

SFX: OPENING TANGO MUSIC, THEN --

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

SCENE ONE

SFX: SHAKER SHAKES, THEN POURS A DRINK INTO A MARTINI GLASS.

ALICE: So, let me get this straight, Stacey. On your phone, you have emails from Rebecca with scientific research that proves 3-B's sunscreen is faulty, the Southern Belles are laundering money— Oh, thank you Stacey. (SIPS MARTINI)

STACEY: You're welcome. I don't know about laundering, but setting up some sort of tax shelter, it seems. You were right about that.

ALICE: And polling data that suggests Mark Miller was likely to be the next mayor of Berkshire Bay?

STACEY: Uh huh, but Galen and the mayor said just the opposite.

ALICE: Well, character doesn't matter in elections anymore. Mark Miller was a scoundrel.

SFX: TENT FLAPS OPEN QUICKLY.

ALICE: Dorinda! I barely recognized you in those giant sunglasses and colorful caftan. You look like a dragonfly!

DORINDA: (CATCHING HER BREATH) Had to give old Anderlee the slip by ditching the hat. What'd I miss?

ALICE: One martini and one muddle of a mystery!

STACEY: Mom, I can't make heads or tails of these stories. With the mayoral election, the SPF ineffectiveness claims, and the Belles's charity scheme, it seems everybody has something to lose, and everybody has something to gain, and every path leads to Mark!

DORINDA: Mark's murder. Stacey, can you pull up those spreadsheets and medical records Rebecca sent you? Something's just not adding up.

STACEY: Sure. Here you go.

SFX: TENT FLAPS OPEN AND CLOSE, SCARING DORINDA.

ANNABELLE: Why Dorinda Mansfield, that Morton Anderlee is searching high and wide for you and that giant hat you were wearing earlier.

SARABELLE: He yanked our bathing caps right off our heads seeing if one of us was you in disguise.

DORINDA: Please, I would never embarrass myself in such a get-up.

STACEY: Hello, Annabelle. Sarabelle. I guess your day turned upside down, too.

ANNABELLE: How so, darlin'?

STACEY: Your big announcement. It's being postponed, I assume.

ANNABELLE: What ever do you mean?

STACEY: I thought Mark Miller had to sign off on your new charitable works.

SARABELLE: Oh, yes. Shame about him.

ANNABELLE: But his untimely death is no reason for our passion project to be delayed.

STACEY: I was under the impression there was, maybe, a conflict of interest?

ANNABELLE: How so, sweat pea?

STACEY: Like, maybe your family's zinc mines--

ANNABELLE: Now hush. There is nothing wrong with the zinc. That was all a hullabaloo. As they say, there's no "there" there.

STACEY: That's just how Galen phrased it. Has he been advising you on this matter?

ANNABELLE: Well...

SARABELLE: Who?

STACEY: Galen. Mayor Berkshire's assistant?

ANNABELLE: That little busybody cat lady? We've never discussed it.

STACEY: Cat lady?

ANNABELLE: He's always covered in cat hair. Haven't you noticed? Disgusting.

DORINDA: Would you two stop yapping over there. I'm trying to read.

SARABELLE: Well, pardon me!

ANNABELLE: We were simply trying to correct some bad information.

DORINDA: And I'm getting some good information.

STACEY: So, what exactly is this passion project? Can you say?

ANNABELLE: Rosemary Berkshire will be making the announcement herself shortly.

SARABELLE: Bless her heart.

ANNABELLE: She didn't want that unfortunate accident to overshadow Berkshire Bay Brand's big day.

SARABELLE: This is the Extravaganza, after all.

DORINDA: A man was murdered, and Rosemary is worried about being overshadowed?

ANNABELLE: Mr. Anderlee was the first to discover the body and assured us it was all a tragic mishap. Something only an autopsy can find.

SARABELLE: No need to ruin the rest of the day.

ANNABELLE: I heard even his wife isn't broken up about it.
(A QUICK PAUSE) Or Alice.

ALICE: What's that supposed to mean?

ANNABELLE: Nothing, honey. No, no. Just an observation.

ALICE: We've got Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson over here.

SARABELLE: Who's that?

DORINDA: Hardly. But do remind me to fill you in about Mark's medical history, Alice. It's quite extensive.

ANNABELLE: Well, we'll see you ladies at the big announcement, I'm sure.

DORINDA: Yes, you will. Toodle-oo!

SFX: TENT FLAPS OPEN AND CLOSE.

DORINDA: There is a lot to take in here. Mark Miller was onto something!

STACEY: How so, Mom?

DORINDA: There is conclusive, irrefutable scientific evidence that-

SFX: REBECCA'S CELL PHONE AIR HORN BLASTS AS FLIP FLOPS WALK THROUGH THE TENT FLAPS, SCARING DORINDA.

REBECCA: Hey, y'all! It's time for hashtag cabana life! Now this is living large! We've got chaises, we've got shade. Wait, we've got drinks?! We've got some rule breakers here! Say hi to Becca's Besties!

STACEY: Hi?

ALICE: What on earth is happening here?

REBECCA: You're, like, on my live stream! Whoop, whoop!

ALICE: Please make this stop.

REBECCA: Can't stop, won't stop! Am I right? Now, like, how does an influencer get a drink up in this cabana?

STACEY: Umm. Would you like a glass of Chardonnay? I can't seem to find the gin.

REBECCA: Filler up, girl! Now let's party!

ALICE: I would've thought you'd be a bit more subdued.

DORINDA: Subdued? You might need to explain to Becca and her Besties that subdued means sad.

ALICE: Because your husband just died.

REBECCA: Why aren't you subdued then?

ALICE: I had no attachment to Mark.

REBECCA: Same.

STACEY: Here you go, Rebecca.

REBECCA: Cheers, Besties!

DORINDA: What is that smell?

REBECCA: Smells like that barbecue. Must be in the wind. Hashtag lake life! (SHE GULPS HER WINE. DORINDA IS DISGUSTED.) Aaaahhhh.

DORINDA: That's Cakebread Chardonnay, Rebecca. It's meant for sipping, not slurping.

REBECCA: Doesn't do any good in the glass, Dee! Plus, I've gotta, like, bounce. The Besties and I have to hit the hashtag Ferris wheel!

DORINDA: Hashtag toodle-oo, Rebecca.

ALICE: See you around.

REBECCA: Peace out. Oh, wait. Alice. Here's a little souvenir for you.

SFX: PLASTIC BAG BEING TOSSED AND CAUGHT

ALICE: A bag filled with--

REBECCA: Mark's personal effects. I don't need them, and you might want a few of those pics off his phone, you old slut.

STACEY: Rebecca, that's not necessary.

REBECCA: Ciao! Come on, Besties. Like, to the wheel! Whoop whoop!

SFX: FLIP FLOPS, TENT FLAPS.

ALICE: Ugh, it's this bag you were smelling. Did Mark drown himself in BBQ sauce before he hit the dunk tank?

STACEY: Too soon, Alice.

SFX: THE BAG RUSTLES.

DORINDA: Give that to me. (SHE SNIFFS.) Hmmmm.

STACEY: What is it, Mom?

DORINDA: Stacey, dear, is there any way to pull up that tick tack video of Rebecca's phone show from earlier today? I need to check something.

STACEY: Sure. The stories don't disappear for 24 hours.

DORINDA: I need you to look right around the time Mark's body was discovered.

STACEY: Hold on, hold on. Ummm, OK. Here you go.

SFX: BECCA'S MUFFLED AIR HORN AND VOICE FROM PHONE APP.

DORINDA: Oh my god, I can't believe it! Or, rather, I can. We need to get to that charitable works announcement immediately. I think I know who killed Mark!

REBECCA: (muffled through the phone) What? Hashtag hold the phone!

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE TWO

SFX: CROWD NOISES, FEEDBACK FROM MICROPHONE.

MORTON: (ON MIC) Attention. Attention everyone. This is Morton Anderlee. Please, may I have your attention? Thank you. Mrs. Rosemary Berkshire would like to address the 3-B family, if you could quiet down, please.

SFX: MURMURING DIES DOWN, KEYS JINGLE AWAY FROM THE MIC.

ROSEMARY: (ON MIC) Thank you so much, family. Now I know this has been a very unusual Extravaganza, what with Mark Miller's horrific, (MIC FEEDBACK) accidental death. But in the spirit of Berkshire Bay Brand, I want to end this day on a high note. Berkshire Bay Brand has always been committed to the highest quality sun protection products, from our 24/7 No Sweat 100 SPF Sports Screen to our Ever-glow Bronzer with 100 SPF to our 3-B 100 SPF Baby, Baby, Baby Block. Joining me on stage today are Annabelle and Sarabelle, joint heads of our philanthropic efforts, as well as Mayor Berkshire. And now it is our collective pleasure to announce that under the guidance of our charitable works committee, Berkshire Bay Brand will be donating ten million dollars to launch a "skin-stitute," do I have that right, ladies?

ANNABELLE: Yes, ma'am!

SARABELLE: (IN TANDEM) Why yes indeedy!

ROSEMARY: (ON MIC) A "skin-stitute" that will be devoted to helping survivors of skin cancer feel comfortable in the world again. This new facility is a natural extension of our dedication to healthy enjoyment of the outdoors, and with that in mind, please relish the rest of this beautiful day--

DORINDA: Hold it right there, Rosemary. Mark Miller's death was no accident. It was murder.

ROSEMARY: (ON MIC) What are you talking about, Dorinda Mansfield? Why, it's just like you to try to ruin my--

MORTON: Get off the stage, Mrs. Mansfield. We're not having this nonsense today.

DORINDA: The loss of a man's life is nonsense?

MORTON: This is the coroner's case now, Mrs. Mansfield. No need to turn this into a spectacle.

ROSEMARY: (ON MIC) No, let her speak, Mr. Anderlee. I have a feeling the only spectacle will be the one Dorinda makes of herself.

DORINDA: Hardly, Rosemary, but you're wise not to participate in the cover-up.

ROSEMARY: (ON MIC) What? I have nothing to hide.

DORINDA: There are plenty of people here with something to hide, and all of them were uniquely connected to Mark Miller.

ROSEMARY: (ON MIC) I knew Mark Miller to be a stand-out employee.

DORINDA: I'm not sure the Southern Belles feel likewise.

ANNABELLE: I beg your pardon? We had no animosity toward Mark Miller. He was a perfect gentleman.

DORINDA: Who was slated to sign off on your charity but didn't.

ANNABELLE: Well, no, he didn't live long enough to, but neither did he stand in our way.

DORINDA: Like you said, he didn't live long enough to.

ROSEMARY: (ON MIC) If you're so sure of yourself, Dorinda, by all means. Share your theory. Here's the microphone.

DORINDA: (TAKING MIC - FEEDBACK) Thank you. Oh, it's not a theory, Rosemary, it's an accusation.

ROSEMARY: Who would've thought our little Extravaganza would turn into a real-life game of Clue.

SFX: A SMALL CROWD SNICKERS.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Let's begin with the obvious. Many people here are better off with Mark Miller dead--Annabelle and Sarabelle for one.

ANNABELLE: Us? We'd never!

SARABELLE: (IN TANDEM) How dare you?!

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Your little "skin-stitute" couldn't get off the ground without Mark Miller giving it the nod, but he saw through your sham charity. Or is shell company more accurate?

ANNABELLE: It is a healing center--

DORINDA: (ON MIC) It is a hoax. Never in the history of skincare has England been the center of sun anything! It's gray, it's gloomy, but it does have one of the lowest tax rates in the E.U. Coincidence?

ANNABELLE: That's exactly the point! You don't go somewhere sunny to recover from sun damage.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Sure, sure. That's the talking point, but the real point is a tax shelter. For what? Your family's zinc mine money?

ANNABELLE: My family--

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Exactly why I've ruled you two out as the killers. Your family would find some other way to filter their millions around. They didn't need you two nitwits to commit murder.

ANNABELLE: I take offense to that!

DORINDA: (ON MIC) As I take offense to your ridiculous costumes today, which brings me to Rebecca.

SFX: IN THE DISTANCE, REBECCA'S CELL PHONE AIRHORN BLASTS.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Speaking of ridiculous... This creature, this caricature, this newly widowed phone show host has displayed not one whiff of sadness at her husband's untimely demise. Was Mark Miller a scoundrel? Without a doubt. Was he a known philanderer? Certainly. And was Rebecca also suspiciously absent from the crime scene? She most definitely was. When I asked her for her whereabouts, she said she'd gone in search of sunglasses in her car, conveniently timed with the announcement of Mark's death. This raised an eyebrow for sure, but my darling daughter, Stacey, was able to--what's that called, dear?

STACEY: Check her feed?

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Yes, check her feed! And, in fact, Rebecca was broadcasting her silly little social media show in real time as Mark Miller lay floating in the dunk tank.

REBECCA: (in the distance) That's right, y'all! Hashtag innocent. Am I right, besties?

DORINDA: (ON MIC) I don't know about innocent, but not guilty of Mark's murder. Though you did provide a vital clue. But first, we must raise a magnifying glass in Mayor Berkshire's direction.

MAYOR: Raise a glass? Here here! I'd like to thank everyone for coming out today--

GALEN: No, sir. This isn't a toast. It's a farce.

SFX: LINT ROLLER STROKES THE MAYOR.

MAYOR: Oh, I love a good farce. Have you seen *Noises Off*?

DORINDA: (ON MIC) This is no farce. The mayor was about to face a tight race against Mark Miller, and while you, Galen, told me Mayor Berkshire would easily keep his position, Mark Miller's polling data showed otherwise, as would yours. Seems as if the voters of Berkshire Bay were ready for new leadership.

MAYOR: The Berkshires have held the mayoral office since--

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Since the beginning of the Twentieth Century, I know, but according to the data I saw, that was about to change. However, the mayor knows only what his trusted assistant tells him, and as we've all just witnessed, Galen says Mayor Berkshire's reelection was in the bag.

GALEN: It was.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) No, it is. Now that his opponent is no longer running. Or breathing, for that matter. And speaking of breathing--

GALEN: The mayor was nowhere near the crime scene; nor was I. He was on the Ferris wheel, and I stood dutifully at the turnstile with his wheelchair, awaiting the end of his ride.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Because you don't like heights?

GALEN: Correct.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) But you do like cats.

GALEN: What does that have to do with anything?

DORINDA: (ON MIC) The Southern Belles mentioned that you're constantly covered in cat hair, no? That a lint roller is ever-present in your bag of tricks?

SFX: GALEN LINT ROLLS HIMSELF.

GALEN: Yeah, I'm allergic to the mayor's cats, but I'm still a cat person. Sue me.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) It's not civil court that should worry you.

GALEN: Where are you going with this?

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Straight to the police.

GALEN: I didn't do anything to Mark Miller.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Well, you ran background checks on him, including his health history, did you not? For opposition research?

GALEN: Standard issue politics. And?

DORINDA: (ON MIC) And in that health history, aside from the alarming number of venereal diseases, was a particular allergy--a deadly one.

GALEN: ...That's not ringing a bell.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Well, you know whose bell it rang? His wife's.

SFX: CROWD NOISES, ALARMED, SURPRISED

REBECCA: (in the distance) What's that, y'all? Like, don't drag me back into this!

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Rebecca, do you recall what you smelled when we sat to eat the King of the Grill's barbecue?

REBECCA: (in the distance) Do I?! Hungarian paprika! I love Hungarian paprika, but I could never eat it because--

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Because Mark was deathly allergic to it. To the point where he had to carry an inhaler and EpiPen, lest he accidentally ingest it.

REBECCA: That's right. But he had his inhaler, and he didn't have any of the barbecue.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) He had an inhaler, not his inhaler.

REBECCA: What do you mean?

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Stacey? Care to break the case?

STACEY: (ON MIC) No, Mom. You're on a roll.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Stacey told me she stepped on an inhaler--your inhaler, Galen--earlier, when she spoke with you and the mayor.

GALEN: Yes.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) For your asthma?

GALEN: Yes.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) But the mayor has cats. Many cats.

GALEN: So?

DORINDA: (ON MIC) The amount of cat hair you lint-roll off yourself and Mayor Berkshire would certainly trigger asthma attacks.

GALEN: Well, that's not, I mean, I don't have--

DORINDA: (ON MIC) You don't have asthma, but you did have an inhaler--Mark Miller's inhaler--did you not?

GALEN: Why would I have Mark Miller's inhaler?

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Because you replaced it. With this one.

SFX: GASPS IN THE CROWD, MURMURING.

GALEN: I don't know what you're talking about.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) This inhaler, part of Mark Miller's personal effects, is loaded with Hungarian paprika.

SFX: MORE GASPS, MURMURING.

GALEN: Nonsense! Why would I--

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Your opposition research, including an extensive health history, pinpointed his deadly allergy, and when it became clear Mark Miller was poised to be the next mayor of Berkshire Bay, you let your political ambitions get the best of you. Or should I say the worst of you. Your ambitions led you to murder.

GALEN: That's outrageous!

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Is it? Have you not been--for all intents and purposes--running Berkshire Bay on behalf of the mayor?

GALEN: Of course not!

DORINDA: (ON MIC) And were you not planning to take over the position yourself once Mayor Berkshire--pardon me, Mr. Mayor--inevitably joined his mayoral ancestors in the great beyond?

GALEN: Mayor Berkshire is in perfect health.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) He is literally one hundred years old.

GALEN: Mayor Berkshire, this is complete and utter nonsense--

MAYOR: Galen, you have been like a son to me. I can't believe you tried to murder me!

GALEN: Not you. Mark Mill--

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Ah ha!

GALEN: That's not a confession, merely a clarification.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Well, you can clarify or confess to the police. I've called them.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) In fact, here they are now.

MORTON: Come with me, Galen.

SFX: SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Oh, now you're going to act like you're the head of security, Mr. Anderlee? So you can conveniently be the hero of the day?

SFX: SIRENS ROLL UP AND STOP.

ROSEMARY: Yes, he is, Dorinda. By my command.

DORINDA: (ON MIC) Of course. Everything in Berkshire Bay is done by your command.

EMPLOYEE: (in the distance) Oh my God! I can't believe it's them!

MORTON: Let's go, Galen.

GALEN: Easy, easy, Morton. I just lint-rolled this jacket.

ROSEMARY: (ON MIC) I'll be taking the microphone back now, Dorinda. Well, this has been quite a frantic end to our Extravaganza. Please don't let this accusation ruin the rest of a lovely evening. The police are taking over now, and let us remember that in this country, people are innocent until proven guilty. Now let's try to enjoy the delicious barbecue and beautiful beach. Here's to our wonderful Berkshire Bay Brand family! Thank you for coming everyone. Thank you!

SFX: CROWD NOISES.

ALICE: Detective Mansfield! (SCARES DORINDA) I do declare, you cracked the case, and just before sunset! This is cause for celebration!

DORINDA: But I believe we're out of gin.

ALICE: No. I hid the rest of the bottle in the cabana in case anyone got wind of our little stash.

DORINDA: Excellent! All we need is Stacey to mix them up! Where did she go?

ALICE: Maybe she's back at the cabana already. Anyway, she's certain to find us.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE THREE

DORINDA: No Stacey yet, but I do love a cabana as the sun falls below the horizon. Care to do the honors, Alice?

ALICE: I've been known to shake a mean martini.

SFX: ICE BEING SCOOPED AND POURING INTO SHAKER.

ALICE: So, Mark Miller was not only going to be a whistle-blower, ruin that charitable foundation and bring down 3-B, but he would also be Berkshire Bay's next mayor?

DORINDA: And Galen saved not only Berkshire Bay Brand but the mayor's position, though he managed to ruin his own future. He'll spend the rest of his life behind bars. Seems like a bold move for a small reward.

SFX: GIN POURED INTO SHAKER.

SFX: TENT FLAPS OPEN QUICKLY.

DORINDA: Stacey, honey! Why are you running? What's the matter?

SFX: MARTINI SHAKER SHAKES.

ALICE: You're just in time for cocktails!

DORINDA: No, something's wrong. Stacey dear, it looks like you've seen a ghost!

SFX: STOPS SHAKING THE SHAKER.

STACEY: (OUT OF BREATH) Not a ghost, but something scary. Or it seemed like it.

DORINDA: Do tell!

STACEY: I just saw Rosemary Berkshire dismiss Morton Anderlee so she could wait with Galen for the police to arrive.

DORINDA: Why would Rosemary want to associate herself with Galen right when he was accused of murder?

STACEY: My thought exactly, so I got closer and overheard Rosemary tell Galen she'd make sure a lawyer was waiting for him at the police station.

ALICE: That doesn't make sense. Why on earth would Rosemary Berkshire provide legal counsel to someone not even associated with the brand?

DORINDA: Unless--

STACEY: What is it, Mom?

SFX: ALICE UNSCREWS THE GIN BOTTLE.

DORINDA: Unless Galen was doing Rosemary's bidding all along.

ALICE: Like, as her assassin?

SFX: ALICE POURS THE DRINKS INTO MARTINI GLASSES.

DORINDA: Think about it! Galen got rid of all Rosemary's troubles--the 3-B SPF scandal, possible interference with the charitable works.

STACEY: Mom, I know you can't stand Rosemary Berkshire, but do you really think she's capable of murder?

DORINDA: Capable of hiring someone to murder on her behalf? Yes.

STACEY: How are you going to prove that?

DORINDA: Looks like we have some more digging to do.

ALICE: But not today. Today we finish our drinks--

DORINDA: And let Stacey drive us home.

STACEY: Designated driver since the age of sixteen.

ALICE: (LAUGHS) Cheers to that!

DORINDA: To the depths!

ALICE: To the depths!

SFX: SIPS OF MARTINI, THE FLAPS OF THE TENT. THE EVENING LAKE SWELLS LOUDER AND LOUDER AS GULLS FILL THE AIR.

SFX: GLASSES CLINKING.

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.