William

AN AUDIO DRAMA FOR EVERYONE

Episode One
"Olives and Other Green Things"

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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

WILLIAM SHERLOCK HOLMES (“WILLIAM”) - 8
The young impetuous and driven lad who will eventually grow into the master sleuth we cherish.

OLIVIA WINTHROP (“OLIVE”) - 8
She would probably grow up to marry William if William were the marrying kind. For now, she works to keep our main character on the path... or knocks him off that path when appropriate.

SUPPORTING CHARACTERS (Episode One)

SIR RODERICK TENNYSON - 70s
A gentleman fisherman and occasional confidant.

SETTINGS (Episode One)

EXT. WOODS NEAR A STREAM
EXT. CITY
INT. WILLIAM'S HOME
INT. WILLIAM'S ATTIC DOMAIN

SPECIAL NOTE

Dialogue to be delivered with true British accents in a crisp and insistent tone.

WILLIAM

Episode One - "Olives & Other Green Things"

SCENE ONE: (INTRODUCTION)
(William, Olive)

WILLIAM: I have a list. A long list.

OLIVE: (in an urgent whisper) Introduce yourself first!

WILLIAM: A private list.

SOUND: HORSES & CARRIAGES ON PAVEMENT; INDISTINCT CONVERSATIONS (CONTINUOUS).

WILLIAM: A long private list. A list of all the things I don't know. It's unnerving, actually.

SCENE TWO: EXT. WOODS NEAR A STREAM - DAY
(William, Sir Roderick, Olive)

SOUND: FOREST AMBIANCE, BIRDS, RUSHING STREAM (CONTINUOUS).

SOUND: HORSE & CARRIAGE CROSSES NEARBY BRIDGE.

SOUND: FISHING REEL - CASTING THEN REELING IN.

SOUND: SHORT RAPID AND SPLOOSHY FOOTFALLS.

SIR RODERICK: (distant) Boy!

NO RESPONSE -- JUST THE SOUNDS OF THE FOREST AND THE STREAM.

SIR RODERICK: (distant) I say... Boy! BOY!

STILL NO RESPONSE.

SIR RODERICK: Young lad! Wait. Is that you, William? You shall catch your death if you proceed into the water such as you are!

WILLIAM: (distant) I have no choice! I must retrieve it!

SIR RODERICK: (to himself) What the devil...? (now to William) Young man! William! You'll catch your death! What have you done with your clothes?!

WILLIAM: Mummy says to keep them clean!

SOUND: MORE SPLOOSHY FOOTFALLS

SIR RODERICK: Yes, but *you will freeze to death if*--!

WILLIAM: It's the only way!

SOUND: SLOWER AND DEEPER SPLOOSHY FOOTFALLS.

WILLIAM: I don't suppose you could help me!

SIR RODERICK: Yes, well... I'm getting a nibble. First one all day.

SOUND: SPLASHES; FISHING REEL REELING IN.

WILLIAM: Aren't I more important than a cautious fish?

AN AWKWARD SILENCE, THEN...

WILLIAM: Well?

SIR RODERICK: Steady on. I'm formulating a response.

WILLIAM: (whispers to himself) Steady on, he says. Form-u-something a response, he says. Hmmpf. Oh, wait. There it is!

SOUND: SPLOOSHING & SPASHING.

WILLIAM: (to the world) F-F-FOUND IT!

SIR RODERICK: What have you got there?! It seems to be some sort of old bottle!

WILLIAM: Wouldn't you like to know!

SIR RODERICK: Eh?

WILLIAM: It *is* some s-s-s-s-sort of old b-b-b-b-bottle! (whispers to himself) With a n-n-n-n-note in it.

WILLIAM IS CLEARLY FREEZING COLD.

SOUND: SLOW AND DEEP SPLOOSHY FOOTFALLS BECOME RAPID & SHALLOW; FINALLY, BARE FEET ON LEAVES & DIRT.

WILLIAM: (to himself) All right, where *did my*--?

OLIVE: Looking for these?

WILLIAM: Olive! What are you doing here? And why are you holding m-m-m-my shirt? And my p-p-p-pants? And m-m-m-my... other... Th-th-th-things?

OLIVE: Why were you in that freezing cold water without your clothes? You are absolutely blue. All over.

WILLIAM: N-n-none of your b-business.

OLIVE: Well, then...

SOUND: SHORT FOOTFALLS RECEDE (CONTINUOUS).

WILLIAM: Hey! M-my clothes?!

SOUND: FOOTFALLS ABRUPTLY STOP.

OLIVE: My answer?

WILLIAM: All right, all right. B-but clothes f-first.

NO RESPONSE.

WILLIAM: Yes, well then. This.

SOUND: FINGERNAIL TAPPING ON GLASS.

OLIVE: That? You risked your health for, what, an old piece of junk?

WILLIAM: It's a bottle.

OLIVE: My my, we are so brilliant today, William Sherlock Holmes.

WILLIAM: (whispers to himself) I hate w-when she uses all m-my n-names. At least she didn't *choose to*--

OLIVE: Willian Sherlock Scott Holmes, if I'm not mistaken.

WILLIAM: Are you just going to let m-me stand here f-f-freezing with no clothes on?

OLIVE: I might.

WILLIAM: Olivia Winthrop!

SIR RODERICK: Hey, you two! What's going on over there?!

WILLIAM/OLIVE: Nothing, Sir Roderick! We're fine!

SIR RODERICK: Give the lad his clothes, Missy! Before he catches his death!

SOUND: FISHING REEL - CASTING THEN REELING IN.

SIR RODERICK: HA! Got one!

SOUND: TRANSITION STINGER.

SCENE THREE: EXT. CITY - DAY
(William, Olive)

SOUND: CITY SOUNDS; HORSES CLOPPING; CONVERSATIONS (CONTINUOUS).

SCENE FOUR: INT. WILLIAM'S HOME - DAY
(William, Olive)

SOUND: LARGE DOOR CLOSES; YOUNG FEET CLIMB WOOD STEPS.

SCENE FIVE: INT. WILLIAM'S ATTIC DOMAIN - DAY
(William, Olive)

SOUND: SMALL WOOD DOOR OPENS; CLOSES; YOUNG FOOTSTEPS EVERYWHERE; CITY IN B.G.

OLIVE: 'Tis been quite a while since I was up here in this... place.

WILLIAM: Will wonders never cease.

OLIVE: Beg your pardon? (pause) Hmmpf. Tell me again why your parents have banished you to the attic?

WILLIAM: As you see, this is my laboratory.

SOUND: CLINKING GLASS; OBJECTS MOVED.

WILLIAM: Don't touch those, please.

SOUND: MORE OBJECTS MOVED.

WILLIAM: No, not those either. Of course I have my special collections here as well.

OLIVE: Your... Oh my. All those bottles. There must be at least *dozens of*--

WILLIAM: One hundred and two. Well, one more now.

SOUND: CLINKING GLASS; RUSTLING PAPER.

OLIVE: Don't you even want to read that note?

WILLIAM: Perhaps later. But for now...

WILLIAM STRAINS TO REACH A HIGH SHELF (GRUNTS, PANTS, ETC.)

SOUND: BOTTLE PLACED ON SHELF; MULTIPLE GLASS CLINKS; FOOTSTEPS.

WILLIAM: There! Perfect!

OLIVE: I don't understand, William. What on earth are you going to do with all those bottles. And so many green ones.

WILLIAM: For now, I shall admire them.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AROUND ROOM.

OLIVE: And *what will you do after*--

WILLIAM: And eventually, I shall investigate how it was I came to find each one in precisely the same spot in the stream.

OLIVE: Oh. (pause) But, why?

WILLIAM: Umm... Olive. Olivia.

OLIVE: Yes, William?

WILLIAM: Do you still have my socks?

SOUND: MUSIC OUT.

END: