

MORTDECAI

**screenplay by
Eric Aronson**

**revisions by
Peter Baynham
David Koepp**

**based on the books by
Kyril Bonfiglioli**

June 20, 2013

1 INT LONG HALLWAY DAY

1

First things first -- a tray, a glass of water, and a packet of Alka-Seltzer.

TWO U.S. HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICERS in ill-fitting suits hurry down the waxed floors of a windowless government hallway, their wing-tipped shoes CLICKING importantly.

PAUL, the more junior of the two, carries the tray while the other, BARRY, flips through a file.

BARRY
How much does he know?

PAUL
Hard to say.

BARRY
Uncooperative?

PAUL
Not exactly.

They round a corner.

BARRY
Does he realize how much trouble
he's in?

PAUL
Hard to say.

BARRY
How hard can it be? He speaks the
same language, doesn't he?

Paul gives him a look as if to say "you'll see." Barry frowns, they reach a door, and he turns the handle and shoves it open.

2 INT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY

2

Two Alka-Seltzers drop inside the glass, FIZZING up the water.

MORTDECAI (O.S.)
I must say that Doctors Alka and
Seltzer should have won a Nobel Prize
years ago.

A hand raises the glass and it is contemplated by a man sitting behind a wooden table, one CHARLIE MORTDECAI, mid-forties, mustachioed, his elegant clothes torn and singed. He speaks in the refined accent of the British upper class.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

My only quarrel is with the *noise*.

He taps the hide of his head, bit of a headache, you know.

A word about Mortdecai's moustache -- it's a groomed affair and much care has gone into its cultivation, but there's something a bit off about it. Simply put, everyone can agree he'd be much better off without it. Despite this, great admiration has been bestowed upon it by its owner.

Mortdecai downs the Alka Seltzer, which leaves a faint white residue on his moustache. He wipes it off with a flourish.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Thanks for that. I've never quite gotten used to unremarkable champagne.

Paul looks at Barry -- see?

BARRY

I have about twelve minutes for this, so let's get right to the point.

He points to Mortdecai's torn and singed jacket.

BARRY (cont'd)

How'd you get that?

MORTDECAI

Defenestration.

(off his confused look)

Look it up.

BARRY

How do you know Emil Strago?

PAUL

Are you having a sexual relationship with Georgina Krampf?

MORTDECAI

Sorry, which one of you is Bad Cop and which is Good Cop? Because I'm more comfortable addressing the more supportive and nurturing of you, whichever that may be.

Barry flips open the file.

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

BARRY

Three dead bodies, MI5, and a stolen painting. You've got yourself involved in quite a mess.

MORTDECAI

I can explain.

BARRY

You'd better.

Paul has set up a microphone on the table, which he now pushes in front of Mortdecai.

MORTDECAI

Yes, well, I suppose I should start by introducing myself. I am the Honorable Charlie Mortdecai, art dealer, accomplished fencer, a fair shot with most weapons, not utterly ridiculous-looking upon a horse, loved and respected by all who know me slightly. And *this* -- is my moustache.

He waves at it. They are unimpressed. He is disappointed.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Right. Let's see, I suppose it all starts, like so much depravity, at Oxford.

CUT TO:

3 EXT OXFORD, ENGLAND DAY

3

An aerial view of the historic colleges and Oxford landmarks -- gargoyles at the Sheldonian Theatre, the round Radcliffe Camera, and bicycle and auto traffic on the High Street.

MORTDECAI (V.O.)

It was one of those gray, dismal days England is so famous for. The kind of day I'd put on a single-blue double-breasted Prince of Wales affair. You know, just to totter about.

BARRY (V.O.)

Wait a minute --

4 INT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY 4

Barry's holding up his hands.

BARRY

-- these are matters of international importance. Spare us the insignificant details.

MORTDECAI

I happen to possess a digressive nature. Normally, when you hear a tale, it is told in a manner suited to the teller. In some cases it could be a chap named Homer. In this case it is I, Mortdecai.

This might be a long slog. Barry sits, gesturing for Mortdecai to go on.

BARRY

Regale me.

MORTDECAI

Where was I? Ah yes, Oxford. The dead hag.

CUT TO:

5 INT ART RESTORER'S STUDIO, OXFORD DAY 5

CLOSE ON the magnified eyes of BRONWEN FELLWORTHY, a gray-haired art restorer, working a tiny scalpel over a large painting clamped down to her desk.

She hears a strange CREAKING.

Bronwen stops, listens, and goes back to work. Somewhere behind her, a dull THWANG --

-- and Bronwen falls forward, THUDDING face down on the canvas, an arrow sticking out of her back.

WHIP OVER TO the other side of the room, where a crossbow is pulled from the window, revealing EMIL STRAGO, a villainous Mediterranean-looking man with a thick, fluffy moustache of his own.

MOMENTS LATER,

the clamps KA-CHUNK open, one after the other, freeing the painting from its spot on the workbench.

5 CONTINUED:

5

Emil slides his gloved hands under Bronwen's armpits and lifts her, moving her off to the side.

He pulls the painting out from under her and holds it up, turning it toward the light so he can gaze upon it.

We don't see the painting, only Emil's face as it suffuses with wonder. From the other room, a voice:

VOICE (O.S.)
Miss Fellworthy?

Emil rolls up the canvas and is gone out the window in a second.

6 EXT STUDIO DUSK

6

As dusk falls, Emil slithers out the window of the studio with the painting under one arm. He starts down a garden path --

-- but there is a WHOOSH and a sudden movement just behind him.

He turns. Nobody there. He ducks down, peering into the darkness, hears a MUTTERED CURSING somewhere in the darkness --

-- there's ANOTHER WHOOSH as something swings over his head, missing again. MORE CURSING, definitely coming from in front of him, Emil turns around --

-- and this time is BONKED squarely on the head with a two by four. The mysterious ASSAILANT relieves Emil of the painting and runs off into the night.

CUT TO:

7 INT RESTORER'S STUDIO DAY

7

The studio has become a crime scene. FOUR THAMES VALLEY POLICEMEN search for clues, a CORONER inspects Bronwen's body and brushes for evidence.

An imposing figure in an overcoat enters -- INSPECTOR MARTLAND, same age as Mortdecai. Martland's in impeccable shape, physically and sartorially, but has the taut anger of the overeducated and underappreciated.

He is followed by his aide, MAURICE.

A PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE looks up in annoyance and BARKS at him.

DETECTIVE
Get back behind the tape, this is a
crime scene, damn it!

Martland ignores him and starts poking around, opening drawers, touching things with a pencil.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)
What the bloody hell do you think
you're doing?

Martland doesn't answer, doesn't even look at him, just holds out a card, which Maurice takes from him and hands to the Policeman, who looks at it.

The Policeman's eyes widen at whatever it says on the card.

MARTLAND
You and your men have done an
admirable job of stomping all over
the place, your services are no longer
required.

DETECTIVE
(flustered)
Sorry sir. Had no idea, sir.

The Detective turns, taking out his embarrassment on the Cops around him.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)
Sergeant! Back in the cars! Now!

They head for the door, the Detective pausing as they leave, stealing one last look back at Martland.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)
(a mutter)
Bloody spooks.

They all file out, leaving Martland and Maurice alone, looking around the empty room.

MAURICE
It could be anywhere by now.

Martland doesn't answer, just SWATS a small jar of brushes off a table in frustration and immediately regrets it.

Maurice waits till the brushes settle, then cautiously floats the following:

MAURICE (cont'd)
You know we're going to have to ring
him, don't you?

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

MARTLAND

No Maurice, I do not know that.

MAURICE

No one knows the filthy underside of the art world better than him, sir.

MARTLAND

As far as I'm concerned, he *is* the filthy underside.

MAURICE

Don't see any other way, sir.

Martland looks out the window, taking a deep breath.

MARTLAND

Why did it have to be art?

8 INT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY

8

In the interrogation room, Mortdecai continues his story.

MORTDECAI

Of course, I had nothing to do with the old hag's death. I happened to be in Wales at the time, concluding the sale of a Tintoretto of dubious provenance to a Welsh turkey farmer.

CUT TO:

9 EXT WELSH FARM DAY

9

A white Silver Cloud Rolls Royce is parked in front of a large, rustic farmhouse in the middle of the countryside. Chickens CLUCK and turkeys GOBBLE.

Mortdecai walks away from the house towards the car. Next to him is JOCK, a large, frightening-looking bald man with one glass eye, who is walking faster than Mortdecai, counting a large stack of cash.

MORTDECAI

Steady, Jock. We must not appear to be fleeing the scene. Walk calmly, confidently. Head unbowed.

BARRY (V.O.)

Jock?

MORTDECAI (V.O.)

Jock is my thug.

10 INT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY 10

Paul pins an 8x10 surveillance photo of Jock to a bulletin board that's been set up in the interrogation room, with "PERSONS OF INTEREST" written across the top.

MORTDECAI

Thuggery is a profession with a long and distinguished history, particularly among those of Jock's race, whichever that may be. Everyone should have a Jock. He's profoundly strong, not given to idle chatter, and can shoot out streetlights with a Luger while steering a motorbike through Moscow evening traffic. I know. I was in the sidecar.

11 EXT WELSH FARM DAY 11

Mortdecai and Jock are still walking to the car.

JOCK

Think he'll spot it's a fake?

MORTDECAI

Not a chance. There's very little natural light in Wales.

They get in the car and SLAM the doors.

12 INT CAR DAY 12

Jock turns the engine over. The starter GROANS but does not kick to life. Mortdecai strokes his moustache, checking it out in the rear view mirror, satisfied.

MORTDECAI

I have to say that in its debut performance, the moustache made quite an impression. Perhaps even sealed the deal, I'd venture to say. I'm determined to keep it.

JOCK

I woodn't, sir. I really woodn't.

MORTDECAI

You don't think it gives me a certain *je ne sais quoi*?

JOCK

She'll have your head, she will.

12 CONTINUED:

12

Jock GRINDS away at the starter, but the car still won't start.

MORTDECAI

Jock. Dear, sweet Jock, try to understand. Missus Mortdecai and I have this year reached a certain number of years of marriage, the certain number at which certain people can become bored. Driving the other mad with jealousy is routine for us, but the canny husband is wise, at this point, to introduce an exciting new element to the marriage.

He leans out the window, to get another angle on his moustache, in the side view.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

This -- is *THAT*.

KA-BOOM! There is a SHOTGUN BLAST and the side view mirror in which Mortdecai was admiring himself is obliterated.

Mortdecai SCREAMS, Jock bears down on the starter, and Mortdecai looks behind them, to where a brawny WELSH FARMER stands with a shotgun in his hand, calmly dropping in another shell.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

There's no way he could have known!

JOCK

Down, sir.

He grabs Mortdecai by the back of the head and pushes him down --

MORTDECAI

I could barely tell.

-- just as the back window of the car EXPLODES in a shower of glass and pellets.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Onwards, Jock! Onwards!

With an encouraging VROOM, the engine ROARS to life, Jock hits the gas, and they beat it out of there.

OUT THE BACK WINDOW,

a BUXOM WOMAN of twenty or so races up to the farmer, sobbing, pulling at his gun arm, imploring him to stop, her heaving, milk-white bosom straining at her hastily buttoned blouse.

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

IN THE CAR,

Mortdecai turns back to Jock.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
Christ almighty, Jock, the farmer's
daughter?!

JOCK
Just the once.

MORTDECAI
When do you have *time*?

JOCK
Sorry, twice.

13 INT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY

13

MORTDECAI
Final tidbit on Jock -- his rate of
intercourse. Prodigious. In any
case.

14 EXT M4 DAY

14

The Rolls, trailing broken glass from its shattered rear window,
moves onto the highway.

MORTDECAI (V.O.)
Jock eased the Rolls onto the M4
slowly, like a well-goosed widow,
and he laid out the state of our
financial affairs. Basically, it
involved debt. Massive, crushing
debt, the kind that gives one
emotional breakdowns, like what aunts
have for Christmas.

15 INT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY

15

Paul's confused.

PAUL
I thought you were rich. Some kind
of aristocrat?

MORTDECAI
No, I'm just a nobleman. None of
the aristocracy are wealthy anymore.
(MORE)

15 CONTINUED:

15

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

We've inherited these massive homes
we can't afford to heat, a lifestyle
I support only by being an outright
rogue. Which, to tell the truth, is
how the aristocracy got there in the
first place.

16 INT ROLLS ROYCE DAY

16

On the M4, Jock drives, Mortdecai picks glass out of his hair.

JOCK

We could sell off the Rolls to that
American client of yours, Krampf.
He's been pushing to buy it. Called
again yesterday.

MORTDECAI

It can't be as bad as all that, can
it?

JOCK

Worse. If you don't come up with
the dosh by the end of the month,
the National Trust will take over.

MORTDECAI

(gasps)

You mean --

JOCK

Tours.

MORTDECAI

Through the house?!

They pull into a toll booth, and Jock hands over a bill, gets his
change from the CUTE FEMALE TOLL-BOOTH TAKER. Jock holds eye
contact with her, raises an eyebrow. She likes it.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Do you suppose they'd allow us to
stay on in the servants' quarters as
a sort of living artifact of the
landed gentry?

They pull away again, back onto the highway. Mortdecai shudders
at the thought of the servants quarters.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Missus Mortdecai, she would not be-

16 CONTINUED:

16

JOCK

No sir, she woodn't. In fact, she's already taken it in hand, sir. She's cut her vacation short and is headed home to sell off some of your personal effects.

This hits Mortdecai hard.

MORTDECAI

Not the horsey pictures?

JOCK

Afraid so, sir. And it still won't be enough.

MORTDECAI

What about the painting that hangs in my closet? The one that never ceases to amuse me of Churchill dressed up as a bulldog.

JOCK

I'm afraid nothing's off limits.

MORTDECAI

Then make haste, my good man. Nothing less than the ancestral seat of the Mortdecais is at stake!

CUT TO:

17 EXT MORTDECAI MANOR DAY

17

The view from atop a massive Georgian manor. A flag at full mast, bearing the Mortdecai crest -- 3 herrings in dinner jackets forming a kind of *fleur-de-lis*.

The Rolls speeds up the long driveway.

18 INT MORTDECAI MANOR DAY

18

Mortdecai stands in his smoking jacket, looking up at a large painting of a pale British rider atop his mount -- Alfred Munnings' "Major Blucher and His Hounds."

Across the cavernous room, the front door opens and JOHANNA enters, dressed for traveling. Jock is behind her, carrying her suitcases.

Johanna is leggy, the pricey authenticity of her bloneness is unimpeachable, and pleasant weather systems move in when she favors you with her wide and lovely smile. A scary bit, though, when she gets closer you note the eyes -- clear and piercing.

18 CONTINUED:

18

She calls out to her husband across the distance.

JOHANNA

Darling!

19 INT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY

19

Mortdecai's eyes soften as he discusses his wife.

MORTDECAI

Johanna. Love of my life and apple
of my-

He stops, as he notices Paul hanging a picture of Johanna on the board. A *naked* picture of Johanna, just stepping into the tub, looks like it was shot through the window of a hotel room.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Here now!

PAUL

Only picture we have.

BARRY

Tell us more about her.

Rattled, Mortdecai continues, none too pleased. Barry and Paul both steal glances at the picture while he talks.

MORTDECAI

Well, she's -- ah, she's savvy.
About art. Ran the 19th Century
European Masters department at
Sotheby's, you know.

BARRY

She like the moustache?

20 INT MORTDECAI MANOR DAY

20

Back in the manor, Johanna pulls up short, seeing the moustache just as she reaches Mortdecai.

JOHANNA

What is that?

MORTDECAI

Just a little something I cooked up
while you were away.

Proudly, he awaits her response. She only stares. He attempts to sell it.

20 CONTINUED:

20

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Great Garbo said kissing a man without
a moustache is like eating an egg
without the salt.

He attempts to kiss her. She doesn't allow it.

JOHANNA

Don't point that thing at me.

Jock, passing with the suitcases, COUGHS, an "I told you so" kind
of cough. He may even have said it.

MORTDECAI

I have put no inconsiderable thought
and effort into this endeavor. You
see, after a certain number of years-

JOHANNA

You have five minutes to shave it
off.

MORTDECAI

I happen to be terribly fond of it
and have every intention of seeing
it through.

JOHANNA

It's going to get *bigger*?

MORTDECAI

It will reach fruition, yes.

She closes in to him, into a position of intimacy. Almost about
to kiss him. Runs a hand into his hair. Speaks in a near-whisper.

JOHANNA

You *really* won't shave it?

MORTDECAI

Not at this juncture.

A standoff. She turns away.

JOHANNA

Jock, will you please make up the
guest room for Mister Mortdecai?

JOCK

(returning for more luggage)
Already have, madam.

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

JOHANNA

Good. And I shan't be down for dinner tonight. I'll just have something in my room.

JOCK

Very good, madam.

She turns back to Mortdecai.

JOHANNA

I assume Jock has informed you that we are flat broke. What do you intend to do about it?

MORTDECAI

Ah, yes, well-

JOHANNA

First thing we're doing is selling off that Munnings.

(points to the horsey
picture he was admiring)

Then we'll start on the upstairs.

She marches toward the stairs.

MORTDECAI

I'm sure we can come up with the necessary funds by the end of the month. What's today -- the fifth?

JOCK

Twenty-sixth, sir.

MORTDECAI

Right. That gives us... six?

JOCK

Four days, sir.

JOHANNA

(headed upstairs)

Jock, would you take the Munnings to London in the morning? I've entered it in the Spring Masters Auction.

JOCK

Yes, ma'am.

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

MORTDECAI

Come come, we're not going to go
about selling off the family heirlooms
willy-nilly. I'm afraid I'll have
to put my foot down, darling.

He puts his foot down. Johanna turns at the top of the stairs,
considers him --

-- and walks away. Mortdecai touches his moustache, crestfallen.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

(softly)

But I grew it for you.

A small Welsh Corgi runs past him and follows Johanna up the
stairs, its tiny nails scratching against the steps.

21 INT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY

21

MORTDECAI

We have these occasional tiffs.
Competitions. Tests of will.
(lying to himself)
Just a tiff.

CUT TO:

22 EXT MORTDECAI MANOR DAY

22

An unmarked police car speeds up the driveway, lights flashing.
It slams on the brakes at the front entrance, kicking up stones.

Inspector Martland gets out of the back seat, looking up at the
manor unhappily. Maurice, his aide, hands him a briefcase.

23 INT MORTDECAI MANOR - LIBRARY DAY

23

Mortdecai sits in a chair in the library, brooding and sipping
cognac by a burning fire. Jock enters.

JOCK

Inspector Martland, sir.

MORTDECAI

What does that blighter want? Tell
him to call back when my marriage
isn't falling to pieces.

JOCK

He's here, sir.

23 CONTINUED:

23

MORTDECAI

Is he? Oh, all right, wheel him in.

Jock opens the door and Martland enters. Briefcase in hand, he bee-lines for the liquor tray.

MARTLAND

Don't get up.

MORTDECAI

I wasn't going to. Beware of the carafe on the table, it contains water.

24 INT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY

24

Martland's photo goes up on the board.

BARRY

(reading from report)

Inspector Alastair Thomas Martland, MI5, very powerful and dangerous, we know all about him. How do you?

MORTDECAI

We were at school together so he thinks we're chums. Once in a while, I provide him some off-the-record help with the seedier side of art collecting. In exchange, he gives me a wide berth to ply my craft.

25 INT LIBRARY DAY

25

Martland sets his briefcase down, shoots his cuffs, and regards the drinks tray.

MORTDECAI (V.O.)

Ignoring some of the more inviting bottles on the drinks tray, he reached underneath for the big decanter and poured himself a gross amount of what he thought was my Taylor '31.

Martland does just that.

In the chair, Mortdecai smiles faintly.

MORTDECAI (V.O.) (cont'd)

A score to Mortdecai, for I had filled it with an invalid port of unbelievable nastiness.

25 CONTINUED:

25

Martland SMACKS his lips.

MARTLAND

Excellent.

MORTDECAI (V.O.)

Score two.

MARTLAND

A bit of cheese to go with it?

MORTDECAI

(to Jock)

The special one, I think.

Jock leaves the room. Martland sits and looks at Mortdecai for the first time. He grimaces.

MARTLAND

What is that infernal thing on your lip?

MORTDECAI

Did you know that in Albania there are twenty-seven words for moustache?

MARTLAND

Maybe you should emigrate. I could arrange it.

MORTDECAI

What's the tax structure like?

MARTLAND

Better than yours. You're in the hole to Her Majesty's government to the tune of eight million quid, old boy.

MORTDECAI

Is there a purpose to your presence?

Martland opens his briefcase and takes out a photo of Bronwen Fellworthy with an arrow through her back.

MARTLAND

What do you think?

MORTDECAI

I think this woman has need of a chiropractor.

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

MARTLAND

Bronwen Fellworthy, Oxford art restorer. Did you know her?

MORTDECAI

Slightly. She was perhaps the only wholly unacceptable woman I've encountered in a long and varied experience. Why is it when women go into academia, they no longer feel the need to dye their hair? All the men do it.

Jock returns carrying a tray with a piece of cheese under a glass cover. He sets it on the table next to Martland.

MARTLAND

Three months ago, a small Spanish museum sent her a Goya they wanted cleaned. Last night she was killed and the painting disappeared.

MORTDECAI

Sad news. Particularly for her. But I don't see what any of it has to do with me.

Martland lifts the cover, picks up the piece of cheese. Mortdecai looks hopeful.

MARTLAND

If my men started asking around, the Goya would vanish without a trace. But you, a known trafficker in stolen art, you could make inquiries.

MORTDECAI

Why would MI5 be interested in the theft of a middling Goya?

Martland sets down the cheese without eating it, pulls out another photo, and drops it on the table.

MARTLAND

Emil Strago. Fundamentalist revolutionary, trained in Syria, fought in Senegal, an expert in special warfare. He was Qaddafi's former bodyguard.

MORTDECAI

Botched that a bit, didn't he?
(MORE)

25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Might want to leave it off his CV.
What of him?

MARTLAND

We have reason to believe Strago has
entered the country in pursuit of
that painting.

MORTDECAI

Why?

MARTLAND

We don't know. But if Strago's
involved, suffice to say it is a
matter of urgent national security.

MORTDECAI

You'd like me to find it before he
does.

MARTLAND

Precisely.

He takes another file out of his briefcase. Mortdecai's face
falls and his VOICE comes over:

MORTDECAI (V.O.)

It was a record of some of my more
unseemly escapades. The file was
fat and well-handled, like a Welsh
barmaid.

MARTLAND

I've given you a lot of rope over
the years, Mortdecai, but you're
dangling at the end of it. Help me
find that painting or I'll have the
magistrate open this file and
prosecute at random.

He picks up the cheese again. Mortdecai sits back, swishing the
drink around in his glass.

MORTDECAI

It is apparent you are well-versed
in the stick. But what about the
well-known carrot? What's in it for
me, as they say?

Martland sets the cheese down again, picks up the file and holds
it out towards the fire, indicating he would throw it in.

25 CONTINUED: (4)

25

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Sorry. Not enough.

MARTLAND

Good God, man, we're talking about a
bloodthirsty extremist threatening
the lives of your countrymen. If
you won't do it for me, do it for
Queen and Country.

MORTDECAI

All right. Queen, country, travel
and living expenses, reasonable
overhead, and ten percent of the
insurance money.

MARTLAND

Done.

MORTDECAI

Any chance on an advance?

MARTLAND

Don't push it.

He gets up to go.

MARTLAND (cont'd)

And incidentally, I asked for cheese,
not an instrument of biological
warfare.

MORTDECAI (V.O.)

Score one for Martland.

CUT TO:

26 INT MORTDECAI MANOR - ENTRY DAY

26

Martland and Mortdecai cross the entryway toward the front door.

MORTDECAI

What else can you tell me about
Strago?

MARTLAND

He is colorblind and allergic to
cashews.

MORTDECAI

I'm certain the subjects of the crown
sleep safe, knowing you're manning
the gates.

26 CONTINUED:

26

They both look up as they hear Johanna descending the staircase. Martland's face is entirely transformed.

MARTLAND

Johanna! You look radiant.

QUICK FLASHBACK --

27 INT SCONE COLLEGE, OXFORD - COMMON ROOM DAY

27

A noisy party full of UNDERGRADUATES. A YOUNG MARTLAND stands at a door, looking down into an old book of poetry.

MORTDECAI (V.O.)

Martland and I stayed on at school for an extended graduate program, and Johanna was one of those young undergraduates everyone sticks around for. After a three year courtship, Martland finally worked up the courage to express his feelings to her. In verse.

Martland opens the door to what is a bedroom and his eyes open wide -- a police helmet rests on the bedpost and Johanna and Mortdecai are rolling around under the sheets.

MORTDECAI (V.O.) (cont'd)

Rum timing for him, for that evening, I had gotten drunk, nicked a police helmet, stumbled into the wrong room and rogered her senseless before he gave his first recital.

We pop quickly back to --

28 INT MANOR - ENTRY DAY

28

-- Johanna as she reaches the bottom of the steps. Mortdecai summons his acting ability to conceal their fight.

MORTDECAI

There you are, darling.

JOHANNA

(ignoring him)

Alastair! I thought I heard you.
Pleasure.

She offers a cheek, which Martland accepts gratefully, his lips brushing her skin a tad longer than they should.

JOHANNA (cont'd)

What's all this about a missing Goya?
It's the house. Terribly vast.
Echoey, don't you know.

MARTLAND

Sorry, classified information. State
secrets and all that.

JOHANNA

My husband is trying to reclaim his
youth with that horrible moustache.
Will you please inform him that ship
has sailed?

(to Mortdecai)

If you have grown that excrement on
your lip to please another, know
this -- I will kill her.

(back to Martland)

Do stop by again, I would like to
speak with you. There's simply no
one to relate to around here.

MARTLAND

Absolutely.

She spins on her heel and leaves. Martland looks at Mortdecai,
hiding his satisfaction as he packs up his things.

MARTLAND (cont'd)

Do I detect a crack in the marital
armor?

MORTDECAI

Just a tiff.

MARTLAND

Looks like more than just a tiff.

MORTDECAI

She just needs to come around to a
certain viewpoint.

Martland is thrilled with this development.

MARTLAND

Best of luck, mate.

(heading for the door)

See what you can dig up on the Goya
through your usual channels. We'll
meet in London tomorrow.

CUT TO:

29 EXT LONDON STREET NIGHT 29

Night. A chauffeured car pulls into the driveway of the Dorchester Hotel. DOORMEN leap to attention, the rear door is opened, and a flawless woman in her late twenties steps out.

GEORGINA KRAMPF. Raven-haired, rich beyond reason, keenly aware of the everyday utility of her sexuality.

DOORMAN
Good evening, Miss Krampf!

GEORGINA
(American accent)
Keep the car. I'll be back down in an hour.

DOORMAN
Very good, ma'am. It'll be here, ma'am, shall we have it washed, ma'am?

We follow Georgina, who just waves a finger over her shoulder to say no thanks to that.

The doors of the hotel fly open. MORE DOORMEN usher her inside, bowing and blushing.

DOORMAN 2
Miss Krampf, welcome back to the Dorchester, such a pleasure.

Georgina passes a MAN WITH HIS WIFE, the poor sap does a double take, is busted, an argument will ensue.

ANOTHER MAN is bent over the Concierge desk, Georgina runs a finger along his back, admiring his shoulders --

GEORGINA
Mmmmmmm.

-- but she keeps moving, the Man looks up, he sees her go, he'll never forget this moment, his life is ruined.

The elevator doors close on her --

30 INT ROOM 237 NIGHT 30

-- and another door opens, revealing Georgina standing in a hallway. She looks directly at us.

GEORGINA
My God, it's thick.

30 CONTINUED:

30

A hand reaches out, pulls her roughly into the room, closes the door, and Georgina is swept into the embrace --

-- of Emil Strago, he of the fluffy moustache and nefarious intent.

EMIL

It appeals to you?

GEORGINA

I live for it.

She grabs his face and kisses him, open mouth to moustache. Ew.

GEORGINA (cont'd)

Do you like the room? I'm sorry,
but Daddy's allowance won't pay for
a suite.

EMIL

I spit on its floors.

GEORGINA

And let the maids clean it up. You're
a spoiled revolutionary.

She starts unbuttoning his shirt.

EMIL

I had it *in my hands*. Someone knew
I was coming.

GEORGINA

It must have been Daddy's dealer.

She knocks him onto the bed and lands atop him, kissing his chest.

GEORGINA (cont'd)

Once we have that painting, we'll be
free of my father's Reign of Terror.

EMIL

And I will begin my own. Today the
lambs sleep, tomorrow they wake.

GEORGINA

Yes yes, don't stop!

EMIL

Your father's dealer. What's his
name?

She rears up and rips into her purse, pulling out a tiny sterling
silver comb that shines like Excalibur.

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

GEORGINA

I want to groom it.

She moves the comb toward the moustache but he grabs her hand, stopping her.

EMIL

The name.

GEORGINA

Mortdecai. Charlie Mortdecai.

He lets go of her hand and she runs the comb through one side of his moustache, parting it to the left, then the other side.

She lowers her face and sucks his moustache. It's disgusting.

CUT TO:

31 EXT MORTDECAI MANOR NIGHT

31

Night has fallen on Mortdecai manor. A lonely light is on, top right corner.

32 INT MANOR - HALLWAY NIGHT

32

Mortdecai, wearing silk striped pajamas, steps hesitantly in front of a bedroom door. Johanna's empty dinner tray is on the floor at his feet.

He KNOCKS gently.

MORTDECAI

Johanna? Are you all right in there?
It's Charlie. Your husband.

JOHANNA (O.S.)

What is it?

Mortdecai takes heart at the mere fact of a response.

MORTDECAI

Oh, moon of my delight. This is
your own personalized Sheik of Araby
who seeks admission to your tent. I
have come to carry you off to the
burning desert and work my will on
you under the tropical stars.

JOHANNA (O.S.)

My Sheik! Are you telling me that
you have excommunicated that moustache
of the Prophet?

32 CONTINUED:

32

MORTDECAI

Er, well, no. Not exactly. But you see, I'm embarking on what may be a dangerous escapade from which I very well may not return and it is customary in some circles for, you know, a proper send-off. A quick session of Congress, if you will, before commencement of hostilities.

Silence.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Did I mention it's a matter of national security?

No answer. He summons his nerve and slowly opens the door.

33 INT BEDROOM NIGHT

33

Johanna sits at the end of the bed in a silk nightdress. Its belt is loosened a tad -- there is hope.

JOHANNA

It's difficult for me, too, this thing that has come between us.

MORTDECAI

I know, darling.

He grabs her and they kiss passionately. After a moment she GAGS on the moustache.

JOHANNA

Oh God!

MORTDECAI

Sorry!

JOHANNA

It's unbearable!

She gags again, still trying to recover.

MORTDECAI

You'll get used to it, I promise.

JOHANNA

Why on earth should I have to?!

MORTDECAI

I'm *invested* in it.

33 CONTINUED:

33

JOHANNA

Why don't you invest in trying to
save us from financial ruin?! Or
shall I get involved?

MORTDECAI

Heavens no. No need to worry
yourself. I have things firmly in
hand.

JOHANNA

Go stuff a mattress with that thing!

34 INT HALLWAY NIGHT

34

Mortdecai is pushed out of the room and the bedroom door SLAMS
behind him, leaving him alone in the hallway.

JOHANNA (O.S.)

The moustache, I mean!

He tries the handle, but it doesn't turn. The door is locked.

CUT TO:

35 INT JOCK'S QUARTERS NIGHT

35

On TV, two professional wrestlers go at it, one SLAMMING the other
to the canvas, then beating him with a folding chair.

Mortdecai is slumped in a chair in the tiny living room of Jock's
sparely furnished quarters in the servants' wing. Mortdecai drinks
a Scotch while Jock polishes off a dinner of fish and chips in
front of the TV.

MORTDECAI

What if it isn't just a tiff, Jock?
What if this is the well-known "it?"

JOCK

Six to five and pick 'em, sir.

VOICE (O.S.)

Jock?

They turn. An ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN stands in the doorway to
the bedroom, half-clad.

YOUNG WOMAN

Are you coming back to bed?

JOCK

Just a moment, luv.

35 CONTINUED:

35

She SIGHS and goes back in the bedroom. Mortdecai frowns after her, trying to place her, she looks familiar.

MORTDECAI

The toll-booth girl from Wales?

Jock gets up to join her.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

How is that logistically possible?
And myself sleeping alone? How do
you think that makes me feel?

SLAM! Another bout of ultra-violence on the TV. It seems to embolden Mortdecai.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Dammit, I'm resolved. If it's money
we need, then money we shall have.
Tomorrow we'll sell off the Rolls to
that vulgar American and find that
painting if it's the last thing we
do.

Jock turns in the doorway to the bedroom.

JOCK

Very good sir, I'll call Spinoza in
the morning.

MORTDECAI

Yes, do.

JOCK

Good night, sir.

MORTDECAI

Jock?

JOCK

Yes, sir?

MORTDECAI

Do you think it will be all right in
the end?

JOCK

Couldn't say, sir.

He turns and goes into the bedroom. Mortdecai is illuminated by the light of the television.

CUT TO:

36 EXT SOTHEBY'S - LONDON DAY

36

London, next day. The Rolls Royce pulls over in front of Sotheby's, the fabled auction house on New Bond Street. Mortdecai gets out and calls back to Jock.

MORTDECAI

I'll see you at Spinoza's in an hour.

JOCK

Right you are, sir.

The Rolls drives away and Mortdecai heads inside. But from across the street, he's being watched --

-- by Emil Strago.

37 INT SOTHEBY'S - LONDON DAY

37

Inside Sotheby's, Mortdecai strides across the lobby to the reception desk, picks up a tiny silver bell, and RINGS it. The RECEPTIONIST looks at him, annoyed.

RECEPTIONIST

Why are you ringing the bell?

MORTDECAI

I ring this bell, madam, so that people will notice my moustache. Sir Graham Archer. Loathsome fellow, five foot two and about fourteen stone. Can't miss him. Could you direct me?

38 INT SOTHEBY'S - LIBRARY DAY

38

In the elegant third floor library, an enormous man occupies a lounge chair and the immediate airspace around it -- SIR GRAHAM ARCHER, a peacock wearing a tartan suit that nearly distracts from his massively unruly eyebrows. He peers over the top of his bifocals at us.

SIR GRAHAM

Looks like something curled up and died on your lip.

MORTEDECAI

Hello, Sir Graham, you old member.

39 INT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY

39

Mortdecai continues his story as Barry takes his jacket off, settling in.

39 CONTINUED:

39

MORTDECAI

Sir Graham Archer, rival dealer and Goya specialist. He has been the rudest man in England for years and now he's working his way up to the wickedest. Might as well put him up on the board.

An AIDE enters with a takeout pizza, the box is opened and offered to Mortdecai. Looks like a pretty good pizza.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Lovely. I wonder, might you have anything edible? You'll forgive me if I decline shellfish native to your region, I'm quite off it after all that's happened. But I will take a bottle of Southern Comfort, an heirloom tomato, and some kosher salt.

They just look at him, chewing.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

I'm not religious, it's medicinal.

40 INT SOTHEBY'S - LIBRARY DAY

40

Back in Sotheby's, Sir Graham and Mortdecai are seated in opposite arm chairs, eyeing one another suspiciously.

SIR GRAHAM

I see you've put your Munnings up in next week's sale. Hard times, old boy?

MORTDECAI

Just getting rid of some choice items while the market is right. What do you make out of this Bronwen business?

SIR GRAHAM

Ghostly affair. One always bemoans the loss of a great restorer. Old bag should have put locks on her doors.

MORTDECAI

You used her frequently, didn't you?

SIR GRAHAM

Not lately. She'd been unavailable for the past three months.

40 CONTINUED:

40

MORTDECAI

The Goya she was cleaning?

Sir Graham nods and eyes him -- what can this be about, *really*?
He proceeds, *cagily*.

SIR GRAHAM

Decent enough. Early period. Some of the depths you'd expect but none of the mastery you find in his later works.

MORTDECAI

Fairly simple clean, you'd say?

SIR GRAHAM

Usual grime and dirt you find on the Spaniards. Haven't the foggiest what took her so long. What, may I ask, is your interest?

MORTDECAI

Just a client with a mild curiosity. We must go shooting again. Jock is fully recovered.

He gets up and heads for the elevator, pushes the button. Behind him, a CREAKING and GROANING sound. He turns.

Sir Graham has arisen from the chair.

Mortdecai watches, fascinated, as the enormous man makes his way across the room to him. Mercifully, the elevator arrives and the doors open.

Mortdecai scurries in and pushes the button, but Sir Graham has acquired momentum at this point and glides into the elevator just behind him.

The doors close and Sir Graham turns to Mortdecai, his impressive stomach pinning Mortdecai against the wall.

SIR GRAHAM

There's only one reason you'd be interested in a run-of-the-mill Goya, dear boy, and that is because there is money involved.

MORTDECAI

You are mistaken. There is a *great deal* of money involved.

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

Sir Graham laughs, a deep, rumbling laugh that shakes the elevator car.

SIR GRAHAM

I have always admired your rapacity,
sir.

MORTDECAI

Sir Graham, I wonder -- your belly.
Might it be possible to swing the
old fellow northward, as it were?

SIR GRAHAM

(not moving)
And your client is?

MORTDECAI

Sorry. Pledged to secrecy.

Sir Graham's eyes twinkle.

SIR GRAHAM

So it's *that* sort of Goya.

The doors open on the first floor and Sir Graham turns his body, allowing a narrow passage, through which Mortdecai darts.

Sir Graham watches him go, that laugh RUMBLING in his throat again.

CUT TO:

41 EXT LONDON STREET DAY

41

Maurice, Martland's aide, sits in a government-issue car, parked on a double-yellow line outside a cafe near MI5 headquarters.

42 INT CAFE DAY

42

Martland enters and sees Johanna sitting at a table. He comes over and sits.

MARTLAND

Johanna. I'm so glad you called.

A WAITER arrives with two glasses of red wine.

JOHANNA

I've ordered you a Bordeaux. That
is your drink, isn't it?

The tiniest frown of concern crosses Martland's face.

42 CONTINUED:

42

JOHANNA (cont'd)

How thoughtless of me, you're on duty.

MARTLAND

And in charge, thank you very much.

He takes a drink from the glass to prove his authority.

MARTLAND (cont'd)

To what do I owe the pleasure?

JOHANNA

Oh, I was just in the neighborhood and thought I'd pop round to see how you special agent men run the world.

MARTLAND

Not nearly. Although it is terribly vital work. It's not all red wine and afternoon trysts.

JOHANNA

Is this a tryst?

MARTLAND

(going ashen)

No, no, no, no. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. No, no. I was just --

She pats his hand.

JOHANNA

Of course you were. But wouldn't it be funny if we had an affair?

MARTLAND

(pause)

Hilarious.

JOHANNA

Do you think we could keep it a secret?

MARTLAND

Yes.

JOHANNA

Then I don't see the point.

She pulls her hand away and he tries to contain himself.

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

JOHANNA (cont'd)

So what exactly are you and my husband working on?

MARTLAND

Oh, in vague terms there's a very bad man who wants what I want and I'm trying to stop him.

JOHANNA

And what does a missing Goya have to do with national security? You know, in vague terms?

Martland stares at her. She has always been more than he bargained for.

JOHANNA (cont'd)

You think that poor Ms. Fellworthy stumbled into something and it got her killed?

MARTLAND

I really can't say.

JOHANNA

It's all terribly interesting.

MARTLAND

It is?

JOHANNA

Oh yes. It creates quite a market when a painting with a little mystery's gone missing. Which was Bronwen's college at Oxford again?

MARTLAND

Johanna, I simply can't.

JOHANNA

I feel close to you, Alastair. I wonder if, years ago, I didn't-

She trails off. He leans forward. Yes?

JOHANNA (cont'd)

Egads, the time. This was lovely.

She stands, moves past him, then turns back, as if gripped by a passion, and embraces him from behind.

42 CONTINUED: (3)

42

JOHANNA (cont'd)
I feel I could almost share everything
with you. Don't you feel that way?
That you could share with me?
Bronwen's college?

MARTLAND
You're rather monstrous, you are of
course aware of that.

She gives his earlobe a squeeze --

MARTLAND (cont'd)
Blackfriars Hall.

-- and out it pops.

JOHANNA
We must do this again.

And she's gone. Martland downs the rest of his wine.

CUT TO:

43 EXT BRICK LANE DAY

43

Mortdecai hurries down the street, stopping at a small motor garage
with three large drive-in doors over which it says "SPINOZA &
SONS." Mortdecai's VOICE OVER:

MORTDECAI (V.O.)
Besides being the finest garage man
in Western Civilization, Spinoza was
the best smuggler in the business --

44 INT SPINOZA'S GARAGE DAY

44

Mortdecai walks through the garage full of antique cars.

MORTDECAI (V.O.)
-- and the eyes and ears of the art
world's underbelly.

He stops at his Rolls, shattered rear windscreen now replaced.
A man with a hard face and few teeth sits behind the wheel,
polishing the woodwork. SPINOZA is nearly blind, his milky eyes
crossed half the time.

MORTDECAI (V.O.) (cont'd)
Well, the ears anyway.

Spinoza hears Mortdecai, looks up at him.

44 CONTINUED:

44

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Hello Spinoza. 'Tis a fine day to be alive.

SPINOZA

You whuckin bastard.

He looks about three inches above Mortdecai's left shoulder.

SPINOZA (cont'd)

You whuckin piss-pot. How dare you show your whuckin face in 'ere, you wort'less sod.

Spinoza continues to swear, but we hear Mortdecai's voice over:

MORTDECAI (V.O.)

The rest was a bit rude, so I won't quote him verbatim, but what vexed him so was a matter of some overdue bills on the Rolls, which I had now asked him to package and ship to America on credit.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Spinoza, I did not come here to discuss with you my relationship to my mother. We have two items of business. Item one, the Rolls, which I have reluctantly agreed to sell to the thick-fingered American, Krampf. Item the second -- I need to ascertain whether any unsavory types have enlisted you to smuggle a painting out of the country recently.

Mortdecai holds up a five pound note.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

For your information, I'm holding up a fifty pound note.

SPINOZA

You whuckin-

FFFFT-CLANK!

We are spared further invective by the sudden appearance of a very neat, round bullet hole in the door of the Rolls.

Mortdecai hits the deck.

Spinoza, however, stands up in the car, holding onto the roof.

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

SPINOZA (cont'd)

Oi! Who the whuck is shootin at the
whuckin Rolls?!

The next *FFFFFFT* is followed by a *THHOOP* and then a *THUD* as Spinoza is hit in the chest and falls to the ground, dead.

Mortdecai *GASPS*. He crawls frantically over to the other side of Spinoza for cover. He sees a small holster on the back of Spinoza's dungarees, a .38 tucked inside it.

Wincing, Mortdecai pulls the gun and *SHOUTS* to the world at large.

MORTDECAI

I AM ARMED!

FOOTSTEPS SLAP at the pavement as someone runs into the garage. Timing it just so, Mortdecai jumps up and *FIRES* blindly --

-- shooting *JOCK* in the arm.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Oops.

His *VOICE OVER* returns:

MORTDECAI (V.O.) (cont'd)

I should mention this wasn't the
first time I had shot Jock.

QUICK FLASHBACK:

45 EXT ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE DAY

45

In the English countryside, Jock slogs through the underbrush, holding a club and beating the ground with it. Other *SERVANTS* do the same, *SHOUTING* and *COOING* as they go.

Jock has both natural eyes.

A short distance away, a line of *ARISTOCRATS* stand in hunting uniforms, holding long double-barreled shotguns. Mortdecai, wearing hunting tweeds and without moustache, is one of them. Sir Graham Archer stands beside him.

Partridges fly up in the air and *SHOTS BLAST* as some birds fall to the ground.

Mortdecai scans the sky but, through his sights, can't see anything.

The *BLASTING* tapers off. The flock is gone.

45 CONTINUED:

45

Mortdecai lowers his gun without firing a shot and --

-- BLAM!

He fires a shot. Right next to his foot.

SIR GRAHAM

Good God, sir. You almost shot off
your foot.

MORTDECAI

(raising the gun)

I know, I-

BLAM!

It goes off again, hitting Jock in the face as he comes out of
the bush. Jock flies off his feet and out of frame.

Pause.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

I believe I've just shot Jock.

Sir Graham accepts a finger sandwich offered from a tray and takes
a bite.

SIR GRAHAM

Quite so.

AND QUICKLY BACK TO --

46 INT SPINOZA'S GARAGE DAY

46

Mortdecai rushes over to Jock, on the floor of the garage.

MORTDECAI

Good Lord, Jock. What are you doing
in the way of my gun?

JOCK

(wincing)

I was coming for you, sir. I heard
shots.

MORTDECAI

Well that was damned considerate of
you. Are you all right?

JOCK

It's just me arm, sir. Bullet went
right through.

46 CONTINUED:

46

MORTDECAI

Right, well. Terribly sorry. Stiff
upper lip.

JOCK

Please, sir. The gun.

He holds out a hand for it.

MORTDECAI

Right! I'm all thumbs with the
things. They always seem to be going
off around me.

He hands it over, looking down at Spinoza's body.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Poor Spinoza. I feel like he died
with more to say.

JOCK

You should go, sir, before the shooter
circles round. I'll handle things
on this end.

MORTDECAI

Cover me, as it were?

JOCK

Yes, sir.

MORTDECAI

That's the old feudal spirit.

He jumps behind the wheel of a vintage Jaguar.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Gosh, it's been ages.

He turns the ignition, GRINDS the gear box accidentally into
reverse, and instead of leaving the garage goes *backwards*, bouncing
off a Duesenberg and careening toward the back wall.

We briefly glimpse Jock in the rear view mirror --

-- THUMP-THUMP --

-- and then he's disappeared under the car before it comes CRASHING
to a stop against a tool bench.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Jock?

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

He jumps out and runs around to the back, where he sees Jock in the right rear wheel well, hugging the tire.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
Goodness, that's awkward.

JOCK
All right. I'm all right. Cracked
a rib.

The garage door opens. Jock FIRES a shot in that direction and the intruder retreats.

JOCK (cont'd)
Please sir, if you'll just leave out
the back. On foot.

MORTDECAI
If you're quite sure?

JOCK
Yes sir.

MORTDECAI
Frightfully sorry about shooting
you. Again, I should say. And the
running-you-over bit.

JOCK
SIR!

Mortdecai crawls under the Jaguar and runs out the back of the shop.

47 EXT SPINOZA'S GARAGE - ALLEYWAY DAY

47

Mortdecai races out the back door --

-- where ROUGH HANDS grab him and shove him up against the brick wall, hard. Mortdecai is face to face --

-- with EMIL STRAGO.

EMIL
Give me the painting.

MORTDECAI
What makes you think I have it?

EMIL
Give me the painting!

47 CONTINUED:

47

MORTDECAI

What makes you think I didn't just
tell you I didn't have it?

The two men aren't just face to face, they're impressive moustache
to impressive moustache. They both take note of the other's crop.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

That is a superb *Hulihee sans*
sideburn.

EMIL

I was admiring your *Franz Josef*.

He whips out a gleaming silver razor blade.

EMIL (cont'd)

I'll have it on my wall!

But before Emil can do the unthinkable --

-- the garage doors SLAM open and Mortdecai hurls himself to the
side as Jock ROARS out of the garage in the Duesenberg.

He corners hard, hitting Emil and flipping him onto the hood. As
SIRENS BEGIN TO WAIL in the distance, Jock fights for control,
the car continuing out onto

48 BRICK LANE,

48

where he swerves hard and STOMPS on the brakes, bringing the car
to a SCREECHING halt, which sends Emil flying off the hood,
tumbling across the pavement.

The Duesenberg CRASHES into a bakery across the street and Jock
staggers out, dazed.

Emil gets to his feet, seemingly unhurt by his tumble in the
street, and is about to hurl the razor at Mortdecai, but the SIRENS
grow louder still.

Emil leaps onto a passing bus and is gone in a second.

MORTDECAI

JOCK!

JOCK

I'm fine, sir!

MORTDECAI

(frantically patting his
moustache)

Is it still there, Jock?!

48 CONTINUED:

48

Now TWO MORE CARS come ROARING up behind them, these are two black sedans, and GOVERNMENT AGENTS spill out, Martland among them.

Maurice leads a quick search of the street, but Emil is --

MAURICE

Gone, sir!

Martland hears the SIRENS, quite close now.

MARTLAND

In the car.

Mortdecai and Jock are hustled into the backs of the sedans.

49 INT SEDAN DAY

49

In the sedan, Mortdecai watches out the back window as regular POLICE CARS arrive on the accident scene, none the wiser.

MARTLAND

Didn't take long for you to make a mess of things.

MORTDECAI

Your Emil Strago just killed my garage man. He seems to think I have the painting.

MARTLAND

What have you found?

MORTDECAI

There's more here than meets the eye. No painting takes three months to clean, a quality restorer such as Bronwen could have done it in days. I think she was cleaning the Goya and discovered something else underneath. I'd like to see her studio.

MARTLAND

Maurice. Oxford.

Maurice cranks the wheel and the car SCREECHES around a bend.

CUT TO:

50 INT SOTHEBY'S - THIRD FLOOR DAY

50

Sir Graham is settled back in his chair in the library at Sotheby's.

50 CONTINUED:

50

He holds a cell phone in one hand, facing the fireplace, the flames dancing in the lenses of his glasses.

SIR GRAHAM

(Russian)

Dobroye utro.

(English)

The painted lady you've been searching for? I believe she may be in play.

CUT TO:

51 EXT OXFORD DAY

51

Martland's car pulls up outside Bronwen's studio.

52 INT BRONWEN'S STUDIO - OXFORD DAY

52

The studio looks much the same as before, albeit without the painting or the dead body.

Maurice, Martland, and a GARDENER watch as Mortdecai pokes around the room in a professional manner. He scratches the table and inspects a fleck of paint on his finger.

GARDENER

I've been helping out Miss Bronwen going on five years now, keeping the place tidy and whatnot.

MORTDECAI

You've been grossly overcompensated.

GARDENER

Her lover was no help.

MORTDECAI

Lover? Bronwen?

GARDENER

A Duke. No 'elp whatsoever. Randy bugger.

Mortdecai shudders and holds up a hand, please, no more. He starts around the room, investigating. Over Bronwen's work bench, a piece of paper with a child's scrawl --

LOVE YOUR BUNNY

Mortdecai winces.

52 CONTINUED:

52

MORTDECAI

A child? The woman *bred*?! Another distasteful thought.

He picks up a bottle of wine. He uncorks it and sniffs it. Everyone watches, rapt.

He toasts them and drinks.

MARTLAND

Please don't imbibe the crime scene.

GARDENER

I found her 'ere, the arrow was stickin' out --

Mortdecai spins around, holding up an imaginary crossbow.

MORTDECAI

The assailant fired from here!

MARTLAND

From the window.

MORTDECAI

Shhh.

He pushes Maurice down face-first onto the table.

MARTLAND

What are you doing?

MORTDECAI

Is this how she was found?

GARDENER

Over to the left a bit.

Mortdecai adjusts Maurice, showing him a bit, raising his arm, adjusting his elbow. He thinks, holding Maurice's face ground into the table, then abruptly lets him go.

MORTDECAI

No. Sorry, it's gone. I've completely lost my train of thought.

MARTLAND

Quite done playing about?

MORTDECAI

For now. Will I be given a badge, nestled in some sort of cheap imitation leather encasement?

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

MARTLAND

Maurice, show him the photos.

Maurice, glaring, lays out some 8x10 photos on the table.

MARTLAND (cont'd)

These were found in her camera.

GARDENER

Like I told the lady this mornin',
Miss Bronwen would take photos of
each stage of the work, bless her.

MARTLAND

Which lady?

GARDENER

The pretty lady.

Mortdecai and Martland, as one, speak the same name --

MARTLAND & MORTDECAI

Johanna.

Mortdecai turns to the Gardener.

MORTDECAI

Would you describe the lady as
possessed of an irrefutable bloneness
and an ungodly length of leg? Did
her image force you to question your
choices in life?

GARDENER

Oi, that's her.

Mortdecai turns and glares at Martland.

MARTLAND

It's possible I may have mentioned
Bronwen at lunch today with her.

MORTDECAI

You were luncheoning my wife?

MARTLAND

Shall we look at the photos?

MORTDECAI

If she's on the case, old boy, I
have to warn you, she's probably a
step ahead of us.

53

MOMENTS LATER,

53

Mortdecai studies the photographs laid out on the table. The first one is of the painting as it's being unpacked from a crate.

MORTDECAI
Horrible composition.

He moves to the second -- the painting, now clamped to the table.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
Lit by a blind man.

Third photo -- Bronwen's face, looking into the lens as she's putting the camera back on the shelf.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
And one taken by accident. Utterly useless.

But he looks again, at something in the background of the third one.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
Hang on a tic. That's not your Goya.

MARTLAND
What do you mean?

MORTDECAI
That's not the same painting as the others. There. *That*. It's a hand. Or a finger.
(picks up the photo)
Where have I seen that hand before?
Part of a larger work. Yes --
pointing to something, or someone.
Good Lord. It couldn't be!

MARTLAND
Couldn't be what?

MORTDECAI
To the Bod!

CUT TO:

54

EXT BODLEIAN LIBRARY DAY

54

Jock, wearing a sling, leans in a doorway across the entrance to the library. A cute female UNDERGRADUATE walks past, drawing his eye. The good one.

54 CONTINUED:

54

Jock GRUNTS. She looks back, can't help but smile.

What *is* it with this guy?

55 INT BODLEIAN LIBRARY DAY

55

Mortdecai and Martland are in the reading room of the grand library. Mortdecai flips through a massive art book.

MORTDECAI

There's never been an accurate reproduction because it vanished after the unveiling, but I remember a pencil sketch, crude, hastily done, by a member of the Court -- there! That's it.

He spins the book around, to show a pencil drawing of a plump woman in a dress pointing to the ground.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

The Duchess of Wellington. Goya's great lost masterpiece!

Martland hovers over, and as we look at the pencil sketch it rapidly fills with color, then emits a GLOW, and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

56 INT COURT OF CHARLES IV DAY

56

-- dissolve to an oil painting on an easel, draped with a velvet cover, set in up in the court of an 18th century Spanish King. A grand affair is underway, TWO ATTENDANTS pick up the easel and carry it toward KING CHARLES himself and MARIA LOUISA, his queen. We track slowly across the room as Mortdecai's story continues:

MORTDECAI (V.O.)

He was commissioned by Charles IV of Spain to paint her in 1792. She was unveiled with much fanfare.

MEMBERS OF THE COURT crowd around Charles as the easel is placed directly in front of him. The King waves airily, and the velvet cover is removed.

There is a GASP from the crowd. We're behind the painting, so again, we only see a slight glow emanating from it.

MORTDECAI (V.O.) (cont'd)

She was spectacular.

(MORE)

56 CONTINUED:

56

MORTDECAI (V.O.) (cont'd)
Poets wrote about her, amateurs
sketched her from memory.
Unfortunately, it's said her beauty
was so intense --

THE QUEEN VOMITS.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
The guests vomited.

The Queen's not the only one, her spew touches off a royal bout
of retching that spreads quickly across the Court.

Within moments, everyone looking at the painting is doubled over
into the nearest potted plant.

The King gestures frantically, the Attendants cover their own
mouths and throw the velvet cover back over the painting,
everything goes black for a moment --

MORTDECAI (V.O.) (cont'd)
Humiliated, the King ordered the
painting destroyed --

57 EXT CASTLE COURTYARD NIGHT

57

-- till the velvet comes off once again in front of a raging fire
in the middle of the castle courtyard. There's a fight going on,
TWO THIEVES dressed in black have overcome the ROYAL GUARD who
are carrying the painting toward its doom.

MORTDECAI (V.O.)
But the masterpiece was stolen and
secreted away. It's said by some
that Goya himself engineered the
theft.

The Thieves come away with the painting, leap onto horseback,
ride out of the courtyard --

58 EXT CASTLE NIGHT

58

-- and THUNDER away toward the forest, riding under a full moon.

MORTDECAI (V.O.)
For 200 years, the painting was sought
by collectors, craved by the mighty --

59 INT OXFORD - LIBRARY DAY

59

Martland listens, rapt, as Mortdecai finishes the story.

59 CONTINUED:

59

MORTDECAI

-- and became the stuff of legends.

MARTLAND

Is the legend true?

MORTDECAI

Who cares? Truth is nice but a rumor is priceless.

MARTLAND

What would Strago want with it?
He'd only get a fraction of its value
on the black market.

MORTDECAI

Well that's where the story gets
interesting. You see, the Duchess
popped up again in France in 1943,
looted from a sealed room in the
Chateau d'Azay-le-Rideau by the Nazis.

A distant EXPLOSION takes us into ANOTHER FLASHBACK:

60 INT GERMAN BUNKER NIGHT

60

Rubble falls from the ceiling of a German bunker as we hear bombs
dropping, dogs BARKING, and tanks RUMBLING in the streets above.
The end is nigh.

MORTDECAI (V.O.)

Hermann Goering was said to be
obsessed with the painting --A GERMAN OFFICER sits at a desk, back to us, in silhouette. Across
from his desk is a painting on an easel, but his figure hides it.

61 INT OXFORD - LIBRARY DAY

61

Mortdecai finishes the story.

MORTDECAI

-- and there are rumors that he
inscribed on it the codes to a
numbered Swiss bank account. Untold
riches and all that.Martland's features tighten. That's it.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

But -- when the Allies captured
Goering, there was no mention of the
(MORE)

61 CONTINUED:

61

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
painting. It vanished once again,
into history. And the secret bank
accounts along with it.

MARTLAND
How much are we talking?

MORTDECAI
Hundreds of millions, surrounded by
all that Gruyere and chocolate.

MARTLAND
That's what Emil's after. A fortune
to fund violent worldwide revolution.

MORTDECAI
Goodness. Fingers crossed you find
it first, old boy. I'm off for a
wee.

He gets up and walks out of the library, as Martland and Maurice
both get on their cell phones immediately.

62 INT OXFORD - BATHROOM DAY

62

Mortdecai comes into the bathroom at the library, unzips, and
stands at a urinal. A PALE YOUNG MAN comes in, takes the urinal
next to him --

-- and turns and stares at Mortdecai. Heavy eye contact.

MORTDECAI
(sighs)
Ah, to be back in school. Deeply
flattered, young man, but--

But now ANOTHER PALE MAN appears behind him, and this one's holding
a hypodermic needle which he promptly JABS into Mortdecai's neck.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
(feeling himself losing
consciousness)
That's unfriendly.

He slumps to the floor, out cold.

CUT TO:

63 EXT THE GREAT HOUSE DAY

63

A stately manor home somewhere in Oxford. A taxi pulls to a stop
in front and Johanna glides out.

64 INT THE DUKE'S STUDY DAY

64

The sort of study only a Duke could have, thick with glibbous smoke and cluttered with a lifetime of acquisitions.

A FOOTMAN opens the door and ushers in Johanna.

FOOTMAN

A Lady Mortdecai, your Grace.

(to Johanna)

The Duke of Asherboroughdon.

Johanna sweeps across the floor as only Johanna can, extending a gloved hand. The Duke, who is oddly tall, unfolds himself from his armchair, his head wreathed in blue smoke. Because of his height, when he unfolds himself he resembles nothing so much as a carpenter's rule.

One last thing about the Duke -- he is 94 years old.

JOHANNA

Your Grace, you are so kind to see me, so kind.

DUKE

(warmly)

Lady Mortdecai.

He stares at her, smiling blankly.

DUKE (cont'd)

You'll forgive me for just a moment, I'm sure?

JOHANNA

Of course.

The Duke goes to a phone, picks it up, and dials a number. While he waits for someone to answer, Johanna glances around the room. The Duke has a considerable art and rare book collection.

DUKE

(into phone, loudly)

Ah, Johnson, there you are. Who is this woman, Mortdecai? What does she want? I don't know. I don't know! Why wasn't I told? Should I give her a drink? Damned attractive. Look here, don't sulk, you know how it upsets me. Hello?

He turns back, hanging up the phone, and addresses Johanna again.

DUKE (cont'd)

Water-bailiff. Had to speak to the water-bailiff. About my water. Fishing tomorrow, you know. Hate it. Bloody nuisance.

JOHANNA

I'm sure. Your Grace, I understand you and poor Bronwen Fellworthy were close. Her gardener was good enough to give me your name. And I wondered, the painting she was working on, at the end --

The phone RINGS and the Duke picks it up.

DUKE

What? No, of course I'm not cross with you, Johnson. I don't know, can't understand a word she says. Tried getting rid of her but she's so damned attractive. No, I can't, I've got the water-bailiff with me.

He hangs up the phone and returns.

DUKE (cont'd)

Sorry. Damned water-bailiff pestering me again. You were saying?

Johanna has noticed an array of World War II era medals in frames on the wall behind the Duke.

JOHANNA

You served in the War, your Grace?

DUKE

Poor old gal. Done to death with malice aforethought and so forth. Can't have that.

JOHANNA

Yes, poor Bronwen. The painting, your Grace. Did she ever mention *The Duchess of Wellington*?

DUKE

Beautiful woman.

JOHANNA

Bronwen? Yes. Terrible, terrible.

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

DUKE

Must off to the loo. Care to come
take a peek at it?

He dances his eyebrows and gives her a wink.

JOHANNA

An exquisite invitation, your Grace,
but I must decline. Let's get back
to the *Duchess*.

DUKE

Bunny has it.

JOHANNA

I beg your pardon?

DUKE

In the war. Nazi bastards.

He leans forward, in gleeful confidentiality.

DUKE (cont'd)

Bunny rolled it up in a carpet and
didn't tell a soul!

Johanna sits forward too.

JOHANNA

I see. Bunny was a soldier in your
unit, then?

DUKE

Seventh Army, Second Division.
Captured Goering. First man in the
room.

JOHANNA

And where, I wonder, does Bunny have
the painting now?

The Duke, apparently forgetting everything they've just discussed,
stands.

DUKE

Must to the WC. Damned attractive.
Do have a look?

Another wink. Johanna sighs, realizing that's about all she's
going to get out of him, and stands to go.

64 CONTINUED: (3)

64

JOHANNA

I'm afraid I must go. Many thanks
for your time.

DUKE

(puzzled)
And you are?

She kisses him softly on the cheek.

JOHANNA

The water-bailiff, your Grace.
Fishing has been cancelled tomorrow.

DUKE

Thank heavens.

CUT TO:

65 INT DARK GALLERY NIGHT

65

Dark. Very dark. Mortdecai wakes up in an unfamiliar room with the curtains drawn. He flexes his jaw a few times, it POPS. He sits up and grabs his head in pain.

As our eyes adjust, we can see vague shapes in the room. It's filled with paintings -- small to midsize oils and watercolors adorn the walls.

TWO FIGURES come into focus, sitting in chairs in the corner of the half-lit room.

MORTDECAI

Right. I demand some explanations.
Change that, I need a restorative.
How about some finger sandwiches?
Just the usual, egg and cress, prawn
mayonnaise. Could you also bring
some hearty Oolong for this fuzzy
feeling in my head and possibly a
gallon of whiskey.

He looks at them. They are not moving. Mortdecai gets himself to his feet, staggers over to the window, and pulls apart the shades to reveal --

-- RED SQUARE, MOSCOW.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Oh.

The nighttime view of the onion domes, wide courtyard, Kremlin wall, and Lenin's tomb.

65 CONTINUED:

65

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Actually, make that caviar. The black kind, none of the fishy red stuff you shovel at tourists. Some warmed blinis, *creme fraiche*, boiled egg whites and cooked onions. Also, Finnish haddock with dill and a vodka so ice-cold you need gloves to handle it.

One of the men gets up and leaves.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Don't forget the herring-bone spoon!

The door opens again and the man returns with ROMAN ROMANOV, mid-fifties, hard faced, hard edged.

ROMANOV

Welcome to Russia, Mr. Mortdecai.

MORTDECAI

And you are?

ROMANOV

Roman Romanov.

MORTDECAI

Romanov? Sir Graham's client. So I have him to thank for this. How did you get me here?

ROMANOV

Sleeping pills and a private plane. Is how I get everywhere.

MORTDECAI

Civilized, at least.

(noting the desk)

That's quite a Beurdeley. More to the point, it has a phone on it. May I use it?

ROMANOV

I understand you know about art.

MORTDECAI

A bit.

(without looking around)

You have a Turner of the Loire, which can't be right because the original is at the D'Orsay, a magnificent

(MORE)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
Callow of about 1840, a polychrome
James Bourne, rare that, a pair of
rather flashy Varleys from his last
period, and the finest Edridge I
have ever seen.

Romanov laughs. He likes him.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
Sorry, just a habit.

But then Romanov stops laughing.

ROMANOV
Where is the Goya?

MORTDECAI
Where is the last place you saw it?
Have you looked under your couch?

One of the Russians steps forward and CRACKS Mortdecai in the
nose, then steps back just as quickly.

Romanov offers Mortdecai a handkerchief, which he takes and holds
up to his nose.

ROMANOV
For seventeen years, I pursue this
painting. Do you know why? Because
I want. I will have. This will be
easier and much less painful if you
please to tell me. Where is the
painting?

MORTDECAI
Why does everyone seem to think I've
got it?

ROMANOV
Milton Krampf tells everyone he is
getting painting. You are his dealer.
So you have painting.

MORTDECAI
I'm very sorry, I simply don't-

ROMANOV
Dmitri, please to fetch twelve-volt
high tension car battery. And
Vladimir, please to take Mr.
Mortdecai's trousers down.

65 CONTINUED: (3)

65

Dmitri leaves. Mortdecai crosses his legs.

MORTDECAI

I'm afraid you are barking up the wrong Englishman, comrade. Even if Krampf has the painting, I don't know anything about it. He never mentioned it to me.

Dmitri returns, carrying a large battery with two cables sticking out of it. Mortdecai jumps up.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Perhaps we could work something out! What if I find it for you?! Say a thirty percent finder's fee?

Vladimir grabs Mortdecai from behind.

VLADIMIR

Open your balls.

MORTDECAI

Twenty?!

Dmitri crosses the battery cables and a large spark CRACKS through the air.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Ten seems exploitive!

He wrenches himself free and runs toward the door, but is cut off.

He turns and hurries to the window, but is tackled as he tries to raise it, his face pressing up against the glass.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Five percent is unusual in these situations but I'm not inherently opposed to the idea.

Vladimir unbuckles Mortdecai's pants and pulls them down.

Romanov drops the needle on an antique Victrola and out come the scratchy tones of the Red Army Choir singing a Russian folk song.

Pressed against the window, Mortdecai sees something outside that catches his eye.

66 DOWN IN RED SQUARE,

66

JOCK is standing over an idling motorcycle with a sidecar. He REVS the engine and waves for Mortdecai to jump.

MORTDECAI

Mmmpph!

ROMANOV

What?

He releases Mortdecai's face from the window so he can speak.

MORTDECAI

It's my manservant. It appears he is requesting my immediate self-defenestration.

Dmitri approaches Mortdecai, SPARKING the cables together. The Russian choir is singing to a crescendo. Mortdecai grabs hold of Vladimir, spins him around, and flings both of them against the window, SHATTERING IT --

-- and sending them hurtling toward the ground below.

67 EXT RED SQUARE NIGHT

67

Vladimir and Mortdecai CRUNCH to the cobblestones, the Russian on the bottom, breaking their fall. A VOICE shouts over the scene:

PAUL (O.S.)

DEFENESTRATION!

68 INT INTERROGATION ROOM NIGHT

68

Back in the interrogation room, Paul is excited.

PAUL

To throw someone out a window!

MORTDECAI

Highest marks.

69 EXT RED SQUARE NIGHT

69

On the ground, Mortdecai and Vladimir roll over, both in agony.

MORTDECAI

Vladimir. My hip.

Vladimir reaches around for his gun but Jock KICKS it out of his hand, grabs Mortdecai, and throws him into the sidecar. They take off across Red Square.

70 EXT IBERIAN GATE - RED SQUARE NIGHT 70

A black Audi speeds out of an underground garage, Dmitri at the wheel. It comes to a SCREECHING halt in Red Square, picks up Vladimir, and chases after the motorcycle.

71 EXT MOSCOW STREET NIGHT 71

Jock weaves the motorcycle through traffic.

MORTDECAI

Jock, thank goodness! How ever did you find me?!

THREE QUICK FLASH CUTS:

72 INT BODLEIAN LIBRARY DAY 72

Back at Oxford. Jock, in the doorway of the library, sees an unconscious Mortdecai dragged out the back of the building.

73 EXT PRIVATE AIRFIELD DAY 73

Behind a fence at a private airport, Jock watches as Mortdecai is dragged across the runway toward a private plane.

74 INT AIRPLANE WHEEL WELL DAY 74

Jock is wedged in next to the landing gear as the plane flies at 25,000 feet, his face frozen nearly solid, arms wrapped around the huge tire.

JUMP BACK TO --

75 EXT MOSCOW STREETS NIGHT 75

MORTDECAI

Good show, Jock!

Behind them, the Audi's engine ROARS as it bursts through the traffic, gaining on them.

JOCK

Where would you like to go, sir?

MORTDECAI

The only safe ground is English soil!
To the Embassy, Jock!

JOCK

Right! There's a map in there!

Mortdecai takes out a map, unfolds it --

75 CONTINUED:

75

-- and it immediately FLAPS away in the headwind.

Jock tries not to sigh.

GUNSHOTS are fired and bullets RIP through the sidecar, just missing Mortdecai.

JOCK (cont'd)

Hang on.

He hauls it hard to the right, the sidecar goes up in the air --

76 EXT ANOTHER STREET NIGHT

76

-- and the motorcycle careens onto another street, a smaller, darker one, but still lit by six streetlights.

Still, the Audi follows.

Jock pulls a Luger from a shoulder holster.

JOCK

Bit of noise, sir.

Mortdecai covers his ears as, one by one --

-- JOCK SHOOTS OUT ALL SIX STREETLIGHTS.

The street's *really* dark now. Jock shuts off the headlamp --

77 INT AUDI NIGHT

77

-- and in the Audi, Vladimir and Dmitri stare in frustration as the motorcycle seems to vanish into the blackness.

They CURSE and hit the gas, tearing down the darkened street.

78 INT ALLEYWAY NIGHT

78

In the mouth of an alleyway, Jock and Mortdecai watch as the Audi races past.

JOCK

Where to, sir?

MORTDECAI

It was long ago and she was under age, but I believe the Embassy is *that* way.

78 CONTINUED:

78

Jock hits the gas and the motorcycle tears out of the alley, headed in the opposite direction as the Audi.

CUT TO:

79 INT MARTLAND'S OFFICE NIGHT

79

Late in the glass-walled offices of MI5, but that doesn't mean it isn't busy. Maurice pokes his head into Martland's corner office, which looks out on the whole place.

MAURICE

They've got him. The Ambassador's residence. Putting him on the next flight to Heathrow.

MARTLAND

Thank you.

MAURICE

And his wife's on line six for you.

MARTLAND

THANK YOU.

Realizes he said that too loud. He adjusts.

MARTLAND (cont'd)

Thank you, Maurice.

(picks up the phone)

We've found him. He's on his way home.

80 INT JOHANNA'S BEDROOM NIGHT

80

Johanna is in bed, on the phone.

JOHANNA

Oh thank heavens. This place is an absolute mausoleum by oneself.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

MARTLAND

Do you feel unsafe?

JOHANNA

A bit.

MARTLAND

I could -- park outside for the night?

80 CONTINUED:

80

JOHANNA

I couldn't ask. Perhaps tomorrow,
but do come in. Say, eight o'clock?

MARTLAND

Just the three of us then?

JOHANNA

Well, it wouldn't do, the two of us
alone at my place, would it, Alastair?

MARTLAND

No, I suppose it wouldn't. Still,
if he can't make it, he can't make
it. May I bring anything?

JOHANNA

Perhaps there is one thing.

MARTLAND

Bottle of Bordeaux?

JOHANNA

A complete regimental listing of the
British Seventh Army, Second Division
in June of 1945.

Pause.

MARTLAND

Very well, Johanna.

CUT TO:

81 EXT HEATHROW AIRPORT DAY

81

A passenger jet SCREECHES onto the runway at Heathrow.

82 INT INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL DAY

82

Mortdecai and Jock, looking a fright, step out of the customs
area, where they are immediately met by Martland and Maurice.

Mortdecai looks like hell, limping, his shirt bloodied and torn,
his nose caked with dried blood. He is also tottering a bit,
clearly inebriated.

Martland stands there, scowling at him.

MORTDECAI

You should see the other feller?

82 CONTINUED:

82

Martland nods to TWO AGENTS, who whisk them through a special door and into --

83 INT CUSTOMS - HALLWAY DAY

83

-- a hallway used for official functions only. They walk briskly.

MARTLAND

The fact that you are as drunk as a fiddler's bitch in no way obviates the fact that you very nearly caused an international incident. A man your age has no excuse for looking and behaving like a fugitive from a home for alcoholic music-hall artistes.

MORTDECAI

In my defense, I was drugged. I wasn't drinking until the plane. And a bit in the car. And at the Ambassador's residence. And what do you mean "a man my age?"

MARTLAND

The only advice I offer is that you do not apply to another of our Embassies for help if and when you outrage the laws of the United States, for I shall unhesitatingly disown you and recommend imprisonment and deportation.

MORTDECAI

Me? Go to the Colonies? I couldn't possibly.

MARTLAND

The sale of your Rolls Royce to Krampf offers you the perfect cover. You'll tell him you've decided to deliver it personally. It's being loaded aboard your flight as we speak.

MORTDECAI

All that sunshine and everyone demanding one "have a nice day." My constitution couldn't take it.

MARTLAND

Your bags have been packed and checked. Your flight leaves in eighteen minutes.

83 CONTINUED:

83

MORTDECAI

I had no idea you were so *commanding*,
old boy. Rather impossibly
attractive, isn't it?

They burst through another set of double doors and into --

84 INT TERMINAL B DAY

84

-- another terminal, jammed with PASSENGERS.

MORTDECAI

I'd like to ring my wife. She's
probably quite worried about me.

MARTLAND

Don't worry, I've been keeping her
filled in.

Mortdecai stops, regarding Martland with suspicion.

MORTDECAI

Say old bean, I don't suppose you're
so eager to ship me off to America
so you can snatch away my bride while
I'm otherwise engaged?

MARTLAND

Go to Miami, find Krampf, and do
what it takes to get that painting
back. Leave Johanna to me.

He gestures again and the Agents drag Mortdecai off, toward the
gates.

MORTDECAI

(calling back)

That's precisely what I fear!

Does Martland smile?

CUT TO:

85 INT DARK SPACE DAY

85

In a dark, shadowy space, close on Georgina Krampf's face. She
tenderly caresses someone off screen, talking to him gently.

GEORGINA

I'm sorry I've been away. Don't
feel ignored, soon it'll be just the
two of us, once that idiot Emil does
what I've asked.

85 CONTINUED:

85

Her rhythmic motions indicate she's brushing someone's hair.

GEORGINA (cont'd)

I'll club him or knife him or poison
him, or maybe all three, and all
that money will be ours and we'll
live however we choose. We'll be
free, finally free of Daddy's pitiful
allowance. My God, what a full,
lustrous mane you have.

She leans in close to breathe deep this full, lustrous mane, and
we see she's grooming a horse, in a stable somewhere.

The horse WHINNIES in agreement.

CUT TO:

86 EXT SKY NIGHT

86

A jet flies westward over the Atlantic at night.

87 INT PLANE - FIRST CLASS SECTION NIGHT

87

Mortdecai is nestled in a plush seat, an eye mask pulled up over
his forehead, glass of brandy in front of him, and the London
Times crossword puzzle on his lap.

He turns towards the back of the plane.

88 INT PLANE - COACH SECTION NIGHT

88

Mortdecai walks down the aisle, looking around. The bathroom
door opens and Jock steps out, looking squirrely.

MORTDECAI

Jock, what is your sense of Mrs.
Mortdecai? I get the feeling she is
thawing on the subject of the
moustache, don't you?

JOCK

No, sir.

MORTDECAI

I'm worried. I long for her loving
embrace. Luckily, the woman is
fiercely devoted to my happiness.

Jock says nothing, just looks around.

88 CONTINUED:

88

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Normally, reassuring words of agreement are customary at this point.

None are forthcoming. But the door to the bathroom opens again and a FLIGHT ATTENDANT comes out, adjusting her skirt and trying not to look at Jock as she walks past.

Mortdecai raises an eyebrow, turns back to Jock.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Try to conduct yourself in a manner befitting a representative of the realm, Jock. When traveling abroad, I often ask myself "What would the Duke of Edinburgh do?" and the situation normally resolves itself.

JOCK

Yes, sir.

MORTDECAI

We must focus. We have but five days to insolvency.

JOCK

Two, sir.

MORTDECAI

Today is, what, a Monday?

JOCK

Thursday.

MORTDECAI

Right. What are they serving back here? It's all steaks and heavy sauces up front. Simply appalling.

(stretching)

Very well, carry on. Or, rather, don't.

With a wave of his hand, he's off. Jock sighs and sits down.

WHIP PAST JOCK, to the other side of the plane, to a certain passenger, hiding behind a magazine. The magazine lowers ever so slightly to reveal --

-- EMIL STRAGO.

CUT TO:

89 EXT MORTDECAI MANOR NIGHT

89

Once again, only one or two lights on in Mortdecai manor. This time it's downstairs, in the library, and the flickering indicates firelight.

90 INT MANOR - LIBRARY NIGHT

90

Melting ice settles with a happy RUMBLE in an ice bucket as an upside-down bottle of champagne nestles its way to the bottom.

Across the room, a manila envelope marked "MINISTRY OF DEFENCE -- CONFIDENTIAL," torn open now, is on the coffee table, beside two nearly-empty glasses of champagne.

Facing the fireplace, Johanna and Martland are on the sofa, not too close together, but then again not too terribly far apart either.

Both are reading. Johanna scans the document that came out of the envelope, its list of names and addresses watermarked with red EYES ONLY stamps on every page.

Martland has a different kind of document -- an old, leather-bound notebook, the kind you carry around in your jacket pocket. He has it open to a certain page and is reading something to himself, glancing up occasionally at Johanna. Summoning his nerve.

The MUSIC changes to something moody and appropriate. Johanna, lost in reading, slips off a shoe and rubs her foot sensuously, absent-mindedly.

The moment will never be better. Martland clears his throat and reads aloud.

MARTLAND

We cannot know his legendary head
with eyes like ripening fruit. And
yet his torso is still suffused with
brilliance from inside --

Johanna's not listening, she's scanning the pages intently.

JOHANNA

Nothing so far. No one named Bunny,
or anything remotely similar.

MARTLAND

(continuing)

-- like a lamp, in which his gaze,
now turned to low, gleams in all its
power.

90 CONTINUED:

90

JOHANNA

Doesn't surprise me, I assumed it
was a nickname.

She turns to the last page. Martland continues, and here's the
thing about him -- he reads poetry *really really* well.

MARTLAND

Otherwise the curved breast could
not dazzle you so, nor could a smile
run through the placid hips and thighs
to that dark center where procreation
flared.

That's got her attention. She looks up at him.

JOHANNA

Alastair, that's beautiful. Is it
yours?

MARTLAND

Good Lord, no. My stuff's dreadful.
It's Rilke. I copy it into my
notebook when I want to see what
good writing feels like.

She lowers the papers, curious.

JOHANNA

Carry on.

MARTLAND

(reading again)

Otherwise this stone would seem
defaced beneath the translucent
cascade of the shoulder and would
not glisten like a wild beast's fur --

He looks at her, doesn't need the notebook, he knows this last
bit by heart.

MARTLAND (cont'd)

-- would not, from all the borders
of itself, burst like a star: for
here there is no place that does not
see you. *You must change your life.*

Johanna thinks about that. She looks away, into the flames.

MARTLAND (cont'd)

Devil of a last line, isn't it?

She nods, looking into the fire.

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

MARTLAND (cont'd)

Cuts right into you. Makes you see everything differently. And you can't put things back, once it's rearranged them.

She looks at him. Obviously, he's not talking about the poem.

JOHANNA

You must change your life.

MARTLAND

Careful with Rilke. It's like eating peaches for the first time.

JOHANNA

Charlie and I used to work together, you know. Our profession was amusement.

MARTLAND

That can last a while.

JOHANNA

Hmm.

MARTLAND

You are luminous.

She sets the paper down.

JOHANNA

Maybe I was once.

MARTLAND

Don't be mad.

JOHANNA

A woman approaches forty the way a truck with no brakes approaches a cliff. Driver frantically pumping the brakes, gravity about to have its way with you. It is the law, you know.

He smiles, looking deep into her eyes.

MARTLAND

He doesn't deserve you.

She looks at him. They have made contact. Now what?

CUT TO:

91 EXT MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT DAY 91

Bright, bright daylight at an airport. The Rolls glides down a ramp out of the belly of the plane and onto the tarmac. A small brass plate over the bullet hole in the door says "Spinoza."

92 EXT COLLINS AVENUE - MIAMI BEACH DAY 92

Mortdecai rides in the back of the Rolls with the windows down, duty free bags of booze CLINKING at his feet.

Jock drives them through the heart of South Beach, which is everything London is not -- palm trees, bright Art Deco buildings, gorgeous MEN and WOMEN rollerblading whilst scantily clad.

The sun and warmth have awakened Mortdecai. He takes a deep breath of sea air.

MORTDECAI

Ah, Jock, dear, sweet, sperm-heavy
Jock, behold this America, this new
Colossus, this fair land! I rather
feel like Kipling who said "put me
somewhere East of the Suez where
there ain't no Ten Commandments and
a man can raise a small, bristly
moustache."

Jock, ogling girls, swerves toward the curb, nearly crashing the car and producing a BLARING of horns.

MORTDECAI (cont 'd)

Steady on. We have this sort of thing at home.

A silicon-enhanced ROLLERBLADER glides past the window.

MORTDECAI (cont 'd)

Well, perhaps not *this* sort of thing.

CUT TO:

93 INT DELANO HOTEL - LOBBY DAY 93

Mortdecai looks around the post-modern lobby of the Delano Hotel in horror, grimacing as he approaches the front desk. In his linen suit, he is the most overdressed man in the state.

MORTDECAI

They let you Americans have your money, don't they? But they don't tell you the first thing about how to spend it. I am Mortdecai.

93 CONTINUED:

93

The HOTEL CLERK stares at him.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
Honorable. Of Silverdale.

HOTEL CLERK
Checking in?

MORTDECAI
I'd like to request a Do Not Disturb
sign, a bucket of ice, and a
bulldozer.

HOTEL CLERK
So, yes?

MORTDECAI
I'd rather like to redecorate.
However, I have neither the time nor
the means. Nor am I homosexual.

The Clerk stares at him.

Mortdecai stares back.

The Clerk types into his computer and hands Mortdecai a key card.

Mortdecai looks at it strangely.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
All I must do is show up and I'm
presented a credit card? No wonder
your country is in financial ruin.
Please send an international line to
my room, I'd like to place a call to
London.

HOTEL CLERK
Room 415, it's by the pool. And you
received this message.

Mortdecai takes the envelope he's offered and opens it as he turns
away.

HOTEL CLERK (cont'd)
Do you need help with your bags?

Mortdecai pauses, looking back at the clerk like he's from another
planet.

MORTDECAI
No, I don't need help with my bags,
I have a fucking manservant.

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

He continues across the lobby, falling into pace with Jock, who carries his bags.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
What a strange country.

Mortdecai opens his message and reads it quickly.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
Excellent. We're expected at the Krampf estate at six p.m. Jock, find yourself lodging in a rooming house or hostel befitting your station in life, get some rest, and meet me out front in the Rolls at 5. Fear not, we shall have this painting in our possession by day's end!

CUT TO:

94 INT MORTDECAI'S ROOM DAY

94

Mortdecai drops onto the bed in this fashionable, echoey hotel room. Through the wall, he can hear a persistent, rhythmic GRUNTING and SQUEALING coming from two lovers in the next room.

Mortdecai SIGHS. Frustrated and jet-lagged, he gets up and goes to the window. He's looking directly out at the pool area, where barely-swimsuited COUPLES canoodle in lounge chairs and the pool.

MORTDECAI
Good God, it's like full moon on the Serengeti.

From the lovers next door, the GRUNTING and SQUEALING grow louder.

Mortdecai marches to the phone, checks his own room number and then punches in the one for the room next door. Through the wall, we hear a phone RING, the lovemaking stop, and then the phone picked up by GRUFF VOICE.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
(into phone)
Hello, American. The rooms here are made of cement. Very good in case of an air raid, but for those of us trying to get a bit of rest after an arduous Crossing, a bit of an acoustic nightmare. SO WILL YOU PLEASE STOP GRUNTING LIKE WILDEBEESTS AND LET ME GET SOME SLEEP!

And he SLAMS the phone down.

94 CONTINUED:

94

Next door, the SQUEAKING begins again. But at least it's quieter.

Mortdecai snatches up the phone again and dials a long, international number. The familiar RING of an overseas phone.

He pours himself a duty free whiskey and lies back on the bed, resting the glass on his chest.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

(to himself)

Love is a delicate plant that needs
constant tending.

Johanna picks up on the other end.

JOHANNA (O.S.)

Hello?

MORTDECAI

Apple of my eye, love of my life.
Everything here makes me think of
you.

JOHANNA (O.S.)

Who is this?

MORTDECAI

It is I, your beloved.

95 INT MORTDECAI MANOR - LIBRARY NIGHT

95

Johanna sits on the edge of the sofa in front of the fireplace, a glass of champagne in her hand.

JOHANNA

Where are you?

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED.)

MORTDECAI

A terribly vulgar place called Miami,
sacrificing every aesthetic pleasantry
to secure our future.

JOHANNA

What are you doing there?

MORTDECAI

Delivering the Rolls to Milton Krampf,
and retrieving a certain something
in the process.

95 CONTINUED:

95

JOHANNA

Don't go near Krampf's daughter.
She's a well-known nymphomaniac.

MORTDECAI

Is she? Didn't realize he had one.
A daughter, that is, much less a
nymphomaniacal one. How do you know
these things?

Behind Johanna, Martland enters with the empty ice bucket.

MARTLAND

Johanna, it seems we're out of ice.
Shall I send for some?

Mortdecai bolts up in bed.

MORTDECAI

Is that Martland?

JOHANNA

(to Martland)

Just my husband on the line.

MARTLAND

Still alive, is he? Does he have
the painting?

JOHANNA

Not yet. I'll just be a moment,
Alastair.

MORTDECAI

That Judas! That Ajax! Or was it
Agamemnon? You know who I mean, the
one who stole Helen of Troy and
started all that business in Greece.

JOHANNA

Get a hold of yourself. I'm just
trying to keep a grasp on things
which you are utterly incapable of
doing yourself. He reads Rilke quite
beautifully, you know.

MORTDECAI

He what?!

Next door, the Couple reaches their culmination.

Mortdecai SLAMS his fist against the wall.

95 CONTINUED: (2)

95

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

FINALLY!

JOHANNA

What was that?

MORTDECAI

Nothing.

JOHANNA

Charles, why are people achieving
climax in your immediate vicinity?

MORTDECAI

I think I'm staying in some sort of
brothel.

JOHANNA

Kindly repeat that?

MORTDECAI

Look here, I won't have that fiend
wearing my slippers and smoking
jacket. And furthermore, I'll have
you know that I too am capable of
being desirable to a certain sort of
woman.

JOHANNA

Charlie.

MORTDECAI

Yes. Women bat their lashes for men
with moustaches.

JOHANNA

Charlie Mortdecai, you are on very
dangerous ground here.

MORTDECAI

What was the name of that daughter
of Krampf's? Perhaps she would render
an opinion on the issue.

No response.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Hello?

She's hung up on him. He BANGS the phone down.

96 INT MORTDECAI MANOR NIGHT

96

Johanna sits by the phone, steamed. All at once, she gets up off the couch and bolts out of frame.

She must change her life.

CUT TO:

97 EXT KRAMPF ESTATE DAY

97

Back in Miami, the Rolls pulls up to a large estate surrounded by palm trees, immaculate grounds, and active fountains. Horses WHINNY from a stable nearby. A Doberman sits under the shade of a tree.

Mortdecai steps out of the car. His VOICE OVER:

MORTDECAI (V.O.)

What was I to do but put on a tropical-weight worsted wool suitable for the stifling climate and a pair of buckskins created by Lobb in a moment of genius. I had a painting to steal.

Mortdecai is besieged by a large insect. He swats at it and hits the deck, falling to the ground beside the Rolls.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Did you see the size of that insect, Jock? Positively Jurassic! What kind of hell-place is this?

Nearby, he hears a horse's HOOVES pound the dirt. He turns, and sees a horse and RIDER gallop up at full speed, stopping at the last moment and splashing stones up against the Rolls.

Mortdecai looks up. First he sees the horse, then a pair of boots, and then the rider -- none other than Georgina Krampf.

She wears a white blouse and tight riding pants.

Mortdecai gets up, brushing himself off, looking down.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Good afternoon.

He looks up --

-- and Georgina GASPS. It's his moustache, you see. Everything about her demeanor changes.

97 CONTINUED:

97

GEORGINA

I'm Georgina Krampf.

She slides down off the saddle. Admiring her dismount, Mortdecai mutters to himself.

MORTDECAI

Lucky saddle.

Georgina whips the horse's reins around a tree branch. Mortdecai sucks in his gut.

MORTDECAI (V.O.) (cont'd)

I sucked in my tummy. My face was as blank as I could make it, but she knew, she knew. They know, you know.

GEORGINA

You must be Mortdecai.

She goes to the bar on the front porch, pouring him a mint julep.

MORTDECAI

Ah, the fine life-giving drinks tray manifests itself. Awfully kind of you.

She hands him a glass, guiding him to the sofa, where they sit. She is very close to him.

GEORGINA

So you have Daddy's painting?

MORTDECAI

Not nearly. Haven't the slightest idea where it is.

GEORGINA

That's strange.

MORTDECAI

(notices she has no drink)
Aren't you having something?

GEORGINA

I never drink alcohol. I don't like to blunt my senses.

MORTDECAI

How awful for you. I can't imagine getting up in the morning knowing you're not going to feel any better all day.

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

GEORGINA

But I feel wonderful. Feel me.

He squeezes a bicep.

GEORGINA (cont'd)

Not there, stupid. Here.

She flips open her blouse to reveal two perfect breasts, barely in need of the scant independent suspension they're receiving.

98 INT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY

98

MORTDECAI

When in Rome, what? Who knows, this may be a customary greeting in America. Ultimately, my hand made the decision for me.

99 EXT KRAMPF FRONT PORCH DAY

99

With one hand, Mortdecai feels her breast, the other holding on to his drink. He sits there, crossed awkwardly. She leans in.

GEORGINA

You smell like a horse.

MORTDECAI

Sorry, I haven't had a chance to-

GEORGINA

You are a horse.

A voice BOOMS from the front door of the house.

KRAMPF (O.S.)

Mortdecai, you son of a bitch!

Mortdecai leaps up as MILTON KRAMPF, sixtyish, strides outside, looking like he just stepped out of a Ralph Lauren catalogue.

And he's holding a letter opener in one hand.

MORTDECAI

I was just getting acquainted with-

KRAMPF

The Rolls! Excellent.

Krampf goes right past Mortdecai, down the steps, and over to the car. He throws open the back door.

100 **INSIDE THE ROLLS,** 100

Krampf takes a seat, turns the letter opener over --

-- *AND RIPS A GASH IN THE ROOF*, tearing it lengthwise.

He reaches up and pulls out a **ROLLED-UP PAINTING**.

101 **ON THE PORCH,** 101

Mortdecai watches, stunned, as Krampf stands up, grinning, waving the rolled-up painting at him.

MORTDECAI

Good God. I've been a patsy.

CUT TO:

102 **INT KRAMPF'S STUDY DAY** 102

The painting is unrolled on a great oak desk in Krampf's study. It is, indeed, the lost Goya. Krampf beams at it, but Mortdecai is furious.

MORTDECAI

I was a mule for a blind garage mechanic?!

KRAMPF

Sorry we couldn't include you in on the deal. It was safer that way.

MORTDECAI

Not safer for me, old boy.

KRAMPF

When Bronwen discovered the Goya, she called me directly. Said she wanted to save on your commission. So I called Spinoza and he arranged everything, including smuggling the painting in your Rolls.

MORTDECAI

But someone found out about your plan and now Bronwen's dead.

KRAMPF

(shrugs)

Art restoring's a nasty business.

MORTDECAI

You're a nasty business, Krampf.

102 CONTINUED:

102

KRAMPF

Just look at her. Isn't she a beauty?

Krampf puts his arm around Mortdecai's shoulder and they look down at the painting.

MORTDECAI

Exquisite. The expert brush strokes, smooth lines.

KRAMPF

Looks like my mother. Can you see the resemblance?

MORTDECAI

I never met your mother.

KRAMPF

Not in her, in me. The bridge of the nose, that look in the eyes.

Mortdecai peers closer. Furrows his brow. Touches his stomach.

KRAMPF (cont'd)

Feeling all right?

MORTDECAI

Perfectly fine. Do you mind?

He reaches out, turns the canvas over, scanning the back. But it's blank.

KRAMPF

It's the real thing, isn't it?

MORTDECAI

Just looking for something -- else.

KRAMPF

No hard feelings, I'll pay double what I promised for the Rolls. Come to the party, I'm unveiling the Duchess tonight. Every art world snob in town is coming, I'll put this thing in a frame and watch them drool all over her, then I'm gonna lock her in my bedroom like a member of the goddam family.

Mortdecai, who's still searching the back of the painting, just hmms in response.

Krampf takes the painting back and rolls it up again.

102 CONTINUED: (2)

102

KRAMPF (cont'd)
We'll have your things sent over
from the hotel. Go upstairs and
freshen up, you smell like a horse.

CUT TO:

103 INT KRAMPF HOME - GUEST ROOM NIGHT

103

Night has fallen. Mortdecai, in his undergarments, broods in an
armchair while Jock shines his shoes.

MORTDECAI
Our future resides in getting our
hands on that painting! I suppose
we should devise a plan, Jock. It
will have to be fiendishly clever.

JOCK
I was just thinking, sir.

MORTDECAI
Dizzily complex, replete with
feints, distractions, and calibrated
movements of the Swiss-watch type.

JOCK
We steal it during the party when
nobody's looking.

MORTDECAI
Perfect!

JOCK
You go down, get yourself seen a
bit, then meet me 'round the back.

MORTDECAI
Diabolical! Can we review it a few
more times?

JOCK
Just the old smash and grab job,
sir.

MORTDECAI
Jock?

JOCK
Sir?

103 CONTINUED:

103

MORTDECAI

It *will* turn out all right in the
end, won't it?

JOCK

Couldn't say, sir.

CUT TO:

104 EXT KRAMPF ESTATE NIGHT

104

Torches light the driveway as expensive cars pull up to the estate,
their WEALTHY OWNERS headed into the party.

105 EXT POOL AREA NIGHT

105

CLOSE ON a hand clutching a vial of something vile. Moving up
and away from the hand, we see its owner is Emil Strago, doing
his best to mix at the poolside party, where there are SEVERAL
HUNDRED GUESTS culled from the Art World and local oddball set.
A BAND in white suits plays at poolside.

Wearing a leather man-purse over one shoulder, Emil sidles over
near the buffet table, which is full of seafood.

Georgina, wearing an open-backed dress, moves past him, and he
whispers in her ear.

EMIL

Keep the Englishman busy. I'll create
a distraction.

She continues on and he looks around. He opens the vial and
sprinkles its contents on the food.

106 ACROSS THE ROOM,

106

Mortdecai descends an exterior staircase and joins the party, for
which he has chosen a green plaid tartan kilt with matching argyle
knee-high socks.

People stare. He has made his appearance.

Mortdecai takes a glass of champagne from a passing tray, sips it --

MORTDECAI

Unremarkable.

-- and places it on a tray going in the other direction.

NEAR THE POOL,

Milton Krampf takes a microphone and calls for attention.

KRAMPF

Ladies and gentlemen, like all of you, I worship at the altar of great art. Tonight I give you the privilege of witnessing the new cornerstone of my collection. Once thought to be lost forever, soon you will see, for a brief moment only, Goya's *Duchess of Wellington*!

A round of APPLAUSE. As he continues, we go --

BACK WITH MORTDECAI,

A VOICE comes from very close behind Mortdecai. Approximately an inch or so from his ear. Georgina.

GEORGINA

I love a man not afraid to show his feminine side. What's underneath the skirt?

MORTDECAI

What every self-respecting Englishman has. Balls, my dear. Balls.

GEORGINA

Can I blow your bagpipes?

Mortdecai doesn't respond, as he has spotted Emil, moving through the crowd. They lock stares.

GEORGINA (cont'd)

Know him?

MORTDECAI

Emil Strago. Dangerous zealot. And a formidable moustache.

GEORGINA

Yes, and it tickles. Come. Let's make him jealous.

She pulls him toward the dance floor as the band strikes up a MARIMBA. Thankfully, Mortdecai knows how to dance one.

AT THE POOL,

Krampf finishes his speech.

KRAMPF

In the meantime, enjoy the shellfish!

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

ON THE DANCE FLOOR,

Mortdecai holds Georgina close, they dance well together.

They twirl, she reaches under his kilt, and he GASPS, twirls her back the other way.

MORTDECAI

The truth -- it's my moustache, isn't it?

GEORGINA

Mmmmmmm.

MORTDECAI

Score to Mortdecai.

GEORGINA

Have me.

MORTDECAI

My dear, I am quite tired. And very married.

GEORGINA

I have ways of curing both.

Over her shoulder, Mortdecai sees Jock walk across the lawn with an enormous ladder.

He spins Georgina away so she doesn't see.

She SNAPS him back and gives his rear end a squeeze.

MORTDECAI

That's my tuchus!

Emil pushes his way to the edge of the crowd and Georgina spins Mortdecai right in front of him. Mortdecai hands Emil his champagne glass.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Have a glass of champagne. Does wonders for extremism.

AT THE POOL,

One of the guests, holding a crab claw, puts a hand to his stomach, wincing.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR,

106 CONTINUED: (3)

106

the music speeds up and Georgina wraps herself around Mortdecai like a snake. They spin madly, and Mortdecai finds himself looking right at a PRIEST.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Hello, Vicar.

Georgina and Mortdecai spin around and around, he sees Emil, the Vicar, Krampf --

-- and JOHANNA.

Another spin confirms his worst fears. He comes to a stop. The Missus looks displeased.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Darling! Whatever brings you here?

JOHANNA

I was unhappy with our conversation
and got on the next flight.
Surprised?

MORTDECAI

Pleasantly.

JOHANNA

(a look at Georgina)
You seem otherwise engaged.

MORTDECAI

Not at all.

GEORGINA

Aren't you going to introduce us?

MORTDECAI

Johanna my dear, this is Milton
Krampf's nym-
(whoops)
-daughter Georgina. She was just --

JOHANNA

Raising your kilt?

MORTDECAI

As you can see, I have everything in
hand.

In trying to keep Georgina behind him Mortdecai, unfortunately,
cups her breast.

106 CONTINUED: (4)

106

JOHANNA

Evidently.

MORTDECAI

(checks his watch)

My, look at the time. Darling, you're
not going to believe this, but I
really must be going.

And with that he scampers off, across the lawn.

Johanna watches him go, stunned.

ACROSS THE PARTY,

more guests are reacting badly to the shellfish.

CUT TO:

107 EXT KRAMPF ESTATE NIGHT

107

With the party behind him, Mortdecai scurries around the outside
of the house. He turns a corner and sees the Doberman right there,
as if waiting for him.

Mortdecai freezes in his tracks.

The Doberman GROWLS.

Mortdecai plays it cool for about two seconds --

-- and then runs. The Doberman BARKS and gives chase.

MORTDECAI

(a whisper/yell)

JOOOOCK!!!

108 AROUND A CORNER,

108

Mortdecai comes around a corner, where Jock has set the ladder
against the side of the house.

JOCK

Krampf's bedroom is second on the
left.

Mortdecai starts up the ladder.

MORTDECAI

And what, pray tell, will you be
doing while I am engaged in thus
heroics?

108 CONTINUED:

108

The Doberman comes bounding up to the base of the ladder and Jock hurls himself at it, tackling it and rolling into the bushes with it.

CLIMBING THE LADDER,

Mortdecai sweats.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Oh, how I long for the rain and
indifference of Europe.

109 EXT KRAMPF ESTATE NIGHT

109

At the party, guests are being sick into potted plants, fountains, anything that's handy.

GUEST

It's the shellfish!

In the mayhem, Emil bounds up the external staircase, to the upstairs of the house.

110 INT KRAMPF HOME - BEDROOM NIGHT

110

This room is completely dark. A hand lifts the window, followed inelegantly by Mortdecai, who hoists himself through and lands on the floor with a THUD.

Dusting himself off, he rises and peers into the dark.

MORTDECAI

Lord Almighty it's dark in here.

GEORGINA (O.S.)

(from the darkness)

Prrrrrrr.

MORTDECAI

Oh dear.

A light goes on. This is Georgina's bedroom, replete with Georgina, who, with one quick motion, unhitches her dress. It falls to the floor.

GEORGINA

Because you are tired, I will be the
wild, untamed filly and you the lazy
stud horse.

She leaps back onto the bed, kicking her legs up in the air.

110 CONTINUED:

110

MORTDECAI

You look as if you should be posing
for an illustration in a manual of
gynecology.

She grabs him with her legs. The door BURSTS open and Johanna
stands there, livid.

JOHANNA

Unhand my husband.

MORTDECAI

Darling! Thank heavens. I really
can't imagine how I ended up in here.

JOHANNA

Step away from the harlot.

MORTDECAI

(dislodging himself)

Yes, well, if you'll excuse me, I
see you've got things quite covered
in here. I've just an errand to
run. Won't be a minute. No time to
explain.

He darts out.

JOHANNA

Charlie!

111 INT KRAMPF HOME - MASTER BEDROOM NIGHT

111

Mortdecai enters the master bedroom. Milton Krampf sits at his
desk, silhouetted. Across from him is an easel with an empty
frame on it, tiny flaps of razored-out canvas around its edges.

MORTDECAI

All right, Krampf. Don't make a
move.

Emil steps out from behind the curtain, leveling a lethal-looking
straight razor.

Krampf slumps forward, head THUDDING onto the desk, dead.

MORT

Oh, I see.

MORTDECAI

I've got some bad news for you, Emil.
There are no bank codes on that
painting.

111 CONTINUED:

111

EMIL

I think we both know that there are.
Invisible ink, no?

Jock, his sleeve in tatters, silently pulls himself up through the window behind Emil.

Mortdecai smiles. But a VOICE from behind him --

GEORGINA (O.S.)

Hold it right there.

Jock freezes. Georgina is in the doorway, holding a gun up to Johanna and throwing her into Mortdecai's arms.

JOHANNA

You wouldn't believe what that girl keeps under her bed.

Georgina waves her gun at Jock and he joins them.

MORTDECAI

I warn you, Georgina. You don't know what you're getting involved with.

(nods at Emil)

Despite his purse, this man is very dangerous.

JOHANNA

They're in it together.

MORTDECAI

How do you know?

She points at Georgina and Emil, who are KISSING PASSIONATELY.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Oh, I see.

GEORGINA

From the moment we met in the paddock of the Grand Prix of Bahrain, I knew he was a great man, a man willing to fight for an ideal!

The door BURSTS open and Inspector Martland enters, gun drawn.

MARTLAND

Hands in the air.

Emil grabs Georgina and spins her around in front of him, using her as a human shield.

111 CONTINUED: (2)

111

GEORGINA

Emil?!

Emil shoves Georgina at Martland and jumps out the window, but Jock grabs hold of the painting as he goes, pulling it from his hands as Emil falls.

Martland FIRES, missing Emil, but hitting the already dead Krampf.

MORTDECAI

Good show, Martland! A bit redundant, really.

Martland disarms Georgina, who turns to the desk, discreetly palming her father's letter opener.

JOHANNA

Alastair, what are you doing here?

MARTLAND

I tailed you. Couldn't very well let you go off into this mess alone. Jock -- the painting.

But Georgina whirls on Jock, holds the letter-opener to his throat, and pulls the painting from his hand. She backs up toward the window with it.

MARTLAND (cont'd)

Stop! I will shoot you.

MORTDECAI

Yes, probably by accident.

GEORGINA

None of you will ever know what it's like to make love to a man with principles!

MORTDECAI

In my case, I can safely say you are correct. However, I never went to Eton, where buggery is rampant. You were at Eton, weren't you, Martland?

Georgina hurls herself backward, out the window, doing a reverse somersault with the painting.

Mortdecai GASPS in appreciation.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

A double self-defenestration!

112 EXT KRAMPF'S ESTATE NIGHT

112

On the front lawn, Georgina rolls on the ground, grabs the painting, and climbs into a blue Buick. Emil is at the wheel.

It tears into the driveway, where GUESTS, horribly sick and vomiting into the bushes, are clamoring for their cars.

Martland, Jock, Mortdecai, and Johanna race out the front door of the house just in time to see it go.

MORTDECAI

At least none of us had the shellfish.

CUT TO:

113 INT ROLLS NIGHT

113

Well, one of them did. Jock VOMITS out the back window of Mortdecai's speeding Rolls Royce as the torn roof FLAPS madly in the night air.

Martland is at the wheel, Johanna in the front middle, Mortdecai passenger side. Martland drives at a breakneck pace.

The windows are open to combat the ghastly smell from the rear.

MORTDECAI

Jock! Shellfish, at a catered affair?
Have you lost your bearings, man?!

Jock VOMITS again, a sort of awful animal BLATTING sound. Mortdecai turns to Martland and Johanna.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

I'll have you two know I had a firm
grasp on things before you showed
up.

JOHANNA

You had a firm grasp on something,
that's for sure.

Up ahead, Martland spies the taillights of the Buick. He floors it in pursuit.

MORTDECAI

You dare to cast aspersions? I'm
not the one entertaining at all hours
with a failed poet!

113 CONTINUED:

113

Martland corners hard and they're tossed around. Jock flies to the other side, SLAMS into the door there, and BARFS out that window.

MARTLAND

At least my focus at school wasn't plagiarism.

MORTDECAI

Stay out of this! Byron offed himself at thirty, you could have given us the same courtesy.

MARTLAND

He died of pneumonia.

MORT

Then Shelley!

MARTLAND

At sea.

JOHANNA

Stop it! Both of you!

MORTDECAI

I can't help it if the younger sort of woman still finds me attractive.

Martland swerves again and Johanna is thrown into Mortdecai.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

The poor thing was helpless to resist my facial growth.

She BITES his finger.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

OW!

Martland SWERVES the other way and they're separated again.

Trying to cut off the Buick, Martland drives up on a manicured lawn --

114 EXT LAWN NIGHT

114

-- the Rolls blows through thick hedges, CRUSHES a lawn boy, and bounces back --

115 INT ROLLS NIGHT

115

-- onto the street again.

115 CONTINUED:

115

JOHANNA

At least I have the good taste to
hide my indiscretions, not parade
them around under everyone's nose!

MORTDECAI

So you admit it! There were
indiscretions!

JOHANNA

I admit nothing!

MORTDECAI

Then I deny nothing!

The engine ROARS again and the Rolls pulls up alongside the Buick.

In the back --

-- BAM BAM BAM! --

-- Jock fires three times, then VOMITS at the Buick.

The Buick SCREECHES around a corner to get away from the gunfire.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

A questionable attack, Jock.
Spirited, though.

Martland SLAMS on the brakes and throws the car in reverse.

CUT TO:

116 EXT OCEAN VIEW MOTEL NIGHT

116

The Ocean View Motel is a grim little place surrounded by scrubby
underbrush. The Buick careens into the parking lot, Georgina and
Emil leap out, he carrying the painting, and they hurry up the
stairs to a second floor room.

117 INT OCEAN VIEW MOTEL - ROOM NIGHT

117

Emil double locks the door and unrolls the painting, face down on
the coffee table.

Moving fast, he grabs two bottles of chemicals, mixes them
together, and sprinkles them over the back of the painting.

EMIL

The ammonia!

Georgia hands him another bottle, which he wafts over the canvas.

118 EXT MOTEL NIGHT

118

The Rolls, roof torn, front hubcaps missing and streaked with vomit on both sides, RATTLES into the parking lot, SLAMMING on its brakes.

Mortdecai, Martland, and Johanna get out.

MARTLAND

I'll secure the perimeter.

Mortdecai notes the "Ocean View Motel" sign.

MORTDECAI

This is an outrage! There isn't an ocean view within miles of this establishment.

JOHANNA

(to Mortdecai)

I'm coming with you.

MORTDECAI

If you intend to attack another one of my digits, no thank you very much.

Jock climbs out of the car behind them. They all veer away from him, overcome by his stench.

119 INT MOTEL ROOM NIGHT

119

Emil has a laptop open and is logged into a website for a Swiss bank which awaits his transmittal of the codes from the back of the canvas.

EMIL

Now to heat the surface!

He pulls out a box of matches and a small blow torch, the nozzle of which he adjusts so the gas HISSES out.

While he's concentrating, Georgina opens her purse and pulls a blackjack from it, raising it over the back of Emil's head, preparing to club him silly once the codes are revealed.

Emil lights the match --

-- and the door BANGS open, knocked squarely off its hinges by Jock, who lands on top of it in a heap on the floor. The wind blows the match out, but the blow torch valve is still opened and HISSING.

Mortdecai and Johanna are right behind him.

119 CONTINUED:

119

JOHANNA

(sniffs the air)

Is that ferrocyanide? And ammonia?!
I wouldn't do that.

Emil reaches for his briefcase, which has an array of nasty sharp weapons, but the door to the adjoining room now CRACKS open and Martland enters, gun drawn.

MARTLAND

Don't move.

MORTDECAI

I really wouldn't. He's trained.
And sexually frustrated.

Emil stands, hands in the air.

Martland reaches out and drags the painting to the floor with one hand. Keeping his gun leveled at Emil, he reaches into his pocket, takes out a lighter, and strikes it against his pants.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

What are you doing?!

MARTLAND

In the name of Her Majesty's
government, everyone back away from
the painting!

JOHANNA

For your own good-

MARTLAND

For England!

He drops the lighter --

-- AND THE PAINTING EXPLODES, GOING UP IN A FIREBALL.

Everyone bolts for the nearest door or window, they get halfway out them when the flames *leap across the floor* to the blowtorch and the stack of chemicals on the far wall --

120 EXT MOTEL NIGHT

120

-- and we jump outside the motel as all six of them are blown out whatever opening they are near.

FREEZE ON THEM ALL IN MID-AIR --

121 INT INTERROGATION ROOM NIGHT

121

-- and Paul finishes Mortdecai's story with an air of hushed reverence.

PAUL
Defenestrated? All of you?

MORTDECAI
Precisely.

With a theatrical flourish, he makes a gesture to indicate his story has come to its end.

BARRY
That's everything?

MORTDECAI
Is it not enough? I am an exile,
what little money I had left
squandered on duty free whisky, with
an extremely estranged wife waiting
for me outside. I seem to have run
out of cards to play.

BARRY
Where are Georgina Krampf and Emil
Strago?

MORTDECAI
Last time I saw them, a bit of
pavement was rushing up at them at
an alarming rate.

Barry and Paul confer, whispering back and forth to each other.

Barry stands, puts on his coat.

Paul gives Mortdecai back his passport.

PAUL
You are to leave the country
immediately. If you ever come back --

BARRY
We'll defenestrate you for good.

CUT TO:

122 EXT SIDE OF MIAMI ROAD DAY

122

Somewhere near the Ocean View Motel, Emil and Georgina limp down the side of a road, their clothes singed, their union frayed.

122 CONTINUED:

122

EMIL

Where are we going?

GEORGINA

I'm going home to claim my inheritance. You can go where you like.

EMIL

What about our cause?

GEORGINA

You used me as a human shield.

EMIL

The leader must always be protected. With your inheritance money we can still strike a match that will inflame our revolution.

GEORGINA

I've got news for you, pal. There's no revolution and there ain't no we. You're on your own.

An 18-wheeler approaches and she sticks out her thumb. The truck hits the brakes, she runs to it and climbs up into the cab.

GEORGINA (cont'd)

(to the DRIVER)

Howdee!

The truck puffs exhaust fumes into Emil's face, its Yosemite Sam mud flaps fanning in the breeze as it takes off.

Emil narrows his eyes. He doesn't give up that easily.

CUT TO:

123 EXT AWFUL MIAMI STREET DAY

123

An awful, sunbaked Miami street, cloaked in a blanket of humidity and insects. Johanna sits on a bus bench, battered.

Mortdecai limps out of the horribly nondescript government detention center and approaches her warily.

He sits on the bench beside her. A pause.

MORTDECAI

Not sure if Jock has mentioned it, but I am terribly sorry. About everything.

123 CONTINUED:

123

More silence.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

I'll have him fix up the servants quarters for us. I'm sure it will be lovely. Do you think he'll stay on without pay or lodging?

JOHANNA

Don't be daft, we're not finished yet. That painting was a fake.

MORTDECAI

What what? When were you planning on telling anyone this?

JOHANNA

I've always found great value in keeping a card out of the deck. In being the only person at the table who knows, for example, there is no seven of spades.

MORTDECAI

How do you know it's a fake?

JOHANNA

A chap called Bunny's got the real one. Bronwen lied from the start. She never *found* the Lost Goya, she *painted* it.

MORTDECAI

(eyes lighting up)
Of course!

QUICK FLASHCUTS:

124 INT BRONWEN'S STUDIO DAY

124

Bronwen paints the Goya from scratch, smiling to herself.

MORTDECAI (V.O.)

Bronwen makes a fake and calls Krampf.
Krampf calls Spinoza.

125 INT KRAMPF'S STUDY DAY

125

Milton Krampf is on the phone. Through the open door, we see Georgina listening in on the line in the other room.

125 CONTINUED:

125

MORTDECAI (V.O.)
Georgina finds out about it and tells
Emil, who goes to steal the painting
from Bronwen.

126 EXT BRONWEN'S STUDIO NIGHT

126

Emil walks out of Bronwen's studio with the painting under his
arm. Spinoza, blind as a bat, swings a plank of wood behind Emil's
head, just missing him.

MORTDECAI (V.O.)
But Spinoza's already there. He
boffs Emil on the bean and takes the
painting.

Spinoza swings again, this time knocking Emil out.

127 INT SPINOZA'S GARAGE DAY

127

Spinoza sews the painting into the roof of the Rolls, biting the
string off with his teeth.

MORTDECAI (V.O.)
Spinoza then sews the painting into
the Rolls and I unwittingly smuggle
it to Krampf.

128 EXT AWFUL MIAMI STREET DAY

128

Back on the street corner --

MORTDECAI
I was a mule.

JOHANNA
A chump.

MORTDECAI
The bit I can't-

JOHANNA
A pigeon. A schmuck.

MORTDECAI
Thank you, dear. The bit I can't
figure is how Bronwen would have
known what the Duchess looked like.
The colors, the depths. All that
survived were pencil sketches.

128 CONTINUED:

128

JOHANNA

She must have seen it. Somehow, she found Bunny and saw the Goya.

MORTDECAI

Bunny? Where have I heard that name?

JOHANNA

He was the British soldier who was the first in to Goering's bunker. The Duke told me Bunny has the painting, but I can't find him.

MORTDECAI

Which Duke?

JOHANNA

Of Asherboroughdon. Bronwen's lover.

MORTDECAI

"Bunny?"

(realizing)

Love your bunny! "Love, your Bunny!"
It wasn't her child, it was *him*!
The Duke is Bunny!

Johanna has a realization of her own.

JOHANNA

And it wasn't his tadger!

MORTDECAI

Once again?

JOHANNA

The Duke kept trying to take me into the loo to show me his John Thomas --

MORTDECAI

Randy bugger.

JOHANNA

But that wasn't what he had in mind at all, it was the painting, the real one! *The Duchess of Wellington is in Bunny's loo!*

Mortdecai reaches out for a hug but she gets up, leaving him grasping at air.

CUT TO:

135 CONTINUED:

135

She is stunning, and tastefully lit as well. Mortdecai looks at Johanna, enraptured.

MORTDECAI

Oh, you beautiful breadwinner!

He throws his arms around her and kisses her. Again, she GAGS.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Sorry.

They look back at the painting, admiring its beauty for a moment.

JOHANNA

Charlie?

MORTDECAI

Hmm?

JOHANNA

Why are we not vomiting?

MORTDECAI

My suspicion? The King served bad clams. The rest, as they say, is the stuff of legend.

JOHANNA

Right. Out the window with it.

She climbs on the toilet and lifts the painting off its hook.

MORTDECAI

Quick question. What do we do next? If Martland gets his grubby hands on that painting, he'll destroy a magnificent work of art. If it falls into Emil's hands he'll unleash his unpleasantness to disastrous effect on the world.

JOHANNA

And yet we must somehow pay the eight million quid in back taxes.

MORT

Precisely. Quite a conundrum, this. Let me think.

JOHANNA

Yes, do. Do think. But bear in mind I'm standing on a loo holding a dead man's Goya.

135 CONTINUED: (2)

135

Mortdecai's eyes spark with an idea.

MORTDECAI

What this situation requires is a
well-spun rumor.

CUT TO:

136 INT SOTHEBY'S LIBRARY DAY

136

A folded piece of paper on a silver tray glides up a flight of stairs, across a richly furnished room.

The FOOTMAN holding the tray approaches Sir Graham Archer, in his usual chair at the fireplace in the third floor library at Sotheby's. He takes the note, reads it, and raises a bushy eyebrow.

137 EXT PRIVATE AIRPORT DAY

137

Roman Romanov steps off his private plane and is greeted by an AIDE, who whispers urgent information to him. Romanov's eyes light up.

138 INT CAFE NIGHT

138

Emil is at a table in a disreputable European cafe, at a table crowded with REVOLUTIONARIES in black turtlenecks.

A YOUNG REVOLUTIONARY hurries in and whispers in Emil's ear.

Emil POUNDS the table with his fist, the fire back in his eyes.

139 INT LAWYER'S OFFICE DAY

139

A LAWYER holding an official document looks up at Georgina who, in mourners' black, weeps crocodile tears.

GEORGINA

That's it?

LAWYER

I'm sorry, Miss Krampf. Your father
spent lavishly.

Her cell phone RINGS. She pulls it out of her purse and looks at it. She lifts her veil.

140 INT MARTLAND'S OFFICE DAY

140

Inspector Martland, one eyebrow nearly singed off, is at his desk, receiving most unwelcome news from his aide, Maurice.

140 CONTINUED:

140

MARTLAND

But I watched it burn.

MAURICE

Apparently it's resurfaced, concealed beneath another painting, and they're bringing it to auction today.

MARTLAND

Why on earth would anyone auction it?

MAURICE

Chatter says it's Mortdecai, sir. He's found a dashedly clever way to move it in the open.

MARTLAND

(rubbing his head)

Why did it have to be art?

CUT TO:

141 EXT SOTHEBY'S DAY

141

There is much ado outside the entrance of Sotheby's as everyone arrives, dressed to the nines. A banner announces the Spring Masters Auction.

142 INT SOTHEBY'S DAY

142

The bell RINGS at the Receptionist's desk inside Sotheby's. WELL-DRESSED ART TYPES and their DEALERS stream into the auction room.

Sir Graham is there, alongside Roman Romanov, as is Georgina Krampf, dressed in a mourner's black.

Behind them, Mortdecai and Johanna pause in the doorway.

MORTDECAI

We're Lot Seven. I'll just need thirty seconds once it's announced, but don't delay.

JOHANNA

I know this building like the back of my hand. You'll have your time.

MORTDECAI

Yes, my darling.

He holds out his lips for a kiss but she turns on her heel and heads toward the auction room. He's left kissing air.

142 CONTINUED:

142

The Receptionist looks at him and covers her hand over the bell.

Mortdecai ducks out a side door in the hallway.

143 INT AUCTION ROOM DAY

143

In the packed auction room, the AUCTIONEER steps to the podium with his gavel. Behind him is a large, revolving wall.

AUCTIONEER

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen!
Welcome to Sotheby's Spring Masters
sale. We shall begin with Lot One.

With a unified rustle, everyone opens their auction catalogues and the wall spins quickly around to reveal a medium-sized painting of various animals huddled together.

AUCTIONEER (cont'd)

"Barnyard Friends," a lovely Helen
Allingham depicting two horses, an
ass and a cock. Lovely sky here.
Shall we start the bidding at
seventeen thousand pounds?

INT SOTHEBY'S - STAIRCASE DAY

Mortdecai THUNDERS down a flight of back stairs, pushes through a door marked EXIT, and comes out in an alley behind the auction house --

144 EXT SOTHEBY'S - BACK ALLEY DAY

144

-- where he is grabbed and SLAMMED up against the wall.

MORTDECAI

GAAAAH!

It's Vladimir and Dmitri, Romanov's thugs, whom he met in Moscow.

VLADIMIR

Tell us where painting is or you
will have big hole in your head.

MORTDECAI

Vladimir! So good to see you up and
about.

DMITRI

You will have hole in your BALLS!

144 CONTINUED:

144

MORTDECAI

(to Vladimir)

Why is Dmitri obsessed with testicula?

In answer, Dmitri punches Mortdecai in the groin. Mortdecai doubles over in pain, looks up at him in agony.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Your mother and father only met once.
And money changed hands.

Dmitri punches him again and Mortdecai crumples to the ground.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

(through a gasp)

Probably less than a ruble.

Dmitri raises his hammy fist for one more blow --

-- but a gun appears at his temple. JOCK!

JOCK

I woodn't. I really woodn't.

145 EXT LONDON STREET DAY

145

Martland and Maurice race through the streets of London, SIREN wailing.

146 INT AUCTION ROOM DAY

146

With a BANG of the gavel, the Auctioneer makes a sale.

AUCTIONEER

Sold to the gentleman in the fuchsia
ascot. Moving on to Lot Two --

147 EXT SOTHEBY'S - ALLEY DAY

147

Mortdecai, on his feet now, snatches the gun out of Dmitri's hand.

MORTDECAI

You won't be needing this anymore.

He tosses Dmitri's gun away. It hits the back wall of the alley --

-- AND GOES OFF, shooting Jock in the hand.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Are you all right, Jock?

JOCK

Just me hand, sir.

147 CONTINUED:

147

Vladimir smiles, but with his good hand, Jock CRACKS him across the jaw and the Russian crumples.

JOCK (cont'd)
Got another one.

MORTDECAI
(to Dmitri)
Remarkably, this isn't the first
time I-

JOCK
Sir. The switch?

MORTDECAI
Quite right, Jock! No time to dally.

Jock tosses Mortdecai a set of car keys and Mortdecai hurries to a parked car in the alley.

Jock picks up the Russians, one at a time, and tosses them into a nearby recycling bin.

AT THE CAR,

Mortdecai opens the trunk, revealing an exact framed copy of the Munnings, the horsey picture Mortdecai admired earlier.

Major Blucher and His Hounds.

148 INT AUCTION ROOM DAY

148

The Auction is heating up.

AUCTIONEER
Thirty thousand, thank you very much.

149 INT SOTHEBY'S - BACK ROOM DAY

149

In the back room at Sotheby's, Mortdecai carries the painting into a room full of artwork and weaponry.

He goes to a door, nudges it open a crack, and looks through to see --

150 AROUND THE CORNER

150

-- WORKERS in a room filled with tagged artwork, placing another painting on the back of the rotating wall.

From beyond the rotating wall he hears --

150 CONTINUED:

150

AUCTIONEER (O.S.)
Which brings us to Lot Five.

The wall rotates, giving us a glimpse of the auction, and the paintings are switched.

Mortdecai looks to the second painting on deck -- it's the Munnings, his original one.

151 IN THE BACK ROOM,

151

Mortdecai retreats, checking his watch.

152 INT AUCTION ROOM DAY

152

Johanna checks her watch as well, gets up from her aisle seat, and slips out of the auction.

THREE ROWS BACK,

Sir Graham watches her, eyes narrowing.

153 INT SOTHEBY'S - BACK ROOM DAY

153

Mortdecai turns to pick up the fake Munnings --

-- and sees Emil Strago standing just eight feet away.

EMIL
Give me that painting.

Emil pulls an antique sword out of its scabbard and takes a few expert swipes with it.

MORTDECAI
So, you have been schooled in the art of fencing?

He grabs a sword of his own and holds the handle up in front of his face as if in competition.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
Alas, so have I. An essential part of every gentleman's education.

EMIL
En garde.

They parry, their swords making elegant TICKS and TINGS.

Emil, with his heavy, flat blade, is the aggressor. Mortdecai defends, as if playing for points, jumping about on the balls of his feet, surprisingly skilled.

153 CONTINUED: 153

Their swords lock.

They are moustache to moustache.

154 INT AUCTION ROOM DAY 154

BANG! A round of APPLAUSE for whatever just sold.

AUCTIONEER
And we move on to Lot Six.

The wall spins, revealing the next painting. Only one to go.

155 INT ELECTRICAL ROOM DAY 155

Johanna slips, unnoticed, into a control room somewhere at the rear of the building.

Over a speaker mounted in a corner of the room, she can hear the AUCTION in progress.

AUCTIONEER (O.S.)
Seventy-five, thank you very much madam.

156 INT BACK ROOM DAY 156

Mortdecai and Emil continue to fight.

Emil pushes Mortdecai back into a dummy dressed in a Samurai suit.

Emil BEHEADS THE SAMURAI as Mortdecai ducks behind it.

Emil stabs through the breast plate, just missing Mortdecai behind the dummy.

He chops off an arm as Mortdecai ducks out of the way.

Kicking the dummy into Emil, Mortdecai switches to a rapier and begins to back Emil across the room and down the hall, toward the entrance to the room where the Munnings is.

157 EXT SOTHEBY'S - MAIN ENTRANCE DAY 157

In front of Sotheby's, Martland's sedan arrives, accompanied now by TWO MORE OFFICIAL CARS.

Martland jumps out, gesturing to the other AGENTS to fan out, into and around the place.

164 CONTINUED:

164

Dimly, we see Mortdecai slither across the floor and out of the room, headed toward the revolving wall, where the WORKERS are stumbling around in the dark.

165 INT ELECTRICAL ROOM DAY

165

A SOTHEBY'S WORKER races past Johanna, who's just leaving the electrical room. The Worker dashes inside and throws the giant switch back into the on position.

166 INT BACK ROOM DAY

166

And as the lights flood back on, Emil looks around.
Mortdecai is gone.

167 INT AUCTION ROOM DAY

167

The lights go back on in the main room and the crowd AHHHS in appreciation. Martland and his men scurry into the room, but Martland holds a hand out to them.

MARTLAND
Quietly. Quietly.

AUCTIONEER
Apologies for any inconvenience. We
were on to Lot Seven --

He gestures and the wall revolves, revealing --

AUCTIONEER (cont'd)
-- "Major Blucher and His Hounds,"
offered by the Mortdecai estate.
Shall we start the bidding at one
hundred thousand pounds?

The picture is slightly crooked. The Auctioneer straightens it.

IN THE AUDIENCE,

Sir Graham leans over to Romanov urgently.

SIR GRAHAM
*That's it, the Goya is hidden
underneath. He's switched them,
it's how they beat the authentication.*

Romanov nods and Sir Graham raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER
One hundred thousand pounds, thank
you, Sir Graham.

167 CONTINUED:

167

AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM,

Emil skids around the corner, hiding himself at the edge of the wall.

IN THE AUDIENCE,

Georgina is intent on the painting as well. She raises her paddle.

 AUCTIONEER (cont'd)
Two hundred, very good, do I have
three?

 ROMANOV
 (losing patience)
THREE!

 AUCTIONEER
Ahem. Yes, well. In future could
we please use our paddles? Thank
you very much.

Georgina stands and SHOUTS.

 GEORGINA
FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS!

 SIR GRAHAM
FIVE HUNDRED!

 AUCTIONEER
Thank you. Five hundred thousand
for this fine Munnings. Again, ladies
and gentlemen, I implore you, please
use your paddles.

Martland, at the edge of the room, spots Emil and directs the
Agents toward him --

 MARTLAND
There he is. Don't cause a panic,
just get him.

-- but Emil slips into the crowd and drops down in the empty seat
directly behind Johanna. He is clutching a dagger.

Martland stops the Agents.

 MARTLAND (cont'd)
Easy.

In the seats, Emil HISSES in Johanna's ear, his knife pressing
into her back.

167 CONTINUED: (2)

167

EMIL

Bid.

JOHANNA

On my own painting?

EMIL

BID!

JOHANNA

ONE MILLION POUNDS!

A stir in the crowd.

AUCTIONEER

One million from -- Lady Mortdecai,
who seems to be bidding on her own
painting. Just taking the horse for
a trot out to London and back, are
we?

Johanna nudges her bag with her foot, moving it closer to herself.

ROMANOV

TWO MILLION!

AUCTIONEER

I should like to emphasize the use
of one's *paddle*.

GEORGINA

THREE MILLION!

AUCTIONEER

(giving up)

Three million pounds for this --
lovely depiction of a pallid English
rider atop his rather average mount.
More than anyone has ever paid for a
Munnings.

(chuckling)

Is there a priceless masterpiece
concealed underneath?

At the back of the room, Mortdecai and Martland nearly collide as
they come from opposite sides of the hallway.

They are both intent on Johanna, with Emil's knife pressed against
her.

Mortdecai races into the middle of the room.

167 CONTINUED: (3)

167

MORTDECAI

Darling!

AUCTIONEER

Yes, Lord Mortdecai? Would you like
to make a bid?

Mortdecai stops. All the attention is on him. He stands erect --
-- AND TWISTS HIS MOUSTACHE.

MORTDECAI

Ten million pounds.

Mayhem. Through the commotion, Johanna reaches into her bag and
pulls out a can of mace, with which she SPRAYS Emil in the eyes.

Emil grabs his face, but his CRIES are lost under the chaos of
the crowd --

-- and he's grabbed under the arms by two of Martland's agents
and swept out of the room.

EMIL

(shouting over his shoulder)
TWENTY MILLION POUNDS YOU CAPITALIST
SWINE!

Roman Romanov leaps to his feet.

ROMANOV

THIRTY MILLION AND IS FINAL OFFER!

The Auctioneer mops his brow.

AUCTIONEER

Is that our final bid? Are we done
at thirty million pounds?

Emil is taken out the back and the door SLAMS.

BANG!

AUCTIONEER (cont'd)

SOLD!

CUT TO:

168 INT SOTHEBY'S DAY

168

The crowd is breaking up. Emil is led away in handcuffs.
Georgina, leaving the room, passes Jock, who is leaning against a
wall, giving her the eye.

168 CONTINUED:

168

She returns his gaze. She is helpless, as they all are, to Jock's charms. She misses a step, and he follows her out.

AT THE REAR OF THE ROOM,

Johanna and Mortdecai are at the CASHIER'S table.

With a RIP, a check comes out of a book.

CASHIER

There you are, sir. One hundred and forty-two pounds.

MORTDECAI

I do beg your pardon, maths were never my strong suit. But there was mention of thirty *million* --

CASHIER

Less commission, carrying, handling, and transfer taxes, leaves a total of eight million pounds, which I am sorry to report has been-

MARTLAND (O.S.)

Garnished by the government in settlement of your tax bill.

They turn. Martland is standing behind them.

MARTLAND (cont'd)

(to Mortdecai)

Can you think of one reason I shouldn't arrest you right now?

MORTDECAI

I eschew discomfort?

Johanna steps between them.

JOHANNA

Any blame around here should fall on me. Dear Alastair, if I led you to believe that there may have been something between us, I must confess it was merely to learn about the case and protect my husband. For better or worse, this is the man I love. Can you forgive me?

MARTLAND

Of course, Johanna.

168 CONTINUED: (2)

168

Johanna hooks her arm in Mortdecai's. Surprised and delighted, he escorts her out of Sotheby's.

Martland watches them leave, looking forlorn despite the passing CONGRATULATIONS of fellow officers.

Maurice steps up beside him, knows his boss's heartbreak.

MAURICE

Of all the words of tongue or pen,
the saddest of these, "it might have
been."

Martland looks at him.

MARTLAND

Thank you, Maurice.

CUT TO:

169 EXT MORTDECAI MANOR DAY

169

A beautiful day at the old manor.

The Rolls, partially restored, is parked in front. Jock, his left hand bandaged, polishes the hood ornament with his right.

170 INT MORTDECAI MANOR - BATHROOM DAY

170

Mortdecai reclines in a large bubble bath. He swallows an oyster and returns the shell to a bowl of ice at the edge of the tub.

Johanna enters the room, in her silk bathrobe.

JOHANNA

Do you think the codes are really
there?

Mortdecai looks over his shoulder at *The Duchess of Wellington*, now hanging in their bathroom.

MORTDECAI

Haven't the foggiest. If they are,
best to leave them there. Let the
Swiss hold onto things, they do so
enjoy their money and secrets.

Johanna slips out of her bathrobe and joins him in the tub.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

I only hope our Russian friend doesn't
come down too hard on Sir Graham.

171 INT MOSCOW - AIRPORT DAY

171

Romanov stands in a security line at the airport in Moscow and watches his thirty million pound Munnings go through the X-ray machine.

ON THE MONITOR,

instead of seeing the image of the Lost Goya, we see a painting of Churchill dressed up as a bulldog.

Romanov stares, livid. Mortdecai's VOICE:

MORTDECAI (V.O.)

There are so few gifted dealers left these days, don't you think?

172 INT MORTDECAI MANOR - BATHROOM DAY

172

Back in the tub, Johanna snuggles up to Mortdecai.

JOHANNA

Now tell me about that tramp on the horse.

MORTDECAI

I *tried* to be unfaithful to you, darling, really I did. But I just couldn't do it.

JOHANNA

It's a terrible moment when you find yourself falling in love with your own spouse, isn't it?

She looks at him adoringly.

MORTDECAI

That's the look that softens every bone in my body but one.

JOHANNA

You mean you're ready?

MORTDECAI

I see no obstacle to such a course.

She reaches out for a straight-razor and some shaving cream.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)

Surely you recall I've already been circumcised?

172 CONTINUED:

172

She looks at him. His VOICE OVER returns:

MORTDECAI (V.O.) (cont'd)
In an instant, the moustache and my
libido were locked in a death-
struggle. The moustache was
hopelessly outclassed.

Mortdecai sighs.

MORTDECAI (cont'd)
Very well. If you must.

She beams, lathering up his moustache.

173 EXT MANOR DAY

173

Outside, the sun shines bright and the Welsh Corgi leaps about on
the lawn.

FADE OUT.