

**WHERE THE STARS FELL**

&amp;

**FAWX AND STALLION**

CROSSOVER: THE CASE OF THE DEUS EX MACHINA

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**SCENE ONE, INT. THE HOLY GRILL**

*We can hear slightly muffled arguing from within. The door opens and ED enters to the sound of GABE and BB going at it- verbally, that is.*

GABE: And why in Boss's name would anyone want to make a documentary about you, anyway?

BB: Technically, they've made quite a few documentaries about me. About all of us, really.

GABE: I'm not counting anything on Pureflix as even remotely factual. Much less the History Channel.

ED: Ooh, are we talking shit about the History Channel? Lucy and I were watching this one movie about a dude in Egypt who started a cult around Sobek because he was the god of-

BB: That was me.

ED: (despondent) Yeah, that tracks.

GABE: Never saw the point of that one. The Egyptians didn't believe in angels or demons proper.

ED: Well, what were you doing back then?

GABE: Being the messenger of Nunya.

ED: What god was that?

GABE: Nunya-business.

BB: Would you like to know what Gabriel was doing, Edison?

ED: Absolutely not- Gabe, if you can get me my takeout and out the door in the next thirty seconds, I won't almost die for a week.

GABE: Seems like that bribe would work better on your guardian angel, but I'll take it.

*GABE walks behind the counter to grab ED'S takeout bag.*

ED: Y'know, for sworn ineffable enemies, you guys sure do run into each other a lot.

BB: Where there's smoke, there's fire.

GABE: Yeah, and where there's you, there's trouble I've got to take care of.

BB: That's rather facetious of you. I've helped.

GABE: Name one damn time that we ran into each other and you made my existence easier.

BB: I wouldn't say "easier", but-

GABE: *Excepting-*

BB: Fine. You remember London, 1890?

GABE: Whitechapel?

BB: No, two years afterwards. Same bodies- well, almost.

ED: What do you mean-

*An immediate match cut to the next scene:*

**SCENE TWO, EXT. BAKER STREET- DAY- FLASHBACK**

*GABE and BB, now in male and female forms respectively, are standing on Baker Street in London, 1890.*

GABE: -almost?

BB: I believe he was aiming for the heart when he shot me, but it went straight through the throat instead. I didn't want to remake an entire body, so I just patched up the vocal cords and larynx. Worth it for the look on his face. (BEAT) Oh please, like you haven't traumatized enough humans with the whole "Be not afraid" schtick. Glass houses, angel.

GABE: Hmph. Are you sure this is the right address?

BB: I offered to help, didn't I?

GABE: And against my better judgment and professionalism, I agreed.

BB: A rogue ineffable being playing at spiritualism? I'll bet you anything it's a demon. You'll be glad to have me here then.

GABE: Out of the goodness of your heart? Don't make me laugh, Beelzebub.

BB: Well, it must be quite frustrating having to run errands like this, is all. If you happened to need an outlet for that frustration in the aftermath...

GABE: There it is.

BB: I don't hear a no.

GABE: You've never heard a yes, either.

BB: I've told you a thousand times that lying's a sin, and yet you never listen.

GABE: You're wrong.

BB: *No, you just only say yes when we're-*

GABE: No, regarding the address. We're looking for 224B Baker Street, not 221.

BB: What? Let me see.

*BB takes the newspaper from GABE.*

BB: By Jove, so we are.

*They begin to walk diagonally across the street.*

GABE: I could have sworn- nevermind. Until this is finished, stay out of my way. I won't have you distracting me again.

BB: How in Lord's name is this-

**SCENE THREE, INT. 224B BAKER STREET-**

FAWX:--James's fault!

MADGE: Here we go again. Really thought we'd resolved this last season. Fall, that is.

FAWX: Yes we all remember the leaves, Madge! But that doesn't detract from the fact that James seems to have forgotten that we were *privately* hired tonight. Tobias Wettle *privately* hired us to prove that Francesca Vonn Duvet, psychic, is swindling his mother out of her savings and his eventual inheritance by conducting elaborate seances for her dead husband who died of typhoid last March-which we agreed to do, *privately*-hence

engaging her services for a private seance tonight- with just the four of us, *privately*.

MADGE: Right, thanks for recapping because I definitely wasn't listening the first time.

FAWX: You're welcome. By engaging her services here at 224, we can control the environment, remove all extraneous modifiers, and cut off her usual means of hoaxery-

MADGE: By engaging her services in a private seance James *did* pay for.

FAWX: Now, this.

*FAWX shakes the copy of The Times he's holding for emphasis.*

FAWX: He's gone and publicized the event in The bloody Times! Anyone could show up on our doorstep now, eliminating the sterile environment necessary for mystery-solving! The more variables we add to the equation, the more unstable the conclusions become. It's basic scientific method!

MADGE: Oh, oh! Real quick - thank you for reminding me - can you name me *one* other thing about the scientific method. Bonus points if you can fit in the word "private" again.

FAWX: Madge...

MADGE: What? I'm on your side but you've gotta sell it better than that.

FAWX: Good god on a Gondola, where is he?

MADGE: And I can see none of my distracting witticisms are working so... I don't know, he'll get here when he gets here.

FAWX: Not true. Timeliness, Madge. Dedication to the case at hand. We went over this last season! He was supposed to arrive at 9:30 on the dot, with Archie-

MADGE: And snacks.

FAWX: -and snacks, yes, with Archie and snacks, but most importantly, *Archie!*

MADGE: He'll be here! Wait - Archie agreed to stay out past 9:30?

FAWX: James assured me he'd make an exception for tonight.

MADGE: Well I never...Why do we need Archie again?

FAWX: Because, as I already recapped earlier, we need a subject for the seance, someone that we are ostensibly holding the seance *for*.

MADGE: So then Archie is the subject of the seance?

FAWX: And what the medium says, he does.

MADGE: So why can't one of us do that?

FAWX: Because, I am already playing roguish theatrical upstart investor with a dark past Reginald Norcliffe, Esquire. As you can see by my -

MADGE: Is that James' smoking jacket?

FAWX: Exactly! Hampton Fawx would never smoke, but Reginald Norcliffe, Esquire is a fiend for the dried tobacco leaf.

MADGE: Please explain it exactly like that.

FAWX: And you are playing the wealthy widow Penelope Thistledown who killed her husband using a rudimentary knife made out of the whittled bones of precocious orphans-

MADGE: -dark, but I like it-

FAWX: And James is playing Archie's butler or something - he never nailed anything down.

MADGE: Sounds about right, but, Hampton, none of this makes any sense, why can't we just play ourselves? I don't even have anything that could be a child's bone knife and you know how I need a prop to really get inside the disguise.

FAWX: Because, Madge, we are the only detectives in town no one sees coming. Unlike Holmes and Watson, we are anonymous, under the radar-we can use that to our advantage. Francesca Vonn Duvet doesn't know we're detectives. We can be anyone!

MADGE: Yeah but if no one knows who we are, why can't we just be ourselves?

*FAWX, realizing the logic of what she's saying, pauses.*

FAWX: Well-uh. I mean, yes. But-

MADGE: But you really like wearing fancy smoking jackets and doing silly little voices?

FAWX: ...maybe.

MADGE: Shoulda just said. See, I respect that. *Reginald.*

FAWX: Thank you, *Penelope.*

MADGE: Might wanna take the "Fawx & Stallion" sign down from the door, though before any guests arrive.

FAWX: Great point Madge, I'll get on that right -

*A knock at the door.*

FAWX: Blast! Oh wait! False 'Blast'! That's probably just Archie and James—could you get that?

MADGE: What did we say about me answering doors?

FAWX: "Just because your legs are longer doesn't mean you should have to use them more" I know, but my false mustache is falling off, could you please.

MADGE: Ugh, fine. The curse of the stride.

*MADGE goes to open the door.*

MADGE: Alright dickheads, I think it'd be—

*She sees GABE and BB. Specifically, BB.*

MADGE: - breast. I mean- chest. I mean- best. (frankly embarrassing BEAT) If you, ah- tell me who you are and what you're doing here?

BB: Well. Someone knows how to greet a lady.

GABE: Christ.

*A BEAT.*

MADGE: So are you here for the -

GABE: Seance! Public Seance, yes? According to this... This... ah-

*GABE rummaging for the paper.*

BB: Did you check your pocket?

*More rummaging.*

BB: Gabriel, did you check your pocket? (BEAT) Are you ignoring me?

*A rummage to fruition. GABE holds up the paper.*

GABE: Ah, here it is.

BB: (to herself) Right, then.

GABE: Public Seance, according to this ad in the times.

"Thrills, Chills, and Frills Abound when Francesca Vonn Duvet's making house calls". This is 224B, yes?

MADGE: The home for all your Chills and Thrills needs apparently.

BB: And the Frills?

MADGE: Well the Frills you might have to pay extra for, but let's see where the night takes us.

BB: (very clearly directed at GABE) Yes. Let's.

*An audible sigh of annoyance from GABE. FAWX approaches.*

FAWX: Hello, fine and weary travelers I am the proprietor of this fine establishment, Reginald Norcliffe, Esquire. I see you've already met Penelope Thistledown -

MADGE: Not an esquire yet, but I just got my Purple Belt last month so it should be any day now.

BB: It's a pleasure, Penelope. My name is Belladonna-

*GABE leans into the space and firmly shakes FAWX'S hand.*

GABE: Gabriel. Charmed.

BB: (under her breath) The art of an alias is clearly lost on you.

FAWX: (pained) That's a very- ow- firm grip you have there-

GABE: Oh, yes, my apologies.

*GABE lets go. Slight BEAT.*

BB: May we come-?

MADGE: Yes.

GABE: (nearly through gritted teeth) In?

FAWX: Also yes! Come right in. I'm afraid it's just us at the moment we're still waiting on - JAMES!

*James STALLION approaches.*

STALLION: I know, I know before you say anything, I know, I'm late. I'm sorry. I was *running*. I just - Is that my smoking jacket?

FAWX: You said you were trying to quit.

STALLION: The smoking, not the jacket. Come now, Hampton -

FAWX: Shh!

STALLION: Oh no, no Hampton Fawx, we're not shushing each other any more. That's so last season-fall, that is.

FAWX: James!

STALLION: What?!

GABE: I thought your name was Reginald Norcliffe.

FAWX: Esquire... but...

BB: Which means you're not... Penelope?

MADGE: Oh no, I'm absolutely Penelope Thistledown. I've never met this man before in my life.

STALLION (*hushed*): Why didn't you tell me we were doing disguises?

FAWX: I tried but you/never nailed anything down -

STALLION: Never nailed anything down - I've got to stop doing that - sorry, mate. Been all over the place.

MADGE: Speaking of, where's your better half?

STALLION: Uh, well, that's the thing -

*Footsteps approaching*

FAWX: Ahh, Here he comes!

McMURPHY: Mr. Stallion! Mr. Stallion!

FAWX: That's not...

McMURPHY: I ran all the way here to improve my lung capacity for optimal psychic reading, just like you said!

FAWX/MADGE/STALLION: McMurphy...

BB: You know him?

MADGE: Well not biblically or anything.

FAWX: James, what is McMurphy doing here? Where is Archie?

STALLION: Why don't we all head inside and get set up. We wouldn't want to leave our two guests out here in the cold, now would we.

GABE: Much appreciated. And when will Ms. Vonn Duvet be arriving?

STALLION: According to the advert, Ms. Vonn Duvet will be arriving "whenever the spirit moves her".

GABE: Ah. And is that...?

STALLION: Her pay gets docked if she's late so I assume the spirit will be moving our way around 10.

GABE/BB: 10 it is.

*They all head into 224B.*

**SCENE FOUR, INT. 224B**

*The door swings open dramatically, and FAWX leads a tour inside.*

FAWX: ...And *this* is the sitting room, where we- sit- oh, please don't touch that, McMurphy. These are the bookshelves where we keep, you know, the books- oh! And on that one is a fascinating little device James had shipped from Japan for my birthday the other month: a puzzle box! What'll they think of ne[xt]- please don't touch that, McMurphy.

*The Puzzle Box Breaks.*

McMURPHY: Solved it.

MADGE: (aside to STALLION) Right, and Archie?

STALLION: (aside to MADGE) Baking emergency, unavailable.

MADGE: (aside to STALLION) Sarah?

STALLION: (aside to MADGE) Bar emergency, similarly unavailable.

MADGE: (aside to STALLION) Literally anyone else in London but Archie's ex-partner at Scotland Yard who we've had one conversation with between the three of us?

STALLION: (aside to MADGE) Well, Holmes and Watson adopted a dog or something-

MADGE: (to herself) Bastards.

STALLION: (aside to MADGE) -so that's just everyone's whole weekend now.

FAWX: And here's a prototype of a new game that James is working on-!

STALLION: Patent pending.

FAWX: -that involves hurling very small knives at a piece of corkboard.

McMURPHY: Why's the board got Sherlock Holmes' face on it?

FAWX: Please don't touch that, McMurphy! Thank you!

BB: Rather shouty, that friend of yours. Especially considering the height.

MADGE: I happen to be partial to small things.

BB: (flirtatiously) Is that so? What a coincidence. I like them big.

*GABE abruptly and loudly clears his throat.*

GABE: I say, do you have any fags here?

A BEAT.

STALLION: Of course- in the end table there, top drawer.

GABE: Thank you.

*GABE opens the end table drawer and pulls out a tin of cigarettes and a lighter. He takes a cigarette and lights it, and takes a drag. What did YOU think we were talking about?*

STALLION: But of course.

MADGE: I thought you got rid of those.

STALLION: I said I was *trying* to quit smoking, not succeeding.

*Their voices fade as they walk over, GABE beginning to follow before his attention is grabbed by a meow from Ambrosius. He pauses and stops by where the cat is perched on the opposite side of the room.*

GABE: Oh, hello.

*Ambrosius meows.*

GABE: Gabriel. The archangel, between you and I.

*Ambrosius meows.*

GABE: Well yes, even archangels have to do busywork occasionally. Who knows what kind of ineffable being that medium is, or what they're planning?

*Ambrosius meows.*

GABE: Pah- it's complete bunk. You can't speak to the dead without the proper paperwork. And we certainly couldn't let humans go around talking to so-and-so who's kicked the bucket just because they'd like to. Complete and utter chaos, and worst of all more work for me.

*Ambrosius meows.*

GABE: I'm the angel of Earth. Of course I handle all its paperwork. Good stuff. It's the travel that's awful. Frankly, I find it ridiculous. If letting humans talk to the dead wouldn't be even more of a logistical nightmare, I'd say let them do what they want. Let him, or her, or them, paddle their own... (he tries to think of something, fails) Well, do something.

*Ambrosius meows.*

GABE: I suppose I never thought of it that way.

*Ambrosius meows.*

GABE: I see. Clearly, you're the one with the brains around h-

MADGE: Are you talking to Ambrosius? ...The cat?

*A BEAT.*

GABE: No.

BB: I see I rank below cats now. (Fading out as she walks over)  
And you can tell Gabriel, if you two are so chummy now, that he...

*Zoom to the huddle with FAWX, MADGE, STALLION, & McMURPHY*

McMURPHY: Whoa, what's this do -

FAWX: McMurphy -

STALLION: Don't touch -

FAWX: The psychic's arriving at any minute and you must -

McMURPHY: I know.

STALLION: -Under no circumstances-

McMURPHY: I know!

STALLION/FAWX: Don't mention your name!

*Huge thunder crash. The front door swings open. An organ hits an eerie chord! Francesca VONN DUVET stands in the vestibule.*

FAWX/STALLION/McMURPHY/MADGE: Aghhh!/Sweet oiled up Christ/Figgy Fuck me!/Would you please close that!

GABE: (unimpressed) Bloody hell.

BB: (also unimpressed) Some people.

VONN DUVET: Good Evening... Oh I am so sorry, Thunder, lightning, standing in shadow in the vestibule. Dra-ma-tic. Not the intro I wanted to make, let me just - blagh, ya know - Hi there, Francesca Vonn Duvet, gentlewoman medium, dabbler in the psychic arts, and amateur Badminton Enthusiast. And you must be...?

McMURPHY: Ephraim McMurphy! Pleased to meet ya!

*STALLION and FAWX sigh.*

VONN DUVET: And also with you, Mr. McMurphy. Now, is there a room where I can perhaps straighten up. Powder the ole nose. Apply the fresh perfume. Do my lavatory duties. Perhaps hold a seance. Ya know what I'll just go on the hunt my - Oh a wall of things! That's so fun!

BB: Well, I can't discern her true identity, and I'm supposing by the look on your face that you can't either, and I don't know anyone on either of our sides who should be able to hide that, so... (she pats him on the arm) Have fun, angel!

*VONN DUVET walks away.*

FAWX: No, no, no! With the name blown, we're going to have to change our entire tactic with the medium!

MADGE: Not to mention have the carpets cleaned for crumbs, I mean christ does this guy like to snack.

STALLION: I've promised him no more biscuits until after the seance.

FAWX: Well that still doesn't help the fact that -

*Crunching*

FAWX: James?

*Crunching.*

McMURPHY: Nah, just me, good ole McMurphy. I heard you talking biscuits and wanted to share my tin. As well as my thoughts on which ones are best. First place has got to go to -

STALLION: McMurphy, Hey. Over here. There you are. Have I shown you Hampton's napkin collection?

McMURPHY: No way! A whole collection? You don't just use old shirts that are too stained to be worn out of the house? I see you, Mr. Fawx...

*STALLION & McMURPHY walk away.*

MADGE: Christ, you alright? You're doing that thing where you're sweaty and twitchy and -

FAWX: Nervous? Well good, because I am! I mean tonight was already going to be precarious but now?! I-

MADGE: Shh... It's ok, little Hampton. You help get McMurphy prepped, I'll go handle the guests. Sound good?

FAWX: Yes... Yes, you're right. Divide and conquer.

MADGE: Exactly. Once more into the breach.

FAWX: You know I hate British propaganda but yes, thank you.

MADGE: Or it's just a good line. Two truths and all that.

FAWX: Right. Well. I'm off.

*FAWX walks away.*

MADGE: As am I, Hampton.

*Perfume spray.*

MADGE: (CONT.) As am I. Oh god. (coughs, muscles through)  
Hampton's gotta get a new scent.

**SCENE FIVE, INT. Kitchen of 224B**

*A huddle with FAWX, STALLION, McMURPHY*

FAWX: Alright, McMurphy, let's talk.

McMURPHY: I'll say. Mr. Stallion over here's bragging about your whole serviette collection and it looks like you only got two pieces of cheap cloth - neither of them matching - And now you wanna -

STALLION: McMurphy! Biscuits!

McMURPHY: I'm listening.

FAWX: You've got to tell me how you did that later.

STALLION: Will do.

McMURPHY: So... I gotta dupe this psychic lady or what?

FAWX: Uh -

STALLION: What my associate here means to say is: uhhyes! We are going to *definitively* and *respectfully* prove that the Psychic

Medium known as Francesca Vonn Duvet is not indeed in possession of netherwordly intelligence. That's what was in the contract.

FAWX: Yes. Now, McMurphy, and be honest: Do you think you're up for this?

*Slight Beat*

McMURPHY: Let's take this puppy to church.

FAWX: Oh my god.

**SCENE SIX, INT. MADGE'S ROOM**

*The sound of bedsprings creaking and a headboard repeatedly slamming against the wall. Several seconds of this, and then:*

MADGE: Wow... You... huh... Ya know, I'm just gonna - if this was a competition for how to make it *sound* like we're doin' the Waterloo Slam Jam, you'd be taking gold by a mile, but are you actually interested in... anything more...?

*We now realize BB is shoving the headboard of the bed against the wall with all the force of her not-particularly-considerable body weight.*

BB: (exerting herself) Just a moment! I just need to- *ugh*- make sure the *implication* isn't *lost* (shove) *on* (shove) *him!* (shove)

MADGE: ... Right. I can tell your relationship is healthier than my nephew Theo, down in the top hat factory.

*She walks over and puts a hand on BB's arm to stop her.*

MADGE: Hey, Hey! As inconvenient and deeply erotic as it would be to watch you shove my bed through the wall, telling James about the property damage would not, so why don't we see if there's a more... organic way to generate some noise complaints?

BB: Oh you don't understand, it has to be a very specific kind of noise complaint to get under Gabriel's skin. If you'd like to help, though, you could walk by with some rope and every knife in the house, and make sure he sees it.

MADGE: (significantly more disturbed) Oh-kay, I'm starting to get the feeling that we have different ideas of a "good time".

BB: Do you want to have sex or not?

MADGE: Do *you*? Because it feels more like you're going for some kind of Jack the Ripper roleplay here.

BB: (under her breath) Oh of course they assumed I was a man.

MADGE: What?

BB: Nothing- look, there's a certain way I'm used to doing things, and if you're not interested-

MADGE: Kind of the whole point of sex is that you both get something out of it, and, to be honest, I spend enough time every month cleaning up blood to know that is *not* gonna do it for me.

BB: (under her breath) Why do I always forgot what happens when you try to fuck a normal-

MADGE: And can you stop muttering to yourself, kinda a simple yes or no here; you interested?

*BB sighs, makes a decision.*

BB: (faux-vulnerably) Of course I'm interested. I'm just a bit nervous, is all.

MADGE: (*muttering to herself*) Ugh, Do I have a sign on my head that reads "your first experimentation" -

BB: The muttering?

MADGE: *(muttering)* Oh, payback's a bitch, ain't it. *(normal speaking voice)* Oh, that's alright. Take your time.

BB: Could I have a moment, please?

MADGE: Of course, bathroom's right there if you want to-

BB: Thank you.

**SCENE SEVEN, INT Kitchen, 224B**

STALLION: So when the seance begins she's going to first divine your name.

FAWX: Well not any more. Now she'll have to have a new way of gaining her subject's trust and itching your curiosity enough to keep paying for further extrapolation.

McMURPHY: Can't imagine that's too difficult.

STALLION: And since now you're the one getting psychic'd -  
Psyched? What's the proper verb for something like this?

FAWX: Psychic'd is fine -

STALLION: Agreed. So. We'll let her continue to make her predictions and you, Ephraim, will just have to deny, deny, deny. .

FAWX: Exactly. No Quarter.

McMURPHY: Don't tell her my name. Got it.

FAWX: No - You've already told her your - James!

STALLION: Hampton, breathe.

*FAWX lets out an exasperated sigh.*

STALLION: Next, she'll be trying to figure out why you need a seance.

McMURPHY: Great question, I hadn't really thought about it -

FAWX: Now we're trying to expose her for the tricky fraud she is so this is where the lie comes in.

McMURPHY: Now Mr. Fawx, you know how I feel about lying, my background in the law and all.

STALLION: Let it go, James. Let it go oh so far. You are going to say you want to converse with your deceased grandmother.

McMURPHY: Jokes on her, I barely converse with her anyway and she's alive.

FAWX: Exactly, but you're going to tell her how torn up you've been, how much you've missed her, how she took a secret with her to the grave that no one in your family, even you, her favorite grandchild never knew.

McMURPHY: Well, fine line between "favorite" and "only" so..

FAWX: But the more heartbroken you seem the more she'll read into your sadness which eventually is when we spring the trap!

McMURPHY: No way! You got traps in here?! Like this mountain of pots and pans, is this like one of those contraptions where if I pull this one I'll -

FAWX/STALLION: No!

*Cacophony of Pots and Pans falling to the ground*

FAWX: Told myself I should've done the dishes.

STALLION: You knew we were having guests.

FAWX: Do you know how many pieces of kitchenware it takes to debone a rabbit!

McMURPHY: 3? -

FAWX: *(simultaneously)* It's 3-oh, well, yes, it is 3.

McMURPHY: Maybe I should be the psychic.

STALLION: Ephraim, biscuits!

McMURPHY: Locked in.

**SCENE EIGHT, INT. Bathroom, 224**

BB: Right, you can do this. Normal sex. Normal, vanilla, (she gags a little) nonviolent sex. You did it for millennia before the two of you got bored with it. Why, so much time has passed that it'll probably seem downright exciting! You don't need gunpowder or iron maidens or a guillot-

CUT TO:

**INT, Madge's Bedroom, 224**

*Back in Madge's bedroom, on the bed, disaster afoot:*

BB: Oh for Lord's sake!

MADGE: I've never seen anybody hold their breath for more than three minutes! That was five!

BB: Well maybe none of you ever tried hard enough.

MADGE: What?!

BB: Never-bloody-mind!

*She sighs and moves to sit on the edge of the bed.*

BB: (to herself, frustrated with this fact) It's just not the same...

MADGE: Alright, this comment I can address. Y'know, I'm not too keen on apparently just being used so you can win whatever lovers' quarrel you two got going on.

*BB bursts into laughter at this. After a moment of it:*

BB: I forgot how limited your perspectives can be.

MADGE: Literally just told you -

BB: Listen to me very closely, Penelope: the arrangement that Gabriel and I have is beyond even the furthest reaches of your comprehension. There is no name in any tongue on this Earth for what we are. And it is certainly, without a shadow of a doubt, not *love*.

MADGE: Okay, ignoring all the condescending parts of that sentence, fine, *friends*-

BB: Oh Lord, that's even worse. Think of us as sworn enemies who have reached an understanding.

MADGE: Hey, I got exes, I understand, and from what I can *understand*, your plan doesn't seem to even be working. He seemed to be having a grand time with the boys earlier.

CUT TO:

***EARLIER.*** *Gabe is listening to Hampton infodump at the seance table.*

FAWX: And that's when I realized that Sherlock Holmes doesn't smoke two different kinds of tobacco- those were his tea leaves! Can you imagine?! Hoisted by my own petard!

GABE: (Max read this like when I talk about PTGW uninterrupted)  
No, I couldn't possibly.

CUT TO:

BB: Oh no, it's certainly getting to him. You don't know Gabriel like I do.

MADGE: Oh-kay... Look, I think you're loads of fun, Belladonna-

BB: Mm-

MADGE: -alright, well you've got a monster rack-

BB: That's more like it.

MADGE: -but I promised myself I was done throwing myself at women who don't like me as much as I like them or their racks. It's a good lesson to learn once you hit your 30s, I'd recommend you do the same.

BB: (entirely sure of herself) Oh, sweet Penelope, you have absolutely no idea what you're talking about.

*Madge gets out of bed and starts heading for the door.*

MADGE: Right. Then if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna go see what's happening with the seance, because *that* is a mystery that actually wants solving.

*She slams the bedroom door behind her. BEAT.*

BB: It can't possibly be only three minutes.

**SCENE NINE, INT. Kitchen of 224B**

STALLION: Now, remember your part?

McMURPHY: Get weepy about missin' Gran, even though she's still down at the home on Pendragon and...

*Thunder crashes, sharp sting of music. VONN DUVET is standing in the room.*

VONN DUVET: Well, friends. I have sufficiently explored this flat and its one and a half lavatories. It's time to commune.

FAWX: Then Come-Une down to the sitting room Ms. Vonn Duvet.

STALLION: Hampton, no.

FAWX: *We have a table set up for you and your subject cannot wait for some... good, wholesome, unprepared closure.*

CUT TO: THE SEANCE

*Eerie Music as the seance gets underway. We can hear there are just too many candles lit, too much lavender in the air, it's all a bit on the nose.*

VONN DUVET: Now, Mr. McMurphy, I'm going to ask you to clear your mind...

GABE: That should be easy.

VONN DUVET: What was that?

McMURPHY: That should be easy. To clear my mind, ya know.

VONN DUVET: Ahh, yes. Good! That's wonderful. So... Clear your mind.

McMURPHY: Done.

VONN DUVET: What do you see?

McMURPHY: Uhh, a living room with no clear theme?

FAWX (gritted teeth): Close your eyes, McMurphy.

McMURPHY: Right.

BB: (to GABE) Typical humans.

GABE: (To BB) I am not speaking to you.

BB: (To BB) Just did.

*A heavy and frustrated -sigh- from GABE.*

VONN DUVET: I need complete silence for the spirits to enter, they do not like chit chat.

MADGE: *That's* why this place has been ghost free since we moved in.

VONN DUVET: Mr. McMurphy...

McMURPHY: Mmm...

VONN DUVET: You're feeling drowsy...

McMURPHY: What's that?

VONN DUVET: ...sleepy?

McMURPHY: Oh. Yeah...

FAWX: (To MADGE & STALLION) Hypnosis? What kind of Psychic is this? How is McMurphy supposed to help us defraud this fraudee if he's fast asleep?!

MADGE: Who knows, maybe she's the real thing?

*Slight beat, judging stares.*

Right, jeez, or not, but just saying, could be cool.

VONN DUVET: Now, Mr. McMurphy, in your drowsy state, what do you see?

*Silence.*

VONN DUVET: Mr. McMurphy, I -

*McMURPHY snores.*

STALLION: So sorry, Miss Duvet -

VONN DUVET: *Vonn Duvet.*

STALLION: That's what I say - d. McMurphy is used to being in bed by this time so... habits mixing with hypnosis, you understand.

VONN DUVET: Oh... I'm afraid I do. Why didn't anyone tell me he was an early birdy?

MADGE: I'll be totally honest, we're like barely acquaintances -

FAWX: Why, is his being asleep... bad?

VONN DUVET: It's not *not* bad!

FAWX: Right, so... Bad.

*The chair McMURPHY's in begins to shake*

MADGE: Chair-moving-by-itself-bad, one might say.

BB: (to GABE) Well, it appears she's one of mine. Have a jolly good time with the paperwork.

GABE: I happen to enjoy paperwork.

BB: You're a stereotype, you know that?

GABE: Of what?

BB: Of an inflexible, joy-killing, control freak angel.

*GABE suddenly leans over and grabs BB's arm under the table.*

GABE: (under his breath) And you've spent the last forty minutes whinging for this angel to fuck you.

BB: (under her breath) At least I'm honest about it. Tell me, what *did* you put in the Whitechapel report? You're very good at leaving things out of those. Or should I see if anyone at this seance has been to Alexandria?

VONN DUVET: Quiet, quiet! He's stirring...

*GABE quickly pulls away. BB's won this round.*

McMURPHY:... ugh... Sorry 'bout that I just... Oh... oh no...

FAWX: 'Oh no?' What is it?!

MADGE: That's not good.

STALLION: (*Suddenly super into it*) What is it?! What do you see?!

FAWX: And is it your gran?!

VONN DUVET: Op! Sorry, no can do. We're unfortunately not allowed to influence who our subject comes into contact with. That's a spirit world decision, you understand.

BB/GABE: Oh what a load of -

FAWX/STALLION/MADGE: Sure.

VONN DUVET: Now, Mr. McMurphy, is there anyone trying to make contact?

McMURPHY: Y-Yes... It's... Gran?

FAWX: (to Madge & Stallion) He's actually sticking with the plan, I can't believe it.

McMURPHY: Gran... It's me... Ephraim... No, the other one.

MADGE: You have more than one 'Ephraim' in your family?

STALLION: Least surprising thing about him.

VONN DUVET: Mr. McMurphy, how does it feel seeing your gran again?

McMURPHY: Dis...disappointed.

VONN DUVET: You're disappointed to see your gran?

McMURPHY: No. Disappointed in me...

VONN DUVET: Ahh, she's disappointed in *you*. A very common thread when family arrives.

McMURPHY: No. I'm disappointed in me...

STALLION/MADGE: Awww

FAWX/GABE: (*Seriously?*) What?

McMURPHY: Gran, I've got so much to tell you! I've grown so much! Seriously, it's been fuckin' mental.

VONN DUVET: How is your Gran reacting to the news? Good, bad? No need for judgements here, but is she mad?

BB: Pardon me, Ms. *Vonn Duvet*, but how do we know you haven't just given him a script to say? Quite convenient none of us can see anything from out here.

MADGE: You serious? Did you not just see the fucking *chair* move?

GABE: Chairs move of their own volition all the time-

BB: Oh you're not needed, thank you.

GABE: (to himself) Would be a first for you.

VONN DUVET: Friends, friends, breathe... No need to pollute the energy of the room with minor squabbles and childish wonderings. It's never good manners to ask a spirit to reveal themselves if they're not ready to. How would you like it if someone made you leave the house without your knickers on?

BB: Oh, he wishes.

GABE: (loudly) Would you mind telling us, Ms. Vonn Duvet, just where exactly you got these... "abilities"?

VONN DUVET: After the seance, dears. I always leave time for a talkback.

STALLION: Well that's considerate.

FAWX: (to STALLION) But unnecessary, since we're here to expose her for the fraud she is, now!

MADGE: Right, and how sure are we that she's a total fraud?

VONN DUVET: Why are you disappointed in your gran seeing you here tonight.

McMURPHY: No!

VONN DUVET: Yes! You must confront her. I'm sorry, but carrying around disappointment is like carrying a 40 kilo kettle of fish around your neck at all times: useless.

MADGE: Sure, unless you're the fishmonger.

McMURPHY: It's just that...

VONN DUVET: Yes...

McMURPHY: It's just that...

FAWX/MADGE/STALLION/GABE: Yes...!

McMURPHY: It's just that... what were we talking 'bout?

*Collective Sigh*

McMURPHY: Oh right. Gran. I'm sorry, gran!

VONN DUVET: Mmmhmmm Mnhmm, yes. And what are you sorry *for*?

McMURPHY: I'm sorry for... bein' a little shit!

*McMURPHY bursts into tears.*

FAWX: Oh my god. James, he's ruining it. Instead of proving Ms. Vonn Duvet's fraudery we're turning her into some odd out-of-the-box confessional!

STALLION: Yes, yes, and I hear you - *But* I didn't think McMurphy was capable of emotions beyond excitement or angry excitement. This is huge for him.

FAWX: Oh good, I'm so glad it's Big Breakthrough Day for the person WHO WASN'T EVEN SUPPOSED TO BE HERE!

McMURPHY: I just... I just -

VONN DUVET: He speaks! So... What does Gran have to say? Again, Seances are incredibly personal between spirit and subject, but we do have an audience here so narration is necessary. Just a formality. I know.

McMURPHY: She is n't responding.

VONN DUVET: And is this consistent with your Gran's behavior?

McMURPHY: Definitely. The McMURPHYS are taught never to show emotion until we hear what we want to hear. That's why I'm such a steel trap.

MADGE: Anyone else getting the impression that McMURPHY is kindof the dead tooth of the family?

McMURPHY: I know you're disappointed in my generalities, Gran! I can get specific! I'm sorry I never followed up on learning how to make your biscuit recipe with you. I'm sorry I joined Scotland Yard after You specifically told me you'd rather see me bake bread all day than work for the city. I'm sorry I missed your funeral because Jocasta and I were having a lover's spat. The truth is we'd broken up weeks before and I just needed a day for me!

*Sobs. A Beat.*

VONN DUVET: And how is your Gran reacting now?

McMURPHY: She's... smiling. She's got that ole McMURPHY glint in her eye.

VONN DUVET: Is there anything else you'd like to say to your gran?

McMURPHY: Nah... Nah I think I'm good...

VONN DUVET: Then by the power vested in me by the state of otherworldly business and Dorchester I hereby call this seance closed.

FAWX: (To MADGE & STALLION) Wait, wait we didn't even get to expose her!

*A rush of wind, all of the candles in the room blow out then re-ignite, an owl hoots, thunder cracks, creepy night time shit, only now it's not creepy.*

McMURPHY: Oh, Gran?

*Noise stops.*

McMURPHY: I love ya. Thanks.

*An otherworldly voice from "somewhere" responds. If this isn't totally audible that's fine.*

GRAN: It's the McMurphy way..

FAWX/MADGE/STALLION: *(shock)* What the fuck?!

BB/GABE: *(to each other)* What did you do? (BEAT) Wait-

*Ambrosius coos. He says "What the fuck."*

*The wind rises then everything drops out. Silence.*

VONN DUVET: *(Soft)* Mr. McMurphy... You may open your eyes.

*He does.*

VONN DUVET: *(Soft)* How do you feel?

McMURPHY: I feel... Calm. Warm. Good.

VONN DUVET: *(Soft)* I'm so glad. *(Normal tone)* And that, my friends, is how you do a seance! Great stuff. Great stuff all around. Right here, all of you. Great stuff *(high five)*. Great stuff *(high five)*. Great stuff *(high five)*. Great stuff *(high five)*. Great stuff *(high five)*. Mr. McMurphy, obviously, Great stuff *(high five)*.

*The High Fives can be happening in the background while this little exchange occurs.*

FAWX: B-but... we have to... expose her.

STALLION: Expose her for what, having an incredible show?

MADGE: With special effects! I mean obviously she has a fan in here somewhere to create the wind and was able to switch out trick candles for our real ones and made the voice of McMurphy's gran by speaking low into the core of that toilet tissue there but... I don't know. It seems to have actually helped.

STALLION: Look at McMurphy. He's just been smiling contently for the past 2 minutes and hasn't felt the need to say anything. That's a net win.

FAWX: Yes, but... but...

MADGE: 'But' what, Hampton. What.

VONN DUVET: Mr. Fawx, Mrs. Thistledown, Mr. Stallion, You two guests I've never seen before in my life: I believe this house is clear. My work here is finished. Unless... There's anything you'd like to say in which case we *can* still do a talkback...

*Beat.*

FAWX: Ehh Tobias Wettle wasn't paying us enough anyway. Ms. Vonn Duvet, that was wonderful. Thank you.

VONN DUVET: Oh don't mention it! It's my pleasure. My gift and my curse, as they say, but I don't really ever say the latter. Not sure why I said it now. Oh well! With that, I'm off.  
Ephraim?

McMURPHY: Yeah?

VONN DUVET: I'm proud of you. And so is your gran.

McMURPHY: I certainly have a lot to ponder now.

VONN DUVET: Pondering is good. We love a 'ponder'.

McMURPHY: And ya know what? I'm thinking I do now too. Thank you, Francesca Vonn Duvet. Thank you.

**SCENE TEN, EXT. 224B Baker, the street outside**

*The door to 224B closes behind GABE, BB, and VONN DUVET. GABE sighs.*

GABE: Well I bloody hope that was worth it, "Vonn Duvet". I don't know who you are, or why we couldn't see past your human disguise, but the two of us have a long line at the Bureau of Damnations and Miracles Verification to get to know each other.

BB: I, for one, would like to know.

VONN DUVET: Of course you didn't!

GABE/BB: Hm?

VONN DUVET: Perk of the job! No one recognizes death until it's too late.

GABE: (how did I not realize) Azrael.

BB: Occam's razor. My least favorite kind.

GABE: Of course, you're the only one with the clearance to-

BB: Why did no one die? (BEAT, GABE gives her a look like "come on") A valid question.

VONN DUVET: Well, it's funny. I got an order to try and get humans more comfortable with death- not sure why, hope there's not anything big just around the corner- what year is it again?

GABE: 1890

VONN DUVETT: Probably fine, then. Anyway, those were my orders, so I figured: why not try a more spiritual route? Because I considered reanimating a few corpses, but that's so 1818. But this way, humans can speak to their loved ones, or at least believe they're speaking to them if the person's down there-

BB: You can say hell, some of us live there.

VONN DUVET: -and suddenly, the great beyond's not so big and scary anymore!

GABE: Are you at least filling out the proper paperwork?

VONN DUVET: Oh Gabriel, I'm the angel of death! I don't need to sign forms to contact souls I collected. That's like having to get a library card for your own library!

GABE: (about done) Well in this case, yes, those forms are required, because-

BB: Azrael, how's about this: I'll personally put you in touch with someone from my side who can see about letting the humans talk to their deceased down there, if you agree to start filling out the proper paperwork for temporarily bringing a soul back to Earth. Do we have a deal?

VONN DUVET: I dunno... that sounds like a lot of writing.

BB: Then let me put it this way: you're a glorified errand boy. I'm a prince of Hell. And unlike my associate, I don't have to

play nice with you. Keep trying my patience, which one of us do you think is coming out with all of their atoms intact?

*A streetlamp nearby buzzes dangerously. VONN DUVET gulps.*

VONN DUVET: I'll give it a shot.

BB: Let's give it a shot. Have a lovely evening, Azrael.  
Toodaloo.

*VONN DUVET gives an insulted little, "Hmmpf!", but vanishes. A BEAT.*

GABE: Thank you.

BB: Oh, don't thank me just yet. You really think she's going to remember to fill out all those forms? And for both sides? Have fun with twice the wild goose chases.

GABE: Bastard.

BB: I see we're back on speaking terms. And all it took was me making your existence just a little bit harder. Duly noted.  
(BEAT, off GABE'S expression) Ugh, don't look so... sappy and pathetic. Come on, let me tempt you with a drink.

GABE: And another one of your terrible ideas sure to follow.

BB: I've never had a bad idea drunk in my existence, what makes you think I'll start now?

*They begin to walk.*

GABE: How was the human?

BB: Madge? (she scoffs) A bit tame for my tastes.

GABE: A hot poker is tame for your tastes.

BB: And yours. Come on, you can do better than that.

GABE: Hm. Alright.

BB: What?

GABE: It's a surprise.

*BB chuckles.*

BB: That's what I like about you, angel. I'm never bored.

CUT TO:

**SCENE ELEVEN, INT. THE HOLY GRILL- PRESENT**

ED: Wait, Sherlock Holmes was real?

GABE: That's your takeaway?

ED: I'm choosing to make that my takeaway because Je-sus Christ. Sometimes I forget that in between all the big historical events, you guys were just dicking around.

GABE: I was on an assignment, mind you. He was dicking around.

BB: Says you. If I remember correctly, my plan was an unmitigated success.

GABE: Plan? Please. What you succeeded in was acting like an attention whore.

BB: Hm. Interesting word choice, considering.

GABE: Considering what?

BB: That after we left, you were the one who bought the branding iron.

*LONG BEAT. We hear footsteps as ED walks to the counter, grabs the takeout bag, and makes a beeline for the door.*

ED: Okay Gabe, thanks for the takeout, bye!

*The door slams shut.*

**END.**

## **CREDITS**

This crossover episode was written by Newton Schottelkotte, Ian Geers, and Lauren Grace Thompson. Where the Stars Fell is a production of Caldera Studios, and is produced by Newton Schottelkotte. Fawx and Stallion is created by Ian Geers and Lauren Grace Thompson. Sound design was by Newton Schottelkotte, direction by Newton Schottelkotte and Ian Geers, and editing by Lauren Grace Thompson. Original music composed by Baldemar and Newton Schottelkotte. This episode featured Newt Schottelkotte as Edison and Victorian B.B., Max Fleishacker as B.B. and Victorian Gabe, Jeremy Thompson as Hampton Fawx, Chris Vizurraga as James Stallion, Katie McLean Hainsworth as Madge Stallion, Emma Sherr-Ziarko as Francesca Vonn Duvet, Ian Geers as McMurphy, and Kiera Gill as Gabe. All sound effects taken from Audio Library, Sound Library, Freesound, original foley, or used under Creative Commons License. Find transcripts, social media links, and places to listen to Where the Stars Fell at "wherethestarsfell dot com", and for Fawx and Stallion, at "224bbaker.com".