

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

SEASON 1 : EPISODE 1
World, Meet Inspector Virlo Morton Lee

Written by

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SCENE 1 - The Podcasters

SFX - (FADE IN) CITY STREET

PERCY ANDREWS
(Dignified)
Taxi. Ahem. Taxi!

BRODY ROBERTS
Oh no, sir, Mr. Andrews, let me.
(Much more forceful)
TAXI! Yo, yo, YO! HEY!

PERCY ANDREWS
Do not neglect to consider we will need one to take
us all the way to Yorkshire Lake, Brody.

BRODY ROBERTS
Yes sir. I know, Mr. Andrews.

BRODY ROBERTS (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Stop! Hey, you! Yes, you! Stop! Hey, Taxi!

SFX - CAR HONKING, TIRES SQUEALING

BRODY ROBERTS (CONT'D)
Seriously??!! I see another coming this way, I'll
get 'em. Hey! Taxi! Hey!

PERCY ANDREWS
(Overlapping Brody's yelling)
I've already told you, lad. You can just call me
Percy. If it was good enough for everyone at the
BNC, it will be good enough for you and me.

BRODY ROBERTS
Oh, yeah. Sure thing, Mr. uh.. Percy. I wanted to
ask you about all of that, uh, BNC stuff.

PERCY ANDREWS
If you read the papers, you certainly know it all.
That American witch came to London and hexed the
entire board and everyone at the news desk. I was
out within a week.

BRODY ROBERTS
But you were a BNC reporter for a generation! You
were, I mean, you are a national treasure. You
know, for your nation. Not here. I mean, we, or I,
love you too, I mean, not like that! No way. Not
that I'm trying to make fun of any specific type of
people, like men who like, uh, men... Oh geez, what
am I even saying right now?

PERCY ANDREWS

I'm assuming in your own hillbilly way, you are attempting to be charming. But I assure you, young Brody, national treasures do not produce *podcasts*.

BRODY ROBERTS

Oh, Mr. Andrews, err, I mean, Percy. Mr. Percy? Podcasts are so hot right now. Everybody listens to podcasts. Why, even my mom listens to podcasts.

PERCY ANDREWS

Is that so?

BRODY ROBERTS

Well... She listens to my podcast. (Pause) After I set it up for her on her phone.

PERCY ANDREWS

Ah.

BRODY ROBERTS

But, no! It really IS the future!

PERCY ANDREWS

The printed word to radio, radio to television, and now back to radio, on little phones.

BRODY ROBERTS

Wow. That's deep stuff. I'm gonna write about that on my blog.

PERCY ANDREWS

Ahh. And the circle is complete.

SFX - CAR STOPS, DOORS OPEN

BRODY ROBERTS

Here is our cab. Told ya' I'd get one!

PERCY ANDREWS

(mildly sarcastic)
You are my white knight.

SFX - TRUNK BEING LOADED (FADE OUT)

SFX - (FADE IN) CAR INTERIOR, DRIVING

PERCY ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Brody, son, I didn't see you load up any recording equipment back there. Are you certain you have everything we need?

BRODY ROBERTS

Oh, I've got it covered, sir. Why, I'm even recording this right now. See this little lapel microphone? It's a condenser, so it picks up everything.

PERCY ANDREWS

Yes, fascinating. But, first I'll need to go over a few things about how to properly document our...

BRODY ROBERTS

Oh! I got you one, too, Mr. Percy!

SFX - MUFFLED MIC NOISES WHILE BRODY AFFIXES MIC

PERCY ANDREWS

Lad, I do not even know how to turn this tiny thing on...

BRODY ROBERTS

It's already on.

PERCY ANDREWS

But, the batteries...

BRODY ROBERTS

Will last for days!

PERCY ANDREWS

And, the storage...

BRODY ROBERTS

Weeks!

PERCY ANDREWS

(Surprised)
This little thing?

BRODY ROBERTS

Uh huh. The *future*...

PERCY ANDREWS

Even so, in the present we still need to do some basic entry-level journalism.

PERCY ANDREWS (CONT'D)

(More official)
March 18th, 6:53pm. This is BNC correspondent, Percy Andrews from "American Nightmare: In the Crosshairs." I am en route to...

BRODY ROBERTS

You don't have to say the time. Or where we are going.

PERCY ANDREWS

I assure you, I do. When I give these tapes to my secretary to transcribe, I will need them to be properly chronologically-sequenced for editing purposes.

BRODY ROBERTS

The time information is embedded into the audio file. And, there are no "tapes." (chuckles) It's not the 90's anymore.

PERCY ANDREWS

Ah, yes. I see. Well, when these little magic buttons are digitally mined for their collected conversations, I'd like to be able to keep track of what was said and where we were when we said it.

BRODY ROBERTS

That's all happening right now, sir. Percy. Sir Percy? Have you? No, I suppose not...

SFX - DIGGING IN POCKET FOR PHONE

BRODY ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Here, look at this app.

PERCY ANDREWS

Uhh, okay.

BRODY ROBERTS

This smiley icon here is my mic. When I click it, it opens this window. See how it is typing out everything that I say?

PERCY ANDREWS

What? How?

BRODY ROBERTS

They are wirelessly connected to my phone. The app uses voice-to-text technology to instantly transcribe what it hears, as well as timestamp each sentence. It also geotags every word with GPS coordinates!

PERCY ANDREWS

That's amazing. Click mine.

SFX - A FEW SMALL PHONE APP BEEPS

PERCY ANDREWS (CONT'D)

(Over pronounced)

Rutabaga. Carnivorous. Elasticity. (Pause, normal speaking) Ha! I will never misspell a word again.

BRODY ROBERTS

Pretty rad, right boss?

PERCY ANDREWS

Pretty rad, as the kids say. Just, don't lose that phone.

BRODY ROBERTS

Oh, it's ok. It all uploads to the cloud anyway.

PERCY ANDREWS

It whats to the what?

SFX - (FADE OUT) CAR INTERIOR, DRIVING

SCENE 2 - World, Meet Inspector Virlo Morton LeeSFX - LAND LINE PHONE RINGS UNTIL ANSWERING MACHINE PICKS UP

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE (V.O.)

(Recording)

You have successfully reached the home of the brilliant, yet humble detective, Inspector Virlo Morton Lee. That's me. Why, the Yorkshire Gazette once printed in their very pages that I consider myself the modern day incarnation of the great Sherlock Holmes. And yes, that one particular urban legend is indeed true - I did retire from active duty with a perfect record of solved homicides. Twenty-seven, at last count! *Every one really should stop killing each other.* But I digress, it would seem, at this moment, you are truly quite exceedingly fortuitous!

However, I regret to inform you the odds are squarely stacked against you achieving any additional success from this point forward. A ridiculous number of unrelated events will need to converge in a very specific way for me to respond to your inquiry, be it great or small.

First and foremost, you will need to ACTUALLY SPEAK when the cassette begins recording. I mean, you've dialed the number, persevered through the requisite 4 ringy-dingies, listened to this brief, yet informative message, and alas, the beep beepin' beeps. It's your moment! Your time to sparkle! And yet you just sit there, saying nothing while your 25 seconds of precious opportunity tick, tick, ticks on by? I'm a world-class detective, not a mind reader. Use your words.

Secondly, you need to hope that I am home. I'm not listening to another tape full of people telling me I've won luxury cruises. *Seriously, what are the odds?* Or, that I'm going directly to tax jail. Important safety tip, by the way - The IRS does NOT, repeat, DOES NOT accept Apple gift cards as payment towards delinquent accounts. On a related note, it is not a pleasant experience having a room full of government *so-called* tax professionals laugh in your face when you politely ask for a receipt. (Pause) So I'm told.

Oh, what else? Oh yeah, you're going to need to intrigue me. Give me an actual reason to WANT to pick up the phone. Sell it a little. Cloak it in a bit of mystery. Maybe tell a riddle.

(MORE)

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For example, let's say you're trying to get me to extend my subscription to the Yorkshire Gazette. You *could* say something like, "Hello, this is Paperboy Kyle wanting to see if you'd like to extend your newspaper subscription." But, where's the magic in that? I'm not interested. Maybe I'll satisfy my crossword puzzle addiction another way.

No. Try something like, "What is black and white, and about to be all over?" Add a pregnant pause for dramatic effect. (Pause)

Then return boisterously, "It's your newspaper subscription, Inspector Lee!"

Of course, by that time, I would have most certainly snatched the receiver from its cradle and proudly solved your wordplay puzzle with a self-induced buzzer-beating adrenaline rush I reserve for only the most rare of occasions. In the afterglow of said jubilation, I would joyfully extend my subscription for at least six more months, and all of us will conclude our pleasant little conversation on the highest of highs. (Sigh) Seriously though, Kyle, call me.

Finally, if this is Chief Overton, you can save your breath. I still haven't washed the bad taste out of my mouth from the last case that hand-shakin' baby-kissing idiot stole from me.

Okay so, you know what to do.

Oh yeah, if you're calling about the bassoon lessons ad I placed on craigslist, start playing a little bit after the beep and I'll pick up if I think you're showing any promise. Toodles!

SFX - ANSWERING MACHINE BEEP, BEGINS TO RECORD CALLER

SFX - IVML PLAYS BASSOON (BADLY) WHILE CHIEF TALKS TO MACHINE

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

Dear God and sweet baby Jesus' teething ring, what did I just listen to? Who has an answering machine that will even record a greeting that long? For that matter, who even still has an answering machine???

Virlo, I'm gonna need you to pick up. It's important. I already know you're home. I sent Deputy Dundie over there to transport you to the scene. He's parked out front. On a related note, pants or curtains, choose at least one.

(MORE)

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(Brief Pause)

Really? I swear on the great Fonzerelli's leather jacket and all that remains upright in this world, if you don't pick up the phone right now I will have that good deputy kick down your front door and pop two caps in that ugly brown stick you call a bassoon.

(Another Brief Pause)

So, that's how we're gonna play it, huh? I'm getting Dundie on the radio. That poor boy has probably missed his daughter's first steps, kindergarten graduation, and senior prom while I've been stuck here listening to your incoherent answering machine ramblings. The body is probably already cold by now, anyway.

SFX - THE PHONE IS PICKED UP

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
Did you say body?

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)
That's right.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
Anyone important?

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)
Not particularly, best we can tell.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
(Sighs.) You're going to make me say it and seem like a pompous jerk, aren't you?

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)
No, you just asked the wrong question.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
(confused)
Why?

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)
Where. Vic went belly up at the estate of Congresswoman Camila Masters. GSW to the back. No weapon, no motive, no explanations as of yet.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
That should make for a catchy attack ad jingle this fall.

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

It gets better. She was hosting a big fancy "todo" with a bunch of local VIPs. They're all being held at the scene.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

(singing)

Camila. Blood spilla. She's a killa. Chicky-chicky-wow-wow POW! POW! POW! And the body hit the FLOOOOOOOR! Yeah, yeah, yeah...

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

(Trying to interrupt)

Please stop. Please. VIRLO!

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

(announcer voice)

I'm Camila's opponent and I approve that sweet jam.

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

As you have probably already deduced, VIPs, by and large, do not appreciate being held anywhere against their will, so it is imperative that you get over there immediately and make an arrest.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

Wait. You said VIPs. *He* isn't there, is he?

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

No.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

Good. At least this would be one case he wouldn't be able to steal credit for.

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

He's the Governor, Virlo. I'm sure he has bigger fish to fry these days.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

Well, sure. He's the Governor *now*. It's real easy to look good for the public when you just pretend the accomplishments of others are your own.

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

You mean the Daniels case.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

Of course I mean the Daniels case. I think he printed out full-color tri-fold pamphlets patting himself on the back the very day I collared that little psycho.

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)
He still likes you.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
He should. Wait, what? Did he say something?

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)
Yes. He, uhh, specifically requested that you
handle this incident at the Congresswoman's home
due to its delicate nature.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
Oh. I see.

SFX - VIRLO HANGS UP THE PHONE

(Long pause)

SFX - PHONE BEGINS RINGING AGAIN

SFX - BASSOON STARTS PLAYING AGAIN (POORLY)

SFX - ANSWERING MACHINE PICKS UP AND PLAYS MSG FROM BEFORE

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE (V.O.)
(Recording)
You have successfully reached the home of the
brilliant, yet humble detective, Inspector Virlo
Morton Lee. That's me. Why, the Yorkshire Gazette
once printed in their very pages...(recording
continues)

SFX - BANGING ON FRONT DOOR

DEPUTY DUNDIE (O.S.)
(Through door)
Chief said pick up the phone, now!

SFX - BASSOON PLAYS LOUDER, DEFIANTLY

DEPUTY DUNDIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(Offended)
Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
Go away!

DEPUTY DUNDIE (O.S.)
You have to the count of 3, then it's a double tap
to the boot joint.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
FINE!

SFX - VIRLO PICKS UP PHONE, INTERRUPTING MACHINE

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE (CONT'D)
(Overly friendly)
Hello?

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)
Seriously?

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
Oh, good Chief Overton. Pleasant to hear from you
again, how's the wife?

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)
She's great. But, Virlo, come on.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
So do you normally motivate your other detectives
with threats of violence against their prized
possessions?

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)
What? No.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
Because Grieg, that's his name, by the way, is an
extension of my soul.

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)
Who?

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
Grieg, my bassoon. It's a part of me.

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)
That's, uh, great.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
Here, let me play you a piece I've been working on.

SFX - BASSOON STARTS PLAYING AGAIN (POORLY)

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)
No, please. Look, I'm sorry. I know you and
Governor Wise have history. That's why I made other
arrangements.

SFX - BASSOON STOPS PLAYING SUDDENLY

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
Other arrangements, what do you mean?

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

A proverbial carrot to the, uh, threats against
your music stick.

SFX - IVML TAPS FINGERS IN CONTEMPLATION

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

Congratulations, Chief, I'm now officially
intrigued.

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

You know how I follow the royal family?

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

I remember you taking three weeks of vacation to
London the last time there was some sort of
princess wedding.

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

Yeah, well it wasn't all tea, crumpets, wickets and
riding red double decker buses around.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

You just described every picture I remember seeing
of you from over there on UYorkshireTwitFace.

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

Well, yeah. But you know what I'm saying.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

I certainly don't.

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

I also made contacts. Friends, if you will. At the
British News Corporation.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

I'm even more confused.

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

Look. I've got a guy from the BNC to follow you
around. Document your every move. He's a living
legend.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

A journalist? Poking around the Congresswoman's
house? During a murder investigation?

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

It was his, I mean my, it was MY idea. My *demand*
even, to the Governor in return for bringing you on
the case.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

(In a poor English accent)

Well, blimey crickets! Where's me bloody tea? I must make a spiffy. Post haste!

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

Yes! Spiffy, post haste. Do that.

SFX - KNOCKS AGAIN ON DOOR

DEPUTY DUNDIE (O.S.)

Come on! Open up already.

SFX - DOOR SWINGS OPEN

DEPUTY DUNDIE (CONT'D)

Ugh! You still don't have pants!

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

I've got a lot to do, Chief. Got to run. I need to shower. Put on pants.

DEPUTY DUNDIE

Ugh!

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

The entire free world is about to meet Inspector Virlo Morton Lee!

SFX - PHONE RECEIVER DROPS TO FLOOR

CHIEF OVERTON (V.O.)

What have I done? Percy Andrews, please forgive me.

DEPUTY DUNDIE

No! Shut your bathroom door!

SFX - FADE OUT FROM THE COMMOTION

Scene 3 - Arrival at Yorkshire Lake

SFX - PEACEFUL LAKESIDE OUTDOOR AMBIENCE

PERCY ANDREWS

Your apology is not needed, good chap. What I need is your compliance. It is imperative we are immediately permitted access to the estate as esteemed members of the press. Why, we are here by orders of your Governor!

MUTT HAMMERSON

(typical stoner)

Yeah, I'm double dog down with that. The Gov is a righteous compadre. He's chillax with the wacky tobaccy, if you know what I'm talkin' about? If it were up to me, I'd valet the fudgesicles out of this fine ride and have you join the party most directly like.

PERCY ANDREWS

This is a taxi cab, you twit.

SFX - POLICE SIREN APPROACHES THEN, CAR AND SIREN STOPS

DEPUTY DUNDIE

Do you have a death wish? Get out of the road!

MUTT HAMMERSON

Oh, hey deputy!

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

Who's the hippie?

MUTT HAMMERSON

Me? I'm Mutt. Mutt Hammerson. Valet, delivery driver, and head grounds keeper of these here particles. I'm under strict orders from the head honchewie not to let anyone through until more police arrive.

SFX - LOUD SIREN BLAST

DEPUTY DUNDIE (O.S.)

(Through megaphone)

Does this look like an ice cream truck to you?

MUTT HAMMERSON

Nah, man. But I did used to buy some, uh, we'll call it pistachio ice cream, right out of the back of a retired police cruiser. That was a head-tickler, for sure...

DEPUTY DUNDIE (O.S.)
(Through megaphone)
Clear the road. We're coming through.

BRODY ROBERTS
Hey, what about us?

DEPUTY DUNDIE
You the big city reporters?

BRODY ROBERTS
That's us. Well, he's a real reporter, I'm more of
a student, hobbyist, country boy, blogger...

SFX - SHORT SIREN BLAST

DEPUTY DUNDIE (O.S.)
(Through megaphone)
They're with me, roll out!

SFX - CAR, SIREN RESTARTS AND DRIVES AWAY

BRODY ROBERTS
Cool. Cool.

MUTT HAMMERSON
Maybe you ought to paint some fire stripes down the
side of that bad boy. Really make it POP. I know a
guy who could hook you up real good if you can get
him inside Revelations this Friday night. You're a
party guy, right bloggy boy?

BRODY ROBERTS
Well, I like, I like to...

PERCY ANDREWS
This is still a taxi cab, *dude*.

MUTT HAMMERSON
Mount some hand bongos on the headrests, add a few
treeky deeky secret compartments here and there and
whatnot...

PERCY ANDREWS
Please drive!

SFX - CAR STARTS DRIVING, WINDOW ROLLS UP

SFX - CAR INTERIOR, DRIVING

BRODY ROBERTS
Wow, get a load of this place.

PERCY ANDREWS

(announcer voice)

The Master's Manor looks like something from a dark and cautionary children's tale. The manor is a two-story white Victorian behemoth of a house. It sprawls out upon a grassy peninsula which cuts viciously out into a gray, glassy smooth lake. A single, narrow stony precipice plateaus above the water's surface at the final point where peninsula gives way to the deep. At the flattened peak of this rocky formation, a tall metal pole flies the familiar red, white, and blue flag of the Colonies.

BRODY ROBERTS

Whoa, that's good. Real good. And there's ducks!
Say something British about the ducks!

PERCY ANDREWS

(still announcing)

The only tremors that can be seen on the lake's surface are from migrating water fowl, transients bathing in its clear water as if to wash away the sin that has been committed here today.

BRODY ROBERTS

(giggles)

Oh. My. Goodness. You are a golden sun.

PERCY ANDREWS

(still announcing)

We are following an ancient, yet well-maintained bridge that leads to the main entrance of the estate. A deep and imposing forest forms a natural barrier about the rear of the property. I count at least three smaller structures in the distance. Visible on the side of the nearest of the three buildings are the painted words, "Masters Moonshine." An old brick wall with ironwork gates which doubtlessly mark the property's perimeter seemingly disappear into this untamed wilderness.

Visibility is a bit limited due to an inexplicable fog. The mist hangs primarily over the house, not the lake as you might expect. The sun has long set behind dreary, overcast skies as we now bear witness to the final death throes of ambient light for the day.

There does seem to be a gentleman to greet us at the front door. I also count two uniformed officers standing off to the side, the flashing lights of their cruisers amplified by the settling fog.

I detect a certain leisure to their posture.

(MORE)

PERCY ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Their role, no doubt, is limited to simply securing the scene until their star detective can arrive. And who exactly is this noble lawman tasked with securing the hostile front facing an ever-rising tide of American gun violence?

BRODY ROBERTS

His name is Inspector Virlo Morton Lee, sir.

PERCY ANDREWS

I can not help but cast my eyes to the car ahead and the man who must be feeling the weight of the world upon him at this moment.

What was the incomparable David Beckham thinking about moments before taking that glorious free kick against Greece in 2001?

What were the deep thoughts of Muhammad Ali when his trainer laced up his gloves for the Thrilla in Manila? Was he even thinking about Joe Frazier, or was it something deeper?

And, how did Andy Murray carry the weight of a nation's desperate expectations that magical summer fortnight in 2013 at Wimbledon??

As our cars finally arrive at the front door, I can't help but ask myself:

Where do the great ones go to find sanctuary inside themselves?

What do the gifted do for... Uhh, what is he doing? Is he okay?

BRODY ROBERTS

What is who doing?

SFX - CARS STOP, LAKESIDE AMBIENCE AGAIN, CAR DOORS OPEN

PERCY ANDREWS

Is he having a medical episode?

BRODY ROBERTS

Uhh, no. I think he's dabbing.

PERCY ANDREWS

Dabbing?

BRODY ROBERTS

Well, I've only been to Ravelations the one time for my, well, you don't care. But, yeah, I'm pretty sure that's dabbing.

PERCY ANDREWS
Dabbing.

BRODY ROBERTS
Umm, maybe it's called 'dropping the spoons?' I'm not, like 100 percent...

PERCY ANDREWS
And this is a popular dance move of your generation?

BRODY ROBERTS
Not... exactly... anytime recently.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE (O.S.)
So, where's the stiff?

BRODY ROBERTS
Oh, Mr. Inspector, sir. Here. I need to mic you up.

SFX - MUFFLED MIC NOISES WHILE BRODY AFFIXES MIC

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
You look a little young to be a "living legend."

PERCY ANDREWS (O.S.)
(Announcing while Brody and IVML talk)
With the notable exception of the obligatory cigar pipe, the eccentric detective is dressed more as if he is on the way to a Sherlock Holmes themed costume party instead of an actual crime scene.

Does his whimsical mannerisms hide a rapier wit and cleverness would be felons would be wise to avoid? Although I know of his flawless track record, this reporter simply can not see how such a coarse buffoon could be so successful based upon first-impression.

He is not particularly tall. He is not the type to strike fear into your soul.

He does not appear to be particularly old. He lacks the silver hair and knowing wrinkles that cry out, "Here lies wisdom."

BRODY ROBERTS
Yes! I mean, no. That's not me. That's him. That's Percy Andrews. I mean, he needs no introduction. I mean, he does, I suppose, because you don't know him. Wait, do you know him? He's so great.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE
He's talking to himself.

BRODY ROBERTS

Oh, no, no. He's just monologuing.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

I've seen this before. The murder at the roller rink disco arcade. Perp wouldn't stop running his mouth, even when left alone in the holding pen.

BRODY ROBERTS

The holding pen?

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

Eventually confessed without any of us even asking a question.

(Interrupting)

Hey, Redcoat. Stop blabbering to yourself and give me an account for where you were approximately two hours ago.

PERCY ANDREWS

Me? You want to know where I was two hours ago? Are you daft?

BRODY ROBERTS

Oh, yes, Mr. Inspector, sir. I've been with Mr. Andrews every minute since early this morning. Except for when he went to the bathroom, of course. And it wasn't for very long. I mean, it was too long for number 1, but not long enough for, uh...

ORSON LANG III

I well assure you, Inspector, the killer is someone waiting in the house behind me.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

Well, well. Did you hear that? We're all well assured. Pack it up, boys. We can roll on out. And just who might you be?

ORSON LANG III

My name is Orson Lang the third. I am the butler of the Master's household and the acting head of personnel.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

The butler, huh? I'm going to call you "Didit."

PERCY ANDREWS

Didit?

ORSON LANG III

(Unimpressed)

Certainly clever, sir.

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

You get it, right, microphone boy?

BRODY ROBERTS

It's Brody. Brody Roberts, sir. Er, Inspector.

ORSON LANG III

Perhaps we should dispense with the frivolities and retire to the swimming pool where the *stiff* currently half resides.

SFX - FOOT STEPS AS PARTY MOVES TO POOL AREA, POOL NOISES

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

Did you say half resides?

ORSON LANG III

Perhaps it would be best to see for yourself. Or, perhaps once there, Mr. Andrews could explain it to you.

BRODY ROBERTS

Oh! Orson with the sick burn!

PERCY ANDREWS

I do love a challenge.

SFX - FOOT STEPS STOP

PERCY ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Oooh, wow. Okay. Here goes. I'll fill in some of the minor details before the 'big reveal', as they say.

The pool yard is dimly lit by wrought iron lighting fixtures attached to the three walls which surround the stone-floored retreat. Various small wooden garden islands hiding small multimedia speakers dot the pool side populated with luxurious lawn chairs. A single, high-wattage bulb shines underneath the surface of the water tainted the faintest shade of light pink.

The pool itself is a bit smaller than you might expect for an estate this size, yet it is deep enough for a small diving board to be installed at the far end.

Also, we have undoubtably found the source of the mysterious cloud. Whispers of mist still emanate from the surface of the pool, carried upwards into spiraling eddies powered by a steadily increasing wind that so often precedes a coming storm. For one man, however, the storm has already come.

BRODY ROBERTS

See, I told you, he's so good!

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

We get it already, and the dead guy's foot is tied to the diving board, he's been shot in the back and the rest of him is floating face down in the water. Did I miss anything?

ORSON LANG III

Succinct, yet accurate. We are under strict orders that he is not to be touched until...

SFX - TAKING SHOES OFF, RUNNING

ORSON LANG III (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Don't!!!

SFX - JUMP

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

CANNONBALL!

SFX - SPLASH SOUND IN POOL, ONGOING SWIM NOISES

PERCY ANDREWS

What in heaven's name is wrong with you?!!

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

It's not like he's going to get out of the pool to talk to us!

PERCY ANDREWS

Yes, but, is there not some sort of protocol?

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

Look, I don't know how things are done in the motherland, but here in America we aren't afraid to get our hands dirty - (gargles water) Uhh, that tastes like blood. (spits profusely) Yup. It's red. O neg. (spits more) Barf!

BRODY ROBERTS

Get him a floatie, that round thing over there!

PERCY ANDREWS

It's called a life preserver.

BRODY ROBERTS

Whatever! Here! Grab it!

SFX - LIFE PRESERVER TOSSED INTO WATER

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

Thank you. Thank you. I'm fine now.

SFX - SPLASHING NOISES QUIET DOWN

ORSON LANG III

Well, have you found anything useful?

INSPECTOR VIRLO MORTON LEE

(Suddenly serious)

Yes. Someone get Chief Overton on the phone. This isn't a nobody down here. This is really big.