

TROPICAL ESPIONAGE PART 1

Title: Tropical Espionage

Author: Blue Leader

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Setting: Somewhere in Season 3

Rating: G

Notes: Thanks, Aunt Edna, for your suggestions. :)

Part One



With a contented sigh, Amanda watched the remnants of the blazing sun melt into the horizon. Stretched out on a cotton blanket in the middle of her backyard, she took a long, deep breath. She loved spending time with her family, but she really treasured the rare moments she could spend by herself, unwinding.

"Are you alone?"

Amanda sat up quickly, startled by the deep voice. Shaking her head, she turned and faced her evening visitor. "Lee, I don't think I'll ever get used to that," she said, slightly annoyed.

"Sorry." She could see his dimpled grin in the glow from the porch light, and her irritation quickly dissolved. "What're you doin' out here?" he asked as he made his way to her.

Amanda scooted over and patted the spot next to her. "Mother took the boys out for ice cream so I could have a little time to myself. I just came out to watch the sunset," she said, gesturing towards the sky.

"Ah." He settled his long frame down on the blanket beside her with a soft grunt. His eyes caught hers, and they both smiled softly.

>"What brings you by, Scarecrow?" she asked.

"Well," he said, finally breaking the gaze, "I need you."

"You need me?"

"I need you," he confirmed. "Amanda, do you have anything important planned for the next few days?"

Her heart sank slightly. "Nothing much," she answered with an exhale. "Why? What's up?"

"Have you heard of Christopher Drake?"

"Lee, *of course* I've heard of Christopher Drake; the Drake Foundation is one of the biggest charitable organizations in the country."

"Yeah, well, he's also the CEO of Labyrinth Systems -- the major satellite technology corporation."

"I know that . . . So?" she asked with a shrug.

"So . . . we got a tip yesterday from someone at Labyrinth; it seems that Drake's been talking to the Russians."

Eyebrows raised, Amanda mouthed a silent "oh."

"He's hosting a charity ball this weekend at his summer estate -- a real social event. The informant said that something big is going down at the party." Lee paused, as if letting the information sink in. "Now, I have a plan to get inside . . ."

"What do you want me to do?"

Lee lifted her left hand from her lap. "I was hoping you'd do me the honor of being my wife . . . again."

Amanda's heart flip-flopped as the words left his lips. She smiled broadly. "Wow, this is just like the fantasy I had as a little girl -- the dashing, secret spy, asking me to be his Mrs. Spy . . ."

Laughing, Lee asked, "Is that a 'yes'?"

"The things I do for national security . . ." she teased in feigned aggravation. "That would be a 'yes', Stetson."

"Great!" he said, kissing the back of her hand. "Well then, we're off to the Bahamas --"

"The Bahamas?!" Amanda interrupted.

"Oh. Yeah. Ah . . . Christopher Drake's summer home is on Grand Bahama Island," he said hesitantly.

From inside the house, a voice called out: "Amanda?! We're home!" Her wide eyes instantly shifted from Lee's face to the back door.

"Oh my gosh," Amanda groaned. "What am I going to tell Mother?"

TBC by . . . Uncle Charlie! :)

Okay, well that's the setup. :) Here are the things that have to be included in the next section:

PERSON: Bernie, a mortician from New Orleans

PLACE: airplane bathroom

THING: a bulky manila envelope

PHRASE: "Now, that wasn't so hard, was it?"

