

# TROPICAL ESPIONAGE PART 10

**Title:** Tropical Espionage

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**Disclaimer:** Warner Bros. and Shoot the Moon hold the copyright on Scarecrow and Mrs. King characters. I don't own 'em, but I sure wish I did.

**Setting:** Season 3

**Rating:** PG

**Notes:** This is done in homage to all who have gone before -' Blue Leader, Uncle Charlie, Debbie Ann Macabie, Aunt Lillian, Uncle Iggy, Aunt Edna, Carrie, Edna Gilstrap and Little Bobby Kenwood. Also, thanks to Debbie Ann and Little Bobby for the quick beta job!

**Warning:** This is only for fun. No bats or dogs were harmed in the making of this chapter. Nobody dies, nobody is raped, and nobody knows the troubles I've seen.

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Part 10 -- I'd say 'Part X', but it's only PG, and I wouldn't want someone to get  
the wrong idea! ;-)  
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</announcer voice> This week on Scarecrow and Mrs. King. . .

Will Lee and Amanda get out of the closet or will Don Ho blow their cover' Does Howard's toupee come in more than one color' Will Amanda really wear that itty-bitty, black bikini on the beach' Has Loki recovered from parasailing' Has Phyllis really found the biggest banana in the Bahamas'

Find out today (maybe) in Part 10 of Tropical Espionage:

</end announcer voice>



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"Don Ho! I can't believe that was Don Ho!" Amanda whispered excitedly. A heartbeat later, her excitement turned to dread. "Oh no!"

"Oh no?"

"Lee, Don Ho just caught us in the closet like, like . . ."

"Like the newlyweds we are, remember?"

"But what if he tells someone?"

"Amanda, if he tells someone, it'll just validate our cover." Lee shifted in the cramped closet to force Amanda to look at him. "We weren't doing anything."

"Yuwana?" Amanda asked.

A brief flicker of surprise crossed Lee's face before his eyes traveled slowly from Amanda's eyes to her lips and murmured, "Yeah, I wanna. Do you wanna?" He bent his head toward her, not intending to wait for an answer.

Amanda surprised him by moving away from him and leaning her ear against the closet door. She brought her index finger to her lips to indicate he should be quiet. "Shh!" she whispered. "I just heard someone call out the name Yuwana."

Lee was thankful the room was dark and Amanda couldn't see the slight flush that reddened his cheeks. 'Yuwana, not you wanna, you idiot!' he chastised himself. Looking at his partner, her ear pressed against the door and her eyes sparkling with the excitement about a lead on Loki's errant wife, he quickly forgave himself. 'Who wouldn't wanna' Smiling, he, too, squashed his ear against the door.

". . . What iz it," they heard a heavily accented voice say. "What iz so important zat you must shout?"

"We've lost them," a familiar voice replied.

Inside the closet, Amanda and Lee exchanged a surprised glance. Amanda mouthed "Phyllis!" at Lee, and he nodded in agreement. His look of confusion mirrored her own.

"I **told** you we should watch them," Amanda hissed.

"A-man-da," Lee warned, his voice a low rumble. "This is neither the time, nor the place. Listen!"

"You've lost zem!" Yuwanna's tone clearly indicated her anger, although she hadn't raised her voice. "You imbeciles! 'ow could you do somezing so stupid' One of you was supposed to stay with them at all times!"

"Yuwanna, either Loki or I have been with or watching them since the airport. Loki even managed to find a unique way to spy on them when they went to their hotel room." She chuckled at the image of Loki hanging onto the parasail for dear life. Seeing the look of not-so-suppressed fury on Yuwanna's face, Phyllis immediately quelled her laughter. "They were here a minute ago, in the main hall."

Yuwanna sighed and shook her head. "Zen zey couldn't have gone far. You start in ze west wing, and . . ." Excited yapping interrupted her. "Oh, here comes my baby," she cooed. "Come to mama, 'oward. What's ze matter, baby?"

Amanda and Lee heard a low growl, followed by Yuwanna's "Howard, what eez it?" Both noises sounded too close for comfort. Their cramped quarters left no room to hide, so Lee did the only thing that came to mind. He closed his hand over the doorknob and pulled with all his might, hoping, if Yuwanna tried to open the door, she would think it was locked. Understanding Lee's actions, Amanda wrapped her arms around his waist to anchor him.

Luck was not with them, however. Lee had severely underestimated the strength of the Laplander. With a twist of the knob and a quick pull, Yuwanna flung the door open, causing Lee and Amanda to tumble to the floor at her feet. Howard started whirling like a dervish in a fevered attempt to catch his tail, and Phyllis stared, open-mouthed, at the spectacle.

"Zo, eet zeems my 'oward 'as found our missing American agents, yah?" Yuwanna produced a gun from her dress pocket and waved it at Lee and Amanda. "On your feet." Keeping their eyes trained on the gun, the duo did as ordered. "Your weapons, please." With a glance at Amanda that plainly said 'Why does this always happen'', Lee reached behind him and removed his gun from the waistband of his slacks.

After pocketing his revolver, Yuwanna turned to Amanda. "I'm not carrying a weapon," she assured the woman.

"Let me 'ave your purse." Finding nothing other than a compact and lipstick tube, she shook her head. "Unarmed. 'Ow unwise." Moving behind Lee, she placed her gun barrel against his spine. "Now, we take a little walk. Philliz, follow us, and keep your eye on ze woman." To Lee, she commanded, "Move! Turn right, into ze kitchen." Howard trailed behind the group, still making low growling noises in his throat.

Lee pushed the door open and immediately stopped. "What the . . .?" He had come face to face - ' more precisely, face to bosom -- with a full-scale version of Venus de Milo.

Phyllis pushed her way past Lee, dragging Amanda with her. "Oh, that. That's just one of the sculptures Drake ordered for the party. The theme is 'Great Masters,' so he had Venus done all in cheese. The largest one," she pointed to their right, "is an ice sculpture of The Thinker, and over there . . ."

"Enough!" Yuwanna shouted. "We 'ave no time for zis!" She shoved Lee further into the room and inclined her head toward the other side of the kitchen. "We will go zrough ze door by ze freezer."



When the foursome had gone halfway across the kitchen, a stream of muscular, well-built men, dressed in black, blue and yellow, streamed through the door that led to the main banquet hall. To avoid being trampled and to allow the men to pass, Yuwanna, Phyllis, Lee and Amanda plastered themselves against a counter. The men headed straight toward The Thinker ice sculpture and gathered around it. Chanting "Woo! Woo, Woo!" the group picked up the large piece and carried it out the door through which they had entered the room.

"Who were **they**?" Amanda wondered aloud, her eyes wide.

Lee smiled. "**They** were the members of the Bahamian Olympic Hockey Team."

She rolled her eyes at him. "You're putting me on, right' Since when does the Bahamas have an Olympic Hockey Team?"

"Since somebody decided this country didn't have enough representation in the Olympics, that's when."

"But ice hockey' What's next, a Jamaican Olympic Bobsled Team?"

"A Jamaican . . . Amanda, don't be ridiculous."

"It's not ridiculous. If someone thought ice hockey would be a good sport for the Bahamas, why not --"

Having had quite enough of the Olympic team discussion, Yuwanna cut off the rest of Amanda's statement with a cold glare. "No more of zis nonsense!" Pushing her gun into Lee's back once again, she propelled him forward. The group quickly made their way across the kitchen and out the side door, placing them in a narrow hallway with only one way to go. About fifteen feet down the hall, Yuwanna grabbed Lee's arm to stop him. She opened a door to their right to reveal a narrow staircase. "After you," she said to Lee as she gave him a push toward the stairs. When Howard tried to follow her, she said, "Stay 'ere, baby. Mama will be back in a moment." Dutifully, the dog sat back on his haunches. He sneezed twice, to which Yuwanna responded, "Good boy," before following Lee.

"Where does this go?" Amanda whispered to Phyllis.

"The belfry." Phyllis shivered slightly. "I don't like going up there. There are bats."

Amanda grimaced. "Sounds like a lovely place."

"Quiet!" Yuwanna bellowed.

The four continued their upward journey in silence. At the top of the stairs, Yuwanna motioned for Lee to open the trap door leading to the belfry. A ladder embedded in the door allowed the four to climb into the small space.

Yuwanna pointed at something in the corner. "Philliz, get zat old bell rope and tie zese two togezer."



*They've Gone Batty!*

Phyllis nodded and hurried across the belfry to retrieve the rope. When she started back to Lee and Amanda, a sudden motion caused her to freeze in her tracks. "Bats!" she screamed. "I hate bats!" Dropping to her knees, she rested her head on her knees and covered her head with her hands. Her wailing, combined with the flutter of bat wings, was enough to distract Yuwanna.



Taking advantage of the situation, Amanda grabbed Yuwanna by the arm, drew something out of her purse and jammed the object into the center of the Laplander's back. "Don't make me use this," she threatened in her best 'bad cop' voice.

Yuwanna raised her hands in surrender. When Lee rushed forward and took the gun out of her hand, her shoulders sagged. As he trained the gun on the devious dog-breeder, he commented to his partner, "Nice going. Where'd you find the . . ." Amanda lifted the object in question. "Cucumber?" he asked, incredulous.

Amanda grinned. "Yup. I took it off the life-sized vegetable sculpture of David when the hockey team plowed through the kitchen."

Shaking his head, Lee couldn't help but laugh. "Only you would use a cucumber as a weapon."

"Why not? It's not only practical, but it's also delicious." She took a bite out of the green vegetable. "Care for a bite?" she asked with a wink, extending the item toward Lee.

"Get that thing away from me!"

To be continued by . . .

Crystal, because Little Bobby Kenwood really wanted to hand off to her, and she's now caught up on the RR.

She has to include:

**Person:** a 7-foot tall, Mexican tailor named Rufus

**Place:** a yacht

**Thing:** a pair of Dutch wooden shoes (clogs), with Bahamas written on them

**Phrase:** "Now, there's something you don't see every day!"

