

SHIPPED to SIBERIA

(a zany farcical musical of syncopated swing rhythms)

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INT. STRADAVARIOUSKINISI'S LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING

A North Shore, Long Island style mansion, circa 1947, The Stradavariousskini living room is an eclectic mix of 1920s/30s/40s décor.

ARTHUR STADAVRIOUSKINISI(53), average height/build, enormous personality directs his wife GWEN STRADAVARIOUSKINISI(45), beautifully elegant glamor 1940s style and TRACEY BRENNAN (41), dashing looks, romantic 1940s leading male type, in Arthur's new play "Murder and Mayhem in Siberia."

GWEN

But Tyrone...

ARTHUR

--No! A bigger shrill with your arm up, up in the air.

Gwen raises her arm, puts her hand on her forehead.

GWEN

But Tyrone, it is my burden!
And my hardship, but I love them.

ARTHUR

The cross dear, away from Mr.
Everprepared.

GWEN

Right dear, the cross.

Gwen dramatically crosses away from Tracey.

GWEN (CONT'D)

I love them all, and you mean--

Gwen crosses to Tracey.

GWEN (CONT'D)

--so much to me.

Gwen turns away, puts a melodramatic hand to head.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Whatever will I do?

Arthur points above the head.

ARTHUR

Let the audience see the light
bulb.

GWEN
The light bulb, of course.

Taps two fingers on head.

GWEN (CONT'D)
But what if it doesn't work?!?

ARTHUR
Go to her, Tracey.

TRACEY
I remember your blocking.

ARTHUR
Then do it!

Tracey sweeps across the room.

TRACEY
It has to work, to be safe, we
must...

Tracey glares, mad-crazed look at Arthur.

TRACEY (CONT'D)
KILL your husband!

GWEN
But murder is so bloody cruEL!
Can't we simply ship him off to
Siberia?

TRACEY
I'm sorry, but this--

ARTHUR
--Good, go with it--

TRACEY
--is our only option.

Tracey grabs Gwen.

TRACEY (CONT'D)
I don't care how good of a bridge
player he is, I... want... you...
more...

Tracey shakes Gwen.

TRACEY (CONT'D)
More, do you hear me!!!

Gwen composes herself.

GWEN

Yes, darling, I hear you. Even the birds, the bees, and the Viennese can hear you.

TRACEY

My gorgeous darling, it's time we played this hand. For the first time, I'll have a Royal Flush. Yes! With love in the cards, nothing beats a... a... a--

GWEN

--royal--

ARTHUR

--Gwendolyn Stradavariouskinisi how many--

Doorbell rings.

GWEN

--Agnes!

INT. STRADAVARIOUSKINISI'S MAIN FOYER - EARLY AFTERNOON

The main foyer encompasses two floors connected by a grand staircase. The upstairs lobby has a hallway (leading to the family's bedrooms) with a landing. The downstairs main foyer is central to the living room, the kitchen, dining room, and a grand ballroom.

AGNES(33), the Stradavariouskinisi's maid, has slight comical facial features, Romanian, and walks fast from the kitchen door.

AGNES

I know, I know.

INT. MAIN FOYER/LIVING ROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

GWEN/AGNES

Doorbell!

GWEN

Yes, Arthur, my sweet?

ARTHUR

Nothing.

TRACEY

Darn line, two weeks till opening,
and I've got a mental block.

ARTHUR

I don't care what memory exercises
you need to do. Learn the line, or
your understudy goes on!

GWEN

What understudy darling?

ARTHUR

You know what I mean!!!!

Agnes taps Arthur's shoulder, Arthur jumps.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Don't do that!

AGNES

Sorry 'bout that, Mr.
Stradavariouskinisi. The new
secretary Diaphrama Zimmerman's
here.

DIAPHRAMA ZIMMERMAN(26), a secretary with plain-jane
looks/dress, but tons of energy.

DIAPHRAMA

I'm raring to start with the famous
Director Arthur Stradavaskini--

ARTHUR

--That's Stadavariouskinisi!

DIAPHRAMA

Like I said, Mr. Stradaverlini.

ARTHUR

It's Stradavariouskinisi.

DIAPHRAMA

Yes, Sir, Mr. Stradaveracious.

ARTHUR

Just call me Arthur, as in King.
Agnes, get Dom ready it's going to
be a long day.

AGNES

One bottle or two?

ARTHUR
Make it three!

Agnes goes to the kitchen.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Gwen, keep rehearsing Mr. Everread,
I mean Mr. Everprepared till I'm
done giving Miss...

DIAPHRAMA
--Zimmerman, your lordship.

Diaphrama Zimmerman.

GWEN
Yes, dear.

ARTHUR
Come, Miss. Zimmerman, we have much
to cover.

INT. MAIN FOYER - EARLY AFTERNOON

Arthur and Diaphrama walk to the grand staircase.

ARTHUR
Diaphrama, Diaphrama, please
explain?

DIAPHRAMA
What?

ARTHUR
That.

DIAPHRAMA
What?!?

ARTHUR
Your name. How did your folks come
across it?

DIAPHRAMA
Mom and dad were Greek. When I was
born, they hadn't picked out a
name. They thought if I popped out
first, naming me might be more
comfortable. I came out wailing so
loud and long, my folks thought
Lungus or Beltoria.

(MORE)

DIAPHRAMA (CONT'D)
 Grandma Insomniacious, bless her
 dear departed soul, said
 Diaphrama... AH!!!!!!!

Diaphrama lets out an ear-piercing Ethel Merman "AH!".

Everyone looks for the source of this loud sound. Agnes runs into the foyer from the kitchen, ready to swing it with a broom in hand. Gwen and Tracey race to the main foyer from Living Room.

AGNES
 Fire! Burglar, Fire! That sound,
 what?!

Gwen slaps Agnes on the nose.

TRACEY
 The thunder is coming from the new
 secretary.

Diaphrama stops.

ARTHUR
 Good Heavens, did you break the
 sound barrier?

Agnes huffs back to the kitchen.

AGNES
 (mutters)
 I think another trip to the
 basement for more bottles is
 required.

Arthur ascends the foyer stairs Diaphrama scurries immediately behind him, almost pelvic to ass.

ARTHUR
 Miss Zimmerman, I will say this
 once. If you're to continue in my
 employ, that blaring sound may
 never, I repeat, never again be
 uttered in my castle.

DIAPHRAMA
 Yes sir.

ARTHUR
 The theatre of
 Stradavariouskinisi's is one of
 classical beauty like Opera. That
 dull new sound is dreadful.

Arthur leans over the banister, call to Gwen.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Gwen, what's do the youngsters call
it.

GWEN
She was belting, but you mean
swing, darling.

ARTHUR
Whatever none of it is permitted
in my castle.

Arthur opens French doors to study.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Write this down. First, I'm right,
and second, I'm never wrong.

Arthur sits in a desk chair.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Third, my last name is Strada...

Diaphrama closes doors, Arthur motions Diaphrama to repeat.

DIAPHRAMA
--Strada...

ARTHUR
--various...

Diaphrama turns and goes to the chair.

DIAPHRAMA
--various...

ARTHUR
--skinisi...

Diaphrama sits.

DIAPHRAMA
--skinazi.

Doorbell dings.

Agnes BOLTS from the kitchen.

ARTHUR
Agnes?

AGNES

Hold yer nanny goats, I hear it. I start cleaning the kitchen, and what happens, the doorbell. I miss Zeeveosio, the butler.

Doorbell dings.

AGNES (CONT'D)

With all this commotion, one would think the world war didn't end a couple years back in forty-five.

The doorbell rings in a rhythmic dinging.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Only one person dings like this, and he's...

Agnes opens the door.

DAVID STRADAVARIOUSKINISI (16), Arthur and Gwen's son, slightly handsome, well-meaning, somewhat rebellious, loves swing music.

DAVID

Hi Agnes.

AGNES

Whose birthday is it this time, Robert E. Lee?

DAVID

Would you believe, General Grant's?

AGNES

No, so what are you doing time for now?

DAVID

Agnes, I'm no felon. Can't you see real tears in my eyes?

AGNES

Yeah, kid, you and that film star Judy Garland. What's the score?

DAVID

Kicked out.

AGNES

David, your mother will cry, and your father will scream nonstop!

The taxi driver honks the horn.

DAVID

Taxi, Agnes, could You?

AGNES

Just call me Agnes Carnegie. Tell
that cabbie to hold his honkers
while I get my purse. You can tell
your folks.

EXT. MANSION FRONT GROUNDS - EARLY AFTERNOON