

AMERICAN COMEDY-HORROR STORY
ORPHANAGE

a limited series audio drama

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SEASON ONE TRANSCRIPTS

CHAPTER ONE: HAUNTED

INTRO MUSIC: American Comedy Horror Story, Orphanage. Chapter One, Haunted.

OLIVIA
Are you still there?
(beat)
Hello?
(beat)
Hello?

CLAIRE
Oh, did we catch you at a bad time?
Got some place you need to be?

OLIVIA
Disregard my colleague, she's had a rough day.

CLAIRE
Hello? Hola? Bonjour? Konnichiwa?
Hujambo?

SOUND: Olivia sighs, chairs creaking.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
See. I told you this job was a dud.
Never take work from city folk trying
to live the rural life.

OLIVIA
It's completely reasonable for people
who've just bought a house in a new
town to be nervous.

CLAIRE
All the houses in New Cheshirecatshire
are old, of course these people
automatically think they're haunted.
We should've never done "Ghostest
with the Mostest." Now we look like
sell-outs.

OLIVIA
We are experienced, qualified mediums.
That show got us the exposure we
needed.

CLAIRE
But now everyone and their eccentric
aunt is calling us to talk to their
quote-unquote ghosts, just because
they think they'll get on TV.

OLIVIA
You want to go back to doing staged
graveyard tours for foreigners?

CLAIRE
You know I was only two months away
from the health insurance plan!

OLIVIA
That plan was terrible and you know
it!

SOUND: A door slams, Olivia and Claire gasp, the Ouija Board
starts to move, a chair creaks, it begins to rain.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Uh... The board is moving on its
own.

CLAIRE
Yeah, I don't need your exposition.

OLIVIA
The last time it moved on its own
was when we contacted Sigmund Freud!

CLAIRE
Supposedly...

SOUND: The Ouija Board comes to a stop.

OLIVIA
Hello?

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Put your hands back on.
(beat)
Hello?

SOUND: The Ouija Board starts to move again.

CLAIRE
(reading)
H...E...L...P...
(beat)
Help...with what?

OLIVIA
Don't be bitchy, you'll scare it
away, like that last time.

CLAIRE
That wasn't my fault, that chihuahua
was determined to pull that vegan
burrito out of my pocket--

OLIVIA
 Why you keep unwrapped food in your
 clothing, I cannot understand--

CLAIRE
 You can never be too prepared--

SOUND: The Ouija Board starts again.

OLIVIA
 (reading)
 A...H...E...M
 (back to dialogue)
 Ahem. Oh. Sorry. Who do we have the
 pleasure of speaking with?

SOUND: The Ouija Board moves.

CLAIRE
 (reading)
 W...I...L...L...I...A...M

OLIVIA
 William. Oh! William Shakespeare?

SOUND: A single scratch of the Ouija Board.

CLAIRE
 (reading)
 No.

OLIVIA
 William Faulkner?

SOUND: Scratch.

CLAIRE
 (reading)
 No.

OLIVIA
 William Randolph Hearst?

SOUND: Scratch.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 William Blake?

SOUND: Scratch.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 William Henry McCarty Jr., A.K.A.
 Billy the kid?

SOUND: Scratch.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
William Shatner?

CLAIRE
He's still alive, dummy.

SOUND: A door slams.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
How many doors are in this room?

SOUND: The Ouija Board begins moving rapidly.

OLIVIA
(reading)
Y...O...U. You. D...O...N...T.
Don't...
(to Claire)
He's moving too quickly, write this
down.

SOUND: A notebook opens, flipping through the pages. The
Ouija Board moving quickly. A pencil scratching against
paper.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Did you get that?

CLAIRE
(reading)
You don't know me. Just William.
(back to dialogue)
Ooh, cryptic.

SOUND: The scratches of the Ouija Board begin again,
accompanying pencil scratches.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(reading)
And you two are insufferable.
(back to dialogue)
Jeez, no need to be rude.

OLIVIA
Okay, okay, let's focus.
(to ghost)
When did you die?

SOUND: Ouija Board scratches.

CLAIRE
(reading)
1892.
(to ghost)
How old were you?

SOUND: Scratches.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(reading)
Eleven.

OLIVIA
Oh. Just a child. How did you die?

CLAIRE
(sarcastic)
Was it tuberculosis?

SOUND: Scratches, thunder in the distance.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(reading)
Murder...

SOUND: A door slams.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Okay, is that just the same door
slamming over and over again?

OLIVIA
Who murdered you?

SOUND: Scratches.

CLAIRE
(reading)
Murder...

OLIVIA
Yes. We want to know more about the
murder. Do you know who murdered
you?

SOUND: Scratches.

CLAIRE
(reading)
Murder...
(to Olivia)
Wow, this guy's eloquent.

SOUND: Thunder growing louder.

OLIVIA
Shh. Be nice.
(to ghost)
How were you murdered?

CLAIRE
Suffocated? Poisoned? Stabbed? Hanged?
Oh, hanged! William, are you...black?

OLIVIA
Jesus, Claire.

CLAIRE
What? 1892! Post Civil War, pre Civil
Rights

SOUND: A door slams, Olivia and Claire scream, more Ouija Board scratches.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(reading)
Help.

SOUND: Lightning crashes outside, a low rumbling begins.

OLIVIA
What's going on?

SOUND: The rumbling grows, the house begins to shaking.

CLAIRE
Okay, just a little freaked out right
now.

SOUND: The same sound of Ouija Board scratches over and over.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
He keeps just saying "Help" over and
over again.

OLIVIA
(calling out)
We're here to help, but you need to
tell us how we can help you!

SOUND: The rumbling and shaking sounds grow louder and louder, the scratches of the Ouija Board become more and more frantic.

CLAIRE
Is it just me or is the room spinning?

OLIVIA
It's not just you!

CLAIRE
And those bookshelves...were they
twisting and stretching before?

OLIVIA

I'm so cold...are you cold? It just got really, really cold in here.

CLAIRE

My head feels like it's going to implode on itself. Like I'm on an airplane and my ears need to pop but no matter how much gum I chew or how many times I yawn nothing is working! My ear drums are going to rupture! My head is going to explode! I'm going to die!

OLIVIA

Wait, I know what's going on! I read about this!

CLAIRE

Mm hmm -

OLIVIA

That one ghost whisperer from Iceland went on record saying that she actually got sucked into the past life of the spirit she was communicating with.

CLAIRE

Everyone knows that story is fake, she's a hack.

OLIVIA

No, it's real!

CLAIRE

You're too gullible!

OLIVIA

Then how do you explain this?!

SOUND: A weird sucking noise, Olivia and Claire screaming, the scratches of the Ouija Board continue until the planchette is thrown off the board and hits the floor, the rumbling fades out.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: Children playing in the distance, the sound of Olivia and Claire catching their breaths.

CLAIRE

Are you okay?

OLIVIA

I--

CLAIRE

Don't even think about saying I told you so.

SOUND: Footsteps as Olivia and Claire explore the room.

OLIVIA

Where are we?

CLAIRE

This looks like a creepy nursery.

SOUND: Olivia picks up an object.

OLIVIA

This is definitely the same room we were just in. You can see the same carvings in the wood. And there's the little reading nook under the window I told you I wanted to recreate in my apartment!

CLAIRE

Except there's a tin of Lloyd's "Cocaine Toothache Drops" on the dresser. So, I guess the question is, *when* are we?

OLIVIA

Oh, you know what, I remember reading that this house was an orphanage in the late 1800's.

CLAIRE

Great. My two favorite things. Unsupervised children and the smell of feces wafting through the air.

OLIVIA

Shh, shh, shh--

CLAIRE

What?!

OLIVIA

There's someone in that bed.

SOUND: Olivia's footsteps walking across the room, floorboards creaking.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

William?

SOUND: Olivia's footsteps slow down.

CLAIRE
(urgent whisper)
Olivia. Don't you dare touch that
child. Haven't you seen enough horror
movies?

SOUND: Olivia's footsteps slow to a stop.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(urgent whisper)
Seriously. Stop reaching toward
that child. Put your hand down. Do
not grab that bed sheet.

SOUND: A door slams. Olivia and Claire scream.

WILLIAM
I believe we've met.

EXIT MUSIC.

END OF CHAPTER ONE

CHAPTER TWO: CORSETS

INTRO MUSIC: American Comedy Horror Story, Orphanage. Chapter Two, Corsets.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I believe we've met.

OLIVIA

William?

WILLIAM

Yes. Thank you for coming.

CLAIRE

Is this really happening?

WILLIAM

Yes. You were the first people I could find that were connected enough with the spirit world to come back with me to my days of life.

OLIVIA

I told you--

CLAIRE

Nope.

OLIVIA

I was just gonna say--

CLAIRE

I will punch you in the face.

OLIVIA

But, it's just that--

CLAIRE

Look, I've just been transported to a different century, give me a break!

OLIVIA

Okay, okay. Let's take a second to process this. William, what year is it?

WILLIAM

1892.

CLAIRE

Great. Are chamber pots still a thing?

OLIVIA

That's not important right now--

CLAIRE

You won't be saying that when my chamber pot ends up on your head.

WILLIAM

Ladies, are we done?

OLIVIA

Sorry.

(beat)

So, are you the only person in this world that can see us?

WILLIAM

No... you are now a part of this world.

CLAIRE

You sure about that? Because that kid did not wake up when we screamed.

WILLIAM

Oh, that's David... He died in the night...

OLIVIA

Uh huh... So, you're an orphan?

WILLIAM

Yes. I've never had any parents. I've been here my whole life. Headmistress says I'm an angel sent from heaven.

CLAIRE

Sure... Should we tell someone David's dead?

WILLIAM

All the children are out playing right now.

CLAIRE

What about the headmistress?

WILLIAM

Oh, she already knows.

CLAIRE

Great. Olivia can I talk to you for a second?

SOUND: Olivia and Claire's footsteps as they move elsewhere in the room.

OLIVIA

(whispers)

Look, I know what you're going to say and I totally agree. This is so cool.

CLAIRE

(whispers)

Are you kidding me? We're in an orphanage, it's 1892, and there's a dead kid in that bed over there! We need to figure out how to get back to the modern world. Immediately.

SOUND: Claire's footsteps as she begins to walk away.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I am not wearing a corset.

WILLIAM

(calling out)

Oh! We need to fit you for corsets, so you don't look too out of place. We don't want the others getting... suspicious.

OLIVIA

(whispers)

Just play along for now. We have to help this kid, we were brought here for a reason.

CLAIRE

(whispers)

Fine. But I'm not eating gruel.

WILLIAM

(calling out)

And it's almost supper. You're just in time for gruel. Hope you're hungry.

SOUND: A door opens, the sound of children playing grows louder.

CLAIRE

Uhhhhhhh...

SOUND: Olivia, Claire, and William's footsteps as they exit.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: Their footsteps continue down the hallway.

WILLIAM

Through that door is the infirmary.
Would you like to see it?

CLAIRE

Uhhhhh...

WILLIAM

Oh, and remind me to show you the
hole.

CLAIRE

Uhhhhh...

WILLIAM

And this is where we sleep.

SOUND: Their footsteps slow to a stop.

OLIVIA

There are a lot of beds in here.

WILLIAM

There are a lot of orphans.

CLAIRE

Uhhhhh...

WILLIAM

Here, let's put you in dresses. I
can't imagine what the Headmistress
would think if she saw two ladies
wearing trousers!

(Giggles, then suddenly
very serious)

You wouldn't want to... upset her.

SOUND: A wardrobe opening, the rustling of dresses being
moved and handled.

OLIVIA

Of course not. Where did these dresses
come from?

WILLIAM

The brothel. We use them as play-
clothes.

CLAIRE

My third favorite thing... syphilis.

OLIVIA

It's fun to play dress up!

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 When's the last time you got to wear
 authentic, post-civil war brothel
 clothes?

CLAIRE
 I'm not going to like this.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: A corset being laced up tightly.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 I don't like this.

OLIVIA
 Come on, it's fun!

WILLIAM
 Let's go outside, we wouldn't want
 to miss our sunshine time, we only
 get ten minutes of it each day.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: A door opens, birds chirping, children laughing and
 playing. Olivia, Claire, and William's footsteps as they
 exit the house and step out onto the porch.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 See the one with the eye patch?
 That's Charles, he's David's best
 friend... he doesn't know yet. And
 the one sitting by himself, we call
 him "Totti-One-Lung"

CLAIRE
 Clever...

WILLIAM
 But my least favorite child is George.

OLIVIA
 Why is he your least favorite?

WILLIAM
 He locked me up in the laundry closet
 for three days and filled it with
 dead rats. When Headmistress found
 me, I was covered in my own urine,
 (MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
had a fever, and was mumbling
incoherently.

CLAIRE
Valid reason to dislike someone.

OLIVIA
Who's that creepy old guy lurking in
the back?

WILLIAM
The groundskeeper.

SOUND: A whistle blows loudly.

HEADMISTRESS
Come in you wretched little liver
leakers! Oh, hello, who are your
friends, William?

OLIVIA
Oh, we're here visiting from...

CLAIRE
New York City... We're...

OLIVIA
Journalists! Doing a hard-hitting
story on...on...

CLAIRE
The greatest orphanages... in the
world.

HEADMISTRESS
Oh! Well then, I'm Beatrice, the
Headmistress. Won't you please stay
for supper?

CLAIRE
As long as it's not gruel.

HEADMISTRESS
(whisper)
Only the kids get that.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: The sounds of silverware clanking against bowls and
cups against tables as the children eat and murmur in the
background.

OLIVIA

Wow, this Cornish game hen with olive tapenade and tuna tartar is exquisite.

HEADMISTRESS

Oh, well, our groundskeeper, you know, that creepy old man, is actually a fantastic chef.

(beat)

So, what would you like to know about the "Home for Boys who have lost their parents in horrifying and tragic, freak accidents, specifically related to fire?"

CLAIRE

(under breath)

Rolls off the tongue...

OLIVIA

Well, how did you come to be headmistress here?

HEADMISTRESS

The previous headmistress died, suddenly... so the position opened up!

CLAIRE

Oh. But what made you even choose to go into this line of work?

HEADMISTRESS

There aren't many opportunities that arise for women of a certain age...

CLAIRE

(whispers)

It is the 1890s...

OLIVIA

So, are you not happy here?

HEADMISTRESS

Don't get me wrong, it can be very difficult at times, what with constant screaming and spankings and doing all this work for these ungrateful little brats. But on the bright side, the worst of them don't last very long...

(beat)

Because they get adopted, of course.

SOUND: Children screaming, Olivia and Claire get up from their chairs, their footsteps as they run to see what happened, a child choking and gurgling while the other children murmur in the background.

CHILD #1
Headmistress! It's Charles! He's,
he's... turning blue!

OLIVIA
Stand back! I know CPR.

CHILD #2
Who's CPR?

SOUND: The sound of Charles choking, gurgling, suffocating grows louder.

CLAIRE
Aren't you going to do something?
Call... someone? Tele... telegraph...
or send a telegram! Tele-something!

HEADMISTRESS
Oh, silly girl. This is an orphanage,
no one cares.

OLIVIA
I need a towel, he's coughing up
blood! So much blood. There's just
a lot of blood...

CLAIRE
I think he's having a seizure!
Somebody do something!

SOUND: Charles continues to choke, gurgle and suffocate,
until he takes one final breath.

OLIVIA
He's... He's dead...

EXIT MUSIC.

END OF CHAPTER TWO

CHAPTER THREE: CONSUMPTION

INTRO MUSIC: American Comedy Horror Story, Orphanage. Chapter Three, Consumption.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

He's... He's dead.

HEADMISTRESS

Consumption... I'll send word to Stuart.

CHILDREN

Stuart! Yay, Stuart! Yay!

OLIVIA

Stuart?

HEADMISTRESS

He's the coroner. He'll be here in the morning.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: Crickets chirping in the night.

OLIVIA

Thank you for letting us stay here... while we're working on this story...

HEADMISTRESS

Well it's no Endicott Hotel, but it's free of charge and sanitary... mostly.

SOUND: The Headmistress' footsteps as she exits, the door shuts, her footsteps fade away.

CLAIRE

That makes me feel better... mostly. So...

SOUND: Claire's footsteps as she crosses the room then sits on a bed.

OLIVIA

Okay... we have been here less than a day, we have seen two dead children and a creepy old man... and lots of blood.

CLAIRE

I guess consumption does make sense for the time period... but tuberculosis is highly contagious, right?

OLIVIA

Yeah, wouldn't they have taken extra measures to make sure it didn't spread?

CLAIRE

Well... it is the 1890s...

OLIVIA

Should we be worried?

CLAIRE

If the headmistress isn't worried... I suppose we don't need to be...

OLIVIA

I'm not sure we need to be worried about Tuberculosis...

CLAIRE

What are you saying?

OLIVIA

Well, William did say he was murdered.

CLAIRE

So... you're thinking somebody's offing these kids?

OLIVIA

Maybe? But, why though?

CLAIRE

I don't know. Was there such a thing as life insurance? Or do they get more money from the state every time a child dies?

OLIVIA

Oh, wait! I read an article--

CLAIRE

Oh, here we go again--

OLIVIA

About how people used to sell corpses to medical schools for a lot of money back in the day... today... these days.

CLAIRE

Well then, I guess it's a good thing we're meeting a coroner tomorrow. Maybe he'll know more about that.

OLIVIA

Right. Good thinking. I guess we should get to sleep.

SOUND: Olivia sits on the bed and gets under the covers.

CLAIRE

Gosh, Olivia, I can see your ankles. Put those things away!

OLIVIA

Shut up!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: A knock on the door, the Headmistress' footsteps as she approaches the door, the door opens, birds chirping outside.

HEADMISTRESS

Oh, hello, Stuart. So good to see you again, and so soon!

SOUND: Stuart's footsteps as he enters, the door shuts behind him.

STUART

Yes, Beatrice, you're looking red-faced and ravishing today. Oh, who are these lovely ladies?

OLIVIA

Oh, hi... hello, umm, good day. I'm Olivia, this is Claire, we're journalists, doing a piece on--
(whispers)
What was it?

CLAIRE

The greatest orphanages... in the world!

STUART

Ooh, Beatrice, you're going to be a star!

HEADMISTRESS

Oh, Stuart, you flatter me.

STUART
No, you flatter me.

HEADMISTRESS
No no, you are the one who flatters me!

CLAIRE
Should we leave?

HEADMISTRESS
Sorry, I should be on my way... George is really a crow in my pudding these days...

STUART
Well don't let him get to you too much, Beatrice.

HEADMISTRESS
Oh, I never do...

SOUND: The Headmistress and Stuart laugh, the Headmistress' footsteps as she exits.

CLAIRE
(whispers to Olivia)
Did she just wink at him?

OLIVIA
Stuart, we'd love to chat with you about your role in the children's home.

STUART
Well, would you like to see a postmortem examination?

CLAIRE
Yes?

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: The weird, wet sounds of an autopsy.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
So, is it typical for said "post mortem examinations" to be done so close to the kitchen?

STUART
This is where the death occurred.

CLAIRE
Right... this will be a nice image
come lunch time.

OLIVIA
Fascinating.

STUART
My suspicions were correct.
Consumption.

SOUND: Tools being put away.

OLIVIA
Should we be worried?

STUART
No.

CLAIRE
(sarcastic)
That makes me feel better.
(beat)
So... come here often?

STUART
Oh, you know. A few times a wee...
month.

OLIVIA
I'm sorry, was that week or month?

STUART
Month...

CLAIRE
Hey... I hear you can make a pretty
penny selling corpses to medical
students...

OLIVIA
What my associate is trying to say
is... what do you do with the bodies?

STUART
What any typical coroner would do
with the bodies.

CLAIRE
Which is...

SOUND: Stuart retrieves a tool, the sound of a saw cutting
into bone followed by a gross, wet sound.

CLAIRE AND OLIVIA

Ughhhick! God!

STUART

Well, my work here is done. Sorry to rush off, but more dead bodies need examining. Ta-ta!

SOUND: Stuart placing body parts into a bag, tying up the bag, then his footsteps as he exits, a door opens in the distance.

OLIVIA

Not sure if we should be suspicious, or if this is typical behavior for this time period... for a coroner.

CLAIRE

And is it also normal to transport bodies in potato sacks?

OLIVIA

Did the headmistress and the coroner seem rather chummy to you?

CLAIRE

Not to mention Stuart was pretty vague with his answers to our questions.

OLIVIA

You don't think that...

CLAIRE

I'm kind of thinking that...

OLIVIA

But if that's true then...

SOUND: The door slams shut, Olivia and Claire scream.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

William, this is no place for a child!

WILLIAM

Oh, I don't get ill at the sight of blood...

CLAIRE

Well that makes one of us...

WILLIAM

I want to show you something...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: A wooden box being dragged across the hardwood floor, the creaking of the box opening, an object is pulled out, the cloth around the object is unwrapped.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

The creepy old groundskeeper gave this to me... he said it's good luck... and now it's mine.

OLIVIA

Oh, that's... beautiful...

CLAIRE

Is that a crow?

WILLIAM

Yes.

CLAIRE

Did he stuff it himself?

WILLIAM

Yes, he has a whole murder of them in the attic.

CLAIRE

Murder?

OLIVIA

That's what a group of crows is called.

CLAIRE

Is it?

OLIVIA

Well that's very kind of the groundskeeper.

WILLIAM

Yes. I'm his favorite.

CLAIRE

So William, sweetheart... You sucked us through a portal, to the 1890's, made us wear corsets, children are dying all around us, what's the deal?

WILLIAM

I told you, I need your help.

OLIVIA
Help with what?

WILLIAM
Help...

CLAIRE
With... what...

SOUND: The door swings open.

WILLIAM
Get out of here George!

SOUND: George's footsteps as he runs across the room.

GEORGE
Hey! Give me that!

SOUND: George grabs the stuffed crow out of William's hands.

WILLIAM
No, it's mine! George, give it back.

GEORGE
Make me.

OLIVIA
Come on George, that's not yours,
give it back to William.

GEORGE
You're not my mother!

CLAIRE
No, your mother died in a horrifying
and tragic, freak accident,
specifically related to fire!

GEORGE
How did you know?

SOUND: Th sounds of William and George scuffling, grunting,
and fighting over the crow.

WILLIAM
You give it back this instant!

GEORGE
No!

WILLIAM
Yes!

GEORGE

No!

SOUND: More scuffling and fighting, the sound of someone being punched, George's footsteps as he runs away.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get you! I promise you
William, I will kill you!

SOUND: George's footsteps as he runs out of the room and shuts the door behind him.

WILLIAM

He's had his eye on this ever since
I got it.

OLIVIA

William, are you okay? You're
bleeding.

WILLIAM

I don't mind... it tastes good...

CLAIRE

Uhhhhh....

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: Children playing outside, birds chirping.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

They're in a gated outdoor area, why
do they have to be on leashes?

OLIVIA

1890s?

CLAIRE

(whisper)

Hey, what's the headmistress doing
with the creepy old man over there?

OLIVIA

It looks like she's watching him...
dig a hole? Like you do.

CLAIRE

Oh, and he just tossed that potato
sack in it like it's not holding the
corpse of a small child.

OLIVIA
And they just do it so nonchalantly
out in the open during sunshine time.

CLAIRE
How many unmarked graves do you think
are out there?

OLIVIA
Oh, hurry, she's leaving. Let's follow
her!

CLAIRE
Okay, Nancy Drew, lead the way.

SOUND: Their footsteps as they walk through grass.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

OLIVIA
(whispers)
Isn't this the hole William told us
about?

CLAIRE
(whispers)
Shh. She's talking to someone.

HEADMISTRESS
(muffled)
You need to stop these killings, at
least until these journalists are
gone, they'll get suspicious. Don't
look at me like that, you're lucky I
haven't thrown you out with the
beggars.

SOUND: A metal hatch closing, the Headmistress' footsteps
getting closer.

OLIVIA
(whispers)
She's coming! Hide!

SOUND: Olivia and Claire shuffle into a hiding spot as the
Headmistress' footsteps pass them.

CLAIRE
(whispers)
Let's go see who's in the hole.

SOUND: Olivia and Claire's footsteps as they slowly approach the hole, until... a long scream from outside followed by the sound of a body hitting the ground.

EXIT MUSIC.

END OF CHAPTER THREE

CHAPTER FOUR: THE CROW

INTRO MUSIC: American Comedy Horror Story, Orphanage. Chapter Four, The Crow.

SOUND: A long scream from outside followed by the sound of a body hitting the ground.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: A door opening, birds chirping, Olivia and Claire's footsteps approaching the scene, children murmuring, the Headmistress' footsteps approaching the scene.

HEADMISTRESS

What happened? Who is it?

CHILD #1

It's George, he just... fell.

HEADMISTRESS

Consumption.

SOUND: Headmistress' footsteps as she begins to leave.

CLAIRE

Wait, there is no way this is consumption!

HEADMISTRESS

Meh.

SOUND: Headmistress' footsteps as she exits, the door shutting behind her, the children murmuring as they begin to scatter, Olivia and Claire's footsteps as they approach the body followed by the sound of them squatting down to get a closer look.

OLIVIA

What's that in his hands?

CLAIRE

I'm not touching him.

OLIVIA

Oh, come on--

CLAIRE

You come on.

OLIVIA

(gasp)
It's the crow.

SOUND: The children begin playing again in the distance.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: Claire's footsteps as she paces back and forth, the sound of Olivia sitting on the bed.

CLAIRE

Is it just me, or did like everybody
brush that off really quickly?

OLIVIA

Even the kids seemed oddly comfortable
with one of their friends just
dropping dead.

CLAIRE

Do you think he was pushed? Maybe he
was just clumsy? Ooh, maybe it was
suicide!

OLIVIA

You're a little too excited that it
might be suicide.

CLAIRE

Just an idea.

SOUND: Claire's footsteps as she continues to pace.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Why'd you take that crow anyway?

OLIVIA

I feel like it might have something
to do with the murder. Wait, what's
this?

SOUND: Claire's footsteps as she approaches Olivia and comes to a stop.

CLAIRE

Looks like a wind up thing, like a
turn key, right? You know, you wind
it up to make toys dance?

OLIVIA

Oh yeah! It wasn't there when William
showed the bird to us before. Looks
like our William's quite the tinker.
Let's see if it works.

SOUND: Claire slaps Olivia's hand, the crow drops to the floor.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Ow!

CLAIRE

What are you doing?!

OLIVIA

I wanted to see what the bird does!

CLAIRE

You just said, it probably has something to do with the murder.

OLIVIA

Oh yeah.

CLAIRE

You know, for someone who reads a lot--

OLIVIA

--We're quite the team, right?

CLAIRE

Uh huh.

SOUND: Claire sits on the bed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Stuart should be here in the morning, maybe he'll have the necessary tools to open it up?

OLIVIA

Good idea.

CLAIRE

Well, it makes me feel comfortable knowing we get to sleep with it. Can we just wrap it up at least? It's staring at me.

OLIVIA

Oh, is Claire scared of a little birdy?

CLAIRE

Olivia.

OLIVIA

You know it's dead right?

SOUND: The crow being wrapped up in something.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

CLAIRE

So, William, sweetheart... another day, another death. How ya feeling?

WILLIAM

I don't mind... it was George, after all.

OLIVIA

William! That's a terrible thing to say, even about someone you don't like.

WILLIAM

But it's true... God doesn't like liars.

CLAIRE

Anyway... Did any of the kids tell you what they saw?

WILLIAM

Well, they were playing on the landing, like they tend to do, and then George suddenly started convulsing and fell.

OLIVIA

Did you know he was holding the crow when he died?

WILLIAM

Oh... I told him not to take it.

SOUND: A knock on the door, the Headmistress' footsteps as she approaches, the door opens, birds chirping.

STUART

I'm baaaaaaack!

SOUND: Children's footsteps as they run down the stairs.

CHILDREN

Stuart! Yay, Stuart! Stuart!

HEADMISTRESS

Stuart, darling, got a live one for you... so to speak.

SOUND: Stuart's footsteps as he enters, the door shutting behind him.

CLAIRE
(whispers)
Odd time to be making jokes.

STUART
Consumption?

HEADMISTRESS
Consumption. We stuffed him in the infirmary, it seemed his presence was upsetting the children.

STUART
Well, let's go take a look inside.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: Gross, weird sounds of an autopsy, Olivia and Claire's footsteps as they approach, Olivia and Claire gagging.

STUART (CONT'D)
Oh, ladies, back for more?

CLAIRE
Unfortunately.

OLIVIA
Actually, we need your help with something.

SOUND: The sound of Olivia unwrapping something, the wet sound of Stuart shaking off his hands.

STUART
Oooh. Bird. No thanks, I already ate. Ha ha ha ha ha!

CLAIRE
You're a hoot.

STUART
Oh you flutter me...

CLAIRE
I'm just trying to Woo-ster you...

STUART
Well, don't crane your neck too hard...

CLAIRE
That was a bit of a stretch.

STUART
Sorry, I'm a bit flighty today. Ha ha.

OLIVIA
Don't you mean, caw caw?
(beat)
Anyway, we think this bird had something to do with the death--

STUART
Oh, I highly doubt it, this is classic consumption, but let me take a look at that.

SOUND: Stuart grabs the crow out of Olivia's hands.

OLIVIA
Wait, no, we're concerned it's a weapon--

STUART
Oh, looks like one of those newfangled wind up toys. Wonder what it does.

CLAIRE
Wait!

OLIVIA
You really need to be careful--

SOUND: Cranking of the turnkey on the crow until... POOF!
Olivia and Claire gasp followed by Stuart coughing, gurgling, choking, suffocating, dying.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Oh my gosh... ew!

CLAIRE
Oh, oh.

OLIVIA
Oh, God.

CLAIRE
Oh my God, should we do something?

OLIVIA
Can we help him?

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Oh, don't grab that--

SOUND: Tools falling to the floor, Stuart collapses, followed by silence.

CLAIRE
Okay, I think he's-

SOUND: Stuart starting to gurgle and gasp again.

OLIVIA
Oh! Oh, are you-- Stuart?

CLAIRE
Stuart?

OLIVIA
Oh, that's not supposed to be that color.

CLAIRE
Mmm, nope. Yeah... Oh, God.

OLIVIA
Can I turn around please? Let me know when it's done?

SOUND: Stuart's final breath as he dies.

CLAIRE
Oh my gosh.

OLIVIA
Oh my gosh.

CLAIRE
Well, we tried to warn him.

OLIVIA
Yeah....

CLAIRE
Someone totally turned that bird into a weapon.

OLIVIA
So, the question is... who added that turnkey?

WILLIAM
What's going on?

SOUND: Olivia and Claire gasp.

CLAIRE
William, how long have you been there?

WILLIAM
I heard a crash.

OLIVIA
It's not safe, don't get any closer.

WILLIAM
Oh. The crow...

OLIVIA
William, did you add that turnkey to
the crow?

WILLIAM
It had a hole and the creepy old man
fixed it for me.

OLIVIA
Hmm.

CLAIRE
Where can we find him again?

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: Birds chirping, Olivia and Claire's footsteps as they
walk through grass.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Typical. A Creepy old man who lives
in a shed.

SOUND: Olivia and Claire's footsteps come to a stop, knocking
on the shed door, the sound of several wooden bolts being
unlocked, the door creaking open slightly.

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes?

OLIVIA
Hi, umm...creepy, umm...sir... we
just wanted to ask you some questions.

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes?

SOUND: The door opens wider, Olivia and Claire's footsteps
as they enter the shed.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: Olivia and Claire's footsteps as they enter the shed, the door shutting behind them. The Creepy Old Man's footsteps as he moves to a table and pulls out the chairs.

CLAIRE

This is cozy...

CREEPY OLD MAN

Yes.

SOUND: They all sit.

OLIVIA

So, I see you have a nice collection of dead birds.

CREEPY OLD MAN

Yes.

OLIVIA

Well, I have to tell you that one of your birds was used as a murder weapon.

CREEPY OLD MAN

Yes...

CLAIRE

You knew?

CREEPY OLD MAN

Yes...

CLAIRE

Well, how come you didn't say anything? Or stop it? Who are you working for?!

OLIVIA

This isn't 'Law and Order,' calm down, you're not helping.

CREEPY OLD MAN

Yes.

OLIVIA

We're just, confused as to why you knew about this and didn't do anything.

CREEPY OLD MAN

Yes.

CLAIRE
 Okay, this is clearly not going
 anywhere.

SOUND: A book is slid across the table.

OLIVIA
 A book? You read?

CREEPY OLD MAN
 Yes!

CLAIRE
 I think he wants us to take it.

CREEPY OLD MAN
 Yes!

OLIVIA
 Okay...

SOUND: The book opens, flipping through pages.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 Oh, it's handwritten.

CLAIRE
 1890s...

OLIVIA
 Looks like some sort of journal.

SOUND: A page is turned.

CREEPY OLD MAN
 No.

SOUND: A page is turned.

CREEPY OLD MAN (CONT'D)
 No.

SOUND: A page is turned.

CREEPY OLD MAN (CONT'D)
 No.

SOUND: A page is turned.

CREEPY OLD MAN (CONT'D)
 No!

SOUND: A page is turned.

CREEPY OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Yes.

 CLAIRE

I think he wants us to stop here.

 CREEPY OLD MAN

Yes.

 OLIVIA

 (reading)

May 21st, 1881. Dr. Wilkinson has taken it too far. His obsessions with our theories have tainted his mind and led him to become desperate. I'm worried for his safety and his poor child.

 CLAIRE

What does this have to do with anything?

 CREEPY OLD MAN

Yes. Yes...

SOUND: A page is turned.

 CREEPY OLD MAN (CONT'D)

No.

SOUND: A page is turned.

 CREEPY OLD MAN (CONT'D)

No.

 OLIVIA

Okay, okay, stop poking.

SOUND: A page is turned.

 CREEPY OLD MAN

Yes!

 OLIVIA

 (reading)

December 8th 1883. I am beginning to doubt the morality of the machine we are developing. I told him I may need to step away from this project. He hasn't slept in days. I came to check in on his child who had been left alone for nearly two weeks. That house smelled of rotten food. The child was in a bad state.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
he killed his own cat. Didn't even
seem upset by it.

CLAIRE
Okay... Now we're getting somewhere.

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes.

SOUND: A page is turned.

CREEPY OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Yes!

OLIVIA
(reading)
November 12th 1884. Flames. I can't
get those flames out of my head.

SOUND: The book slams shut.

CLAIRE
I guess we're done with that book.

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes.

OLIVIA
Okay. Do we know this person?

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes!

SOUND: A knock on the door.

HEADMISTRESS
(from outside)
Hello in there!

SOUND: The sound of the Creepy Old Man standing then shuffling
and pushing Olivia and Claire.

OLIVIA
What are you doing?

CLAIRE
Let go! What are we-- What is
happening?

OLIVIA
What is going on? Why are you hiding
us?

SOUND: A wardrobe opens, the Creepy Old Man shoves Olivia and Claire inside.

CLAIRE
Fine, we're going.

OLIVIA
Stop shoving.

CLAIRE
We're going, we're going.

SOUND: The wardrobe door closes, The Creepy Old Man's footsteps as he approaches the door then opens it.

HEADMISTRESS
Were you talking to someone in there?

CREEPY OLD MAN
No...

HEADMISTRESS
Anyway, there's been an accident.
You'll need your mop... and your
shovel.

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes.

HEADMISTRESS
Poor, poor Stuart. In another life,
maybe we would've married.

CREEPY OLD MAN
Ye--yes...

HEADMISTRESS
A potato sack won't be big enough
for this one.

CREEPY OLD MAN
No.

SOUND: The Creepy Old Man's footsteps as he gathers his tools, then returns to the Headmistress.

HEADMISTRESS
(whispers)
The murders are getting more frequent.
Should we be worried?

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes.

SOUND: The Creepy Old Man's footsteps as he exits, the door shuts behind him.

EXIT MUSIC.

END OF CHAPTER FOUR

CHAPTER FIVE: SUNSHINE TIME

INTRO MUSIC: American Comedy Horror Story, Orphanage. Chapter Five, Sunshine Time.

SOUND: Olivia and Claire's footsteps as they pace back and forth.

CLAIRE

Oh my gosh. What the--

OLIVIA

I know! Did you see that the creepy old man had a first edition of 'Great Expectations?'

CLAIRE

No!

OLIVIA

It feels like we're at a fun murder mystery dinner party!

CLAIRE

Except we're not at a party! And we're not having dinner! And it's not fun!

OLIVIA

Okay, okay, okay. Let's gather the facts.

CLAIRE

Here are the facts: Murderous orphanage. Everyone's in on it. And nobody seems to care. Screw helping this kid, let's just get out of here!

OLIVIA

But we were brought here for a reason. We have to help William.

CLAIRE

We don't have to do anything. We are mediums, not Sherlock Holmes. And this corset. Seriously. I'm done.

OLIVIA

How are you not curious about it all? And, I mean, that journal?

CLAIRE

Who cares? The past is the past, there's nothing we can do to change it.

OLIVIA
 We need to find out who wrote it.
 Time travel? Mediums? Maybe there's
 someone here who knows how we can
 get back home.

SOUND: The door creaks open, Olivia and Claire scream.

WILLIAM
 Hope I'm not... interrupting.

CLAIRE
 Goddammit William! You're always
 interrupting! Stop doing that!

OLIVIA
 Hey, sweetheart. Don't worry about
 her.

WILLIAM
 What's that book in your hands?

OLIVIA
 Oh. Nothing.

WILLIAM
 Then why did you just hide it behind
 your back?

CLAIRE
 It's an... adult book.

WILLIAM
 Oh... okay... see you in the
 morning... sweet dreams...

SOUND: The door slowly creaks shut.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: A whistle blows loudly.

HEADMISTRESS
 Come here, you little cretins!
 Inspection time!

SOUND: Children's footsteps as they run down the stairs.

OLIVIA
 What's going on here?

SOUND: Olivia and Claire's footsteps as they walk downstairs.

CHILDREN
Our new parents are coming!

CLAIRE
(under breath)
Not if you get murdered first.

SOUND: Olivia punches Claire in the gut.

HEADMISTRESS
Ever since word got round that
Stuart... passed... the public seems
distressed. They're asking questions,
so we're having an open house to
prove we have nothing to hide.

CLAIRE
Except for multiple deaths in three
days.

SOUND: Olivia punches Claire in the gut.

OLIVIA
Oh, how exciting.

CHILD #2
And our new parents are coming!

CLAIRE
Mmm, hmm....

WILLIAM
Don't be silly, no one ever gets
adopted here.

CHILDREN
Yes we do! Yes we do! Yes we do!

SOUND: The Headmistress claps loudly.

HEADMISTRESS
Quiet! Stand up straight! Let me
have a look at you.

SOUND: The children's footsteps and murmuring as they shuffle
into place, the Headmistress' footsteps as she slowly inspects
them.

HEADMISTRESS (CONT'D)
Reginald... yes.

REGINALD
Yes!

HEADMISTRESS
Bernard... sure

BERNARD
Yes!

HEADMISTRESS
Godfried... no.

GODFRIED
Not again. I promise I'll be less
pudgy.

HEADMISTRESS
Up to your room now, and don't make
a peep.

SOUND: Godfried's footsteps as he slowly exits.

CHILDREN
Bye, Godfried! Bye, Godfried! Bye,
Godfried!

SOUND: Headmistress' footsteps as she continues her
inspection.

HEADMISTRESS
William... you stick by me.
Simon...yes. Gerald... yes. Where
is everyone else?

CHILD #2
They're dead headmistress.

HEADMISTRESS
Oh...right. Okay everyone, places!
And be on your best behavior... or
else...

SOUND: A knock on the door, the sound of the children
excitedly getting into place and straightening up, the
Headmistress' footsteps as she walks to the front door, the
front door opens.

HEADMISTRESS (CONT'D)
Welcome! Come meet my little angels.

SOUND: Shuffling and excitement from the children, footsteps
as the guests enter the orphanage.

HEADMISTRESS (CONT'D)
Welcome, welcome.

ADULT #1

Thank you for opening your doors for us.

ADULT #2

This should be interesting...

SOUND: The door shuts.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: Birds chirping, the sounds of children playing.

OLIVIA

Oh, I really do hope they all get adopted. What a turnout!

CLAIRE

They're just here for the drama. I mean, why is that 90-year-old priest coming to an orphanage full of little boys?

(realizing)

Oh... oh...

OLIVIA

Yeah... let's keep an eye on him.

CLAIRE

Looks like the Headmistress is suddenly being very generous with the sunshine time.

OLIVIA

Look how happy Reginald is with that couple, they seem nice!

SOUND: Reginald's footsteps and the footsteps of the couple approaching.

WOMAN

So what do you enjoy doing for fun Reginald?

REGINALD

Well, when I'm not in the hole, I like counting the roaches that scuttle across the kitchen floor.

WOMAN

What's the hole?

HEADMISTRESS

Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, have you
seen our garden?

CLAIRE

(under breath)

You mean the graveyard...

SOUND: Olivia punches Claire in the gut, the footsteps of
the Headmistress and the couple as they exit.

HEADMISTRESS

(Over her shoulder,
through her teeth)

Reginald, upstairs.

REGINALD

Aw... shucks.

SOUND: Reginald's footsteps as he exits, children playing,
the Priest's footsteps as he approaches.

PRIEST

Hello ladies.

CLAIRE

Hello... father...

PRIEST

You're new in town.

OLIVIA

Ah, yes, we're reporters from New
York City.

PRIEST

Is that right? And what brings you
to our lovely town.

CLAIRE

Well we were sucked into--

OLIVIA

--Sucked into doing a story by our
editor about the best orphanages in
the world!

PRIEST

Oh. I wouldn't consider the "Home
for Boys who have lost their parents
in horrifying and tragic, freak
accidents, specifically related to
fire" to be one of our finer
establishments.

CLAIRE
Oh yeah? Why's that?

PRIEST
Well, how much time do you have?

FULL SHOT
Possibly eternity...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: Birds chirping.

PRIEST
I actually grew up with Beatrice, we might have even held hands at the watermelon faire. This was before I was ordained, of course.

CLAIRE
Oh, you scoundrel.

OLIVIA
How involved are you with the children's home?

PRIEST
Well, about seven years ago, Beatrice called me concerned about one of her boys who was exhibiting, shall we say, rather sadistic tendencies. She tried doctors, and they all recommended a...

CLAIRE
(under breath)
I think he's gonna die.

PRIEST
...a priest.

OLIVIA
You mean, for an exorcism?

PRIEST
Indeed. It seemed the devil may have been at play here. So I came here to observe him and we decided...

CLAIRE
Priest? Are you okay?

PRIEST

...Let's just play it safe and do the exorcism.

CLAIRE AND OLIVIA

1890s.

PRIEST

Poor child was somewhat...

OLIVIA

(under breath)

It's like, I want to ask him more questions, but honestly...

CLAIRE

(under breath)

I mean, we have nothing else to do...

PRIEST

...Neglected. Beatrice said he even killed his own cat. Three years old.

CLAIRE

Really?

PRIEST

You know, I never saw Beatrice working in a place like this.

OLIVIA

What do you mean?

PRIEST

Oh, she was actually a brilliant scientist in her day. Especially for a woman. Can you imagine? Ha ha! A woman scientist? Ha ha! Next thing you know, they'll be wearing trousers!

SOUND: Olivia and Claire laugh awkwardly as the Priest coughs.

CLAIRE

We'll let that one slide... Because I'm pretty sure you're about to drop dead.

OLIVIA

(under breath)

Claire!

CLAIRE

(under breath)

What?!

OLIVIA

She wouldn't happen to have been studying time travel?

PRIEST

Yes! Oh, that's right you're journalists, I'm sure you heard about her and Dr. Wilkinson. All that poppycock and bubbly-jock got him killed.

CLAIRE

In a fire, right?

PRIEST

Yes, they're still not quite sure what happened.

OLIVIA

Our research stopped there as well. Too bad.

PRIEST

That child's going to be the death of her. And it's such a shame because she took to him like none other. He's practically a son to her.

SOUND: Footsteps approaching in the grass.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Oh, here's our little devil child now.

WILLIAM

Hello father. It's not often we're *blessed* with your presence.

EXIT MUSIC

END OF CHAPTER FIVE

CHAPTER SIX: MAN OF GOD

INTRO MUSIC: American Comedy Horror Story, Orphanage. Chapter Six, Man of God.

SOUND: A door slams, Olivia and Claire's footsteps cross the room.

OLIVIA

Well that priest seems nice.

CLAIRE

(deep breath)

There was a lot of information just dropped on us, and all you have to say is that priest seemed nice?

OLIVIA

Oh... I see what you're saying... sorry. So... This journal is Beatrice's, William is like a son to her, William is a devil child--

CLAIRE

And he's probably murdering everyone in this orphanage.

OLIVIA

Yup.

CLAIRE

So... are we still trying to save him or can we go somewhere else that's less CSI: Orphanage?

OLIVIA

No! I think William meant he wanted us to save him, like, spiritually.

CLAIRE

The priest already tried that--

OLIVIA

But it didn't work, and now it's up to us! We're his only hope!

CLAIRE

Why is saving this one kid so important? Let's save ourselves instead, how about that? And then when we get back you can save all the kids in Africa for a dollar a day.

OLIVIA

But maybe William will grow up to cure cancer or something.

CLAIRE

Or, he grows up to be a charismatic, handsome, young man, who travels from city to city, seducing women who all have the same body type as the headmistress, and strangles them in their sleep, then cuts their bodies up into tiny pieces, and bakes those pieces into a pie and feeds those pies to his next victim!

OLIVIA

Or... Maybe, he cures cancer... I mean, it's worth a try!

CLAIRE

Is it though?

SOUND: A blood-curdling scream from downstairs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Ah, there's your future cancer-curer now. I wonder what that could be.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: Olivia and Claire's footsteps as they walk downstairs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Wanna take bets it's the pudgy kid?

OLIVIA

Shhh.

SOUND: Adults and children murmuring.

WOMAN

He was just... eating cake... and then he started convulsing... and then he collapsed... you don't think it's...

HEADMISTRESS

Consumption. Poor Godfried. Wasn't even supposed to be downstairs.

CLAIRE

Told ya.

ADULT #1
 (whispers)
 The rumors are true.

ADULT #2
 (whispers)
 It's not safe here.

HEADMISTRESS
 No, no, everything's fine. He was
 showing symptoms so we kept him
 upstairs. It's unfortunate but
 expected in this day and age.

CLAIRE
 (whispers)
 I feel like it would be so easy to
 be a serial killer in the 1890s.

OLIVIA
 (whispers)
 Oh my gosh, I was literally just
 thinking that.

SOUND: Footsteps of the adult guests as they begin to leave,
 the front door opens.

HEADMISTRESS
 Well, thanks for coming! Sorry about
 the death.

SOUND: The front door closes, the sounds of disappointment
 from the children.

HEADMISTRESS (CONT'D)
 Upstairs all of you. Partner up for
 lice inspection.

SOUND: Children's footsteps as they run upstairs, the Priest's
 footsteps approaching.

PRIEST
 Beatrice. A word.

SOUND: The Headmistress and Priest's footsteps as they exit.

CLAIRE
 This is worth eavesdropping on.

OLIVIA
 It sounds like they have a lot to
 work out. I think we should give
 them their privacy.

CLAIRE

Olivia. There have been murders. I think it's our duty to eavesdrop on everyone.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

PRIEST

(muted)

You told me everything was under...

CLAIRE

Oh, God--

OLIVIA

--Here we go again.

PRIEST

(muted)

...Control. How many other deaths have there been?

HEADMISTRESS

(muted)

Oh... umm... I lost count.

PRIEST

(muted)

Beatrice! We're talking about human lives.

HEADMISTRESS

(muted)

Oh, they're just orphans.

PRIEST

(muted)

You've evolved into this shrewish...

CLAIRE

I mean, are they the same age?

PRIEST

(muted)

...Horror...

CLAIRE

Like, he seems a lot older, right?

OLIVIA

Supposedly they held hands at the watermelon faire?

PRIEST

(muted)
...Of a...

CLAIRE

I mean, was he like thirty and she was like twelve?

PRIEST

(muted)
...Woman. You used to care about the children.

HEADMISTRESS

(muted)
No, I've always hated children.

PRIEST

(muted)
Beatrice...

HEADMISTRESS

(muted)
Well, most children.

PRIEST

(muted)
Beatrice...

HEADMISTRESS

(muted)
What do you want from me? He's like my own son! You can't imagine what it's like living with him! Protecting him! Knowing that something is wrong deep down inside of him!

PRIEST

(muted)
There's this new institution for children whose parents...

CLAIRE

He's still going. He's still going, isn't he?

PRIEST

(muted)
...Died tragically in a fire-related catastrophe...

OLIVIA

Why are the names of these institutions, like, so long?

PRIEST

(muted)

...And have since become...

CLAIRE

And literal.

OLIVIA

Literal.

CLAIRE

Literal-literal.

PRIEST

(muted)

...Clinically insane. In fact, that's what it's called. It's just in the next town over.

HEADMISTRESS

(muted)

No. You're not taking him away from me. He's all I have left.

CLAIRE

And at this rate, soon, he really will be the only one left.

PRIEST

(muted)

You're not thinking straight. He's a sinner of the worst kind. He's been murdering all the children!

CLAIRE

I guess *everybody's* in on this?

OLIVIA

Shh.

HEADMISTRESS

(muted)

And if we send him away, I'll never see him again. So, respectfully father... please leave.

PRIEST

(muted)

But Beatrice, you need help. You are in over your head. If you don't eradicate this problem now, it will be far too late to turn back.

HEADMISTRESS

I believe our conversation is finished.

SOUND: Warped sound of the Priest's footsteps approaching, a door opens, Olivia and Claire's footsteps as they run away from the door.

CLAIRE AND OLIVIA

Doo doo doo. La la la la.

SOUND: The Priest's footsteps as he exits, mumbling under his breath.

CLAIRE

I bet you the Priest dies next.

SOUND: The Headmistress' footsteps as she approaches.

HEADMISTRESS

Oh, hello ladies. Can I help you?

OLIVIA

Can we help you?

HEADMISTRESS

No one can help me.

CLAIRE

Okay, see ya later.

SOUND: The Headmistress' footsteps as she exits.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

So... review.

OLIVIA

We need to save William, so that Beatrice can keep him.

CLAIRE

It is beyond me how we can keep having two completely different takes on the same information. He's a murderer! We need to save everybody else, but William.

OLIVIA

Remember when you had that dog you rescued that was a living nightmare--

CLAIRE

Don't you dare.

OLIVIA

And remember how everyone wanted you
to take him into the woods--

CLAIRE

Don't you dare bring that up!

OLIVIA

All I'm saying is, that dog is
William. And you're Beatrice.

CLAIRE

That may be the most profound thing
you've ever said.

(beat)

Okay, how do we save him.

OLIVIA

Let's go find the priest before he
leaves.

CLAIRE

Or dies.

OLIVIA

Ha.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: Birds chirping, Olivia and Claire's footsteps as they
run down a road.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Father, wait!

PRIEST

Oh, good day ladies.

CLAIRE

Cut the crap. We overheard you talking
to the headmistress about sending
William to the loony bin and we think
you need to do it. Now. Immediately.
Pronto. Ahora. A présent.

PRIEST

Well then you heard that there's...

SOUND: Olivia snapping.

OLIVIA

Okay, come on!

CLAIRE
We really don't have time for this.

OLIVIA
Oh my God, Oh my God, Oh my God.

PRIEST
...Nothing I can do. Beatrice...

CLAIRE
Literally, people are dying.

OLIVIA
I'm about to drop dead.

PRIEST
...Is as stubborn as a mule...

CLAIRE
We got it, we got it. We just, we need to keep moving here.

PRIEST
...With a silver coin...

OLIVIA
Yep, got it.

PRIEST
...Stuck in its hoof...

OLIVIA
Sounds wonderful.

PRIEST
...On Boxing Day...

CLAIRE
Amazing metaphor, thank you.

PRIEST
...Morning.

OLIVIA
Well, sure. But, it's the only hope for William.

CLAIRE
And everybody else. More so.

PRIEST
What would you have me do? Kidnap him?

CLAIRE
Oh, we didn't think of that. Sure.

PRIEST
I am a man of God.

CLAIRE
But we're not...

PRIEST
Are you winking at me?

CLAIRE
Yeah...

PRIEST
I'm a man of God....

CLAIRE
Not like that Father.

PRIEST
Oh... Okay... Let's do this.

EXIT MUSIC.

END OF CHAPTER SIX

CHAPTER SEVEN: CHARADES

INTRO MUSIC: American Comedy Horror Story, Orphanage. Chapter Seven, Charades.

OLIVIA
Rope?

CLAIRE
Check.

OLIVIA
Potato sack?

CLAIRE
Check.

OLIVIA
Rag soaked in Chloroform.

CLAIRE
Check. That was actually very easy to acquire.

OLIVIA
And now we wait for the Priest's cue.

CLAIRE
What was that again?

OLIVIA
When he quotes Eccliasties 1:13.

CLAIRE
Okay... I'm assuming you know that verse.

OLIVIA
Of course, it's--

SOUND: The heavy thud of a body collapsing just outside the door.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Never mind...

SOUND: Olivia and Claire's footsteps as they tip-toe toward the door, the door creaks open.

CLAIRE
Oh, hey, sugar love.

WILLIAM
The Priest had a fall.

OLIVIA

I see that.

WILLIAM

I was gonna roll him down the stairs.

OLIVIA

You go play, it's sunshine time.
We'll tend to him.

WILLIAM

Hope you don't mind the--

CLAIRE AND OLIVIA

Sight of blood, we know.

CLAIRE

And we do mind.

SOUND: William's footsteps as he runs downstairs.

OLIVIA

Okay, grab his feet.

SOUND: Olivia and Claire's footsteps as they approach the Priest's body.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

One, two, three.

SOUND: Olivia and Claire grunting as they drag his body down the hallway.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: The door shuts, Olivia and Claire's footsteps as they re-enter the room, Claire sits on the bed.

CLAIRE

So, there went that idea.

OLIVIA

We just need to figure out a different way to get William into that institution.

SOUND: A knock on the door, Olivia's footsteps as she moves toward the door, the door opens.

CLAIRE

Oh, perfect timing. The priest wanted to see you.

OLIVIA
Honestly Claire?

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes? No...

OLIVIA
So, we have some things to discuss,
don't we?

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes.

SOUND: The Creepy Old Man's footsteps as he enters the room,
the door shuts behind, Olivia sits on the bed.

CLAIRE
We know the journal you gave us was
Beatrice's.

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes...

OLIVIA
And that William is a psychopath.

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes.

OLIVIA
So, any ideas?

SOUND: Footsteps and shuffling as the Creepy Old Man begins
moving around.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
This is not the time to be playing
charades. Although I do love that
game and would love to play with you
another time.

CLAIRE
I think he's trying to tell us
something.

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes.

CLAIRE
Wait, so you can read but you can't
write?

OLIVIA
Oh, okay, okay. Five words. First
word. Seizure? Oh, consumption!

CREEPY OLD MAN

No.

OLIVIA

Hey, you can't talk!

CLAIRE

Olivia. I just... Anyway, first word, surprise? Scared? Crazy!

CREEPY OLD MAN

No!

OLIVIA

Oh! Danger!

CREEPY OLD MAN

Yes!

CLAIRE

What? How did you get that?

OLIVIA

I'm really good at charades. Okay, wait, let me get a piece of paper.

CLAIRE

You can't remember five words?

OLIVIA

Alright. Second word. High five.

CLAIRE

Stop.

OLIVIA

Stop what? I am just playing this game like everyone else.

CLAIRE

No, the second word is stop.

CREEPY OLD MAN

Yes.

OLIVIA

Okay, what was the first word?

CLAIRE

For God's sake, Olivia. Danger, stop.

OLIVIA

Ooh, now it's getting interesting.
Third word... What's he doing between
his legs?

CLAIRE

He's making a little penis with his
finger? Umm...Creepy Old Man?

CREEPY OLD MAN

No!

SOUND: The Creepy Old Man groaning as he struggles to think.

OLIVIA

Boy, maybe?

CREEPY OLD MAN

Yes!

CLAIRE

Oh! Oh... William!

OLIVIA

Danger stop William?

CREEPY OLD MAN

Yes!

OLIVIA

Okay, two more words to go. Third
word...

CLAIRE

No, fourth word. Dammit, Olivia!

OLIVIA

This is the highest stakes game of
charades I've ever played!

CLAIRE

Okay. Umm... rowing ...boat? Oh,
lost at sea!

OLIVIA

That's three words! Oh, oh, he's
pointing to the sticks you use when
you're rowing a boat!

CLAIRE

Oar?

CREEPY OLD MAN

Yes!!

OLIVIA
 Danger, stop William's oar... do you
 think that word means something
 different in this time?

SOUND: The Creepy Old Man groaning in frustration.

CLAIRE
 I think he means O-R, or.

CREEPY OLD MAN
 (annoyed)
 Yes.

OLIVIA
 Okay, last word.

SOUND: The Creepy Old Man makes choking noises.

CLAIRE
 Oh, boy. I hope that last word isn't
 'die.'

CREEPY OLD MAN
 Yes!

OLIVIA
 Danger, stop William or die. Great.

CLAIRE
 Okay, cool. How do we do that?

SOUND: More shuffling from the Creepy Old Man.

OLIVIA
 Fifteen words... First word...

CLAIRE
 As much as I love charades, there's
 gotta be a better way to do this.

SOUND: The sound of the Creepy Old Man moving to fetch
 something from a bag.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 A book? Could this have been helpful
 before the charades?

SOUND: The sound of grabbing the book.

OLIVIA
 "Time Travel Portals and You: How to
 use Mediums to Open Up Portals and
 Travel Through Time" By Dr. William
 Wilkinson.

CLAIRE
Dr. William Wilkinson? That's
William's father!

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes.

OLIVIA
As honest journalists, we don't
believe in these poppycock mediums.

SOUND: The Creepy Old Man groaning in frustration.

CLAIRE
Olivia, I'm pretty sure he's somehow
figured out where we're from.

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes...

OLIVIA
Okay, we'll table that.

CLAIRE
I'm taking this corset off.

SOUND: The sounds of Olivia and Claire removing their dresses and corsets, clothing being tossed onto the floor, they sigh in relief, the book opens, flipping through the pages.

OLIVIA
Wait a second, I remember hearing
about this book on 'Antiquated Aliens'--

CLAIRE
I told you to stop watching that
crap--

OLIVIA
And how controversial it was because
the author was suggesting that in
order to travel through time and
open portals, one needed the vessel
of a clairvoyant, or medium to do
so. He made it sound like they needed
to be murdered and worn like a coat.

CLAIRE
Well that explains why Beatrice wanted
to step away from the project.

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes.

OLIVIA
Has William seen this book?

CREEPY OLD MAN
Yes.

CLAIRE
Ah. I think I know why we're here.
We've been duped!

OLIVIA
Well let's not jump to conclusions.

CLAIRE
By the way, good sir, how do you
know all of this?

SOUND: The Creepy Old Man begins shuffling around again.

OLIVIA
Twenty two words, first word...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: Night crickets chirping.

OLIVIA
Thanks again, bye!

SOUND: The door shuts.

CLAIRE
So... Should we be insulted that
we're not the first mediums William
has sucked through a portal to the
1890's.

OLIVIA
More so, should we be worried that
all those previous mediums have been
murdered?

CLAIRE
Okay, first step, let's go find
Beatrice. If we can't convince her,
we'll just call the institution
ourselves.

OLIVIA
I still feel bad.

CLAIRE
Well that's stupid.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: Night crickets chirping, a knock on the door.

HEADMISTRESS
(muted)
Come in.

SOUND: The door opens, Olivia and Claire's footsteps as they enter then sit down.

HEADMISTRESS (CONT'D)
How can I help you?

CLAIRE
So, we know William's a cold-blooded
murderer.

OLIVIA
But he's a very sweet boy! And we
want him to get help!

HEADMISTRESS
Is it that obvious? I knew this day
would come. And in front of
journalists nonetheless.

CLAIRE
That being said. Since we're
journalists from the big city, we
know a thing or two about...things.

OLIVIA
Have you ever heard of therapy?

HEADMISTRESS
Oh, you mean like that genius Freud?

CLAIRE
Well... there are differing opinions
of his genius status... back where
we're from.

HEADMISTRESS
Look, I've tried talking to William.
I used to dabble in science myself.

CLAIRE
We know.

OLIVIA

There are different institutions. We can find a more sanitary one--

CLAIRE

Listen, lady. He's killed, what like, four, six people just since we've been here. We're beyond asking you for permission. Just help us bag the kid and stick him in a loony bin.

HEADMISTRESS

You don't understand. He's all I have! I owe it to his father!

CLAIRE

Do you though?

OLIVIA

What my associate is trying to say, is... we understand, but, he is a danger to himself and others.

CLAIRE

Understatement. If you're not working with us, you're working against us!

HEADMISTRESS

He'll die in those places.

OLIVIA

Eventually... we all die. So...he?

SOUND: The Headmistress sighs heavily.

CLAIRE

Listen...I had a dog once...

OLIVIA

Claire you don't have to--

CLAIRE

No. I do. And he bit children in the face...like a lot. I tried training him, I tried punishing him, I tried rewarding him... and eventually, after being sued multiple times, I realized, that for his own good, I needed to put him some place where people more qualified to take care of him could.

SOUND: The Headmistress quietly sobbing.

HEADMISTRESS

I know. I know it's best for him.
And for us all. I'm just so terrified
of being alone.

OLIVIA

But you won't be alone! You have
Stua--

SOUND: The Headmistress sobs.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Oh... well, you have the priest--

SOUND: The Headmistress sobs louder.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Hmm... you have the creepy old man!

SOUND: The Headmistress sobs even louder.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And those remaining children that
aren't dead!

SOUND: The Headmistress sobbing, then after moment--

HEADMISTRESS

I guess you're right. It's time I
take responsibility. How do we do
it.

EXIT MUSIC

END OF CHAPTER SEVEN

CHAPTER EIGHT: THE HOLE

INTRO MUSIC: American Comedy Horror Story, Orphanage. Chapter Eight, The Hole.

SOUND: A metal hatch opening.

OLIVIA
Hey buddy. How's the hole?

WILLIAM
(muted)
Cold and dark... just the way I like it.

CLAIRE
Yeah... us too... Can we come down?

SOUND: The sounds of Olivia and Claire climbing down a ladder into the hole, the hatch closes behind them, water dripping, the scurrying of rats.

OLIVIA
Oh, gosh, that dampness really hits you right away, doesn't it? It's like I can just smell the mold growing.

CLAIRE
(sarcastic)
And I doubt those rats have diseases.

WILLIAM
Oh, they leave you alone as long as you're not bleeding.

OLIVIA
So, it's been quite an eventful few days. How ya feeling?

WILLIAM
Feeling?

CLAIRE
Yeah. You feel anything? Remorse? Sadness? Excitement?

WILLIAM
No. I don't feel.

OLIVIA
Okay, thank you for being honest.

WILLIAM
I guess I'm getting scared.

OLIVIA
Scared? Why?

WILLIAM
My death is nearing.

OLIVIA
You know that?

WILLIAM
Of course I do.

CLAIRE
Look, let's just stop beating around
the bush. We know that you know and
you know that we know that you know.
So how come you haven't just killed
us to use our bodies as time machines?

WILLIAM
Why would I kill you?

SOUND: The creaking of floorboards from above.

OLIVIA
That's what your father said to do
in his book. We know you've studied
it front and back.

WILLIAM
Well my father was wrong.

SOUND: The metal hatch opens.

HEADMISTRESS
(calling out)
And I gave my heart to seek and search
out by wisdom concerning all things
that are done under heaven.

OLIVIA
Thanks Beatrice, we'll be along in a
minute, just wait up there.

WILLIAM
Oh, Headmistress, can you come down
here please?

HEADMISTRESS
Of course.

CLAIRE
Great, and there goes this plan.

SOUND: Sounds of the Headmistress climbing into the hole, the hatch closes behind her.

WILLIAM

Why are you so flushed, mummy?

HEADMISTRESS

(sobbing)

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. William, you have to understand, this is what's best.

WILLIAM

I know.

HEADMISTRESS

I love you very much.

WILLIAM

I know.

(beat)

Can I have a hug?

HEADMISTRESS

Of course, my dear.

SOUND: The sound of William and the Headmistress hugging, a knife is unsheathed, the sound of William stabbing the Headmistress multiple times, the Headmistress collapsing to the ground then sounds of her gurgling and choking, Olivia and Claire muttering in the background, the Headmistress takes one final breath before dying.

OLIVIA

Oh my gosh, oh my gosh.

CLAIRE

Holy mother effing crap balls!

WILLIAM

Hope I didn't scare you.

CLAIRE

You crazy psychopath! That was basically your mother!

WILLIAM

Merely a means to an end. And it was time for her to end.

OLIVIA

But why? What purpose did that serve?

CLAIRE

Olivia, I think we're beyond finding logic in this devil child.

OLIVIA

I am so disappointed in you right now, William! I mean, those other kids, Stuart, even the priest, I totally understood--

CLAIRE

Uh, what?

OLIVIA

But Beatrice only wanted what was best for you. She helped you this whole time, she protected you, and you literally stabbed her in the back.

CLAIRE

You stay away from us. There are people coming, I bet they're big, and they're going to take you away!

OLIVIA

Give me that knife, William!

SOUND: The sounds of struggling between Olivia and William fighting for the knife.

WILLIAM

Stop it!

OLIVIA

William, give it to me.

WILLIAM

No!

SOUNDS: Olivia and William continue to struggle, the creaking of floorboards and muffled voices from above, the sound of being Olivia stabbing William, William laughing maniacally.

CLAIRE

What. The. Fuck.

SOUND: Creaking of floorboards from above, knocking on the metal hatch.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Olivia, why did you do that? I thought we were just going to send him away!

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You just murdered a child, I know he was a psychopathic murderer, but still, that wasn't the plan. We usually discuss things like this!

SOUND: A low rumbling begins.

OLIVIA

I swear, I swear, I swear. He just, he grabbed, he grabbed my hand and he pushed the knife into him. I swear, I swear, I swear I didn't mean to. Maybe. Maybe it was the only way to stop all of this.

SOUND: The rumbling grows louder, the house begins to shake.

CLAIRE

Oh my gosh, it's happening again! The portal!

WILLIAM

(weird demonic voice)

Finally! My suspicious were correct. All this time I've been killing mediums when I just needed a medium to kill me!

SOUND: William's demonic laugh.

CLAIRE

Olivia! What's going on?

OLIVIA

I feel fuzzy, I feel weird. Claire!

SOUND: A weird sucking noise, the house continues shaking.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

It was the only way, it was the only way, it was the only way...

WILLIAM

(demonic voice)

It was the only way, it was the only way, it was the only way...

SOUND: The rumbling and the shaking of the house slows to a stop.

A long, eerie silence.

SOUND: The sound of dripping water returns.

CLAIRE
Did it work? Are we home?

SOUND: A knock on the metal hatch.

MAN
(muted)
We're here for the boy!

SOUND: The metal hatch opening.

CLAIRE
Olivia? Olivia, where are you?

SOUND: Someone coming down the ladder.

MAN
Ma'am, where is the boy?

CLAIRE
He's...dead...

MAN
Ma'am are you okay? We'll alert the
authorities for you. Come upstairs.
What's your name. Are you the
headmistress?

CLAIRE
Umm...umm...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SOUND: Birds chirping, a plane flies overhead, footsteps on
a porch.

HOMEOWNER
Oh, hello Olivia, did it work? Are
the ghosts out of the house?

OLIVIA
Yes.

HOMEOWNER
Did Claire leave?

OLIVIA
Yes. She had a fall.

HOMEOWNER
Oh, that's too bad.

OLIVIA

I hope you don't mind the sight of
blood.

HOMEOWNER

I'm sorry?

SOUND: The sounds of Olivia stabbing the Homeowner, the Homeowner screams, thunder and rain begins, Olivia begins to laugh maniacally, William's demonic voice also laughing maniacally.

CLAIRE

(muted)

Help! Help! Olivia? Olivia, is
anyone there? Help! Olivia! Help!

SOUND: The sounds of Olivia and William laughing maniacally grows louder and louder until they abruptly stop, then the sound of Claire screaming. Rain continues to fall as thunder claps in the distance.

FADE OUT

EXIT MUSIC.

FADE IN

SOUND: The Creepy Old Man shuffling around.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(Sigh)

Third word, sounds like...I dunno...
shoe horn?

CREEPY OLD MAN

Yes!

CLAIRE

I don't wanna play anymore.

END OF CHAPTER EIGHT

THE END