

# THE MYSTERIOUS MORT MANOR MURDER MYSTERY

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FADE IN:

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

MISS LADY MORT (late 30's) sits in a squishy ARM CHAIR and sips SCOTCH from a posh CRYSTAL ROCKS GLASS.

She pops her feet up on a tufty SNAKESKIN AUTOMAN.

Her accent is stiffly upper-lipped, in only the way the very POSH ENGLISH can manage.

LADY (V.O.)

Ah, yes...there I was. Enjoying a nice little bit of Lagavulin. One must be quite specific when it comes to pickeling the insides, you see. Choice is elementary, as any young school chap or chapess can tell you. The lay person might overlook this singular delight of choosing one's highly pocket-raping Single Malt Whiskey...and so to their own detriment. Scotch, you see, of the finest and most purest of distilation is acceptable only during the hours of two PM to seven-thirty, to be sure. And thus, I chose the Lagavulin, I need not tell you, of course - for the smell.

She smells her scotch.

LADY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Anyway, there I was, basking in my organ brinning when...

A ROTARY PHONE BRINNNNGGGSSSS!

Lady answers begrudgingly and says:

LADY

Yes, Hullo?

CHARLIE MORT (50's), on the line.

LADY (CONT'D)

Oh hullo Charlie. Listen it's late and I'm quite busy soaking my liver in a rather daring scotch so if you'd kindly call back on the morrow I'd be ---

SQUARBLES BUZZ through the little phone holes.

LADY (CONT'D)

What's that you say?

(beat)

A murderer? What murderer? No no, old boy you must be mistaken or been given faulty information.

(beat)

We're in the sub-ub-uburbs for bloody sake!

(beat)

Right...well...who is he?

SQUARBLES.

LADY (CONT'D)

A *She*? Oh Charlie be serious. You mean to tell me, there's a ruddy She-Murderer lurking about my subbie-ubbie-ubburbs?

SKREECHY SQUARBLES.

LADY (CONT'D)

Oh bugger. Well yes, that does pose a bit of a precarious problem for me and mine, dear brother.

(beat)

Well listen, thank-you ever so much for ringing. Do pop round this Friday for luncheon. I believe Cookie's cooking up a pheasant.

(beat)

Uh, yes.

(beat)

Uh, yes, I know you don't like yams.

(beat)

Alright, I'll tell Cookie.

(beat)

No, yes, no yams for you.

(beat)

Right. Smashing! Ta-ta, Charlie darling.

LUCKIE (40's), enters. Rough, rugged and round. He peels a BANANA.

LADY (V.O.)

My brother Charlie's Manservant-slash-Thug too has a brother - a twin - actually - but he couldn't be more the opposite and is what one might call "A runt" of the unexpected litter, as it were. But you see, Charlie in his over-protective brotherly manner has always impressed upon me the importance of having a Manservant-slash-Thug so the matter cannot be helped and I'm stuck with this lump of an ugly mess for such as time is ever long.

LADY

What's that you've got?

LUCKIE

Banana.

LADY

I know a banana when I see one thank you very much. I meant why do YOU have it?

(beat)

I've never seen you eat fruit before.

Luckie laughs.

LUCKIE

Oh! Doc says I'm low in potassium. Me 'eart's beatin' irregular.

LADY

I don't see how those two things are connected.

LUCKIE

Says I drink too much of the old purple. Gotta cut back and add potassium to the mix.

LADY

Nonsense. Red wine is like Mother's milk for the heart. Sorry to say old boy, but I'm afraid ole Doc's gone loopy.

LUCKIE

Every'fin aw'right Miss Lady?

LADY

No Luckie, every'fin is most seriously not aw'right. Charlie's just telephoned with the most annoying news.

LUCKIE

Aw, should I get the shovel again?

LADY

No no, it's not that. It would appear we have a She-Killer on the loose in our neck of the woods.

LUCKIE

Yer wha?

LADY

My thoughts exactly. On the lamb, apparently. Cross country from Rikers.

LUCKIE

Coh-Blimey. That's aggravating. I was hoping for a nice quiet evening with me bananas and me book.

LADY

My word, Luckie. You can read?

LUCKIE

Only a little. Got meself a nice Bonfiglioli what I haven't cracked the spine of yet.

LADY (V.O.)

I didn't know what that mean't so I tried using Luckie's vernacular.

LADY

Yer wha?

LUCKIE

Bonfiglioli. Real juicy stuff. Pages have foxed a bit but I reckon that means it's rare or summink.

A BRANCH BANGS against the study window.

They jump.

LADY

Preparations must be taken. We're going to need supplies Luckie Boy.

LUCKIE

Right.

LADY

Pop to the woodshed. Grab  
everything in sight.

INT. STUDY - MINUTES LATER

Luckie lays out an intimidating array of WEAPONS.

Lady grabs a LUGER PISTOL.

Luckie thumbs a KNIFE.

She turns on the TELEVISION.

ON SCREEN NEWS COVERAGE OF A CAR CHASE: SHE-KILLER aims to  
make a break for it as POLICE CARS tail behind.

A NEWS ANCHOR (any age) says:

ANCHOR (FILTERED)

Months ago, mass murderer Karla  
Malukula made a break for it down  
101 Highway Kansas State America.  
Police were in pursuit until  
Malukula drove into an underground  
tunnel where she managed to escape.  
From there is it believed she  
boarded passage on a freighter ship  
that docked at London Port some  
several days ago. These images come  
today from Knightsbridge where  
Malukula is seen purchasing a  
coffee and donut. Residents of Sub-  
urb-urbia are being warned to stay  
in their homes until Malukula is  
confirmed apprehended. Interpol has  
made a statement confirming their  
involvement and are currently  
patrolling the borders for  
suspicious activity - just incase  
she plans to skip country. That's  
all we have for you this evening,  
my name is ----

Lady turns the tv off.

The DOOR BELL RINGS.

They jump and clutch their weapons.