

SFX: OPENING TANGO MUSIC, THEN --

The QuaranTeam presents Mansfield Mysteries: 'Bon Voyage, Murder?' - Chapter Three.

SCENE ONE:

SFX: THE THRUM OF A HELICOPTER AS IT FLIES OVER WATER, HOVERS, AND BEGINS ITS DESCENT ONTO THE LIQUIDITY TWO.

ADONIS (over a loud speaker): Incoming on the helipad.

SFX: HELICOPTER BLADE SLOWING, LANDING. A DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

JOY: Yoo hoo! Rosemary! We've made it!

ROSEMARY: Joy! Gigi! Alice. Martinis already?

ALICE: It's after five!

ROSEMARY: Don't spill on the deck. It can get slippery.

JOY: We don't spill.

ALICE: I told Dorinda I'd find a way to get here. Dr. Margosian... well, he's like family.

SFX: GIGI'S MULTIPLE BRACELETS JINGLE THROUGHOUT.

GIGI (giggles): If doctors were allowed to give facelifts to relatives.

ALICE: Oh, Gigi, hush.

GIGI: I'm not required to follow HIPPA laws, Alice.

ROSEMARY: Ah, the party has already started. You'd better get dressed. Adonis, could you show them to their cabins? I'm afraid you're left with the dregs.

GIGI: Rosemary, this is a luxury yacht. Surely there are no bad rooms.

ROSEMARY: Two of you will have to share.

ALICE: What?! I don't share.

GIGI (overlapping): What kind of luxury yacht is this?

ROSEMARY: Good luck, Adonis. These women are no ladies.

ADONIS: I've handled worse. C'mon, you three. I'll carry your bags.

ALICE: We'll need more help than just you, I'm afraid. I have three suitcases.

JOY: I have four.

GIGI: Four and a half. And we're ready for another round of drinks.

ADONIS: No worries.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE TWO:

SFX: THE DOOR FOB BEEPS AND THEY ENTER.

ADONIS: Here we are, ladies: cabin number one with beds for two.

JOY (gasps): Is that a...

GIGI: Bunk bed?

JOY: Oh no, I'm afraid of heights. Ah, no, I couldn't possibly--

GIGI: There has to be a fair way to sort this mess out.

JOY: Rock, paper, scissors?

GIGI: I'm thinking of a number between one and twenty.

ALICE: Adonis, please take my bags to the single room.

ADONIS: All righty.

JOY: And why do you get the single?

ALICE: I plan on getting lucky tonight, and you two are married.

GIGI: So are you. Technically.

ALICE: I'm well past that statute of limitations. Anyway, I'm going to change. I brought a fabulous two-piece dress to show off the results of my lipo. See you back on deck.

SFX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING WITH A BEEP.

JOY: Anyhoo, I'm taking the lower bunk.

GIGI: You expect me to sleep on top?

JOY: I told you, I have acrophobia.

GIGI: Acro what?

JOY: A fear of heights. Ugh! This trip was supposed to be fun, and I'm already so agitated I must have a ciggie. Ooh, is that a balcony?

GIGI: Isn't it too high up for you?

JOY: I'm only bothered indoors. Now if you'll excuse me...

SFX: PATIO DOOR SWINGING OPEN AND CLOSED.

SFX: A LIGHTER FLICKS.

(Joy takes a deep drag.)

(Dorinda sniffs.)

DORINDA (muffled; from above): Is that cigarette smoke? You don't think the engine is on fire...

MORTON (muffled from the distance as well): Doubtful, Mrs. Mansfield. But I do smell smoke.

JOY: Is that Dorinda Mansfield I hear?

DORINDA (muffled): Joy Wakefield?!

JOY: Where on earth are you?

DORINDA (muffled): Look up!

SFX: SWOOSHING SOUND.

JOY (now muffled from below): Is that your cabin right above mine? Certainly you're not sleeping in a bunk bed.

DORINDA: No, Joy, I'm stuck! Locked on the captain's balcony.

MORTON: Well, we're trapped.

JOY (muffled): You're trapped on a balcony with Morton Anderle? How did that happen?

DORINDA: If you could help "us" get free, I'll be happy to tell you all about it.

JOY (muffled): How do you expect me to do that?

MORTON: If I lowered her down, do you think you could catch her?

JOY (muffled): Catch her?

DORINDA (overlapping): Catch me?

MORTON: Not catch. Guide.

DORINDA: That sounds awfully dangerous, Mr. Anderlee. I could fall overboard.

MORTON: What alternative do we have, Mrs. Mansfield? I'm Rosemary Berkshire's head of security. I can't be caught lurking outside the captain's quarters.

JOY (muffled; after a long drag): I can do it! Dorinda, we can do this!

DORINDA: I suppose we don't have much of a choice, not if we don't want to get caught in the act.

JOY (muffled - laugh): In the act?

DORINDA: So to speak.

MORTON: All right, Mrs. Mansfield, if you just climb up on that rail and turn around.

DORINDA: Oh, my.

SFX: DORINDA CLIMBS OVER A METAL RAILING WITH EXERTION NOISES.

MORTON: OK, now give me your hands.



DORINDA: All right...

MORTON: And I'll come right to the edge here and lower you down.

JOY (muffled): Oh, good gracious, Dorinda, the wind is blowing your dress this way and that. You're giving me Georgia O'Keefe!

MORTON: OK, OK. We've got to focus here, ladies. Now, do you trust me, Mrs. Mansfield?

DORINDA: Do I have a choice?

MORTON: On my count, you'll step off the rail, and I'll lower you down. (to JOY) And you, down there, you guide her onto your balcony.

JOY (muffled): Copy that, officer!

MORTON: You're going to have to toss that cigarette first.

JOY (a long drag and then blows; muffled): All right, all right! I'm ready.

MORTON: OK, Mrs. Mansfield: one, two, three-- (a pause) Is there a problem?

DORINDA: Oh, I'm meant to go on three? I wasn't sure how high you were counting.

MORTON: On three. One, two, three!

SFX: GRUNTING FROM DORINDA AND MORTON, AND FRIGHTENED NOISES. THE BALCONY SHIFTS.

JOY (loudly but muffled): I've got you, Dorinda! Just a little bit more!

MORTON: How much further to go before I can release her?

JOY (muffled): Just another foot or so... Now!

SFX: THUD OF DORINDA'S BODY ON THE BALCONY AS SHE SCREAMS.

DORINDA: That was the longest ten seconds of my life!

JOY: I told you we could do it!

DORINDA: And what about Mr. Anderlee?

MORTON (muffled above): I think I can lower myself down if you ladies will guide my legs.

DORINDA: Why didn't you think of that before?

MORTON: I did. But then you would've been stranded.

DORINDA: That's unexpectedly gallant of you.

MORTON: Well, I figure we're in this together now. (a brief pause) OK, so I'll climb over the rail and get as low as I can...

SFX: MORTON GRUNTING, THE LADIES REACHING FOR MORTON.

DORINDA: Almost. Almost, Mr. Anderlee! Now!

SFX: A LOUD THUD WITH KEYS JINGLING.

MORTON: Phew! I didn't know if I could make it.

DORINDA: But I thought...

MORTON: Had to try.

(Muffled inside the cabin, GIGI talks, but it's intelligible.)

DORINDA: I didn't realize you were so strong.

JOY: Sounds like you two might need a cigarette. Now, tell me, how did you end up in this mess?

GIGI (muffled from inside): Joy, is there someone out there with you?

JOY: We should probably let Gigi in on the story.

SFX. SWOOSHING SOUND. NOT INSIDE THE CABIN.

GIGI (from inside, bracelets jingling): Oh, Joy, did I tell you about my new business idea? The haberdashery was never going to make it, my husband was right, but now that I'm a gigi, I thought a children's boutique-- (a pause) Joy, is there someone out there with you? What are these voices I'm hearing?

GIGI: Dorinda? What are you doing on our balcony?

DORINDA: Mr. Anderlee and I have been doing some detective work. Wilmore Parker is dead.

(Joy and Gigi gasp.)

DORINDA: Murdered, I think, and we were doing a little snooping in the captain's quarters.

JOY: The captain murdered a passenger?

DORINDA: We're not sure yet. What I do know is-- Wait, where's Alice?

JOY: In her single room, changing for the party.

GIGI: We have to share.

DORINDA: That's terrible!

MORTON: You're straying off topic, Mrs. Mansfield.

DORINDA: Right, right. As it turns out, though, I have solved one mystery.

JOY: What's that?

DORINDA: Where Richard Breckenridge has been hiding!

JOY: You mean his body?

DORINDA: No, I mean Richard himself! Turns out, he's very much alive.

GIGI: I guess we know who Alice will be bringing back to her room tonight.

(Gigi laughs.)

JOY: Are you kidding me? He's been gone five years without so much as a phone call!

DORINDA: She'll be enraged, not enamored.

JOY: Just thinking about it makes me want a ciggie.

DORINDA: No time for ciggies. You two need to dress and get to the party, and Mr. Anderlee and I need to get back to our investigation. See you on the main deck.

SFX: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES, AS KEYS JINGLE. THE DOOR BEEPS BEHIND THEM.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AS THEY WALK.

SFX: A THREE SETS OF FOOTSTEPS COMES QUICKLY, WITH BODIES BUMPING INTO ONE ANOTHER. GLASSES SHAKE.

DORINDA: Oh, my!

MORTON (overlapping): UGH!

ADONIS (overlapping): Crikey! My apologies!

DORINDA: No, my compliments. You didn't spill a drop.

ADONIS: I never spill, ma'am. Your friends requested fresh martinis.

SFX: GLASSES CLINK.

DORINDA: I'm on my way to the bar now.

ADONIS: The party's sick!

DORINDA: Speaking of sick, have you seen Stacey?

ADONIS: Checked on her not twenty minutes ago.

DORINDA: I bet she'd love a ride on these jet skis tomorrow, if she's feeling better.

ADONIS: Oh, these are out of commission, I'm afraid, but the water slide is bonza.

DORINDA: I'll take your word for it.

ADONIS: Yeah. Anyway, better get these drinks to the ladies while they're still ice cold.

MORTON: Come on. Let's get to the party.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN --

SCENE THREE:

SFX: PARTY NOISES, CLINKING GLASSES, REGGAE MUSIC, VOICES CHATTING.

HARRY HOFFMAN: And so I tell her lawyer, you can have the summer house, you can have the Swiss account. Hell, you can have the midlife crisis Porsche he loves so much, but you cannot force my client to see his kids every weekend. He has a social life, for Christ's sake. His new girlfriend is a real model type. Like Sonya over here. A catch.

SONYA: I don't know if you could describe a widow as a catch.

DORINDA: I beg to differ.

HARRY HOFFMAN: Dorinda! I was wondering when you'd get here.

DORINDA: Harry Hoffman. Sounds like you continue to give lawyers a rotten name.

HARRY HOFFMAN: All in a day's work.

ROSEMARY: Harry Hoffman! So glad you could make it to the party.

HARRY HOFFMAN: Well, I had a little banking to do. Two birds, one stone.

ROSEMARY: Morton, I've been looking for you. Why are you with Mrs. Mansfield?

MORTON: I'm not with Mrs. Mansfield, just near her.

ROSEMARY: Nevertheless, you're my security detail, and I want you to double-check the seating chart at my table, please.

MORTON: Sure thing, Mrs. Berkshire.

DORINDA (quietly): A quick word before you go, Mr. Anderlee?

MORTON (quietly): What is it?

DORINDA: I need you to do something for me.

ROSEMARY: Morton!

MORTON: On my way.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS, KEYS JINGLING.

ROSEMARY: Dorinda, are you hitting on my head of security?

DORINDA: Certainly not.

ROSEMARY: Then please let him be.

DORINDA: I would've thought you'd have him investigating Wilmore Parker's death.

ROSEMARY: A tragic accident. There's nothing to investigate.

DORINDA: I'm not so sure about that.

ROSEMARY: AH! You will not ruin this party, Dorinda. The Panamanian authorities will handle everything once we've properly feted Dr. Margosian. Until then, please cease and desist.

HARRY HOFFMAN: Oh, I can draw up some paperwork if need be.

ROSEMARY: Huh. I'm sure that won't be necessary. Right, Dorinda?

DORINDA: Right. (a pause) Is that Guy, your museum curator, over there?

ROSEMARY: Yes. He and the doctor are very close.

DORINDA: If you'll excuse me.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AND THEN TWO PEOPLE COLLIDE.

DORINDA: Oh, pardon me, Captain.

CAPT. ADELAIDE: Excuse me. Just joining the party.

DORINDA: You're absolutely glowing, Captain.

CAPT. ADELAIDE: All the sea air. Enjoy yourself tonight.

DORINDA: I most certainly will.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AS DORINDA CONTINUES.



GUY: Dorinda Mansfield!

DORINDA: Guy! I haven't seen you since the Easter Gala.

GUY (quietly): You must save me from this awful woman. Elle est complètement idiote!

DORINDA: My daughter, Stacey, is the one who speaks French  
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SFX: AN AIR HORN BLASTS.

(Dorinda shouts in surprise.)

DORINDA: - but I think I get the gist.

REBECCA MILLER: Yo, yo, yo! I remember you!

DORINDA: And I remember you, Rebecca Miller. You're a podcaster or something ridiculous like that.

REBECCA MILLER: Influencer. You're Dorothy Michaels, right?

DORINDA: Dorinda Mansfield.

REBECCA MILLER: Hmm. Berkshire Bay's amateur detective.

DORINDA: And you have that--

GUY: Spectacle ridicule. Oui.

REBECCA MILLER: I love an Italian accent. It's like, so sexy, am I right, Becca's besties?

GUY (under his breath): Mon Dieu...

DORINDA: I thought we all signed non-disclosure agreements. Are you allowed to be recording this?

REBECCA MILLER: Oh, I, like, break NDAs all the time. No biggie when you've got Harry Hoffman in your contacts.

GUY: Dorinda, may I buy you a drink at the bar?

REBECCA MILLER; Oh, it's an open bar.

GUY: Figure of speech. Shall we?

DORINDA: Yes, please.



SFX: AIR HORN BLASTS AS SHE WALKS AWAY.

REBECCA (fading out): Hey - hey - hey, Becca's besties!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS MOVE TO THE BAR. BAR NOISES ARE HEARD.

DORINDA: How on earth did that woman get invited?

GUY: She promotes Margosian's skincare line, I think. Anyway, merci beaucoup.

DORINDA: For what?

GUY: The escape. I must take some aspirin. That little blowhorn of hers gave me a headache. Adieu.

DORINDA: Bartender, one Bombay Sapphire martini, up and very cold, with olives--whatever kind you have.

ALICE (fading in): And three more just like that.

DORINDA: Three at a time, Alice? That's one more than usual. Oh, waitress, could I take a look at that tray? I'm starving.

SUE THE CATER WAITER: The name's Sue, ma'am.

DORINDA: Thank you, Sue. Oh, what's that one?

SUE THE CATER WAITER: It's carimanolas.

DORINDA: And that one?

SUE THE CATER WAITER: Chorizo tableno.

ALICE: Oh, I'll take one of each, thank you. A little cushion for these martinis.

JOY (fading in): Yoo hoo!

GIGI (fading in/overlapping): Dorinda!

ALICE: The gang's all here!

DORINDA: Sue is our waitress, and I highly recommend both of these local delicacies.

JOY: Oh! Why thank you, Samantha.

SUE THE CATER WAITER: It's Sue, ma'am. I catered one of your parties.

JOY: Oh, yeah... (laughs) That's right.

SUE THE CATER WAITER: Something for you, ma'am?

GIGI: Oh, no thank you. I don't eat.

JOY: Thank you, Sarah. Anyhoo, everybody looks fabulous!

GIGI: Fabulous!

DORINDA: For now. I'm more interested in the look on Rosemary Berkshire's face when I reveal Wilmore Parker's killer.

ALICE: You know who did it?

DORINDA: I do. And drink up, Alice, I've got one more surprise.

ALICE: Oh! Bartender, make it four!

DORINDA: Oh, my. Looks like Rosemary is taking center stage.

SFX: MICROPHONE FEEDBACK.

SFX: A SWOOSHING SOUND.

ROSEMARY (on mic): Good evening everyone. I've been informed by Chef Andre that dinner has been slightly delayed. Something to do with desalting the cod. Please remember, if you don't care for his menu choice, I'm the one who had Maine lobsters flown in. (smirks, then a pause) Anyway, I thought I'd give my after-dinner remarks now, before anyone gets too deep in their cups.

DR. MARGOSIAN: Oh, Rosemary, you know I don't like this kind of attention.

ROSEMARY: Don't be silly. I want to start by saying how wonderful it is that so many of you flew to Panama to celebrate our dear--

SFX: MIC BEING TAKEN FROM ROSEMARY.

DORINDA (on mic): Hold on a moment. This is a lovely party, but there's an elephant in the room we can no longer ignore. Wilmore Parker is dead. His corpse is floating on the dinghy, and no one has said a word about it.

ROSEMARY (taking mic back): It was a horrible accident.

DORINDA (taking mic back): It wasn't. It was murder.

SFX: AUDIENCE GASPS.

ANNABELL: I was told he slipped like a pig in mud.

SARABELLE: Yesiree, fell off like an acorn off a Live Oak tree.

REBECCA MILLER: You hear that, besties? Man overboard has turned into slaughter at sea!

SONYA: My husband was murdered?!

DORINDA (taking mic back): And the killer is here. In this room.

ROSEMARY (taking mic back): Ah! Dorinda, you will not ruin this party with your silly theories!

DORINDA (taking mic back) Sounds like you have something to hide.

(Rosemary laughs.)

DORINDA: There are four main suspects, all of whom had every right to loathe the deceased. Our guest of honor, for instance. Well, I'm sorry to call you out at your own party, Doctor, but didn't Wilmore Parker just lose millions of dollars of your money on a bad investment?

DR MARGOSIAN: It wasn't my life savings or anything. I wouldn't kill someone over money.

DORINDA: And yet your only alibi is the declaration you were in your stateroom, is that correct?

DR MARGOSIAN: I was!

DORINDA: And we're supposed to take your word for it? From a man so practiced at deflection?

DR MARGOSIAN: I went to my room to dress and have a bite to eat. I ordered a club sandwich but received a lobster roll for some reason, with a note saying I'd like that better.

BOSUN: It's true! I delivered the lobster roll myself.

DR MARGOSIAN: See? I'm telling the truth.

DORINDA: I knew you were. You are impeccable with your word. You were the first I crossed from my list. However, Rosemary Berkshire has the same alleged alibi, only with no proof to back it up.

ROSEMARY: You think I'd kill someone? I'm one of the wealthiest women in the United States. Believe me, if I wanted someone dead, I'd hire someone to do it, and do it well enough so the likes of you wouldn't be able to figure it out.

DORINDA: I considered that, as well, besides the fact that the money Wilmore lost you is a drop in the bucket. Far less than the sunscreen settlement, I'm sure.

ROSEMARY: A fraction.

DORINDA: And then there's Captain Adelaide.

CAPT. ADELAIDE: Me? What've I got to do with all this?

DORINDA: Wilmore Parker is a known philanderer, who had his sights set on you.

CAPT. ADELAIDE: You're a few sandwiches short of a picnic on that one. How about I didn't have my sights set on him?

DORINDA: Then why did you have one of his Speedos, his budgie smuggler as you Aussies say, in your shower?

CAPT. ADELAIDE: Blimey! What were you doing in my shower?

DORINDA: More like who were you doing in your shower?

CAPT. ADELAIDE: I have a fiancé! It was his budgie smuggler!

DORINDA: And where, pray tell, is this fiancé?

SFX: STRUGGLING, GRUNTING, KEYS JINGLING.

MORTON: Right here, Mrs. Mansfield.

CAPT. ADELAIDE: There's my handsome wombat!

RICHARD BRECKENRIDGE: There's my little koala!

ALICE: Richard?

DORINDA: Yes, Alice. I've found Richard. And unfortunately I found him with the captain.

RICHARD: Oh crap...

SFX: FOOTSTEPS.

ALICE (from the side): Five years?

SFX: ALICE'S FOOTSTEPS MOVE CENTER.

ALICE: Five years you've let me think you were missing?

CAPT. ADELAIDE: Who's this?

RICHARD BRECKENRIDGE: My wife.

CAPT. ADELAIDE: You're married? We're engaged!

ALICE: Engaged?! Richard Allen Breckenridge, I gave you the best years of my life. I forwent bearing children to keep my figure for you. I learned to play tennis for you. I entertained Russian emissaries for you. I kept that atrocious Faberge egg on our mantle for years, even though it didn't go with my Yankee candles--

DORINDA (cutting in): Yes, we must talk about those.

ALICE: --all of it for you, Richard. And then you have the nerve to disappear! Without a word? Do you know how many sleepless nights I had? The months I yearned for your return? Wasted! All of it!

SFX: A DRINK THROWN ON THE GROUND, SHATTERING.

SFX: ALICE SLAPS RICHARD IN THE FACE.

SFX: GASPS.

ALICE: Harry Hoffman? Consider yourself on retainer. I want everything he's got.

HARRY HOFFMAN: Challenge accepted.

ALICE: I'm going back to the bar. I need a refill.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AS ALICE WALKS AWAY.

SFX: ANOTHER SLAP. FROM CAPTAIN ADELAIDE THIS TIME.

CAPT. ADELAIDE: I don't sleep with married men. Bugger off!

RICHARD BRECKENRIDGE: L-l-l-let me explain, my little koala!

SFX: HURRIED FOOTSTEPS AS THEY LEAVE.

DORINDA: Which leaves us with the obvious killer: Sonya.

SONYA: Me? I didn't kill Wilmore! I love Wilmore.

DORINDA: Loved. And loathed. You told me yourself, he was bored with you, so you had to do away with him before he tossed you overboard, so to speak.

SONYA: I told you I was jet skiing when it happened.

DORINDA: And Adonis told me the jet skis are broken. Next time you fake an alibi, check your equipment.

SONYA: But I swear! I didn't do it!

DORINDA: Mr. Anderlee? Can you please take Sonya somewhere? Keep an eye on her until the authorities arrive?

SFX: KEYS JINGLE TO SONYA.

MORTON: They're on their way. Come with me, Sonya Parker.

SONYA (fading out): No, let go. Ow! I didn't do it! Wilmore!

SFX: SOME STRUGGLING, KEYS JINGLING, AND FOOTSTEPS.

DORINDA (still on mic): Another mystery solved. Here's your microphone back, Rosemary. (off mic) I'm going to join Alice for a martini and help plot her revenge.

ROSEMARY (on mic): Thank you, Dorinda. I can't believe --

DORINDA: I always catch the killer.



ROSEMARY (on mic): Well, that was an unexpected bit of excitement. Let's get back to celebrating Dr. Margosian, shall we? I had the pleasure of knowing him since he opened his practice in Berkshire Bay.

SFX. SWOOSHING SOUND.

SFX: CLINKING GLASSES AND OTHER SOUNDS FROM THE BAR.

ALICE: Bartender, one more.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS.

DORINDA (fading in): Make it two. (a pause) I'm sorry I didn't tell you about Richard immediately.

ALICE: He'll be the one who'll be sorry.

DORINDA: Between me, you, and Harry Hoffman, he'll wish he'd died five years ago.

ALICE: I'll say.

DORINDA: The good news is you can move on with your life now.

SFX: TWO MARTINIS ARE SET ON THE BAR.

SUE: Your martini ma'am.

DORINDA: To the depths, my friend.

ALICE: To the depths.

SFX: PARTY SOUNDS RISE AND THEN FADE OUT.

SFX: KNOCKING. THE DOOR FOB BEEPS AND IT OPENS THEN CLOSES.

DORINDA: Stacey? Stacey, darling, are you still awake?

STACEY: Um, yeah. How was the party?

DORINDA: I'll tell you in the morning. How are you feeling?

STACEY: Well, ah, better. Actually, Adonis came to hang out for a bit. We're going to hit the water slide tomorrow.

DORINDA: Well, that sounds like fun.

STACEY: Aw, yeah. He's really sweet.



DORINDA: And he has excellent taste.

STACEY: Thanks, Mom.

DORINDA: I'm so tired, I'm going to fall asleep standing up.

STACEY: Well, how about you lie down instead, and I'll hit the lights.

DORINDA: Sleep well, Stacey.

STACEY: You, too, Mom.

SFX: LIGHTS CLICKING OFF.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SCENE FOUR:

SFX: OCEAN WAVES SPLASH AS KEYS JINGLE.

SFX: TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS COME TOGETHER.

MORTON: Mrs. Mansfield.

DORINDA: Mr. Anderlee! I was coming to look for you. How did the handoff of Sonya Parker go last night?

MORTON: She kept insisting she didn't do it, but she didn't resist going with the police.

DORINDA: I can't thank you enough for your help. We really cracked that case!

MORTON (chuckles): We sure did.

DORINDA: Well... ummm... I guess we'll bump into each other back in Berkshire Bay.

MORTON: We sure will.

DORINDA: Toodle-oo, Mr. Anderlee.

MORTON: Call me Morton.

DORINDA: Toodle-oo, Morton.

MORTON: Toodle-oo... Mrs. Mansfield.

DORINDA (awkward): Um... Well...

SFX: DORINDA TURNS AND WALKS AWAY.

SFX: TANGO MUSIC TRANSITION, THEN -

SFX: SWOOSHING SOUND.

SFX: CLINKING GLASSES AT THE BAR. OCEAN WAVES ARE IN THE BACKGROUND.

CAPT. ADELAIDE: Alice, I'm right sorry about Richard. I had no idea he was married.

ALICE: How did you two meet?

CAPT. ADELAIDE: I captained a yacht in the Med for a Russian oligarch. A dodgy sort, but paid well. Anyway, Richard was a guest from time to time. We got to know each other a bit... Then when I had a chance to captain around the Caribbean and Panama, Richard came with me. Asked me to marry him three months ago.

ALICE: Was he still a Russian ambassador when you met?

CAPT. ADELAIDE: Ah, no. Never heard a word about that. He was brokering deals for Russian zinc mines.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS.

DORINDA (fading in): How did I know I'd find you three at the bar?

ALICE: It doesn't take much detective work to know we'll be where the drinks are.

JOY: The captain was just telling us about Richard!

GIGI: He was working with Russians and zinc mines.

DORINDA: That's the bad investment Wilmore made! Were all these people in bed together?

ALICE: Ugh. Men.

CAPT. ADELAIDE: Say, Rosemary Berkshire has this yacht booked for two more nights, but after that, I have a week until the next charter. How about we do a girl's trip to Aruba?

ALICE: I have the time.

DORINDA: And Harry Hoffman will get you the money.

JOY: I could use a few more days in the sun. The weather in Aruba is absolutely fabulous! And there is a gallery that displays South American art of note--

GIGI: Let's do it!

SFX: HURRIED FOOTSTEPS.

STACEY (fading in): Mom! Mom! Can I talk to you? In private?

DORINDA: Of course, darling. Ladies, excuse us please.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS.

DORINDA: What is it?

STACEY: I was just with Adonis--

DORINDA: On the waterslide?

STACEY: Yes, but I was telling him about--

DORINDA: About how you don't have a boyfriend?

STACEY: Sure, no, I mean, no. I was telling him about how you figured out who killed Wilmore, and, you know, that it was his wife, Sonya, who said she was on a jet ski when it happened.

DORINDA: And?

STACEY: And he said she was jet skiing! She's the one who broke it, but her alibi was correct. Ma, she didn't kill Wilmore!

DORINDA: How is that possible?

STACEY: You're never wrong.

DORINDA: If her alibi holds, then...

STACEY: Then what?

DORINDA: The only person who had the motive and the means, but no verifiable alibi is...

STACEY: Is who?

DORINDA: Rosemary Berkshire.

SFX: WAVES.

SFX: CLINK

Mansfield Mysteries

Featuring:

Melissa Hughes Ernest as Dorinda Mansfield

and

Melissa Zeien as Stacey Mansfield

With:

Doug Despin as Richard Breckenridge

Cody Ernest as Morton Anderlee

Mona Goss Lewis as Alice Breckenridge

Amy Hanson as Rosemary Berkshire

Brianna Hubbard as Rebecca Miller

A.J. Laird as Bosun and Harry Hoffman

Tina Paukstelis as Captain Adelaide, Joy Wakefield, Gigi Montgomery, and Annabelle

Michael Retzlaff as Dr. Margosian

Dana Roders as Sonya Parker

Joan Roehre as Sarabelle and Sue the Cater-Waiter

And

Christopher Wild as Adonis and Guy Manon

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.

