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Synopses

TV Episodes

**Mommie Nearest (Pilot)**

After she's killed in a freak car accident, Olivia Owens, loving mother of three, is brought back to life by her meddling Guardian Angel, Dolly. The only catch—she's returned to the wrong body. Now, with Dolly a Heavenly outlaw and Olivia unrecognizable to her family, they're forced to make a new life together on Earth. With help from Clarence, her confidant in Heaven, Dolly guides Olivia as she bounces from body to body in hopes of returning to the family she loves.

**Kimmy Gets Famous! (Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt Spec)**

When “15 Years a Slave: The Unauthorized Mostly Inaccurate True Story of the Indiana Mole Women” becomes a smash hit on Lifetime Movie Network, Kimmy can’t go anywhere without being recognized. Embarrassed by the sensational exposé and uncomfortable with her newfound fame, she resigns to a life of seclusion, leaving it up to Titus to teach her a valuable lesson on #ReclaimingYourNarrative—a concept he’s forced to put into practice himself when a humiliating late night infomercial he recorded for Fill-Ups Adult Diapers goes viral. Meanwhile, after hearing the alarming news that murder rates in the neighborhood have reached an all-time low, Lillian spreads rumors of “The East Dogmouth Strangler” to ward off yuppies.

Plays

**Psychos (Act 1)**

When a pair of scheming cheaters end up stranded at a mysterious roadside inn, they begin to suspect that its charming young proprietor and his elderly companion are really the escaped hatchet-murdering duo they’ve heard about in the news. Hijinks ensue when the innkeepers begin to suspect the same of their new boarders, and a series of deceptions, disguises, and duplicitous dialects prevent both pairs from realizing the real murderers have been hiding out upstairs the whole time.
Short Films

The Peak

In this love story, set against the backdrop of Hong Kong’s Hungry Ghost Festival, a young man leads his girlfriend on an elaborate scavenger hunt as they prepare to say goodbye to the city where they first met.

Student Award Winner at The Wrap’s 2018 Shortlist Film Festival
Southeast Emmy Award Nominee for Best Long Form Fiction

Humor/Satire

Freddy Krueger Supports DACA Extension, Says “America Needs More Dreamers”

An Onion-style news article offering satirical coverage of horror icon Freddy Krueger’s Springwood, Ohio mayoral campaign

Themed Entertainment

The Chronicles of Narnia: Quest for Winter’s End (Attraction Treatment)

Welcome Sons of Adam and Daughters of Eve! Step through the wardrobe and climb aboard one of Father Christmas' Enchanted Self-Driving Sleighs. Mr. and Mrs. Beaver need your help! In this thrilling trackless 4D dark ride, inspired by C.S. Lewis’ timeless classic, *The Lion, The Witch, and the Wardrobe*, you'll race against the clock to free Mr. Tumnus and join the forces of Aslan's army. It's up to you to defeat the White Witch and end her eternal winter. The fate of Narnia is in your hands!

Battle for the Everstone (Attraction Treatment)

In this interactive laser tag adventure inspired by Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*, guests are transported to an alien world where two possible leaders are engaged in a battle for the crown. Separated into two opposing teams, they must solve puzzles, escape from cavernous labyrinths, and shoot targets to prove their team’s mastery over the powers of the mystical *Everstone*. 
Porto Kaíō (Guest Experience Guide)

Ἀσπάζομαι, Explorers! Welcome to Porto Kaíō, a state-of-the-art exploration center where visitors from across the globe gather to answer the call to adventure! As the official headquarters of The Adventure Guild, an elite international organization dedicated to the preservation of antiquities and the proliferation of the spirit of adventure, Porto Kaíō is the world’s preeminent destination for curious minds of all ages and backgrounds. Built directly atop the site of the original Pharos of Alexandria, and centrally located between all Seven Wonders, Porto Kaíō is a gateway to discovery—a modern portal to the treasures of the ancient world—that’s sure to ignite the spark of adventure in you!
MOMMIE NEAREST

"Hello, Dolly!"

(pilot)

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FADE IN:

INT. OWENS KITCHEN - MORNING

It’s an unusual morning in the Owens’ house. For the first time in, well, he can’t remember how long, MATT’s making breakfast--or trying to, anyway.

With his two year-old daughter, ADDIE, rested on his hip, Matt, thirty-eight and handsome for a father of three, uses his free hand to pop four pieces of bread into the toaster.

Still in his pajamas and struggling to open his eyes beyond a squint, it’s plain to see that Matt’s out of his element.

VIVAN, twelve, and Matt’s oldest daughter, shuffles sluggishly into the kitchen. She knows her routine so well, she never has to open her eyes or raise her drooping head.

GABE, eight years old, with thick, round glasses, follows with the same fervor--head down, eyes seemingly crusted shut.

Like his sister, Gabe’s already dressed, though it looks as if he simply slept in yesterday’s clothes.

As they sit down at the table, both children are surprised to find their father in the kitchen.

VIVIAN
What are you doing up?

MATT
Mommy’s getting ready for work this morning, so I figured I’d help out.

GABE
So you’re making breakfast?

MATT
Uh-huh. Is that alright?

VIVIAN
My head says yes, but my stomach is screaming no.

MATT
Look, I’m just making toast. It’s pretty hard to mess that up.

Four pieces of toast pop up, burnt to a crisp.
MATT (CONT’D)
Nothing a little butter can’t fix...

Matt grabs the toast, dropping the slices immediately onto two plates and shaking off his burning fingers.

He pops open the butter and Addie immediately tries to dig in. As he slathers the toast, Matt sways back and forth to keep her fist out of the tub.

When he’s finished, Matt delivers the toast to the table. It’s unappetizing to say the least.

GABE
Dad, can I have sprinkles on mine?

VIVIAN
You’re disgusting.

MATT
Vivian, hush. Why do you want sprinkles, buddy?

GABE
In the Netherlands, everyone eats toast with butter and sprinkles... Or is it just plain white bread? Yeah, I think it’s just white bread. With butter and sprinkles.

MATT
I already toasted this, bud. Can I just put sprinkles on it?

GABE
That’s not really the traditional Dutch way to eat it, Dad.

MATT
Alright, then. White bread it is.

Matt heads back to the counter and butters two pieces of plain white bread. He searches through cabinet after cabinet, but has no idea where to find the sprinkles.

As he searches, OLIVIA enters the kitchen. Like her husband, she wears thirty-eight well. And like her children, she’s surprised to see Matt so active in the morning.

OLIVIA
What are you looking for, Sweetie?
Olivia opens the Lazy Susan and grabs them without looking. She sprinkles some onto Gabe’s bread as she walks it to him.

OLIVIA
Going Dutch this morning, huh, bud?

GABE
Yep! Thanks Mom.

Olivia kisses Matt and takes Addie into her arms.

OLIVIA
Thanks for getting the kids ready this morning.

MATT
It was nothing really. I know this kitchen like the back of my hand.

OLIVIA
Oh, you do?

MATT
Yep.

OLIVIA
Ok. Can you get me the Cheerios for Addie?

Matt grins coyly. He has no idea where the Cheerios are. Olivia moves to the pantry to get the cereal herself. She pours some into a small bowl and sets Addie down with it in her high chair.

OLIVIA (CONT’D)
Alright, hurry up, you guys. Bus is gonna be here in ten minutes and I can’t drive you to school today.

GABE
Why not?

OLIVIA
I’m already gonna be late for my first day back at work. Aunt Christina’ll have my head!

GABE
But I don’t wanna take the bus. Who will I sit with?
OLIVIA
Vivian.

VIVIAN
No he won’t! Sit with Kyle Wiggins.

GABE
But he stinks!

VIVIAN
So do you. Match made in Heaven!

Gabe looks to Matt, who’s just sat down at the table with his own burnt toast.

GABE
Dad, can’t you give me a ride?

Olivia looks up from the three lunch boxes she’s packing.

OLIVIA
Gabe, your father’s gotta work.

GABE
Working from home isn’t really working.

Matt is slightly affronted.

MATT
I’m running my own firm now, buddy. I may be home a lot more, but that doesn’t mean I’m not working.

GABE
But you’re taking care of Addie?

MATT
Until I’ve got my business up and running, we don’t have the money to put her in daycare. That’s why your Mom’s going back to work.

OLIVIA
So will you help us out and take the bus?

GABE
Fine. But I’m not sitting with Kyle Wiggins.

OLIVIA
Right. You’re sitting with Vivian.
Vivian begins to object, but Olivia fixes her with a look.

    OLIVIA (CONT’D)
    Alright, guys. The bus is gonna be
    here any minute. Your backpacks are
    by the door. You’ll get lunch boxes
    when I get a kiss.

Gabe and Vivian kiss their father goodbye and head into the
living room. Olivia follows, carrying lunch boxes.

INT. OWENS’ LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

The kids pick up their backpacks--Vivian’s thin and stylish,
Gabe’s fat and turtle-like. At the door, Vivian kisses her
mother in exchange for a lunch.

    OLIVIA
    There’s an extra sandwich in there.
    Thanks for pretending to eat your
    Dad’s toast.

    VIVIAN
    I think the dog actually enjoyed
    it.

Vivian skips out the door. Gabe steps up for his kiss.

    OLIVIA
    I put your National Geographic in
    there for you. But don’t you dare
    eat alone just to read it!

    GABE
    Okay, I’ll sit with the lunch
    ladies. Love you, Mom.

    OLIVIA
    Love you more.

He shuffles off down the driveway as Olivia shuts the door.

Matt walks into the room carrying Addie.

    MATT
    He’ll be fine. And so will you.

    OLIVIA
    I know. I just hate being away from
    them.

Olivia takes Addie from Matt’s arms. She hugs her close.
OLIVIA (CONT’D)
You be a good girl for Daddy, okay?

ADDIE
Okay, Mommy.

Olivia leans in and kisses Matt.

OLIVIA
Bye, love you guys.

MATT
Love you, too.

Olivia hands Addie back to Matt and grabs her purse as she heads out the door.

INT. OLIVIA’S CAR – MORNING

The Tavares’ “Heaven Must Be Missing an Angel,” plays over the radio. Olivia gets down with the disco beats. She strums her fingers on the steering wheel, mouthing the words as she heads down the street.

Olivia crosses into an intersection. Running a red light, an 18-wheeler comes barreling down the street toward her.

It smashes into Olivia’s tiny car.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. WHITE ROOM – LATER

Olivia wakes up on a white table in a white room. Or maybe it’s not a room? It’s a space...she thinks. It’s ethereal, glowing brightly, unlike anything she’s ever seen.

DOLLY, an upper middle-aged woman with a big smile and even bigger hair, sits on the other end of the table, staring.

Perplexed by the space, Olivia hadn’t noticed Dolly before. Or maybe she hadn’t been there? Either way, she’s startled.

OLIVIA
Where am I?

DOLLY
Welcome to Heaven, darlin’!

FADE OUT.
FADE IN:

INT. WHITE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Olivia and Dolly resume their conversation.

OLIVIA
So, what, you’re an angel?

DOLLY
I’m your angel. Your Guardian Angel. The name’s Dolly.

Dolly reaches out her hand and pulls Olivia in for a hug.

OLIVIA
So, am I an angel now, too?

DOLLY
That’s not how it works, sweetie. I’ve always been an angel.

OLIVIA
Always?

DOLLY
Since the dawn of time.

OLIVIA
You look pretty good for your age.

DOLLY
Aww, thanks, sugar! I try.

OLIVIA
How come you don’t wear a halo?

DOLLY
Couldn’t find one that fit over my hair.

Olivia laughs, but soon falls silent. She’s finished with small talk.

OLIVIA
Am I dead?
DOLLY
They always told me this would be the hard part. On Earth, you’ve got the birds and the bees conversation. Up here, we have the “am I really dead” discussion.

OLIVIA
You’ve never done this before?

DOLLY
You were my first assignment. I’ve never guarded anyone but you.

OLIVIA
Wouldn’t it figure I’d get the amateur.

DOLLY
Hey! Somebody must have seen a spark in me or I’d never have been promoted from Prayer Sorter.

OLIVIA
They gave me a Prayer Sorter! Could it get any worse!?!?

DOLLY
Well, there’s the Christmas Tree Toppers. They sit in a box for eleven months of the year.

OLIVIA
So they did me one better than an ornament. And now I’m dead.

DOLLY
Afraid so. Welcome to the afterlife, Olivia.

Olivia looks around.

OLIVIA
Heaven’s not what I expected. It’s quite bleak, actually.

DOLLY
This is more of a waiting room. I haven’t brought you to your Heaven yet.

OLIVIA
My Heaven?
DOLLY
Personalized just for you. Perfect to the last detail! But I’m not taking you there.

OLIVIA
I know I haven’t been perfect, but do you really think I deserve Hell!?!?

DOLLY
Despite what the church tells you, darlin’, it takes a lotta sinnin’ to go to Hell.

OLIVIA
Then where are you taking me?

DOLLY
Home.

Dolly grabs Olivia’s hand and pulls her off the table.

DOLLY (CONT’D)
Come on. I’ll explain on the way. We don’t have much time.

By waving her hand, Dolly creates a portal in the whiteness that extends into a long, sterile hallway. They walk into it.

OLIVIA
How did I...you know? Was I murdered?

DOLLY
No.

OLIVIA
What was it, then? High Fructose Corn Syrup? My mother always said that would be the end of me...

DOLLY
It was a car accident. Gruesome.

OLIVIA
My premiums are gonna go through the roof! Didn’t you see the rosary around my rearview mirror? How could you do this to me!??!

DOLLY
It wasn’t me! Around here, I have less say than a mute on talk radio.
OLIVIA
So, what then? It was part of God’s plan for me to die at thirty-eight, perfectly healthy, and leave behind three kids who need me? And here I was thinking God was the good guy...

DOLLY
Clearly you’ve never read the Old Testament.

Olivia thinks for a second. Guilt streaks across her face.

OLIVIA
Do you have to do what God says?

DOLLY
We have Free Will just like you. But the Archangels see to it that we stay in line.

OLIVIA
The Archangels?

DOLLY
Heaven’s defenders. The highest ranking angels. You’ve heard of ‘em: Michael, Gabriel, Raphael... Never could dislodge the sticks up their rears, I guess.

OLIVIA
Have you ever crossed ‘em?

DOLLY
No. But I’m about to.

OLIVIA
For me?

DOLLY
For us. You’ll never know how much it’s meant to me being your Guardian Angel. I can’t lose that. I need to watch you live the rest of your life. The life I’ve envisioned for you. A life with your family. Maybe this is part of God’s plan, too.

Olivia pulls Dolly into a tight embrace.
OLIVIA
Thank you. I think you were right about that spark.

DOLLY
I’ll get you back to your kiddos, puddin’. Don’t you worry.

OLIVIA
How do we get outta here, then?

DOLLY
First, we need to get you a body.

Olivia looks down at herself.

OLIVIA
I have one.

DOLLY
That’s not a body.

OLIVIA
Sure, I could stand to lose a few pounds, but--

DOLLY
That’s not what I mean, sweet pea. There’s no body there. We’re projecting that onto you ‘cause your small mind could never comprehend the soul’s true form. We need to get you your real body.

OLIVIA
Where do we find it?

DOLLY
The Body Shop.

OLIVIA
I have to buy it back? Do you guys accept Chuck-E-Cheese coins?

DOLLY
There’s no currency in Heaven, dear. Money’s the root of all sin, you know. Besides, it not that kind of shop. It’s a repair shop.

OLIVIA
How do we get there?
DOLLY
We’re here.

Dolly motions to a door that’s appeared out of nowhere. Or maybe it’s always been there? Who knows? Olivia doesn’t understand Heaven at all.

The brightly colored bubble letters on the door seem misleadingly inviting next to the nearby finger scanner.

OLIVIA
How do we get in?

DOLLY
We need Clarence.

OLIVIA
Clearance?

DOLLY
No, Clarence.

OLIVIA
Right. You don’t have clearance. So how do we get in?

She puts her hand up to her mouth and hollers.

DOLLY
CLARENCE!

CLARENCE, an older looking angel, short and stout with thick, magnifying glasses, appears out of thin air.

CLARENCE
Well, hey, Dolly!

Dolly hugs Clarence.

DOLLY
Olivia, this is Clarence, my oldest, well... really my only friend.

CLARENCE
They don’t understand us up here. So we stick together.

DOLLY
Clarence is a bookkeeper. Hecatalogues the bodies that arebrought in to be fixed up.
CLARENCE
Pleased to meet ya, Olivia.

He reaches out a hand to shake, contemplating her name.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Wait... Olivia?
(to Dolly)
Isn’t this your human?

DOLLY
She died this morning.

CLARENCE
Sorry to hear that. But glad to have you with us.

OLIVIA
Thanks.

DOLLY
She’s not staying.

CLARENCE
What do you mean she’s not staying? Dolly, what are you brewing?

DOLLY
It wasn’t her time, Clarence. I’m sending her back.

CLARENCE
The dead must stay dead, Dolly. It’s written in the Angel Scrolls, plain as day.

DOLLY
Forget the Angel Scrolls, Clarence!

CLARENCE
You could lose your wings for this. The Scrolls are God’s will!

DOLLY
Was it in God’s will for me to be a Guardian Angel? No. But it’s the best thing I’ve ever done. And I’m not going back to prayer sorting.

CLARENCE
You won’t have to. You’ll get a brand new baby to guard.
DOLLY
I don’t want a new one! I want Olivia! Will you help me? Please?

CLARENCE
Dolly...

DOLLY
You’re the only friend I’ve got up here, Clarence. Will you do me this one favor?

CLARENCE
I guess I haven’t got a choice. Without me, you’d be discovered in seconds. And if you’re exiled, where does that leave me?

DOLLY
Alone. Without a friend in the world. And the terrible grief of knowing you could have made a difference.

CLARENCE
Then, I guess I’d better help.

Dolly pulls Clarence in for a hug, smashing his face awkwardly against her breasts. She straightens his glasses for him upon release.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Olivia, you died this morning?

OLIVIA
I think so.

CLARENCE
So you’re body may not be ready.

OLIVIA
What do you mean by that?

CLARENCE
A body’s a nonrenewable resource. We recycle them. After death, we fix ‘em up here, and then reuse them as a vessel for a new soul. Have you ever heard of a doppelgänger, Olivia?

OLIVIA
It’s someone who looks exactly like another person.
CLARENCE
Right. And it’s no coincidence.
They share the same body.

OLIVIA
Wait a second. So Jeffrey Tambor
and Benjamin Franklin...

CLARENCE
Same body.

OLIVIA
What about Glenn Close and George
Washington?

CLARENCE
Yep. Same body.

OLIVIA
My mother-in-law and Winston
Churchill?

CLARENCE
Nope. That’s just an unfortunate
coincidence...

DOLLY
Alright, you guys. That’s enough.
We haven’t got much time, so let’s
make this snappy.

Clarence places his finger on the scanner. A computerized
voice responds.

COMPUTER (V.O.)
Clarence Peabody. Welcome.

The door to the body shop swings open and everyone steps
inside. But the system is smarter than they expected. Red
lights begin to flash and a siren blares.

COMPUTER (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Unauthorized Angel Detected. Dolly Hollingsworth. Unauthorized Angel
Detected. Dolly Hollingsworth.

Dolly and Clarence begin to panic.

OLIVIA
What’s happening?

DOLLY
The Archangels. They’re coming.
CLARENCE
We haven’t got much time. We’ve got
to get to the New Arrivals!

Clarence scurries off into the seemingly endless warehouse. Dolly and Olivia follow close behind.

The Body Shop is massive. And it’s the only part of Heaven Olivia’s experienced that isn’t stark whiteness. Hanging from an array of overhead tracks are bodies—thousands, maybe millions of them—sorted into numerous categories.

When they reach the “New Arrivals,” Clarence smashes a red button and begins cycling through the bodies on the conveyer.

Sirens continue to blare and the computer voice rings out.

COMPUTER (V.O.)
Michael, Gabriel, Raphael—Angels
of the Lord. Welcome.

DOLLY
Clarence, get out of here! I don’t want you to go down for this, too.

CLARENCE
But, Dolly...

DOLLY
No buts. Thanks for your help, love.

Dolly waves her hand in front of Clarence and he disappears.

DOLLY (CONT’D)
Olivia, do you trust me?

OLIVIA
You’ve gotten me this far.

DOLLY
Then, hang on. This may get weird.

Dolly waves her hand over Olivia, condensing her soul into a floating blue wisp. She takes the soul into her hand as she continues to scroll through the available bodies. Finding Olivia’s, she screams in horror. It’s mangled badly.

The sirens grow louder and more intense and Dolly can hear the commanding footsteps of the approaching Archangels. In desperation, she draws back her arm and jams Olivia’s soul into an unseen body.

FADE TO BLACK.
BLACK SCREEN:

Olivia breathes heavily. She thinks she’s alive, but maybe the plan didn’t work. She can’t see a thing. And it’s freezing cold. She tries to sit up, but hits her head. The sound of clanking metal reverberates around her.

OLIVIA

Dolly! Help me! It’s freezing!
Where am I?

No response. Olivia bangs on the metal around her.

FADE IN:

INT. ICE BOX - NIGHT

There’s an unlatching sound. A small rectangle of light bleeds in at Olivia’s feet. Dolly peeks into the dark space.

DOLLY

There you are, sugar! I was beginning to worry I’d gone to the wrong mortuary.

INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

Dolly grabs the tray and slides Olivia out of the freezer. She’s naked, covered in a sheet from her shoulders down.

OLIVIA

This is disgusting! How’d I get in here?

DOLLY

You were a dead body, darlin’. This is where they store ‘em.

She notices Olivia shivering.

DOLLY (CONT’D)

Let me get you something to wear.

Dolly disappears into another room, returning soon after with a pair of old white sneakers and a silver platter full of cocktail weenies. Slung over her shoulder is a gaudy sundress. She delivers the clothes to Olivia.
OLIVIA
These aren’t my clothes, Dolly.

DOLLY
That’s right. They belong to Ms. Sandy Crabtree. But they’re all there is, so put ‘em on, puddin’.

Olivia unfurls the dress. It looks far too big for her, but she has no other option than to put it on.

To protect her modesty, she shimmies around under the sheet until dressed. Then she tosses it off and slides into her orthopedics. The over-sized dress hangs off her body.

OLIVIA
My mother-in-law was right. These are comfortable! And this dress fits like a glove!

Dolly smiles as she stuffs her face with cocktail weenies.

DOLLY
And these are delicious! What do you call these things?

OLIVIA
Weenies.

DOLLY
Oh. I thought those were something else entirely...

Olivia chuckles as Dolly continues to eat.

OLIVIA
I’m sorry I ever doubted you, Dolly.

DOLLY
Don’t even worry ‘bout it, sweet pea. You weren’t the first and you won’t be the last.

OLIVIA
It feels good to have a body again!

DOLLY
I picked a good one, didn’t I!?!?

Olivia’s bright smile morphs into a look of trepidation.

OLIVIA
What?
DOLLY
I think she’s a pretty good fit.

Olivia moves closer to Dolly and catches a glimpse of herself in the now empty silver platter. She screams.

Staring back at her is an entirely different woman. She does resemble Olivia...slightly. But she’s a little older, a little shorter, and quite a bit chunkier.

OLIVIA
Who is that!?!?

DOLLY
Sandy Crabtree. Well, it was Sandy Crabtree. Now it’s you.

OLIVIA
I look like Roseanne!

DOLLY
No, dear. Her name was Sandy.

OLIVIA
What’s going on? Where’s my body?

DOLLY
Your body was in terrible shape.

OLIVIA
I was in better shape than Sandy Crabtree!

DOLLY
Your body wasn’t ready, honey. I had to act quick or the archangels would have stopped us for sure!

OLIVIA
I can’t go back to my family like this! What am I gonna do!?!?

DOLLY
We’ll think of something, sweetie. The most important thing was getting you back—in any way I could.

Their conversation is interrupted by the sound of rattling keys. Someone’s at the back door.

OLIVIA
I can’t be seen like this!
DOLLY
Don’t be so self-conscious, darlin’. You look ravishing.

OLIVIA
It’s not that.

DOLLY
What then?

OLIVIA
I’m a dead woman!

They try to run into the next room, but they’re too late. The door swings open and the Undertaker steps inside.

He slings his keys down on the counter, and clearly in a hurry, he walks right past Olivia and Dolly without noticing them. He disappears into the back room.

Olivia and Dolly scramble to get out of sight, but the sterile room offers little in the way of hiding places.

The undertaker returns, carrying the cell phone he must have forgotten. He spots “Sandy” and faints on sight.

OLIVIA (CONT’D)
We’ve gotta get out of here before he wakes up.

DOLLY
How?

OLIVIA
Can’t you magic us away or something?

DOLLY
It’s not magic. We call ‘em miracles. But I can’t perform ‘em anymore. The archangels will be tracking us for sure.

OLIVIA
What has that got to do with it?

DOLLY
Miracles are how they keep track of us. If we aren’t performing miracles, we don’t even show up on their radar. We’ll have to do things the human way from now on.
Olivia notices the Undertaker’s keys glistening on the countertop. She grabs Dolly’s hand.

OLIVIA
Come on. We’ll drive.

She grabs the keys as they run out into the parking lot.

EXT. MORTUARY - CONTINUOUS
Despite it being the middle of the night, the lot’s full.

DOLLY
How do we know which one it is?

Olivia pushes “unlock” on the key fob. Amid a sea of sedans and minivans, the tail lights of the only hearse in the lot glow red. Olivia scowls. Of course it’s a hearse...

DOLLY (CONT’D)
Oooh, a limo!

Olivia opens the door and slides into the driver’s seat. Dolly follows suit on the other side.

OLIVIA
Only the best for you, Dolly.

INT. HEARSE - CONTINUOUS
Olivia backs out of the space.

DOLLY
Do you know the way home?

OLIVIA
Where are we?

As she asks, she notices the Mortuary’s marquee: STIFF BROS. FUNERAL HOME--“THE BEST LITTLE FUNERAL HOUSE IN TEXAS.”

OLIVIA (CONT’D)
Texas!

It’s gonna be a long ride back to Virginia.

INT. HEARSE - LATER THAT NIGHT
Olivia and Dolly discuss their plan of action as they drive.
OLIVIA
Am I stuck like this?

DOLLY
Quite the opposite, actually. You see, souls are designed specifically for the body they’re intended to inhabit. Yours was tailor made for your body, not Sandy Crabtree’s. I’m not sure when--it could be hours, days, or even weeks from now--but at some point, probably soon, that body will reject you.

OLIVIA
And I’ll die?

DOLLY
The body will, but your soul will carry on.

OLIVIA
You brought me back so I can haunt my kids?

DOLLY
No, I’ll just get you a new body.

OLIVIA
And won’t the same thing happen to that one?

DOLLY
Uh-huh. Then I’ll get you another.

OLIVIA
What’s the point? I’ll be bouncing from woman to woman faster than Tiger Woods.

INT. HEARSE - SOMETIME THE NEXT DAY

Olivia and Dolly are surrounded by fast food bags. Dolly sips from an over-sized cup as Olivia jams fries into her mouth. They’ve been on the road for a long time. And it shows.
OLIVIA
I can’t just show up at the door—
“Hey, I’m back. I know I look like
Sandy Crabtree, but that’s just
because an angel put me back in the
wrong body!” They’ll have me
institutionalized!

DOLLY
Well, when you put it that way...

OLIVIA
There’s no other way to put it!

DOLLY
We’ll get your body back soon
enough. And until then, you can
look out for your kids from afar.

OLIVIA
What do you mean?

DOLLY
I watched over you for thirty-eight
years and you never knew I existed.
You can be in your kids’ lives
without them knowing it’s you. Do
what mother’s do best—wassel your
way into places you aren’t wanted!
Get a job at the kids’ school, move
into their neighborhood... Act.
Remember, how good you were in high
school? You were a regular lesbian!

OLIVIA
It’s thespian.

DOLLY
And I can act, too! I always played
the angel in the Nativity play.

OLIVIA
That’s not really...

DOLLY
My name will be...hmmm, that’s
tough... How about Dolly? Yeah,
Miss Dolly! I’ll run a boarding
house. You’ll play my tenant. All
of ‘em, I guess. That’ll explain
why you’re always changing.

OLIVIA
Dolly, you’re brilliant.
DOLLY
Now we just need a place to stay.

OLIVIA
There is one place.

DOLLY
Where’s that?

OLIVIA
In my neighborhood. This old abandoned place. The kids swear it’s haunted. But we can’t stay there.

DOLLY
Why not? You’re dead and I’m altogether otherworldly. Let’s haunt it!

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Olivia pulls the hearse tentatively into the overgrown driveway of a dilapidated Victorian-style house. Even the Munsters would hesitate taking up residence here.

She parks at the top of the drive, but quickly reassesses. Probably best not to draw attention by parking a hearse at a haunted house... She settles in the backyard.

Dolly and Olivia walk around to the front of the house. As they climb the steps to the front porch, Olivia’s leg gives out and she stumbles.

DOLLY
It’s already starting. Sandy’s fighting back.

OLIVIA
That quick?

DOLLY
It’s just beginning, but we’ll need to act fast. Why don’t you go in and get some rest? I’m gonna pop back to Heaven and see if I can’t get my hands on a new body.

OLIVIA
But, what about the archangels? Won’t you ping their radar?
DOLLY
Probably. But we have no choice.

OLIVIA
Thank you, Dolly. Be careful.

DOLLY
I’m nothing if not careful.

Dolly trips backward down the stairs, but rebounds quickly and brushes herself off.

DOLLY (CONT’D)
Nothing.

She disappears as Olivia heads inside.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Olivia runs immediately up the stairs and sits down at a large window in what was once the master bedroom. From here, she has a perfect view of her own house down the street.

EXT. OWENS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The lights in the kids’ bedrooms are out, but the living room lights are still on. Dim, but on. Olivia can see Matt stirring inside.

Soon, a car pulls into the Owens’ driveway. HEIDI, a beautiful redheaded woman slides out. She slams her door and checks her lipstick in the side mirror.

She struts up the sidewalk to the front door and rings the bell.

Matt answers and greets her with a passionate kiss.

FADE TO BLACK.
FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Enraged, Olivia storms into the front yard and marches to the street, fully prepared to give Matt a piece of her mind.

From nowhere, Dolly appears and holds her back.

DOLLY
Puddin’, don’t do something you’ll regret. It’s not what it seems.

Olivia breaks down in tears.

OLIVIA
It’s been two days. Two days! How could he!?!?

DOLLY
It hasn’t been two days, sugar. It’s been a year.

OLIVIA
What are you talking about? No it hasn’t!

DOLLY
Time works differently in Heaven. What felt like a few hours there, was really months here.

OLIVIA
Why didn’t you tell me?

Dolly puts her arm around Olivia and walks her back inside.

DOLLY
I didn’t realize. I’ve never been to Earth before. And there’s really no rhyme or reason to it. Sometimes the opposite is true. It can be an eternity in Heaven and only a few minutes here.
Dolly brings Olivia upstairs to lie down. There’s no bed, so the floor will have to do. Olivia lies her head on Dolly’s lap and Dolly strokes her hair.

**OLIVIA**
So they’ve already moved on. Do you think they’ve forgotten me?

**DOLLY**
Of course not! Matt’s always been a needy one. You know that.

**OLIVIA**
But it’s only been a year.

**DOLLY**
A year’s a long time, darlin’. And she’s not meant to replace you.

**OLIVIA**
I guess you’re right... But she’s still gotta go.

**DOLLY**
Agreed.

**OLIVIA**
So you’ll help me break them up?

**DOLLY**
It would be an honor.

INT. MISS DOLLY’S BOARDING HOUSE - MORNING

Olivia wakes up the next morning and is startled by Dolly, who’s sitting Indian-style beside her, staring intently. It’s clear she’s been there for quite some time.

Olivia’s even more terrified when she finds that she’s lying in a bed, in a room full of furnishings that hadn’t been there the night before. She jumps up and runs into the hall.

The walls have been restored and papered, the floors have been refinished, and each room is completely furnished. The decoration is a bit tacky for Olivia’s taste, but it’s exactly what she should have expected from Dolly. Crucifixes, statues, and pictures of Jesus adorn most nooks.

**OLIVIA**
The archangels’ radar must be on fire! How’d you do this?
DOLLY
I didn’t. Clarence did. I went to see him last night.

OLIVIA
How’s he doing?

DOLLY
The archangels roughed him up a bit. They suspect he helped us get away, but they have no proof, so he’ll be fine. He gave me strict orders not to return to Heaven, though. Says I’m a wanted angel.

OLIVIA
Did you find me a new body?

DOLLY
Clarence wouldn’t let me. But don’t worry, he’s working on it. He’s our eye in the sky.

OLIVIA
How’d you convince him to do that?

DOLLY
It was easy. I asked him to be my Guardian Angel. That’s all he’s ever wanted.

OLIVIA
You’ve got a great friend in him.

DOLLY
So do you. Oh, and he made us something! Come on, I wanna show ya.

Dolly skips down the stairs. Olivia follows, but her body gives out again. She skids down the stairs on her stomach.

OLIVIA
I sure hope Clarence works quick.

Dolly lifts Olivia and walks her to the hallway. She positions her in front of the folding doors that would normally hide a washer and dryer. She slides them open to reveal two metal canisters, one labeled “In,” the other, “Out,” connected by an array of futuristic cables.

DOLLY
This is the Body Swap Machine.
OLIVIA
That’s a terrible name.

DOLLY
It’s Clarence’s invention.

Dolly shows it off like a Price is Right model.

DOLLY (CONT’D)
When he’s got a new body ready for ya, you’ll stand here in this canister and we’ll transfer your soul into the body waiting for you in that one.

OLIVIA
It looks like a science fair project. Will it work?

DOLLY
We hope so. Clarence says he should have a body ready for you this afternoon. Until then, what do you wanna do today?

OLIVIA
I was hoping we could go introduce ourselves to the neighbors.

DOLLY
That sounds nice! The Johnsons or the O’Neals?

OLIVIA
No. My family.

DOLLY
Oh, you mean introduce ourselves.

OLIVIA
We should bring a dish or something.

DOLLY
Is that customary? What do you think they’d prefer: a plate, a bowl, a mug, perhaps?

OLIVIA
I mean food.

DOLLY
Oh, perfect! I made cocktail weenies this morning!
Dolly grabs Olivia’s hand and pulls her into the kitchen. There’s a tray on the counter where Dolly’s arranged wet Vienna Sausages that she’s wrapped in bits of tortilla.

DOLLY (CONT’D)
I wasn’t sure exactly how to make ’em, so I tried to look it up on the internet. Don’t google “weenies.”

OLIVIA
We’re not serving these to my kids.

Dolly grabs one and eats it.

DOLLY
But they’re delicious!

OLIVIA
I highly doubt that.

DOLLY
Don’t knock ’em till you’ve tried ’em.

OLIVIA
That will not be happening.

Olivia digs around in the freshly stocked cabinets.

OLIVIA (CONT’D)
I’ll bake some brownies.

EXT. OWENS HOUSE – AFTERNOON

Dolly and Olivia stand on the front porch of the Owens house. Olivia takes a deep breath and knocks on the door. Much to her dismay, Heidi answers.

HEIDI
Yes, we know that Jesus Christ is the one true Lord and savior. Thanks for stopping by.

DOLLY
Why, yes, he is! Very good!

Heidi attempts to shut the door, but Olivia stops her.

OLIVIA
We’re not religious fanatics. We’re the new neighbors.
HEIDI
Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t realize we had any.

OLIVIA
We just moved in across the street--the old Harmon house.

Heidi looks out across the way. Last night, she’d have seen a dilapidated, overgrown shack. Today, sitting in the same spot, is a well-manicured nauseatingly pink house. A large sign in the front lawn reads, “Miss Dolly’s Boarding House.”

HEIDI
Oh, a boarding house. How nice.

She steps out of the door frame and ushers them inside.

HEIDI (CONT’D)
Please, come in. My name’s Heidi. I don’t live here, I’m just visiting a friend.

Olivia chokes back harsher words as she and Dolly enter the living room.

OLIVIA
That’s sweet. Thank you. I’m Ol--Sandy... Yep, Ole Sandy, that’s me! And this is Dolly.

Dolly reaches out a hand for Heidi. They shake.

DOLLY
Charmed.

Dolly hands the tray of brownies to Heidi.

DOLLY (CONT’D)
Brownies?

HEIDI
Oh, thank you. Take a seat anywhere you feel comfortable. I’ll get Matt.

As she heads for the couch, Olivia’s knees lock and she trips face first onto the floor. Heidi gasps in horror and runs to help her.

As she lifts her, she notices that Olivia’s face has contorted like silly putty. Her nose is twisted, her eyes droop, and her smile points up on one end and down on the other. Heidi screams.
HEIDI (CONT’D)
Oh my God!

DOLLY
You shouldn’t say that.

HEIDI
Are you alright!?!?

Olivia doesn’t realize anything’s wrong.

OLIVIA
Oh, I’m fine. Thank you.

Dolly sees what’s happened, and swivels Olivia around to face her. She uses her fingers to re-sculpt Olivia’s face.

DOLLY
Sandy here is in the middle of a huge lawsuit with a quack plastic surgeon. When she settles, she’ll be able to fix this right up.

Matt walks into the room as Dolly and Olivia sit down.

MATT
Did I hear we have new neighbors in the old Harmon house?

HEIDI
Hun, this is Sandy and Dolly.

MATT
Pleased to meet you both. What brings you to the neighborhood?

DOLLY
My husband died suddenly last year and I was feeling mighty lonely, so I decided to open up a boarding house. Sandy’s my first tenant.

MATT
My condolences, Dolly. My wife also passed last year.

OLIVIA
Oh, that must be the beautiful woman in all these pictures.

Olivia points to the frames on a nearby table.
MATT
 Yeah, that’s her. Olivia. She was beautiful, wasn’t she?

Olivia can’t put her arm down. Still outstretched, her pointer finger twitches uncontrollably. Soon all of her other fingers shoot out. Then she makes a fist. Her fingers shoot out again. Fist. Out. Fist. Out. She can’t stop.

Matt and Heidi look on, bewildered, until Olivia finally regains control.

OLIVIA
 If Joan Rivers wasn’t already, let this be a lesson to ya—Plastic surgery is not the answer.

Matt nods his head.

MATT
 We’ll keep that in mind.

Dolly changes the subject.

DOLLY
 You have three lovely children, Matt.

OLIVIA
 They take after their mother, I see.

MATT
 Yes they do. And thank you.
 (calling upstairs) Kids, come down here and say hello to the new neighbors.

Gabe, Vivian, and Addie walk timidly down the stairs.

MATT (CONT’D)
 This is Gabe, Vivian, and Addie.

DOLLY
 Wonderful to meet you all.

VIVIAN
 Hi.

Gabe waves timidly.

DOLLY
 We just moved in across the street.
GABE
To the haunted house? That was dumb.

Overcome with emotion at the sight of her children, Olivia begins to cry. Tears shoot out of her eyes like blow darts. The kids are frightened.

GABE (CONT’D)
I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make you cry so weirdly.

DOLLY
Oh, no, sugar, It’s not you. She can’t control her tear ducts anymore. Bad plastic surgery.

GABE
Oh, like Meg Ryan.

DOLLY
Exactly.

Vivian eyes her father, looking to be excused. He nods.

VIVIAN
Ok, well, nice to meet you. Bye!

Vivian and Gabe hurry back up the stairs, but Addie doesn’t follow. She’s mesmerized by “Sandy.” She waddles over to her and reaches her arms out for a hug. Olivia dries her tears.

OLIVIA
May I?

Matt nods and Olivia grabs her daughter. She hugs her tight.

ADDIE
Hi, Mommy.

Addie kisses Olivia on the cheek. Olivia’s taken aback. Does she really know? How could she?

MATT
No, sweetie. That’s not Mommy.
That’s Ms. Sandy.

He reaches out for Addie and she goes to him reluctantly.

MATT (CONT’D)
Clearly, Little Miss here is tired, so we’re gonna put her down for a nap.
HEIDI
   It was lovely meeting you both.

Olivia and Dolly take the hint and stand up to go. Matt hands
Addie to Heidi and she takes her upstairs. Matt opens the
front door and Dolly heads out. Olivia tries to follow, but
slams into the wall beside the door.

She turns around, face mashed, and reaches a hand out to
Matt. Disturbed, he shakes it awkwardly. Then keeps shaking
it. And shaking it. And shaking it. Olivia can’t let go.

Matt tries to pull his hand away. SNAP! Olivia’s arm pops out
of it’s socket, dangling only by the skin. Matt’s terrified.

   MATT
   That can’t be the plastic surgery!

Mortified, Olivia turns and runs out. Matt closes the door
swiftly behind her.

EXT. OWENS NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Dolly guides Olivia as she hobbles home. Her arm is hanging
by a thread. As they reach their own lawn, it rips off
completely and drops into the grass.

Olivia tries to pick it up, but she’s lost all control. She
goes limp. Dolly picks her up and carries her the rest of the
way in outstretched arms.

INT. MISS DOLLY’S BOARDING HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dolly gets Olivia situated in the Body Swap Machine and
closes the lid over her.

   DOLLY
   (calling up to Heaven)
   Whenever you’re ready, Clarence!

Lights flash inside the “In” canister and a bolt of
electricity darts to the “Out” canister. The machine dings
like an oven and the “Out” capsule creaks open.

Olivia steps out, fresh as a daisy. Dolly gasps and Olivia
grabs at her face. She runs to the nearest mirror and stares
into it.

Staring back at her is a big, burly, old black man. A big,
burly, old black man in a sundress. Olivia screams.

   FADE TO BLACK.
TAG

FADE IN:

EXT. MISS DOLLY'S BOARDING HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Three YOUNG BOYS wander into the yard of the “haunted house.” They come across Olivia’s disembodied arm. Disgusted, but intrigued, one of the boys picks it up and uses it to bat at his friends. He chases them across the yard.

The door to the house opens and the boys look up in horror. MOSES, a terrifying old black man in a tiny sundress, towers above them. He growls.

MOSES
Get off my lawn, you hooligans! And quit messin’ with my arm!

The boy drops the arm and they all run screaming off the property.

FADE OUT.
UNBREAKABLE KIMMY SCHMIDT

"Kimmy Gets Famous!"

Written by
David Scanlon
UNBREAKABLE KIMMY SCHMIDT

"Kimmy Gets Famous!"

CAST

KIMMY SCHMIDT..........................................ELLIE KEMPER
TITUS ANDROMEDON/EVIL TITUS.........................TITUSS BURGESS
LILLIAN KAUSHTUPPER......................................CAROL KANE
JACQUELINE WHITE.....................................JANE KRAKOWSKI

GUEST CAST

INTERCOM VOICE..................................................ACTOR
LIFETIME/HALLMARK ANNOUNCER.............................ACTOR
NEWSCASTER.....................................................ACTOR
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT........................................ACTOR
MORT..........................................................ACTOR
YUPPIE WOMAN.................................................ACTOR
NICOLAS CAGE................................................ACTOR
CANDACE CAMERON BURE..................................ACTOR
TORI SPELLING................................................ACTOR
JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT..................................ACTOR
SOFÍA VERGARA................................................ACTOR
CASHIER.........................................................ACTOR
TEENAGED BOY 1...............................................ACTOR
TEENAGED BOY 2...............................................ACTOR
FILL-UPS ANNOUNCER..........................................ACTOR
REAL ESTATE AGENT..........................................ACTOR
YUPPIE HUSBAND...............................................ACTOR
YUPPIE WIFE...................................................ACTOR
LIBRARIAN.....................................................ACTOR
LITTLE GIRL...................................................ACTOR
RUDE WOMAN....................................................ACTOR
LITTLE BOY....................................................ACTOR
WENDY WILLIAMS ANNOUNCER.................................ACTOR
WENDY WILLIAMS................................................ACTOR
FADE IN:

INT. TITUS AND KIMMY’S APARTMENT - DAY

KIMMY’s reading on the couch. She’s completely enthralled by the final pages of HARRY POTTER AND THE SORCERER’S STONE.

KIMMY
No way! And to think--all these years I thought it was Snape...

TITUS bursts through the door, exultant, expecting Kimmy to react. She doesn’t. She’s in shock.

KIMMY (CONT’D)
Who would have ever suspected p-p-p-poor st-st-stammering Professor Quirrell?

Titus approaches her, eyes rolling.

TITUS
What are you stuttering about, Kim George VI?

He sits down beside her.

KIMMY
I’m almost done with the first Harry Potter book! I started reading it before the bunker and I’ve always wondered how it ended.

TITUS
I just don’t understand people’s obsession with those books. What’s so interesting about a gardener who finds out he’s a werewolf?

KIMMY
(befuddled)
But that’s--

TITUS
--enough about you! I agree.

His enormous smile returns.

TITUS (CONT’D)
What amazing news did you find out today, Titus?!!

He struggles to contain himself.
KIMMY
Geez, I haven’t seen you this excited since the McRib came back!

TITUS
(suddenly angry)
Kimberly, what did I tell you about mentioning that sandwich when it is unavailable!?!?

He pauses, refocusing on his elation.

TITUS (CONT’D)
Just kidding! You can’t say anything that’ll make me angry today!

KIMMY
What if I told you that Sandra Bullock just announced she’s moving forward with her Gravity prequel, Zero Gravity?

Titus winces. He considers a rebuttal for a brief moment, but then shakes his head. Nice try, girl.

But Kimmy’s not finished.

KIMMY (CONT’D)
And her Blind Side sequel, 2 Blind 2 Side.

He breaks.

TITUS
Sandy, why!?!?! Did you learn nothing from Speed 2: Cruise Control?!?!

Fortunately, his relapse is short-lived. He takes a deep breath to recompose himself and wags a finger at Kimmy.

TITUS (CONT’D)
Don’t even try to rain on my parade, baby girl, cause much like that watch you bought at the Dollar Tree, it’s not gonna work!

Kimmy looks dejectedly at the plastic watch on her wrist. *

TITUS (CONT’D)
You’re talking to a whole new Titus!

He reaches out a hand, gleefully introducing his new self to Kimmy.
TITUS (CONT’D)
Titus Andromedon, Infomercial Superstar!

It takes Kimmy a moment to react.

KIMMY
Wait, you got the commercial?!?

Titus grins, shaking his head.

KIMMY (CONT’D)
And you’re sure this isn’t another episode of Crank Yankers? It’s real this time?

TITUS
I’m positive! This is as real as the email I got from that Nigerian Prince!

That is real! Kimmy pulls Titus in for a hug.

KIMMY
I’m so proud of you, Titus!

TITUS
#MeToo!

Kimmy shakes her head. That’s not what that means, Titus...

KIMMY
So, what are you gonna be selling?

TITUS
You’re looking at the new face of Phillips Screwdrivers!

Kimmy tries to hide her confusion.

KIMMY
Oh... that’s great. But Titus... How can you advertise a product you don’t use?

Titus laughs.

TITUS
Oh, Kimmy! Unlike Melissa McCarthy, you are funny! You don’t have to actually use the product you’re selling.

KIMMY
You don’t?
TITUS
Ask Kirstie Alley’s couch cushions if she really uses Jenny Craig.

Kimmy nods. Good point.

She’s about to respond when LILLIAN enters, frantic, carrying a magazine.

LILLIAN
You two are not gonna believe this!

TITUS
Your urine sample came back negative this time?

LILLIAN
No!

KIMMY
Pringles is dropping that lawsuit?

LILLIAN
For the last time, I came up with “once you pop, you can’t stop” first and they know it! Of course, I was talking about OxyContin, but... that’s not the point!

She crosses to the living room.

LILLIAN (CONT’D)
I was upstairs riffling through the neighbors’ mail--as I often do while my underwear are in the microwave--when I found this!

She throws the magazine down onto the coffee table. It’s a copy of TV Guide. On the cover, there’s an advertisement for a new Lifetime original Movie--“15 Years a Slave: The Unauthorized Mostly Inaccurate True Story of the Indiana Mole Women.” Kimmy is horrified.

KIMMY
What the fudge!?!?

LILLIAN
You’re telling me! Who asked for an American Idol revival!?! *

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM STREETS - DAY

JACQUELINE and Titus stroll down the streets of Spanish Harlem. In their designer clothes (well, Jacqueline’s designer clothes and Titus’ designer knock-offs), they look wildly out of place.
They approach a dilapidated brick warehouse. A scrap of paper is taped to it’s rusty metal door. *We Shouldn’t Have Productions* is scribbled across it in Sharpie.

Jacqueline looks dismayed. This can’t be the place. It’s... gross. She checks the address on her phone. This is it. She tries to hide her disgust.

Titus doesn’t show nearly as much restraint.

**TITUS**
What in the hell is this?

**JACQUELINE**
Why, this... this is Studio 69, the very studio featured in that infomercial for Boreos, the Oreos with no cream in the middle, and the music video for the smash hit, *Crocodile The Rock*, by Dwayne “The Rock” Elton Johnson.

**TITUS**
This is not a studio, Jacqueline! Where is the glitz? Where is the glamour? Where are the washed-up child stars begging for roles?

**JACQUELINE**
Oh, Titus! You have so much to learn about the industry. There’s no glamour in television!

**TITUS**
There’s not?

**JACQUELINE**
No! They shoot *The Wendy Williams Show* in an old crack den in Koreatown.

**TITUS**
Really?

**JACQUELINE**
Uh-huh. And she wouldn’t have it any other way!

Titus shrugs. A smile returns to his face.

**TITUS**
Whelp, if it’s good enough for Wendy, it’s good enough for me! *With a spring in his step, he walks up to the intercom by the door and rings it. Jacqueline breathes a sign of relief.*
INTERCOM VOICE
(annoyed)
What?

TITUS
(like Wendy Williams)
How you doin’?

INTERCOM VOICE
Uh... fine.

TITUS
Titus Andromedon, here for his big break!

INTERCOM VOICE
(unimpressed)
It’s open.

Jacqueline fishes a handkerchief from her bag and shakes it open. She uses it to grab the doorknob. The door screeches open slowly and Titus darts inside. Jacqueline follows after him, holding her nose.

INT. TITUS AND KIMMY’S APARTMENT - DAY

Lillian lies on the floor behind the television, fiddling with a mess of cables that trails in from the hall.

Kimmy appears in the doorway carrying a brand new copy of Chamber of Secrets. Perplexed, she steps carefully over the cables and into the apartment.

KIMMY
Lillian? *

Lillian turns, startled. She’s relieved to find that it’s only Kimmy standing behind her.

LILLIAN
Oh, Kimmy. Thank goodness! You shouldn’t sneak up on people like that, dear. You’re liable to end up like Daddy Warbucks in the much-maligned musical sequel, Little Orphan Annie Get Your Gun!

Kimmy looks horrified.

LILLIAN (CONT’D)
Shot right in the face.
(under her breath)
Ungrateful little red-headed Dick Cheney...

She returns to her work behind the television.
KIMMY
What are you doing?

LILLIAN
Borrowing cable from the neighbors. *

KIMMY
Lillian, we already have cable.

LILLIAN
Yeah, but we only get the channels without boobs.

KIMMY
What do we need boob channels for? *

Lillian emerges from behind the television.

LILLIAN
How else are we gonna watch your big movie? Thanks to that bastard from the Geek Squad, I ain’t allowed in Best Buy no more, so we can’t camp out in the home theater section like we did when Titus was on Crank Yankers.

KIMMY
I already told you guys I don’t want to watch that movie!

LILLIAN
Come on, Kimmy! Everybody ends up with their own TV movie some day or another. It’s just a part of growing up!

KIMMY
No it isn’t!

LILLIAN
Sure it is. Remember mine? It had the catchiest theme song...

(singing)
“Bad boys, bad boys, whatcha gonna do, whatcha gonna do when they come for you? Bad boys, bad boys--”

KIMMY
That was an episode of Cops!

LILLIAN
Oh, yeah...

(beat)
Well, point is, we all have a traumatizing story we’d rather leave in the past.

(MORE)
LILLIAN (CONT'D)
For you, it’s all that Mole Women crap. For me, it’s that time I woke up naked in the ball pit at a McDonald’s play place and thought I’d been sent back from the future to kill Sarah Connor.

Kimmy shakes her head, confused.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Besides, nobody’s even gonna watch this dumb movie.

KIMMY
What makes you so sure?

LILLIAN
It’s got Tori Spelling in it.

Ew! Kimmy and Lillian exchange disgusted looks. Then Lillian returns to the business at hand. She kicks the side of the television and the picture comes into focus.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Hot dog!

A bumper for the Lifetime Network plays on the screen.

LIFETIME ANNOUNCER
You’re watching Lifetime! Up next, One Face, Two Face, Old Face, New Face: The Meg Ryan Story. But first, a conversation with Nicolas Cage, writer, director, and star of tonight’s brand new Lifetime Original Movie, 15 Years a Slave--

Kimmy clicks to the next channel--a local news station.

LILLIAN
Hey! What did you do that for?

But Lillian doesn’t wait for a response. The NEWSCASTER’s story grabs her attention.

NEWSCASTER
A new report indicates that murder rates in East Dogmouth have reached an all-time low. Could this be the start of a neighborhood renaissance?

LILLIAN
Not on Lillian Kaushtupper’s watch, you white bastards!

She runs out of the apartment.
INT. STUDIO 69 - DAY

A young PRODUCTION ASSISTANT leads Titus and Jacqueline to the green room. It’s little more than a closet with a futon.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Our director, Mr. Spielberg, will be with you in just a moment.

He exits.

TITUS
Did he just say Mr. Spielberg? As in, Steven Spielberg? As in, the producer of *An American Tail: Fievel Goes West*?

Titus grins.

TITUS (CONT’D)
Jacqueline, I’m sorry I ever doubted you! It’s just that... you know... you’re usually so wrong.

JACQUELINE
Well now, all thanks to me, Titus Andromedon will one day be counted among the greatest of all the Spielberg characters—E.T., Short Round, the fat guy from *Jurassic Park*...

The door opens. MORT, a slobbish, unkempt forty-something enters the room.

JACQUELINE (CONT’D)
Speak of the devil!

TITUS
(to Mort)
You must be craft services.

MORT
Oh, no, I’m--

But Titus plows over him.

TITUS
I’ll have four slices of pizza—pepperoni, but with the pepperoni’s pulled off—a bowlful of M&Ms—but only the green ones; she’s the funniest—two fruits-by-the-foot—removed from the paper and squished into the shape of Bea Arthur—and a diet Shirley Temple—three cherries, no stems.
MORT
(chuckling)
I’m not craft services. I’m the director.

Titus cuts Jacqueline a derisive glance.

MORT (CONT’D)
Mort Spielberg. Pleasure.

He extends a hand to Titus, who’s starting to look ill.

MORT (CONT’D)
Is everything okay, Titus?

Titus doesn’t answer.

JACQUELINE
He’s fine. He was just expecting someone a little more... Steven.

MORT
Yeah. So were my parents... But you know what? We’re gonna make a great commercial. We’ve got a great script--

He digs down into his pocket, retrieves a wad of napkins, and hands them to Titus. Dialogue is scrawled on them in sparkly gel pen.

Titus covers his face to keep from hurling.

MORT (CONT’D)
--and a great product!

He steps out of the room briefly and returns with the product in hand, displaying the package proudly for Titus and Jacqueline to see: FILL-UPS POO DIAPERS, “FOR WHEN YOU JUST DON’T FEEL LIKE GETTING UP!”

Titus is appalled.

TITUS
WHAT THE FOOP?!?!

He tries to compose himself.

TITUS (CONT’D)
Jacqueline, a word.

He pulls Jacqueline into the far corner of the room.

TITUS (CONT’D)
Jacqueline, how could you mistake Phillips Screwdrivers for Fill-Ups Poo Diapers?!?!
Jacqueline breaks down.

JACQUELINE
I’m just not cut out for this, Titus! I’m not supposed to work for other people, other people are supposed to work for me! I get lost in all these phone nonversations!

TITUS
Nonversations?

JACQUELINE
You know, that thing when someone is talking to you, but you really don’t care about what they’re saying, so you just say, “uh-huh...uh-huh...uh-huh...” until they finally stop.

TITUS
So you were having a nonversation when you booked this commercial?

JACQUELINE
Uh-huh.

TITUS
I can’t believe you, Jacqueline! This is my career your fooling around with!

JACQUELINE
Uh-huh.

TITUS
And I can’t just embarrass myself like this! Despite my deep understanding of the desire to never have to get up to use the bathroom, I will not wear a diaper on national television!

JACQUELINE
Uh-huh.

TITUS
Are you having a nonversation with me right now!?!?

JACQUELINE
I’m sorry! I can’t help it!

TITUS
Well you better just get over there and tell Mort that I’m not doing this commercial!
JACQUELINE
I can’t do that.

TITUS
Why not?

JACQUELINE
I already signed the contract!
(she hesitates)
And I may or may not have already
used my half of the money to put a
down payment on a toe tuck.

TITUS
Jacqueline!

JACQUELINE
Toe-besity is a real problem in
America, Titus! How do you think
Crocs stays in business!?!

Mort approaches them, concerned.

MORT
Is everything alright over here?

Titus turns, rearing to give a snappy answer. Jacqueline * intervenes.

JACQUELINE
Everything is fine, Mort. Titus
just wanted to make sure you had
diapers in extra-large.

Titus scolds her with a glance.

MORT
Oh, sure! We’ve got Fill-Ups to fit
everybody from the Olsen
Quadruplets to Chris Christie.

He looks Titus over.

MORT (CONT’D)
I’ll go get you a Rosie O’Donnell.

EXT. THE STREETS OF EAST DOGMOUTH - EVENING

Lillian hurries down the street with a stack of homemade
fliers in hand. She stops in front of a newly renovated
storefront and stares up at it in horror. A sign on the
building reads, COMING SOON: THE DOWNWARD DOGMOUTH. It’s a
goddamn yoga studio.

LILLIAN
Friggin’ Giuliani!
She removes a flier from her stack and staples it to the door. BEWARE: THE EAST DOGMOUTH STRANGLER. “ARMED” AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS. A crude pencil drawing of a grizzly-looking convict accompanies the warning.

LILLIAN (CONT’D)
There! Just what this neighborhood needs—a good old-fashioned serial killer!

With pride in her scheme, Lillian continues down the street, stapling wanted posters to telephone poles, information boards, and a variety of sickening New Age establishments like OLIVE AVANT-GARDEN and THE HANDMAID’S KALE.

A stereotypical YUPPIE WOMAN jogs toward her on the sidewalk, pushing a yippy little dog in a custom stroller and sporting expensive athleisure wear. She’s talking on the phone.

YUPPIE WOMAN
No, it’s a monofloral honey produced by a tribe of gender non-conforming nomads deep in the Himalayan Mountains.
(beat)
Yeah, I saw it on Barefoot Contessa.

Lillian interrupts her conversation.

LILLIAN
What’s a pretty young girl like you doing in a neighborhood like this?

The woman is affronted.

YUPPIE WOMAN
(to the phone)
Would you excuse me for a second, Lydia?
(to Lillian)
Ma’am, despite the street cred I would invariably gain from sleeping with a housing-challenged lesbian little person, I’m just not really into that these days. No offense.

Lillian shrugs. None taken.

LILLIAN
What I meant was, this neighborhood isn’t safe for a woman like you.

YUPPIE WOMAN
But this is one of the safest neighborhoods in New York. I just heard it on the news!
LILLIAN
(she chuckles)
You can’t believe everything you hear on the fake news, dear. Those are alternative facts!

She hands the woman a flier.

YUPPIE WOMAN
The East Dogmouth Strangler? Never heard of him.

LILLIAN
That’s exactly what they want you to say!

The woman rolls her eyes.

YUPPIE WOMAN
Well, I’m sure I’ll be fine. I don’t think stranglers are really interested in women like me, anyway. Don’t they usually target, you know... poor people?

LILLIAN
People? Oh, no, dear, you’ve got it all wrong. The Strangler’s not murdering people—he’s murdering dogs! Particularly the dogs of people who have a “My Dog is Smarter than Your Honor Student” bumper sticker on their car.

The woman gasps.

YUPPIE WOMAN
I have one of those!

LILLIAN
I figured.

YUPPIE WOMAN
Maybe it isn’t safe for me and Pawdrey Hepburn to be here, after all?

Lillian peeks into the stroller.

LILLIAN
Yep. She definitely fits his M.O.*

Lillian reaches into her bag, retrieves a wallet, and flips it open to reveal a long strip of photographs held in individual plastic sleeves—it’s a catalogue of small, yippy dogs just like Pawdrey Hepburn.
LILLIAN (CONT'D)
The victims.

She points to them one by one, feigning sorrow.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
L.L. Drool J, Dame Waggy Smith, *  
Catherine Zeta-Bones and Michael  *
Doglas, Spaniel Day-Lewis, and  
Bruce.  
(correcting herself)  
Excuse me, Caitlyn.

The yuppie woman is on the verge of tears.

YUPPIE WOMAN
What kind of sick bastard could do *  
this to an innocent little *  
animal!?!? Children I can  
understand, but a dog!?!?

LILLIAN
That’s just the kind of neighborhood this is.

YUPPIE WOMAN
Then you can keep it!

She runs off. Lillian celebrates.

LILLIAN
Be sure to tell your friends!

INT. TITUS AND KIMMY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Again, Kimmy’s reading on the couch. This time, she’s transfixed by a copy of *Chamber of Secrets*.

Titus bursts through the door, looking distraught. The bulge of a large adult diaper is visible beneath his pants. Jacqueline enters behind him.

KIMMY
Hey! How’d it go, Screwdriver  
Mah!?!?

Titus storms to his room.

TITUS
I don’t want to talk about it! I  
have to change my diaper.

He slams his door.

KIMMY
What was that about?
Jacqueline retrieves a silk sheet from her purse. She lays it out over Kimmy’s couch and then sits down.

JACQUELINE
Oh, there was just a bit of a mix-up down at the studio. But it all worked out. I’m still the best agent in town.

Kimmy raises an eyebrow. Are you?

JACQUELINE (CONT’D)
Well, I’m the prettiest, anyway.

Another eyebrow raise.

JACQUELINE (CONT’D)
Well, I’m definitely the least Jewish!

Kimmy nods. There you go.

Lillian enters, carrying a trash bag full of popcorn.

KIMMY
Where did you get that?

LILLIAN
I liberated it from a movie theater dumpster. Brendan Fraser fought me pretty hard for it!

She scurries over to the couch and sits down between Kimmy and Jacqueline.

LILLIAN (CONT’D)
Titus, get in here! The movie’s about to start!

Titus rejoins them, now wearing an oversized shirt that reads: I SURVIVED THE DURNSVILLE BUNKER AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT.

Kimmy cuts him a look.

TITUS
What? Figured I better get it before they jack the prices up!

He plops down on the couch next to Kimmy. Lillian grabs the barbie doll “remote” and clicks on the television.

It begins.

CANDACE CAMERON BURE appears in a red wig against a black screen.
CANDACE CAMERON BURE
My name is Kimmy Schmidt and I’m a Mole Woman.

Kimmy gasps.

KIMMY
I’m played by DJ!?!?

TITUS
Ew, the worst Full House kid...

JACQUELINE
You’re forgetting about Nicky and Alex.

Titus nods in disgusted agreement.

LILLIAN
Shhhh! This is startin’ to get good!

Back on the screen, Candace Cameron Bure fades away. TORI SPELLING appears in her place.

TORI SPELLING
My name is Tori Spell-- I mean, Cyndee Pokorny and I’m a--
(to someone off camera)
What it is again? Oh yeah.
(back to camera)
I’m a Mole Woman.

As Tori fades out, JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT appears in her place in a bad Michelle Duggar cosplay.

JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT
My name is Gretchen Chalker and I am proud to be a Mole Woman.

SOFÍA VERGARA appears next, speaking in an even more exaggerated version of her stereotypical accent.

SOFÍA VERGARA
Yo soy Donna Maria Nuñez and I am one of the Women of the Moles also.

Finally, NICOLAS CAGE appears, delivering his lines with the unhinged bravado that only Nicolas Cage can.

NICOLAS CAGE
And I’m Reverend Richard Wayne Gary Wayne. These are my Mole Women. And these are their stories. DUN DUN.

LATER: Nicholas Cage throws Candace Cameron Bure through the door into the bunker and slams it shut.
CANDACE CAMERON BURE
Why are you keeping me here like this?

NICOLAS CAGE
Honey, the world is being Fed-Exed to hell in a hand cart! I’m saving your ass!

He throws her a book.

NICOLAS CAGE (CONT’D)
Here, read this while I go see if anyone else is alive out there!

She picks up the book. On the cover he’s scribbled: “REVEREND RICHARD’S GUIDE TO SURVIVING THE SCARY-POCALYPSE” BY GOSH AND HIS SON, JEEPERS.

CANDACE CAMERON BURE
I can’t.

NICOLAS CAGE
What do you mean you can’t!

CANDACE CAMERON BURE
I can’t read!

BACK TO KIMMY AND TITUS’ LIVING ROOM.

JACQUELINE
Kimmy, you can’t read!?!?

KIMMY
I was reading when you got here! Why are you believing this trash?

JACQUELINE
Because it’s on TV. Which is right almost as often as the internet!

Kimmy rolls her eyes.

BACK TO THE MOVIE.

LATER: Candace hangs a tin-foil star on a fake Christmas tree in the center of the room.

CANDACE CAMERON BURE
Moley Christmas, Sisters!

JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT
I knew it was Christmas cause I was visited by three ghosts last night.
SOFÍA VERGARA
You are so creepy. You are always
being visited by ghosties. It is
like you are a ghosty whisperer or
something.

Jennifer Love Hewitt winks at the camera.

Nicolas Cage busts in, screaming.

NICOLAS CAGE
How in the name of Zeus’ butthole
did you get out of your cells!?!?

Candace swivels toward him, startled.

CANDACE CAMERON BURE
Oh, Mylanta!

BACK TO KIMMY AND TITUS’ LIVING ROOM.

Kimmy winces. Everyone else is transfixed, absentmindedly
shoveling popcorn into their mouths.

Later: Kimmy stares dumbfounded at the screen. Her friends
are moved to tears. They stand up to clap, dropping balled-up
tissues all over the floor.

BACK TO THE MOVIE.

Like any good docudrama, the movie ends by displaying the
image of the person on whom each character is based alongside
a note about their life after the events of the film:

REVEREND RICHARD WAYNE GARY WAYNE IS SERVING OUT A LIFE-
SENTENCE FOR HIS CRIMES. IN THE END, HE WILL ANSWER TO GOSH
AND JEEPERS.

OUTSIDE THE BUNKER, GRETCHEN CHALKER FOUND COMMUNITY BY
FORMING HER OWN CULT. SHE IS CURRENTLY THE H.B.I.C. AT
LITCHFIELD PRISON.

DONNA MARIA NUÑEZ HAS FOUND SUCCESS AS THE CREATOR AND FACE
OF DONNA MARIA’S MOLE WOMEN MOLE SAUCE. HER ACCENT IS STILL
GRATING.

CYNDEE POKORNY RESIDES IN DURNSVILLE, INDIANA WITH HER
BOYFRIEND, BRANDON. HE IS GAY.

KIMMY SCHMIDT MOVED TO NEW YORK CITY TO LIVE WITH A LOSER IN
A SIDEWAYS TUGBOAT. SHE STILL CAN’T READ.

INT. BOOKSTORE - THE NEXT DAY

Kimmy waits in a bookstore checkout line with a copy of
Prisoner of Azkaban in hand.
CASHIER
I can help the next guest.

The CASHIER is young and cute and he beckons to Kimmy with a sweet smile. She hands him her book.

CASHIER (CONT’D)
Prisoner of Azkaban, huh? That’s my favorite one.

Is he flirting? Kimmy grins nervously.

KIMMY
Oh, yeah, mine too. I’m re-reading it for, like, the seventeenth time.

CASHIER
Don’t you just love the part where--

KIMMY
No spoilers!

He looks confused. Kimmy tries to course correct.

KIMMY (CONT’D)
I like to go in each time as if it were the first, you know. So I just kinda pretend to forget what happens.

Great recovery, Kimmy!

CASHIER
Oh, I’ll have to try that out next time I read Everyone Poops.

Kimmy laughs, obnoxiously at first, but then, reconsidering, she tries a sexy chortle. It’s similarly unflattering.

CASHIER (CONT’D)
So, uh, do you come here often?

KIMMY
Usually about once a month. Whenever they put out a new issue of Highlights Magazine.
(reconsidering again)
Uh, I mean National Geographic.

CASHIER
I like Highlights, too.

Kimmy smiles.

CASHIER (CONT’D)
But seriously, do I know you? You look really familiar.
KIMMY
A lot of people think I’m the girl from Wendy’s.

The cashier laughs. And then it clicks.

CASHIER
Wait a second, are you Kimmy Schmidt!?!? Like, the Mole Woman?

Kimmy’s face drops.

CASHIER (CONT’D)
I saw your movie last night! It was great! So funny!

Kimmy’s embarrassed and a little upset.

KIMMY
There’s nothing funny about being kidnapped and trapped in a bunker for fifteen years!

CASHIER
I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to--

KIMMY
Can you please just ring up my book?

CASHIER
(genuinely concerned)
Don’t you think you’d rather have * the audiobook?

Offended, Kimmy grabs the book back from the cashier, slaps ten dollars onto the counter, and hurries out of the store.

EXT. THE STREETS OF EAST DOGMOUTH – A WHILE LATER

On her way home, Kimmy passes STEREO SHED, an electronics store. A local news station plays on the TVs in the window. Kimmy watches in horror.

NEWSCASTER
Last night, the Lifetime Original, * 15 Years a Slave: The Unauthorized Mostly Inaccurate True Story of the Indiana Mole Women, became the most watched television movie since Tyler Perry’s Here’s One For White People. This morning on the Today Show, when asked if we could expect a sequel, Ms. Cameron Bure answered, “Yes. At least 12.”
Distraught, Kimmy runs off.

NEWSCASTER (CONT’D)
In other news, a life-sized FurReal Friend was found suffocated this morning on the shores of the East River. Could this be a warning from the mysterious East Dogmouth Strangler? A frightened yuppie woman says yes! More after this.

EXT. THE STREETS OF EAST DOGMOUTH - MOMENTS LATER
Kimmy heads quickly toward home, shielding her face to avoid the judgmental gaze of nosy passersby.

She breezes past a couple of TEENAGED BOYS as she hurries to the crosswalk at the end of the block. They recognize her.

TEENAGED BOY 1
(pointing)
No way! Was that who I think it was?!?!

TEENAGED BOY 2
Oh my God!
(beat)
The girl from Wendy’s!

INT. TITUS AND KIMMY'S APARTMENT - LATER
Titus and Jacqueline are glued to the television.

NEWSCASTER
Move over, Stranger Things kids, there’s a new group of overrated outcasts in town! After the remarkable success of Nicolas Cage’s 15 Years a Slave, Mole Woman Mania is sweeping the nation. While fans eagerly await the follow-up, Mole Women: The Squeakquel, due out next week, be sure to check out MyLifetime.com for your chance to win an all-expenses-paid trip to beautiful Durnsville, Indiana!

Titus reaches across the living room with a barbie doll taped to a broomstick and clicks off the television.

TITUS
Do you think Kimmy’s seen any of this yet?

The door bursts open and Kimmy storms in.
KIMMY
I am so fudging mad!
(beat)
Everyone has seen it! Everyone!

JACQUELINE
That’s a good thing, Kimmy! If
everyone had seen Furry Vengeance,
Brendan Fraser wouldn’t be eating
out of a dumpster right now!

TITUS
Yeah, Kimmy. Fame is always a good
thing--no matter how you come by
it! Just ask the Kardashians!

KIMMY
But everyone thinks all that
garbage is true! And I don’t want
to be famous! I don’t want
everybody to know who I am. That’s
why I never understood Cheers. Why
would you wanna go anywhere where
everybody knows your name!?!?

JACQUELINE
But, Kimmy, think of all the money
you’re missing out on. The manias
are very profitable--Bealtemania,
Spicemania, Hulkamania! I could be
your agent! There’d be book deals,
TV interviews, sponsorships... I’d
be rich!
(off Kimmy’s look)
I mean, we’d be rich!

KIMMY
I have no interest in being rich.

Jacqueline gasps. Blasphemy!

KIMMY (CONT’D)
I don’t want the money, I don’t
want the attention, and I don’t
want anybody feeling sorry for me!

She storms off to her room and slams the divider.

KIMMY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
You can just call me Ryan Seacrest,
cause I’m never coming out!

EXT. THE STREETS OF EAST DOGMOUTH - A FEW DAYS LATER

Lillian drags around a bucket of cow’s blood, splattering it
here and there as she makes her way down the street.
She approaches a building that’s under renovation. The facade is being painted and the crew is out to lunch. A large ladder is left unattended.

Lillian seizes her opportunity. She climbs the ladder and scrawls “IT’S STRANGLIN’ TIME!” in blood across the fresh paint job.

She climbs down the ladder to evaluate her work, leaving the blood bucket on the top rung.

LILLIAN
Nice work, Lillian. You’re a regular Banksy.

As she goes to climb back up, she stumbles, and knocks into the ladder. The bucket spills, dousing her with blood.

After wiping her face, she opens her eyes to find a large junkyard dog growling and barring it’s teeth in front of her.

LILLIAN (CONT’D)
Down, boy. Good. Good boy.

She backs away slowly.

LILLIAN (CONT’D)
You don’t want to eat me. Ever since my stint as a cadaver on ER, I taste like formaldehyde.

The dog barks aggressively and lunges toward her.

LILLIAN (CONT’D)
Run, Lillian!

She runs off screaming as the dog chases after her.

INT. TITUS AND KIMMY’S APARTMENT – DAY

Titus sits down next to Kimmy, who’s curled up on the couch in her pajamas reading Order of the Phoenix.

TITUS
I’m worried about you, Kim Possible. You’ve barely moved from that spot all week. It’s like you’re in the express lane at Walmart!

KIMMY
I don’t have any reason to move.
TITUS
What about when Oprah came to the door to request an interview? That wasn’t enough of a reason!?!?

KIMMY
She didn’t want an interview, Titus. She thought this was a Panera Bread.

Titus shrugs.

TITUS
Look, I know you’re embarrassed to go outside because everybody knows who you are, but that’s no reason to turn into a recluse!

KIMMY
How would you know? Nobody cares who you are!

TITUS
You’re hurting, so I’m gonna pretend you didn’t say that.

He glances at Kimmy’s book.

TITUS (CONT’D)
Think about it this way: everybody knows who Harry Potter is, but does that stop him from going outside and living his nerdy little life? No! Cause he has to stop Darth Vader, cause that’s his sister, and if she gets her hands on the Ark of the Covenant, he’ll never win the Hunger Games and Narnia will be frozen forever!

Kimmy looks befuddled.

TITUS (CONT’D)
My point is, like fidget spinners, unicorn frappuccinos, and hopefully Taylor Swift, Mole Women Mania is just a fad. As soon as some other stupid craze comes around, people will forget all about the bunker.

As if it were on cue, Titus’ phone rings. He answers.

TITUS (CONT’D)
Hey, Jacqueline. What? Now? But it’s the middle of the day! But they said... Foop!
He grabs the barbie broomstick and clicks on the television.

HALLMARK ANNOUNCER
You’re watching the 325 days of Christmas on Hallmark Channel. Up Next, Candace Cameron Bure reprises her beloved role as the dim-witted Mole Woman, Kimmy Schmidt, in Help! I’m Trapped in a Snow Globe. But first, a word from our sponsors.

The Fill-Ups Poo Diaper commercial begins.

ON TELEVISION --

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Titus sits across from a suave businessman in what appears to be an important interview.

FILL-UPS ANNOUNCER
Sometimes nature calls and you just can’t answer.

Titus’ stomach gurgles. He contorts his face. It’s obvious he’s holding in a big one.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Titus struts awkwardly down a crowded sidewalk. He feels a poop coming on. He checks his watch, shakes his head, and continues down the street.

FILL-UPS ANNOUNCER
Life just moves way too fast for * all those pesky bathroom breaks.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Now in his pajamas, Titus sits down in his recliner and turns on the television.

FILL-UPS ANNOUNCER
And when you finally get a little bit of time to yourself, the last thing you feel like doing is getting up to use that cold, uncomfortable toilet.

Titus reaches for his popcorn bowl, but he’s interrupted by another incoming bowel movement. He looks up to the heavens, cursing his predicament with over-exaggerated hysterics.
FILL-UPS ANNOUNCER (CONT’D)
Well now you don’t have to!

A package of Fill-Ups Poo Diapers appears in Titus’ hands. He’s delighted!

FILL-UPS ANNOUNCER (CONT’D)
Introducing Fill-Up’s Poo Diapers, the ultra-absorbent “underwear” for adults who just don’t feel like getting up!

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT
Titus sits in the middle of a crowded movie theater. A look of discomfort streaks across his face.

FILL-UPS ANNOUNCER
Don’t want to miss the movie? Never fear! With Fill-Ups Poo Diapers, there’s a bathroom right here!

Titus smiles. Ah, sweet release!

A hefty woman stands up and attempts to climb over Titus. * She’s headed for the bathroom. Titus taps her and hands her an extra-large Poo Diaper. She smiles, gives the camera a thumbs-up, and returns to her seat.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY
Titus hurries down the same busy sidewalk as before with a renewed zest for life. He relieves himself mid-stride. And no one even notices!

FILL-UPS ANNOUNCER
With Fill-Ups Poo Diapers’ patented Code Brown Anti-Leak sealant and Stink-Lock odor protection, you can put the go in on-the-go!

BACK TO TITUS AND KIMMY’S APARTMENT.

INT. TITUS AND KIMMY’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS
Kimmy grins ear to ear, but Titus watches in horror as the commercial wraps up.

The ORDER NOW screen appears.

FILL-UPS ANNOUNCER
Fill-Ups Poo Diapers. Because why should babies have all the fun! *
The on-screen Titus holds up a tube of ointment with his face on it.

FILL-UPS ANNOUNCER (CONT’D)
Call now and you’ll receive a tube of our patented Fill-Ups Diaper Rash Ointment absolutely free! That’s a savings of almost ninety-four cents!

Titus gives the audience a thumbs-up.

ON-SCREEN TITUS
When you think about crap, think about Fill-Ups Poo Diapers!

END OF COMMERCIAL.

Titus clicks off the television.

Kimmy begins to speak, but Titus stops her.

TITUS
You better make like Charlie Chaplin, girl, cause I don’t want to hear a word.

EXT. THE STREETS OF EAST DOGMOUTH – DAY

Lillian runs down the street, hollering, still covered in blood. Now, a whole pack of dogs is in hot pursuit.

A YUPPIE COUPLE and their dog exit an apartment building just up the block. A REAL ESTATE AGENT follows after them.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
And the best part is, we’ve just been named one of the safest districts in New York City by the NAAPFTP--The National Association for the Advancement of People Who FaceTime Their Pets.

Lillian runs past them, screaming bloody murder. The couple exchanges horrified glances.

YUPPIE HUSBAND
(to the realtor)
I think this is gonna be a no-go for us.
(to his wife)
Why don’t we go look in Bed-Stuy. They just opened a Flight of the Conchords Pop-Up Bar over there.
As they head down the stairs, the couple’s dog wiggles free of it’s collar and joins the pack that chases after Lillian.

YUPPIE WIFE
Fleayoncé Knowles, you get back here right this instant!

INT. LIBRARY - THE NEXT DAY

A LIBRARIAN escorts Titus to a computer.

LIBRARIAN
Do I know you? You look familiar.

TITUS
I’m Titus. I come here all the time to catch up on Barbie: Life in the Dreamhouse. I mean... to uh... work on important adult... taxes. You know, you’re always shushing me.

LIBRARIAN
I can’t keep track of all the people I shush!

She thinks.

LIBRARIAN (CONT’D)
Wait a second, you’re the Fill-Ups Poo Man!

(she laughs)

“When you think about crap, think about Fill-Ups Poo Diapers!”

Classic!

Titus shushes her this time.

TITUS
How do you know about that?

LIBRARIAN
You haven’t seen? You’re all over the internet.

Titus launches himself at the nearest computer. He searches FILL-UPS DIAPERS and, covering his eyes, he smashes enter.

Sure enough, he’s been memed. His commercial is blowing up on youtube and #FillUpsPooMan is trending on Twitter.

Mortified, he rushes into the bathroom.
INT. LIBRARY BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Titus stands in front of the sink, staring down into the basin. He’s feeling sick.

TITUS
It’s ok, Titus. Maybe this is just the break you needed. Isn’t this what you’ve always dreamed of? You’re famous! And like you told Kimmy, fame is always a good thing—no matter how you come by it.

He looks up, smiling. But what stares back at him from the mirror isn’t quite so happy. It’s EVIL TITUS, Titus’ Gollum-like alter ego. He has sallow skin, sunken eyes, and a few long stringy black hairs.

EVIL TITUS
You’re not famous, Tituses. To be famous, you needs to do something great!

TITUS
Tell that to Honey Boo Boo!

Evil Titus recoils at the sound of her name.

TITUS (CONT’D)
People love me because I’m funny!

EVIL TITUS
They’re laughing at you, not with you! You’re like the Star Wars Kid. Or Sweet Brown. Or Amy Schumer!

Titus recoils at the sound of her name. He covers his ears.

TITUS
Not listening. I’m not listening!

EVIL TITUS
You’re nothing but a joke! A fad!

Titus shakes his head, still covering his ears.

EVIL TITUS (CONT’D)
And as soon as some other stupid craze comes around, they’ll forget all about you.

Titus grins.

TITUS
Wait, that’s it! I’m the next stupid craze! That’s how I can get Kimmy out of her funk!
EVIL TITUS
But Tituses are selfish! We don’t help tricksy, fat little Kimmyes! *

TITUS
But Kimmy’s my friend!

EVIL TITUS
You don’t have any friends! Nobody likes you!

TITUS
Why don’t you just go away! *

EVIL TITUS
Where would you be without me?
(coughing like Gollum)
Titus. Titus.
(back to normal)
I saved us. We survived because of me!

TITUS
Well Kimmy looks after me now! I don’t need you! So leave now and never come back!

EVIL TITUS
What?

TITUS
I SAID, LEAVE NOW AND NEVER COME BACK!

The librarian pops her head in the door and shushes Titus. She points to a sign above the trashcan: NO YELLING AT YOURSELF.

TITUS (CONT’D)
Sorry.

INT. TITUS AND KIMMY’S APARTMENT - LATER

Titus bursts through the door.

TITUS
Get up, Kim Burton! Put on some of those clothes you bought at Limited Too, lace up your Keds, and let’s go! I’m taking you out!

He turns and finds Kimmy bundled up on the couch, crying into a copy of Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince.

TITUS (CONT’D)
Kimmy, what’s the matter?
KIMMY
Dumbledore’s dead! And he never got to proclaim his love for Professor McGonagall!

Titus laughs.

TITUS
Oh, girl, that was never gonna happen.

KIMMY
Why not?

TITUS
That man’s gayer than the front row at a Liza Minnelli concert.
(beat)
Sparkly eyes... Half-moon spectacles... A long-time beard...
Learn the signs, Kimmy!

That only makes her feel worse.

KIMMY
Well now he’s dead and he never got to live his truth!

TITUS
Kimmy, it’s alright. He’s just make believe. Like Santa. Or a decent Katy Perry album.

He hands her a tissue.

TITUS (CONT’D)
So wipe your tears and let’s go!

KIMMY
I’m perfectly happy right here on the couch. I’ve got my books, I’ve got my snacks, and you know what, those Poo Diapers really do work!

Titus winces.

TITUS
But, Kimmy, Mole Woman Mania is over. Nobody even remembers those losers anymore!

KIMMY
Hey!

TITUS
They’re has-beens--like Pamela Anderson!
KIMMY
I don’t care. I’m not going.

TITUS
What if I told you I was gonna take you to the zoo?

Kimmy’s stunned. *

KIMMY
Wait, really!?!!? What happened to, “If I wanted to see a bunch of fat animals in cages, I’d watch Orange is the New Black?”

TITUS
Kimmy, if watching stinky animals lay around in their own poo is good enough for you, then it’s good enough for me, too!

Kimmy jumps off the couch and pulls Titus into a tight hug. * He gets a whiff of her.

TITUS (CONT’D)
You probably oughta change your Fill-Up before we go... *

EXT. THE BRONX ZOO – LATE AFTERNOON

Titus and Kimmy stroll through the zoo together, both enjoying an ice cream cone. Kimmy’s dressed in a ridiculous disguise—big round glasses, a Golden Girls dress, and a Barbra Streisand wig straight out of A Star is Born.

KIMMY
Thanks for letting me borrow some of your costume stuff, Titus.

TITUS
Anytime, baby girl. It’s working like a charm. I don’t think a single person has guessed you’re actually Dustin Hoffman under there.

Kimmy laughs as they approach the sea lion exhibit. *

KIMMY
Oooh, Titus, come on! Let’s go see the sea lions! I think they have the one from Andre here!

She grabs Titus’ hand and pulls him toward the enclosure. *
EXT. SEA LION ENCLOSURE - MOMENTS LATER

Kimmy and Titus stand at the edge of the pool, watching the sea lions play. One of the animals takes a particular liking to them. It splashes Titus.

TITUS
Excuse me, sir! I did not come here to get wet!

KIMMY
He really didn’t. He wears a rain slicker in the shower.

The sea lion splashes Kimmy instead. Just a bit at first, but then more forcefully. The second wave dislodges her wig and sends her glasses flying. Her long hair falls to her shoulders and her gaudy make-up runs down her face.

A family standing nearby recognizes her instantly. Kimmy looks over at them, mortified. A LITTLE GIRL is just about to call attention to her when Titus rips off his tearaway pants and displays his diaper for all to see.

The little girl points to him.

LITTLE GIRL
Hey, that’s the Fill-Ups Poo Man!

Everyone in the enclosure turns to look as the sea lion splashes Titus. His diaper swells and his ravenous fans bum rush him. They push Kimmy right out of the way.

RUDE WOMAN
Move! Who even are you?

Kimmy celebrates her reclaimed anonymity.

A LITTLE BOY tugs on Titus’ shawl.

LITTLE BOY
Mr. Poo Man, Mr. Poo Man, can I have your autograph?

Titus eats it up. He has fans! It’s a dream come true.

And it’s a dream come true for someone else, too. Jacqueline appears out of nowhere with a stack of autographed photos.

JACQUELINE
Autographed Poo Man photos! Get your Poo Man photos here! Only $40!

INT. TITUS AND KIMMY’S APARTMENT - LATER

Kimmy and Titus sit together on the couch.
KIMMY
Thanks for doing what you did
today, Titus. Embarrassing yourself
for my sake was very “Un-Titus-
like” of you.

Evil Titus appears in a nearby mirror.

EVIL TITUS
Yes, it was, Tituses, it was! All
for stupid, tricksy, fat Kimmyses!
Curse it and crush it! We hates it
forever!

TITUS
(to Evil Titus)
Oh, shut up!
(to Kimmy)
Anything for my best friend!

He hugs Kimmy.

TITUS (CONT’D)
I wasn’t about to stand by and
watch you put yourself right back
in that bunker.
(beat)
Besides, I’m not concerned about
any lasting embarrassment. There’s
already another stupid craze
sweeping in to take my place.

He uses the barbie broomstick to click on the television. The
Wendy Williams Show plays on the screen.

WENDY WILLIAMS ANNOUNCER
Live from an old crack den in
Koreatown, it’s the Wendy Williams
Show! And here’s Wendy!

Wendy Williams struts onto her stage to rapturous applause.

WENDY WILLIAMS
How you doin’?

More applause.

WENDY WILLIAMS (CONT’D)
On today’s Hot Topics, we sit down
with Mimi Kanasis, author of the
New York Time’s Best-Selling tell-
all, *So I Married the East Dogmouth*
Strangler.*

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE

Revision
Psychos
A Farce
Setting: The Ripper Lodge in sleepy Butcher Falls, California, Late 1960

Characters: 4 Male Characters. 3 Female Characters.

Mark Freeling (Mid-30s) – Tall, blonde, and well built. The picture of early-60s WASPiness. Not as smart as his wife, but definitely smarter than his girlfriend. As a locally famous radio DJ, he brings that “Freeling Feeling” to dozens of Butcher Fallsians every night.

Janet Hendricks (Mid-30s) – The stereotypical blonde bombshell – hourglass figure, ultra-light bouffant, and not a whole lot going on upstairs. Her usual sex appeal is inhibited this evening by her intense paranoia. She’s married to Deputy Sam Hendricks, but she’s sleeping with Mark Freeling.

Jack Ripper (Early 30s) – The peculiar young proprietor of Ripper Lodge. Scrawny, boyishly handsome, and oddly charming. He always acts in the best interest of “Mother.”

Ms. Rose (Early 70s) – An eccentric spinster who helps Jack run the lodge. She suffers from terrible insomnia and sporadic psychosis. Often believing she’s a widowed billionaire socialite, she wears gaudy costume jewelry and speaks with an affected Transatlantic accent.

Bud Parker (Late 20s) – Brutish and domineering, he’s the mastermind behind the hatchet-murdering, bank robbing duo known as Ma Schneider and the Sauerkraut Kid. With his strong physique and dusty blonde hair, he does indeed resemble Mark, but his early-60s garage rock attire and ever-present joint make it clear they come from opposite sides of the track.

Candy Parker (Late 20s) – The Bonnie to Bud’s Clyde. Though she speaks with an incongruously mousy voice, she’s every bit as vicious as Bud – and twice as smart. When not disguised as the elderly Ma Schneider, she wears a cut off t-shirt and grungy jeans and lets her blonde hair flow freely.
Deputy Sam Hendricks (Late 30s) – Janet’s husband. The inept Deputy Sheriff of the Butcher Falls Police Department.
Notes

The stage is broken into three distinct playing spaces. The first and largest is Ripper Lodge’s grand foyer, comprised of a dining area stage right, a living area center stage, and a guest registration lobby stage left. The manor’s front door, also stage left, leads out to the second playing space, a covered front porch. The third playing space is a small kitchen located stage right, which is accessible through a swinging door near the dining area in the main room. Focused lighting is used to direct the audience’s attention to the appropriate playing space. For the purposes of our story, it’s presumed that, unless otherwise noted, characters cannot see or hear anything that’s occurring in a playing space in which they are not currently located.

In an attempt to keep their identities hidden, several characters in the play speak with a phony German accent. For Mark, Bud, and Candy, this accent should be passable, but far from perfect. For Janet, it should be laughably bad. Dialogue that’s intended to be accented in this way is written in italics.
ACT 1

Setting: Ripper Lodge, a once-grand Victorian Gothic manor home, now reduced to a dilapidated bed and breakfast deep in the midst of a long-overdue renovation. Though lavishly furnished and adorned with an array of beautifully ornate period features, the manor’s original old-world decor has long since been replaced by an infestation of garish tchotchkes and an unnerving assortment of taxidermied animals. The accommodation primarily comprises of an open-plan living and dining area with a staircase, which leads to a gallery above, and a quite extensive range of entrances and exits. On the ground floor, at stage left, the home’s main entrance gives access to the front porch beyond it. At stage right, a swinging door leads to a small utilitarian kitchen. There are four more doors along the lower level’s back wall. The first door, nearest the staircase at stage right, opens into a private wing of the house, which contains the bedrooms of the inn’s two proprietors. Beside that, moving stage left, a second door leads down to the cellar below. Next to that, there’s a large window, which is bordered on either side by heavy, floor-length drapery. To the window’s left is the entrance to Jack’s study and beside that, a coat closet. On the gallery level, there are four additional doors. The first opens to Mother’s room, the second and third to guest bedrooms, and the fourth to a shared guest bathroom.

At Rise: (MARK trudges up the front steps. He carries two very heavy, olive green, Samsonite suitcases. He puts them down onto the porch with a sigh of relief and shakes the rain from his clothes. JANET follows cautiously behind him, matching cosmetic case in hand. She closes her umbrella, shakes the water off, oblivious to the fact that she’s soaking MARK in the process, and takes a look around.)

JANET
Uh-uh. I don’t like the looks of this place. I thought I said no motor lodges.

MARK
This isn’t a motor lodge. It’s the house behind a motor lodge.

JANET
That’s worse! That’s where he kept his mother!

MARK
Oh, Janet, come on! You’re not still hung up on that, are you?
I certainly am.

MARK
Isn’t it bad enough that you haven’t showered in weeks?

JANET
I’m using perfume!

MARK
It was only a movie!

JANET
Oh, sure! And I suppose next you’re gonna tell me “The Blob” was only a movie, too!

(MARK sighs. He’s fighting a losing battle.)

JANET
Freaky stuff like that happens all the time, you know. Did you hear about that Gein fellow in Wisconsin, skinning ladies to make a woman suit? Betcha he lived in a freaky old place just like this!

MARK
You would make a lovely woman suit.

JANET
Mark!

(She slaps his chest hard. He chuckles.)

MARK
I’m joking. Sorry. But you’re just being paranoid.

JANET
No, I’m being careful. And when there’s a pair of hatchet murderers running around in your neighborhood, being careful is the least you can do!

MARK
Well I don’t think the innkeeper’s a hatchet murderer. He seems like a very nice man.

JANET
So did Norman!
MARK

Janet!

JANET

Can we please just go somewhere else? Anywhere else!

MARK

I’ve already paid for the room.

JANET

Why would you go and do a stupid thing like that!?!?

MARK

He gave me a really good rate cause they’re doing renovations.

JANET

Oh, great, so he’s got power tools!

MARK

Janet, stop. C’mon. There’s nowhere else for us to go. It’s getting late. It’s pouring down rain. It was dangerous for us to be driving in this to begin with.

JANET

I know, I just... I--

(MARK cups JANET’s face in his hands.)

MARK

You wanted to be alone didn’t you? Finally.

(She nods.)

MARK

Well here we are. Alone. In the middle of nowhere. Ok? They’ll never find us here.

(He kisses her.)

MARK

Now can we go inside?

(JANET takes a deep breath.)

JANET

Fine. But if we get killed I’m never gonna let you hear the end of it!
MARK

Fair enough.

(He reaches for the doorknocker.)

MARK

Oh! And by the way, we’re German.

JANET

No. I’m not. I’m Swedish. And a little bit Pueblo on my father’s side.

MARK

That’s not what I mean. I didn’t want to use our real names, so I told the innkeeper we’re Mr. and Mrs. Braun. He thinks we’re from Germany, so just play along.

JANET

Why didn’t you just use an American name?

MARK

I started doing an accent so he wouldn’t recognize my voice. It came out kinda German, so I just went with it.

JANET

Nobody has ever recognized your voice, Mark! Why do you always think they will?

MARK

Uh, maybe because I’m the third most popular radio DJ in Butcher Falls!

JANET

Yeah, out of three!

MARK

Third is third, Janet!

JANET

Ugh. Well, I don’t think I can do a German accent. Why couldn’t you have made us Chinese?

MARK

Something tells me he wouldn’t have bought that.

JANET

No, my Chinese accent’s really good!
MARK
Well, next time, then... For now, why don’t you just try acting German, alright? Wanna practice?

JANET
Um, okay... Let’s see...
(she thinks)
Alright, here we go.

(Suddenly, she snaps to attention. All expression leaves her face. She stomps her left foot, raises her right arm, and shouts.)

JANET
Sieg Heil!

(MARK quickly cups a hand over her mouth and lowers her outstretched arm.)

MARK
Nope. No. Definitely do not do that.

JANET
What? That was pretty good!

MARK
I’ll tell you what — why don’t you just let me do the talking, alright? Only speak if you’re spoken to. The quicker we get to our room, the better.

JANET
Fine by me. I’m not here to chitchat.

(MARK bends to pick up their luggage.)

JANET
You know what I’m here for.

(She grabs his butt, startling him upright. He turns back to her and smiles.)

MARK
Now, now, Fräulein, save it for ze bettroom.

(He kisses her playfully, then turns back to the door. As he knocks, the lights come up at center stage and the manor’s grand foyer is revealed. JACK scurries to the door to answer it.)
JACK
Ah, Mr. Braun, Mrs. Braun, come in, come in.

(They step inside.)

JACK
Welcome to Ripper Lodge.

MARK
Sank you. It’s very nice.

JACK
I appreciate that. Thank you. It doesn’t shine the way it did when Mother was alive, but we’re getting there.

(JANET looks concerned.)

JANET
Muzza?

JACK
Yeah, my mother used to run this place.

JANET
But now she has passed away?

JACK
Yeah, uh, she died a few years ago.

JANET
And you had sumpsing to do wit zat or...?

JACK
Oh, God, no! Why would you ask that?

MARK
I’m sorry! My vife’s English is not so goot. Vat she meant to say vas, “How do you go on after sumpsing happens like zat?”

JACK
Oh, well, as you can see, I just kinda wallowed for a bit and let this place fall apart. But, you know, I have my coping mechanisms. Mother’s always here.

(beat)
In spirit, of course.

(He laughs.)
And it’s honestly been easier than I thought it would be to fix this old place up. It really does have good bones.

JANET

Bones?

(He notices her concerned look.)

JACK

Oh, I’m sorry, Mrs. Braun. That’s just a figure of speech.

(beat)

But look, I’m sure you guys didn’t come here to listen to my old sob story. You’d probably like to get to your room and freshen up a bit, huh?

MARK

Oh, ya, zat vood be nice, sank you.

JACK

Okay, great. I’ll take you to your room as soon as I get back.

MARK

Back from vare?

JACK

I just want to bring your car around to the garage before the storm gets any worse.

MARK

Oh, no, sank you, but zat von’t be necessary.

JACK

No, I insist. Really. It’s on my property and I’d feel right awful if something were to happen to it. Sure is a beauty. What is it, a Ford Custom? ’57?

MARK

Zat’s ze vun. Vite as snow.

JACK

Won’t take me but a minute.

(He reaches out for MARK’s keys.)

MARK

Vell, alright. Sank you very much.
(MARK hands them over.)

JACK
Be back in a flash. In the meantime, just make yourselves right at home. Mein haus ist dein haus!

(MARK and JANET have no idea what he just said. And it shows.)

JACK
Oh, I’m sorry. Did I say something wrong? German’s never been my strong suit.

MARK
Clearly not. So best not to try it anymore.

JANET
Ya, you don’t sprechen sie deutsch, vee von’t sprechen sie deutsch, okay?

JACK
Sounds good.

(He slips on his raincoat and walks over to the stereo console.)

JACK
I’m just gonna put on some music before I go.

(He clicks on the radio and big band music fills the room.)

JACK
That’s better. Now it’s not so deathly quiet in here.

(JANET mouths, “Deathly?” MARK scolds her with a glare.)

MARK
Zat’s wunderbar. Sank you, Mr. Ripper.

JACK
Jack will be fine.

MARK
How’s zat?
JACK

My name is Jack.

MARK

Jack Ripper?

(JANET’s eyes widen.)

JACK

Yeah, but this is a first name establishment, so you can just call me Jack, okay.

MARK

Okay, Jack. And you may call me Werner.

JACK

Thank you, Werner.

(beat)

And what about you, Mrs. Braun? What’s your first name?

JANET

Uh... um...

(She spits out the first thing that comes to mind.)

JANET

Eva!

(beat)


(She smiles. Nice save, girl! MARK palms his forehead.)

JACK

Eep. That’s unfortunate.

JANET

Vut’s unfortunate?

JACK

Uh...nevermind. Touchy subject.

(laughs nervously)

Back in a jiff.

(He exits quickly through the front door.)
MARK
Eva Braun! Are you kidding me!?!?

JANET
I think it’s a lovely name.

MARK
It doesn’t sound familiar to you?

JANET
No.

(MARK just shakes his head.)

JANET

MARK
Are you serious?

JANET
What if his middle name is The!?!?

MARK
He isn’t Jack the Ripper, Janet!

JANET
All I’m saying is they never caught the guy, Mark. He could be anywhere.

MARK
I’m thinking he’s probably in the ground.

JANET
That would be a good place to hide.

(Exasperated, MARK drops onto the couch.)

JANET
What? You don’t think this guy’s acting a little strange?

MARK
I mean, yeah, I guess he’s a little awkward, but so what. He seems like a perfectly nice guy. He doesn’t have to be out there moving my car.

JANET
He’s probably out there sinking it into the swamp.
MARK
I think you’re being a little unfair. He hasn’t done a thing wrong.

JANET
Yeah, except rob every bank in Northern California and hatchet murder a bunch of people.

MARK
Are you trying to tell me you think we’ve stumbled into the lair of the Sauerkraut Kid?

JANET
Yep. Look around, Mark. It’s obvious nobody actually lives in this dump! He’s just squatting here, waiting for some unsuspecting fool like you to fall right into his trap.

(beat)
But I’m no fool. Nobody’s gonna pull the rug out from over my eyes!

MARK
Of course not. There’s just one problem with your theory, Janet.

JANET
Yeah? And what’s that?

MARK
If Jack is the Sauerkraut Kid, then where’s the old lady?

JANET
Ma Schneider?

MARK
Yeah. He’s never been known to go anywhere without her.

JANET
Well, that is true, I guess...

MARK
Of course it’s true. We have absolutely nothing to worry about.

(JANET considers this. It seems to calm her. She rests her hand on the back of a swiveling armchair that faces away from them.)

MARK
Trust me, Janet. There’s no old lady here.
(JANET swivels the armchair around to sit and is horrified to find that a shrunken old woman already occupies it. She screams bloody murder and falls backwards onto the couch. The woman, MS. ROSE, wakes with a start. Without missing a beat, MARK resumes his German persona.)

MARK
Ach du lieber! How long have you been zere!?!?

(MS. ROSE sounds an awful lot like Katharine Hepburn.)

MS. ROSE
I’m ever so sorry to have frightened you. T’wasn’t my intention.

MARK
How much of our conversation did you overhear?

MS. ROSE
Don’t worry, darling. I didn’t hear a single word. Really.

MARK
Oh, danke.

MS. ROSE
Have something to hide now, do we?

JANET
No, uh, nein. Vut vood make you sink zat?

(She laughs nervously.)

MS. ROSE
Small joke, dear. Don’t get your lederhosen in a bunch, now.

(There’s an awkward silence.)

MS. ROSE
So tell me, huh, what brings a coupla fine lookin’ Krauts like you two to Butcher Falls?

MARK
Vee ver just passing troo, but ze storm got so bet, vee had to pull over. Jack vas nice enough to rent us a room for ze night.

JANET
Vut about you? Vut are you doing here?
MS. ROSE

I live here, Silly Billy.

(JANET gulps.)

JANET

Are you his muzza?

MS. ROSE

Who? Jackie? No. He’s a nice boy, but he didn’t spring from my loins. We’re just old friends. We run the inn together. Partners in crime, you might say.

JANET

Might ze ausorities say zat, too?

(MS. ROSE looks at her quizzically.)

MARK

Vell, ziss is certainly a lovely place you’ve got here, Ms... uh, sorry, but I don’t know your name.

MS. ROSE

Oh, how terribly rude of me.

(She crosses to MARK and extends a limp gloved hand to shake.)

MS. ROSE

The name’s Rosalind Bettencourt Medici Goldman–Sachs Vanderbilt Rockefeller–Rothschild.

(beat)

And I’ve got six dead husbands to thank for that!

(She cackles.)

MS. ROSE

But you can just call me Ms. Rose. Everyone does.

MARK

Pleased to meet you, Ms. Rose. I’m Werner. Werner Braun.

MS. ROSE

Charmed, I’m sure.

MARK

And ziss is my vife, Eva.
MS. ROSE
You look good, darling. Could have sworn you bit the old capsule.

(She laughs fiendishly at her own joke. JANET doesn’t get it, but she laughs anyway.)

JANET
Ya, goot vun!

(Another awkward silence.)

MS. ROSE
Well, then...how would you two like something to eat?

MARK
Oh, no sank you. Kind of you to offer, but ve’ve been on ze road all day and ve’re uber tired. Ven Jack gets back, I sink ve’ll just head up to our room if zat’s alright.

MS. ROSE
No, no, I insist. You simply must join us for dinner. My Pasta Puttanescas is the best in the west!

MARK
I’m sure it’s wunderbar, but--

MS. ROSE
(suddenly stern)
I won’t take no for an answer, Mr. Braun.

(She exits quickly into the kitchen.)

JANET
She’s definitely trying to poison us.

Janet.

MARK

JANET
Just like she poisoned her six husbands!

MARK

JANET
Six dead husbands, Mark! Six! Don’t you find that a little suspicious?
MARK
No! Some people just have really bad luck. I feel sorry for her.

JANET
God, Mark, you’re so naïve!

MARK
Sorry I choose to see the best in people.

JANET
That’s a stupid thing to do! People are terrible!

MARK
We don’t know anything about these people!

JANET
Exactly! They could be cannibals for all we know! She could be back there right now trying to turn her Pasta Puttanesca into a Pasta Puttan-us-ca!

MARK
Now you’re just being ridiculous.

JANET
Okay, so maybe cannibalism’s a little extreme, but I know a black widow bride when I see one!

MARK
How many black widow brides have you seen?

JANET
That isn’t the point! This is a textbook case! A bizarre old lady, a spooky mansion, six rich husbands who all died gruesome, unexplained deaths--

MARK
She never said that!

JANET
She didn’t have to, Mark! They call it textbook for a reason!

(beat)
I just hope the Sauerkraut Kid knows what he’s getting himself into, cause as soon as he robs enough banks, she’s probably gonna kill him, too.

MARK
You know, this is really turning me off.
JANET
Oh really, Mark, the idea of being murdered is turning you off? I would hope so!

MARK
No, Janet, you are turning me off. You’re not very sexy when you’re being neurotic.

JANET
Not very sexy? Are you kidding me? You think you could leave the decision making to the head on your shoulders for once, Mark? (beat) How can you just sit there and ignore all this evidence?

MARK
Evidence! What evidence? You’re jumping to meritless conclusions!

JANET
Let’s see how meritless you find them when Jack is killing me!

(As she says this, the front door swings open. JACK enters.)

JACK
What’s that?

JANET
Oh, I said, ach du lieber, my back is killing me!

JACK
I better get you upstairs so you can lie down, then.

JANET
Zat vood be much appreciated, sank you.

(JACK removes his rain slicker and hangs it in the closet by the door. He crosses to his study and disappears inside.)

JANET
As soon as we get upstairs, we’re going out the window.

MARK
No we aren’t!

(JACK returns with a ring of skeleton keys.)
JACK
Alrighty, then. Let me show you guys to your room.

(MARK stands and grabs his suitcases.)

JANET
Do you still have Werner’s car keys?

JACK
They’re in the pocket of my rain slicker.

JANET
Oh, vell, maybe ve should have zem back so ve don’t forget zem in ze morning, huh?

JACK
Oh, no, they’ll be nice and safe there. I’ll bring the car around tomorrow.

(He crosses to the stairs.)

JACK
You don’t need to worry about a thing while you’re here.

JANET
(under her breath)
Oh, how I vish zat ver true.

(MARK jabs her in the rear with a suitcase and then hurries to the stairs. JANET follows reluctantly. As she crosses, the big band music on the radio is interrupted by a special news bulletin.)

RADIO ANNOUNCER
We now bring you the latest in the ongoing saga of Ma Schneider and the Sauerkraut Kid, the crazed German hatchet killers who’ve spent the last three months terrorizing a series of small towns in Northern California. Today, they’re suspected in connection with the robbery of the Bailey Brother’s Building and Loan in Crane County. According to an eyewitness report, the pair was last spotted on Fairvale Drive, headed south toward Butcher Falls in a cream-colored--

(JACK clicks off the radio.)
JACK
There’s really no need to hear about such awful things. I don’t know why they insist on giving those two so much attention.

JANET
Perhaps zey’re just varning travelers to be careful.
(to MARK, pointedly)
Especially if zey happen to be traveling south on Fairvale toward Butcher Falls!

JACK
Well, good thing you guys got off the road when you did. You’re perfectly safe here.

(He climbs the stairs, but MARK and JANET don’t follow. MARK seems a little nervous now, too.)

JACK
You coming?

(MARK plods up timidly. JANET sticks close behind.)

JACK
We’ve got two guest bedrooms up here, so I’ll let you guys take a look at both and you can pick which one you like best.

(He pushes open the second and third doors on the landing. MARK and JANET peer inside.)

MARK
I sink I like zat vun.

(He points to the second door.)

JACK
Then it’s yours.

(He takes the key off the ring.)

JANET
Vait a second. Vut’s behind zat door?

(She points to the fourth door.)

JACK
That’s the guest bathroom.
JANET

And zat vun?

(Shes points to the door nearest the stairs.)

JACK

Mother’s room.

JANET

I sought your muzza vuz det?

JACK

She is. I just never cleaned out her room. It’s exactly the way she left it when she died.

(sternly)

So it’s absolutely off limits to guests! Do you understand?

(MARK and JANET nod, both taken aback by JACK’s sudden change in demeanor.)

JACK

I’m sorry. I just miss her so much, you know. After all, a boy’s best friend is his mother.

(JANET grabs MARK’s arm.)

MARK

Ya, of course ve understand, zat’s perfectly normal. Not veird at oll.

Thank you.

(beat)

So what room was it that you wanted?

JANET

For sake of curiosity, if vun vere to need to make a qvick escape, you know, in ze event of a fire or somesing, vich room vood provide ze best route?

JACK

Oh, a disaster plan. I forgot they said I needed one of those...

(He points to the third door.)

JACK

I guess that one. There’s a trellis from the window down to the garden. I used to use it to sneak out as a kid.
JANET

Ve’ll take zat vun, zen.

JACK

Okay.

(He hands JANET the key.)

JACK

You’ll find everything you need in there. Just make yourselves comfortable.

MARK

Sank you, Jack.

JACK

And there are towels in the bathroom if you’d like to take a shower.

JANET

Ve von’t be taking any showers vile ve’re here, sank you!

MARK

Ve’re European.

JACK

Oh, yes, of course.

(MARK and JANET step into their room.)

MARK

Have a goot night, Jack.

(He tries to close the door. JACK stops him.)

JACK

Wait. I know you guys need a little rest, but I was hoping you’d at least join us for dinner this evening. Ms. Rose will be dying to meet you.

MARK

Ve’ve met. Qvite ze character, zat vun.

JACK

She is that. You can’t believe a word the old bat says, but she’s a dynamite cook.
JANET
She’s in ze kitchen fixing somesing as ve speak.

JACK
Oh, good. Then you’ll join us?

MARK
Ve’ve been on ze road for such a long time and Eva’s back is hurting somesing terrible, so ve’d best just turn in.

JACK
Come on. You’ve gotta eat. Aren’t you hungry?

JANET
Actually, ve’re from Germany.

(She attempts to close the door.)

JANET
Gute Nighte, Jack.

(JACK catches the door with his foot.)

JACK
Please. I don’t want to beg, but we haven’t had guests in so long and we’ve really been looking forward to hosting. Honestly, we need the practice...

MARK
Alright, Jack. If it vood help. You’ve been so kind.

(JANET stomps on MARK’s foot. He winces.)

JACK
Oh, thank you, Werner. Thank you.

JANET
Yes, Werner. Sank you.

MARK
Just give us some time to freshen up and ve’ll be right down.

JACK
Sure, sure, take all the time you need. I’ll just go help Ms. Rose in the kitchen.

(He hurries down the stairs.)
JANET
You’re crazy.

MARK
I have an idea. Just go with it.

(They disappear into their room. Across the stage, JACK enters the kitchen and finds MS. ROSE busy at work on her Puttanesca.)

JACK
Mmm, puttanesca, my favorite!

MS. ROSE
Oh, stop it! You’re just trying to butter me up!

JACK
And why would I do a thing like that?

MS. ROSE
Cause you’re a sneaky little scoundrel and you took advantage of a tired old lady.

JACK
I would have asked you, but you needed your sleep.

MS. ROSE
I’ve been sleeping just fine, thank you, Jack.

JACK
You have not! You’ve been up wandering around every night this week. I know you’re not taking the barbiturates Dr. Loomis prescribed.

MS. ROSE
Quit going on about the goofballs, Jack, I don’t like ‘em.

JACK
They’re supposed to help you, Ms. Rose. Insomnia is a serious problem.

MS. ROSE
Not the way I see it. I like the extra hours. I finally have time to do my taxidermies.

JACK
What keeps you so busy the rest of the day?
MS. ROSE
You know I can’t do anything when my soaps are on.

JACK
Well, I’m glad you’re making the best of it, but I want you to promise me you’re gonna start--

MS. ROSE
Enough with the ballyhoo, Jack! You’re just trying to change the subject. What in the hell are those two Krauts doing here?

JACK
I don’t think we’re supposed to call them that anymore.

MS. ROSE
Sorry. What in the hell are those two Nazis doing here?

JACK
Ms. Rose!

MS. ROSE
Answer my question, Jack.

JACK
There’s a terrible storm out there. They needed a place to pull over for the night.

MS. ROSE
Well it’s not gonna be here!

JACK
I’ve already given them a room!

MS. ROSE
Then you’d better take it back.

JACK
They’ve already paid!

MS. ROSE
War reparations!

JACK
Stop being a bigot, Ms. Rose.

MS. ROSE
Fine. Give ‘em back their money, then.
JACK
But we need it!

MS. ROSE
They’re gonna shut us down, Jack. You remember what the man said. We take one more guest before we pass that inspection and we’re through.

JACK
Who’s gonna know?

MS. ROSE
It’s the principle of the thing, Jack.

JACK
I’m not really concerned about principle when we’re one late payment away from losing the house! They have a wad of cash and we need it, so they’re staying.

MS. ROSE
Well, I don’t trust them.

JACK
You’re just saying that because they’re German.

MS. ROSE
So what if I am?

JACK
You’re being ridiculous.

MS. ROSE
That’s rich coming from the man who let Eva Braun into our house.

JACK
You know full well she isn’t that Eva Braun.

MS. ROSE
Do I, though? We don’t know a thing about these people.

JACK
That kinda comes with the territory when you’re running an inn, Ms. Rose.

MS. ROSE
Yeah, but something just seems off about these two, Jackie. I don’t like them.
JACK
Well, you don’t have to. They’ll be gone in the morning.

MS. ROSE
We might not make it that long.

JACK
What’s that supposed to mean?

MS. ROSE
You have heard of those dreadful hatchet murderers running around, haven’t you?

JACK
Yeah. What about ‘em?

MS. ROSE
They’re in the area, you know.

JACK
So?

MS. ROSE
They’re Krauts, Jackie.

(JACK guffaws.)

JACK
Oh, come on now, that’s what you’ve got your panties in a bunch about? It’s just a coincidence.

MS. ROSE
I don’t believe in coincidence, Jack. It’s them. I know it.

JACK
Stop it! Werner and Eva are not hatchet murderers! They seem like perfectly lovely people.

MS. ROSE
I’m sure Bonnie and Clyde could be perfectly lovely when they needed to be.

JACK
It can’t be them, Ms. Rose. Ma Schneider’s an old lady!

MS. ROSE
What is age but a number, Jack?
JACK
That doesn’t make sense here.

MS. ROSE
Fine. Perhaps they aren’t the hatchet killers. But they’re hiding something, I’m sure of it!

JACK
Everyone’s hiding something, Ms. Rose. We know that better than anyone!

MS. ROSE
Speak for yourself, Jack. I haven’t got a thing to hide!

JACK
Oh, so when you met Werner and Eva, you introduced yourself as Rosanna Rubinstein, the spinster taxidermist from Eureka, Nevada?

MS. ROSE
Is it a sin to play a character, Jack? I like Rosalind. She’s fancy.

JACK
No, Ms. Rose, that’s what I’m saying. Everyone has their quirks. I mean for Christ’s sake, I have my dead mother taxidermied upstairs! Werner and Eva may be a little strange, but they’re probably good people.

MS. ROSE
Well, maybe you’re right.
(beat)
But at dinner I’m still gonna try to figure out what’s wrong with them. I read far too much Miss Marple to let a good mystery go unsolved.

(Suddenly, lighting strikes outside. A booming thunderclap follows. The power surges and then cuts out. JANET screams from offstage.)

JACK
Shoot.

(He rushes into the main room. MS. ROSE grabs two flashlights from a drawer, clicks them on, and follows after him. JANET and MARK enter onto the landing.)
JACK
You guys alright up there?

MARK
Ya, everythings fine here.

JACK
Great. I’m just gonna go downstairs and flip the breaker. I’ll have the power back on in no time.

JANET
Sank you, Jack.

JACK
And why don’t you guys just do me a favor and wait in your room until I get the lights back up, okay? Don’t try to come down the stairs. That’s how mother died.

(He takes a flashlight from MS. ROSE and exits into the basement.)

MS. ROSE
At least, that’s what the coroner thinks.

(She cackles and follows after him.)

JANET
Oh, God, she killed his mother, too!

MARK
I don’t think that’s what she meant, Janet.

JANET
What else could she have meant?

MARK
I don’t know. She’s a weird lady. Why does she talk like Katharine Hepburn?

JANET
Same reason we’re talking like Hansel and Gretel! Because she has something to hide! You heard what they said on the radio.

MARK
Yeah, but--

JANET
I thought you agreed we should leave?
MARK
I mean, I still don’t think it’s them. I just thought it would be better to be safe than sorry. But now the storm’s gotten so bad--

JANET
I don’t care, Mark! I want to leave. Now! While they’re still downstairs you better go get those goddamn keys.

MARK
Fine. But just to have them. We’re only leaving if we absolutely have to.

JANET
Go!

(MARK tiptoes toward the stairs. Meanwhile, headlights shine onto the front porch. From offstage, we hear a vehicle grind to a halt. Car doors slam. Followed by a trunk. As MARK steps carefully onto the third stair, a MAN and a WOMAN appear on the front porch. These savory characters are BUD and CANDY PARKER. Decked out in early ‘60s garage rock attire, they each smoke a joint. MARK reaches the bottom of the stairs as BUD reaches for the doorknob. He struggles to open it and jiggles the handle aggressively.)

JANET
Mark, come back, come back! They’re coming in through the front!

(MARK pivots and flies up the stairs. He scoops JANET up and they disappear into their room just as the front door swings open. BUD and CANDY step inside. He carries nothing. She carries two very heavy, olive green, Samsonite suitcases. They’re identical to MARK and JANET’s.)

BUD
Hot damn! Look at this place! Beats the hell out of our last spot.

CANDY
Yeah, it has four walls.

(Exhausted, CANDY drops the suitcases onto the floor.)
BUD
Careful with those!

CANDY
Why do I always have to carry the loot?

BUD
Cause all my treasures are yours, baby.

(He steals a kiss.)

CANDY
You always know just what to say, you skuzz.

BUD
I didn’t spend four years in kindergarten for nothing.

CANDY
My little Einstein.

(They kiss again.)

BUD
Whaddaya think of your new palace, babe? Fat city, right!

CANDY
Maybe too fat. There’s an awful lot of stuff in here. You’re sure this place is deserted?

BUD
Of course! I’ve been scoping it out. Haven’t seen a single person come or go.

(She tries to turn on a lamp. Nothing happens. She clicks on the radio. Still nothing.)

BUD
See. No power. No people. No problems.

(He pulls CANDY into his arms.)

BUD
Nobody will ever find us here.

(They kiss.)

BUD
Now whaddaya say we go upstairs and see if this place has any beds?
CANDY

Yavohl, Mr. Sauerkraut. I like ze vay you sink.

BUD

What are you doing?

CANDY

I wanna do it in character. Ze accents are sexy.

BUD

Mmm, okay. Vat do you vant me to do to you up zere, Muzza?

(beat)

Okay, ew. No. I don’t like that.

CANDY

I do.

(She grabs his hand and pulls him playfully up the stairs. They disappear into the room behind the first door. Mother’s room. For a moment, all is calm. Then CANDY lets out a bloodcurdling scream. The door flies open. She runs out and stumbles back against the banister.)

CANDY

Ew. Ew. Get it out of here!

(BUD hobbles onto the landing, pants around his ankles.)

BUD

Geez, Candy, you’re acting like you’ve never seen a dead body before!

CANDY

It’s different when we kill them.

BUD

Why?

CANDY

Cause they’re not watching us trying to do it on their bed!

(beat)

Why do her eyes look like googly eyes!??

BUD

She must have been surprised to see us there, too.
CANDY
That’s not funny.

BUD
It’s a little funny.

CANDY
Just get her outta here, will ya?

BUD
Fine.

(He pulls up his pants and exits into the room.)

BUD
I guess now we know why the owner left all their shit here.

(He grunts and groans from offstage.)

BUD
God, she’s stiff as a board. That rigor mortis is no joke!

(He reappears on the landing with MOTHER under his arm like a surfboard. He heaves her up and over the banister and she drops to the floor with a thud.)

CANDY
Bud! That is not what I meant. Wrap her in a sheet or something, take her outside, and get rid of her!

(Bud grumbles and exits into the room again. He returns with a sheet.)

CANDY
Before you go, check that room for dead people.

(She points to the second door. He opens it and looks around.)

BUD
All clear.

CANDY
Good. Well, I’ll be waiting in there. If I can get in the mood again...
(She exits into the second room and closes the door behind her. BUD descends the stairs and crosses to MOTHER. He wraps her in the sheet and lifts her up onto his shoulder. He crosses to the front door, opens it, looks out into the storm, thinks better of it, and slams the door closed. Instead, he opens the closet beside the study, stands MOTHER up inside, shuts the door, and then runs back upstairs. He unzips his pants and exits into room number two. As soon as he’s gone, room number three’s door creaks open. JANET peeks out.)

JANET
I think the coast is clear.

(She opens the door a bit wider and MARK steps out onto the landing.)

MARK
I’m only getting the keys to make you feel better, you know. It doesn’t mean we’re leaving.

JANET
Mark, for the last time, there is no amount of feeling better that could make me sleep with you in this house!

MARK
How bout just a quickie?

JANET
No!

MARK
A little aggressive groping?

JANET
Mark. You will never touch me again if you don’t get those goddamn keys!

(She exits into her room and slams the door behind her. Begrudgingly, MARK descends the stairs and scurries over to the closet by the study. He opens it. MOTHER spills out and knocks him to the floor. She lands on top of him. He screams and struggles beneath her. He flips her over and shoves her across the floor. Then he stands, rips JACK’s coat from its hanger, and
fishes out his keys. Majorly skeeved, he uses the coat to lift MOTHER upright and shove her back into the closet. He closes her inside, runs back up the stairs, and yanks open his door.)

MARK
Open the window, Janet. We’re leaving.

(He exits into the bedroom. For a moment, there’s silence throughout the house. And then the power returns. The lights surge back to life and big band music bellows from the radio. JACK and MS. ROSE emerge from the basement.)

MS. ROSE
Shame. I was beginning to like the idea of dinner in the dark with a couple of serial murderers.

JACK
Would you stop it! For the last time, Eva is too young to be Ma Schneider!

(The radio signals an incoming bulletin.)

JACK
What’s that thing doing back on?

RADIO ANNOUNCER
We now bring you a surprising new development in the manhunt for serial murderers Ma Schneider and the Sauerkraut Kid. In a shocking twist, a recent eyewitness report suggests that Ma Schneider may not be a “Ma” at all. That eyewitness joins us in the studio now. Good evening, sir. Tell us what you saw.

EYEWITNESS
Uh, yeah, I was filling up my car at a service station out on Fairvale and this man and this old lady pull into the lot in a cream-colored convertible coupe. I recognized ‘em right away cause I’ve seen ‘em all over the news, so I jumped outta sight behind a dumpster and watched the whole thing. They go into the store, hold the place up, and run out with a bag full of cash. Then the Sauerkraut Kid jumps into a different car. Musta swiped the owner’s keys or something. I think it was a white Ford Custom. ’57. Maybe ’58. Meanwhile, the old lady starts stripping down and I’m thinking, ugh, I don’t wanna see all that, but I look anyway cause I’m curious and she pulls off her dress and it ain’t that bad. Then she pulls off her glasses. And then her hair! And that’s when I realize she ain’t no old lady at all.
EYEWITNESS, CONT.
It’s just a disguise. She’s probably thirty-something, just like him. Soon as she got in the car, they sped off. Southbound, I guess, toward Butcher Falls.

(JACK clicks off the radio.)

MS. ROSE
Well, there goes your age theory right out the window.

(As she says this, JANET can be seen through the upstage window dropping into the yard behind the house. MARK falls down after her and faceplants into the mud. He picks himself up, wipes himself off, and they scurry out of sight.)

JACK
So? What does that prove?

MS. ROSE
That you invited a couple of hatchet murderers to stay the night with us and that you’ll probably deny it right up until they come to chop off your empty little head.

JACK
I just think we owe our guests the benefit of the doubt here.

MS. ROSE
I don’t have any doubts, Jack. And neither should you.

(beat)
You put their car in the shed, didn’t you?

JACK
Yeah.

MS. ROSE
So, tell me then, what were they driving?

(JACK gulps.)

JACK
A ’57 Ford Custom. White.

MS. ROSE
And I suppose that’s a coincidence too, huh? They haven’t done anything wrong. They’re just a couple of sweet, cuddly lovebirds from the Eastern Bloc who happen do be driving a stolen car. Is that it, Jack?
JACK
I don’t know! I just don’t wanna do anything rash until we have proof!

(MS. ROSE spots BUD and CANDY’s suitcases in the foyer.)

MS. ROSE
How about we find a little proof, then?

(She crosses to them.)

MS. ROSE
Surely, if they haven’t got anything to hide, we won’t find anything suspicious in their luggage.

(She lays one suitcase down on its side and crouches to open it.)

JACK
No, I don’t think we should.

MS. ROSE
It’s the only way to be sure, Jack. We have to be sure.

(He considers this for moment, nods, and then crosses to the foyer. He kneels beside MS. ROSE and lays the second suitcase on its side.)

JACK
Okay. On the count of three.

(beat)
One, two, three.

(They open the suitcases.)

JACK
Oh, shit.

(JACK’s case is packed tight with bundles of cash, MS. ROSE’s with a number of costume disguises. She rifles through them. An assortment of old women’s dresses, wigs, glasses, ski masks. Beneath them, weapons. Guns, knives, and of course, hatchets.)
MS. ROSE
I’m disappointed, Jack. I thought it would feel better to say I told you so.

(beat)
Ope, no, wait, now that I’ve said it, it does feel pretty good!

(She laughs.)

JACK
This is no time to gloat, Ms. Rose.

MS. ROSE
C’mon, Jack, I may not get another chance. You know, seeing as how you’ve sentenced us to certain death.

JACK
We are not gonna die. We just need to come up with a plan.

MS. ROSE
There’s not much we can do at this point, Jackie. We better just call the police and hope we live long enough for them to get here.

(She stands and rushes to the telephone.)

JACK
No! We’re not calling the police.

MS. ROSE
And why in the hell not?

JACK
I don’t want ‘em in here snooping around. What if they find Mother?

MS. ROSE
What reason would they have to snoop around, Jack? All we have to do is hand over the crooks and they’ll go.

JACK
They’re gonna want to know where the money is.

MS. ROSE
Well, there it is! They can take it!

(She picks up the phone.)
JACK
No. We’re keeping it.

MS. ROSE
That money belongs to the bank, Jack.

JACK
Yeah, the same bank that’s trying to take our home away from us.

(Ms. Rose considers this.)

JACK
This money will solve a lot of problems, Ms. Rose. And we need it a hell of a lot more than the bank does. Just think how great your soaps could look on a bigger television!

MS. ROSE
Well, it is a terrible thing to do, Jack, but if it’ll help you that much, I guess we can keep it.

JACK
I’d thought you’d come to see it my way.

(He closes the suitcases, picks them up, and crosses to his study.)

MS. ROSE
Wait a second, now. That still doesn’t solve our immediate problem. How in the hell are we gonna get those psychos outta here? We can’t just let ‘em go. We’ve gotta turn ‘em in somehow.

JACK
We’ll just take ‘em down to the station ourselves.

MS. ROSE
They’re not gonna go easy, Jack.

JACK
Don’t worry. I’ve got a plan. (beat)
Just go finish dinner.

MS. ROSE
Why?

(He steps into his study.)
JACK
And get your barbiturates.

(He exits and closes the door behind him.)

MS. ROSE
Oh. This could be fun.

(She exits into the kitchen. Curtain.)

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

1 EXT. JUNK BOAT ON VICTORIA HARBOUR - DAY - PRESENT

ROSIE clutches the handrail of a moving boat. She breathes deeply, taking a long look out at the city skyline. As it always does, the view fills her with wonder. She smiles wistfully as a distant memory returns to her.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. VICTORIA HARBOUR - DAY - PAST

The water laps the docks of Victoria Harbour near a collection of ramshackle buildings.

The serenity is interrupted by BEN, who runs quickly across the frame.

3 EXT. SIDE STREET NEAR VICTORIA HARBOUR - DAY - PAST

Ben runs into an alleyway just off the docks and hurries past an array of cluttered storefronts. Swiftly, he whips around the corner and disappears.

4 INT. LOST AND FOUND - DAY - PAST

The walls of the Lost and Found are lined with collections of impeccably archived knick knacks: hats, binoculars, cameras—all labeled with tags indicating the date and time the objects were obtained. It’s clear they’ve been arranged with love.

BEN enters in a hurry, not stopping to browse. He scuttles past a sign that reads “Lost and Found” in both Cantonese and English. He checks his watch as he approaches the counter and then he rings the bell for service.

The SHOPKEEPER, an elderly local woman, turns to BEN and spits rapid fire Cantonese.

SHOPKEEPER
You wait your turn! Everybody always in such big hurry!

She looks away quickly, returning her attention to a SMALL BOY who stands nearby. As she approaches him, her stern expression softens. Stooping to his level, she points to the lost and found items behind her.
SHOPKEEPER (CONT'D)
You know what all these things have in common? They are not lost; they are simply forgotten. I am the keeper of forgotten things.

The shopkeeper retrieves a small toy boat from the shelf and returns it to the boy with a warm smile on her face.

SHOPKEEPER (CONT'D)
But you have not forgotten. It is clear you love this boat very much. Always remember, you can never lose what you truly love.

The boy smiles and runs off, boat in hand. Ben is touched by this and he smiles at the shopkeeper.

SHOPKEEPER (CONT'D)
Some things more important than hurry, hurry, hurry all the time. I’ve been here forty years. I’ve seen many people, many items—all important to someone.

The SHOPKEEPER looks at him as if to say, “what is it that’s important to you?” He points to a shelf behind the counter.

BEN
(in Cantonese)
That umbrella please.

The woman turns and retrieves an umbrella with a handle that’s carved in the shape of a bird’s head. She places it in Ben’s hands and looks at him with a knowing smile.

SHOPKEEPER
You love this?

Ben nods.

SHOPKEEPER (CONT’D)
Next time, don’t be so quick to let it go.

She releases the umbrella and quickly recedes to the back of the store, leaving Ben to contemplate her words.

EXT: JUNK BOAT ON VICTORIA HARBOUR - DAY - PAST

Rosie grips the boat’s handrail, waiting to depart. She looks out, mesmerized by the city before her. Ben sneaks up behind her and taps her shoulder with the beak of the umbrella’s figurehead. She turns, but she sees no one—he’s waiting on her other side. They laugh.
ROSIE
Geez! I thought you’d forgotten about me!

BEN
Forget about you? Never!

He kisses her.

ROSIE
Where have you been?

BEN
I was rescuing someone.

Rosie looks puzzled.

ROSIE
Who?

Ben holds up the little figure on the end of the umbrella.

ROSIE (CONT’D)
You found him! He was there!

She hugs the umbrella close as the boat begins to move.

BEN
Just like you thought! That crazy old woman has all sorts of junk. I’d have been here sooner, but she kept going on and on about love... and losing lost things that are found or something... I don’t know. Anyway, I’m here now. And so’s Mr. Fredricksen!

Rosie’s smile fades. She grows somber. She rests her hand on the umbrella and lays her head against Ben’s chest. Ben places a hand on top of Rosie’s and leans his head to hers. For a moment, they stand in silence, contemplating the view.

ROSIE
Two years goes by a lot faster than you’d think, doesn’t it?

BEN
It sure does.

She looks at Ben solemnly.

ROSIE
I know this is a great opportunity. I’m excited for you--I really am. But, I just don’t want you to go.
BEN
I thought we agreed, Rosie?
We talked about this.

ROSIE
Please don’t go!

She sweeps her hand out, highlighting the view.

ROSIE (CONT’D)
I’m mean look. Have you ever seen
anything more beautiful than this?

Ben fixes his eyes only on Rosie.

BEN
Yeah. And I’ll be back to her just
as soon as I can.

He flashes her a toothy grin. She giggles.

ROSIE
How is it you always know exactly
what to say?

BEN
I watch a lot of Rachel McAdams
movies.

They embrace as the boat begins to dock.

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. MAN MO TEMPLE – DAY – PRESENT

Rosie strolls through the beautiful Man Mo Temple. An OLD
WOMAN stands at a metal altar, folding Joss Paper into
intricate shapes. A fire burns beside her.

Rosie pulls up near the woman to watch and her mind wanders,
drifting back into memory.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. MAN MO TEMPLE ENTRYWAY – DAY – PAST

Rosie and Ben approach the temple, walking hand in hand down
a crowded street.

ROSIE
I love this time of year.

BEN
The 40% off sale at H&M?
She nudges him playfully.

**ROSIE**
No! The Hungry Ghost Festival.

**BEN**
Oh, right, yeah... when the spirits of the dead roam free.

She nods, smiling.

**BEN (CONT’D)**
Never really been a fan.

**ROSIE**
You’re not afraid of a few little ghosties are you, Ben?

**BEN**
Please. Me? I’m not afraid of anything!

From nowhere, a gong rings loudly. Ben jumps backwards, knocking into a lantern. Rosie chuckles as they enter the temple.

**INT. MAN MO TEMPLE WALKWAY – DAY – PAST**

Inside, a MAN folds Joss Paper at a metal altar. He displays an intricately detailed paper flower and then drops it into the fire without a second thought.

**BEN**
(in Cantonese)
That was beautiful. Who was it for?

**MAN**
(in Cantonese)
My grandmother. China Roses were her favorite.

Rosie leans in close to Ben.

**ROSIE**
It’s such a shame to burn something so beautiful.

The man understands her and responds in English.

**MAN**
You can find great beauty in many things you can no longer see.

Rosie nods, smiling.
Here, have one.

He offers her a paper flower.

ROSIE
Oh, no, but thank you.

MAN
No, I insist. I think this one was made for you.

Rosie takes the flower and is surprised to find her name written across it. She looks at Ben, perplexed. He smiles a slick smile. She gasps.

ROSIE
Is this what I think it is?

BEN
If you think it’s the first clue in a romantic and very cleverly plotted scavenger hunt that takes us back to each of our favorite haunts one last time, then yes. Yes, it is.

Rosie squeals, unable contain her excitement.

ROSIE
Not even Rachel McAdams has gotten one of these!

She turns the flower over and finds a short poem. She reads it aloud.

ROSIE (CONT’D)
A note, a letter, no, a clue.
To what? Can’t tell you yet.
To find out what’s in store for you, just look where first we met.

Excitedly, Rosie grabs Ben’s arm and darts off down the street. Ben glances back at the man and mouths, “thank you.” The man smiles and gives him two thumbs up.

BACK TO PRESENT.

Rosie opens her purse and fishes around inside. She withdraws a paper flower--Ben’s clue. She stares at it longingly for a moment and then drops it into the fire.
The woman standing at the altar looks at the flower as it falls, and then over to Rosie. Rosie smiles and walks on.

FLASHBACK TO:

10 EXT. SCAD HONG KONG BUILDING - DAY - PAST
Students trudge up the slope to the main entrance, hurrying to get to class.

11 INT. SCAD HONG KONG BUILDING - DAY - PAST
Ben and Rosie stroll through the building reminiscing.

    ROSIE
    I was sitting right over there sketching.

    BEN
    And all of a sudden, you had this strange feeling--like there was magic in the air. And you looked up and you saw me, basking in the warm glow of my own charm. And you just sat there, staring--there may have even been a little drool dribbling down your chin...

Rosie laughs.

    ROSIE
    Is that how it happened?

    BEN
    I was embarrassed for you...

    ROSIE
    Oh, really...

    BEN
    But you can’t deny, it was love at first sight!

    ROSIE
    That’s not even close to the truth.

Ben feigns devastation.

    BEN
    What? You don’t love me?

Rosie nudges him playfully but they’re interrupted by a voice calling from behind them.
VOICE 1 (O.S.)
Hey, do you know where Professor Dang Vu’s class is?!

VOICE 2 (O.S.)
We have to get to Foundation Studies!

Rosie and Ben recognize the voices instantly. They turn to find their friends DANIEL, KAREN, JESS, and SAM laughing and coming toward them. They run to each other and exchange hugs.

ROSIE
What are you guys doing here?!

DANIEL
What do you mean? We always sneak around campus eavesdropping on nauseating banter.

They laugh.

KAREN
And thank God we do! If we hadn’t been here, we may have never seen Ben again!

JESS
I can’t believe he’s leaving tomorrow—even though we agreed we would all stay here together after graduation—and you two were planning to spend the entire day without us!?!?

DANIEL
How dare you!

They’re joking, but we see Ben take the sentiment to heart.

ROSIE
What?! We’d already planned to have dinner with you guys tonight!

Sam interrupts.

SAM
Hey, what is that?

He points to a paper flower hidden obviously in an vase of ordinary blooms.

JESS
A heinously mismatched flower arrangement?
DANIEL
What could that mean?

KAREN
Maybe it’s a clue...

Rosie grins, noticing the flower.

ROSIE
You guys are in on it, too?

KAREN
You didn’t think Ben could do this on his own did you?

DANIEL
You do know which Ben we’re talking about, right? It takes him an hour to make minute rice.

They laugh as Rosie reads her clue.

ROSIE
You like this little game, my dear? It’s fun to reminisce. You’ll find another clue right near the sight of our first kiss.

Rosie scurries off. Her friends run after her.

12
MONTAGE - VARIOUS - PAST

A) EXT. POTTINGER STREET - DAY - Ben and friends try to keep pace as Rosie hurries up the stone steps of Pottinger Street.

B) EXT. THE STREETS OF SHEUNG WAN - DAY - The group explores Sheung Wan, an eclectic Shopping District. They examine the pungent display cases on Dried Seafood Street. Ben leaves Mr. Fredricksen behind at a fish market. Upon realizing, he runs back to fetch it, holding his nose to stifle the obnoxious odor.

C) EXT. LASCAR ROW - AFTERNOON - Ben and Rosie peruse the antique carts on Lascar Row. Rosie examines a heart-shaped locket with an engraving of the Double Happiness character. When she’s turned away, Ben buys it and slips it around her neck.

D) EXT. POTTINGER STREET - AFTERNOON - Rosie runs back down the steps, reading the poem on another clue. The gang follows after her. They’re having a blast.

END OF MONTAGE
Ben and Rosie sit at a table with their friends, laughing and having a good time. Ben opens the lid on his steamer bowl and brandishes a fork.

KAREN
I know you’re not gonna eat dim sum with a fork!

JESS
That’s sacrilege!

ROOSIE
He has a very complicated relationship with chopsticks.

BEN
The food just never quite seems to make it to my mouth.

Daniel laughs.

DANIEL
I’ve never known food not to make it to your mouth...

Ben mocks Daniel’s joke with a condescending, “haw, haw.” Then he picks up his fork, stabs a dumpling, and inhales it.

KAREN
Alright! Let’s see what’s on the dessert menu.

She picks up a menu and hands it to Rosie.

ROSIE
How can you even think about dessert? I’m stuffed!

Rosie puts the menu down.

DANIEL
Just give it a look. I’m sure there’s some great stuff in there.

ROSIE
I know what they have. We eat here all time.

Jess widens her eyes at Rosie and mouths, “open it.” Taking the hint, Rosie obeys. She’s delighted to find another paper flower inside.

ROSIE (CONT’D)
Guess I should have seen that coming...
She laughs, turns the flower over, and reads the clue.

    ROSIE (CONT’D)
    Almost there. We’re almost through.
    A prize is what you seek.
    So board the tram, take in the view
    And find it on the peak.

She smiles wide as she closes the lid on her steamer bowl.

    MATCH CUT TO:

14    INT. RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON - PRESENT

Rosie sits alone in the same seat at the same table. She
stares contemplatively out the window. The maître d’
approaches, with several guests following. He seats them at
Rosie’s table. She looks over to them and smiles.

    FLASHBACK TO:

15    EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE PEAK TRAM - DUSK - PAST

The gang approaches the entrance to the Peak Tram.

    KAREN
    Alrighty, this is where we get off.

    ROSIE
    You don’t want to come?

    SAM
    You know we don’t stay out after
dark during the Hungry Ghost
Festival. Bad juju.

    ROSIE
    That’s ridiculous! Come on!

    JESS
    This is your last night together.
    It should just be the two of you.

This idea hits Ben especially hard. He contemplates it.

    KAREN
    Go on. We’ll see you at the airport
tomorrow.

They exchange goodbye hugs.

    SAM
    Have fun up there!
DANIEL
But not too much--public indecency’s a crime here!

Ben and Rosie walk off, hand in hand. Without Rosie seeing, Ben turns back to them. They wink, giving him playful thumbs up. Ben puts his arm around Rosie’s waist and they walk on.

BACK TO PRESENT.

EXT. VICTORIA PEAK - DUSK - PRESENT

Alone, pushing earnestly against the stream of foot traffic, Rosie ascends the steps to the top of Victoria Peak. At the mountain’s summit, she stops to take in the view. Closing her eyes, she inhales, and smiles from deep within.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. VICTORIA PEAK - DUSK - PAST

Rosie and Ben sit together on a bench, one hand each holding the umbrella, their heads leaning against one another. They stare out at the skyline.

ROSIE
We haven’t talked about custody.

BEN
What?

ROSIE
Mr. Fredricksen. Who’s he gonna live with?

BEN
He’s coming to New York with me. He is mine after all.

ROSIE
Yours!?!?

BEN
You gave him to me on our first date. Don’t you remember?

Rosie looks up at him.

ROSIE
But I love him!

Ben looks back and her.

BEN
Well I’m not leaving him behind.
Playfully, he tugs the umbrella towards himself.

    ROSIE
    Well I refuse to let you take him!

Rosie pulls back.

    BEN
    Then I guess we’ll both just have to stay here.

It takes Rosie a moment to register what he’s just said.

    ROSIE
    ...What?

    BEN
    I’m staying in Hong Kong. I’m turning down the job.

Rosie detects a hint of sadness in his voice.

    ROSIE
    But you love that job?

    BEN
    I love you more. And when you find something you really love, you shouldn’t let it go.

Rosie smiles.

    ROSIE
    D’you get that from Rachel McAdams?

    BEN
    Actually, I think it was from that crazy Chinese lost and found lady...

They both laugh. But after a moment, Ben grows serious.

    BEN (CONT’D)
    And because, as you know, I only take advice from magic eight balls and crazy old Chinese ladies, I need to ask you something.

He slides off the bench, bends on one knee, and holds out another paper flower. A diamond ring sparkles in the center of the blossom.

    BEN (CONT’D)
    Will you marry me?

Rosie’s thrilled. She struggles to find the right words.
BEN (CONT’D)
Would you hurry up and say yes! I think I’m kneeling on a rock or something...

Rosie nods through her laughter.

ROSIE
Yes! Yes, of course, yes!

Ben slips the ring onto her finger and jumps into her arms. They kiss.

ROSIE (CONT’D)
So this means forever, huh? You think you can love me that long?

BEN
Longer. Rosemary Connolly, I will always love you. Never forget that.

Rosie giggles as Ben picks her up into another kiss.

BACK TO PRESENT.

18
EXT. VICTORIA PEAK - SUNSET - PRESENT
Rosie sits alone in the middle of the same bench where Ben proposed. She stares into the distance, twisting the engagement ring on her finger. Tears well up in her eyes.

FLASHBACK TO:

19
EXT. THE STREETS OF MONG KOK - NIGHT - PAST
Rosie and Ben walk hand in hand down the bustling streets of Mong Kok, their skin glowing under the light of a thousand neon signs. Rosie carries a brown paper bag that’s been folded over and stained with grease.

BEN
Got any mooncakes left in there?

Rosie smiles coyly.

ROSIE
Nope. Just looking for a trashcan.

BEN
Oh, well, I don’t want my fiancé to have to carry around greasy garbage. Here, I’ll hold that for ya.
He lunges, snatching the bag from her hand before she can pull away. He opens it and looks inside, feigning surprise.

BEN (CONT’D)
Would you look at that? It appears there’s one left for me after all!

ROSIE
Alright, very funny. You know you had more than I did. Give it back!

She reaches for the bag, but he darts off down the street.

BEN
If you can catch me, it’s yours!

She gains on him. But caught up in their game, neither one realizes that they’ve run out into the street. A car barrels toward them. There’s a cacophony of noise—horns, sirens—and then complete silence.

BACK TO PRESENT.

EXT. VICTORIA PEAK - NIGHT - PRESENT

Rosie opens her eyes, wiping away tears. An OLD MAN sits on the bench to her right.

OLD MAN
(in Cantonese)
You should go home. Hungry ghosts are roaming.

But Rosie doesn’t respond. Instead ANOTHER VOICE speaks from beside her.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)
(in Cantonese)
You’re right. I wouldn’t want to run into my mother-in-law...

We pan to Rosie’s left. An old woman sits beside her.

Slowly, the focus widens, revealing the entirety of the bench. The woman sits on the left side and the man sits on the right, but we see that there’s an empty spot between them where Rosie should be.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - VARIOUS - PAST

A) EXT. MAN MO TEMPLE - DAY - A paper flower flutters down into the fire.
The old woman watches, confused, then looks into the empty space where Rosie had originally been standing. There’s no one there.

B) INT. RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON - The maître d’ walks three people to an empty table where Rosie once sat.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. VICTORIA PEAK - NIGHT - PRESENT

Rosie is back on the bench. The woman beside her stands.

OLD WOMAN
(To the OLD MAN in Cantonese)
Walk me home?

The Old Man nods and slides off the bench after her. They walk off together, leaving Rosie alone.

After they’ve gone, a man approaches using a walking stick. As he gets nearer, we see that the walking stick is an umbrella. And the man is Ben, though he’s much older now.

He sits down beside Rosie, smiling his same boyish smile. He reaches into his pocket and hands her a paper flower.

ROSIE
After all these years, you haven’t forgotten?

Ben looks tenderly at Rosie and she smiles. Reaching down, she pulls up a beautiful bouquet of the most remarkable paper flowers that she’s been collecting throughout the years.

She places this new flower in the bunch and then rests her hand on the umbrella between them. She lays her head against Ben’s chest. Ben places a hand on top of her hand and leans his head to hers.

In silence, they sit together, smiling as we pan out.

After a moment, the camera slowly turns around them. Upon returning to our original view, we reveal that Ben is seated alone on the bench.

We move in closer to see Ben glowing with the most hopeful smile on his face, unaware of the single paper flower that sits on the bench beside him.

FADE OUT.
Freddy Krueger Supports DACA Extension, Says “America Needs More Dreamers”

By David Scanlon

SPRINGWOOD, OH—After formally announcing his mayoral bid earlier this month, Democratic rising star Frederick Krueger has today unveiled a comprehensive campaign platform outlining his plan for a radically different Springwood.

At a rally held this morning in the gymnasium of Springwood Elementary, where the rags-to-riches candidate once worked as a custodial engineer, Krueger promised that his first priority as mayor would be to roll back the stringent regulations that have made life in this community difficult for undocumented immigrants. When asked if he supported the extension of Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals, a controversial policy that allows some individuals brought to the U.S. unlawfully as children to receive a renewable two-year period of deferred action from deportation, he responded, “Unquestionably. Dreamers are this nation’s lifeblood.”

And Krueger made it clear he’d welcome them all in Springwood. “If you’ve got a dream,” he regaled, “Springwood’s got a bed for you to dream it in!”

Rhetoric like this has catapulted the candidate to local stardom. Followers admire him for his razor-sharp one-liners and working class, grunge chic fashion choices. Ardent Krueger supporters, decked out in red and green striped sweaters emblazoned with the campaign slogan One, Two, Freddy’s Coming for You, turned out in droves for today’s rally.

But not everyone in Springwood thinks Krueger is the right man for the job. Some residents are concerned about the legality of his proposition. A Supreme Court decision regarding DACA’s constitutionality isn’t expected until sometime in 2020. Still others, like local Walmart greeter Bobby Shaye, simply don’t like his face. “He’s just using that grotesque disfigurement of his to gain sympathy with voters.”

Other critics of Krueger’s campaign worry that an influx of Dreamers will do nothing but further inflate the problem of overcrowding that’s been plaguing the city for decades. “Just think how
bad traffic will be in the congested parts of town,” longtime resident Heather Thompson laments, “It’s gonna be a nightmare on Elm Street.”

Krueger’s campaign manager, Pamela Myers, has addressed these claims directly, assuring voters that “Freddy has an excellent plan in place to keep the population of Springwood under control.” When pressed for more information, she said only that additional details regarding the aforementioned plan would be shared with the public “in a few more sleeps.”

Though his stance on immigration has garnered the most media attention, Krueger used today’s rally to outline policy proposals in several key areas. Among other things, he promised to slash taxes for the middle class and proposed a comprehensive criminal justice reform bill that would eradicate mandatory minimum sentencing laws for petty crimes such as drug possession and child murder.

In a press conference after the rally, Krueger was asked what his next move would be should he be defeated on Election Day. To the cheers of his supporters he responded, “I can’t be defeated. I may lose this time, but I’ll be back. I always come back. Again and again and again. As many as nine times, if that’s what it takes.”

For more information on Krueger and his campaign, visit him online at www.BetterOffFred.com.
The Chronicles of Narnia: Quest for Winter’s End
Attraction Treatment

David Scanlon

Queue:

- Guests enter the attraction by walking through the front gate of the estate of Professor Digory Kirke. His historical manor is open to the public for tours given by his housekeeper, Mrs. Macready. Signs hung around the grounds read, “Macready’s Marvelous Manor Tours—Featuring Artifacts, Antiques, and Other Treasures from the Collection of Professor Digory Kirke.”
- The exterior overflow queue winds through several gardens on the Professor’s property. An apple tree stands prominently in one garden. Hidden in the flowerbeds around it, eagle-eyed guests can spot stone garden ornaments that resemble the creatures of Narnia.
- Guests enter the mansion through its front door and the queue winds them through several rooms containing treasures from the Professor’s travels. Many of these artifacts are from his Earthly voyages, but some are distinctly Narnian. For these objects, no mention is made of their origin and their placards are blank.
- After exploring several rooms, guests ascend the mansion’s central staircase. At the top, they are joined by a “Tour Guide” who counts off a group of roughly 72 and leads them to the end of the hall.
- The “Tour Guide” opens the door to a room that is empty except for the large, ornate wardrobe against the wall at the far end. Guests are shepherded into the room and the “Tour Guide” closes the door behind them, leaving them alone.

The Wardrobe Room (Spare Oom):

- Guests stand in the room for a few moments of complete silence. Soon, the lights begin to flicker as the sound of a howling wind fills the room. The lights dim and a blue glow can be seen through the crack between the wardrobe’s doors. The doors begin to quiver and a chill creeps into the room. Screens behind the room’s two windows create a frosting effect. The doors eventually creak open. As they do, snowflakes blow into the room from the wintery forest inside. The backsides of the doors are covered in a frosty layer of ice that sparkles and glistens with lighting effects. These effects carry onto the floor of the room as a sheet of ice forms across it, creating a subtle pathway that beckons guests to enter the wardrobe.

Preshow (Lamppost Room):

- Guests proceed through the wardrobe and find themselves in the iconic snowy wood where Lucy Pevensie first met Mr. Tumnus. The room is cold and the forest is white and bleak. The only warmth comes from the lamppost at the center of a clearing. A flame dances inside the lamp, seemingly moving back and forth with the whipping wind.
- The Guests form a group around the lamppost. A snowy bank creates a stage in front of the guests just past the lamppost.
• When the guests are settled, audio-animatronic versions of Mr. and Mrs. Beaver rise up out of the snowdrift, giving guests the illusion that they have just walked up over the hill. The Beavers act as the guests’ hosts in Narnia, explaining the world of the ride to them.
• The Beavers ascend the hill in the middle of a conversation:

MRS. BEAVER
You’ve been sneaking second helpings again, haven’t you? You seem to be having a mighty tough time getting up this hill!

MR. BEAVER
Well these days, you never know what meal is gonna be your last. Especially with your cooking…

• The Beavers make it to the top of the hill and are startled to see the guests huddled around the lamppost. Mrs. Beaver screams and Mr. Beaver gasps:

MR. BEAVER
Sons of Adam and Daughters of Eve!

MRS. BEAVER
But how are they...? What about the Witch? She’ll kill them!

MR. BEAVER
(to guests)
You mustn’t be here. The White Witch has forbidden it!

MRS. BEAVER
Go back where you came from while the portal’s still open!

MR. BEAVER
Quickly now! You’re not safe here!

• Mr. Beaver motions for guests to return through the door into the spare room. As they turn to leave, the wardrobe opening begins to shrink, collapsing in on itself as the view of the spare room slowly fades away. The same crack of light that was initially visible on the other side of the wardrobe is the last impression left of the Professor’s house, and soon, this too disappears. In the end, all that remains is an expanse of snowy forest.

MRS. BEAVER
That’s not good.

MR. BEAVER
Catastrophic is probably the word I’d use.

MRS. BEAVER
Isn’t there some way we can open it back up?
MR. BEAVER
Only Aslan can open portals between worlds, I’m afraid. And nobody’s seen Aslan in years…

MRS. BEAVER
Mr. Tumnus has! Says Aslan’s forming an army to take back Narnia!

MR. BEAVER
Only one problem, dear—the White Witch has kidnapped him. She’s holding Tumnus prisoner until he spills Aslan’s whereabouts.

MRS. BEAVER
Well what are we gonna do? The Witch probably already knows they’re here.

MR. BEAVER
We’ve got to get them to Aslan.

MRS. BEAVER
How?

MR. BEAVER
By rescuing Mr. Tumnus!

MRS. BEAVER
We can’t just break into the Witch’s castle alone!

MR. BEAVER
We won’t be alone.
(pointing to guests)
We’ll have a whole army!

MRS. BEAVER
So you intend to serve them up to the Witch on a silver platter!??

MR. BEAVER
We’ll sneak in and out before she even knows we’re there. I am a master of stealth, you know.

MRS. BEAVER
The only thing you’ve ever snuck into is the refrigerator! And you’re louder than a bullhorn doing that!

MR. BEAVER
Well unless you have a better idea…
(to the guests, with a paw shielding his mouth)
And trust me, the way she tells it, she always does…
(back to Mrs. Beaver)
It’s our only option.
MRS. BEAVER
I hate to admit it…
(to the guests, similarly shielding her mouth)
   And this is the first time I’ve had to…
   (Back to Mr. Beaver)
   But, you’re right.

MR. BEAVER
(angry, not processing what was said)
   Well fine! But you know what!?!?
   (realizing, with shock)
   Wait… I’m right!?!?

MRS. BEAVER
Yes. And there’s no time to rub it in. Mr. Tumnus may not have long. You see what she’s done to the others.

- Mrs. Beaver points to a spot in the wood a little ways off, where, hidden amongst the trees and covered by a layer of snow, a stone stag stands mid-leap.

MR. BEAVER
If we must be quick, we certainly can’t walk. It’s quite a long way to the Witch’s palace.

MRS. BEAVER
What about Father Christmas? His enchanted sleighs!

MR. BEAVER
We haven’t had Christmas in a hundred years! There’s no magic left in those.

MRS. BEAVER
The Sons of Adam and Daughters of Eve carry a special magic with them. The prophecy speaks of it! Theirs should be enough!

MR. BEAVER
Mrs. Beaver, you are brilliant!

MRS. BEAVER
Now I’ll run home and gather some provisions. I know you’ll be hopeless without a bit of jam and toast. You go ahead to Father Christmas’ and ready the sleighs.

- Mrs. Beaver turns to go. Her animatronic lowers beneath the snowy bank, creating the illusion that she has descended the hill.

MR. BEAVER
Alright you guys, you heard the boss! I’m gonna run ahead and get the sleighs ready to go.
• Mr. Beaver points to a clearing on the other side of the room that leads into another bit of queue line.

MR. BEAVER
You all head through that clearing there. Mrs. Beaver and I will be waiting for you on the other side.

• Mr. Beaver turns to go, and like Mrs. Beaver before him, his animatronic lowers beneath the snowdrift as if he had walked downhill. A cast member appears to usher guests into the holding queue.

Holding Queue (Pathway to Father Christmas’ Sleigh Emporium):
• After the preshow with Mr. and Mrs. Beaver, guests continue through the snowy wood in the last stretch of queue before loading their ride vehicles.
• The woods here are dense and snowy like the forest in the preshow room. The Witch’s magic is a bit stronger here, so guests who are paying careful attention can find clues of her presence scattered throughout. Some trees appear to have eyes—opening them quickly to look around, but shutting them before they can be spotted. One or two good creatures who lost their battle with the Witch are sprinkled through the wood in their stone form.
• At the end of the holding queue is the entrance to “Father Christmas’ Sleigh Emporium,” a dilapidated wooden shack that must have been beautiful in its better days. A sign next to the door reads, “Introducing Father Christmas’ Enchanted Self-Driving Sleighs—For When There’s No One Else to Carry You Ho-Ho-Home.” The advertisement includes an image of the ride vehicle.
• Guests are held outside of the shack until the loading zone is ready to accommodate them. The doors open automatically when guests are meant to enter.

Load (Father Christmas’ Sleigh Emporium):
• As the doors to Father Christmas’ Sleigh Emporium magically open, guests are ushered in by cast members acting as Father Christmas’ busy elves.
• The interior of the shop looks like a Narnian variation on Santa’s workshop that has fallen into disrepair after one hundred years of desolate, Christmas-free winter.
• Once inside, the elves distribute 3D glasses, designed to look like goggles, and said to protect guests’ eyes from the wind-whipped snow.
• The elves then sort guests into 9 groups of eight and file each group into a line to wait for their sleigh. Each “sleigh” is a eight-passenger trackless ride vehicle, dressed to look like one of Father Christmas’ Enchanted Self-Driving Sleighs. Vehicles load three at a time.
• Passengers are seated in two rows of four guests each and are secured in place with a lap bar. After safety checks have been performed, guests embark on their journey through the forest, exiting the Emporium through a hole in its back wall.
• After exiting the station, ride vehicles follow a set path, but aren’t limited by a track. Unique computerized movement allows for each vehicle to move in a different way than the last, making each ride a one-of-a-kind experience.
Scene 1A (Journey to the Witch’s Castle):

- After entering the forest, the sleighs make a stop to rejoin Mr. and Mrs. Beaver. Pepper’s ghost hologram versions of the characters wait on a snow bank along the edge of the track. Mr. Beaver carries a pack, tied to a stick that he has slung over his shoulder. The pack is presumably filled with Mrs. Beaver’s goodies.

  MR. BEAVER
  Glad to see the sleighs are in working order, but you haven’t left much room for us, now have you?

  MRS. BEAVER
  There’s a fine little nook right down there in front. We’ll sit there.

- The Beavers scurry down in front of the sleigh to take their seats. The guest is left to presume that they remain seated on the front of the ride vehicle for the next portion of the journey. When they speak, they are heard, but not seen.

- The ride vehicles begin to move and they continue through the forest, gliding as if on ice. They move past the scenery quickly, relaying a sense of urgency and anticipation to the guests.

  MR. BEAVER
  It’s really kind of tight down here.

  MRS. BEAVER
  It wouldn’t be if you would lay off the biscuits. Now be quiet. She can’t know we’re coming.

- The glistening, white forest of the preshow and boarding area has now given way to a much darker, colder, and more menacing forest. It is now abundantly clear that the trees are not to be trusted—their grimacing faces and haunting eyes reveal their true allegiance.

- A bitter wind chills guests’ faces, its howling echoing through the trees.

  MR. BEAVER
  (to guests)
  Keep your heads down and your voices low. The trees are always listening. And most of them are on her side.

- In the distance, looming over the entire scene, the Witch’s ice palace sits between two foreboding crags. A dark storm rages in the sky above it.

- As the sleighs approach the castle, more and more stone creatures can be seen peppering the forest, their faces contorted in fear.

Scene 1B (Arriving at the Witch’s Castle):

- The ride vehicles reach the base of an icy mountain. Rounding the corner, they come face to face with the Witch’s palace. It’s sharp and cold, appearing as if an enormous icicle had erupted from the ground beneath it.
The palace towers above guests menacingly as they cross through its iron gates. Ominous music and a dark, sinister aurora borealis effect adds to the suspense of the scene.

Gliding through the front gates, guests enter into a stone courtyard populated by fauns, centaurs, foxes, griffons, and other members of Aslan’s army who were frozen in stone by the White Witch.

The sleighs ascend a stone staircase to the front doors of the palace. The ride vehicle pitches and yaws on its base to simulate the climb.

Scene 2A (Encounter with the White Witch):

The palace’s large wooden doors creak open as the sleigh approaches them.

Beyond the door is a vast, icy throne room. Its vaulted ceilings seem to rise up to the heavens. Thick stone pillars run in rows down the aisles.

The front half of the throne room is depicted through practical show sets. Depth is created with the help of a large screen, seamlessly integrated into the physical scenery.

On the screen, guests see the White Witch standing menacingly near her throne. She is clutching Mr. Tumnus firmly by the scruff on his chest, pulling him in to her face. Ginnabrick, her dwarf servant, stands next to them and Maugrim, a wolf and the captain of the Witch’s guard stands watch.

The sleigh pulls up behind one of the large stone pillars, giving guests the sense that they are hiding behind it to spy on the Witch.

MR. BEAVER
(whispering to guests)
There he is. That’s Mr. Tumnus!

WHITE WITCH
(angrily, to Mr. Tumnus)
I’m only going to ask this one more time. Where is Aslan?

MR. TUMNUS
For the thousandth time, I don’t know! No one does!

WHITE WITCH
Why won’t you tell me where he is!??!

MR. TUMNUS
Because I believe in a free Narnia.

WHITE WITCH
(raising her wand)
Let’s see how you feel after a few days on ice!

A blast of frosty magic erupts from the tip of the Witch’s wand and Tumnus hardens, quickly morphing into one of the palace’s stone ornaments.

The sleigh swerves out into the open as Mr. Beaver screams:
MR. BEAVER
No! You stone cold old broad!

• Upon hearing Mr. Beaver’s outburst, the Witch glances up and spots the sleigh.

WHITE WITCH
Maugrim! After them!

• Maugrim snarls in agreement and leaps into action. He howls loudly and the rest of his guards emerge from somewhere within the castle. The horde of wolves gallops through the throne room toward the guests.

MRS. BEAVER
You’ve really done it this time!

Scene 2B (Flight from the Castle):
• As the wolves advance on the guests, the sleigh reverses, swerving quickly and then high-tailing it out of the throne room.
• Escaping the castle, but still being pursued by the howling wolves, the sleigh ventures back into the forest.
• Unlike in the practical forests of previous scenes, the ride vehicle is now flanked by screens on all sides, allowing the ride to simulate a high-speed chase through a vast and changing environment. The vehicles pitch and yaw in sync with the action on the screens, creating the feeling of a high-speed sleigh ride.
• Midway through the scene, Maugrim catches up with the sleigh and lunges onto it. He lands on the front edge and bites at guests. He is shaken off by the twirling and twisting movements afforded to the vehicle by its trackless ride system.

Scene 3A (The Bank of the Frozen River):
• The woods come to an end at the bank of a frozen river. A cliff face is formed along the other bank by a frozen waterfall. This room is large and open, the walls, floor, and ceiling are all screens.
• The sleigh glides hesitantly onto the frozen river. A creaking sound is heard as a small crack splinters into several larger ones. The effect is accomplished with projection mapping on the floor. The vehicle drops, as if one rail has dipped beneath the surface of the river. The crack in the ice continues to spread, shooting forward to the horizon.
• The sled stops, knowing it can’t go further without falling through the ice. It spins to face Maugrim and his pack, who have surrounded the vehicle in a half circle formation.

MAUGRIM
Sons of Adam, Daughters of Eve, you have nowhere left to run. Give yourselves up now and I know her Majesty will look on you with favor.

MR. BEAVER
You lying fleabag! We’d rather drown.
MAUGRIM
Fine! Have it your way.

- Maugrim pounds his front paws into the ice in front of him, shattering it with a splash. The ice cracks all around the sleigh, leaving it floating on a chunk of ice. It cascades down the river, undulating as the water swells.

**Scene 3B (River Action Sequence):**
- The trackless ride vehicle is used to great effect in this scene, as the sleigh is pulled down the quickly flowing river. Rapids knock the vehicle around and swells cause it to tilt and spin uncontrollably.
- The ice on the river continues to break apart and soon the cracks reach the frozen waterfall. It too begins to crack, sending massive shards of ice down into the river. They splash down around the sleigh, causing it to rise up with the waves.
- Throughout the scene, a foggy mist fills the room and splashing water is shot at guests in synchronization with the movement of the water around them.
- In the background of the scene, Maugrim and his pack can be seen on the riverbank, following after the ride vehicle to ensure that the Sons of Adam and Daughters of Eve don’t make it out alive.
- At the end of the scene, one final gigantic shard of ice, cascades down the waterfall and splashes into the river. It causes an enormous wave to form. The wave races toward the ride vehicle, crashing over top of it. Wind and water splash the guests to accompany the effect.
- The power of the great swell launches the sleigh backwards. It spins out of control, allowing for the ride vehicle to slip into the next room. Here, the bank of the river is a practical set, with a screen blended seamlessly behind it to allow for character interaction and an expansion of the space.

**Scene 4 (Aslan Saves the Day):**
- Upon entering the new room, the sleigh runs aground on the riverbank, continuing to spin as it grinds to a halt, leaving guests face-to-face with the wolf pack.
- Maugrim and his pack snarl as they move toward the ride vehicle. Maugrim bares his teeth.

MAUGRIM
I really didn’t want to get my paws dirty, but I guess I’m gonna have to kill you myself!

- Maugrim leaps forward and the 3D makes it seem as though he has landed on the front of the sleigh. The vehicle buckles under his weight. He howls and bites at guests. He raises his paw and is about to swipe when, seemingly from out of the blue, Aslan pounces, landing on the ride vehicle with a thud. He knocks Maugrim off the sleigh with his massive paw, hurling him into the flowing river where he cascades out of sight.
- Aslan then jumps off of the ride vehicle and lands on the bank of the river just in front of Maugrim’s pack. The ride vehicle rises, springing back to its normal position as it’s freed of Aslan’s weight.
The wolves move toward Aslan, but he stands his ground. He rears back his head and unleashes a ferocious roar. The roar reverberates through the landscape, blowing snow off of trees and awakening dormant birds, sending them flying from their roosts. The wolves whimper, turning quickly and fleeing into the forest.

At this point, the ride vehicle moves onto a large rotating turntable, stopping in place between three curved screens. The rest of the action in this scene occurs on these screens, which turn slowly with the vehicle until it is deposited into the next room. The turntable is divided into three sections, allowing three ride vehicles to travel on it at one time, while still maintaining the illusion that they are having a solitary experience.

Aslan stands with his back to the guests in a fearsome stance until he is sure the wolves have left. Mrs. Beaver points at him, beaming and in awe of his majesty:

MRS. BEAVER
It’s him! It’s Aslan—the true King of Narnia.

Aslan turns toward the guests. Intense sunlight glistens around him, marking the first time that sunlight has featured prominently in the attraction. Guests can feel the warmth of his presence. His fierce persona softens and he exudes a warm friendship.

The Beavers crawl off of the sleigh and scurry onto the screen. They stand near Aslan, staring at him in awe.

As the scene unfolds, the winter scenery slowly begins to melt away, revealing the first signs of spring.

Aslan nods to the Beavers and then bows to guests before speaking.

ASLAN
Welcome brave Sons of Adam, courageous Daughters of Eve. I’ve been expecting you for some time now. I’ve heard that you need to get home?

MR. BEAVER
That’s right. Can you help them, Your Majesty?

ASLAN
I’m afraid my powers are still too limited to open a portal between realms. The Witch is doing everything she can to make sure our guests don’t escape. She fears they’ll fulfill the prophecy.

MRS. BEAVER
The prophecy?

ASLAN
When Adam’s flesh and Adam’s bone,
Sits at Cair Paravel in throne,
The evil time will be over and done.

It is foretold that our visitors will overthrow the Witch and end her eternal winter. You have been traveling with the rightful kings and queens of Narnia.
MRS. BEAVER
(under her breath)
It would figure. The one day I leave the den looking like rubbish…

ASLAN
(to guests)
So I need your help. Together we can defeat the Witch and take back Narnia. When she no longer has power over this land, I’ll be able to send you home.

• Aslan looks around and sees the first signs of spring blossoming from beneath the melting snow.

ASLAN (CONT.)
Look, your magic is already taking effect! Spring is almost upon us. The White Witch’s power is surely dwindling and my troops are ready for battle! Beavers, thank you for all you have done. I must ask one final favor of you. Return to the wood and spread news of my arrival. We will do battle at the Fords of Beruna. Send all the help you can.

MR. BEAVER
We will, sir. For Narnia.
(to guests)
Goodbye, Your Majesties. And good luck.

MRS. BEAVER
I’ve left my pack in front of the sleigh in case you get hungry, dears. Take care now.

• The Beavers wave goodbye and then scurry off to the forest.
• As the Beaver’s exit, the sleigh rotates to face the exit of the turntable, which has now aligned perfectly with the entrance to the next room.

ASLAN
All right, follow me! There’s no time to lose!

• Aslan runs ahead. The sleigh takes off just afterward, catching up quickly and then gliding across the melting snow beside him.

Scene 5 (The Return of Spring):
• As Aslan leads the sleigh away from the river back, the vehicle moves into another screen-based tunnel. The environment in this scene is projected onto large, curved screens that surround the ride vehicle on every side, giving guests a 360-degree view of the beautiful Narnian landscape.
• The scenes playing out across the screens move much faster than the ride vehicles themselves, creating the illusion that Aslan is leading guests across a great distance.
• Passing out of the forest and into the lush fields and valleys of the Narnian countryside, guests are treated to the reawakening of spring after more than one hundred years of desolate winter.
A warm breeze flows through the tunnel and the bright glow surrounding Aslan’s majestic gallop mimics the dawning of a new era. Snow melts from the hillsides, seeping quickly into the ground. Instead of mud, dense green grass is left in its place. The soft wind blows powdery snow from the branches, relieving the trees of a heavy burden, and allowing them to stand tall once more. Flowers bloom, rising swiftly from the earth and opening gleefully to collect the much-desired sunlight. Petals and leaves blossom on the trees, blowing gently in the warm breeze. Birds and other previously dormant woodland creatures awake from their slumber and return to the actions of their daily lives. The joyful tune of songbirds fills the air. Flower petals collected by the wind coalesce into the feminine form of dryads, who wave at guests as they flutter from tree to tree. The sleighs begin to slow as they reach the end of the tunnel, passing through the low point in two adjacent hills and entering into Aslan’s campsite, which is nestled in the valley behind them.

Scene 6A (Aslan’s Campsite):
- Like the Witch’s castle, this scene features practical set pieces in the foreground, blended seamlessly with screens in the background to create depth and allow for immersive character interaction.
- The campsite is littered with regal tents and flags. Creatures of all sorts, clad in gold and silver armor, buzz around preparing for the ensuing battle.
- A centaur, the commander of Aslan’s army, emerges from one of the tents. He bows to Aslan before speaking.

CENTAUR
The White Witch and her troops are almost upon us, Your Majesty.

ASLAN
Get our troops in line. We’ll be ready when she arrives.

- The centaur gallops out of sight to gather the troops. Aslan prepares the guests for battle.

ASLAN
(to guests)
Your presence in Narnia has greatly weakened the Witch, but she still has one very powerful source of magic—her scepter. I cannot confront the Witch while it’s still in her possession. While I distract her troops, I need you to retrieve the scepter and destroy it. And don’t worry—you have the deep magic of Narnia on your side. I know you won’t let me down! Now join the troops in line and prepare for battle.

Scene 6B (Preparing for Battle):
- The sleigh turns and faces a large screen. Aslan’s army has formed a line in front of the guests. His army consists of unicorns, satyrs, stags, phoenixes, rhinoceroses, naiads, dryads, griffons, fauns, centaurs, jaguars, leopards, horses, and an assortment of other birds and woodland creatures. The sleigh pulls in behind them.
The White Witch’s army rises over a hill in front of Aslan’s Army and then descends into the valley. Decked out in dark armor, the troops follow behind the Witch, who rides into battle on a golden chariot drawn by two polar bears.

The Witch’s army consists of cyclopes, giants, ghouls, goblins, hags, harpies, minotaurs, sprites, vultures, wolves, and wraiths.

As the Witch’s army draws near, Aslan raises his paw and yells:

ASLAN
For Narnia!

Aslan’s Army echoes, yelling back, “For Narnia,” and then charging the Witch’s army.

The Witch’s army charges in return.

WHITE WITCH
I have no interest in prisoners. Kill them all!

Scene 7A (The Battle):

- The sleigh charges forward with Aslan’s army, entering into the main battle room. This scene is brought to life through a mixture of massive screens and physical set pieces. Large creatures and the battlefield’s broad vistas are brought to life on the screen, while smaller creatures and other scenic items such as boulders, roots, and mountainsides are presented in the form of standing sets and animatronics.
- The battle is expansive, chaotic, and at times, disorienting. The trackless ride vehicles can bounce, glide, spin, and shake in a variety of different ways depending on how they enter or exit each portion of the scene.
- For the duration of the scene, the enchanted sleigh has its sights set on the White Witch, determined to retrieve her scepter. The Witch’s minions are constantly getting in the way. The battle between the two armies rages in the background—occasionally entering into the foreground to interact with guests.
- When the sleigh first moves toward the Witch, a minotaur, the general of the Witch’s army, comes running to her aid. He raises his massive axe and swings, slamming it into the sleigh. The sleigh jolts, giving guests the sensation of being hit, and then spins violently across the field.
- The sleigh stops suddenly as it slams into the fatty leg of a giant. The giant picks up his leg and stomps down, intending to crush the ride vehicle. The sleigh swerves out of the way just in the nick of time, jolting with the force of the giant’s step.
- The sleigh creeps up on the Witch again, but is suddenly and violently pulled backwards away from her. The vehicle spins around to see massive roots erupting from the ground and attacking guests as if they were alive. An audio-animatronic root grasps the ride vehicle, attempting to drag it under the ground.
- A phoenix swoops in and grabs onto the ride vehicle, wrenching it away from the roots and carrying it into the sky above the battle, preparing to place guests down near the Witch.
- A harpy swoops into frame, hissing and snarling, and claws at the phoenix, attempting to capture the sleigh. In the tussle, the phoenix loses grip on the sleigh and drops it. The screens scroll rapidly from aerial scenery back down to the battlefield to elicit the
sensation of falling. The vehicle lands in the next show room with a thud, squashing a goblin.

Scene 7B (The Witch’s Demise):

- The sleigh now has a clear path to the Witch who is distracted by a confrontation with the General of Aslan’s troops. It pulls backward, as if revving its engine, and then plows forward, ramming into the side of the Witch’s chariot. The force of the hit jolts the Witch and her scepter flies out her hand, shattering as it smashes into the exposed cliff face beside her. A bolt of blue magic bursts from the wand, fizzling out to signify the loss of the Witch’s power.
- The Witch scowls at the guests, grabbing her sword and leaping down from her chariot. She marches over to the ride vehicle, pointing her sword at the guests.

  WHITE WITCH
  You insolent fools! I won’t give up my throne!

- She raises the sword and is just about to strike when Aslan leaps from behind the sleigh and lands on its front edge. The vehicle buckles under his weight.

    ASLAN
    That’s because it isn’t yours to give!

- Aslan pounces onto the Witch, knocking her out of view of the guests. He raises his paw, claws bared, and strikes, killing her off screen.
- Aslan raises his head, roaring triumphantly. The ferocious sound echoes through the room as the rest of the Witch’s Army flees the battlefield.

Scene 8A (Transition to Cair Paravel):

- The sleigh passes through a gap between two hillsides, rounding the corner and emerging on the beach. A sandy shore extends out in front of the ride vehicle. To the right, the Eastern Ocean extends to the horizon. Across the shore, sitting high atop a cliff is the castle, Cair Paravel.
- Aslan walks up the beach, approaching the guests.

    ASLAN
    It’s time for you to take your place as the rightful kings and queens of Narnia.
    (Motioning to Cair Paravel)
    That is your castle—Cair Paravel. Your coronation awaits.

- As Aslan finishes, the seawater swells up and gently flows under the sleigh, dragging it out into the sea.
- The water rushes forward, carrying the sleigh to Cair Paravel.
- A mist of water splashes guest and a warm sea breeze blows over them. The smell of salt water fills the air. Naiads, feminine nymphs formed from water, leap from the sea, playfully dancing around the ride vehicle as it heads toward the castle. The sun is setting, filling the room with beautiful pinks, oranges, and yellows.
• At the base of the cliff atop which Cair Paravel sits, the ride vehicles round a corner into a cavern carved out from the stone by years of erosion.

**Scene 8B (Ascent to Cair Paravel):**
• Inside the cavern, the water beneath the ride vehicles bubbles up, creating a geyser that carries them gently up the cliff face. This effect is created with a ramp, hidden by water features and projection mapping.
• The geyser deposits the sleigh at the top of the cliff, where it rides through the castle’s bountiful gardens to a magnificent stone courtyard.

**Unload (Castle Courtyard):**
• In the castle courtyard, the sleighs come to a stop. Cast members dressed as the court’s servants open the sleigh doors and guests exit their ride vehicles.
• Cast members then usher guests, referring to them as “Your Majesties,” into one of three throne rooms for their coronation.

**Post Show (Coronation):**
• Guests enter into the throne room of Castle Cair Paravel. Cast members in servants’ costumes wait in the room.
• On the left, four lavishly ornate thrones sit atop a raised platform. Beside them, audio-animatronic versions of Mr. and Mrs. Beaver carry crowns and tiaras on satin pillows.
• On the right, a full-scale audio-animatronic Aslan stands majestically on a balcony.
• At the front of the room is an enormous, intricately detailed stained glass window. Its design resembles that which adorns the doors of the wardrobe.
• As the doors to the courtyard close, the show begins.

**ASLAN**
Sons of Adam, Daughters of Eve, thank you for your unfaltering bravery in the face of extraordinary danger. You have restored peace and prosperity to Narnia and for that, I am forever grateful. I am honored to call you all kings and queens of Narnia. And though I wish you could stay here, I must honor my promise and open a portal for you to return to your own realm.

• Aslan waves his great paw in the direction of the stained glass window. Using projection mapping to animate the effect, the window scrambles its pieces, ultimately rearranging them into the image of a gift shop. The glass then begins to melt away, opening up the wall to reveal a portal back to Professor Kirke’s manor.

**ASLAN**
Go well. But remember, once a king or queen of Narnia, always a king or queen of Narnia. Come back and see us anytime.

• Aslan and the Beavers wave goodbye as the guests exit into the gift shop.

**MR. BEAVER**
Goodbye. Take Care!
MRS. BEAVER
Visit anytime! Our den is your den!

- Once every guest has left the coronation room, the portal reseals, closing off Narnia from the gift shop and allowing the show to reset for the next group.
Battle for the Everstone:
An Interactive Laser Tag Adventure Inspired by Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*

David Scanlon

**Backstory/ Attraction Summary**

After falling through a mysterious wormhole, several members of an early 16th century Danish royal family and their courtiers arrived on a strange alien world. Once home to a great civilization, the planet, as they found it, was devoid of life. Some time ago, a violent civil war had broken out amongst warring factions of the Krystallirians, the planet’s indigenous people, ultimately resulting in the eradication of their species. Upon their extinction, the Krystallirians left behind a vast, technologically advanced city. The city was beautiful, having been erected from the natural crystal formations that formed the surface of the planet. The crystals, unbeknownst to the planet’s new inhabitants, were much more than decoration. All of the amazing technology on the planet was powered by these crystals, which were tied directly to the magical *Everstone*, a crystal formation deep within the planet that provided energy and life to the Krystallirians and their home world.

Stranded on a strange world with no way to return home, the royal family was forced to adapt to life on this new planet, which they dubbed Krystaljord, or “Land of the Crystals,” after it’s most distinct geological feature. They quickly mastered the technology of the Krystallirians, and though much of the city was in ruins, its new residents were able to rebuild. Using remnants of the alien city, the royal family restored the city’s crystalline palace, infusing the technological advancements of their new world with the style of their own castle back home.

Having now a magnificent place to live, the royal family decided that, in order to ensure their survival, it was time to begin a new civilization. King Heimric, who had been well loved in their previous world, was set to be the leader of this new establishment. This plan never came to pass, however, as King Heimric was found dead in his chambers on the eve of his coronation. The mystery of the king’s death led to accusations of murder and slander, which hurled the newly formed monarchy into turmoil and split the group into two factions. One group called for the king’s son, also named Heimric, to be king, while the other insisted the king’s brother, Klaus, inherit the crown.

Guests play the role of modern day humans, who have fallen through the same wormhole, landing in Krystaljord just as the conflict between Heimric and Klaus is coming to a head. Upon their arrival, they are recruited by one of the two factions, joining the fight for either Heimric or Klaus. Only one who has harnessed the power of the planet can be it’s true ruler, and so, led by a close ally of one of the possible successors, guests journey deep into the caverns of Krystaljord to retrieve the legendary *Helm of the Everstone*, a crown worn by the king of the Krystallirians and formed from the planet’s power source. Along the way, guests must solve puzzles, escape from cavernous labyrinths, retrieve clues, and shoot targets to prove their team’s mastery over the powers of the *Everstone*. This all culminates in a final laser tag battle between the two teams, set within the *Grotto of the Everstone*, the world’s largest laser tag arena.
Attraction Experience

**Lobby**

Guests enter through the main gate of the castle into the Grand Hall. The ticket booth is located here. Guests purchase tickets and are assigned to a team, either Heimric or Klaus. Teams consist of 4-6 people, meaning some parties may be separated into two teams. Guests are given a return time for their experience and a scroll that explains the backstory of the attraction and details game play.

**Introduction Room**

When it’s time to play, guests meet their team leader in the Introduction Room. The team leader is portrayed by a cast member and acts as a recruiter for either Team Heimric or Team Klaus. On Team Heimric, male team leaders are named Hans and female team leaders are named Odette. On Team Klaus, male team leaders are named Ludvig, while female team leaders are named Gerta.

In the introduction room, the team leader explains how the royal family came to live on Krystaljord and discusses the conflict that has arisen as a result of King Heimric’s death. He/She explains that there has been a gentlemen’s agreement made between the two parties, stating that whichever candidate, Heimric or Klaus, is able to successfully harness the power of the planet first, shall be named king.

Team Heimric’s leader insists that Klaus is to blame for the King’s death and asks the guests to join him on a quest to find the power source of the planet and prove that Heimric should be king. Team Klaus’ leader says that Heimric is attempting to slander Klaus and asks the guests to join him on a quest to find the power source of the planet to prove that Klaus is the rightful king.

The team leader then explains that his people have uncovered a secret chamber beneath the castle that they think may hold the key to finding the planet’s power source. He/She cautions that they cannot be sure what lies ahead or what danger may await them and insists that guests must always be ready to battle the opposing team. Guests are then led into the Weaponry, where they gear up for their adventure.

**Weaponry (Heimric and Klaus tracks are separate, but identical)**

The team leader ushers guests into their Weaponry. There are two separate Weaponries, one for Team Heimric and one for Team Klaus. The rooms are identical in all but their color. Team Heimric’s color scheme is purple, while Team Klaus’ is green.

Inside the Weaponry, the team leader explains the guns and the vests and talks about how they are powered by the crystals that adorn them. He/She then helps guests to get suited up and explains how the vests and guns work. After they are completely geared up, guests are given a few minutes to practice shooting targets. Points scored here do not affect the final scores of the game. When target practice is finished, guests are led into the Chamber of King Eze Ihe.
Chamber of King Eze Ihe

Groups are staggered upon entering the secret chamber, so that when one group arrives, the other is already there. Upon this realization, the two team leaders bicker over who discovered the chamber first and who has the right to move on. One team leader leans up against a crystal, causing it to depress into the wall. It begins to glow and there is a hum of electricity in the room. A crystal on the opposite wall also begins to glow, and deciding that it may be a trigger to unlocking the secrets of the chamber, the other team leader pushes the crystal into the wall. As he does this, the rest of the crystals in the room begin to hum and glow and a large formation of crystals emerges from a crevice in the center of the room.

A larger-than-life ghostly figure appears, hovering above the crystal formation, and reveals himself to be King Eze Ihe, ruler of the Krystallirians. Eze Ihe explains the history of Krystallir and the civil war that brought about his people’s extinction. He states that he does not want the same fate to befall the new residents of his beloved home and so he has devised a challenge that will determine, without a doubt, the man who is to be king.

Eze Ihe explains that the power of the planet is held within his crown, the Helm of the Everstone. The Everstone, he says, is a crystal formation that was found at the center of the planet, believed by the Krystallirians to be the source of the planet’s power. It was formed into a crown by his ancestors and was used by each king to harness the energy of the planet. The challenge is to retrieve the Helm of the Everstone and to prove to the Heart of Krystallir (an unseen entity/deity that is believed to control the Everstone) that either Heimric or Klaus is worthy of being king.

At the conclusion of his discussion, King Eze Ihe reveals two hidden passageways. A pattern of light spirals across the ground and onto the walls. The light forms the shape of a doorway and magical doors swing open, revealing the first challenge room. Eze Ihe disappears and each team leader leads his or her group deeper into the heart of the planet.

Challenge Room 1 - Team Heimric

Hans/Odette leads guests into a room filled with an assortment of strange objects. Among the objects are a scale, a fish, a deed of land ownership, a jester’s hat, garden sheers, a brick, a ship, and a hammer. The room appears to be a dead end, with no visible means of moving forward. There are two Krystallirian skulls sitting on a stone plinth in the center of the room.

When guests enter the room, the skulls come to life and welcome them. They say that their names are Yorick and Osric and they banter back and forth for a while. After being prompted by Hans/Odette, the skulls promise to open the door to the next room if the guests can successfully complete their challenge.

Yorick and Osric tell a story featuring characters of several occupations and then ask the guests to shoot the objects in the room that represent those occupations in the order in which they appeared in the story. When the challenge has been completed, the skulls open a magical door to the next room and tell the guests that a clue to help them find the Helm of the Everstone can be found there.
Guests earn points for successfully completing the challenge. If guests complete the challenge with time to spare, targets will come online and they will be given an opportunity to shoot for extra points. If guests should have trouble with the challenge, the team leader will prompt them, enabling them to complete it in enough time to move to the next room.

**Challenge Room 1- Team Klaus**

Ludvig/Gerta leads guests into a room filled with flowers and a babbling underground stream. Flowers present in the room are rosemary (pink), violets (purple), pansies (red), fennel (green), rue (orange), daisies (white), columbines (blue), and crow flowers (yellow). The room appears to be a dead end, with no visible means of moving forward. A statue of the Krystallirian princess, Princess Amamihe, comes to life as the guests enter.

Princess Amamihe promises to open the portal into the next room if the guests can successfully complete her challenge. The princess tells a story involving numerous flowers and their colors. Guests are then tasked with shooting the flowers in the same order in which they appeared in the story. When the challenge has been completed, the princess opens a magical door to the next room and tells guests that a clue to help them find the Helm of the Everstone is located there.

Guests earn points for successfully completing the challenge. If guests complete the challenge with time to spare, targets will come online and they will be given an opportunity to shoot for extra points. If guests should have trouble with the challenge, the team leader will prompt them, enabling them to complete it in enough time to move to the next room.

**Battle Room 1- The Labyrinth**

Guests enter a labyrinthine cave maze. Team Heimric enters on the left side of the maze and Team Klaus enters on the right. The two teams are separated from each other until they get to the center of the maze.

Upon entering the maze, the team leader informs guests that they need to venture into the cave to look for the clue that the skulls/princess mentioned. He/She tells guests to be cautious because the opposing team will most likely also be searching for the clue. The team leader encourages their team to shoot at the opposition, should they encounter them, and then disperses the group, asking them to meet him/her at the other side of the cave in eight minutes, whether they have retrieved the clue or not.

The clue is found in the center of the maze—it’s a scroll adorned with paintings of a series of crystals that will help guests to earn more points in the next room. There is only one scroll, so the team that finds it has an advantage in the second challenge room.

This room provides the first of two opportunities for guests to face each other in a traditional laser tag battle, as players from opposing teams will come face to face in their attempt to retrieve the scroll. Points are racked up here by shooting opponents. After five minutes, weapons are powered down in order to remind guests to meet their team leader at the exit of the maze. Upon returning to their team leader, guests are led into the second challenge room.
Challenge Room 2 (Heimric and Klaus tracks are separate, but identical)

Large elevator doors open, revealing a cavernous room filled with crystals. There is a separate room for each team, though they are identical. Screens that blend with the cavern walls have hundreds of gemstones of all different shapes, sizes, and colors zooming around on them. The team leader ushers guests to the center of the room.

The disembodied voice of King Eze Ihe is heard echoing through the chamber. He tells guests to shoot the proper crystals in order to prove their understanding of the Everstone. The correct gems to shoot in order to gain points can be found on the scroll that was retrieved from the labyrinth. For the team that doesn’t have the scroll, determining the proper gems to shoot is a game of trial and error. Shooting the correct gems earns points, while shooting the incorrect gems deducts points from the team’s score.

As guests are partaking in this challenge, the cavern is slowly stretching, lowering them to the basement level where the final battle occurs. When the lift comes to a stop, the elevator doors slide open, revealing the Grotto of the Everstone.

Final Battle Room- Grotto of the Everstone

The final battle occurs in a massive cavern filled with the dilapidated archways of the throne room that once existed in the space. Tall crystal formations jut out in all directions from the walls, ceiling, and ground, creating perfect hiding places for the opposing teams. In the center of the room is the Helm of the Everstone, immense in scale and covered in gemstone targets.

The disembodied voice of Eze Ihe returns, informing guests that the only way to control the Everstone is to control each of the gemstones on its surface. The Grotto of the Everstone acts as the second of the traditional laser tag battle arenas. Guests shoot at each other to rack up points, while simultaneously attempting to shoot and control as many of the Everstone’s gems as they can. In order to keep track of which gemstones each team controls, they change color to reflect the color scheme of their ruler (purple for Heimric and green for Klaus).

The final battle lasts for twelve minutes, or until every single gem on the Everstone belongs to one team—whichever comes sooner. The new ruler of Krystaljord can be crowned in one of two ways: whichever team has the most points at the end of the game; or whichever team controls every gem on the Helm of the Everstone, regardless of their total number of points. When a new ruler is crowned, every crystal and gemstone in the Grotto of the Everstone glows with that team’s color scheme.

Debriefing Room/Viewing Area/Gift Shop/ Exit

After a new king is crowned, the teams are separated once again and brought into the final room—the debriefing room. Here they return their vests and guns and they are thanked for their service to the cause of either Team Heimric or Team Klaus. The team leader of the winning team congratulates his/her teammates and sends them on their way, inviting them to return to the kingdom any time. The team leader of the losing team sends
his/her teammates on their way, asking that they return soon to turn the tides on their misfortune.

Upon exiting the debriefing room, guests can climb the stairs to a balcony that lines the arena, allowing them to observe the next battle. To maintain the illusion of the game, this viewing platform is hidden from the sight of the players in the Grotto of the Everstone. Guests/family members who choose not to participate in the attraction are also welcome to view the arena from this area.

Climbing the stairs a little further returns guests to the ground floor, where they can exit the attraction through the gift shop or return to the lobby to purchase another round of play.
Ἀσπάζομαι, Explorers!

Welcome to Porto Kaiō (Ancient Greek for “Port Ignite”), a state-of-the-art exploration center where visitors from across the globe gather to answer the call to adventure! As the official headquarters of The Adventure Guild, an elite international organization dedicated to the preservation of antiquities and the proliferation of the spirit of adventure, Porto Kaiō is the world’s preeminent destination for curious minds of all ages and backgrounds. Built directly atop the site of the original Pharos of Alexandria, and centrally located between all Seven Wonders, Porto Kaiō is a gateway to discovery—a modern portal to the treasures of the ancient world—that’s sure to ignite the spark of adventure in you!

A first-of-its-kind destination in Alexandria’s Eastern Harbour, Porto Kaiō, which aims to drive much needed tourism to Egypt’s northern coast, was designed with guidance from the Egyptian government and its Ministry of Antiquities to bring a uniquely Egyptian experience to a global audience. Much like the ancient city of Alexandria, a rich cultural mecca that blended the best of Greek and Egyptian societies, Porto Kaiō’s open-air marketplace and bustling community center envelope guests completely in the local flavors of the region.

In keeping with our revitalization efforts, and to facilitate the construction and enjoyment of our underwater research labs, we’ve also partnered with the Egyptian Environmental Affairs Agency to implement short and long-term solutions to quell the flow of domestic sewage into the Harbour and reduce its considerable mercury contamination. At Porto Kaiō, we believe it’s our responsibility to ensure that the world we love to explore is around until we become ancient history!

So pack your knapsack and set sail for Porto Kaiō. Adventure awaits!

Our Story

In 1919, as a reaction to the destruction of World War I, Sir Thaddeus J. Ravenscroft, Professor of Egyptology Chair at University College London, called a meeting of the minds between seven of the world’s most prominent antiquarians. Together, these great adventurers, each the preeminent expert on one of the Seven Ancient Wonders, founded The Adventure Guild, an elite global organization whose mission was to discover, study, catalogue, preserve, and protect the remains of the great Wonders and to ignite the spirit of adventure in people all across the world.

By its tenth anniversary, the Guild had expanded its ranks to over 100 members and the founders sought a location to construct a permanent, state-of-the-art guildhall. After the Guild’s discovery of the submerged ruins of the Pharos of Alexandria, it was decided that its headquarters would be built as an underwater research base in Alexandria’s Eastern Harbour. The Guild prospered there
for the next few years, but by the end of the 1930s, it became clear that the spirit of adventure was dwindling, and by the 1960s, the Guild had largely been forgotten.

In 1994, Greek archaeologists led by Jean-Yves Empereur rediscovered the physical remains of the lighthouse and, by extension, the Guild’s abandoned facility. Inspired by the work of their spiritual forefathers, they rededicated The Adventure Guild and set out to carry on its mission. Now, in celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Guild’s founding, we’ve rebuilt the Lighthouse as it originally stood and publically opened the doors of Porto Kaiō, our beacon to adventurers from around the globe, for the very first time!

Your Journey

Your journey begins at the Port of Call, our mainland visitor center, where you’ll be introduced to your Adventure Guide and officially initiated into The Adventure Guild. From there, you’ll board one of our ancient Egyptian galleys and set sail for Porto Kaiō, the gateway to the Seven Wonders, and the official headquarters of The Adventure Guild!

Upon disembarking in the caverns beneath the Island of Pharos, you’ll discover a magnificent archeological dig site where the Guild has been busy unearthing the ruins of ancient Alexandria. Then, with help from the remains of a colossal statue—and a little bit of technical wizardry—you’ll rise from the caverns into The Grand Foyer, the hub of our spectacular discovery center. From there, you’re free to do what Guild members do best: Explore!

Many guests begin by experiencing our three main expeditions—Alexandria: The Rise and Fall, an exhilarating elevator-based dark ride through the turbulent history of our host city, The S.P.I.R.I.T.S. Vault: Treasures of the Seven Wonders, an interactive tour through the Guild’s private collections, and Alexandria Up Close: An Undersea Expedition, an archaeological excursion through our one-of-a-kind underwater research labs. When you’re not partaking in one of our guided expeditions, you can explore the Guild’s highly interactive, multi-level exhibition hall, have a bite to eat or do some shopping in our beautiful courtyard marketplace, or have a harbourside picnic on one of the island’s sandy beaches.

You can also visit The Top of the Tower for breathtaking views from our 360° observation deck or to have a mouthwatering meal at The Beacon, our four-star restaurant, or The Lantern Room, its adjoining lounge. And no trip to Porto Kaiō is complete without experiencing Ignite! The Spirit of Adventure, a rousing nighttime spectacular that celebrates the adventurer in all of us and encourages us to go out into the world and ignite the spark of discovery in everyone we meet!

The Wonders of Porto Kaiō

From the moment you set foot inside the Port of Call and meet your Adventure Guide, it’s clear that a day at Porto Kaiō is unlike any other! Where else can you join a league of extraordinary adventurers, sail the harbour on an ancient Egyptian galley, explore a cavern chock full of ancient treasures, or catch a lift on the palm of a colossal statue?
At Porto Kaiō, the difference is in the details. Every nook and cranny is yours to explore, replete with magical flourishes and hidden clues that allow you to make brand new discoveries each time you visit! Always keep your eyes peeled for puzzle doors and secret passageways. You never know what you might find!

Founders’ Factoid: Thanks to carefully planned sightlines and a pinch of theatrical wizardry, as our galleys enter the caverns beneath the Island of Pharos, it appears to passersby watching from the shores that they’ve simply vanished into thin air. It’s quite the parlor trick!

Expeditions

The S.P.I.R.I.T.S. Vault: Treasures of the Seven Wonders

Put your adventure skills to the test in the world’s most extraordinary escape room!

For the very first time, you’re invited to join us on a journey through The S.P.I.R.I.T.S.’ Vault, the founders’ private collection of rare and never-before-exhibited artifacts from around the globe! With help from the official Adventure Guild app, you’ll explore a series of highly interactive treasure rooms, working closely with your fellow adventurers to solve puzzles, uncover hidden clues, and rack up adventure experience points.

Founders’ Tip: Your time with The Adventure Guild doesn’t have to end when you leave Porto Kaiō! Adventure is everywhere—and so is the Guild! Download the official Adventure Guild app to stay up to date on our latest news, to connect with your local chapter, and to discover how you can ignite the spirit of adventure in your own community!

Alexandria: The Rise and Fall

Experience an elevator ride like no other on this high-octane journey through the past!

Climb in and buckle up, because at Porto Kaiō, even our elevators lead to adventure! On Alexandria: The Rise and Fall, an exhilarating journey through the turbulent history of our host city, you’ll travel up, down, forwards, backwards, side to side, and all throughout time in one of our state-of-the-art Exploravators. But be careful—it’s a dangerous expedition! Can you survive the fires, floods, and earthquakes that brought down the great city of Alexandria?

Founders’ Factoid: This state-of-the-art attraction, which uses projections and intricate physical show sets to bring its story to life, combines LPS trackless dark ride and drop tower technologies to create a thrilling, wholly original new experience. It’s not to be missed!
Alexandria Up Close: An Undersea Expedition

Journey beneath the waves for an up-close look at the wonders of ancient Alexandria!

Hop aboard a research galley and set sail for discovery! At our cutting-edge underwater Observation Stations, you can now get closer than ever before to the sunken Island of Antirhodos and the ancient treasures that have been hidden beneath Alexandria’s Eastern Harbour for thousands of years.

Founders’ Factoid: At Porto Kaíō, we believe it’s our responsibility to ensure that these incredible artifacts are around for the enjoyment of all future generations, so we’ve partnered with the Egyptian Environmental Affairs Agency to clean up the harbour and promote green initiatives throughout Alexandria. To do our part, the facilities at Porto Kaíō are powered almost exclusively with energy from the wind and tides around us.

The Top of The Tower

After a full day of exploring, you’ve probably worked up quite an appetite! To satisfy your most decadent cravings, join us at The Top of the Tower, where mouthwatering meals and breathtaking views are served nightly. Experience a banquet of global delicacies at The Beacon, our signature four-star restaurant, or treat yourself to a drink with friends at The Lantern Room, our full-service lounge.

Every great night at Porto Kaíō begins with Ignite! The Spirit of Adventure, a dazzling nighttime spectacular that celebrates the adventurer in all of us. For an extra special experience, join us after the show to dine directly beneath our iconic flame or to gather at the community bonfires that burn around our 360° observation deck!

Founders’ Tip: If you’re only looking for a quick bite, be sure to check out the local vendors in our beautiful courtyard marketplace for a casual, authentically Alexandrian dining experience!