

Public Domain Superheroes

By

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PUBLIC DOMAIN SUPERHEROES

MR. MUSCLES IN "MAD ABOUT ZOO"

SOUND: QUICK INTRO MUSIC, TRUMPETS, ORCHESTRA ETC.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls. Argle-Bargle Broadcasting Systems presents, three tales of heroic deeds by heroic people. And here is your narrator for this evening, Duncan Disorderly.

SOUND: BRIEF APPLAUSE, THROUGH THE INTRODUCTION.

NARRATOR:

Good evening, our first story deals with a man by the name of Mr. Muscles. I met Mr. Muscles once, a lovely and generous man. In fact he helped me move my furniture into the new house. Which was odd because I don't recall moving house, or ever inviting him into my home. And why was I tied up all that time? Bah doesn't matter. A man in peak physical condition, Mr. Muscles spends his Sunday entertaining citizens with his bulging biceps.

SOUND: SOME GRUNTS AND GROANS FROM MR MUSCLES. FOLLOWED BY OOHS AND AAH'S FROM AN AWED CROWD.

MR. MUSCLES:

(IMITATING HELPLESS GIRL)

Won't somebody lift this car off my face?

(NORMAL VOICE)

I will ma'am.

SOUND: ANOTHER GRUNT FROM MR. MUSCLES, CROWD OOHS AGAIN.

ONLOOKER 2:

Wow! Look at those rippling muscles!

ONLOOKER 1:

He's a God!

MR. MUSCLES:

Somebody call for a thousand chin ups?

ONLOOKER 3:

I sure like him better than Mr. Molester that's for sure.

NARRATOR:

But among the excited spectators is a disgusting, bent man with eyes full of bitter hatred.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL MAN:

That stupid show-off!

ONLOOKER 3:

If I had a magnificent body like that I'd show off too!

MR. MUSCLES:

Mind if I, muscle in on this conversation?

EVIL MAN:

Yes actua-

ONLOOKER 1:

-Wait, did you hear that? he said...he said muscle!

SOUND: THE CROWD ERRUPTS IN LAUGHTER

EVIL MAN:

I'll get you soon you Musclehead.

SOUND: MORE GRUNTING

MR. MUSCLES:

79 - 80 - 81 and many more to go!

ONLOOKER 3:

81 knee bends without a pause! The man's made of iron.

ONLOOKER 1:

Hooray for Mr. Muscles!

MR. MUSCLES:

OK folks, that concludes the demonstration! Now let's all go and leave this funeral ceremony to this grieving widow...who I'm sure you'll all agree, should be applauded for attending whilst her husbands many attractive lovers did not.

SOUND: CRYING

SOUND: BLOCKS BEING CHOPPED CONTINUOUSLY

NARRATOR:

That evening...after evading some homeless children, Mr. Muscles instructed his pupils.

MR. MUSCLES:

Keep using that rowing machine Jimmy!

PAUL:

What about me sir?

MR. MUSCLES:

No I'm not letting Jimmy use you again.

IAN:

The telephone Mr. Muscles.

MR. MUSCLES:

Good Ian you're learning. Now show me the toaster.

PUPIL 1:

It's the city mayor on the phone?

MR. MUSCLES:

The mayor? Let me speak to her. Hello? Mayor?

MAYOR:

Mr. Muscles, we've a problem at the zoo.

MR. MUSCLES:

What is it?

MAYOR:

It's a facility that displays animals to the public. Except we have a man down there who has locked out all of the staff and released the animals. If we don't get this madman under control, there could be hundreds killed.

MR. MUSCLES:

Sounds like he's another crazy person Mr. mayor.

MAYOR:

He is Mr. Muscles.

MR. MUSCLES:

Really? I thought I was Mr. Muscles.

MAYOR:

You are.

MR. MUSCLES:

Well good, then have that man meet me at the zoo and we'll sort this mess out.

MAYOR:

He's already down there.

MR. MUSCLES:

Good. I like him already.

SOUND: HANGING UP OF PHONE ON THE RECEIVER. WALKING AWAY

IAN:
Something wrong Mr. Muscles?

MR. MUSCLES:
No son nothing wrong, say Ian, is that window open?

PUPIL 1:
No.

SOUND: THE GLASS BREAKS AS MR MUSCLES DIVES THROUGH IT.

SCENE 3

SOUND: SPLAT!!

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS, CLOSES, ENGINES ON AND CAR DRIVES AWAY.

MR. MUSCLES:
Looks like I'm going to have to make this crazy madman zoo-render!

NARRATOR:
But as the car speeds by another open window!

SOUND: THUMP OF BUTT ONTO PASSENGER SEAT

KID MUSCLES:
Hi Mr. Muscles!

MR. MUSCLES:
You!

KID MUSCLES:
That's right, it's me! Kid Muscles! I saw you driving past my window and so I thought I'd throw myself at your speeding car. What are you doing?

MR. MUSCLES:
Let me fill you in.

KID MUSCLES:
I'd rather you just tell me where you're going.

SOUND: CAR SPEEDS DOWN THE ROAD

KID MUSCLES:
You mean that guy has control of the whole zoo?

MR. MUSCLES:
We'll find out soon enough.

NARRATOR:

And at the city park zoo.

SOUND: FEET WALKING ON PATH

MR. MUSCLES:

I don't see anyone.

EVIL MAN:

Over here! Help!

MR. MUSCLES:

We don't need help thank you!

KID MUSCLES:

Maybe we should go see that guy. Wait where is he?

NARRATOR:

Suddenly a shadowy figure catapults out of darkness, ramming into Mr. Muscles.

SOUND: QUICK FOOTSTEPS, THUD, SMACK AND SCUFFLE

MR. MUSCLES:

What gives?

EVIL MAN:

You're finished now Mr. Muscles.

SOUND: CAGE DOOR SLAMMING SHUT

MR. MUSCLES:

You can put me in a cage all you want, but I'll never escape and you'll have defeated me.

EVIL MAN:

Right, well good. How does it feel to be trapped. Mr. High and Mighty?

MR. MUSCLES:

What have you done to kid muscles?

EVIL MAN:

He's out cold. But don't worry about him. Worry about your own precious hide.

MR. MUSCLES:

What do you have against me?

EVIL MAN:

I'll tell you why I hate you! I hate your splendid physique! Look at you! Perfect, and look at me! I mean for Christ's sake just look at me! Would you sleep in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EVIL MAN: (cont'd)

the same bed as me? Because I sure as hell don't. A hook for a hand and a false nose made of penguin feet, cheap ones! And see these baby fingers, sown on baby elephant trunks. Now do you know why I want to destroy you?

MR. MUSCLES:

You sound like every woman I loved.

EVIL MAN:

Let's see how brave you are now Mr. Muscles! You're not facing spectators, you're facing jungle killers.

SOUND: A SCARY ROAR AND PROWL FROM A TIGER, CAGE OPENING.

MR. MUSCLES:

Nice kitty!

SOUND: PUNCHES AND SNARLS FROM THE TIGER, MR. MUSCLES GETTING THE UPPER HAND.

NARRATOR:

Unbeknownst to our dastardly villain. Kid Muscles revives.

KID MUSCLES:

Hey you. Get that tiger off Mr. Muscles.

EVIL MAN:

You may be strong muscle-brat but these bullets are stronger.

SOUND: GUNSHOTS, EVIL LAUGHTER.

EVIL MAN:

No child is man enough to get shot in the head!

SOUND: MORE GUNSHOTS

MR. MUSCLES:

Kid Muscles, I have got to rescue him eventually!

SOUND: PUNCHES AND KICKS TO A HURT TIGER

NARRATOR:

After knocking out the feisty feline, Mr. Muscles seizes the cage's metal bars. He strains and tugs, as his biceps flex mightily.

MR. MUSCLES:

Iron bars do not a prison make...particularly if you have muscle power.

(CONTINUED)

SOUND: CREAKING BREAK OF THE METAL BARS

EVIL MAN:

Out of the cage? Impossible!

MR. MUSCLES:

Now to kick the crap out of you!

SOUND: SEVERAL WHACKS AND THUMPS

EVIL MAN:

No!, don't strike me you big bully! Why should you have a magnificent body while I look like this?

MR. MUSCLES:

Hey now, I've got news for you chum. Not too many years ago, a weakling got the most terrible news of his life.

SOUND: FLASHBACK MUSIC

MR. MUSCLES:

No doctor not polio! You mean I'll be paralyzed for life.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid so!

MR. MUSCLES:

I don't care what you say, I won't be paralyzed for life. I'll be normal and strong again.

NARRATOR:

Despite heart breaking discouragement, the patient kept trying, until one day!

MR. MUSCLES:

My finger, it moved!

DOCTOR:

So it did. Strange. Oh well, you'll never sit up!

NARRATOR:

But one day he did!

MR. MUSCLES:

Nurse! Nurse!

NURSE:

He's sitting up!

DOCTOR:

Dammit!!

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR:

They told him he would never walk again but he proved them all wrong!

DOCTOR:

Oh bloody hell!

MR. MUSCLES:

I'm normal again doctor. The paralysis is gone.

DOCTOR:

Screw you!

MR. MUSCLES:

I've learned my lesson! I've learned never to accept discouragement, never to lose faith. No, half hearted living is over for me.

DOCTOR:

Half-hearted?, it was your weird gym exercises that got you polio in the first place!

MR. MUSCLES:

I'm going to develop my body until I achieve absolute perfection. Nothing less will satisfy me! Moderation be damned!

SOUND: END FLASHBACK MUSIC, RETURN TO PRESENT

EVIL MAN:

You...with your marvelous physique and firm bum muscles were once a weakling like me?

MR. MUSCLES:

I licked Polio! and through proper exercises I licked bodily weakness. You can accomplish the same! So which do you choose? Jail? Or will you put yourself in my hands so I can make a real man out of you!

EVIL MAN:

You would help me?

SOUND: GYM EQUIPMENT BEING USED. WEIGHT MACHINE, TREADMILL ETC

NARRATOR:

And so, with absolutely no criminal charges brought to the man who released every animal in the zoo onto the public, leaving seven dead and one family kidnapped by a cartel of horses, a new student joins Mr. Muscles physical development classes.

(CONTINUED)

PUPIL 1:

How is he doing?

MR. MUSCLES:

There isn't a harder working student in the whole place.

NARRATOR:

As the evil man exercises, his figure gradually straightens. Firm muscles replacing scrawny limbs. Until one day.

MR. MUSCLES:

From now on, you're on your own.

EVIL MAN:

There, there's one thing I'd like to say, sir.

MR. MUSCLES:

Don't bother! I know you're a different man. A healthy physique breeds a healthy mind doesn't it?

EVIL MAN:

No I've been telling you that for six months now. I...I've killed dozens since, and I've gotten better at the stranglings.

MR. MUSCLES:

Farewell.

Mr. Scarlet and the mystery of the Phantom of Marston Manor

SCENE 1

SOUND: HARSH WIND, THUNDER, THE SWINGING OF A CREAKY GATE.

NARRATOR:

Midnight in the old burial ground of the Marston Family.

SOUND: THE GATE CREAKS FADE OUT, THE WIND CALMS DOWN. SOUND OF FEET SPRINTING THROUGH DIRT.

NARRATOR:

And the dreaded Phantom of Marston Manor chases down a helpless Miss Alton!

MISS ALTON:

No! Help me Mr. Muscles!

MR. MUSCLES:

Unhand that big fat woman you weird Phantom you!

SOUND: TAZER ACTIVATES, STUNNING MR. MUSCLES

(CONTINUED)

MR. MUSCLES:

A tazer? Help me Kid Muscles!

KID MUSCLES:

Hey you, stop tazing people!

SOUND: ANOTHER TAZER ACTIVATES.

KID MUSCLES:

Help me Captain No-Help!

CAPTAIN NO-HELP:

No.

SOUND: ANOTHER TAZER SHOCK.

KID MUSCLE:

Oh Captain No-help!

SOUND: THUNDER SOUNDS BEFORE ALL ATMOSPHERE SOUND VANISHES.
BIRDS CHIRPING INSTEAD, A NICE DAY.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CARPET. PRINTER WORKING AWAY, AS IS A
TYPEWRITER.

NARRATOR:

The next morning at the office of special prosecutor
Brian Butler.

SOUND: BRIAN OPENS LETTER, HANDS IT OVER.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Well here's a letter from an old class mate of mine,
Hank Marston. Here Martha you read it.

MARTHA:

Hi Brian. I'm getting married, to a woman this time.
I'd love to have you, your secretary Martha, and that
kid Pinky up to visit me and the missus, who again, is
a woman. Sincerely Hank Marston...Say Brian, does that
mean I'm to go too?

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Sure Martha, and well done for instinctively saying
that in a way that suggests you are being ordered to go
instead of being asked. Well done, you're really
getting this secretary stuff down aren't you? On second
thought, I won't fire you for that busty woman you're
husband ran off with.

SOUND: QUICK PATTERN OF FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AND THEN TO A
SUDDEN STOP.

PINKY:

And there's fishing and everything? Hot diggity dog!

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Pinky what the hell? It's Martha's birthday and you run in here shouting like that. Say sorry.

PINKY:

Sorry.

MARTHA:

That's OK.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Good. Now let's go to Hank's place.

PINKY:

Yay! I'll be in the car!

SOUND: EAGER SRPINTING OF PINKY OFF OUT OF THE OFFICE.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Oh and Martha after you've put the luggage in the car I want you to talk to the busty woman outside and take notes on how attractive she is, pay particular attention to her firm buxom that has wooed your husband so spectacularly. I want you looking like her by the end of the month.

SOUND: THREE DOORS CLOSE. CAR ENGINE STARTS, DRIVES.

NARRATOR:

The three friends set off, for Marston Manor.

PINKY:

What's that mansion over there?

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

That, young man, is where we are going. Marston Manor.

SOUND: THUNDER ONCE MORE.

NARRATOR:

Once they reach the Manor.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR. THE GRADUALLY LOUDER SOUND OF FEET SLIDING OVER CONCRETE FLOOR. DOOR OPENS.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Jesus Hank, you've aged horribly! Like Martha here!

MORTIMER:

I am the masters butler sir, he begs to be excused. One of his headaches sir. I'm to show you to your rooms.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

I never knew Hank had headaches. Thank you man servant.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES.

NARRATOR:

That night, the guests of Marston Manor slept soundly.

SOUND: SNORING.

NARRATOR:

Until, through the still of the night, a shrill, blood-chilling scream rings out.

SOUND: SHRIEK, FADED OUT TO DOORS PULLED OPEN AND SLAMMED QUICKLY.

NARRATOR:

The last echoes of that dreadful scream have hardly faded before Brian Butler jumps into action as the famed Mr. Scarlet, and together with his masked sidekick Pinky, appear ready for action.

PINKY:

You alright Martha?

MARTHA:

Y-yes.

BRIAN/ MR. SCARLET:

Better go back to your room. This is man's work.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES, TWO PAIRS OF FEET RUNNING ON CARPET.

PINKY:

What do you think that was Mr. Scarlet?

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Could be anything Pinky, a ghost, an evil spirit, an old age pensioner being mistaken as an exotic dancer by some drunk and horny men?

PINKY:

Like your stag party last year?

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Exactly.

PINKY:

You think there might be ghosts...real ones! Oh Gosh!

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Could be anything Pinky, wait look, Over there!

SOUND: STONE WALL OPENING UP A CHAMBER FOOTSTEPS HURRYING
DOWN CONCRETE STEPS. DUST SPILLING DOWN THE CORRIDOR STEPS.

NARRATOR:

The spooky Phantom reveals a secret stairway as he escapes.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Looks like we found our ghost.

PINKY:

Gee...Wonder where this hall leads to?

SOUND: STONE SECRET ENTRANCE CLOSSES BACK WITH A BANG.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Well we're not coming out this way again, let's follow our ghost.

SOUND: THE DUO WALK, SLOW, CAUTIOUS.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Did you notice how Martha looked at me when I came out dressed in this costume? I think she recognized she washed it for me earlier. I noticed the happy and proud smile on her face.

PINKY:

Mr. Scarlet look out!

SOUND: FIGHT, PUNCHES, KICKS, SCUFFLE.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Ow!

PINKY:

The ghost!

SOUND: MORE KICKS AND SCUFFLES

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Wait till I get my hands on you! Take this, and that, and one of these. Digest this one!

SOUND: PUNCHES GALORE, FOLLOWED BY THE FLEEING OF THE GHOST
DOWN THE HALLWAY

PINKY:

He's getting away!

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

I know Pinky! Jeez!...sometimes I think you're the most useless child soldier in the world. I mean just even bite him for christ's sake. Do something!, can you do that?! Come on, let's go on.

SOUND: MORE FOOTSTEPS.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Hmm. Two tunnels. I'll follow this one. You scout along the other. And this time don't disappoint me like those dreadful dead parents of yours.

PINKY:

Okay.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS.

PINKY:

These look like stairs, and a hatch! I'll see where it goes.

SOUND: FEET WALK UP WOODEN STAIRS, OPEN HATCH. THUNDER AND WIND.

PINKY:

Gee...this leads to the outside.

NARRATOR:

Pinky is right. Outside, to Marston graveyard.

PINKY:

Oh Gee gosh. Well, can't find out anything here. Dead people can't tell you anything. Especially this dead guy, with eyes wide open and handcuffed to a tree, mumbling to himself with a gag over his mouth. They really knew how to bury people back then.

SOUND: MUMBLING SOUNDS OF SOMEONE

PINKY:

Hmm, I better see if I can rob any gold teeth out of his mouth for Mr. Scarlet. Wait a minute, you're not dead!

KID MUSCLES:

I'm Kid Muscles! And we need to stop that Phantom!

SOUND: INSIDE SOUND IS QUIET EXCEPT FOR THE FEET OF MR. SCARLET.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR:

Meanwhile in the other tunnel.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

I'm going to guess someone's behind this unlocked door.

SOUND: MR. SCARLET CRACKS THROUGH THE TIMBER.

NARRATOR:

Mr. Scarlet crashes through the rotting woodwork.

SOUND: MUFFLED SOUNDS FROM TWO PEOPLE, HAVING BEEN GAGGED.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Good heavens! You're Hank Marston.

HANK MARSTON:

And you're Mr. Scarlet! And there's my fiancée Janet Alton tied up and behold!, in the corner, Mr. Muscles.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

But he isn't tied up.

HANK MARSTON:

No no he tied us up.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

He did?

MR. MUSCLES:

I did. I was very brave.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

So, you're the Phantom?

HANK MARSTON:

Not exactly.

SOUND: ATMOSPHERIC SOUND OF SITTINGROOM. BURNING SMALL FIRE IN THE FIREPLACE.

HANK MARSTON:

and so the Phantom wanted me for my will, that's when Mr. Muscles figured I'd be best hidden away from everyone.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Tied up and blindfolded.

MR MUSCLES:

So not even Hank himself could find him.

(CONTINUED)

HANK MARSTON:

When the Phantom attacked them all again in the graveyard Mr. Muscles rescued Miss Alton and locked her away with me before she got hurt.

KID MUSCLES:

That's why the Phantom tied me up outside, to lure out Mr. Muscles.

PINKY:

Well he didn't count on us!

HANK MARSTON:

I have heard the servants whisper about the phantom. But this is my first experience with him.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

He wants your will? Hmm, who is this phantom?

MISS ALTON:

Nobody knows.

NARRATOR:

A little later.

SOUND: LITTLE BELL RINGS OUT.

HANK MARSTON:

I wonder why Mortimer doesn't answer.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

I wonder.

NARRATOR:

Mortimer the servant finally appears.

MORTIMER:

So sorry sir but I must have been sound asleep. I'll have your tea in a moment.

SOUND: TEA STEAMING, RATTLING OF CUPS AND SAUCERS ALONG WITH SOFT STEPS ON CARPET

MORTIMER:

Will you need anything else tonight sir? Biscuits? Your will wherever that is?

HANK MARSTON:

No not tonight Mortimer.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Hmmm, Mortimer and Hank look almost alike.

SOUND: PLATES LEFT ON TABLE, POURING OF TEA.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR:

After that eerie midnight tea party.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

So this is my plan, Mr. Muscles, Kid Muscles, Pinky and Mr. Marston will occupy my room. Martha and Miss Alton can bunk together for the rest of the night, and keep all doors securely bolted on the inside.

ALL:

Right, gotdcha, Yes, OK.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

And Martha?

MARTHA:

Yes Mr. Scarlet?

SOUND: HUGE KISS ON THE LIPS

MARTHA:

Oh Mr. Scarlet!

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Yes. I want you to kiss Miss Alton just like I did just there. And video tape it and have it on my desk in the morning.

PINKY:

Mr. Scarlet where will you sleep?

NARRATOR:

Mr. Scarlet decides to sleep in Marston's bed.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

In here.

SOUND: THREE DOORS BOLT SHUT.

NARRATOR:

Later that night, the Phantom again appears.

PHANTOM:

I'll just kill you first, and find your damn will afterwards.

PHANTOM:

Ha ha! At last I am rid of you.

SOUND: SOUND OF BEDSHEET BEING WHIPPED FROM THE BED.

PHANTOM:

What's this?

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Haha Phantom. There is no one in that bed!

PHANTOM:

You!

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Now I'll get you!

SOUND: PUNCVHES AGAIN, AND BREAKING OF THE WINDOW

NARRATOR:

The Phantom escapes out the window, and up the wall like a human fly.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

How does he do it? I've got to stop him somehow, there's only one way.

SOUND: MACHINE GUN LOADED, RAPID FIRE.

PHANTOM:

Help!

NARRATOR:

With a sickening thud, the cowardly, unarmed Phantom crashes to the stone pavement below.

SOUND: THUD OFF THE STONE. SEVERAL PAIRS OF FEET RUNNING.

MR. MUSCLES:

Good Heavens, the Phantom has been Hank Marston all this time.

HANK MARSTON:

Mr. Muscles, that's not me, that's Mortimer!

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Yes! I've known that for the last two hours. Ever since we had our midnight tea.

MORTIMER:

I am a second cousin of Mr. Marston. He has no closer relatives alive. If I could have destroyed his will I would have been his heir.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

How did you manage to get around in that long gown? and just now on the roof?

(CONTINUED)

MORTIMER:

I was a tight rope walker for years in the british national circus. if you hadn't come along you red four...ugh.

HANK MARSTON:

He was a good butler, I'll say that for him.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Also a mighty tricky Phantom.

MR. MUSCLES:

And a considerate lover.

HANK MARSTON:

Mr. Scarlet wait! How did you happen to come here and save our lives.

PINKY:

So long!

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

That's my business!

NARRATOR:

Several days later, back at Brian Butlers office.

SOUND: OFFICE SETTING ONCE MORE, PRINTER AND TYPEWRITER IN USE.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Hank, what are you doing here?

HANK MARSTON:

Well Martha has been at the manor for the last three days, said she came with you and Pinky and then you just vanished one night.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Well I didn't want to be there on her birthday.

HANK MARSTON:

What's more amazing is Mr. Scarlet and Pinky solved the mystery of the Phantom.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Hmm. That Mr. Scarlet and Pinky always beats us to it, ay Pinky?

SOUND: ALL LAUGH

Queenie Starr in "Death Scene"

SOUND: EPIC TRAILER MUSIC LIKE SOMETHING FOUND IN "AVENGERS ASSEMBLE"

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR:

Queenie Starr, once a secretary with a knack for solving crime, is now a beautiful and talented young actress with a minor part in a new superhero blockbuster being filmed in all its glory on a Hollywood sound stage.

SOUND: FADE OUT OF EPIC MUSIC.

CREW MEMBER:

Quiet on set!

SOUND: DOOR SHUT SILENCE.

ACTRESS:

The big scene is today Queenie. It ought to be a whopperoo!

QUEENIE:

Yes it sure is thrilling to work in a big picture like this. Mr. Muscles and Mr. Scarlet together at last.

ACTRESS:

Still I wouldn't want to be Helga Bergstrom, the star.

QUEENIE:

What are you talking about Kevin? That Swedish gift to Hollywood takes in over five grand a week.

NARRATOR:

Director Harvey Paul is finally ready to shoot another scene of his stupendous superhero movie.

CREW MEMBER:

All set Mr. Paul!

HARVEY PAUL:

Great.

CREW MEMBER 2:

Okay over here sir!

HARVEY PAUL:

You all set Miss Bergstrom?

HELGA BERGSTROM:

Yes, whenever you are ready.

NARRATOR:

With everyone poised and ready...Director Paul calls for action.

(CONTINUED)

HARVEY PAUL:

Lights! Sound! Action! Roll 'em.

SOUND: THUDS OF LIGHTS SWITCHED ON. CAMERAS ROLLING,
INTENSE ACTION MOVIE MUSIC.

HELGA BERGSTROM:

Help Help!

BRIAN/ MR. SCARLET:

Hey it's you!, the woman from the submarine factory.

HELGA BERGSTROM:

Mr. Scarlet! Get me down from here!

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

I will! And then you and I will go save Pinky and then we can tell Martha she can't live in my shed anymore. Bah, this timber is too heavy to lift. If only I had bigger muscles!

MR. MUSCLES:

Somebody say my name?

HELGA BERGSTROM:

Mr. Muscles!

MR. MUSCLES:

That's my name!

EVIL VILLAIN:

Not so fast Mr. Muscles!

MR. MUSCLES:

That's...my...name.

HARVEY PAUL:

And cut!

SOUND: CLAPPERBOARD SNAPS FOR CUT

NARRATOR:

The cameras are halted until all the props are placed to the director's satisfaction for the next scene.

HARVEY PAUL:

There! That's about right. OK Helga, this shot is going to be with the timber burning under you. So real flames now. Now don't worry you're completely safe. But you have got to look, sound and feel absolutely terrified, understand.

(CONTINUED)

HELGA BERGSTROM:

Sure sure.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Just picture women in government, that's what I do.

HARVEY PAUL:

Now the two of you. You are both tied up and utterly defeated in this shot. So Mr. Scarlet I want you to shout "He's going to kill her!" and then Mr. Muscles, you say "We've got to save her before he does!".

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

Right!

MR. MUSCLES:

Wait what's my motivation?

HARVEY PAUL:

What do you mean?

MR. MUSCLES:

How am I going to say it?

HARVEY PAUL:

Mr. Muscles just say the line like you normally would in that situation.

MR MUSCLES:

OK.

HARVEY PAUL:

Right. Are we ready? Lights! Camera! Action!

SOUND: CLAPPERBOARD SNAPS AGAIN. FIRE CRACKLES LOUDLY.

NARRATOR:

Helga Bergstrom plays her death scene with fervor and realism.

SOUND: HELGA SCREAMS OVER THE FIRE.

BRIAN/ MR SCARLET:

He's going to kill her!"

MR. MUSCLES: (SADLY)

We've got to kill her before he does!"

SOUND: CLAPPERBOARD SNAPS FOR CUT

HARVEY PAUL:

Good! Magnificent! We'll print that one.

NARRATOR:

The flames are quickly extinguished and the stage crew get to work.

SOUND: FIRE EXTINGUISHER DOING ITS TASK

CREW MEMBER:

Hey look...she's...

CREW MEMBER 2:

She's asleep.

SOUND: RUNNING ONSTAGE

PHYSICIAN:

Wait stand back, I'm a doctor...I'm sorry to say she's actually dead.

HARVEY PAUL:

Good heavens. She was actually burnt to death. This is terrible.

PHYSICIAN:

No Mr. Paul. Miss Bergstrom was shot.

BRIAN/ MR. SCARLET:

What? Shot? How?

MR. MUSCLES:

People I don't want to alarm you but I think this means...fire can kill.

PHYSICIAN:

She was shot from below. The bullet went through her heart and came out of her shoulder.

HARVEY PAUL:

But that's impossible! Nobody could have hidden in that pile of wood while it was on fire..

CREW MEMBER:

The cops can figure that one out. They're on their way.

SOUND: QUICK CUTS OFF SOUND. POLICE SIREN - SCREECHING OF TYRE - BREAKING - COP MARCHING IN - "AAARGH" - FALLING DOWN STAIRS -RUNNING UP STAIRS - GUNSHOTS - DOOR CLOSE.

COP 1:

Take it easy people! Nobody is to leave this studio. All of you are under suspicion. Especially me! I'm going to have to question all of you so I'm going to have to get myself cigarettes, some clothes, and a big cup of coffee.

HARVEY PAUL:

Excuse me, detective?

COP 1:

Yes?

HARVEY PAUL:

I just want to mention.

SOUND: HARVEY WHISPERS, UNHEARD BY EVERYONE EXCEPT THE COP

ACTRESS:

What will we do now Queenie? They'll stop production on this picture.

QUEENIE:

Oh quit complaining. We'll work in other movies. I just wonder who did it. Bergstrom didn't deserve to die this way. Although I do recall her saying it was always her dream to die like that.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE. SCRAPING OF METAL CHAIR LEGS ON FLOOR. FOOTSTEPS. SIPPING OF COFFEE

COP 1:

OK, Mr. Scarlet?

MR. SCARLET:

Yes.

COP 1:

You were at the timber piled under Ms. Bergstrom in the scene before her death. Were you not?

MR. SCARLET:

I were.

COP 1:

Can you describe your relationship with Miss Bergstrom?

MR. SCARLET:

It was good. We often spoke. Mostly about what we hoped for in life. She would often tell me she'd hope I'd stop demeaning her which I found cute to hear such a big word from a woman.

(CONTINUED)

COP 1:

Did you kill her?

MR. SCARLET:

Did you ever fall over a guardrail and get your manhood stuck in a moving bicycle wheel?

COP 1:

I don;t think I ever did.

MR. SCARLET:

Then I did not kill her.

COP 1:

OK. You're sidekick is here, Pinky is it?

MR. SCARLET:

He is.

COP 1:

I'll need to speak to him.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE. SCRAPING OF METAL CHAIR LEGS ON FLOOR. FOOTSTEPS. SIPPING OF COFFEE

COP 1:

Pinky, is it?

PINKY:

Sure is Mr. Police officer.

COP 1:

OK Pinky I want to ask you a few questions. Let's start off with where you were during the shooting of Miss Bergstroms final scene and then, Pinky stop talking I'll let you speak in a minute and then we can Pinky stop please I'm speaking. OK then we can-

PINKY:

Sure thing officer I know there's a murder to solve but I just want to say I'm so so so so happy to be in Hollywood it's great. I saw cameras and trucks and director chairs and all these big shiny, flat balloon things which is nice and-

COP 1:

-Pinky get out of my office!

PINKY:

OK!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS SHUT. HIGH HEELS RUNNING ON WOODEN FLOOR

(CONTINUED)

QUEENIE:

Hey Mr. Paul?!

HARVEY PAUL:

Queenie? What? I'm going back to my office.

QUEENIE:

Are we going to lose our jobs? It's awful what happened Miss Bergstrom but come on, shutting down a movie over a murder is a little bit childish.

HARVEY PAUL:

How in the heck do I know? Maybe we'll shoot it all over with a new star. And we can dedicate the movie to Ms. Bergstrom, I think that would be the best way to inform her children of her death.

QUEENIE:

I'm sure they'd love seeing me take their mothers place.

HARVEY PAUL:

So you've read their facebook status too? Come into my office. I need to gtake a shower.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE. SCRAPING OF METAL CHAIR LEGS ON FLOOR. FOOTSTEPS. SIPPING OF COFFEE

COP 1:

Mr. Muscles.

MR. MUSCLES:

That's me.

COP 1:

I'm going to level with you Mr. Muscles.

MR. MUSCLES:

I'm sorry I don't do that with men.

COP 1:

I'm ruling you out as a suspect. I don't think you could do such a thing and even if you could, it wouldn't be your style even if you did.

MR. MUSCLES:

You're right, my way is with false rumours and intense finger pointing. Like with my lawyer here. He killed Colonel Sanders.

SOUND: CRYING

(CONTINUED)

LAWYER:

I didn't mean to!

SOUND: RUN OUT DOOR, SLAMMING SHUT AGAIN

COP 1:

Kid Muscles? Is he also here?

MR. MUSCLES:

Kid Muscles is dead.

SOUND: SHOWER ON, HARVEY PAUL SINGING

HARVEY PAUL: (SINGING)

She's dead, she's dead. I killed her so she'd dead. I think I won! Oh yes I won!

QUEENIE:

I never realised Mr. Paul had such a sculpted body, and soft blue eyes, and a hook for a hand.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE. SCRAPING OF METAL CHAIR LEGS ON FLOOR. FOOTSTEPS. SIPPING OF COFFEE

COP 1:

Kid Muscles is it?

KID MUSCLES:

No.

COP 1:

No?

KID MUSCLES:

It's teen Muscles.

COP 1:

OK, teen Muscles there's been a murder-

KID MUSCLES:

-Lol.

COP 1:

Get out.

SOUND: SHOWER WATER TURNED OFF.

QUEENIE:

I never knew you're office was so big.

HARVEY PAUL:

It is.

SOUND: HAIR DRYER ON FOR DURATION OF HARVEYS EXPLANATION.

(CONTINUED)

HARVEY PAUL:

I spent three weeks in a Columbian Ice Hotel, wait did you say office or orrifice?

QUEENIE:

Office.

HARVEY PAUL:

Oh! OK then, never mind.

CREW MEMBER 2:

Mr. Paul the detective wants you now.

HARVEY PAUL:

Darn it...They're calling me. I'll be right back.

QUEENIE:

Take your time Mr. Paul.

SOUND: CLOCK TICKING

NARRATOR:

Queenie waits, idly looking at the floor. With sudden interest, she inspects the drawers of the desk.

QUEENIE:

Hmm, that's strange.

CREW MEMBER:

Queenie? The cop is calling on you.

QUEENIE:

I'd better go.

SOUND: LOTS OF CHATTER FROM PEOPLE ON SET. SLOWLY FADING OUT AS THE COP SPEAKS

COP 1:

Miss Bergstrom was killed by a bullet from a cartridge imbedded in a piece of burning wood. It was slanted towards her heart and the fire set it off. One of you is a murderer.

NARRATOR:

Director Paul makes an accusation.

HARVEY PAUL:

Sounds like Mr. Scarlet to me?

MR. SCARLET:

What?

MR. MUSCLES:

Don't be ridicolous Harvey, Mr. Scarlet sounds more like "one of you is a murderer".

MR. SCARLET:

Exactly, it wasn't me.

COP 1:

No it wasn't. Mr. Scarlet hasn't been able to kill somebody since Martha ran away.

MR. SCARLET:

She didn't run away she's just avoiding me forever.

NARRATOR:

Director Paul makes another thoughtful accusation.

HARVEY PAUL:

Then it's Murphy the grip! He set that wood in position. He did it!

MURPHY THE GRIP:

I told you I'd kill her tomorrow you liar- er...I mean...I could never do that.

QUEENIE:

Don't forget Mr. Paul, you also helped arrange the wood before you shot the scene. And you also made us all sign that document that let you kill us at any time and then blame it on Mr. Scarlet.

HARVEY PAUL:

Why you!...I er...well

QUEENIE:

The murderer bored a hole and set the bullet in it. Then he placed the wood in position before the fire was lit. Right?

COP 1:

Queenie that's brilliant. I was going on the assumption that one of you was Magneto.

QUEENIE:

So, you'll find shavings on the floor in Paul's office. And a drill and bit in his drawer.

HARVEY PAUL:

Why you...you...

OLD ACTOR:

May I say a few words.

SOUND: SLOW FOOTSTEPS.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR:

An old actor speaks up.

OLD ACTOR:

I remember you when you first came here years ago. You told the company you didn't want Mr. Scarlet in this movie, only Mr. Muscles. You didn't want me in this movie either, or anyone, in fact, you didn't even want a movie to be made. You just wanted Mr. Muscles.

HARVEY PAUL:

Don't listen to him Mr. Muscles!

MR. MUSCLES:

You're the boss!

SOUND: LOUD RIP AND TEAR

COP 1:

Jesus you just tore your ears clean off!

MR. MUSCLES:

Pardon?

NARRATOR:

Director Paul makes a frantic break for it.

HARVEY PAUL:

You won't take me alive!

COP 1:

Get him Mr. Scarlet! I couldn't be bothered.

MR. SCARLET:

I can't.

QUEENIE STARR:

You can now!

MR. SCARLET:

Martha?! It was you all along?!

QUEENIE STARR:

Yes, it was me underneath that sexy accent. Here's your gun sir.

MR. SCARLET:

Thank you Martha.

SOUND: LASER GUN FIRE

(CONTINUED)

HARVEY PAUL:
Aaargh!

HARVEY PAUL:
I confess! I met Mr. Muscles long ago. He trained me, thought me knew ways, fitness, cardio, math. I owed him everything. Then the movie studio lumped us with Mr. Scarlet, who by the way is clearly Brian Butler.

MR. SCARLET:
Am not.

HARVEY PAUL:
Oh, my mistake. Either way, I thought framing him for that girls murder would take him out of the movie and allow me to make the movie Mr. Muscles deserves. Becuase you do deserve it, you deserve everything. I love you Mr. Muscles.

MR. MUSCLES:
What's that? You know guys, I think I'm dying from blood loss.

HARVEY PAUL:
And you, Queenie Starr.

MR. SCARLET:
That's Martha Starr to you.

QUEENIE STARR:
Actually my name is Queenie Starr, you just called me Martha one day and wouldn't change.

MR. SCARLET:
Ah.

HARVEY PAUL:
Whatever your name is, you foiled my plans. And that means you are now my enemy. Which means you've defeated your enemy. So with my last breath I tell you. You're great! No wait I meant to say- Ughhhhh.

SOUND: FINAL EXHALE OF BREATH.

COP 1:
He's gone.

MR. SCARLET:
He's right there detective.

COP 1:
Sorry, damn glasses.

QUEENIE STARR:

You never suspected it was me Mr. Scarlet.

MR. SCARLET:

Never, looks like you were right when you said you could outsmart me.

QUEENIE STARR:

What about you Mr. Muscles.

MR. MUSCLES:

I'm dying.

NARRATOR:

Sol Arnim, top Analgram Producer arrives, and is told of the happenings.

SOL ARNIM:

Miss Starr. I'm Sol Arnim. In the name of the company I thank you for your help in solving this terrible tragedy.

QUEENIE:

Okay Mr. Arnim. I'll be at your office tomorrow to collect those thanks in the way of a better contract. As I always say...that's Hollywood.

SOUND: ALL LAUGH

THE END