


PUSHING DAISIES

"The Fun in Funeral"

Episode #3T6502

Written by
Bryan Fuller

Directed by
Paul Edwards

FINAL DRAFT 
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4000 Warner Boulevard, Bldg. 133
Burbank, CA 91522
(818) 954-6341

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. YOUNG NED'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA BOOMS PAST A SPIDER IN ITS WEB TO FIND A VINTAGE "BUG-ZAPPER" and YOUNG NED looking up at it. He watches the ZAPPER GLOW AND HUM, attracting the attention of a few FIREFLIES.

NARRATOR

At this very moment, Young Ned was 9 years, 34 weeks, 12 hours and 54 minutes old.

A SINGLE FIREFLY draws closer in a spiraling circle of death.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He was a gifted boy.

ZAP. A FLASH OF ELECTRIC BLUE and the firefly drops dead.

CLOSE ON - STEP

The curious firefly lands with barely a noise. Young Ned kneels into view, his little face inches from the dead bug.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Not academically, nor athletically. He was gifted in a way no other boy was gifted.

Young Ned touches the dead firefly. There's a small ELECTRIC POP, then the firefly's ass IGNITES and it flies into the air.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Young Ned could touch dead things and bring them back to life. But if he touched a dead thing twice it died again... forever.

Young Ned sits on the stairs watching the firefly join a swarm over his head, dancing in circles. The FIREFLIES SWARM in a dense zodiac formation of a PIE. For no reason at all, the nearby SPIDER curls up and dies on its web.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The consequence of not touching a dead thing twice was as cruel as any consequence. And that was something else had to die.

The spider falls through the PIE ZODIAC, making it dissipate.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Young Ned rationalized this consequence was beyond his control. He was not to blame.

CONTINUED:

ON NED

His eyes go slightly wider.

OMIT

CLOSE ON - BELL JAR

A small BELL JAR houses SIX FLITTING FIREFLIES, ASSES AGLOW.

NARRATOR

But to remain blameless, he had to understand.

We are...

INT. YOUNG NED'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL TWO BELL JARS, the one on the left housing only dead fireflies. A gloved hand drops the latest dead firefly on the base with about five others.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He realized to give life, he had to take it.

ON YOUNG NED

He studies the dead fireflies, then starts his STOPWATCH. Ned touches each of the six insects and there's six SMALL ELECTRIC POPS. He quickly replaces the bell jar, capturing the six FIREFLIES as they fly up and away, bouncing off the glass.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Death, however, had a grace period.

ON STOPWATCH

TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

What Young Ned did not know was how long that grace period was.

PLIP-PLIP-PLIP-PLIP-PLIP-PLIP -- the six fireflies in the bell jar on the right drop dead. Young Ned CLICKS his STOPWATCH.

It's exactly one minute.

CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK REVEALING Young Ned is flanked by two more bell jar sets, only one in each pair has living fireflies.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

One minute.

CONTINUED:

CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK TO REVEAL the room is filled with pairs of bell jars filled with fireflies, but only one in each pair has living fireflies. This has been going on all night.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Fearing the consequences of his actions, Ned vowed to never, ever again bring the dead back to life for more than a minute.

Young Ned lifts the bell jar housing the living fireflies and lets them go. They swirl above the other bell jars and above Young Ned's head. It's magical.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Until he did it again.

OMIT

EXT. CITY STREET - PIE HOLE - NIGHT

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON our googie-esque bakery.

NARRATOR

The expression "pie in the sky" entered popular culture in 1911. It refers to a dessert so sweet it can only be found in Heaven.

INT. PIE HOLE - KITCHEN

CAMERA LOOKS DIRECTLY DOWN ON NED as he juggles rotten fruit, tossing it from one gloved hand to his other bare hand. The fruit FLASHES as it touches the bare hand, engorging as it flies upward, appearing FULLY RIPE at the peak of its arc before Ned catches it with his gloved hand.

NARRATOR

If you're craving something before you die, I recommend where the Pie-Maker makes his pies.

Ned is clearly showing off for CHUCK, who is holding the bowl collecting the NOW-RIPE fruit. DIGBY looks on from the floor.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But if you're like Chuck, you may enjoy the pie... even after you die.

CLOSE ON - A PAIR OF BELL JARS - FLASHBACK

A SINGLE FIREFLY flits to and fro in each of the bell jars. Young Ned's hand holds a STOPWATCH ticking toward one minute.

NARRATOR

Her 60 seconds came and went. She stayed alive. And instead someone else had to die.

CONTINUED:

The STOPWATCH HAND ticks to one minute and the firefly on the left drops dead instantly.

BACK TO - THE PIE HOLE - KITCHEN

Ned watches the box of potted flowers behind Chuck that's currently shriveling and dying. She doesn't notice. But Digby does -- he shoots Ned a look. Ned puts a finger to his lips, shushing Digby before he can utter a sound.

NARRATOR

*He kept Chuck blissfully unaware of this fact.
She was alive-again, that was that.*

CHUCK

Which birthday do I celebrate? I've got two of them now. First day I was alive and first day I was alive-again.

NED

The one that requires less explanation.

CHUCK

Remember my eighth birthday? Right before my dad died. Remember what you got me?

He's stung by the mention of her dead father, but covers:

NED

A T-shirt.

CHUCK

It had a beaver on it. With little lipstick kisses on his cheeks and he was holding a sign that said, "Be kind to animals, kiss a beaver." I don't think you knew that a beaver was a--

NED

No. I didn't.

She studies him a moment, smiling. He blushes.

CHUCK

I suppose I should be celebrating every minute, shouldn't I?

NED

Uh-huh.

Chuck reacts to a thought in her head, suddenly thrilled.

CHUCK

I can be anybody now. Anybody I want. I like that idea. I have to give this some thought.

NARRATOR

The Pie-Maker liked that idea, as well. As long as her thoughts didn't fall on...

CHUCK

Why is it only a minute?

NED

Hmmm?

CHUCK

A minute is awfully arbitrary.

NED

A minute's a long time. A lot can happen in a minute. Besides, longer someone's around that's not supposed to be around, the more likely it is something will... happen. Not necessarily directly or by any fault of their own. But, you know, butterfly wings. And the such.

CHUCK

What about them?

NED

They cause hurricanes.

CHUCK

Oh. Right.
(smiles)
Am I a hurricane?

NED

Little bit. But I, uh... I like the weather.

She pulls out a foot or two of Saran Wrap and stretches it over Ned's face, quickly stealing a kiss. Ned gets lost in it, not even able to open his eyes when he says:

NED (CONT'D)

You really shouldn't do that.

NARRATOR

Chuck wasn't the only storm brewing in the Pie Hole that evening...

REVERSE TO REVEAL

OLIVE standing in the main dining area witnessing the kiss.

NARRATOR

An innocuous low-pressure system was forming that would soon become Hurricane Olive.

Olive is paying more attention to Chuck and Ned than she is to the customer in her booth, who is a handsome man with a nervous smile, about 30 years of age, named ALFREDO ALDARISIO.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Watching the Pie-Maker kiss the woman that wasn't her, Olive stopped breathing. It was as if all the oxygen had left the room.

ALFREDO

Espresso, please.

OLIVE

We have coffee.

ALFREDO

You have an espresso machine.

OLIVE

It's broken. Sits there being pretty but nobody touches it.

(then)

Decaf or regular?

ALFREDO

No flavors? Hazelnut? French vanilla?

OLIVE

Why can't sugar be enough?

Olive checks herself and moves off, leaving Alfredo Aldarasio to ponder her small outburst. A beat later, Olive returns (holding her breath) with sugar, slamming it on the table.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Here's your sugar.

She's a little light-headed from holding her breath, sits.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Ooof. I forgot to breathe. Ever feel like all the oxygen left the room?

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON ALFREDO:

ALFREDO

Oh, my, yes.

CONTINUED: (2)

NARRATOR

In that moment, Alfredo Aldarisiso recognized a kindred spirit in Olive Snook.

His table SHAKES ever so slightly and Alfredo tenses.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He also lived in constant fear of the oxygen leaving the room, but his pathology ran much, much deeper.

The SHAKING BUILDS then, BOOM! The roof of the Pie Hole is blown upward along with everything in it except for Alfredo and his booth. As Alfredo is finally SUCKED OUT OF FRAME...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He was haunted by the notion that at any moment, the Earth could lose its atmosphere and he would be sucked into the vacuum of space.

SMASH BACK TO REALITY. The shaking was just a truck driving past the window and the Earth hasn't lost its atmosphere.

ALFREDO

Excuse me.

Alfredo takes out a small bottle with a dropper, squeezing a few drops of whatever's inside onto his tongue.

NARRATOR

A traveling salesman by trade, Mr. Aldarisiso sells pharmaceutical alternatives which he also uses to manage his condition.

His nerves calmed, Alfredo continues.

ALFREDO

(re: the dropper bottle)

Medicinal.

(then)

You're not wrong. About oxygen leaving the room. The planet's losing atmosphere. It's affecting gravity. Volumes aren't what they used to be. They had to adjust the kilogram.

OLIVE

If you ask me, the kilogram needed to be taken down a peg.

(then)

Decaf or regular?

Olive is too wrapped up in Ned to notice Alfredo's stare.

CONTINUED: (3)

ALFREDO

Regular. Lots of sugar. More than enough.

ON EMERSON COD

CAMERA PUSHES IN as EMERSON ENTERS with a ding of a door chime.

EMERSON

I feel like ice cream.

NARRATOR

Emerson Cod, Private Investigator, made a business of murder. But before he could get down to business...

OMIT

MINUTES LATER

Emerson leans on the counter waiting for his ice cream as Olive prattles on in deceptively-good spirits.

OLIVE

Musing on the idea of setting someone on fire doesn't mean you really wanna set them on fire. It's just the thought of it makes you happy. Only for a second. Then you feel bad. But that second can be a lot of fun.

EMERSON

You thinking about setting someone on fire?

OLIVE

No. I was speaking in the figurative. And figuratively speaking, someone should set you on fire for throwing my heart under the bus when you told me he doesn't want me.

She glances at Ned in the kitchen, wrapping up for the night.

EMERSON

That was the truth bus. He don't want you.

OLIVE

That wasn't the truth bus, that was the bitchy crosstown express.

EMERSON

By "bitchy" you mean "frank and honest"?

OLIVE

If I want "frank and honest..." Well, I don't want "frank and honest." I never want "frank and honest" so just take it off the docket.

CONTINUED:

Olive moves off in a huff. A beat, then Olive pops back in, tapping Emerson on the shoulder:

OLIVE (CONT'D)

And while we're on the subject of "frank and honest," I don't like that girl. Not one bit.

Olive moves off again. On Emerson as he scoops up a bite of ice cream with his spoon, then thinks better of it.

NARRATOR

Emerson Cod liked her even less.

Emerson looks up to see Chuck smiling at him from the kitchen. She waves, excited. Emerson smiles and waves back.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

So much so, it warranted a private conversation with the Pie-Maker.

OMIT

TIME CUT TO:

AFTER HOURS

Emerson and Ned scoot into a booth opposite each other. Before Emerson can get a word out, Chuck slides in next to him.

NARRATOR

But not private enough.

CHUCK

Did somebody die? How did they die?

EMERSON

Somebody died and they died mysteriously.

CHUCK

A he somebody or a she somebody?

EMERSON

He.

(to Ned)

I said I wanted to discuss this in private.

NED

Chuck is private. Part of my private.

EMERSON

She ain't part of mine. I don't know her.

CHUCK

What's the mysterious part? The circumstances or the actual way he died? Like did he have a noose around his neck but you weren't quite sure who put it there. Or did they find him drowned in his bed but his sheets were dry.

NED

You are obsessed.

CHUCK

Am I? I hope dying hasn't made me morbid.
(to Emerson)
So how did your somebody die?

EMERSON

Said it looked like life just got up and left him. Like I'm gonna get up and leave you.

CHUCK

Maybe it was some kind of untraceable poison. Or a four-stage poison where you have to touch four different things before it kills you.

NED

What'd you say it was? Besides mysterious?

EMERSON

I have not expressed my opinion.

NED

Would you care to express it now?

EMERSON

My opinion is you should take a coupon for this conversation and redeem it at a later date.

NED

But I wanna redeem my coupon now.

EMERSON

Redeem it tomorrow. There's somebody in the county fridge I need you to talk to.

Emerson scoots out of the booth, but stops and adds this to Ned:

EMERSON (CONT'D)

In private. My private, which does not include her. So she better not come.

OMIT

INT. MORGUE - DAY

They pull the drawer out of the morgue and it creaks ever so slightly. There's a large man under the sheet.

Ned, Chuck and Emerson stare down at the covered corpse.

CHUCK

You won't even know I'm here.

EMERSON

'Cause you're leaving?

CHUCK

No.

Emerson stares at Ned, who only shrugs.

NED

Come on. It makes her happy.

EMERSON

You remember what that happiness looks like.

(re: the covered corpse)

Go ahead. Redeem your coupon.

Ned reaches for the sheet.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Oh, you gonna listen to me now.

(off Ned's hesitation)

No, no, go ahead. I'm not gonna say another word. Future Me? He will "I told you so" up one side and right down the other. But Now Me is just gonna sit back and watch.

Ned pulls off the sheet and reacts. Lying on the morgue table is none other than LAWRENCE SCHATZ.

NED

Oh, no.

CHUCK

Oh, no -- what?

NARRATOR

The facts were these...

OMIT

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - VIEWING ROOM - DAY

NOTE: SHOT AS SCENE 23A

Lawrence Schatz opens the lid to a coffin.

NARRATOR

Cunning and corrupt, Lawrence Schatz was a funeral director who made a living off the dead above and beyond his job description.

INSIDE LAVISH COFFINS - THREE QUICK POPS

-- LAWRENCE PULLS THE NECKLACE OFF A DEAD WOMAN (PILOT).

-- ...PULLS THE SIZEABLE RING OFF A DEAD FINGER (PILOT).

-- ...PULLS THE POCKET WATCH OFF A DEAD WOMAN IN A GOLD DRESS.

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - PUBLIC VIEWING AREA

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Lawrence Schatz as he picks a corpse clean of jewelry and shoes.

NARRATOR

2 days, 8 hours and 43 minutes before his death, he was exposed as a grave-robber.

A MOURNER steps into their POV. Lawrence turns to face the mourner, caught.

LAWRENCE SCHATZ

I was just prepping the body for burial.

NARRATOR

But before any legal action could be taken and before the spoils of his grave-robbing could be found, Lawrence Schatz found himself in the wrong place at the wrong time.

OMIT

EXT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - DAY

CAMERA PUSHES PAST the SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME sign to find Lawrence Schatz, smiling proud.

NARRATOR

He was 44 years, 17 months, 10 days, 6 hours and 9 minutes old, when he found himself in close proximity of the Pie-Maker.

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - VIEWING ROOM (PILOT)

Ned touches Chuck as she lies in her coffin. The spark flashes from his fingertip.

MOMENTS LATER (PILOT)

Ned stands poised to kiss Chuck, but can't do it.

NED

What if you didn't have to be... dead?

NARRATOR

*But to keep his sleeping beauty alive meant
that someone else had to die...*

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - BATHROOM - DAY (PILOT)

Lawrence Schatz shuffles to the bathroom.

NARRATOR

...one minute later.

CLOSE ON BATHROOM SLATS

We see Lawrence sitting on the toilet and he DIES in an instant.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Pie-Maker took a life...

OMIT

EXT. MORGUE - STREET - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS Ned and Emerson as they EXIT the morgue. They're both smileless as Chuck tries to catch up.

NARRATOR

...and gave it to someone else.

CHUCK

Why are you running away?

NED

Vertigo. Dizzy. The room started spinning.
And I... I think it might be my shoes.
They're very stiff and they pinch and I think
they're cutting off my circulation.

Ned quickens his pace and catches up with Emerson, sotto:

NED (CONT'D)

That was mean. You did a very mean thing.

EMERSON

Really? 'Cause Future Me is here and he has
something he'd like to say.

CHUCK

You didn't touch him. How we supposed to find
out who killed him if you don't touch him?

EMERSON
I already know who killed him.

CHUCK
So the mysterious part is how he was killed.

EMERSON
Already know that, too.

CHUCK
So how did they kill him and who's the killer?

EMERSON
Yeah, who's the killer?

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Ned as he struggles with what to say.

NARRATOR
The Pie-Maker's eye twitched in anticipation of the lie he was about to tell, but instead what he told was the truth.

NED
Me.

As Chuck tries to process that...

CHUCK
Wait. You killed someone?

OFF that...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. MORGUE - DAY

Ned, Chuck and Emerson stand in front of the morgue.

CHUCK

Who did you kill?

NED

I didn't...

EMERSON

You didn't and that's why somebody died.

NED

Please stop talking.

CHUCK

You didn't what?

EMERSON

Looky here, you need a ticket to ride this ride. And if your ticket's been punched, you gotta take somebody else's ticket.

NED

Why are you still talking?

EMERSON

I'm ripping off the band-aid.

NED

I'm not a ripper. I pull up a corner a little bit at a time. I run it under warm water, then I pull it up a little more. It's a process.

EMERSON

It's better to rip.

NED

I didn't actively kill... I'm not an active killer... I'm not a killer.

CHUCK

You killed someone... for me?

NED

It's not my fault. It's a random proximity thing. There was no choice or decision-making whatsoever. It just happened.

CHUCK

But you knew it would happen.

NED

I was incapacitated with not being able to think.
I had one thought and it was of you and it clogged
me up so no other thoughts could get through,
including the one telling me to touch you again.

CHUCK

So every minute I've been celebrating wasn't
mine to celebrate?

NARRATOR

*As Chuck considered the life she was living that
was not her own...*

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - DAY

Olive absently checks the cleanliness of glasses, holding them
over a steaming pot of water and checking for stains.

NARRATOR

Olive considered the life she was not living.

Alfredo Aldarisiso watches her from down the counter.

ALFREDO

Might I make an observation?

OLIVE

Compliment or criticism?

ALFREDO

A neutral thought I would say is neither
complimentary nor critical.

OLIVE

"Neutral thought" gives me pause.

ALFREDO

Neutral for only this portion of the
conversation, but I do have complimentary
observations as part of a follow-up discussion
which I intend to headline with an offer to
repair your espresso machine.

OLIVE

What's your neutral thought?

ALFREDO

You seem decidedly unhappy.

OLIVE
I haven't decided that.

ALFREDO
No anxieties? Neuroses? Pathologies?

OLIVE
Garden variety. What are you beating at?

ALFREDO
I'm beating at happiness. I've beaten it into submission and bottled it for convenience.

Alfredo opens the box case at his side, revealing rows and rows of DROPPER BOTTLES filled with colorful fluid.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
It's homeopathic.

OLIVE
Meaning it deeply relates to gay people?

ALFREDO
Gay only in that they are bright and happy.

He holds up a DROPPER BOTTLE with a pleasant, colorful hue.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
You never have to worry about the oxygen leaving the room again.

Olive stares at him an inscrutable moment, then stands.

OLIVE
Don't go bothering the customers with this.
It's a pie house, not some herbal crack den.

She turns just as Chuck bursts through the back door, Ned close on her heels. Emerson close behind Ned.

NED
Chuck. Say something.

CHUCK
I can't for the life of me think of anything to say. Well, it's not even my life, is it?

Chuck stomps out the door, leaving an embarrassed Ned standing in the middle of the Pie Hole.

Ned glances over his shoulder and sees Olive staring. He averts his eyes and shuffles into the kitchen.

THE KITCHEN - NED AND EMERSON

Olive ENTERS, marches up to Ned and opens her mouth to speak:

NED

Not now.

Olive simultaneously smiles and spins on her heel, EXITING.

NED (CONT'D)

I feel violated. That was my information.
There's your information and my information--

EMERSON

That was our information. You let a man die
on our time. A man who could've been me.

NED

But it wasn't.

EMERSON

But it could'a been. And he was a business
associate of mine. Who do you think hooked us
up with corpse bride?

NED

He stole things off dead people.

EMERSON

Regardless of how he ran his own business, he
never interfered with how I ran mine. You on
other hand made me an accomplice to murder.

NED

Stop saying that. I didn't murder anybody.
There was no malice aforethought. Okay, maybe
it was accidental involuntary manslaughter.

EMERSON

So you accidentally, involuntarily let dead
girl live?

NED

Well...

EMERSON

Yeah, that's what I thought you was gonna say.
Lawrence Schatz was murdered enough for his
brother to hire me to find out who killed him.

NED

Why did you take this case?

EMERSON

You want me to take this case. I'm making sure nobody else solves it. I didn't wanna go down this road with you. I'm sensitive to your experience. I understand it's traumatic, but now I need to chat with Lawrence Schatz before he goes in the ground. Tomorrow.

NED

I'm not going back to that funeral home. It's returning to the scene of the crime. That's sloppy. And, by the way, to ask him what?

EMERSON

To ask him what he did with all the stuff he stole off those dead folks. The relatives of those dead folks been sending death threats to the Schatz boys. And now one of them is dead.

NED

They didn't kill him. We already know who accidentally involuntarily manslaughtered him.

EMERSON

That's not what I wanna ask him. I'm gonna tell his brother he died of natural causes. What I wanna ask Lawrence Schatz is what he did with all those precious family heirlooms.

NED

So you can return them to their families and help heal the grieving?

EMERSON

When the grieving stops, you have joy and with joy comes money. And money comes when my client pays me for finding the heirlooms folks are threatening to kill him for.

NED

I'm not touching Lawrence Schatz. It's too traumatic. I'm fragile on this issue.

EMERSON

That how it is?

NED

Yes. That's how it is.

EMERSON

If you say so... killer.

OFF that, Emerson leaves Ned alone in the kitchen.

CONTINUED: (2)

NARRATOR

The Pie-Maker rationalized circumstances beyond his control were responsible for Lawrence Schatz's death. He was not to blame.

EXT. PIE HOLE - NIGHT

The lights of the Pie Hole blink out and the bakery goes dark. Ned comes out of the front doors, locking them behind him.

NARRATOR

Even so, talking to the man he accidentally involuntarily manslaughtered was something he'd rather not do.

Ned turns to see Chuck sitting on the hood of HIS CAR.

CHUCK

I wanna talk to Lawrence Schatz.

NED

Oh.

CHUCK

I want you to talk to him, too.

NED

Why would I do that?

CHUCK

So you can apologize and I can say thank you.

EXT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Ned, Chuck and Emerson make their way up the front walk. Chuck is featuring an Hepburn-esque chic disguise to avoid exposure.

NARRATOR

As the Pie-Maker found himself back at the scene of his crime, Chuck found herself back where her second life began...

CLOSE ON - LAWRENCE SCHATZ "IN LOVING MEMORY" BOARD

A PHOTO of Lawrence Schatz on an easel adorned with flowers.

NARRATOR

...now with the understanding of how it began.

OMIT

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - PUBLIC VIEWING AREA

Ned, Chuck, Emerson study the picture of Lawrence Schatz. Chuck turns and reacts. She clears her throat and says sotto to Ned:

CHUCK

Have you already been here?

They turn to find LOUIS SCHATZ, Lawrence Schatz's twin, standing behind them wearing a tracksuit.

NED

Lawrence Schatz?

LOUIS SCHATZ

Louis. Lawrence is dead.

(then)

Hey, Emerson.

EMERSON

Hey, Louie.

Chuck notices a POSTCARD advertising "Darling Mermaid Darlings."

CHUCK

"Darling Mermaid Darlings."

LOUIS SCHATZ

We just buried their niece. "Lonely Tourist"
Charlotte Charles. You see they're touring?

CHUCK

Yes, I did. I'm so excited.

LOUIS SCHATZ

Tour's canceled. They're in a dark place.
Some kind of emotional relapse.

(to Chuck)

Have we met before?

CHUCK / NED

No.

But Louis can't seem to take his eyes off Chuck.

EXT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - DAY

NOTE: SHOT AS SCENE 18

Establishing. A POSTMAN approaches the house.

NARRATOR

*The cause of the Darling Mermaid Darlings'
emotional relapse was this...*

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE

NOTE: SHOT AS SCENE 19

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON the mail slot as the mail comes through.

ON AUNTS LILY AND VIVIAN

They descend the stairs carrying two suitcases each.

NARRATOR

After losing Chuck, Aunts Lily and Vivian had a better appreciation of the preciousness of life. With luggage packed, bonnets cinched and sunscreen vigorously applied...

A LARGE POSTER

NOTE: SHOT AS SCENE 20

It's adhered to a wall. It advertises the return of "The Darling Mermaid Darlings," a synchronized swimming extravaganza coming soon to a body of water near you.

NARRATOR

...they were ready at last to start their long-awaited comeback tour.

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE

NOTE: SHOT AS SCENE 21

As Vivian stops to check her hair in the mirror, Lily notices the stack of mail beneath the mail slot.

NARRATOR

But not today. To their surprise, there was something waiting in the morning mail alongside the Thrifty Nickel and the Pennysaver.

Lily pulls out a TAHITIAN POSTCARD from between the periodicals.

LILY

It's from Charlotte.

Lily looks the postcard over. In big block letters it reads: "Wish you were here! XXOXXO Charlotte!"

NARRATOR

In that moment, only for a moment, Aunt Lily forgot Chuck was dead or at least dead to her.

We see a flicker of a smile across Lily's face.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Then she remembered.

CONTINUED:

Lily's chin begins to quiver, but that's as far as she allows the emotion to go -- on the outside, anyway. Lily swallows her emotion so Vivian can't see, hands her sister the postcard. Lily picks up her suitcases and walks back upstairs. Vivian lets out a small sigh as she reads the card.

VIVIAN

Poor, poor Charlotte.

Lily lifts the patch briefly off her eye, dumping a teaspoon of tears down her cheek, which she immediately wipes away.

NARRATOR

And with that, the Darling Mermaid Darlings canceled their comeback tour.

LILY

I'm having a martini and going to bed.

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - PUBLIC VIEWING AREA

As Louis leads Emerson, Ned and Chuck to the viewing room.

LOUIS SCHATZ

You know, Larry died the very same day we buried "Lonely Tourist" Charlotte Charles. Not often we bury a celebrity.

EMERSON

Celebrity.

In an attempt to deflect suspicion:

CHUCK

Burying a celebrity, even a pseudo-celebrity who's only famous for how she died, is a coup for any funeral home. I would imagine.

LOUIS SCHATZ

Would be, if it weren't for Larry's grave-robbing scandal. And his murder.

(re: the locked door)

He's in here. I keep it locked so no one can defile his dead body.

NED

You sure he was murdered?

LOUIS SCHATZ

Now more than ever. I've been putting it all together and boy, do I have a tale to tell.

NARRATOR

And this is the tale Louis Schatz told...

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - VIEWING ROOM

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Lawrence Schatz as he picks a corpse clean of jewelry and shoes. A MOURNER steps into their POV. Lawrence turns to face the mourner, caught red-handed.

NARRATOR

He detailed a series of events that began when he caught his brother Lawrence in the act.

LAWRENCE SCHATZ

I was just prepping the body for burial.

REVERSE - LOUIS SCHATZ AND AN ELDERLY MOURNER

Both stare at Lawrence in shock.

LOUIS SCHATZ

Oh, Larry. How could you?

NARRATOR

When word of Lawrence's grave-robbing ways spread through the sleepy hollow of Coeur d'Coeurs, there was public outrage.

CLOSE ON - MAIL SORTER

LETTER AFTER LETTER addressed to "Schatz Brothers Funeral Home" flips through the sorter.

NARRATOR

Bulk hate mail and death threats by the hundreds frightened the truth out of Lawrence.

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - OFFICE

Louis sits next to Lawrence, his arm around his brother. Lawrence sobs quietly into his brother's bosom.

NARRATOR

According to Louis, he only confessed his sins to the one person he knew would forgive him.

LAWRENCE SCHATZ

I buried it all where no one could find it.

LOUIS SCHATZ

You have to give everything back.

LAWRENCE SCHATZ
But I buried it really deep.

NARRATOR
Louis insisted what his brother Lawrence did not confess was where he had hidden the spoils of his grave-robbery.

OMIT

ON LAWRENCE SCHATZ

DEAD on the toilet.

NARRATOR
That secret he took to his own grave when he presumably died of heart failure.

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - OFFICE

Louis is surrounded by A DOZEN ANGRY CUSTOMERS.

NARRATOR
But as Louis was besieged by angry families seeking the return of stolen heirlooms, he began to wonder:

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON a sweating Louis.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
What if it wasn't heart failure? What if his brother was murdered?

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON STACKS AND STACKS OF HATE MAIL.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
What if in the hundreds of letters addressed to Lawrence Schatz threatening his life, one of them was a promise?

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME
NOTE: SHOT AS SCENE 16

Schatz Brothers Funeral Home Employee DONALD FUNK hauls out a large wreath and places it with a few others.

NARRATOR
And when Schatz Brothers Funeral Home employee Donald Funk witnessed an attempt to steal those letters...

DONALD FUNK
Sir. Mailbox vandalism is a federal offense.

CONTINUED:

The MAN trying to steal the mailbox pulls it off the door. It rips off in an instant and Donald Funk is hit in the face, letters go flying into the air.

NARRATOR

...Louis Schatz realized his brother was murdered and his murder could be next.

OMIT

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - VIEWING ROOM

Louis Schatz (still in his tracksuit) stands over his TWIN BROTHER, laid to rest in his coffin. Emerson, Ned and Chuck stand nearby, looking on respectfully.

NARRATOR

What if his brother was murdered and what if his murder was next?

LOUIS SCHATZ

I told Larry it was bad karma. I'm just sick about the whole thing. Sick. Know what it's like to live in daily fear that one minute you could drop dead right where you're standing because something somebody else did?

EMERSON

I feel like I could have a cigar with you.

LOUIS SCHATZ

I don't smoke. That was Larry.

Louis pulls back the breast of his brother's jacket revealing a fancy Cuban cigar tucked into his vest.

LOUIS SCHATZ (CONT'D)

Take it. He would.

Emerson pulls out the cigar and places it in his own pocket. Louis studies his twin brother's corpse.

LOUIS SCHATZ (CONT'D)

It's true what they say about twins. Strange to share someone's life.

Chuck reacts to that.

LOUIS SCHATZ (CONT'D)

Wish I could give back everything he took.

EMERSON

We have a moment to pay our respects while you wrestle up that hate mail to-go?

CONTINUED:

LOUIS SCHATZ

Sure, sure.

Louis shuffles out the door and Emerson closes it behind him. Emerson leans against the door. Ned and Chuck stand overlooking Lawrence Schatz in his coffin.

NOTE: THE BELOW PORTION OF THE SCENE WAS SHOT AS SCENE 41

NARRATOR

As they stood over the man who died for one of them and was killed by the other, Chuck and the Pie-Maker carefully planned their words.

Ned starts his watch, then touches Lawrence. There's a SPARK and Lawrence Schatz opens his eyes.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But neither of them could get their words out.

LAWRENCE SCHATZ

Yes?

NED

I'm sorry for what I did. It was mainly accidental, but partially on-purpose. However inadvertent, I'm sorry I did it. That's all.

Chuck shoos him aside and peers down at Lawrence.

CHUCK

Hello.

LAWRENCE SCHATZ

"Lonely Tourist" Charlotte Charles! Are you part of the welcoming committee?

CHUCK

More like a beneficiary. In that I'm still alive. Which is why you're not.

LAWRENCE SCHATZ

Was I a human sacrifice?

(notices Emerson)

Oh, hey, Emerson.

EMERSON

Hey, Larry. Where'd you stash all that stuff you stole off them dead people?

LAWRENCE SCHATZ

Ask Louis what he did with it.

CONTINUED: (2)

EMERSON

Louis said you buried it.

LAWRENCE SCHATZ

And you believed him? Have you met Louis?
Hey. How'd I die? Did somebody kill me?

NED

Nobody killed you... per se.

CHUCK

Yes, they did. So I could live.

NED

It wasn't personal. I didn't pick you.
Selection was purely random, but it didn't
help that you were in the next room.

EMERSON

Louis has all that stuff you stole?

LAWRENCE SCHATZ

We stole. It was a family business. Louis
has everything but this watch.

Chuck notices the ANTIQUE POCKET WATCH on Lawrence's vest.

CHUCK

My father gave me a watch just like that.

LAWRENCE SCHATZ

You were buried with it. Well, you were
supposed to be. Caught me in the cookie jar.

CHUCK

You... stole that off my dead body?

LAWRENCE SCHATZ

Your dead body wasn't doing anything with it.

Chuck stands there absolutely dumbfounded for a beat, then
snatches the pocket watch from Lawrence Schatz's vest, slamming
the coffin lid on him before he can protest. TICK-TICK-TICK.

Ned tries to open the coffin lid, but it won't budge.

NED

It's stuck.

Chuck tries to open it on the other end.

EMERSON

You better be playing.

CONTINUED: (3)

Lawrence rocks the coffin, panicking.

LAWRENCE SCHATZ
(muffled inside the coffin)
I'm very claustrophobic.

NED
(checks his watch)
Twenty-nine seconds.

Ned shoots an apologetic look toward Emerson. TICK-TICK-TICK!

EMERSON
(backing toward the door)
Oh, hell no.

Ned and Chuck struggle with the coffin lid as Emerson opens the door and bolts from the room as if a grenade had been thrown.
OMIT

EXT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Emerson Cod BURSTS out of the doors of the funeral home. OFF
Emerson running down the cemetery road... TICK-TICK-TICK!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Establishing. TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK.

NARRATOR

1 minute's time was nearing its end. Random selection was about to begin.

OMIT

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - VIEWING ROOM

Ned and Chuck beat upward at the coffin lid with urns in an attempt to un-stick the lid, or at least break it open.

NED

Five seconds.

Chuck stops beating at the coffin lid. Ned carries on.

CHUCK

Maybe I should let him have his life back.

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG goes Ned's urn.

NED

Not how it works. There's no re-gifting.

Finally, the lid flips open and Lawrence Schatz GASPS for air.

LAWRENCE SCHATZ

That wasn't cool, you guys--

Ned touches Lawrence's forehead immediately and we see a SPARK just as his body flashes dark and goes limp. Ned's watch CHIRPS. Just in time. Ned and Chuck stand there panting a moment, holding their urns, rattled by the close call.

CHUCK

Look.

She hands him the watch, he flips it over to see a large CC engraved in the cover. He runs his thumb across it.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Sweet of my aunts to bury it with me. My dad had it. Then I had it. Then I suppose he had it. Although, that really steams me.

Ned closes the coffin lid.

CONTINUED:

NED

You did get it back.

CHUCK

I did. It's nice to get things back.

All is not yet forgiven, but Chuck can still appreciate the concept. Still, she's struck by a sad, nagging, little thought.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

My aunts canceled their tour. I was looking forward to hiding in the crowd with big sunglasses and a parasol, watching them perform in their mermaid suits.

(then)

He said they were in a dark place. Some kind of emotional relapse. Couldn't we just--

NED

You can't see your aunts. I'm sorry.

As CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Chuck as she examines the watch...

NARRATOR

If Chuck could not re-gift the life she'd been given, she at least wanted to find a way to share it with the ones she loved.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Emerson sits on the side of the road chewing the end of the cigar he took out of Lawrence Schatz's vest. Ned's car pulls into FRAME.

EMERSON

Anybody dead back there that shouldn't be?

NED

No.

EMERSON

Sweet.

ON NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

There's a picture of Lawrence Schatz with the headline: "Funeral Director Robbed from the Dead."

NARRATOR

After Lawrence Schatz was exposed as a grave-robber...

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - DAY

Ned, Chuck and Emerson sit in one of the booths. They can barely see each other between two mail bins on the table between them. Chuck opens letters and Emerson looks on.

NARRATOR

...the mailbox at the Schatz Brothers Funeral Home received 1,867 hate letters. Each one a catalog of heirlooms feared stolen and lost.

NED

Louis Schatz is a big, fat liar. And I say fat in reference to his size as a liar, not as a judgement of his physical appearance.

CHUCK

I'm not mad at him for lying. If I could pin my crimes on a dead relative, especially a guilty dead relative, I'd at least consider it.

EMERSON

Suckah played me like boo-boo the fool. Hired me to make him look innocent. He knew all along where the dead people treasure was buried. I'm gonna follow his lying fat ass till he lead me to it. Then I'm gonna take it.

CHUCK

You can't steal dead people's stuff.

EMERSON

I'm not the one who stole it. I don't condone what they did. But this is once-removed. I'm not the pirate, I'm just looking for treasure.

CHUCK

Your pirate metaphor is weak.

EMERSON

It's apt.

(then)

I find a pirate treasure at the bottom of the sea, I take it. It don't matter whose it was if whose it was is dead. 'Cause it's mine now.

She holds up her father's pocket watch.

CHUCK

This isn't a doubloon. It's somebody's something. Stealing from the pirate who stole it is still stealing. It's not once-removed.

EMERSON

Somebody didn't want their something if they
buried it with somebody who can't use it.

Chuck can see this is going nowhere.

CHUCK

And what if Lawrence Schatz was murdered for
that buried treasure? Or was going to be.
(to Ned)
Before you got to him.

NED

Why'd you have to say it like that?

CHUCK

There's a lot of hostility in these letters.
Do you realize how angry you have to be to put
pen to paper? These people are furious. Any
one of them could be a killer.

EMERSON

Lawrence Schatz wasn't murdered. He was
accidentally involuntarily manslaughtered.

NED

I appreciate that.

CHUCK

Somebody did try to steal their hate mail.
Had to be something incriminating in there.
Louis Schatz could still be in danger.

EMERSON

There ain't no killer.

OFF Emerson's proclamation, CAMERA PULLS BACK THROUGH THE WINDOW
until we are--

EXT. PIE HOLE - DAY

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK across the muddy grill of a 4x4
truck with Alabama plates and bumper stickers that read: "The
South Shall Rise Again" and "I Love a Redneck Woman."

NARRATOR

Be that as it may, murder was on someone's mind.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THE DRIVER

He's entirely silhouetted in his cab, staring into the Pie Hole.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. PIE HOLE - DINING AREA

Chuck sits tucked in a booth, surrounded by her own letters from the funeral home. Emerson sits in the booth behind Chuck, organizing his own stack of mail from the funeral home.

NARRATOR

As Chuck catalogued another missing heirloom, she considered what her aunts had lost and how it could never be returned.

Chuck's LETTER OPENER slices through a letter.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She abandoned Lily and Vivian, not by any fault of her own. But Chuck's guilty conscience rationalized she abandoned them nonetheless.

CHUCK

This is depressing.

Chuck shoves aside a stack of hate mail to REVEAL Alfredo Aldarasio sitting in the booth across from her.

ALFREDO

Did you say depressing?

CLOSE ON - ALFREDO ALDARISIO'S WOOD CASE

It opens and rises and spreads like a gypsy tackle box with drawers, revealing dozens of dropper bottles inside.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Chuck and Alfredo sitting.

ALFREDO

FDA-approved, pharmaceutical-grade herbology.

Chuck takes a bottle and examines it. The table shakes slightly with the passing of a truck. Alfredo tenses for a moment.

CHUCK

Like a bully for your emotions.

ALFREDO

Emotions need to be bullied. At the very least, groomed. Indulging depression is like indulging a horrible, willful child. If you allow it to run roughshod, you'll find yourself catering to its every whim, so bully it and bully it good.

CHUCK

Everybody could use a little bullying from time to time. Do you have literature?

ALFREDO

I have a pamphlet if you'd like to read that.

He hands her a pamphlet and continues without missing a beat:

ALFREDO (CONT'D)

Our herbs for depression contain proven ingredients in the proper doses manufactured with the strictest of quality control.

CHUCK

"Herbs for depression" is so much more civil than "antidepressants."

ALFREDO

And with fewer side effects.

CHUCK

Can I have this?

Alfredo takes the bottle back.

ALFREDO

I can't just give it to you. It's a controlled substance. But I have sample packs.

He pulls a BLISTER PACK OF DROPPERS out of another drawer.

INT. PIE HOLE - NIGHT

After hours. Empty. Blinds drawn, lights out. But a light still burns in the kitchen as someone works furiously away...

NARRATOR

Chuck wasn't thinking of herself...

INT. PIE HOLE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's not Ned up late making pies, it's Chuck.

NARRATOR

She was thinking of her aunts.

-- WHOOSH. The flames in the oven IGNITE.

-- Chuck pours peach filling into a pie crust.

-- Chuck uncaps the top of a dropper bottle.

CONTINUED:

-- DRIP-DRIP-DRIP, Chuck doses the pie.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Though the life she was living was not her own, Chuck found a way for her living gift to be the gift that kept giving.

ON CHUCK

She considers a moment, then adds three more drops to the pie.

-- Chuck covers the pie with pie crust.

-- SLICE-SLICE-SLICE, Chuck grates cheese onto the crust.

-- Chuck slides the pie into the oven.

-- Chuck twists the timer and it starts to TICK-TICK-TICK.

DING! -- WE'RE ON CHUCK

She puts the pie in a box and writes "Lily & Vivian Charles" on the label and addresses it to Coeur d'Coeurs.

ON A PIE BOX

Chuck carefully sets the boxed pie inside a large freezer with a glass door. It joins stacks of pie boxes marked "Delivery."

NARRATOR

Even after she was dead and gone, Chuck found a way to do what she had done all her life...

As Chuck smiles and walks out of the kitchen, we see the label on her pie marked: "Lily & Vivian Charles. Coeur d'Coeurs." Click. She turns out the light.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...care for her aunts.

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - KITCHEN - MORNING

The DELIVERY BOY pulls the other pies off the freezer and puts them in a large rack. Olive stands at the doorway, sees the delivery boy walking away without Chuck's pie.

OLIVE

You forgot one.

DELIVERY BOY

Outside my zone.

OLIVE
(off the address)
It's not so far. You wanna be a delivery boy
or a delivery man?

DELIVERY BOY
Boy. You be a man.

OLIVE
But it's my day off. And I'm a girl.

He EXITS with pies, leaving Olive alone with the abandoned pie.

NARRATOR
*In her own way, Olive identified with the
plight of the abandoned pie. It was meant for
someone and without a little effort, it would
never be with the one it was meant to be with.*

Olive lifts the pie off the shelf and carries it out. CAMERA
REVEALS the freezer next to the one Olive just pulled the pie
out of. The glass lid of the freezer is almost completely
frosted over. We can't see what's inside.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
*And tragically for Louis Schatz, he was meant
to be with his brother.*

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the glass lid of the freezer to REVEAL the
dead face of Louis Schatz inside.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. PIE HOLE - KITCHEN

Ned rolls dough at the counter. Chuck ENTERS, sees Ned's sorry state and feels badly.

CHUCK

I didn't hear you leave this morning.

NED

I didn't hear you come in last night.

CHUCK

I was having conversations with myself.

NED

What'd you guys talk about?

CHUCK

I asked myself, if I were storming a castle to rescue a sleeping beauty from the jaws of death and in the melee my sword of truth flew swift and sure and killed an unfortunate pirate huddled nearby, how would I feel.

NED

Did you successfully rescue Sleeping Beauty?

CHUCK

In this scenario, yes.

NED

And how would you feel, hypothetically?

CHUCK

I would feel happy. And bad. Primarily happy. Until I thought about it too much, then I'd feel bad again.

NED

That's kinda how I feel. Slash exactly how I feel. I don't want you to think I'm a killer.

Ned opens the freezer door and reacts.

CHUCK

I don't wanna think you're a killer, either. I wanna think you're Prince Charming.

NED

That's not good.

CONTINUED:

CHUCK

I'm not setting a standard, it's just--

Ned pushes the freezer door open further to REVEAL Louis Schatz.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Oh. Did you--?

NED

No.

OFF Chuck and Ned staring at the corpse in the freezer...

NARRATOR

As Chuck and the Pie-Maker considered the dead Schatz brother in the freezer...

EXT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - DAY

Olive stands just outside the fence with the pie box in her hands, looking up at the looming Victorian home.

NARRATOR

Olive Snook considered the consequences of driving several towns away to make a delivery to an address that was not part of the regular delivery route.

ON OLIVE

She pushes the gate open and slowly approaches the house.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As she drew closer to the front door, Olive considered the sheer number of crimes against delivery people and how they were on the rise.

The gate slams shut behind Olive, startling her. Olive climbs the front steps toward:

THE FRONT DOOR

Olive stands in front of it, a horrible scenario running through her head. She eyes the doorbell and gulps.

CLOSE ON - THE DOORBELL

Olive's finger presses the bell and it BING-BONGS.

POP WIDE

As Olive drops the pie box in front of the door and hurries down the stairs, away from the strange house.

CONTINUED:

CAMERA FOLLOWS OLIVE

She races for the front gate, certain something horrible is on her heels. She reaches the fence but it appears to be stuck or locked -- she rattles the gate. Fearing the worst, Olive glances over her shoulder and quickly STIFLES A SCREAM.

OLIVE'S POV - VIVIAN

She stands on the walkway behind Olive holding the open pie box.

VIVIAN

Your pie smells delicious.

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Olive sits alone amongst the birds. Vivian ENTERS with a serving tray set with plates and utensils as Lily shuffles down the stairs, still in her robe.

VIVIAN

(to Olive)

Pie for breakfast always reminds me of Mother.

As Lily shuffles into the room:

LILY

Vermouth always reminds me of Mother. Why are we having pie? And who are you?

VIVIAN

Forgive Lily. The last time we had visitors, there was a home invasion.

Olive gasps with recognition, then gets a little excited.

OLIVE

That was all over the evening news. You're Darling Mermaid Darlings Vivian and Lily Charles. I saw you perform at the Callum County County Fair when I was a little girl. Daryl Hannah had nothing on you.

Lily forces a polite smile.

VIVIAN

Olive works in the pie industry.

OLIVE

Someone cared enough to make you the happy recipients of a pie from the Pie Hole. As in "shut your." Or in this case "open your" 'cause it's real good.

VIVIAN

Pie Hole. I like it. It's provocative.

LILY

You must love pie to make it your life's work.

OLIVE

Lots to love at the Pie Hole.

LILY

There's Gruyère baked into the crust.

OLIVE

There is? I didn't know we did that.

LILY

Charlotte loved Gruyère.

Lily's chin trembles for the briefest of moments.

VIVIAN

We recently lost our niece, "Lonely Tourist"
Charlotte Charles.

OLIVE

It's all over the news. I'm so sorry for your
loss. I'm sure you're sick of hearing that
and I don't wanna beat a sentiment to dea--
(catches herself too late)
I'm so sorry for your loss.

Vivian tries to recover the moment by turning it back to pie:

VIVIAN

This has to be from that young man who lived
next door when Charlotte was a girl.

LILY

Ah. He had a filthy mind as a child. Filthy.
He gave Charlotte pornography. On a T-shirt.
For her eighth birthday. What did we call him?

VIVIAN

Beaver Boy.

LILY

Beaver Boy. Little pervert.

VIVIAN

Seemed like he grew up to be a nice young man.

LILY

Little perverts grow up to be big perverts.

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVE

It's true. They often do. But he can't be all bad if he sent you a pie.

LILY

Beaver Boy did say he was a pie-maker. I imagine he gives lots of people pie.

Olive reacts.

OLIVE

Beaver Boy is a pie-maker? Who was childhood sweethearts with your niece... "Lonely Tourist" Charlotte Charles. Who is dead. Presently.

NARRATOR

The truth about the dead girl who wasn't dead vibrated on Olive's tongue. She dare not let it out. Not yet. So she took another bite.

INT. EMERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Emerson is at his desk, laying out a wide array of surveillance equipment. Goggles, microphones, remote listening devices, the works. He's putting a spy camera into a birdhouse.

NARRATOR

Not realizing Louis Schatz was dead and wedged between chilling dough and yesterday's eggs, Emerson Cod prepared to monitor every move he made in hopes of finding buried treasure.

The PHONE RINGS. He answers:

EMERSON

Emerson Cod.

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - KITCHEN

Chuck has the freezer door open and is examining Louis Schatz's corpse. Ned talks on the pay phone in the kitchen.

NED

Hi. Uh, one of the Schatz brothers...

CHUCK

It's Louis.

CONTINUED:

NED

Louis. Louis Schatz is in my freezer. And I'm not quite sure how he got there because it doesn't look like it was, um, his own doing. On account'a he's dead and all.

EMERSON

You being set up.

NED

He said we're being set up.

EMERSON

No. You being set up.

NED

Why would anyone wanna set me up?

EMERSON

Hell if I know. Maybe they figure since you killed the other one...

NED

Have I been exposed? Does somebody know?

EMERSON

Somebody knows something and that somebody probably already called the police.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

NED

Hey. The police are here.

Chuck and Ned glance into the dining area and see the SILHOUETTES OF TWO POLICE OFFICERS at the door. One of them is cupping his hands over the window and peering through the slats.

ON NED AND CHUCK

They glance at each other, then back to Louis Schatz in the freezer. OFF the "Oh, shit" of it all...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. PIE HOLE (STAGE) - DAY

The two police officers KNOCK again on the front door.

INT. PIE HOLE - KITCHEN - DAY

Chuck and Ned exchange a look as they look at Louis Schatz still in the freezer. There's one way to get out of this. Ned checks his watch, then reaches out and touches Louis Schatz.

NED

Hi. You need to follow us.

LOUIS SCHATZ

Where're we going?

CHUCK

Do you believe in Heaven?

LOUIS SCHATZ

(gasps)
I got in?

CHUCK

(beat)
Yes.
(then)
And Heaven is closing in like five minutes.

NED

Or one, actually.

CHUCK

Heaven's closing in one minute.

EXT. PIE HOLE - BACK ALLEY - DAY

EMERSON'S CAR, with Emerson in it, drives by, missing the alley. We HEAR A SCREECH. Then Emerson's car backs into FRAME in front of Ned, Chuck and Louis Schatz.

ON NED, CHUCK AND LOUIS SCHATZ

They hurry down the alley toward Emerson's car.

LOUIS SCHATZ

Hey, Emerson! You going to Heaven, too?

EMERSON

(eyes Chuck and Ned)
Yeah. We're all going to Heaven.

LOUIS SCHATZ
So weird we died at the same time.

EMERSON
The Rapture.

LOUIS SCHATZ
No way!

CHUCK
Yes way!

LOUIS SCHATZ
Is Larry here?

EMERSON
Yeah, he said to ask you what you did with all that stuff you stole from those dead folks.

CHUCK
But first you have to tell us who killed you. Heaven will wanna know.

LOUIS SCHATZ
I choked on a piece of tongue.

EMERSON
Yours or someone else's?

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Louis Schatz sits at his desk eating tongue (on a plate with a simple garnish of parsley).

NARRATOR
In this instance, the tongue belonged to a cow. Although Louis Schatz had been limiting his portions, they weren't so small they couldn't block his windpipe when he was confronted by an angry customer.

A SHADOW moves into the room. Louis Schatz looks up, startles and GASPS. The food lodges in his windpipe with a hollow THUNK.

EXT. PIE HOLE - BACK ALLEY - EMERSON'S CAR - DAY

Emerson behind the wheel, Louis in front, Chuck and Ned in back.

LOUIS SCHATZ
He said something about a Civil War heirloom, then I lost consciousness. Usually I can cough it up before I pass out.

CONTINUED:

Louis finally gets into the front seat and notices:

LOUIS SCHATZ (CONT'D)

Hey. There's no seat belt in this car.

NED

Five seconds.

EMERSON

Wait. What'd you do with the stuff--

Ned touches Louis Schatz on the forehead. He FLASHES dead.

NED

Sorry. What are we gonna do with the body?

EMERSON

We're gonna put Schatz back exactly where he died and show whoever this sucker was who tried to frame you how a sucker gets framed.

NED

But we don't know who that sucker is.

CHUCK

Yes, we do. Wilfred Woodruff.

Emerson and Ned turn and look at Chuck in the backseat.

INT. PIE HOLE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Chuck is going through the piles of hate mail and writing in a ledger everything claimed to be stolen.

NARRATOR

In Chuck's cataloging of heirlooms feared stolen by trusted funeral professionals...

CLOSE ON - NAME COLUMN

Chuck writes the name "Wilfred Woodruff" in neat letters.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She came across a particularly angry death threat written by one Wilfred Woodruff.

ON COFFIN

NOTE: SHOT AS SCENE 61

A MAN DRESSED IN CIVIL WAR REGALIA lies in his coffin, the sword at his side is yanked off his belt.

NARRATOR

Mr. Woodruff claimed a Civil War heirloom supposedly buried with his grandfather was offered in an online auction.

ON AUCTION WINDOW

We're on a QVC-style display featuring a rotating image of a CIVIL WAR SWORD.

NARRATOR

Which was traced back to the Brothers Schatz. Mr. Woodruff clearly stated in writing that punishment for insulting the Woodruff family honor in such a way was death.

OMIT

EXT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - FRONT - DAY

Ned and Emerson make their way up the front walkway, pushing Louis Schatz in a wheelbarrow.

Chuck comes from the front door.

CHUCK

It's all locked up.

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

Ned's arm pushes open a window that all but obscures the light from outside. He unlatches the window. It opens and Ned starts to crawl through, feet first. He drops down into the darkened room, moves away from the window to an even darker place. He glances up to see Emerson eyeing the window.

EMERSON

I ain't gonna fit.

NED

You'll fit. There's plenty of room.

Emerson eyes it one last time, then his legs begin to slide through the window behind Ned. Then abruptly stop.

NED (CONT'D)

Oh. The window looked bigger from down here.

EXT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Emerson hangs half out of the basement window, facing Chuck. He struggles to push himself through.

CHUCK

Are you stuck?

EMERSON

No.

CHUCK

You are stuck. You're like Winnie the Pooh.
Give me your paws, Pooh.

Emerson reluctantly gives Chuck his hands and she pulls.

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - BASEMENT

Ned takes Emerson's feet and begins to pull.

EXT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME

Emerson is being pulled in two different directions and not moving in either one.

EMERSON

You people stop pulling at me.

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - BASEMENT

Ned lets go of Emerson's legs and we see his SILHOUETTE as he feels around the near-darkness. There is a familiar POP-SPARK followed by a FLASH, then ANOTHER and ANOTHER.

NED

Uh-oh.

There are three GURNEYS with three sheeted dead BODIES, their BARE FEET all around him. All the toes are wiggling...

NED (CONT'D)

Hmm. This isn't good at all.

He pulls back one sheet. An ELDERLY MAN looks back at him.

ELDERLY MAN

What part of "Do Not Resuscitate" don't you people understand?

Ned RE-DEADS him, moves on to the next, pulls back the sheet. A 30s WOMAN glances around.

30S WOMAN

Honey, did you turn off the gas?

ZAP. Re-dead. He shakes off the creepy and continues moving through the darkness, careful not to touch anything.

OMIT

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - EMBALMING ROOM

Ned notices the sheet moving on another gurney, as if the person underneath were breathing. Ned pulls back the sheet. An ASIAN MAN stares at him. Ned TOUCHES his face. NO ZAP. The guy blinks. No effect. Ned touches him again.

As he LEAPS off the gurney, pointing a sword at Ned.

WILFRED

Say, you're the Pie-Maker.

NED

Wilfred Woodruff? You killed Louis Schatz.

Wilfred gasps.

WILFRED

You killed Lawrence Schatz.

Ned gasps.

EMERSON (O.S.)

What's goin' on down there?

Ned and Wilfred stare at each other a tense moment, then:

NED

HELP!

ON NED - SLOW MOTION

Ned's eyes slowly blink.

NARRATOR

As the Pie-Maker considered the choices he made that brought him to this very moment... a moment that may be his last...

CLOSE ON NED'S EYE - SLOW MOTION

It dilates every so slightly. We see the REFLECTION of the SWORD as it swoooooooops toward Ned in SLOW MOTION.

The score swells with *THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC* as Wilfred Woodruff swings his sword to strike, and we...

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - EMBALMING ROOM

ON WILFRED WOODRUFF - SLOW MOTION

He brings the sword down in a deadly arc. SWOOOSH.

NARRATOR

The irony of being struck down by the man who murdered the twin of the man he killed was not lost on him. Also not lost: his agility.

Ned leans back and the sword narrowly misses him.

WHACK - TIME RESUMES TO NORMAL

The sword slams down on the gurney next to Ned, cutting off the foot of the corpse that was lying there. (NOTE: It's a clean, bloodless wound that will play as darkly humorous, not gross.)

NED / WILFRED

(horrified)

OHMYGOD.

Wilfred brings his sword back up in a defensive posture.

Ned grabs the EMBALMING NEEDLE out of the corpse, unsheathing it, as it were. There's a small spray of embalming fluid and Ned pulls the tube off the back of the needle.

He holds it up -- "EN GARDE!"

EXT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Emerson is still stuck in the window.

NED (O.S.)

HELP!

CHUCK

Ned?

Emerson gives Chuck his hands again and tells her:

EMERSON

Pull.

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - BASEMENT

As before. Ned and Wilfred face off.

NED
(to Emerson and Chuck)
Wilfred Woodruff found his sword.

WILFRED
It's my granddaddy's sword. And before that it
was my great-great-great-great granddaddy's
sword. He fought proudly against Ulysses S.
Grant in the Battle of Missionary Ridge with
this here blade.

NED
Are you adopted?

Insulted, Wilfred Woodruff swings. Ned blocks. CLANG! CLANG!

NARRATOR
Wilfred Woodruff was not adopted.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

EIGHT CHINESE LABORERS work on a stretch of RAILROAD TRACK. A
WHITE FOREMAN sits on an overturned crate, drinking from a
bottle of whiskey. FAMBING WOO, 24, Chinese, is a laborer.

NARRATOR
*On a hot day in the summer of 1863, Wilfred
Woodruff's great-great-great-great
grandfather, Fambing Woo, was laying track for
the Central Pacific Railroad.*

Seven of the men drop their equipment and RUN away from the
tracks in one direction.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
*The decision was made to find a better life.
As the Civil War was still raging, the other
men chose to go Northwest.*

Fambing runs the OPPOSITE WAY.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
*Why Fambing Woo chose to run Southeast is not
known. Some said it was the hand of destiny,
others felt it was heatstroke.*

EXT. CLEARING - ANOTHER DAY

Fambing, barefoot, his face dirty, his clothes ripped, comes
upon a BOOT in the grass, picks it up...

NARRATOR

Eventually, Fambing was forced to steal the clothes off a fallen soldier.

Fambing moves behind a tree (OR SOME OTHER OBSTACLE).

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING

Fambing enters the frame wearing a CONFEDERATE OFFICER'S UNIFORM, walks down the road.

NARRATOR

Returning to his journey, he soon realized he was not alone.

Fambing stops walking, sensing something. He looks behind him. REVEAL SIX OTHER CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS, one with FIFE and DRUM, in a line behind him.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Fambing immediately realized he did not belong in this place at this time...

The MEN SALUTE him.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But this time and place seemed more than happy to have him.

He SALUTES BACK, turns and marches them down the road. As he marches into the distance, fife and drum blaring...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Decorated for his bravery in the Battle of Missionary Ridge and the second Battle of Murfreesboro, Fambing went on to found his own branch of the...

FAMMING

Opens his uniform jacket to see the handwritten name "WOODRUFF."

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Woodruff family tree.

BACK TO SCENE

Ned and Wilfred continue to face off, Wilfred backing Ned up into a gurney with a body on it. Ned tries to jump over it and stumbles back, bringing the body down on top of him. He's on the ground, Wilfred standing over him -- he's got the drop on Ned.

CONTINUED:

NED

You killed Louis Schatz and stuffed him in my freezer. I put food in there!

WILFRED

I didn't kill Louis Schatz. He's a clumsy eater who inhaled and swallowed the same time.

Ned grabs the severed foot and throws it at Wilfred before scrambling to his two attached feet.

EXT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Chuck continues to pull at Emerson, who isn't budging.

CHUCK

Mind over matter makes Pooh un-fatter.

EMERSON

I may be stuck but I can still reach my gun.

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - BASEMENT

We're watching the SHADOWS OF WILFRED AND NED fight it out. CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! Swords hits needle again and again. Wilfred backs Ned INTO FRAME and toward the stairs. He stumbles back and Wilfred lunges at Ned, pressing the sword into him. Nose to nose, wrist to wrist, they stare each other down.

WILFRED

You should know I was thrice named alternate sword master at the Southern Area Regional Volunteer Infantry Reenactment Regiment.

NED

I wanted to be a Jedi.

Ned pushes him off with a GRUNT. Ned regains his footing, whips his needle-sword through the air with a flourish.

WILFRED

I saw you kill Lawrence Schatz.

NED

You didn't see squat.

ON LAWRENCE SCHATZ

Dead, on the toilet (from PILOT).

NARRATOR

Wilfred Woodruff saw more than squat when he approached Lawrence Schatz about his great-great-great-great grandfather's sword.

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - FLASHBACK

WIDEN TO FIND WILFRED (in different clothes)

Wide-eyed at the body. Regains his composure, rushes out into:

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - LOBBY - FLASHBACK

He sees Ned bolt from the viewing room in attempt to catch the hearse carrying Chuck's coffin.

NARRATOR

He saw the Pie-Maker fleeing the scene of Lawrence Schatz's murder.

INT. SCHATZ BROTHERS FUNERAL HOME - EMBALMING ROOM

Ned swallows, uncomfortable at the mention. CLANG! CLANG!
CLANG! Wilfred lunges at Ned, forcing him up the stairs.

NED

I didn't touch Lawrence Schatz. Not until after he died. And he was in his coffin.

WILFRED

I didn't touch Louis Schatz. Not until after he died and I rolled him onto a wheelbarrow.

He lunges at Ned, who steps back just as Wilfred's sword plunges into the wooden step.

NED

All because you wrote a nasty letter.

WILFRED

I wrote a death threat. Then someone died. That has a way of coming back to haunt you.

THWOCK! Wilfred unstucks his sword and levels it at Ned.

NED

Unless you frame someone for murder, you ass.

WILFRED

I had no choice.

Ned's had enough. He bears down on Wilfred with the embalming needle. CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

CONTINUED:

NED

Of course you did. Everything we do is a choice. Oatmeal or cereal. Highway or side streets. Kiss her, or keep her. We make choices and we live with the consequences. If someone gets hurt along the way, we ask for forgiveness. It's the best anyone can do.

Wilfred stops for a moment, seemingly considering. Then:

WILFRED

I can do better.

QUICK ACTION:

Ned dodges the blade, but FLIPS OVER THE BANNISTER in the process. He lands on a stack of coffins next to the bannister.

One of the legs on the coffin display SWAYS AND SPLINTERS.

Ned snags the HEAVY CURTAIN flanking the stack of coffins, pulls it down shower-ring style, landing on his feet on the floor.

Wilfred runs down the stairs, sword in hand.

The door at the top of the stairs swings open REVEALING Chuck.

CHUCK

Ned!

ON WILFRED

He's at the base of the stairs, sword in hand.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Kick, Pooh, kick!

Emerson's leg kicks fast and hard, connecting with Wilfred's head and sending him sprawling to the ground and sending his sword into the air.

ON SWORD - SLOW MOTION

It spins in its descent.

ON NED - RESUME NORMAL MOTION

He catches the sword, holding it like Excalibur. The curtain rod gives way and the curtain slides off onto Ned, landing like a princely cape on his shoulders.

TWO COFFINS crash down behind him, opening on impact and spilling all the treasures the Schatz brothers stole.

CONTINUED: (2)

ON CHUCK

She stares at Ned looking every bit the Prince Charming he is.

NARRATOR

At that very moment, Chuck saw the Pie-Maker. Perhaps not as he really was, but as he would always appear to her. Her Prince Charming.

She smiles and he smiles back.

EXT. PIE HOLE - DAY

Establishing.

INT. PIE HOLE - DAY

Olive ENTERS with Digby to find the Pie Hole empty. She's totally the cat who ate the canary.

NARRATOR

Olive Snook's blood stirred with revelation and opportunity. She could see Chuck had faked her death for some nefarious purpose.

OLIVE

I could smell trouble on her like she stepped in it and it stuck to her heel.

NARRATOR

...what she couldn't see was the distant glimmer of her own Prince Charming...

CLOSE ON - ESPRESSO MACHINE

The little red light is on. It's filled with water and coffee grounds and there's an espresso cup and saucer already in place.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The broken espresso machine. Sitting there being pretty with no one to touch it... had been touched, filled with water and packed with coffee grounds.

ON OLIVE

As she pulls the lever and the coffee starts to flow...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

For the time being, the romantic gesture was lost on Olive. Her espresso was much too bitter. But this would not be her last cup.

EXT. PIE HOLE - DAY

Through the window, we see Olive sitting in a booth with her cup of espresso.

CAMERA PULLS BACK across the street OVER A MAN'S SHOULDER. He's watching Olive. He turns to CAMERA and we REVEAL it's Alfredo. He turns away with a small smile.

CLOSE ON - WALL

NOTE: SHOT AS SCENE 86A

A PICTURE of the Schatz brothers is taped up. We are in--

INT. EMERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK TO REVEAL EMERSON staring intently at the picture of Louis and Larry.

NARRATOR

Not bitter at all was Emerson Cod. He learned a lesson from Brothers Schatz. He didn't want to lead the life they led. Not to say he no longer wanted to make a living off the dead.

REVEAL Emerson is standing on a scale.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He made a decision while wedged in the window that day never to be wedged again.

Emerson steps off the scale and cheerfully pats his belly.

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE

NOTE: SHOT AS SCENE 87

Lily puts the finishing touches on her cheese plate and wine glass just as Vivian trots over with a fresh pie box.

Vivian puts down the pie box, accidentally knocking over the cheese. She freezes for a second -- how will Lily react?

NARRATOR

At that same moment, Lily and Vivian Charles were enjoying a wedge of happiness with Gruyère baked into the crust.

Vivian SMILES as she sweeps the cheese out of the way, making room for pie. Lily SMILES back. It's brief, but it was there.
OMIT

ON A TELEVISION

Wilfred being escorted by POLICE--

NEWSCASTER

...was held for questioning in the deaths of
Louis and Lawrence Schatz, two key players in
the grave-robbing scandal...

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL we are--

INT. NED'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Chuck watches TV. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Chuck is
surrounded by A HUNDRED GIFT BOXES in various shapes and sizes,
each one with an opened envelope attached.

NARRATOR

*The gift of life Chuck had been given was
indeed the gift that kept giving. She went
about matching hate mail with heirlooms, and
re-gifting them to their rightful heirs.*

CAMERA FINDS NED as he finishes wrapping ribbon around a package
and hands it to Chuck.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Like she had been re-gifted to the Pie-Maker.

NED

I'd do it again.

CHUCK

(eyes the wrapping job)
I think it's nice the way it is.

NED

No. I made a choice and I'd do it again. I
let Lawrence Schatz die. And if I was faced
with that choice right now, I'd choose the
same choice. You could put me on a loop and
I'd make the same choice every time, that's
how confident I am it was the right choice for
me to make. And I'm sorry if that makes me a
bad person, but I'm not sorry you're alive.

She beams.

CHUCK

I like that you did it on purpose. Doing
something on accident is never as fun.

He smiles, boyishly lost for a moment. Then sobers:

PUSHING DAISIES #102 "The Fun in Funeral" 10/03/07 FINAL DRAFT ACT SIX 59.
CONTINUED:

NED

I'm gonna see if I have any plastic wrap.

OMIT

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW