY: Mom... Wait, what do you mean "otherwise engaged"?

DORINDA: He pulled a dead body out of the ocean.

STACEY: He what? Whose body?

DORINDA: Wilmore Parker.

STACEY: The banker?

DORINDA: Hedge-fund manager, technically. And a rather poor one at that.

STACEY: Wait. He's dead? God. What happened?

DORINDA: I think he was murdered.

STACEY: Oh, that's always what you think.

DORINDA: And I'm always right! I think someone pushed him to his death.

STACEY: Who would kill Wilmore Parker in the middle of a birthday party on a yacht?

DORINDA: That's exactly what you and I need to find out.

STACEY: No, I'm sorry, Mom, no. I can't. I'm so nauseous--

DORINDA: It's nauseated, darling, not nauseous, but I don't have time to fix your grammar and find a killer.

STACEY: I just can't.

DORINDA: I bet if Adonis were asking--

STACEY: Not even then. No, I'm seasick. I can't help it.

DORINDA: Then I'll have to go it alone. I don't like going it alone.

STACEY: If anyone can do it, Mom...

DORINDA: I'd better get to the main deck and suss out possible motives. You get some rest. I might need you later.

STACEY: I'll try. But until then, good luck! And watch your back.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE TWO:

SFX: WAVES SPLASH UNDER THE SOUNDS OF PARTY NOISES--VOICES, GLASSES CLINKING, ETC. REGGAE MUSIC PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND.

ROSEMARY (on microphone): Ah, good evening, everyone. Please enjoy the hors d'oeuvres. Dinner service will begin shortly. Our chef tonight, against my better judgment, but requested by the guest of honor, is Chef Andre. I had fresh lobster flown in from Maine--

CHEF ANDRE: (grabbing the mic) Anyway, we will be having ceviche followed by Bacalao con Papas. It's best to eat what's fresh locally.

DORINDA: Seems as if Rosemary Berkshire isn't going to let a little thing like a corpse ruin her party.

LINDA: Is that Dorinda Mansfield?

DORINDA: Linda Abbott! Where have you been hiding yourself these days? You barely show your face at the tennis club. (a pause) Your face...

LINDA: What do you think? I think Dr. Margosian took a decade off.

DORINDA: At least. You're so... taut.

LINDA: And speaking of taut, have you ever seen breasts this firm?

DORINDA: Not on women our age. I'm sorry, I thought all of your accounts were frozen when Jim went... went...

LINDA: Oh, Dorinda, it's practically a country club where they sent him. He says the tennis there is very competitive. Besides, a little tax evasion never hurt anyone. No need to be treated like a criminal.

DORINDA: But I thought the real punishment was losing so much of your money. Not that money means everything.

LINDA: It isn't everything. It's the only thing! (laughs) Oh, but we had plenty tucked away in international institutions. Why do you think Rosemary threw this shindig in Panama? Half the guestlist is depositing or removing money from their offshore accounts. It's quite pragmatic of her.

DORINDA: Quite.

LINDA: Sit here next to me. I don't know a soul at my table.

DORINDA: Oh, I'd be happy to.

SFX: KEYS JINGLING.

MORTON: Hold it right there, Mrs. Mansfield. Don't even think about messing with my seating chart.

DORINDA: Mr. Anderlee, surely there's someone from this table whose card can be switched with mine.

MORTON: Of course there is, but we're sticking to the chart. I spent a lot of time--

DORINDA: Losing to Rosemary at shuffleboard?

MORTON: Low blow, Mrs. Mansfield. Come along now.

DORINDA: Do not lay a hand on me, Mr. Anderlee.

MORTON: Just escorting you to your table like the lady you are, Mrs. Mansfield.

LINDA: I'll speak with you later, Dorinda. In my experience, it's best not to upset the authorities.

DORINDA: Authorities? Please.

MORTON: Well, I do have authority over this seating chart, so if you'll please follow me...

DORINDA: Toodle-oo, Linda.

SFX: WAVES, FOOTSTEPS, KEYS.

MORTON: See? You're at this fine table.

DORINDA: I'm the first one here. There's no one to talk to.

MORTON (pause, then sighs): I'll keep you company.

DORINDA: Hmmmm. (a long pause) Since you insist on staying, perhaps you could enlighten me as to why Rosemary Berkshire is carrying on with this party. A dead body is floating in the dinghy being towed behind the yacht, for God's sake.

MORTON: She put a lot of time into this party, and a lot of people flew a long way to be here. Plus, with these seas getting choppy again, it'll take a while until we're close enough to shore to drop anchor.

DORINDA: How long is a while?

MORTON: An hour, at least.

DORINDA: Well, if that's the case, then I'd better get on the case.

MORTON: Oh, no, Mrs. Mansfield. You're not going to muddy up this party. Dr. Margosian is a very important--

DORINDA: What's very important is to determine who might've had a motive to throw Wilmore Parker over the side of this boat.

MORTON: You know, I shouldn't be saying this, but half the guests here have a reason to toss him overboard.

DORINDA: Why, pray tell?



MORTON: Between the Russian oligarchs and the zinc investments that went south, I'm surprised Mrs. Berkshire still invited him.

DORINDA: Why Morton, aren't you full of surprises? You're smarter than you look. Any chance Rosemary might be the one who--

MORTON: Hold it right there, Mrs. Mansfield. You will not speak ill of Rosemary Berkshire. Not in front of me.

DORINDA: Just thinking out loud, Mr. Anderlee. In fact--now, hear me out--the only two people we know didn't throw Wilmore Parker into the ocean are right here.

ANNABELLE (fading in): Yoo hoo! Dorinda!

SARABELLE: Dorinda Mansfield! Who would've thought you'd make the guest list?

DORINDA: Annabelle, Sarabelle. I was about to say the same to you.

SARABELLE: Says here we're at the same table. What in the sam hill?!

MORTON: I did the seating chart.

ANNABELLE: Why on earth would you place us beside our greatest tennis rival? That last loss still has me mad as a wet hen.

(Dorinda laughs to herself.)

MORTON: For the scintillating conversation.

DORINDA: Scintillating! Look who's been reading the dictionary.

ANNABELLE: Mr. Anderlee, the last time we saw you, we told you we needed access to Rosemary.

SARABELLE: That we needed to be seated at her table. So, if you could just make that little adjustment, kind sir...

MORTON (laughing): Ha! That's a good one.

ANNABELLE (quietly, to him): Remember? We needed to discuss--

MORTON (after a pause): Discuss what?

SARABELLE: The z-i-n-c matter.

DORINDA: Do you think I can't spell zinc?

ANNABELLE: You might as well just say it. It's not as if everyone doesn't know the Russian deal fell through.

SARABELLE: We're trying to renegotiate our family's zinc mine contract with Berkshire Bay Brand.

MORTON: I told you ladies: after that lawsuit and the settlement payout, it'll never happen. Don't waste your time, and more importantly, don't waste Rosemary Berkshire's.

DORINDA: Mr. Anderlee, if I could steal you away for a moment?

MORTON: Uh, sure. I guess.

DORINDA: I'm afraid I'll be seeing you two later.

ANNABELLE: Mm-hmm.

SARABELLE: That's right...

SFX: KEYS JINGLE AS THEY STEP OUTSIDE THE DINING AREA.

MORTON: What can I do for you, Mrs. Mansfield?

DORINDA: I just needed to get away from those nitwits. But, if you recall, I was saying that there are only two people onboard who are definitely not suspects in Wilmore Parker's death.

MORTON: Who?

DORINDA: You and me. We were standing next to each other when the body flew past.

MORTON: True, true.

DORINDA: So perhaps we should team up. You know, investigate.

MORTON: I told you, Mrs. Mansfield, you're not going to ruin this party.

DORINDA: Of course not! But just think of how pleased Rosemary Berkshire would be if her head of security passed the killer off to the authorities as soon as we dock.

MORTON: Well--

DORINDA: It'll barely interrupt the party, and you'll be hailed as a hero!

MORTON: I don't know about hero.

DORINDA: Not if you don't help me investigate, but if you do, I'll give you all the credit. Or at least half.

MORTON: You know, I have been thinking about asking for a raise, and solving a murder would be a pretty good negotiation tactic.

DORINDA: Exactly! Here's what we'll do. I'm going to find the captain. I believe she was on the bridge when it happened, which happens to be over the deck where we were standing.

MORTON: Good thinking, good thinking.

DORINDA: And you could do some reconnaissance work among the guests. (a pause) Reconnaissance. It means investigative.

MORTON: I know what reconnaissance means, Mrs. Mansfield. I didn't think you were done giving orders.

DORINDA: I thought you might circulate among the partygoers, since you're in charge of security. You won't raise any eyebrows, but you could watch and listen. See if anyone seems anxious or--

MORTON: I know how to surveil, Mrs. Mansfield.

DORINDA: You're full of lexical surprises today, Mr. Anderlee.

MORTON: Hm. It's good to keep people guessing.

DORINDA: All right, I'll find the captain and then find you to compare notes.

MORTON: Toodle-oo, Mrs. Mansfield.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE THREE:

SFX: OCEAN NOISES, THEN KNOCKING.

DORINDA: Oh, Captain Adelaide! Knock, knock. May I have a word?

SFX: SCUFFLING BEHIND THE CLOSED DOOR.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE (muffled): Just a moment, please.

DORINDA: Captain, it's important. It's regarding the corpse you're towing behind the boat.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE (muffled): Yep. Be right there!

SFX: MORE SCUFFLING.

SFX: DOOR BEEPS AND OPENS.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: Well, g'day, Mrs. Mansfield. What can I do for ya?

DORINDA: I thought you'd be on the bridge, but your co-captain directed me here to your bunk.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: That's the first mate you spoke with, not a co-captain, and these are my quarters. Bunks are for the stews, the chef, the deck hands...

DORINDA: I guess I'll need to buff up on my terminology if I ever hit the high seas again. And speaking of buff, where is your uniform?

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: Just changing for the party.

DORINDA: That's an awfully short kimono.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: We Aussies aren't so stuffy about being in the nuddy as you Americans.

DORINDA: And quite the diamond ring.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: Ta. It's a sparkler.

DORINDA: Hold on, if you're at the party, who will be steering the boat?

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: First of all, it's a yacht, and secondly, we'll be anchored by then, and the first mate will be on duty.

DORINDA: Anyway, I wanted to speak with you about the incident with Wilmore Parker. I happened to be right below the bridge when he was pushed. His body flew right past me!

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE (laughs): Pushed? I think you're mistaken, Mrs. Mansfield. Based on what I heard, Wilmore Parker fell to his death. Happens more often than you'd think.

DORINDA: That may be what you heard, but what I heard was him arguing with someone right before he died.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: Well, no one was on the bridge except me, and no one was agro in my earshot.

DORINDA: I have no idea what you just said.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: I didn't hear any argument. Besides, the bridge is enclosed. Can't toss a bloke overboard through a wall.

DORINDA: Are you often alone on the bridge? Seems like more crew would be around.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: The crew was busy settling the guests.

DORINDA: What else connects to the bridge besides your bunk? I mean quarters, which are surprisingly nice, by the way. Nicer than mine.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: This is my 'ouse nine months of the year. And I am the captain.

DORINDA: The woodwork is spectacular, and is this your bathroom?

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: Oh! You're not going in my loo, Mrs. Mansfield. That's private.

DORINDA: I just wanted to see how it compared to mine.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: Never mind about that.

DORINDA: How well did you know Wilmore Parker, Captain Adelaide?

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: Barely met him.

DORINDA: And you say no one else was on this level?

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: Not that I saw. Now that Sheila of his was going off on him earlier. She was having a swim, while he was sunning himself in his Budgie Smugglers. I thought she was going to crack the shits!

DORINDA: I'm sorry, Captain, but I'm having a very difficult time understanding what you're saying.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: His wife was screaming at him as he was lounging in his Speedo.

DORINDA: Ooh...

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: I didn't catch the full drift, but it had something to do with money.

DORINDA: That's becoming a familiar refrain.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: Now if you'll excuse me, Mrs. Mansfield, I need to dress for this party.

DORINDA: I'm sorry, but before I go, where does this short hallway lead?

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: That's the private deck.

DORINDA: From which he could've been thrown. Or fallen.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: Or jumped. If I was catching an earful the way he was from his wife, I'd off myself right quick.

DORINDA: Thank you for your time, Captain.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: No worries.

SFX: DOOR CLOSING AND BEEPS.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE FOUR:

SFX: AWAY FROM THE CROWD, THE REGGAE MUSIC IS JUST A HUM.

ROSEMARY: So, what do you think, Doctor? Have I done you justice?



DR. MARGOSIAN: If justice is the right word for Wilmore Parker's "accidental" death.

ROSEMARY (laughs): What do you get for the man who has everything?

SFX: THEY CLINK GLASSES.

SFX: KEYS JINGLE AS MORTON APPROACHES.

MORTON: Mrs. Berkshire, Doctor Margosian.

ROSEMARY: Morton! Isn't this a fabulous party?

MORTON: Top shelf, Mrs. Berkshire. Say, I was wondering if I could ask you two a couple of questions.

ROSEMARY: About what?

MORTON: Wilmore Parker.

ROSEMARY: Oh, Morton, I was just kidding.

MORTON: Kidding, ma'am?

ROSEMARY: Never mind. What do you want to know?

MORTON: Where you both were when the body went overboard. Oh, hold on a second. I'd better jot this down.

SFX: PAPER TURNING IN NOTEBOOK.

ROSEMARY: What've you got there?

MORTON: Just taking a few notes. Gotta keep things straight.

ROSEMARY: What things, Morton? It seems like you're playing detective.

MORTON: I am the head of security.

ROSEMARY: My security.

MORTON: And this boat.

ROSEMARY: It's a yacht. A luxury yacht. Why Andy Cohen rented it not two weeks ago.

MORTON: Anyway, ma'am, could you tell me where you were when news of Wilmore Parker broke?

ROSEMARY: In my stateroom.

DR. MARGOSIAN: Which is right beside mine.

SFX: MORTON WRITES THE INFO DOWN, PENCIL SCRATCHING ON PAPER.

ROSEMARY: We are the primary guests, after all.

MORTON: And you, Doctor?

DR. MARGOSIAN: Same. I was changing into my outfit and having a quick bite to eat.

ROSEMARY: Seersucker really suits you.

DR. MARGOSIAN: Thank you, Rosemary.

SFX: THEY CLINK GLASSES.

MORTON: Anyway, back to the crime.

ROSEMARY: Crime? It was an accident.

MORTON: I misspoke. You're probably right, Mrs. Berkshire. I just want to be able to help the authorities once they get here.

ROSEMARY: Well, no one is interrupting Dr. Margosian's birthday party!

DR. MARGOSIAN: Let him ask a couple of questions, Rosemary. We don't have anything to hide.

MORTON: On that note, do you know of anyone who might? Have something to hide?

ROSEMARY: Everyone in Berkshire Bay has something to hide, but regarding Wilmore? I mean, he lost a few million in investments this past week.

MORTON: What kind of investments?

ROSEMARY: A zinc mine in Russia. But that was days ago. Anyone with real money is over that already.

DR. MARGOSIAN: It's the name of the game. You win some, you lose some...

MORTON: So, you're telling me there are people on board who've lost millions of dollars but don't care?

ROSEMARY: It's not that they don't care, so much as they don't care for long. Oh, don't get me wrong, Wilmore wouldn't be getting my business again anytime soon, but I wasn't about to toss him off the yacht for a deal gone wrong.

MORTON: And by "toss him off the yacht" you mean...

ROSEMARY: Uninvite him to the party. He's a great conversationalist and shameless flirt.

DR. MARGOSIAN: He was.

They laugh.

ROSEMARY: Anything else, Morton?

MORTON: Can anyone confirm you two were in your cabins?

ROSEMARY: Our staterooms? I suppose not. You'll have to take our words for it. Isn't my word good enough for you, Morton?

MORTON: Of course, Mrs. Berkshire.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE FIVE:

SFX: OCEAN WAVES SPLASH, AS FOOTSTEPS WALK UP.

DORINDA: Don't jump, Sonya!

SONYA (screams): Dorinda! Dorinda, you scared me!

DORINDA: You scared me! Don't go doing anything foolish just because your husband died. You'll find another one.

SONYA: I was just looking down at the jet skis. Have you ever been on one?

DORINDA: Not in this lifetime.

SONYA: I took one out earlier. They're so much fun! You should really try it. (Starts to sniffle.) Of course, if I hadn't been out on the water, maybe Wilmore and I would've had time to make up before he... (More sniffing.) Before he...

DORINDA: Died?

SONYA: Oh, the poor thing. He never stood a chance.

DORINDA: A chance against?

SONYA: The water! He wasn't a strong swimmer. More of a sunbather, you know?

DORINDA: Oh, I'm familiar with his Speedos.

SONYA: You look nice. Your daughter nailed the "Canal Chic" vibe. What do you think of my outfit?

DORINDA: Awfully small, but if anyone has the figure for it...

SONYA: Wilmore always said: less is more. At least when it came to my clothing.

DORINDA: How about we join the party on the main deck? I think I hear music.

SONYA: I think Wilmore would want it that way, don't you?

DORINDA: Absolutely.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE SIX:

SFX: PARTY IS IN FULL SWING - MUSIC PLAYS, GUESTS CHATTER AND DRINKS ARE TOASTED.

ROSEMARY: As I was saying to Dr. Margosian, life is for the living.

ANNABELLE: Isn't that the truth.

SARABELLE: The day after our daddy passed, our mama won the 2016 South Carolina lawn darts competition.

ANNABELLE: And went on to three-peat.

SARABELLE: The only woman to do so in Palmetto State history.

ROSEMARY: Mmm. You must be so proud.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS.

DORINDA: Rosemary, Dr. Margosian I was wondering if you could keep the widow Sonya distracted with some of your sparkling conversation.

SARABELLE: Oh, darlin', you must be beside yourself!

ANNABELLE: What a terrible tragedy.

SONYA (crying): I don't know what I'll do without him. He was my best friend.

ROSEMARY: Rewriting history so soon?

Sonya gasps.

DR. MARGOSIAN: Wilmore was...

ANNABELLE: A gambler, in the best possible way.

SARABELLE: And a womanizer, in the best possible way.

ANNABELLE: Yes, like, oh like, Warren Beatty.

SARABELLE: Or Bill Clinton.

ROSEMARY: Let's not talk politics, ladies. It's a party.

DR. MARGOSIAN: Say, Dorinda, where are Alice Breckenridge and Joy Wakefield? I was sure they'd be here by now.

DORINDA: Alice assured me she'd find alternate transportation when she missed her flight.

SFX: JINGLING KEYS.

MORTON: Mrs. Mansfield.

DORINDA: Mr. Anderlee.

MORTON: Could I have a word with you?

DORINDA: Of course! Excuse us, please.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AND JINGLING KEYS AS THE PARTY NOISES FADE.

DORINDA: What is it, Mr. Anderlee?

MORTON: Just wanted to bring you up to speed, Mrs. Mansfield. On the investigation.

SFX: NOTEBOOK PAGES TURNING.

DORINDA: Do tell!

MORTON: I felt out Rosemary Berkshire and the doctor. I can't say they have an alibi, but they didn't seem guilty either.

DORINDA: One has no shame, and the other has no conscience. They're used to seeming irreproachable.

MORTON: That's pretty harsh. I thought they were your friends.

DORINDA: Yes?

MORTON: And Mrs. Berkshire is my boss, but something felt a little off. Neither one of them seemed too bothered by Mr. Parker's demise.

DORINDA: Well, I did a little poking around of my own. Sonya does have an alibi--she was riding a jet ski--and she did work up some tears.

MORTON: That's easy enough to check out. The jet ski. What about the captain?

DORINDA: Captain Adelaide was a little more cagey.

MORTON: How so?

DORINDA: She says she was alone on the bridge when the body went overboard, so there's no one to corroborate her whereabouts.

MORTON: But the boat was moving, so it makes sense she was driving it.

DORINDA: True, but she made sure to point a finger at Sonya, too. A few times.

MORTON: Mmm. Like she was deflecting? Let me jot that down.



DORINDA: That's what it felt like. She'll be at the party later. Maybe you can talk to her.

MORTON: Oh, I'd be happy to.

DORINDA: Don't sound so eager. I know she's a beautiful woman, but she's also engaged, Mr. Anderlee, and I'm sure to someone more important than a security guard.

MORTON (offended): I'm head of security, Mrs. Mansfield, for one of the wealthiest women in the United States. That's pretty important.

DORINDA: I'm sorry. You're right.

MORTON: Apology accepted.

DORINDA: There is one thing I'd like to follow up on, however, regarding the captain.

MORTON: What's that?

DORINDA: She was very protective of her lavatory. I asked to see it.

MORTON: Why did you want to look at her bathroom?

DORINDA: To compare it to mine! Her quarters are quite nice, and I was curious. But it felt like she might be hiding something, too. In the loo, as she called it.

MORTON: Let's take a look.

DORINDA: I'm sure she locks her door.

MORTON: I have the master key.

SFX: KEYS JINGLE.

DORINDA: Morton! I didn't know you were a rule breaker.

MORTON: Bender. When necessary.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE SEVEN:

SFX: FOOTSTEPS, OCEAN NOISES, KEYS JINGLING.

DORINDA: You move quickly. I'm impressed.

MORTON: Not bad for a security guard, huh?

DORINDA: Mr. Anderlee, I said I was sorry.

SFX: A KNOCK, SILENCE, AND THEN THE DOOR BEEPS UNLOCKED.

MORTON: Come on. Let's get in and get out.

SFX: THE DOOR OPENS AND THEY ENTER. THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM.

DORINDA: Flip the lights on.

SFX: LIGHT SWITCH.

MORTON: She's tidy, I'll give her that.

DORINDA: We're not here to assess her cleanliness; we're here to see what she's hiding.

MORTON: Which door's the bathroom.

DORINDA: That one.

SFX: KEYS JINGLE AS THE DOOR SQUEAKS OPENS. A LIGHT SWITCH IS FLIPPED, TURNING ON AN EXHAUST FAN.

MORTON (echoing): Looks pretty regular to me.

DORINDA (echoing): Regular? It's twice the size of mine!

MORTON: This is a boat, Mrs. Mansfield--

DORINDA: A luxury yacht! This is simply inexcusable.

MORTON: Well, I don't see anything fishy here. Toiletries, towels, toilet, sink...

DORINDA: What's behind the shower curtain?

SFX: SHOWER CURTAIN PULLED ASIDE.

MORTON: Again, the usual: soap, shampoo...

DORINDA: What's that hanging from the shower head?

MORTON: Run of the mill red Speedo.

DORINDA: Why would Captain Adelaide have a budgie smuggler in her bathroom?

MORTON: You said she's engaged.

DORINDA: Affianced, yes, but her fiance isn't on board. However, who was on board and famous for his Speedo collection was--

MORTON: Wilmore Parker. Oh, I got an eyeful earlier today.

DORINDA: You don't think she was... they were...

SFX: MUFFLED VOICES LAUGHING OUTSIDE OF THE QUARTERS, ON THE DECK.

MORTON: Hold on, Mrs. Mansfield! I think we're about to have company.

DORINDA: Well, we can't stay in here!

SFX: THEY TURN OFF THE FAN AND EXIT THE BATHROOM.

MORTON: Where do the other doors lead?

DORINDA: I don't know, but we'd better find out.

SFX: TWO VOICES CONVERSE AND LAUGH. THE DOOR BEEPS BUT ERRORS OUT.

SFX: DORINDA AND MORTON SHUFFLE AROUND THE CABIN. A DOOR OPENS.

DORINDA: This little cabinet is the closet.

MORTON: What about that one?

SFX: BALCONY DOOR OPENS AND THEY STEP OUTSIDE. WAVES CRASH IN THE BACKGROUND.

MORTON: Come out here. It's a balcony.

DORINDA: She has a balcony?

SFX: QUARTER'S DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. MORE GIGGLING.

DORINDA: It's tiny, but it's still a balcony. Oh, my the ocean's rocky.

MORTON (whispers): You'd better quiet down, Mrs. Mansfield.

SFX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE (inside, muffled): It's a bit iffy, me sneaking away from the party for a snog.

MAN'S VOICE (inside, muffled): Oh, I'll get you out of those knickers in a jiff and send you right back.

DORINDA (Voice lowered.) Oh, my.

MORTON: Sounds like Captain Adelaide has a friend.

DORINDA: I'll say.

MAN'S VOICE: What do you say I go - (In an Aussie accent.) Down Under?

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: Or into the bush, as the real hunters say.

MAN'S VOICE: I'm a real hunter.

DORINDA: My, it's warm out here! Are you warm?

SFX: KEYS JINGLING.

MORTON: A little bit.

DORINDA: Keep those keys silent, Mr. Anderlee.

MORTON: I'm trying.

MAN'S VOICE: Oh, come on, Captain. Time to bring this ship into port!

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: Oh, my god!

DORINDA (quietly): Oh, my god!

MORTON: Please, Mrs. Mansfield, I'm begging you to be quiet, and please try not to rock against me like that.

SFX: KEYS JINGLE.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE: Is the balcony door ajar? Close that will you.

SFX: AFTER MOMENT, THE BALCONY DOOR CLOSES, FOLLOWED BY A LOCK.

DORINDA: Mr. Anderlee, there are two things I know for sure.

MORTON: What's that?

DORINDA: One, we're trapped on this balcony for the duration.

MORTON: That seems inevitable.

DORINDA: And two: that man's voice belongs to Alice's missing husband, Richard Breckenridge!

SFX: CLINK

Mansfield Mysteries

Featuring:

Melissa Hughes Ernest as Dorinda Mansfield

and

Melissa Zeien as Stacey Mansfield

With:

Doug Despin as Chef Andre and Richard

Cody Ernest as Morton Anderlee

Amy Hanson as Rosemary Berkshire

Tina Paukstelis as Captain Adelaide and Annabelle

Michael Retzlaff as Dr. Margosian

Dana Roders as Sonya Parker and Linda Abbott

And

Joan Roehre as Sarabelle

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.

