

BUILDING BLOCKS ORPHANAGE

written by

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EXT. BUILDING BLOCKS ORPHANAGE - MORNING

A large VICTORIAN HOUSE somewhere in New England with sprawling, wooded grounds behind it. A SIGN over the archway reads:

BUILDING BLOCKS ORPHANAGE

Below the sign, a LARGE CROSS. Ten feet tall by five feet wide. Old, slightly rusted.

A rusty PICKUP TRUCK sputters into the driveway, stopping in front of the entrance. A MOTHER, 24, steps out, holding a BABY wrapped in blankets while a FATHER, 28, exits the driver's side.

There's a generic, Americana vibe to them -- like they stepped out of a Norman Rockwell painting.

They walk to the front porch. The Mother looks around, making sure no one is watching them.

Without a word, the Mother places the baby on the porch. She then reaches up and rings the doorbell.

Mother and Father turn and haul ass for the truck. They get in and floor it out of the driveway.

The baby CRIES.

After a moment, the front door wrenches open, revealing --

MAGGIE, 40s, thin and boney. Her face is kind, warm-looking.

Maggie looks down at the crying baby, shaking her head. She stoops down. Picks up the baby. Straightens, looking around.

The pickup truck can barely be made out in the distance as it books it down the street.

Maggie returns her gaze to the baby. Flashes a gentle, motherly smile.

Maggie turns and heads inside, closing the door behind her.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: NINE YEARS LATER

INT. BUILDING BLOCKS ORPHANAGE - BOYS ROOM - DAY

A relatively small room crammed with EIGHT TWIN BEDS. A single window lets in a wealth of sunlight.

The walls are a mashup of SUPERHERO POSTERS and BASEBALL PLAYERS.

A group of YOUNG BOYS, all ages 6-8, play with toy trucks on the floor. They laugh, playfully nudging each other.

On the last bed in the row closet to the wall sits KEVIN (the baby from the porch), now on the cusp of age ten. He looks clean, well fed, with a mop of shaggy hair. But alone, avoiding eye contact with the other boys.

INT. BUILDING BLOCKS ORPHANAGE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

An elegant room. Decorated in lavish colors, massive chandelier hanging over the table. One of a kind paintings adorning the walls.

The young boys sit around the table, shoveling food down and talking excitedly amongst themselves.

Maggie -- now in her 50s -- sits at the head of the table. She watches the boys with amusement. Her eyes can't help but draw to Kevin's empty chair.

INT. BUILDING BLOCKS ORPHANAGE - BOYS ROOM - EVENING

Kevin sits in the windowsill, staring down at the grounds below. His eyes focus on a patch of open field behind the orphanage. The only area around not overgrown.

A hand painted sign staked in the dirt reads: OFF LIMITS.

Maggie enters the room and approaches Kevin. Advancing on him like someone trying to not spook an animal.

MAGGIE

Not hungry?

She sits beside Kevin on the windowsill. Genuinely concerned.

Kevin won't look at her. Eyes still focused out the window. He shakes his head.

KEVIN

Tomorrow's my birthday. I'll be ten.

This gets Maggie's attention. She keeps her face stone, not letting her emotions show.

MAGGIE

I know.

KEVIN

One of the boys told me everyone gets adopted by the time they're ten.

MAGGIE

It's not your birthday yet. Be patient, there might be a surprise in the works for you.

Kevin looks hopeful.

KEVIN

Really?

Maggie nods. Gets to her feet, gesturing for Kevin to follow her.

MAGGIE

Are you coming or not?

Kevin jumps off the windowsill and follows Maggie. A slight spring in his step.

INT. BUILDING BLOCKS ORPHANAGE - BOYS ROOM - NIGHT

It's late now -- very late. The room is dark and silent.

The boys are all fast asleep, some snoring, some drooling profusely.

Maggie enters the room as quietly as she can. Tiptoes to Kevin's bed -- careful not to make a sound.

Maggie crouches beside Kevin's bed. She gives him a light, gentle shake.

Kevin stirs. Groggy. Getting his bearings.

Maggie soothes him.

MAGGIE

(whispers)

Shh. It's okay. Come downstairs, I have a surprise for you.

Kevin starts to climb out of his bed.

MAGGIE

Quiet. Don't wake the other boys. This is just for you.

Kevin gets out of bed and stealthily follows Maggie out of the room.

Maggie shuts the door, making sure all the boys are still sleeping soundly.

INT. BUILDING BLOCKS ORPHANAGE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie enters the room, followed closely by Kevin, who rubs his eyes.

Kevin stops suddenly --

Sitting on the table -- A SINGLE CUPCAKE WITH A NUMBER 10 CANDLE ON IT.

MAGGIE
Happy birthday.

Kevin is speechless. He takes the seat in front of the cupcake.

Maggie pulls up the chair beside him.

Kevin looks down at the candle. Closes his eyes.

KEVIN
I wish --

MAGGIE
You can't say it out loud, or it won't come true.

Kevin nods.

Beat.

Kevin blows out the candle. Opens his eyes, beaming from ear-to-ear.

KEVIN
Thank you.

MAGGIE
It's the least I could do.

Kevin looks around the room, then back to his cupcake. Realization setting in.

KEVIN
I'm not getting adopted, am I?

Maggie shakes her head.

MAGGIE
I'm so sorry.

KEVIN

It's fine...

Kevin picks up the cupcake, ready to devour it.

MAGGIE

Did I ever tell you I had a son?

Kevin shakes his head, biting into the cupcake.

MAGGIE

When he was ten, we found out he was very sick. We hoped he'd get better, but no matter how hard we prayed, no matter much medicine he took, no matter what the doctors did, he was gone in months...

Kevin BELCHES, seemingly from an upset stomach.

Maggie pays him no mind, continuing her story --

MAGGIE

It's the hardest thing a parent can go through -- losing a child. It's a pain you wouldn't wish on anyone. Even your worst enemy.

Kevin CHOKES, grasping at his throat. Trying to get air. He stretches out his hand toward Maggie.

Again, she ignores him.

MAGGIE

The thought of parents throwing their children away makes me sick. God has gifted them with something precious, and they threw it away. And then I had a thought --

Kevin stands up. Kneels over --

VOMITS BLOOD ONTO THE FLOOR.

He sways on the spot, weak. Barely able to hold himself up.

MAGGIE

-- what if it was a sign? What if God was sending a message? What if boys were meant to go home by age ten? To return to the maker? Surely, it had to be. Why else would he take someone so pure away from me so soon.

Kevin grabs onto the table, looking at Maggie with pleading eyes. It's HEART WRENCHING. Something so innocent in a such a vulnerable position.

MAGGIE

That's why God chose me. I can
give him back the ones he wants.

Kevin COLLAPSES onto he floor beside his pool of blood. His body stops moving. He takes one final, labored breath.

Then goes still.

Dead.

Maggie looks down at Kevin's body.

MAGGIE

His will be done.

EXT. BUILDING BLOCKS ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

Maggie carries Kevin's body -- wrapped in garbage bags -- to the large clearing behind the building.

Maggie looks up at the windows of the orphanage, ensuring all curtains are closed. No prying eyes.

EXT. BUILDING BLOCKS ORPHANAGE - LATER

Maggie dumps Kevin's body into a freshly dug hole. She grabs a shovel sticking in the ground and quickly covers his body with dirt.

INT. BUILDING BLOCKS ORPHANAGE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie is on all fours, cleaning the blood stains with bleach and a Brillo pad.

She's thorough, making sure to get every inch. Not a drop of blood left behind.

Maggie finishes the job. Stands, admiring her hard work.

INT. BUILDING BLOCKS ORPHANAGE - BOYS ROOM - NIGHT

As quiet as a church mouse, Maggie collects Kevin's belongings and puts them into a large pillow case.

EXT. BUILDING BLOCKS ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

Maggie throws the pillowcase into a trash can, tucking it under the existing garbage.

She wheels the trash can beside the road, leaving it there for collection the following day.

INT. BUILDING BLOCKS ORPHANAGE - BOYS ROOM - MORNING

The boys wake one by one and scurry out of their beds, ready for breakfast.

They stop when they see Kevin's empty corner of the room.

INT. BUILDING BLOCKS ORPHANAGE - DINING ROOM - MORNING

Maggie sits at the head of the table, eating breakfast in a chipper mood. As if nothing happened.

The boys enter the room with confused looks on their faces and grab a seat at the table.

They dig into their breakfast.

One of the boys -- TRENTON -- picks at his food, but doesn't eat it. One thought on his mind.

Trenton looks up at Maggie --

TRENTON

Where's Kevin? All his stuff's gone.

Maggie looks up mid-bite, bits of scrambled eggs dangling off her fork.

She hesitates for a moment. Then, with a smile --

MAGGIE

He was adopted.

SMASH TO BLACK.