

# **DEATH COMES TO KIMBERLY**

by

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Episode 1

## 1 INT. SUPERMARKET MANAGER'S OFFICE - MORNING

We call in on KIMBERLY at an awkward time.

KIMBERLY  
Are you seriously firing me?

The MANAGER (acceptable suit, but that garish tie must be illegal) glares across his desk at KIMBERLY.

MANAGER  
You've left me with no choice.  
We've all had enough of your  
constant cosy-criming.

KIMBERLY  
Give me one example of my constant  
cosy-criming.

MANAGER  
That time when Patricia from Bakery  
told us the love of her life had  
died in mysterious circumstances.  
She caught you snooping around in  
her house.

KIMBERLY  
The police weren't taking the  
murder seriously. I was searching  
for clues they might have missed.

MANAGER  
You know full well the love of her  
life was her pet cat.

KIMBERLY  
Don't animals have rights too?

And before the MANAGER can respond --

KIMBERLY  
Give me another example of my  
constant cosy-criming.

MANAGER  
You solved the mystery of the  
secret workplace affair.

KIMBERLY  
That was good, right? It brought an  
end to all the sordid speculation.

MANAGER  
Yes. And my marriage of twenty-five  
years.

KIMBERLY grimaces an oops.

MANAGER

I could go on. But I'm sure you get the point.

KIMBERLY

What am I supposed to do now? I'm fifty years of age. Today.

The MANAGER, unsure if he should say it, but --

MANAGER

Happy birthday...?

KIMBERLY

Don't you see? Half a century of life makes me unemployable. Ageism, the only "ism" nobody's protest-marching about.

MANAGER

Look, I'm sorry, Kimberly. You've always been such a hard worker. But you need to learn. Cosy crime does not belong in the real world.

KIMBERLY

It does in mine.

It looks as though this conversation has run its course.

KIMBERLY

Fine. I'll see myself out.

She stands up. Shuffles towards the exit. Then, a pause... before turning around, renewed sparkle in her eyes.

KIMBERLY

Just one final detail. That tie. Your lover thinks it's hideous. And she's about to found out that Sarah from Checkouts bought it for you.

The MANAGER'S jaw plummets to its death.

MANAGER

You've worked out I'm involved in a second secret workplace affair.

KIMBERLY

Oh, yes. My constant cosy-criming strikes again.

KIMBERLY opens the door, her wicked grin priceless. She waves a cheeky bye-bye, and before she makes her departure --

KIMBERLY

No doubt about it, there's going to be a murder.

**2 EXT. TOWER BLOCK CAR PARK - MORNING**

A wintery November day. Overcast. Looks like rain.

It always looks like rain.

KIMBERLY stares in trepidation at the inner-city tower block she has called home for so long. After one deep calming breath, she finds the courage to head towards the main entrance.

**3 INT. KIMBERLY'S FLAT - LOUNGE - MORNING**

KIMBERLY walks in to find her husband DAVE zipping up a packed goodbye suitcase. She's thrown. But not surprised.

DAVE

Oh. I didn't expect you back so soon.

DAVE goes to stand up straight, but the awkwardness of the situation knocks his stance off-kilter.

DAVE

Figured a stealthy departure would be... you know... easier.

KIMBERLY

So this is it?

DAVE

This is it.

KIMBERLY

Are you sure we can't give our marriage one more try?

DAVE

Oh, Kimberly. We've talked about this. The two of us have been heading in different directions for years. Letting go for real is the only way.

They're both doing a grand job of keeping things civil.

KIMBERLY

So there's nobody else?

DAVE

If there was, you'd have cracked the case a very long time ago.

They can't help but smile. Short-lived.

DAVE

Oh, I got you a card.

He hands across a sealed pink envelope. But she doesn't open it. Not yet. She's not quite ready.

KIMBERLY

Ironically, the very first time  
you've remembered the date  
correctly.

DAVE

No present though. I felt it was a  
little inappropriate under the  
circumstances.

KIMBERLY

Agreed. No point in spending money  
on the woman you're about to walk  
out on after sixteen years.

DAVE

Kimberly, please. Don't make it any  
more painful than what it is.

DAVE claims his suitcase. Turns to leave, but --

KIMBERLY

Did you remember to cancel your  
newspaper?

By the sheepish look on his face, he didn't.

KIMBERLY

I'll sort it out later.

DAVE

Much obliged.

Back to playing the old married couple. If only for a moment.

And for a second time, DAVE sets about leaving, but --

KIMBERLY

Was it my constant cosy-criming?

Again, mutual smiles. Again, short-lived.

DAVE

Don't ever stop being you.

KIMBERLY nods an unsure, fragile OK... before watching in  
helpless silence as her husband steps out of her life.

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**INT. KIMBERLY'S FLAT - KITCHEN - MORNING**

Envelope still in hand, KIMBERLY seats herself at the kitchen  
table. She tears it open to reveal --

-- the front of the card: "Gadzooks! You're ancient."

Despite everything, she finds it amusing.

The handwritten message inside the card: "Be happy. There's a whole new world out there. You just need to find it. Dave x"

She's moved by his words.

Tries her hardest to stay strong.

But she inevitably breaks down.

## 5 INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - EVENING

An AA meeting in full swing.

KIMBERLY stands up, leather jacket, tee-shirt, jeans, a can of lager in her hand. She takes a good swig, then --

KIMBERLY  
My name is Kimberly. And I... am an  
almost-alcoholic.

The CHAIR-PERSON, appalled aplenty.

CHAIR-PERSON  
This isn't a recruitment drive.

KIMBERLY'S thrown, oops, newbie mistake.

CHAIR-PERSON  
This group helps people who are  
already alcoholics.

KIMBERLY  
Errr, hello? Gap in the market.  
Surely prevention is better than  
cure.

CHAIR-PERSON  
It doesn't work like that.

KIMBERLY  
Okaaaaay. In that case, can you  
direct me to the nearest offie?

The seething CHAIR-PERSON points towards the exit.

CHAIR-PERSON  
It's that way.

## 6 INT. KIMBERLY'S FLAT - KITCHEN - EVENING

And KIMBERLY'S home. Drunk. Clutching an almost empty bottle of vodka.

Bottle upon table, out comes a fairy cake from a biscuit tin.

From a drawer, a box of matches, a single cake candle.

She sits at the table. Assembles her makeshift mini birthday cake as best as she can in her inebriated state.

Lights the candle.

And with one hearty puff, the candle surrenders its flame.

KIMBERLY

Oh, I almost forgot. I wish...

The lightbulb above buzzes and flickers.

Frowning, KIMBERLY looks up. Nothing. She shrugs it off.

KIMBERLY

I wish...

She struggles to ignore the angrier buzzing, flickering.

KIMBERLY

I wish my life was as simple as a  
cosy crime drama.

The bulb shines bright, a blinding white-orange glow --

-- a throbbing, pulsating, increasing hum --

-- and the bulb explodes.

Total darkness.

KIMBERLY

Happy birthday, Kimberly.

## 7 INT. KIMBERLY'S FLAT - BEDROOM - EVENING

A wasted KIMBERLY staggers into the bedroom. Turns on the light. Looks up, scrutinising the lightbulb. Good. No drama from this one.

Oops, she trips over a discarded floor-dwelling bra, crash-landing onto the bed.

Surrendering, she shuffles herself flat on her back. And there she lays, fully-clothed, her arms and legs splayed.

Then she passes out. Cue the boisterous snoring.

## 8 INT. COTTAGE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning sunlight pours in through the welcoming window.

KIMBERLY, fast asleep on a different bed, flat on her back, her arms and legs splayed --

-- oddly dressed in a matching Tweed jacket and skirt, sensible slip-on shoes, her hair styled in a tight bun.

Then, eyes open. Confused. Disorientated.

She sits up --

-- stunned to find herself in a rustic cottage bedroom.

KIMBERLY

What happened to the flat?

Off the bed, she marches over to the window, peering out at a glorious summer's day.

Fellow cottages, a recreational green, a church in the distance, its bells chiming.

It's a quaint picture-postcard village.

KIMBERLY

What happened to the city?

KIMBERLY twists around. Yelps at the sight of her reflection in a free-standing full-length mirror --

-- at the matching Tweed jacket and skirt, the hair bun.

KIMBERLY

What happened to me?

To make sure she's not hallucinating, she dares to touch her hair bun.

KIMBERLY

I look like a prehistoric maths teacher.

She spots a vintage oak wardrobe.

KIMBERLY

Emergency overhaul required.

She wrenches open the wardrobe doors to find --

-- an OCD-level parade of identical Tweed outfits.

Nothing else.

KIMBERLY

This can't be real.

In sheer desperation, she dismantles her hair bun, yanking at her unruly locks, creating the "just out of skip" look.

KIMBERLY

This must be some kind of warped drunken nightmare.



The rapping of urgent knuckles upon the front door.

A visitor.

Answers maybe?

9      **INT. COTTAGE - HALLWAY - MORNING**

Still messing with her hair, KIMBERLY opens the door to --

-- stiff-upper-lip DETECTIVE INSPECTOR KNIGHTLEY, early 40s, so vintage looking in his Trilby hat, suit and tie, a long beige raincoat, despite the sunny weather. Oh, and a terrible moustache well past its best-before date.

He's a tad thrown by her bedraggled hair.

DI KNIGHTLEY  
Miss Treadwell?

KIMBERLY  
Why are you addressing me by my  
maiden name?

Ignoring her question, all rigid and serious, he flashes his equally vintage police ID.

DI KNIGHTLEY  
Detective Inspector Knightley. I'm  
here on a matter of great urgency.

KIMBERLY indicates to her awful clothes.

KIMBERLY  
If it concerns this totally illegal  
outfit, I've never seen it before  
in my life.

DI KNIGHTLEY  
Rumour has it that you are the most  
talented amateur sleuth in the  
entire country.

KIMBERLY  
Is this a wind-up?

DI KNIGHTLEY  
Not at all, Miss Treadwell. I am  
deadly serious.

He steps forward a pace, if only to accentuate the reason for his visit.

DI KNIGHTLEY  
There's been a murder in the  
village. And I need your help to  
solve it.

10      **EXT. ROAD NEAR VILLAGE GREEN - MORNING**

A beautiful 1950s vintage car brrrrms parallel to the village green --

-- past a classic red telephone box --

-- past TWO YOUNG BOYS having fun, dressed like they're from the 1980s, eager to launch a kite into flight.

DI KNIGHTLEY driving, KIMBERLY passengering.

Strangely, no other cars in sight.

11      **INT. DI KNIGHTLEY'S CAR - MORNING**

DI KNIGHTLEY'S face, as rigid as ever. Beside him, KIMBERLEY stares in awe at the picturesque views, her locks now tamed, post-hairbrush.

KIMBERLY

This is the first time I've ever been to a village. Sure, I've caught the odd episode of Countryfile. But I've never experienced rural life for real. So oldy-worldy. So... frozen in time.

DI KNIGHTLEY already looks fed up with her constant jabbering. But he chooses not to say anything.

KIMBERLY

Lovely weather for this time of year. Back home, it's all grey and overcast. But there's something I'm struggling to understand. How did I get here? I have absolutely no recollection of --

DI KNIGHTLEY

Miss Treadwell, are you planning on spouting gibberish for the remainder of this journey? A serious crime has been committed.

KIMBERLY

I can't help it. This is all so... surreal. Like I'm in a Sunday evening cosy crime drama.

And then she gets it. Or at least her version.

KIMBERLY

Ahhhh, of course. This is a surprise birthday present from Dave. An interactive cosy crime murder mystery weekend.

DI KNIGHTLEY  
I can assure you, there is nothing  
cosy about a murder. I'd prefer it  
if you displayed a little more  
decorum.

Complying, KIMBERLY jabs a double thumbs-up.

KIMBERLY  
Ah. Yes. I need to stay in  
character. Got it.

**12 EXT. HOTEL - MORNING**

DI KNIGHTLEY'S car pulls up outside a Victorian hotel, tall  
and foreboding with a sharp-angled apex roof, the type of  
creepy building you feel is watching your every move.

And as they both step out of the vehicle --

DI KNIGHTLEY  
Let's solve this murder.

KIMBERLY  
Bring it on.

**13 INT. RICHARD'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

DI KNIGHTLEY enters the hotel room, KIMBERLY close behind.  
It's a top-floor room with parts of the walls following the  
same angle as the roof outside.

On the floor, the BODY, male, late 20s, a massive kitchen  
knife embedded deep in his chest, a strangely modest pool of  
blood on the carpet for such a serious fatal injury.

At the sight, KIMBERLY yelps, recoiling.

KIMBERLY  
Jesus Christ, that's a real dead  
body!

She clutches her chest, panting like a randy hound.

KIMBERLY  
You could have warned me.

DI KNIGHTLEY  
This is a murder crime scene. What  
were you expecting, a waxworks  
dummy?

KIMBERLY  
Yes. Exactly. Or at least somebody  
pretending to be dead. What kind of  
murder mystery weekend is this?