

NEW MOTHER NATURE

Genre: Dark Comedy

Terrorized by criminal elements in their home neighbourhood, two septuagenarian women resist, and retaliate, in atypical maternal fashion with kindness, sweetness, and lawlessness.

## TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. OLD NEIGHBOURHOOD (CITY) - DUSK

MAGGY BLAKELY (71) fit and fashionable, walks down a well kept street, pulling a shopping trolley full of groceries.

CUE MUSIC: The Guess Who - "New Mother Nature"

As Maggy continues the neighbourhood becomes progressively downtrodden, windows are boarded up, gang tags cover walls. As Maggy passes a dark alleyway, ASH (20), scrawny male, darts out and grabs her handbag. Maggy, fearless, holds tight with both hands. Ash is surprised at how strong she is. Ash takes one hand off the purse and pulls a knife from his back pocket. Maggy takes one hand off her purse, reaches into shopping trolley and pulls out a squirt gun containing vinegar and blue dye. She squirts him point blank in the eyes. Ash screams, rearing the purse from Maggy's hand, and runs back down the alleyway.

### **OPENING TITLES**

Maggy stands with hands on hips, watches Ash run out of sight. She shakes her head and continues to walk a half block to her stairs of her brownstone two-story apartment building. She hauls the trolley up the stairs to the main door.

END MUSIC

ACT ONE

INT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - MAIN FLOOR FOYER - DUSK

Maggy walks to apartment number one and knocks on the door.

MAGGY

Lizzy, let me in. I don't have a  
key. Lizzy, are you home?

Maggy looks at the stairs leading to the second floor and sighs. She leaves the trolley full of groceries by the apartment door and ascends the stair case.

INT. ASH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Ash, face and hands smudged with blue dye, pushes a pile of beer cans off the coffee table and dumps the contents of Maggy's purse. A prescription pill bottle falls out of the purse, rolls off the table onto the floor unnoticed. On the table we see a pack of Tic Tacs, a little black note book, packet of tissues, money clip holding what seems to be a wad of money and a set of house keys. Ash picks up the money clip, takes the money out excitedly only to find a five dollar bill covering a wad of coupons.

ASH

Fuck.

He stuffs the bill into his pocket and tosses the coupons onto the coffee table. The exterior door opens and TOLAND (20) Ash's roommate, enters.

TOLAND

Ah shit Ash, you rippin'off old  
ladies again? -- Oooh. What the  
fuck happened to yer face?

Ash rubs his bloodshot eyes.

ASH

Old bag had a squirt gun filled  
with some sorta blue acid -- but I  
had this.

Ash, cocky and proud, pulls out his knife, Toland shakes his head.

TOLAND

Yer proud of yerself because you brought a knife to mug a old lady? To snatch her purse? Un-fuckin-believable.

Ash doesn't look up from the table. Toland sniffs in Ash's general direction.

TOLAND (CONT'D)

That 'some sorta acid' is also known as malt vinegar. Fuckin' stupid --

ASH

Not stupid. I knew it was malt vinegar.

TOLAND

Oh yeah? How could you tell?

ASH

Cause -- it's blue.

Toland is astonished at Ash's stupidity.

INT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR HALL - DUSK

CUE MUSIC: BAD COMPANY "Feel Like Making Love"

Maggy walks up that last two steps to the second floor of the apartment building to the door of apartment number three. The music is coming from inside the apartment. Maggy knocks loudly waits one beat. She hammers the door and waits. She takes her cell phone out of her jeans pocket and dials a number.

END MUSIC

MAGGY

Hello Mr Hughes, it's Maggy from downstairs. I'm outside your door. No, don't hang up. Ugh.

Maggy looks at her phone and slides it back into her back pocket. She's just about to knock again when the door partially opens and MR HUGHES (70) stands blocking the view to his apartment to Maggy. His hair askew and his shirt is half buttoned wrong. He looks embarrassed.

MAGGY (CONT'D)  
Hi. Is Lizzy here?

Maggy looks him up and down, notices his rumpled appearance.

MAGGY (CONT'D)  
Oh, she's definitely here.

Mr Hughes swallows and clears his throat. LIZZY BURKE (71) glamorous and beautiful, peeks at Maggy from behind Mr Hughes. She is wearing a long silk caftan and classy jewelry.

MAGGY (CONT'D)  
Lizzy, I don't have my key, can I borrow yours?

LIZZY  
I'll come down with you.

MAGGY  
Don't rush on my account.

LIZZY  
Mr Hughes and I had just finished our work-out. Your timing is impeccable.

Lizzy squeezes past Mr Hughes. Mr Hughes notices that his shirt is buttoned wrong and begins to rectify the situation. Lizzy pulls the door closed the door behind her. Maggy and Lizzy begin to walk down the hallway toward the stairs.

MAGGY  
Good workout?

LIZZY  
I'll say. He's a beast. Where are your keys?

MAGGY  
In my purse.

LIZZY  
Where's your purse?

MAGGY  
Snatched by some scrawny little skid-mark. I'm 71 years old and he had to pull a knife on me to get it. Pathetic.

LIZZY  
He had a knife? Maggy, he could have killed you.

MAGGY

Doubt it. It was like being mugged  
by a praying mantis.

They descend the stairs.

LIZZY

Did he take the groceries?

MAGGY

Nope.

LIZZY

Good.

INT. ASH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Ash is sitting on the couch looking at the purse contents on the table when he notices the pill bottle by his foot. He picks it up and examines it. We see a drug store label printed, 'Margaret Blakely - Take one tablet three times daily.' He opens the bottle, looks at the pills and re-caps the bottle. Toland enters from the kitchen holding a king can of beer.

ASH

What's this stuff?

TOLAND

I dunno, the old ladies blood  
pressure medication?

Ash tosses the pill bottle at Toland who catches it and reads the label.

TOLAND (CONT'D)

Hydromorphone. It's synthetic  
morphine.

ASH

Morphine? Miss Emma? Give it back.

Toland tosses the pill bottle back to Ash.

TOLAND

Low dose. You'd have to eat a  
handful to get lit.

Ash looks at the bottle with interest. Toland leans down and picks up the little black note book. He opens it to the first page.

REVEAL, printed bold lettering "This book belongs to Margaret Anne Blakely, if found please return to 807 Grandview Avenue, Apartment 1." Under that we see, "SAFE 85-95-67".

ASH

Wha's that?

TOLAND

Just a notebook.

ASH

Give it here.

Toland shakes his head no and begins to put the notebook in his back pocket. Ash jumps up grabs the notebook, opens it and looks at the page and smiles.

TOLAND

Yer not gonna break in.

ASH

Don't have to, I got the old lady's keys.

Ash just smirks. Toland looks at him in disgust.

INT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - APT. #1 - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The entrance to the apartment opens into an open concept large eat-in kitchen/living room. The room is an eclectic mashup of mint 1950's gadgets and 21st century electronics. Living room has two arm chairs, end tables, TV, A gaming chair is pulled up to an antique roll top desk. A gaming laptop is on the desk along side an AI (think Alexa) type gadget. The empty shopping trolley is by the front door. The kitchen has a melamine table and matching chairs.

Maggy and Lizzy seated at the kitchen table, drinking cups of coffee. Maggy has a closed notebook computer in front of her.

LIZZY

Maybe we should check your blood pressure.

MAGGY

Lizzy, please. I - am - fine.

LIZZY

Were you close enough to home for the cameras to pick up footage?

MAGGY

No, I was about a half a block away.

LIZZY

We need to have more cameras installed on the building. Cover those blind spots.

MAGGY

I'll price them. We can get everyone in the building to chip in to cover costs.

Maggy opens her laptop and starts tapping at the keyboard.

LIZZY

We wouldn't have to do all of this if calling the police wasn't such a waste of time.

MAGGY

They've got enough on their plates. They don't have time for petty crimes. We know this.

LIZZY

He pulled a knife on you, Maggy.

MAGGY

And I'm fine. Now do us a favour and take a shower. You smell like Mr Hughes.

LIZZY

Excuse me?

MAGGY

Aftershave and weed.

LIZZY

Not weed, medicinal marijuana.

MAGGY

Tomato, tomawto.

Lizzy rolls her eyes and gets up from the table.

LIZZY

Should a visitor unexpectedly arrive --

Maggy still looking at the laptop screen just waves her away.



MAGGY

No fear. I'll keep him company  
until you've finished your (Puts on  
posh British accent) evening  
ablutions.

Maggy continues typing into her laptop. Lizzy smiles and  
exits to the bathroom.

MAGGY (CONT'D)

Computer. Play 'Laughing' by The  
Guess Who

CUE MUSIC: The Guess Who "Laughing"

EXT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - STREET - NIGHT

Ash, with blue hands and face, is looking at the building and  
then looking at the little black book in his hand. He reaches  
in his coat pocket and pulls out Maggy's pill bottle. He  
opens the bottle, pours ten pills into his hand and dry  
swallows them.

INT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - MAIN FLOOR - FOYER - NIGHT

Ash enters the building and heads straight to apartment  
number one. He can clearly hear Maggy singing along to the  
song 'Laughing'.

MAGGY (O.C.)

(Singing) Time goes slowly, but  
carries on and now the best years  
have come and gone, you took me by  
surprise --

Ash tries the door handle but it's locked. He takes the key  
out of his pocket and thinks about using it. He's uncertain.

INT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - APARTMENT #1 - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maggy seated at the table, looking at her laptop and bobbing  
along to the music. A key is heard being put into the lock on  
the door. Maggy stops bobbing and her head snaps to the door  
as it opens. Ash enters brandishing the knife. Maggy stands  
up.

ASH  
Si' down.

MAGGY  
Computer, stop the music.

END MUSIC

ASH  
Wha'?

MAGGY  
(points at AI gadget on desk) The  
Guess Who.

ASH  
Who? Who's here?

MAGGY  
No, not here -- well sorta.

ASH  
Wha' the fuck?

MAGGY  
Language. I'm no prude, I don't  
mind cussing, but I don't like the  
F word. Coffee?

Ash, set off kilter by Maggy's calm demeanour, shuts the door  
collects himself. Maggy stands and walks to the counter  
pressing a button on an electric coffee percolator.

ASH  
Where's the safe?

Maggy turns and crosses her arms, leans against the  
countertop and looks Ash up and down.

MAGGY  
Cream and four sugars? Am I right?

Ash just stands there brandishing the knife, not knowing what  
to do with himself. Maggie turns and takes two mug from a mug  
rack on the countertop.

ASH  
The safe. Where's the fuckin' safe.  
The fu --

Maggy sets the coffee cups on the table as she speaks calmly  
but firmly to Ash.

MAGGY

-- whoah there cowboy. Watch those  
F bombs.

Ash begins to walk menacingly towards Maggy with the knife.

MAGGY (CONT'D)

The safe is behind John.

Ash swings around with his knife looking for someone named John. Maggy gestures to the wall at a framed 1970's portrait of a man standing in front of a race car.

MAGGY (CONT'D)

The frame swings opens so don't go  
ripping it off the wall like some  
kinda barbarian.

ASH

Just, just stay there and don't  
move.

MAGGY

(lets out a little fart - deadpan)  
Gesundheit.

Ash looks at Maggy. Maggy stares him down while 'slow motion' wafting away the fart with her hand. Ash turns back to the portrait, opens it to reveal a wall safe. The door to the safe is ajar. Maggy stops wafting her fart, turns and pulls open a kitchen drawer. Ash turns towards her.

ASH

What ya doin'?

MAGGY

Getting a spoon.

Ash shakes his head and exhales loudly turning his attention back to safe. He pulls opens the door and takes out a large pickle jar full of cash. Bathroom door opens, Lizzy enters wearing bathrobe and towel wrap on her head. Ash stops and stares at her. Lizzy stares at him. Maggy still searching kitchen drawers.

LIZZY

Maggy, why is Braveheart, famine  
edition, robbing our safe?

MAGGY

(Absently) Three guesses.

LIZZY

Ah, this must be the little purse snatcher you were telling me about.

MAGGY

Was like being mugged by a paper doll.

LIZZY

Listen here, Sonny Jim. We're going to give you a chance to leave, without our money, and we won't call the police --

Ash is just staring at Lizzy. Maggy continues to rummage through drawer.

MAGGY

-- but he has to give me my keys back and promise to stop being such a little bitch.

LIZZY

Maggy that's sexist. But you're right, if we let him go, he must solemnly swear on his life that he will behave.

Ash is looking between Maggy and Lizzy baffled. Maggy continues to search the kitchen drawers.

ASH

(Regains composure) I have the fuckin' upper-hand here. I have the mother fuckin' upper-hand.

LIZZY

(Deadpan) Well consider me terrified. (one beat) I think I shall have a cup of coffee.

Maggy still searching drawers. Lizzy sits down at the table.

MAGGY

I'll make you one. I'm making what's-his-nuts one. I'm just looking for -

-

ASH

--si'down an' shut up.

LIZZY

I am sitting, genius.

MAGGY

(With child like glee) Yay. I found it.

Maggy pulls out a large meat cleaver, turns to face Ash with a big smile on her face.

ASH

You said you was gettin' a spoon.

MAGGY

(Apologetic) I did? I meant meat cleaver.

LIZZY

(Addressing Ash) Honest mistake. We both suffer from a bit of age related cognitive impairment.

MAGGY

Lizzy's been studying neuroplasticity. She says we have to fight to keep our marbles --

LIZZY

--we fend off ARCI with daily vigorous exercises for both body and mind.

MAGGY

We play a lot of bridge and I power walk and weight train.

LIZZY

I do hot yoga with Mr Hughes upstairs. Wait, no --not hot yoga -- hot sudoku?

MAGGY

Sudoku?

LIZZY

No, that's not it -- Kama Sutra. How I could possibly confuse Sudoku with Kama Sutra?

MAGGY

Don't beat yourself up. I can't do either of those things.

ASH

Shut the fuck up.

LIZZY  
(With calm genuine curiosity) Or  
what?

ASH  
See this knife?

MAGGY  
I'll see your knife and raise you --  
a finger.

Maggy casually flips Ash the bird.

Ash starts towards Maggy and she axe throws the meat cleaver  
which gets firmly stuck into his thigh. Ash falls to the  
ground, dropping the pickle jar.

ASH  
(Screams) Fuck.

Lizzy claps her hands.

LIZZY  
Powerful throw.

MAGGY  
(Flexes her bicep and smacks it)  
Pipes.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE DIVISION - NIGHT

DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE (31) is seated at his desk looking at his laptop. DETECTIVE BROWN (30's) is seated at his desk across from him.

DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE  
So, the epicentre of most of these recent gang related killings --

DETECTIVE BROWN  
What about it?

Detective Jack McPhee points at the screen.

DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE  
It's my grandmother's neighbourhood. She shares an apartment with her friend.

DETECTIVE BROWN  
Boyfriend?

DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE  
No, a woman, her best friend of 60 years.

Brown gets up and walks to McPhee's desk to look at the screen.

DETECTIVE BROWN  
Yep, they're right in the middle of it.

DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE  
That'd be the reason why I called it an epicentre.

DETECTIVE BROWN  
They might know something. Old ladies are always hiding behind their curtains, looking out their windows. They know something, I'd put money on it.

DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE  
Doubt it, my grandma and her roomie aren't your average curtain twitchers. They're both fearless -- and that's what scares me.

DETECTIVE BROWN

You set up the meeting and text me with the details. I've got a lead on Fairchild I'm gonna follow up.

DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE

It'd be a waste of time.

Mcphee checks his watch.

DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE (CONT'D)

And it's going on 7:30, little late to --

DETECTIVE BROWN

-- I don't know what it was like with your old partner, but I'd like a bit of cooperation.

INT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

Lizzy knocks on Mr Hughes apartment door. He opens the door, smoke wafts out of his apartment.

LIZZY

Mr Hughes, sorry to bother you but I have a little problem -- you know -- downstairs.

Mr Hughes says nothing, he just blinks and looks downward at Lizzy's pelvis.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

(Impatiently) Literally, Mr Hughes. Maggy and I might be in a serious pickle. Will you be in this evening -- should we require your assistance?

MR HUGHES

I heard screams.

LIZZY

Of course you didn't. Now, if we need your help, are you in?

MR HUGHES

I'm in.

LIZZY

Good.



Lizzy strokes his bottom lip suggestively and turns away, she stops and turns back to him remembering something.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Oh. There's one more thing I need  
before I go --

Lizzy pushes past him into his apartment.

INT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - APT. #1 - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maggy, wearing an apron, is standing at the sink wiping the inside of a chicken with a dish cloth. Ash has been sat at the kitchen table on the gaming chair. His limbs are securely duct taped to the chair. His thigh still has the cleaver stuck in it, blood seeps through his jeans. Ash is bent over with the side of his head resting on the table, facing the kitchen counter.

ASH

(groaning) Oooooommmmm.

MAGGY

Quit yer belly achin'. You did this  
to yourself.

Lizzy enters apartment carrying a bottle of tonic water.

MAGGY (CONT'D)

Did you talk to Mr Hughes?

LIZZY

He'll help if we need him and I  
raided his pantry. Gin and tonic  
nightcaps tonight.

Lizzy show's Maggy a bottle of tonic water.

MAGGY

Lovely.

LIZZY

Is that a dish cloth? Use the paper  
towels, Maggy.

MAGGY

I'm saving a tree.

Maggy finishes wiping the inside of the chicken out and sets the cloth on the counter.

She puts the chicken in a large pot filled with brine. Simultaneously, Lizzy sits down at the table and smacks the back of Ash's head.

LIZZY

Sit up.

Ash lifts up his head to reveal a bar of soap in his mouth.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Is that my Chanel Number 5 soap?

MAGGY

He lobbed his third F Bomb. I had no choice. It was the only bar of soap we had.

Maggy picks up the dish rag and is deciding where to put it.

LIZZY

Maggy, that is a thirty dollar bar of soap.

MAGGY

What? Wow. Ok, take it out. Don't waste it on him. Thirty bucks?

Lizzy nods and takes the bar of soap out of Ash's mouth and checks it for damages.

ASH

You fuckin' crazy old bitches, I'm gonna fu...

Maggy jams the dirty dish cloth deep into his mouth.

MAGGY

Thirty bucks for a bar of soap?

LIZZY

It's French milled -- he's going to get salmonella from your chicken cloth.

MAGGY

Hopefully.

LIZZY

Maggy, show some decorum. We need to find something that will kill the bacteria in his mouth.

MAGGY

Bleach, ammonia, hydrogen bomb?

LIZZY

Be serious.

MAGGY

Cut me some slack, I'm  
brainstorming over here -- wait,  
I've got it.

Maggy opens a kitchen cupboard that is doubling as a liquor cabinet. She reaches to the very back and produces a dusty bottle of Jeppson's Malört schnapps.

MAGGY (CONT'D)

Finally a reason to crack this  
baby.

Maggy hands the dusty bottle to Lizzy who reads the label.

LIZZY

Jeppson's Malört? Where'd we get  
this?

MAGGY

July 9th 1995, Grateful Dead's last  
concert, Soldier Field, Chicago. I  
picked it as a memento of our trip.

LIZZY

Why have we never opened it?

MAGGY

After I bought it, you told me it  
was the most revolting stuff you  
had ever drank, and I've seen you  
drink bathtub gin so --

LIZZY

That was you. You drank the bathtub  
gin.

MAGGY

Oh yeah. You're right. Okay, let's  
get this done.

Lizzy unscrews the cap. Maggy takes the rag out of Ash's mouth and grabs Ash by the hair on the back of his head pulling it back.

ASH

Fuck, fu...

Lizzy pours Malört into Ash's open mouth and unintentionally all over his face. Ash is drinking, choking and spluttering. Lizzy stops pouring.

Ash coughs violently trying to clear his lungs. Maggy reaches in her apron and produces a roll of duct tape.

ASH (CONT'D)  
Bi (Cough) tch, you (Cough) fu  
(Cough) fu...

Maggy rips off a piece of duct tape and covers Ash's mouth with it. Ash continues to cough and snot bubbles shoot out of his nose. Lizzy puts her hands over her eyes and turns away gagging. Maggy grabs the dirty chicken cloth and wipes the snot off Ash's face.

LIZZY  
Tell me it's gone.

MAGGY  
It's gone. I used the chicken  
cloth.

LIZZY  
Throw it out.

Maggy throws the cloth in the kitchen garbage, then stands looking at her hands in disgust. Lizzy grabs the bottle of Malört, looks at it suspiciously for a millisecond then takes a huge mouthful. Shocked at how disgusting it tastes she spit-takes all over Ash's face and upper body,

MAGGY  
What's it taste like?

LIZZY  
(coughing) Grapefruit and gasoline.

MAGGY  
Eww, grapefruit.

EXT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - STREET - NIGHT

Detective Jack McPhee's car pulls up and parks. Jack gets out of the car and looks up at Maggy and Lizzy's brightly lit kitchen window. He looks at his watch, 8:00 pm, walks towards the building and ascends the front steps. Just as he reaches the door his cell phone rings.

DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE  
McPhee. (two beats) I'll be right  
there.

Jack hangs up and walks back to his car, gets in drives away.

INT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - APT. #1 - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ash still bound with tape, has been pulled away from the table. He is drunk and suffering from blood loss and in and out of consciousness. Lizzy is standing and examining the cleaver stuck in his thigh. Maggy is seated at the table eating from a bag of miniature marshmallows.

LIZZY

I've never known a grown woman to eat marshmallows like you do. You're like a great big kid.

MAGGY

That reminds me. You know how, back in our day, every family on the block had a minimum of nine kids.

LIZ

Mmm hmm, big families.

MAGGY

I'm wondering if having smaller families isn't messing up some natural order.

LIZZY

How so?

MAGGY

Well, if we would have had a whole slew of kids, statistically, we'd be sure to get one good one out of the whole damned crop.

LIZZY

Perhaps, but I can't imagine raising 10 children like my mother did. Poor woman looked forty when she was in her twenties.

Lizzy inspects the cleaver.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

I think we should try and pull it out.

MAGGY

That's what she -- should have said.

Lizzy smirks.

LIZZY

How is this thing still in his leg? It must be imbedded into the bone or something.

MAGGY

Possibly. I just hope I didn't hit the artery. We'd know by now, right? He'd have bled out by now.

Lizzy shrugs and inspects Ash's face. She pulls down his lower eyelids. Ash doesn't flinch.

LIZZY

Wait a second -- I know this kid. I recognize him. Mrs Sanchez from across the street -- he was the one that put her in the hospital.

MAGGY

No, it can't be. That was a man, this is a skinny boy.

Lizzy grabs the bag of marshmallows from the table.

LIZZY

Hold his head.

Maggy holds Ash's head as Lizzy rips off the tape and stuffs Ash's mouth with marshmallows, forcing them into the hollows of his cheeks - plumping up his face. She puts the tape back on. Ash's eyes fly open.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

There.

MAGGY

Oh. Now I see it. It could be him.

Ash begins to choke on the marshmallows. Lizzy rips off the tape and Ash spits marshmallows all over the table, coughing and spluttering. A pool of brown liquid seeps out from under him and onto the floor.

Both Maggy and Lizzy see it at the same time.

Shit!                   MAGGY (CONT'D)                   Shit!                   LIZZY

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Detectives Jack McPhee and Brown pull up to the crime scene in separate cars. A few UNIFORMED COPS are guarding the taped off area. CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS wearing black polo shirts, black tactical pants and black shoes, have set up a tent and lighting. McPhee and Brown walk to the crime scene. JENNIFER WILLIAMS a CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR exits the tent and recognizes Jack.

JENNIFER

Hey Jack, haven't seen you in a while.

DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE

Yeah, I took a couple months of leave after --

JENNIFER

We figured. We were sad to hear about Flannigan, he was a good guy.

DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE

Yeah. He was a good partner -- the best.

Detective Brown is not enjoying being ignored. He also is insecure enough to be threatened by hearing good things about McPhee's deceased partner.

DETECTIVE BROWN

So what's going on here?

DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE

Sorry, Jennifer. This is my new partner, Detective Brown.

DETECTIVE BROWN

Mike Brown. So Jenny, what have you got for us.

CSI opens the tent.

JENNIFER

It's Jennifer, and you can take a look for yourself just don't compromise the scene.



DETECTIVE BROWN

I know what I'm doing.

Jennifer watches as Brown steps inside the tent and directly onto the edge of a rug.

JENNIFER

What'd I just say?

Detective Brown steps back embarrassed, McPhee steps beside him and they both look inside the tent. There is a body lying on a blood soaked area rug.

DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE

Eugene Milton Fairchild. Petty thief, murder suspect.

JENNIFER

I thought you might know him.

Brown speaks before McPhee can answer.

DETECTIVE BROWN

I know him better. I've been doing all the research on this guy. I was on my way to bring him in when I got the call.

Detective Jack McPhee looks at Brown incredulously and then speaks to the Jennifer.

DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE

Can you get the coroner to send me a copy of the report.

JENNIFER

No problem Jack. Our report and photos will be ready in the morning.

DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE

Thanks, Jennifer.

McPhee shakes Jennifer's hand. Brown pats McPhee on the back.

DETECTIVE BROWN

Leave this with us. I'll get back to you, McPhee.

Jack McPhee flinches away from Brown. Gives Jennifer a wave and starts walking back to his car. Jennifer turns to Detective Brown who is standing in front of the entrance to the tent. He gives her a cocky smile.

JENNIFER

Do ya mind?

Brown just stands there and looks at her blankly. Jennifer motions for him to step aside. Brown steps aside. Jennifer goes into the tent and closes the flap behind her, leaving Brown feeling like a third wheel. The uniformed cops manning the tape are looking at Brown and muttering to each other. Brown's feeling uncomfortable.

INT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - APT. #1 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ash and Maggy are nowhere to be seen. Lizzy is seated on a kitchen chair at the desk playing an online MMORPG game like World of Warcraft.

LIZZY

(Shouting) Maggy, are you alright?

MAGGY (O.C.)

He's clean, but I had to cut his clothes off of him, he's naked.

LIZZY

Cover him with a sheet.

Maggy comes out of the bathroom to speak to Lizzy but is interrupted by a knock at the door.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

You get the sheet, I'll get the door.

Maggy exits into a bedroom. Lizzy types 'BRB sry door' and gets up from the computer and walks to the door. Lizzy looks through the peephole. Maggy comes out holding up a white sheet and a pair of scissors. Lizzy nods and mimes putting tape on a mouth. Maggy gives two thumbs up, exits into the bathroom. Lizzy opens the door.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Hello Mr Hughes --

MR HUGHES

Er, my grandson and I --

JESSE (22) grandson of Mr Hughes enters the doorway. He is tall, good looking, always smiling.

JESSE

How's it goin', Miss Lizzie?

LIZZY

Hello Jesse, your grandfather never mentioned that you were stopping by.

JESSE

Surprise visit. I brought some of my latest crop for him to try.

Mr Hughes, very high, smiles.

MR HUGHES

It is so good.

LIZZY

You are so high.

Mr Hughes smiles at Lizzy and caresses her face.

MR HUGHES

You are so lovely.

JESSE

We're goin' out to get some munchies. Want anything?

MR HUGHES

Little green spearmint leaves, the candy, not the plant.

JESSE

I know Gramps, I was asking Miss --

MAGGY (O.C.)

(Shouting) Be still. I'm not interested in looking at your tiny penis.

Jesse looks at Lizzy wide eyed. Mr Hughes doesn't bat an eye.

LIZZY

Maggy's -- having a video chat with -- her internet boyfriend.

JESSE

Ah--oh.

LIZZY

(Shouting) Maggy, Mr Hughes and Jesse are here. They want to know if we need anything from the corner store.

MAGGY (O.C.)

A big bottle of disinfectant. This computer chair is a mess.

LIZZY

I'll get you some money.

JESSE

We'll settle it up later. C'mon Gramps.

Jesse waves and steers his Mr Hughes away from the door. Lizzy waves goodbye at them and shuts the door.

LIZZY

All clear.

Maggy comes out of the bathroom pushing semi-conscious Ash (still bound & mouth taped) on the office chair. Ash's hair is wet. He's wearing the white sheet, head poking through a hole cut in it. The sheet is 'tented' because of the cleaver stuck in his thigh.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Is that a cleaver in your leg, or are you --

MAGGY

-- oh that's definitely the cleaver. This guy couldn't pitch a tent to shelter a gummy bear.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DETECTIVE JACK MCPHEE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jack is sitting in his car with the engine running, he pulls out his cell phone and taps on it.

JACK

Hi Gram, how are ya? I'm good. Look, I was wondering if I could come by tomorrow for a quick visit? Yeah, lunch would be great but my new partner will be with me so -- OK, We'll both see you tomorrow. Look, Gram, if you or Aunt Lizzy go out, be careful OK? Lot of bad stuff happening in your neck of the woods. Yeah. I know, OK, love you too, Gram. Bye.

He hangs up, puts the car in gear and drives away.

INT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - APT. #1 - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggy is seated at the table with an unconscious Ash. She hangs up her cell phone. Simultaneously Lizzy is seated at the gaming laptop searching through video files on an external hard drive from the security cameras.

LIZZY

Who's coming for lunch?

MAGGY

Jack and his new partner. Any luck?

LIZZY

No, last summers footage was automatically deleted when the external hard drive filled.

Lizzy gets up from the computer and walks over to Maggy and Ash.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

I am absolutely certain that he's the thug that put Mrs Sanchez in the hospital.

MAGGY

One hundred percent?

LIZZY

Ninety-nine point nine.

Maggy shakes Ash by the shoulder. Ash opens his eyes.

MAGGY

Did you hurt Mrs Sanchez from across the street?

Ash opens one eye, Maggy peels the tape off his mouth.

ASH

(Weakly slurring) I'll gonna kill ya both.

Lizzy whips up the caftan exposing the bandaged leg and rips out the meat cleaver. Blood spurts almost hitting the ceiling. Lizzy and Maggy look at each other - both surprised.

Lizzy puts her hands over the gushing wound and applies pressure. Maggy grabs a couch cushion.

MAGGY

On three.

LIZZY

One, two, three!

MAGGY (CONT'D)

One, two, three.

Lizzy removes her hands and Maggy slams down a white throw pillow embroidered with the words, 'What Happens at Grandma's Stays at Grandma's'.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Don't apply too much pressure.  
We're just trying to save a mess,  
not his life.

Ash's eyes open wide as he realizes they are letting him die. The white pillow turns dark red and the lettering fades out.

INT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - APT.3 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CUE MUSIC: Bachman Turner Overdrive 'You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet'

Mr Hughes and Jesse are sitting on a couch sharing a bong. There is a large candy bowl of spearmint leaves on the table and a bowl of chips.

MR HUGHES

That electric puck has a lot of old records on it.

JESSE

What?

Mr Hughes gestures to puck shaped AI gadget.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Computer, volume 3.

Telephone RINGS. Mr Hughes answers it.

MR HUGHES

Hello? Yes -- yes -- OKAY.

Mr Hughes hangs up the phone and turns to Jesse.

MR HUGHES (CONT'D)

Can you keep a secret?

END MUSIC

INT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - APT. #1 - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maggy, wearing rubber gloves and a shower cap is kneeling by Ash's dead body. He's wrapped like a mummy in plastic wrap and has a gift bag with 'Happy Birthday' written on it over his head, scrunched at the neck. Maggy is tying it shut with a big red bow. Lizzy enter from the main door. She is dressed in black, wearing a balaclava and gloves. She is dragging a rolled up stained and filthy area rug. She drops the carpet on the floor next to Ash's body and pulls up her balaclava.

LIZZY

I hope you pulled his brain out  
with a crochet hook before you  
wrapped him.

MAGGY

I got carried away.

LIZZY

I'll say -- Happy Birthday?

MAGGY

I didn't want Jesse or Mr Hughes to  
see his face. That rug stinks.

LIZZY

No complaints. Whilst you were  
having fun wrapping King Toot-and-  
shart, I had to drag that filthy  
carpet from a dumpster two blocks  
away.

MAGGY

Did anyone see you?

LIZZY

Not that I'm aware of but remind me  
to get Mr Hughes to delete the  
camera footage from tonight.

Maggy nods and looks at the clock.

MAGGY

Speaking of which, Mr Hughes and  
Jesse are going to be here any  
minute to clear this out.

LIZZY

Let's rock and roll.

Lizzy unrolls the carpet. REVEAL filthy carpet covered in blood stains and mysterious chunks. Maggy recoils in disgust.

MAGGY

Is that bits of brain?

LIZZY

Conceivably. Isn't it superb?

Lizzy and Maggy roll Ash's corpse onto the edge of the rug, then, together roll him up.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Good heavens, he's so light I feel like we should have given him a last meal or something.

MAGGY

I know. I feel badly too. We tried.

Job done, Lizzy and Maggy get up off the floor. They both walk to the kitchen table while taking off their rubber gloves. Lizzy takes Maggy's gloves from her and throws them in the garbage with her own. Maggy opens a kitchen cupboard to REVEAL the area is filled with black purses, note books, Tic Tacs, wads of coupons, empty pill bottles and boxes of 'super strength' laxatives. Lizzy leans against the counter watching as Maggy takes a purse and starts putting the items in it.

LIZZY

Don't leave your keys in the bag this time.

MAGGY

They fell out of his pocket when I cut his pants off. But this purse isn't for me anyway, it's for next door.

LIZZY

Mrs Smith? I gave her one this morning.

MAGGY

Mrs Whitaker.

LIZZY

She's out already?



MAGGY

She's been mugged four times this week.

LIZZY

When you give her the purse, do you stick a 'Mug Me' sign on her back?

MAGGY

No, she's a natural.

Lizzy picks up a black notebook and opens it to read the 'Please Return to etc.' information.

MAGGY (CONT'D)

Yes, the information is all there.

Lizzy puts it in the purse.

LIZZY

I'm just surprised we haven't had more company.

MAGGY

Me too.

There is a knock at the door. Both ladies look at the door then at each other and smirk.

**END OF EPISODE**