

"The Good Doctor"
Started on March 18th, 2020

EXT. London, England: 1348 - Day

RICHARD(mid 20s) strolls down the London sidewalk with his eyes closed, appreciating the fair weather. Street is not visible.

RICHARD(V.O.):

Oh, what a lovely day it is outside! The birds are chirping to each other in harmony, the sky is a cheerful bright blue, the temperature isn't too hot or too cold, and the air even smells a little bit better than it usually does. I feel... happy! Happier than usual, I might add! Today, it feels as if all the angels in heaven are shining their holy light down on me, thanking me for my charitable medicinal services! If only-

Richard opens his eyes and he is bombarded with noise.

(In the distance)

Frequent coughing
Baby starts to cry
Goat brays obnoxiously
More coughing
Wagons loudly rattle by
Distant screams
Someone dumps a bucket of excrement out of their window
Incessant coughing

RICHARD (V.O)

...Oh, yeah, that's right...

I almost managed to forget about it for a second there.

INT. London, England - Day.

The year is 1348, and the bubonic plague has reached its apex.

RICHARD walks through a muddy sidewalk lined with shoddily made dirty houses, rats and the infected. His beak-shaped mask provides a veil of protection from the volatile city around him.

RICHARD (V.O)

Now that I look at it more this god-forsaken city is somehow worse than it usually is. All I've seen here since I've arrived is depression and death everywhere I go.

Ugh, why can't any of these Debbie Downers just enjoy a good day for once? They've all somehow managed to ruin my mood entirely. At least the people in the last town were a bit more clean... meh. You know what, it's no Luxor temple but it'll have to do for now.

An elegantly dressed young woman (early 20s) runs up to Richard.

RICHARD (V.O)

Alright, here comes somebody in need of my aid. It's showtime, Richard!

WOMAN:

Hello, Mr. Plague doctor? If you're not busy at the moment, would you mind taking a look at my husband? He's been very sick as of late, and I'm afraid he's caught it...

RICHARD:

Why of course, *fair maiden*! Lead me to your residence and show him to me!

WOMAN:

Oh, thank you so much, sir! We will handsomely reward you for your services!

The two begin to walk towards the woman's house.

Richard notices the faded purple fabric the woman is wearing.

RICHARD (V.O.):

I do say, by the looks of her garments it wouldn't be far off to assume she might be part of the gentry around here, maybe even upper class! That almost guarantees a big payoff! Ha, haaa. Maybe today isn't such a bad day after all. I think I might even buy myself a drink after this.

WOMAN:

So, Mr. Plague Doctor, what brings you to London?

RICHARD:

Well, it *is* the largest city in Europe and the most affected place in the world as of now, so I thought I might as well come here for some extra mon- *uh, I mean*, opportunities to cleanse the sick and spread the good word of the almighty God, of course!

WOMAN:

Oh, how noble of you, sir doctor!

RICHARD:

I require no compliments, good madam. My craft speaks for itself.

RICHARD (V.O)

Bollocks, that was close. You need to be more careful with your words, Richard.

...wait. We've stopped. I don't see anything different from where we were twenty seconds ago.

The woman happily exclaims their arrival at her home.

WOMAN:

We're here!

EXT. A dirty, shoddily built house - Day

RICHARD (V.O.):

Fuck me, this doesn't look like a gentryman's house at all. It's almost identical to the one I just saw someone dump their shit out of five minutes ago. But her clothes, they're... purple! PURPLE, I SAY! No one can afford PURPLE around this part of the city without plunging into a lifetime of debt! Shouldn't she be living in some kind of mansion in the upper class wing of London?? God, what a dump heap this house is...

RICHARD:

(With a fake happy tone)

What a pleasant dwelling you two have!

WOMAN:

(Suddenly sounding depressed)

I'm sorry if I mislead you with the quality of my clothes, good doctor. You see, we were originally part of the upper class, but when this accursed plague hit London...

She begins to sniffle.

WOMAN:

...we lost everything. My husband had to sell his business, our
poor child perished-

Richard puts his hands on his hips, completely ignoring the woman's
monologue, and thinks to himself,

RICHARD (V.O)

Yawn. I've been fooled once more. Oh, well. Any amount of money
will suffice, I guess.

WOMAN:

sniff

and then after that, we had to amputate-

Richard cuts her off and raises his leather gloved finger in the air.

RICHARD:

(Valiantly, interrupting her)

No need to fret anymore, my lady! I, Sir Richard Cramwell, will
cure your husband and restore your family to your former glory!

WOMAN:

Ooh, you're a 'sir'? Who knighted you, if I may ask?

RICHARD (V.O:

(Confusedly)

...knighted?

Damn, I didn't think she'd see through that.

RICHARD:

Uh, uhhh, *King Richard III himself!*

WOMAN:

gasp

Wow, really?!? In that case, i'm sure you're great at what you
do!!

Her eyes light up with amazement.

RICHARD (V.O)

Wow, she actually believed that? Obviously not a bright one, I see... maybe I could take advantage of that...

RICHARD:

Could you take me inside, miss? I wish to see your husband's state of health.

WOMAN:

Oh, absolutely, sir!

They both step in the front door of the woman's house.

INT. The shoddy house. - Day. Not very different from how it looks on the outside.

RICHARD:

Alright, let's see what we have her-

Richard stops talking as he catches sight of a man lying still in a chair in the center of a room, not moving. Flies buzz around him.

RICHARD (V.O):

Oh. That's quite... unfortunate.

WOMAN:

Honey, come on. Wake up. The nice doctor here will make you feel better. Honey?

The man does not react. A rat chirps somewhere in the house.

WOMAN:

(Jokingly)

Honey, come on now, quit playing games with me.

She turns towards Richard with an innocent expression on her face. When she is not looking at her husband, a spider scurries across his torso.

WOMAN:

Do not worry for him, doctor. He's been fooling me like this for a couple of hours now.

RICHARD (V.O)

Yikes, I can't tell if she's in shock or if she's just really stupid...

RICHARD:

Leave us for a moment if you will, Ma'am. I shall ask the almighty God for his assistance in your husband's, um, *decaying* state of health.

WOMAN:

Am I allowed to stay so I can hear his penance?

RICHARD:

Sure, Sure!

RICHARD (V.O.):

Damn, how does it go again...?

RICHARD:

Um... by the power invested in the almighty holy son, holy father, and holy spirit, I cleanse you of all sins. Say five "our fathers" a day for the next two weeks and you shall be healed. Amen.

The girl echoes him.

WOMAN:

Amen.

...wait. You said it wrong. It's supposed to be *father, son and holy sp-*

Richard cuts her off again.

RICHARD:

Whoopsie daisy. Heh, that was just a little mistake. I've done it so many times it's starting to try and change itself...

WOMAN:

Quite so, do not fret! Thank you for your services, Good doctor Richard! I believe some payment is in order?

Richard rubs his hands together in anticipation.

She fiddles around a pocket in her dress and pulls out a coin purse.

WOMAN:

This is the last of our money. Please use it to benefit the people who need it in this sickened city.

RICHARD:

Will do, ma'am. Good day.

WOMAN:

As to you, Good Doctor Cramwell! Good day!

Richard steps out of the house and into the street once more.

RICHARD (V.O.):

Damn. Looks like I'm getting a bit out of practice again.

Father, son, holy spirit, father, son, holy spirit...

How could I forget something as simple as that?

The woman pops her head out of her front door and yells something to Richard.

WOMAN:

You're doing god's work, sir! Keep it up!

Richard doesn't respond and keeps walking down the mud street, tossing the coin purse up and down. He notices that it's oddly light. Once he is out of sight from the woman, he shakes the coin purse onto the ground and two silver pieces tumble out onto the street. As he picks them up and inspects them, a sigh escapes his mouth.

RICHARD:

Damn. I guess I really am getting rusty. I should have checked the bag before I took it.

Sigh

RICHARD:

This could probably at least cover that drink I mentioned earlier...

I wonder if any of the bars here even have ale left...?

EXT. London Street - Night.

Richard trudges down the street, in search of a bar and/or a place to sleep for the night.

RICHARD (V.O.):

(Losing hope)

I think I should give up my search for the night and find the nearest alley to sleep in, there doesn't seem to be any-

Richard turns a corner and catches sight of a tavern down the street. A wooden sign is posted out front reading, "The Dirty Spade: Tavern and Inn."

RICHARD:

(Suddenly re-invigorated)

Jesus Harold Christ, I finally found something!

His speed increases towards the bar, eventually building up to a full sprint.

RICHARD (V.O.), sprinting towards the bar:

pant God be praised, I haven't had a good drink since... wait. When was the last time I drank something? *pant* Ah, I don't care! Beer, beer, sweet beer, I miss you-

INT. The Dirty Spade - Night.

Richard bursts through the front door of the poorly lit bar.

RICHARD:

(Triumphantly, almost as if he is singing)

- BEEEEER -

Suddenly, an old man(59)* in the corner of the bar starts to scream loudly.

*writers note: people died a lot earlier back then so 59 is an decently old age.

OLD MAN (O.S.):

AAAAAAAH, AAAAAAH, AAAAAHHH

BARTENDER:

(cutting him off from the opposite side of the room)

GOD DAMN IT, DAD, WOULD YOU *PLEASE BE QUIET*

The Bartender(30), a man with long, black hair and a stubble beard, starts polishing a glass and beckons Richard to have a seat at the Bar table.

BARTENDER:

Deep, tense breath

(in a more pleasant tone)

Have a seat, sir. I've been pretty short on business, lately, as you can see... I could use all the business I can get. Hopefully that *person who is not in any way related to me* over there won't turn you away.

OLD MAN:

Ai heard that!!

RICHARD:

Oh, no, that's... *pant* quite alright. Thank you.*pant*

Richard hesitantly sits down where the bartender told him to and the bartender begins to pour him a mug of ale.

BARTENDER:

Say, you're a Plague doctor, right? What's a man of God like you doing in a dingy Bar like this?

RICHARD:

Well, *pant* even people like me need a break sometime-

OLD MAN:

G-GET AWAY FROM MEEE, YOU WHORE!

BARTENDER:

Oh, for crying out-

He looks away from Richard and back to the old man. Richard observes their pleasant exchanges.

BARTENDER:

DAD!

YOU'RE NOT STARTING TO GO DEAF TOO, ARE YA? DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME
BEFORE?

OLD MAN:

...W-WHAT?

BARTENDER:

I ASKED IF YOU WERE GOING DEAF!

OLD MAN:

Wh...Huh?

BARTENDER:

WOULD YOU MIND SHUTTING UP FOR AT LEAST FIVE SECONDS? I HAVE A GUEST
HERE!

Richard has a nervous look under his mask as he looks at the old man,
who, seems senile to the point of no return. He can smell him from
all the way across the room.

RICHARD (V.O.):

My, he doesn't look too healthy...

OLD MAN:

GUEST, SHMEST!

BARTENDER:

I'm incredibly sorry about him, sir doctor.

OLD MAN (O.S)

WHAT???

BARTENDER:

I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU!

OLD MAN:

ONE...TWO...three...four...

Snoring

BARTENDER:

sigh of relief

Thank god, he's asleep.
So... anyway, where were we? My name's Johnathan. Nice to meet you.

He raises his hand to Richard. Richard does not grab it.

RICHARD:

I don't mean to be impolite, Johnathan, but I don't want to give you
any diseases by accident, if you know what I mean.

Johnathan retracts his hand in agreement.

BARTENDER:

Aye. You've got a point. Heh. First all my beer runs out, then every
one of my patrons dies off, and now... I can't even shake hands with
people. Funny world we live in, Richard, don't you think?

RICHARD:

Hah. Very funny indeed.

They both chuckle.

JOHNATHAN:

So, what brings you to London, Mr. Doctor?

RICHARD (V.O.):

Cue the same conversation I have with every single person I meet.
I almost miss having genuine conversations with people as much as...

...

He forgets to answer Johnathan's question. His head droops down
slightly.

JOHNATHAN:

...You seem a bit under the weather all of a sudden, doc. I'll get
you a drink to raise your spirits a little. Maybe that'll get you to
talk some more.

He silently pours Richard a mug of alcohol.

JOHNATHAN:

Here you go. The one's on the house. I hope you like mead, because
it's all we have left-

Richard grabs the mug and chugs the whole thing down. He slams the empty growler back on the table once it is empty.

JOHNATHAN:

(Jokingly and shocked)

Dear lord, mr. doctor. You're no man of god, are you?

RICHARD:

...no, this mead is just *really* good. Especially to a man who hasn't had it in months. It reminds me of the mead my dad used to make.

JOHNATHAN:

It's my mother's recipe. I'm glad it fills you with the same nostalgic feeling as it does to me.

RICHARD:

(After a brief pause)

It's strange to think how much all our lives have changed because of this situation we're in. I haven't spoken to my parents or any of my childhood friends in months, probably...

Not since I lost her.

JOHNATHAN:

I'm sorry to hear that, Richard. Was she your...

RICHARD:

(Solemnly)

She was my soulmate. I loved her more than anything in the world.

Richard forms a fist.

JOHNATHAN:

Is that why you became a plague doctor? To make sure no one else... you know?

RICHARD:

I'm going to be brutally honest with you, Johnathan. I don't really know why I'm a plague doctor anymore.

JOHNATHAN:

Well, damn, Richard, you should take pride in what you do! You're saving lives out there, you know!

RICHARD:

sigh Not really.

When my wife caught it, I was already a plague doctor for about three years. I never saw any of my patients die until she did. Right in front of my eyes, it was.

Couldn't save her. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't do anything. I prayed for her every day. Gave her herbs. I even made her soup sometimes. Everything I knew about being a plague doctor was a lie.

That's when I realized there's no hope for me, when I found that out. No matter how many people I try to save, a lot of them die anyway.

JOHNATHAN:

Well, jeez, doc, that might be one of the bleakest stories i've ever heard. There has to be a positive side to all of this though, right? There always is-

RICHARD:

scoff

What are you talking about? There's no positive side here. There's nothing positive about being infected. Or having someone you love get infected...

JOHNATHAN:

There's always a positive side to everything. In this case, it obviously hasn't shown up yet, but it'll come. You'll see. Eventually this whole thing's gonna blow over and we're both going to be sitting here in a couple of years laughing about it.

RICHARD:

Well, considering the amount of infected people i've been in contact with recently, I don't even know if i'll be here in 4 years. Plague doctors have very high mortality rates, you know.

JOHNATHAN:

Well in that case, If I were you i'd try not to constantly be a sorry sack of shit during your fleeting time on this Earth. Take pride in

what you do. You don't realize it Richard, but people appreciate what you do.

RICHARD:
(After a pause)
I-

The old man loudly awakens from his slumber.

OLD MAN:
NIIIIIIIGHTMAAAAAAREEEEE!

Tears flow down his wrinkly face. Johnathan puts his hand on his forehead, embarrassed.

OLD MAN:
(Sniveling)
OH, THE *HUMANITY*!
I- I DREAMED I LIVED AN ENTIRE LIFE AS A POOR FARMER WITH NO WEALTH
TO MY NAME!

JOHNATHAN:
That wasn't a dream!

OLD MAN:
...oh.

JOHNATHAN:
You were saying?

RICHARD:
I was saying that I envy your optimism.
...I also need a room to sleep in for the night. Will these two
silver pieces cover it?

Richard hands the money he received from his latest client to Johnathan.

JOHNATHAN:
This'll do just fine.

Johnathan hands Richard a key from behind the bar.

JOHNATHAN:

Once you go up those stairs behind you, it's the second door on the left.

RICHARD:

Thank you, Johnathan.

JOHNATHAN:

Good night. You need some sleep, brother. Get some rest before you go to work again tomorrow.

Richard starts to slowly walk up the poorly lit stairs towards his room.

JOHNATHAN:

Hey, Richard, wait a sec.

He stops halfway up the steps.

JOHNATHAN:

Listen, sometimes optimism can be the best weapon against your problems.

The situation you're in right now is bad. I get that. But in situations like these, all you can really do is try to have a bright outlook on things, you know?

RICHARD:

...You don't think i've tried that?

He continues up the steps.

OLD MAN (O.S.):

Yeesh, what a fuckin' milk-drinker, that one. Shouldn't people like him be used to experiencing death and stuff?

JOHNATHAN (O.S.):

Seems like the plague's taken a big toll on his spirit... and I don't blame him. I'd leave him alone for the rest of the night.
Maybe he'll feel better in the morning.

INT - Bedroom. - Night.

Richard sighs and plops down on the straw bed. His late lover's voice echoes in his head.

Disembodied female voice (O.S.):

Oh, Richard, you bought me flowers? How sweet of you!

I love you too.

I want to spend the rest of my life by your side.

I love you.

I love you...

The voice eventually fades out as Richard drifts off to sleep.

Fade to black.

Cut to:

INT. - Bedroom. Early morning.

Richard yawns, opens his eyes and sluggishly gets out of bed, then stretches his arms. His stomach starts to growl. He looks out the only window in the room and sees the sun hasn't fully risen yet.

RICHARD:

Hm, I wonder if there's anywhere out there I can get a good breakfast this early in the morning...

He exits the room and heads downstairs.

RICHARD:

Hey, Johnathan? Old man? You here?

Neither of them occupy the first floor tavern.

RICHARD:

I guess they're still sleeping.

Ah, well. I'll be taking my leave then.

He walks out of the dirty spade.

EXT. London street- Outside- Day.

As Richard walks down the street, he takes note of the silence. Not many have gotten up yet, so the everyday clamor of the city has dulled.

RICHARD (V.O.):

Ah...sweet silence.

That's definitely a rarity around here.

After a few silent seconds of bliss, Richard begins to hear footsteps behind him. He stops walking.

RICHARD:

Hello? Is someone there?

He turns around and hears someone scuttle out of sight. No one occupies the street besides him. He reaches for his cane in defense.

RICHARD:

Who follows me? Show yourself!

He stands for a moment and listens for any signs of movement.

RICHARD:

(suspiciously)

Hm...

Richard turns around and keeps walking. The scuttling starts up again and he turns around. A barrel is now a few feet behind him.

RICHARD:

Hm. That barrel wasn't there before...

Richard keeps looking at the barrel and steps forward two paces. Two feet emerge from the bottom of the barrel and follow him.

RICHARD:

Ah, ha! Found you!

He picks up the barrel to reveal his pursuer, only to be blinded by a naked image of the old man from the bar. Richard covers his mask's eye holes in disgust.

RICHARD:

AHH!

OLD MAN:

He he heee, I was looking for you, Good Richard. I have a message to relay to your ear - holes.

RICHARD:

(in a rushing tone, wanting to leave)
What is it? What do you want from me?

OLD MAN:

I hear that the upper gentry section of the city is in need of a new plague doctor! You could potentially make a decent bit of coin if you jump on it!

RICHARD:

(interested)
How do you know of this, Old man?

OLD MAN:

Believe it or not, I was once a lord 'round these parts. I've got some connections in the gentry wing I get updates from, and they say the old one "died from natural causes". He heeee!

RICHARD:

Didn't you say you used to be a farmer? And a poor one, at that?

OLD MAN:

Keh, that was after they kicked me out of the Gentry wing.

RICHARD:

Why did they kick you out?

OLD MAN:

There's a simple answer to that...
I got the plague!

Richard slowly starts to step away from the old man.

RICHARD:

...

OLD MAN:

Don't worry, I got better. If I did, I probably wouldn't have the agility to follow you around in a barrel, now would I?

RICHARD:

You got better, huh...how did you survive the infection? Your withering immune system should have killed you!

OLD MAN:

Indeed. But those gentry up there, I heard they have a cure. That's what they used to make me feel better! But they're hogging it for themselves, the greedy bastards... I was merely their guinea pig. They didn't even let me back in when they saw I was healthy.

RICHARD:

Did I just hear you right? A Cure? Where's your proof?

OLD MAN:

If you do some snooping around up there, you'll find your proof.

RICHARD:

(with a grimace on his face)

I'll keep an eye out, old man. How can I get to the Gentry section from here?

OLD MAN:

If you just keep walking straight ahead, you'll eventually reach it's gates. One more thing, Doctor! If the guards ask who sent you, tell them that Mr. Wallace filled you in about the open position!

Richard turns away and walks towards the upper section of the city.

RICHARD:

(slightly tinged with sarcasm)

Thank you kindly for relaying that message to me, sir. I'll check it out immediately.

OLD MAN:

(not detecting the sarcasm)

Sure thing! Best of luck, Good doctor!

The street begins to get crowded again.

RICHARD:

(in shock)

Wow! What an opportunity!! If I manage to become the gentry's official plague doctor, I'll be swimming in money and fine ale for the rest of my days!

Johnathan, my friend, you were right! This is the light at the end of the tunnel! Oh, joyful is me!

Richard notices the woman from before's house on the opposite side of the street from him. His happy demeanor dulls a bit.

EXT. WOMAN'S HOUSE- MIDDAY

The woman from before is sitting in front of her house with her knees held up to her face. It looks like she's crying.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MIDDAY

RICHARD:

sigh

Poor girl. I hope you'll be able to move on.
And I'm sorry I couldn't do anything to help your poor husband.

...

I wonder if the thing that old man said about the cure is true. I'm not sure if I can trust him, but...

If it does happen to exist, maybe I could actually help people instead of merely giving my patients a penance and some miscellaneous herbs to sniff for a few days.

I could prevent countless people from dying, so they don't have to go through what that young lady went through.

What *I* went through...

Richard looks up the street and can slightly make out a huge brick wall, with the tops of elegant houses poking over it.

RICHARD:

But we'll see.

We'll see...

EXT. GENTRY WING GATE - NOON.

Richard approaches the giant brick wall separating the Gentry wing from the rest of london. He looks down the side of the wall and eventually finds a gate leading to the interior about twenty feet away.

RICHARD:

Ah, here we are...

As he approaches the front gate, two feathered helmets pop over the top of the wall and question Richard.

GUARD 1:

Stranger! What is your business here? If it is not of royal importance, then please leave immediately!

RICHARD:

(cupping his hands over his mouth)

Yes, I am here to inquire about the open position for a plague doctor that a gentleman sent out for!

GUARD 2:

What prior experience do you have, peasant?

Richard thinks for a second.

RICHARD:

Oh, silly me. I haven't introduced myself yet.

He bows to them.

RICHARD:

My name is Richard H. Cramwell, and I have been a Plague doctor for 6 years as of three days ago... and I have traveled to this fair city of london to help cure the ailments of the infected and the sick.

The two guards go behind the wall again and mutter to themselves. After a few seconds of muttering, they pop their heads over the top of the wall again.

GUARD 1:

...Do you know how to blood-let?

Richard is taken aback.

RICHARD:
...Pardon me?

GUARD 1:
(in a quick manner)
DO YOU KNOW HOW TO BLOODLET???

RICHARD:
...No?

GUARD 2:
THEN WE WILL NOT GRANT YOU ENTRY! Leave, non-blood letter!

The two helmets swing in the other direction in a shunning manner.

RICHARD:
...Uh... I failed to mention that a "Mr. Wallace" sent me?

Neither of the guards respond. Their helmets slowly turn around to face him again.

RICHARD:
Does that name sound familiar to you?

After a pause, Guard 1 can be heard faintly whimpering.

RICHARD:
Are you... are you crying?

GUARD 1:
NO!
Sobs louder

Guard 2 sloppishly caresses Guard 1's hat in sympathy.

GUARD 2:
Come on in, doctor.

The green iron gates to the gentry wing open up. Richard goes around the other side and sees the two guards standing on top of a platform. Guard 2 is holding guard 1's head in his hands, as he is slumping on his knees with both hands in his face.

RICHARD:

Are you okay, sir?

GUARD 2:

He's fine. That's just a name we haven't heard in a while... say, how do you know him after all?

RICHARD:

He is an, um, acquaintance of mine. We met in a bar not too long ago.

GUARD 2:

How's the old bastard doing, then? Rumor has it he bought a 30 acre farm not too far from here...

Richard remember's his naked body and feels unsettled.

RICHARD:

(quietly)

Yeah, he's buying the farm alright...

GUARD 2:

What was that? Could you speak up?

RICHARD:

I said that he's living his best life out there. Got some nice...chickens.

Richard cringes at himself under his mask and subtly shakes his head.

GUARD 2:

That's good, that's good.

He turns to his comrade and tries to make him feel better.

GUARD 2:

Hear that, bud? He's alright.

It does not help his crying. He cries louder.

GUARD 1:

H-he always loved chickens... *sniff*

Guard 2 signals Richard to leave.

GUARD 2:

Good luck, doctor. May god be on your side.

RICHARD:

Aye.

He turns around and takes in the gentry wing for the first time.

RICHARD:

Wow...

INT. London's Upper class wing - Morning.

Richard begins down the street, looking at the clean sidewalks and elegant victorian buildings.

RICHARD:

I say, this place is huge! And clean! *So clean!*

No one is dumping shit out their windows and I don't see a single rat
in sight! Looks like my kind of place!

As he continues down the street, he notices that the people passing him by are giving him scared and disapproving looks. A man covers his child's eyes.

MISC. CHATTER(O.S.):

...By god, look at his clothes!...

...He looks just like he smells...

...What's up with that goofy mask?...

...I wonder if he's hiding something in there...

RICHARD:

Jeez, tough crowd. Don't they know who I am?

Richard's stomach begins to growl.

RICHARD:

...oh, yeah. Breakfast, breakfast, breakfast-

Richard scans around to see if there are any restaurants or taverns in sight. He spots a teahouse with an elegant sign out front which reads:

"The white canary: Tea and Biscuits"

RICHARD:

Here we are. After I get some grub in my stomach I can try and find out more about this job opening.

INT. - The White Canary. Morning.

The chatter inside the fancy crowded teahouse deafens as Richard steps inside. The patrons all disgustingly look at him and begin to get up and leave.

Richard stands in the now empty doorway, in shock as to what just happened. He sniffs his armpits, brushes off his shoulders and says,

RICHARD:

Pfft. Obviously they don't recognize a man of high culture once they see one...

A door in the back of the restaurant opens and a YOUNG WOMAN comes out with a tray of tea and biscuits.

YOUNG WOMAN:

Okay, I've got a-

She pauses and notices the entire restaurant is empty.

The tray clatters to the ground and her gaze shifts towards Richard.

RICHARD (V.O.):

Uh- oh.

YOUNG WOMAN:

You...what have you DONE?? WHERE ARE ALL OF MY PATRONS??

RICHARD:

(Flustered)

Oh, ah, um- they're... they... left? All of them?

YOUNG WOMAN:

They just got up and left, huh!?! Well you're going to have to get out of here too if you don't want your face to meet your asshole, you

lower-class scum! GET OUT!

RICHARD:

Woah! That's no language to say towards a doctor! Have some dignity!

YOUNG WOMAN:

Oh, like you're one to talk about dignity! Look at you, walking in here smelling like pigs and shit, with your clothes are all raggedy and stained, and that terrifying mask! I say, how did you even get into the upper class wing in the first place, *doctor*? Were the guards asleep or something?

A hand suddenly lands on the Young Woman's soldier.

That's enough, Gertrude. Give the man a break, will you?

ARCHIBALD (35) stands behind the Young woman, donning a set of fancy clothes.