

# PUSHING DAISIES

"Pigeon"


Episode #3T6503

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**FINAL DRAFT**   
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BOARDING SCHOOL - DAY - FLASHBACK

CAMERA FINDS the LONGBOROUGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS. We move past a raucous group of 9-YEAR-OLD BOYS playing kickball in the grass.

**NARRATOR**

*At this very moment, in the town of North Thrush, Young Ned was...*

PAN OVER TO

A tree. Underneath, YOUNG NED sits by himself, bouncing a rubber ball.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...lonely.*

Not terribly coordinated, he misses his own catch and the ball sputters away from him, getting lost in the deep thicket of grass, farther away from the playing children.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Unable to make friends at the Longborough School for Boys, he often found himself playing alone, with nothing but memories of happier times to keep his company.*

Ned slowly rises to retrieve his ball, but can't find it. He looks out at the beautiful meadow in the distance.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*What Young Ned did not realize was that beyond the meadow and under that same orange sky, someone he loved was remembering him.*

OMIT

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. YOUNG NED'S OLD HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

DIGBY! Sitting on the porch, looking glum. A FOR SALE sign in the foreground.

**NARRATOR**

*His dog, Digby. In fact, 3 days prior, Digby had made a decision.*

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CONTINUED:

Digby looks left. Then right. When he's certain no one is there to catch him, he races off the porch into the yard.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Wearied by his own loneliness back in Coeur d'Coeurs and sensing his master's sorrow, Digby set out on a mission.*

A paw-ful of dirt FLIES into CAMERA, which transitions us into:

OMIT

EXT. URBAN STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

Digby bounds along until his attention is drawn over to:

**NARRATOR**

*Uncertain as to his exact destination, he ventured into the great unknown, guided only by the compass of his heart.*

STOCK FOOTAGE - BUILDING ON FIRE

ON DIGBY

He cocks his head, noticing.

THE RED FIRE BOX on the street corner. With his paw, he PULLS DOWN THE LEVER.

OMIT

EXT. DIFFERENT PART OF URBAN STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

Digby continues on his incredible journey as a FIRE ENGINE SCREAMS by. Digby continues his trot.

**NARRATOR**

*Despite numerous distractions, Digby was determined to find Young Ned, the boy who had given him a second chance at life.*

OMIT

EXT. BOARDING SCHOOL - DAY - FLASHBACK

Young Ned is where we left him, staring out toward the meadow.

**NARRATOR**

*And who was his best friend.*

He is about to give up on the ball, when he sees something moving in the distance. A dog... running... Could it be?

It is! Young Ned GASPS in recognition of his furry friend.

*NARRATOR (CONT'D)*

*Upon doing so, Digby proved that love can overcome any obstacle.*

TIME SLOWS as Man and his Best Friend hurtle toward one another in a *Chariots of Fire*-inspired sprint and then... STOP.

*NARRATOR (CONT'D)*

*The reunion was bittersweet, however, as they instantly remembered the restrictions of their friendship.*

Digby drops the ball at Young Ned's feet.

*NARRATOR (CONT'D)*

*They could not touch. Or Digby would die.*

Young Ned smiles. Digby happily pants.

*NARRATOR (CONT'D)*

*Still. It was enough.*

Young Ned grabs a branch off the tree above him and uses it to scratch Digby in his happy place.

*NARRATOR (CONT'D)*

*That day, Digby vowed he would never again allow himself to be separated from his master.*

Young Ned picks up the ball and throws it. Digby leaps high into the air...

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - FRONT DOOR - MORNING

...and catches it.

NED (O.S.)

Good boy.

REVEAL NED, having just walked into the Pie Hole with Digby. He lovingly regards CHUCK, working away in the kitchen.

*NARRATOR*

*The Pie-maker did not wish to be separated from Chuck...*

ON Chuck, in the kitchen, squeezing homeopathic antidepressant drops onto a pie.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*Who, in turn, did not wish to be separated from her aunts Lily and Vivian, who continued to be challenged by social phobias.*

Chuck happily slides the pie into the oven.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*Unbeknownst to the Pie-Maker, Chuck secretly baked homeopathic mood enhancers into pies for her aunts, hoping that a slice a day would herbally lift their spirits.*

Ned appears behind her, just as she's removing her apron:

NED

You're up early.

Chuck quickly hides the homeopathic antidepressant dropper. She whirls around, like a woman who has just been caught doing something wrong. She smiles, quickly covering.

CHUCK

Couldn't sleep.

NED

Lumpy mattress?

CHUCK

Lumpy dreams. Which are a lot more vivid now than they were before I died. Isn't that interesting? One of those little things.

Chuck notices a few small welts on Ned's face. Stings, specifically. He tries to hide them.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

What are those?

NED

I, uh, got bit.

CHUCK

Those are beestings. How'd you get stung by so many bees? And what happened to the bees that stung you? That's a suicide attack.

NED

Not in this case. They, uh, sort of stung me. Died. And then flew away again. Then some other bees died.

CHUCK

I wonder if their honey will taste different because they died? Wouldn't that be interesting? One of those little things?

Ned smiles, digging her.

NED

I wanna show you something.

He motions for her to follow him, and she can't help but smile.

EXT. LIBERTY APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY

In the center stands a fully-functioning apiary. The BUZZING of bees swarming within. Chuck stands before it, unable to believe her eyes. Ned is warm with happy. He did good.

CHUCK

Bees!

NED

Your bees.

CHUCK

My bees? You mean--?

NED

Not those bees. New bees. For you. Technically still your bees, just not the bees you knew. But I'm sure they're equally nice.

CHUCK

You do realize beekeeping within city limits is completely illegal.

NED

Yes. And I'm almost sure I don't care.

CHUCK

I can not-care enough for both of us.

Ned smiles and Chuck can barely contain herself.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

We can plant wildflowers on rooftops and be unorthodox urban honey pioneers.

(overwhelmed)

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! I wish I could hug you right now. I know that I can't, but just know that I want to.

NED

I do.

As CAMERA PULLS OFF of Chuck and Ned...

**NARRATOR**

*As Chuck considered her future as an  
unorthodox urban honey pioneer...*

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - DAY

Where we see a frustrated OLIVE struggling to open the front door. Digby watches her from inside, amused.

**NARRATOR**

*Olive Snook considered how the man she loved  
seemed to be in love with someone else.*

She finally busts through and trips, falling nose to nose with Digby.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Her affection for the Pie-Maker had not  
wavered, despite the romantic threat of a dead  
girl who wasn't dead.*

OLIVE

You're a big help.

Digby licks her nose. She rises, dusting herself off just as Chuck and Ned ENTER from the back door.

**NARRATOR**

*On the contrary, Olive's resolve had only  
increased since the realization that Chuck  
indeed was supposed to be dead.*

CHUCK

(cheery)  
Good morning.

OLIVE

(equally cheery)  
Good morning.

Olive fakes a smile to Chuck before heading toward the back.

**NARRATOR**

*Ignorant of the Pie-Maker's gift, Olive  
assumed Chuck had faked her own death. She  
would keep the secret for now...*

Ned is about to pre-heat the stove, when he realizes:

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*As Chuck kept her secret from the Pie-Maker.*

NED

There's a pie in my oven.

CHUCK

Oop! That's mine.  
(before he can ask)  
I was practicing.

NED

I smell cheese. Is it quiche?

She takes it from him with a smile. He melts.

CHUCK

I baked Monastery Gouda into the crust. Tart  
apple filling. I thought I would try it.

Chuck gingerly places the box on top of the rest of the delivery  
pile as Olive approaches from the main dining room.

**NARRATOR**

*The first mood-enhancing pie Chuck secretly  
baked for her aunts was pear with Gruyère.*

OLIVE

You know what would be delicious? Pear with  
Gruyère crust. Bet that would be real good.

CHUCK

Yes, it would.

**NARRATOR**

*Unbeknownst to Chuck, Olive understood the  
deliciousness of pear and Gruyère...*

Chuck stares at Olive, who only returns a sweet smile. Chuck  
pushes the pie box toward the DELIVERY BOY, who is now waiting.

CHUCK

(to the delivery boy)  
Thank you.

The delivery boy glances at the Coeur d'Coœurs pie box and puts  
it back on the counter.

**NARRATOR**

*...because she secretly delivered that first  
mood-enhancing pie to Aunts Lily and Vivian.*



Olive breezes past and SCOOPS UP the box.

*NARRATOR (CONT'D)*

*As she would deliver this one. But not before...*

THWUD! All heads turn toward the window.

*NARRATOR (CONT'D)*

*...a collision occurred.*

EXT. PIE HOLE - MOMENTS LATER

A crack in the glass of the Pie Hole window has been created, courtesy of the pigeon below it. A pigeon missing one wing. Olive gingerly lifts her up, while Ned looks at his window.

OLIVE

I think she's dead. Can you feel a heartbeat?

Olive tries to deposit the bird in Ned's hands. He moves away.

NED

I don't... do heartbeats.

OLIVE

They feel like this.

Olive takes Ned's hand and presses it to her heart. We hear the THUMP-THUMP-THUMP of her heart. Time stops for a moment...

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Thump-thump. Thump-thump.

...until EMERSON and Chuck appear directly behind Olive:

EMERSON

(re: the pigeon)

Is that a dead bird? Why you touching a dead bird? Throw that away. It's swimming with disease. And you serve food.

OLIVE

Oh, don't be such a drama queen. I can wash my hands. And she doesn't look diseased.

EMERSON

It's dead. And it's a bird. It's diseased.

Olive pulls the pigeon away from Emerson, defensively, which causes her to BRUSH the bird against Ned. Which causes you-know-what. The bird SQUAWKS and comes back to life.

OLIVE

It's a miracle bird! It's swimming with miracles, not disease.

NED

Maybe you should let me hold it.

CHUCK

Aw, do you have to? Clearly, she's been through a lot. And she seems happy to be here.

He shoots her an "Are you kidding?" glance.

**NARRATOR**

*Having brought a dead thing back to life, the Pie-Maker fretted over which pint-sized animal would pay for that life with its own.*

As Ned starts his watch, wondering what's going to drop dead around him, the women hover over the helpless bird.

CHUCK

I wonder how she lost her wing.

OLIVE

She doesn't seem to be in any pain.

NED

She's not. Probably. Probably not in pain. But what do I know? I'm not a bird.

CHUCK

Pigeon.

NED

Or a pigeon. I was pigeon-toed as a child, but a pair of orthopedic shoes solved that.

Ned spots a SQUIRREL nearby and sensing his imminent demise:

NED (CONT'D)

Shoo.

OLIVE

(to the pigeon)

Don't worry. I know just what to do with you.

(to Chuck)

I recently made the acquaintance of a pair of bird lovers. I'll consult them.

**NARRATOR**

*Olive was referring to Aunts Lily and Vivian.*

CHUCK

Really? I used to know a pair of bird lovers.

**NARRATOR**

*Chuck also referred to Aunts Lily and Vivian.*

OLIVE

"Used to"? Did they die?

CHUCK

A death was involved.

OLIVE

How unfortunate.

**NARRATOR**

*They were both so busy referring and inferring, they failed to notice that 60 seconds had passed.*

While Ned's focus is on shooing away the squirrel...

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*The Pie-Maker could not afford such a luxury.*

A DEAD BIRD falls from the sky, going PLOP on the sidewalk. There's an awkward pause, then Ned shrugs:

NED

It's raining dead birds.

Olive walks out into the street to get a better look at the sky:

OLIVE

What is going on up there?

VVVVVHHHHHHRRRRRRROOOOM! All four heads turn to see a CROP DUSTER PLANE fly into a small building, CRASHING THROUGH THE SIDE. There's no explosion, no fire. Just a CRASH!

**NARRATOR**

*What was going on up there was this:*

OMIT

INT. BUSTED APARTMENT

The front of the plane sits squarely inside the living room of a one-bedroom apartment. BRADAN CADEN'S DEAD BODY lies prostrate along the fuselage, having been catapulted through the front glass.

**NARRATOR**

*An out-of-control crop duster crashed headfirst into the Broadview Luxury Apartment Complex, killing the pilot instantly.*

A handsome man in his 30s, CONRAD FITCH offers testimony to POLICEMEN among the remains of his newly-destroyed home. EMT WORKERS are already on the scene. Bradan's DEAD BODY is ZIPPED into a body bag.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*His body was catapulted out of the cockpit and into the living room of one Conrad Fitch.*

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Ned, Emerson and Chuck in the doorway.

**CHUCK**

Does this qualify as ambulance chasing? I'm asking without any judgement at all.

**EMERSON**

If you're asking without any judgement, then yes. It does. Look for body bags.

**NED**

That's not our thing.

**EMERSON**

Your thing is waking up dead people. My thing is finding dead people for you to wake up.

The dead body is placed on a gurney and wheeled toward them.

**EMERSON (CONT'D)**

Found one.

**CHUCK**

Why can't we just be here as concerned citizens of the world?

**EMERSON**

Because Big Daddy needs some new yarn.

**NED**

Just because there's a dead body doesn't mean you're gonna get paid.

**EMERSON**

Just because there's vodka in my freezer don't mean I have to drink it. Wait. Yes, it does.

CHUCK

He's not wrong. Plane crash into a building could mean a civil suit. Criminal suit. Negligence. Pain and suffering. Negligent pain and suffering...

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Emerson and Ned, surprised and not by Chuck's knowledge of the law.

**NARRATOR**

*Chuck fostered her love of the law by volunteering as a stay-at-home juror for a paraplegic judge.*

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

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON YOUNGER CHUCK, phone pressed to her ear.

CHUCK

(to phone)

We the jury, in the case of the Commonwealth versus Duralde, find the defendant guilty.

We HEAR the gavel CLACK over the phone. Chuck smiles.

RESUME - INT. BUSTED APARTMENT

Emerson, Chuck and Ned, as before. Chuck steps aside as the EMT wheels the body out of the room. She STUMBLES BACK over a piece of debris, causing her to fall backward in SLOW MOTION.

**NARRATOR**

*Unable to catch Chuck when she fell, the Pie-Maker was forced to step aside...*

CONTINUE SLOW MOTION as Ned is poised to catch her, but instead of extending his arms, he takes one giant step backward allowing Chuck to fall. Chuck and Ned exchange a SLOW MOTION GLANCE. TIME RETURNS TO NORMAL as a muscular arm scoops Chuck 'round her waist and catches her. She looks up to see who her knight in shining armor is. It's not Ned.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...allowing another man to catch her.*

CHUCK'S POV: An upside-down Conrad. He's cute and frazzled.

CHUCK

Thanks...

CONRAD  
(shell-shocked)  
Forgive the mess. Maid comes tomorrow. I  
should cancel that.

CHUCK  
Do you live here?

CONRAD  
Until very recently.

NED  
Can you put her down, please?

Conrad does as instructed.

CHUCK  
Your collection of nautical plates survived.  
Just then, the shelves holding the collection of NAUTICAL PLATES  
collapses, sending the plates SHATTERING to the floor.

CONRAD  
They were Franklin Mint.

CHUCK  
I'm sorry.

CONRAD  
It's okay. I'm okay. I'll be okay. I was  
feeling like I should simplify my life anyway.

Chuck's heart goes out to him. Which irks Ned.

**NARRATOR**  
*Chuck's heart went out to the man with a plane  
in his living room, despite the Pie-Maker  
wanting her heart for himself. Suddenly,  
ambulance chasing didn't seem like a bad idea.*

NED  
(clears his throat)  
The ambulance is leaving.

Chuck walks over to Ned, leaving Conrad to hyperventilate alone.

CHUCK  
You go ahead. I'm gonna stay and see if  
there's anything I can do.

NED

I'm sure he's fine. Statistically speaking, his day can only improve. Dead pilot on the other hand probably has lots of last wishes.

EMERSON

Like maybe he wished he turned left.

CHUCK

You don't need me for that.

EMERSON

She does have a point.

NED

But--

EMERSON

Will you stop arguing with the woman? We got a dead man to talk to.

**NARRATOR**

*The facts were these:*

SLOW PUSH IN

ON A MANILA FILE FOLDER. A hand opens it up and we see:

A BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTOGRAPH of a clean-cut, flannel-wearing man in his 50s, Bradan Caden. He stands beside his FARM WIFE in front of his plane.

**NARRATOR**

*One Bradan Caden, an agricultural aviator, was 53 years, 21 weeks, 5 days, 6 hours and 19 minutes old when his crop duster collided with the Broadview Luxury Apartment Complex.*

FLIP the photograph to the left-hand side of the file, and we come upon the first page of a fairly thick insurance policy.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*It was 17 minutes after the collision and Mr. Caden's Aviator's Aviation Insurance agent had already rejected the claim on his life policy before the claim was even made.*

A large rubber "SUICIDE" stamp hits the page and the file is closed.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

ON Emerson and a newly-jealous Ned walking inside.

NED

Did you see the way he just *swept* in?

EMERSON

Yeah? So?

NED

I don't sweep. Sweeping isn't my style.

EMERSON

It is a little showy.

NED

It's a lot showy. What's a roof full of bees compared to someone who can catch her when she falls? I can't catch her, Emerson.

EMERSON

Can't suck on her toes, neither.

(off Ned's look)

Some women like that.

When they get to the front desk, they find our CORONER sitting across from BECKY CADEN, the pilot's widow. She speaks slowly and deliberately, stunned by events.

**NARRATOR**

***Bradán Caden's wife, Becky, believed her husband was not suicidal and was, in fact, a happy man.***

BECKY

He was a happy man.

(off the coroner's blank stare)

These insurance people, making assumptions about a person's disposition.

CORONER

One should never assume.

EMERSON

An insurance agent can't speak to the deceased's state of mind.

They turn to see Emerson and Ned standing in the doorway.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

They didn't know the deceased. You did.

Pardon me. I couldn't help overhearing your conversation and I believe I can be helpful.

Emerson catches the coroner staring at him suspiciously.



CORONER

May I have a word with you?

OMIT

INT. MORGUE - HALLWAY - DAY

Emerson closes the door behind the coroner as they both step into the hall to have a private conversation.

CORONER

Why you bothering this poor woman? You and that white boy got some kind of shifty going on. I don't know what. But you're shifty.

EMERSON

I'm here as a concerned citizen of the world.

CORONER

You making a dime, concerned citizen?

EMERSON

Maybe one or two to rub together.

CORONER

Well, then. Flies land on me, they pay rent.

INT. MORGUE - OFFICE - DAY

Ned stands awkwardly, surreptitiously checks to make sure Emerson is occupying the coroner. Becky stares. Finally:

NED

Excuse me. I'm just gonna...

Ned quickly ducks into:

INT. MORGUE - LAB - DAY

Ned UNZIPS the body bag on the gurney REVEALING Bradan Caden's corpse. SHARDS OF GLASS stick out of his face. (NOTE: These are bloodless wounds and will be played as darkly humorous.) Ned sets his watch, touches him. He FLASHES.

INCLUDE BRADAN CADEN'S POV - NED

As seen through a KALEIDOSCOPE with multiple reflections of Ned on the various pieces of glass.

NED

Hello.

BRADAN

You that fellow that jumped on my plane?

NED

No. A... fellow jumped on your plane?

BRADAN

I was hijacked.

He waves his hand in front of the shards of glass, digging it.

NED

Is that why you crashed? Mister Caden?

BRADAN

Oh, yessirree. I was dusting soybeans, or getting ready to, when dippy in a prison orange jumpsuit climbed aboard.

NED

Dippy was on the plane when you crashed? But you're the only dead dippy-- body they found.

BRADAN

Then dippy's not dead. Lucky him.

The door swings open behind Ned and he quickly touches Bradan Caden one last time and he FLASHES dead. Ned turns to see Emerson, Becky and the coroner squeezed into the doorway.

CORONER

What in the hell?

NED

The plane was hijacked.

BECKY

How'd you come by that?

NED

DNA-ish.

CUT TO BLACK.

OMIT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - DAY

Olive stands outside the door. In one hand, she carries a gilded cage housing the one-winged pigeon. In the other, a pie box. On her face, a smile. She rings the bell.

**NARRATOR**

*Olive Snook came to Coeur d'Coeurs on a wing and a prayer. With a gilded cage housing the mono-winged bird in one hand and a pie box in the other, she set out to expose Charlotte Charles -- aka, Chuck -- as a faker of deaths.*

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

CLOSE ON: A GIANT EYE looking through a magnifying glass.

LILY (O.S.)

It's a carrier pigeon.

PULL OUT to reveal LILY inspecting the pigeon through the glass, pulling a tube off the pigeon's leg.

OLIVE

Diseases or messages?

Lily turns and reveals the tube from the pigeon's leg.

LILY

Both.

VIVIAN

A bird with gossip. That's exciting.

VIVIAN reaches for the tube, but Lily snatches it back.

LILY

Do you open other people's mail?

OLIVE

Who's the people and how hard is it to open?

Vivian laughs, which surprises all three of them.

VIVIAN

I don't know where that came from.

LILY

What's gotten into you?

VIVIAN

What's gotten into you?

**NARRATOR**

*What had gotten into both of them was their niece's homeopathic pie.*

Embarrassed, Lily and Vivian turn to Olive. They compose.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*As with any mood-stabilizer, moods were a bit inconsistent at the start.*

Olive turns their attention back to the mono-winged pigeon.

OLIVE

Do you think you can fix her?

LILY

She'll only go out there and get hurt again.

VIVIAN

Coyotes will have their way with her.

Lily puts the pigeon back in its cage and joins Vivian at the table, cutting herself a slice of pie.

OLIVE

But she was meant to fly. She needs to fulfill her destiny and deliver that message! A bird that stalks down his narrow cage can seldom see through his bars of rage!

Olive dramatically pulls open the curtains. LIGHT pours in. As does a lot of dust. She COUGHS.

VIVIAN

It wouldn't hurt to try.

OLIVE

That's the spirit! And once we fix Pidge, we can celebrate by taking a trip to the Pie Hole. It's a nifty spot with lots of interesting folks. You never know who you might run into.

Lily and Vivian freeze, pie just inches from their mouths.

**NARRATOR**

*With that, Olive Snook set her plan in motion.*

LILY

Why would we go out for pie when you just brought us one?

OLIVE

I'll think of a reason.

**NARRATOR**

*While Olive Snook considered how to get Lily and Vivian out of their rut...*

INT. CONRAD'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door swings open REVEALING Emerson and Ned standing on the other side of the police tape. They both duck under. The apartment is empty. Chuck and Conrad are nowhere to be found.

**NARRATOR**

*The Pie-Maker was considering worst-case scenarios, not only for a rogue hijacker who he had been hired to find by Becky Caden, but for Chuck and the man who caught her in a way the Pie-Maker never could...*

NED

They're not here. This is bad.

EMERSON

Maybe they took a stroll.

NED

That would not make it better.

EMERSON

What's worse? The two of them locked up in the trunk of a hijacker's car, or sipping mimosas in a hotel room?

NED

I'm not a fan of either scenario and what's that smell?

EMERSON

I thought it might be your cologne.

NED

Who wears cologne?

EMERSON

(defensive)

I wear cologne.

Ned notices the steamer trunk operating as a coffee table. Two empty cups of coffee sit on top. One smudged with lipstick.

NED

(sadly)  
Look. They had coffee.

As Ned leans down to pick up the cup, he smells the bad smell again. Even stronger this time.

NED (CONT'D)

Whoa. There's something bad in there.

He opens the trunk. AN OLD DEAD GUY wearing a specialty bowling shirt is stuffed inside. Emerson reacts.

NED (CONT'D)

Is he the hijacker?

EMERSON

What kind of fool hijacker goes and hides himself inside a damn coffee table?

Emerson grabs Ned's hand and touches the Old Dead Guy with it. SPARK! Our dead guy (who should feel vaguely like Milton Berle) comes to life. He struggles to move, but he's crammed in tight.

OLD DEAD GUY

Damn gout. I'm so cramped up, I feel like I'm stuffed in a trunk.

NED

You are stuffed in a trunk.

OLD DEAD GUY

Don't contradict an old man. It's disrespectful.

NED

Did you hijack that plane?

OLD DEAD GUY

What plane? Oh. Hell is fire. That thing flew right into my apartment.

NED

This is your apartment?

OLD DEAD GUY

What I just say?

(then, back to his story)

There I was, enjoying my daily prunes and psyllium powder and hoping for the best, when suddenly I see a plane heading right for me--

EMERSON

If this is your apartment, then who's Conrad?

OLD DEAD GUY

What is this, the idiot brigade?

Which is when they notice the name stitched onto his bowling shirt. It reads: *Conrad*.

NED

Oh.

Ned quickly re-deads the old guy. OFF Ned, fearing the worst...

EXT. PIE HOLE - DAY

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Chuck and Conrad as they ENTER.

CHUCK

Do you like pie?

CONRAD

Be criminal not to like pie.

TIME CUT TO:

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - BOOTH - DAY

Conrad and Chuck both have a slice of pie and glass of milk.

CONRAD

Everything I am. Everything I was.  
Everything that represented me as a human  
being was in there. I have to start over.

Chuck studies him a moment.

CHUCK

I lost everything once. And you know what--

CONRAD

Did a plane fly into your living room?

CHUCK

No.

CONRAD

Was it arson?

CHUCK

No. It was something else. But I felt this queer thrill of... opportunity.

CONRAD

To get new stuff?

CHUCK

To let go of everything about me I didn't like and hold onto everything about me I did.

CONRAD

I just met you but I can't imagine anything about you that isn't something to like.

He reaches out and touches her hand. Chuck eyes it.

**NARRATOR**

*Chuck's first thought was to quickly pull her hand away. Her second thought was how nice it felt to have someone hold her hand.*

He pulls his hand away.

CONRAD

I'm sorry. Was that your boyfriend... the guy who took a step back to let you fall?

CHUCK

Oh, he didn't let me fall. It was actually a very affectionate gesture. In context.

**NARRATOR**

*If it was only the Pie-Maker's hand...*

CHUCK

Can I ask you a small favor? I'd like to hold your hand. Just for a moment. But you can't say anything, and I'm gonna close my eyes.

He stares at her a moment, then:

CONRAD

All right.

Conrad pauses for a moment before laying his left hand on the table. Chuck puts her hand in his and...

CHUCK'S POV - CONRAD

He's sitting across from her. Her eyelids close and when they re-open, we're looking at Ned. It's his hand she's holding.



FANTASY PIE HOLE BOOTH

Chuck and Ned sit opposite each other holding hands.

**NARRATOR**

*In that moment, Chuck was holding the Pie-Maker's hand... if only by proxy.*

ON CHUCK, SMILING, EYES CLOSED

CHUCK'S POV - DARKNESS (EYES CLOSED)

Her eyes open and she's looking at Conrad. CAMERA ADJUSTS TO REVEAL Ned outside the window, momentarily stunned by the hand-holding.

**NARRATOR**

*It was the proxy that concerned the Pie-Maker.*

Conrad's smile quickly turns as he sees Emerson and Ned entering the restaurant. He jumps up.

CONRAD

I've got to pee.

He races toward the bathroom just as Ned and Emerson ENTER.

CHUCK

How'd it go?

EMERSON

Where'd he go?

CHUCK

Conrad? To the bathroom--

As Emerson heads toward the bathroom:

NED

He's not Conrad, he's the hijacker.  
(then, noticing)  
And he's not in the bathroom.

As Ned races to the kitchen:

CHUCK

Boy, you miss one trip to the morgue...

INT. PIE HOLE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Conrad is almost out the back door, when Ned slides under the table and grabs onto his arm.

Conrad yanks himself away from Ned, causing the door to smash into Ned's face and Conrad's arm to POP off.

Ned stumbles backward, holding onto the arm minus the body. He's too stunned to go any further. Emerson races out the back door, in an attempt to catch up with Conrad. We stay with Ned and Chuck, both staring at the prosthetic arm. Then:

NED

Is this the hand you were holding?

CUT TO BLACK.

OMIT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. PIE HOLE - DINING AREA - DAY

TIGHT ON the prosthetic arm which reads PROPERTY OF HARBOR BAY CORRECTIONAL FACILITY. Ned and Chuck sit in a booth. In the background, we see Emerson talking on the phone in the kitchen.

CHUCK

He's a great, big fibber then, isn't he?

NED

A great, big fibber whose hand you were holding. What's that about?

CHUCK

I was... if you have to know, I was pretending I was holding your hand.

NED

Is that supposed to make me feel better?

CHUCK

Well, yeah.

NED

On one hand, it does make me feel better. Then on the other hand -- the hand you were holding -- it doesn't.

CHUCK

He's an escaped convict.

NED

You didn't know that when you held his hand. And P.S. -- not only is he an escaped convict, he's a hijacker who prevented thousands of crops from being aeriually fertilized. And he stuffed a surly old dead guy in a trunk.

CHUCK

I'm not saying he isn't guilty. And I'm not saying I am. I'm saying it wasn't about him.

NED

No, it's about Becky Caden, wife of Bradan Caden, the woman your handyman widowed when he chose to crop dust someone's living room.

Emerson crosses toward Ned and Chuck.

CHUCK

Did you catch him?

EMERSON

One-armed bitch was speedy. But I checked in with my people at the prison--

CHUCK

You have people? That's so neat.

NED

Did you find out anything good?

EMERSON

Yes. And we're gonna need shovels.

Eyebrows of intrigue go UP, as we...

INT. ORDINARY OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

We see a slightly younger and geekier version of "Conrad" in a dull brown suit. He looks nervous and guilty as he checks the place out, making sure no one else is around.

**NARRATOR**

*Emerson Cod had learned three things. First: The man they knew as Conrad Fitch was actually one Lemuel Weinger, a low-level employee of a company called OrNeN Energy.*

Once he's sure he's alone, he removes a heavy file from inside his suit jacket, pulls out an industrial-sized shredder from underneath the desk and starts SHREDDING DOCUMENTS.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Second: OrNeN was an energy based corporation known for several types of trading. Plastics, steel and insider. The latter cost Lemuel his right hand.*

The frantic shredding goes awry when Lemuel's right arm gets (comically) worked through the machine.

LEMUEL

No-No-No-No-Noooooo!!!!!!!!!!

Hearing the cry, a JANITOR opens the door and turns on the light. Lemuel is instantly CAUGHT.

**NARRATOR**

*It also cost him his freedom.*

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY - FLASHBACK

TIGHT ON Lemuel as prison bars close. He turns to discover a craggly OLD MAN eating bad food off a cafeteria tray, wearing a wifebeater and a pair of tighty whities. This does not bode well.

NARRATOR

*Third: During his incarceration, Lemuel became known as Lefty Lem. A name given to him by his cellmate, Jackson Lucas, an infamous diamond thief whose final escapade resulted in a buried treasure that was never recovered.*

Lemuel extends his fake arm toward Jackson, who stabs it with his fork before shaking it.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*Even after he died.*

Jackson magically DISAPPEARS, leaving Lemuel alone in the cell.

EXT. POTTER'S FIELD - NIGHT

TIGHT ON THREE SHOVELS hitting a mound of dirt. PAN UP to REVEAL our Mod Squad in a prison cemetery. The headstone reveals they're digging into the grave of Jackson Lucas.

NARRATOR

*Luckily, death was not an obstacle for the Pie-Maker, which is how he suddenly found himself in a prison graveyard, digging up the body of one Jackson Lucas.*

CHUCK

So Fake Conrad was a white-collar criminal. That makes much more sense...

Ned grunts. Chuck notices his mood.

EMERSON

Gonna get paid once by the pilot's widow after we prove her husband's death wasn't a suicide.  
(to Ned, pointedly)  
Dead bodies always lead to paydays.

CHUCK

Yeah, yeah, vodka in the freezer.

EMERSON

Gonna get paid twice when the Feds give us the reward for kicking Lefty's ass back to the clink where he belongs.

NED

Looking forward to *that*...

EMERSON

Gonna get paid thrice by finding Jackson's buried booty.

THUNK! Ned's shovel hits something. Emerson smiles.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Come to Papa.

EXT. POTTER'S FIELD - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

The earth has been removed to REVEAL a ROTTING COFFIN. The three of them stand around it. No one is eager to touch it.

NED

You might want to avert your eyes. There's a good chance he'll be on the dewy side.

EMERSON

Damn. I hate dewy.

Emerson closes his eyes and keeps them that way. Chuck does not. Ned takes a deep breath, but before he opens it:

CHUCK

Are you mad at me?

Ned looks at her, casually:

NED

Why would I be mad?

CHUCK

For holding someone's hand that wasn't yours.

EMERSON

Seriously? In a prison graveyard? That's where you're having this conversation?

Ned faces the coffin again. Deep breath, and he OPENS it!

NED

I would've preferred a little more eyeball.

EMERSON

Just touch the damn thing.

CHUCK

Wait.

EMERSON

For what?

CHUCK

A little dignity.

She takes a pair of sunglasses out of her purse and puts them on the corpse. Ned can't help but smile.

NED

Thanks.

Ned touches him. ANGLE ON a decent-looking CORPSE now wearing Chuck's sunglasses. He sits up.

JACKSON LUCAS

I can't see anything. Am I blind?

NED

The good news is you're not blind. Bad news is you're dead.

CHUCK

Makes blind seem like a walk in the park, doesn't it?

EMERSON

(eyes still closed)

Where'd you bury your loot, Jack?

JACKSON LUCAS

Why should I tell you?

NED

Good karma. It's like currency in the afterlife.

Jackson considers.

JACKSON LUCAS

Inside the old windmill on the VonRoenn farm, at the bottom of the stairs. How much that worth?

EMERSON

Plenty. Ask him 'bout Lefty.

NED

Did you tell him where you buried it?

JACKSON LUCAS

'Course I did. Owed him that much.

CHUCK

What did you owe him for?

JACKSON LUCAS

For keeping the fire alive...

Ned quickly re-deads him.

EMERSON

We got a windmill to find.

As Emerson leads them out of the graveyard:

**NARRATOR**

*Chuck's fire may not be alive as far as her  
aunts Lily and Vivian were concerned...*

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

A white hot lamp stands over the dining room table where Lily and Vivian work diligently on something we don't yet see. Olive stands a few feet away, a tray of implements beside her.

**NARRATOR**

*But Olive was doing her best to reignite it.*

LILY

Brackets.

Olive looks at the tray and passes her tiny metal brackets.

VIVIAN

Ribbon.

Olive passes the ribbon.

LILY

Be-jeweler.

Olive lingers on a small plastic bead gun.

OLIVE

Can I do one?

LILY

Maybe the last one.

Lily takes the plastic bead gun. And starts punching beads.

VIVIAN

If you'd like we could be-jewel Pidge's  
birdhouse when we're done.



OLIVE

Pidge's house is only temporary. No sense be-jeweling an empty home. Is there, Pidge?

VIVIAN

Something so sad about an empty birdhouse. When one of our birds dies, we taxidermy it immediately. Put it right back on its perch.

LILY

Vivian does wonders with sand and thread.

VIVIAN

And little marble eyes. It's like our birds never left us at all.

LILY

You can't put everything back on its perch.

Olive knows exactly to what she's referring.

OLIVE

Must have been all kinds of horrible for you when Charlotte left.

LILY

She didn't leave. She died.

VIVIAN

And no amount of sand and thread and little marble eyes will ever bring her back.

**NARRATOR**

*But Olive didn't need sand or thread or little marble eyes to bring Chuck back. She needed a confluence of events.*

LILY

Wing!

**NARRATOR**

*And she was about to get one.*

Olive looks up at the taxidermy bird above her head and quickly SNAPS off one of the wings and hands it to Lily.

OLIVE

Can I do the last be-jewel?

LILY

I already did it.

CONTINUED: (2)

Lily steps away from the table, finally allowing us to see the TINY BIRD HARNESS. A bizarre contraption made of fabric, ribbon, be-jewels and one movable wing. Olive is impressed.

OLIVE

What do you think, Pidge?

Pidge raises its new, colored wing and examines it, then glances back toward Olive, Lily and Vivian.

**NARRATOR**

*And while Olive, the aunts and Pidge looked forward to the next step in their journey...*

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY - DAY

An antique sign tells us we're in the--

*PAPEN COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.*

Tons of windmill models, large and small, fill the room. REVEAL A DEAD CURATOR, eyes rolled into the back of her head, sitting at her desk, surrounded by miniature windmills.

**NARRATOR**

*...another journey had reached a dead end.  
But Lefty Lem's was only just beginning.*

REVERSE to find Ned, Chuck and Emerson staring at the dead body.

CHUCK

Is she dead?

EMERSON

Lefty Lem has officially taken the lead.

CUT TO BLACK.

OMIT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY - DAY

Our Mod Squad is looking at the dead curator.

CHUCK

You think Fake Conrad killed her?

NED

Ockham's razor. All things being equal, the simplest solution tends to be the best one.

CHUCK

I used to believe that. Until you brought me back from the dead. Kinda screws the theory.

Ned sets his watch, touches the woman. No spark. Hmmm...

EMERSON

Maybe your finger needs a new battery.

Emerson grabs Ned's hand.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Let me try.

Emerson pokes her harder with Ned's hand, causing her head to flop over and hit the desk, which wakes her up with a SNORT.

CURATOR

Ow.

EMERSON / NED

(point at each other)

He did it.

CURATOR

Must've dozed off again. Can I help you?

EMERSON

We're looking for a windmill. A VonRoenn variety of windmill.

CURATOR

That's funny. Another young man was just here asking about the VonRoenn mill.

CHUCK

Did the man happen to have one arm?

CURATOR  
As a matter of fact he did.

NED  
(sneeze/cough)  
Ockham.

CURATOR  
Bless you.

NED  
Thank you.

EMERSON  
The windmill. What happened to it? Razed?  
Wrecked? Rebuilt? Removed?

CURATOR  
Retired. No farm. No use. Got shipped off  
to NARM some twenty years ago.

NED  
Why would they send it to 'Nam? Do the  
Vietnamese need windmills?

CHUCK  
(noticing the pamphlet)  
NARM. National Area of Retired Mills.

CURATOR  
The VonRoenn mill has been preserved as an  
historical landmark. Got a map right here--

At which point she immediately slips back into a deep sleep.

EMERSON  
Now that's narcoleptic. Necrophiliac is the  
other one.

NED  
Yes.

As our Mod Squad looks at the map, PUSHING IN on the image of  
the VonRoenn windmill, whose blades are distinctively RED...

**NARRATOR**  
*Armed with a new plan, the Pie-Maker and  
associates left the narcoleptic curator to her  
dreams. Meanwhile, back in Coeur d'Coeurs, a  
tiny friend was planning her own escape.*

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

CLOSE ON our now fully-harnessed pigeon. She studies herself in the hand mirror they've set up on the dining room table. REVEAL Olive studying Vivian, who is studying Pidge's empty cage.

**NARRATOR**

*Olive's disdain for Chuck was split in two.  
One for stealing the Pie-Maker's heart, and  
the other for breaking the aunts'.*

Olive sits next to Vivian. She produces Pidge's message tube.

OLIVE

You know you wanna.

VIVIAN

Lily would be so displeased. There was an incident. I read something I shouldn't have. And then life went horribly awry. Lily never forgave me. Said she did. But she didn't.

Olive sets the message tube down.

OLIVE

Well, now I'm more interested in that story.

VIVIAN

(eyes the empty birdhouse)  
Let's put Pidge back in her house.

OLIVE

Pidge has left the building. I'm sorry and I'm sorry her empty birdhouse makes you sad. Maybe you should fill it with all your Charlotte sadness and hang it in a special place in your soul.

VIVIAN

That's an awfully sad birdhouse to have hanging in one's soul.

Lily ENTERS, carrying a martini.

LILY

Hang it someplace you don't have to see it.

OLIVE

It won't always be sad. It'll be the happiest little birdhouse when you're ready.

(singsong, not singing)  
Make a little birdhouse in your soul.

It's so catchy, Vivian can't help but join in, also singsongy:

VIVIAN  
Not to put too fine a point on it.

OLIVE  
Say she's the only bee in your bonnet.

VIVIAN  
Make a little birdhouse in my soul.

LILY  
Don't encourage her.

She sits on the other side of Olive and watches the pigeon awkwardly finish making her way across the table.

LILY (CONT'D)  
I think she looks divine.

No sooner have the words escaped her lips when... FLAP-FLAP-FLAP... the pigeon TAKES FLIGHT straight out the window!

LILY (CONT'D)  
Son of a bitch.

OLIVE  
WAIT! You forgot your message! COME BACK!

Olive rushes out to chase Pidge. Lily and Vivian move toward the doorway...

**NARRATOR**  
*As the aunts watched Olive scream for help, they considered their own birdcage and wondered if they were ready to leave it behind.*

...but do not dare inch beyond the frame.

OMIT

EXT. NARM - DAY

HUNDREDS OF MILLS of various shapes and sizes for miles and miles. HYPER ZOOM IN through the melee to the VonRoenn windmill we saw on the map. Same distinctive red blades.

**NARRATOR**  
*A few miles away...*

Continue ZOOMING IN to the KITCHEN where ELSITA (20s), a pretty woman full of country goodness, is looking into the distance...

*NARRATOR (CONT'D)*

*Looking out across the fields and hills, a beautiful woman named Elsita waited for the man she loved to make her heart complete. Little did she know, Lefty Lem was already on his way.*

There is a KNOCK at the door. Elsita opens the peephole and talks through it with a bit of a drawl--

ELSITA

What the hell do you want?

REVEAL--

LEFTY LEM

I'm from the Papen County Historical Society. We would like to photograph the premises for the 87th annual "Mills of the Wind" Papen County collector's calendar.

ELSITA

Where's your camera?

LEFTY LEM

(long, awkward pause)  
In the car.

ELSITA

You're lying. But I'm bored.

LEFTY

Scowls. Didn't think it was that transparent. We move behind him as he scratches his back with the AX he's hiding, and we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. NARM - DAY

CAMERA finds our harnessed pigeon flying about 10 feet off the ground, and looking pretty good. CAMERA SLOWS, letting the bird go as we hear the approaching CAR before we see it.

OLIVE / VIVIAN

(singing)

I'M YOUR ONLY FRIEND, I'M NOT YOUR ONLY FRIEND,  
BUT I'M A LITTLE GLOWING FRIEND, BUT REALLY I'M  
NOT ACTUALLY YOUR FRIEND, BUT I AM --

THE "WOODY" station wagon tears by in pursuit if the bird.

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' CAR - DAY

Lily drives, begrudgingly. Digby sits beside her in the passenger seat. Olive and Vivian are in the back.

OLIVE

BLUE CANARY IN THE OUTLET BY THE LIGHT SWITCH.  
WHO WATCHES OVER YOU? MAKE A LITTLE BIRDHOUSE  
IN YOUR SOUL --

VIVIAN

NOT TO PUT TOO FINE A POINT ON IT. SAY I'M  
THE ONLY BEE IN YOUR BONNET --

OLIVE / VIVIAN

MAKE A LITTLE BIRDHOUSE IN YOUR SOUL.

LILY

Never mind the singing. Keep your eye on that  
bird!

The car tears into the distance. Off Olive and Vivian's giggles...

OMIT

INT. NED'S CAR - DAY

Suburbia whirs past them. Ned and Chuck sit in the front seat, the partition between them. Emerson is in the back, wishing he had his own partition.

NED

You *know* what our problem is.



CHUCK

If you're referring to the touching thing, I see it as more of an obstacle than a problem.

NED

Pretty big obstacle.

CHUCK

Not compared to our other problems.

NED

We have other problems?

EMERSON

I'm gonna kill myself...

CHUCK

There's so much I'm learning about you.

NED

Such as?

CHUCK

You're a romantic.

NED

When the mood strikes.

CHUCK

You're jealous when the mood strikes.

NED

Everyone's a little jealous. I mean, if you're not a little jealous, you're probably--  
(off her)  
Can we not talk about this?

EMERSON

The answer to your query is yes.

NED

No. Actually, I wanna talk about this. I could let it go, but like the cat, it will come back. Which I wouldn't call annoying, but there's not really a great way to say half-annoying, which it is, a little bit.

He may have gone too far... Then she smiles--

CHUCK

See? Isn't this neat? Here we were thinking all we had was one big problem, when in fact we have hundreds of *little* problems that we're gonna have to work out before we even GET to the big problem. Which means we're like everyone else in the world.

NED

Except I still can't catch you.

Emerson leans forward.

EMERSON

We're taking two cars next time.

Chuck leans back in her seat, a little more worried than she was before...

INT. WINDMILL - DAY

Lefty is on one knee, tying Elsita to a wooden chair with one hand and his mouth, still holding the ax.

ELSITA

That's a big ax.

LEFTY LEM

I promise I'm not gonna hurt you. This is just a precautionary measure.

ELSITA

(off his struggle)

Wouldn't it be easier if you put the ax down and then tied the rope?

He looks at her. She is completely at ease. He sighs and sets the ax down, continues tying...

ELSITA (CONT'D)

Funny you really are a "one-armed bandit." Your name's not "McClappin," is it? As in, "The sound of one hand..."? Names are destiny. You think Duane Cloggin ain't gonna grow up to be a plumber, think again.

(notices)

Didn't really use *bows* to tie me up, did you? You take a hostage like you tie your sneakers.

LEFTY LEM

What is your problem?

Lefty starts to knock on each stair, looking for a hollow spot.

ELSITA

I was born into a life of wind millery. You gonna listen, or are you gonna keep knocking?

LEFTY LEM

I'm listening. "You were born into a life of wind millery..."

ELSITA

Always waiting on the wind to show up so you can work. No good at waitin'. Tired of it.

LEFTY LEM

You sure it's just the wind you're awaitin' on?

Her look tells us he might be onto something, then:

ELSITA

Did you just say "awaitin'"? 'Cause if you're mimicking me, I will be outta these girly bows faster than a snake through weeds.

He pauses, genuine, maybe noticing how pretty she is...

LEFTY LEM

I wasn't thinking and I apologize. I have a lot on my mind and I'm in a bit of a rush.

ELSITA

Where you rushin' to?

LEFTY LEM

Don't really know yet.

ELSITA

Well, you should probably figure that out.

They both pause in the attraction...

ELSITA (CONT'D)

Go back to your knocking.

As he swings the ax into the bottom stair of the staircase--

EXT. ROAD - DAY

CLOSE ON the aunts' car with Olive hanging out the window.

OLIVE

C'mon, Pidge! You can do it!  
(to the aunts)

Not even a breeze to help poor Pidge. Which is kind of ironic, given the surroundings.

PULL OUT to REVEAL the aunts are driving through NARM! And the pigeon is heading straight for our windmill...

**NARRATOR**

*The pigeon, growing fatigued with each flap of her taxidermy wing, knew something the others did not:*

THWUD! Our pigeon crashes directly into our windmill, slides down onto the balcony.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Her journey was almost complete.*

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' CAR - DAY

Olive and the aunts SCREECH to a halt. They cringe.

OLIVE

Oooph.

INT. WINDMILL - DAY

Lefty nervously moves to the window.

LEFTY LEM

What was that?

ELSITA

It's my bird!

Elsita unties herself and rushes to her, picks her up.

ANGLE - PIGEON

Looks up, still alive.

LEFTY LEM

It's my bird.

ELSITA

What're you on about? It's my bird.

LEFTY LEM

I'll prove it. I wrote the note.  
(looks)  
Where's the note?

He looks for the tube, which isn't there. Olive calls out:

OLIVE

Hello? Can I have my bird back?

LEFTY LEM / ELSITA

Your bird?!

OLIVE

Yes, "my bird." She has a message and she has to... carry it. It's what she does.

Olive holds up the message tube, as the aunts appear behind...

ELSITA

That's my message.

Elsita reaches for the message as well, their hands touching.

LEFTY LEM

Elsa?

ELSITA

I'm Elsita. Jackson?

LEFTY LEM

I'm Lem.

ELSITA

Elsa was my mamma.

LEFTY LEM

Jackson was my prison bunkmate.

As Elsita and Lem stare into each other's eyes--

VIVIAN

Is "bunkmate" a euphemism for...

LEFTY LEM

Not in this case, ma'am.

EXT. WINDMILL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A much younger Jackson, dressed like Indiana Jones and carrying a satchel across his back, battles the wind.

He looks hunted as he makes his way toward the lone windmill standing at the center of the empty farmland.

NARRATOR

*There was a bitter chill in the air the night Jackson Lucas found refuge in the VonRoenn windmill. Already five days on the lam, he knew the police were closing in.*

INT. WINDMILL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jackson takes out a satchel filled with diamonds and stuffs it inside the already-broken staircase.

**NARRATOR**

*To preserve his dreams of one day owning an art gallery in Mexico, Jackson decided to bury his stolen treasure in the staircase of the seemingly-abandoned property.*

Jackson hears a CREAK from above. He quickly looks up to find a beautiful YOUNG WOMAN wearing nothing but a white nightgown and a flimsy shawl to keep her warm. A BABY PIGEON sits on her shoulder.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*His heart stopped, however, when he saw an angelic creature descending the stairs. Her name was Elsa. And this was her windmill.*

Their eyes meet. Hers are kind and unafraid.

**ELSA**

My name is Elsa. This is my windmill.

**NARRATOR**

*It was love at first sight. Knowing he had very little time left...*

He nervously looks over his shoulder, and then:

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...he kissed her. It was a perfect moment.*

SUDDENLY the door BUSTS OPEN and two POLICE OFFICERS appear, breaking up the kiss.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*The next moment was not.*

As the police quickly cuff him and drag him toward the door, Elsa and Jackson keep their eyes locked on one another. She calls out, tearfully:

**ELSA**

I'll write you!

The door closes and Elsa is left alone. She looks at the baby pigeon on her shoulder and is struck with an idea.

OMIT

INT. WINDMILL - KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Elsa, still wrapped in the same shawl, writes by candlelight.

**NARRATOR**

*Elsa kept true to her word. For the next 20 years, she and Jackson continued their love affair by correspondence...*

When she finishes the note, she puts it in a tube that attaches to the pigeon's leg.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...letters sent to and fro with the help of her virtually-untraceable carrier pigeon.*

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY - FLASHBACK

TIGHT ON an older, sickly Jackson as he reads the note that was written for him. He melts with love. Pidge waits nearby for her next mission.

**NARRATOR**

*Until the day Jackson knew he would no longer be able to keep his promise.*

Jackson looks over to the other end of his cell. REVEAL Lefty Lemuel, watching from his cot.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Someone else would have to do it for him.*

PUSH IN on Lefty as he begins to understand his new purpose.

INT. WINDMILL - KITCHEN - DAY - PRESENT

TIGHT ON the same image of Lefty, now sitting in the same spot Jackson had sat in twenty years earlier.

**LEFTY LEM**

After Jackson died, I started to plan my escape. It took two years, and all that time I kept writing to Elsa.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL that across from him is Elsita, Olive and the aunts. Pidge sits on a stand. Olive is enthralled by the story she just heard. Lily is dubious.

**LEFTY LEM (CONT'D)**

At first I was writing out of loyalty to the man who taught me the ropes in prison. But after a while, I started to develop...

LILY

A condition?

LEFTY LEM

For Elsa. At least, I *thought* it was Elsa.

ELSITA

Mamma made me swear on her deathbed that I'd keep writing to Jackson. Said it'd break his heart to learn she'd died. But each letter he wrote was more beautiful than the last, and I found myself looking forward to them.

LEFTY LEM

Your letters were beautiful, too.

They gaze into each other's eyes, history repeating itself.

LILY

What's the big whoop?

VIVIAN

Pidge has brought them together.

OLIVE

How did she lose her wing?

LEFTY LEM

I took her on the plane with me when I busted out of prison. Flew out the window after we took off. Went right through the propeller.

OLIVE

Pidge crashed the plane! Oh, Pidge.

LEFTY LEM

Where are the diamonds?

VIVIAN / LILY / OLIVE

Diamonds?

Elsita lifts her long skirt, revealing a WOODEN LEG. She opens a compartment inside her leg, revealing sparkling diamonds.

LILY

Holy crap.

VIVIAN

Holy crap.

Suddenly, a violent KNOCK. Lefty JUMPS to his feet, grabbing his ax:



OLIVE

Now, now. Let's not panic. I'm sure it's  
just the mailman, or maybe a windmill-to-  
windmill salesman. Lemme handle it.

Olive calmly rises and heads toward the...

INT. WINDMILL - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Olive approaches the front door and looks through the peephole.  
She pulls her head back in disbelief--

OLIVE

(to herself)

Hell's bells...

She looks again--

OLIVE'S FISH-EYE VIEW: A three-shot of Ned, Emerson and Chuck.  
SLOW PUSH IN on CHUCK...

NARRATOR

*As Olive peeped through the peephole, it  
occurred to her that while the carrier pigeon  
was safe inside the windmill, the same could  
not be said for the sitting duck currently  
waiting on the doorstep.*

Olive's hand moves to open the door. It looks like Chuck's  
secret is about to be revealed!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

INT. WINDMILL - FRONT DOOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Olive's hand stays on the doorknob, debating.

**NARRATOR**

*This was the moment Olive Snook had been waiting for. She need only open the door to expose Chuck's deceit to the aunts, and the Pie-Maker could be hers.*

As she ponders these happy eventualities, Olive incrementally opens the door...

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*It was everything Olive wanted...*

Resolutely, Olive widens the door quickly, but SUDDENLY STOPS SHORT of swinging it wide enough for the aunts to see through...

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...and yet...*

Olive turns and looks at Aunts Lily and Vivian, who chat happily with the young couple.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...she knew that the aunts would be traumatized by the discovery that the late Charlotte Charles was late no more. In that moment, Olive felt the angry fire in her heart extinguished by a light breeze...*

OMIT

BACK TO SCENE

Olive's gaze softens at the sight of her new friends.

**NARRATOR**

*She had grown fond of Lily and Vivian, and could not bring herself to hurt them.*

EXT. WINDMILL - DAY

Olive steps out alone, closes the door behind her. Our threesome is shocked, but Olive puts on a happy grin.

**OLIVE**

Afternoon, gang!

NED

Olive?

EMERSON

What the hell are you doing here?

OLIVE

Pie delivery.  
(significantly, to Chuck)  
Tart apple, I believe.

**NARRATOR**

*With those two words, Chuck knew.*

Chuck turns her head slightly and notices--

THE BROWN WOODY

Parked in front of the windmill.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Her aunts were inside.*

CHUCK

Olive...

OLIVE

If you know what's good for you, and I think  
you do, you'll give me two minutes.

EMERSON

Why?

NED

What for?

CHUCK

Okay.

OLIVE

Goody then.

Olive RE-ENTERS the house, shutting the door behind her. Ned  
and Emerson look at Chuck, who smiles and shrugs.

INT. WINDMILL - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The lovers can't stop staring at each other. Olive starts  
collecting her things. She's ready to go.

LEFTY LEM

(eyes on Elsita)

Who was it?

OLIVE

Wrong mill. Must happen all the time around here, huh? Anyway. I feel awful we've taken up so much of your day. We should be going.

She gathers the aunts and steers them toward the back door.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Do you mind if we use your back door? I wanted to take a peek at your garden on the way out...

As they head out the back door...

EXT. WINDMILL - DAY

Emerson checks his watch. Chuck and Ned stare at the door, not looking at one another over the following:

CHUCK

Ned?

NED

Hm?

CHUCK

Remember before when I told you all the things I liked about you?

NED

Jealous. Romantic. Jealous.  
(then)  
I felt I had to say it twice.

CHUCK

Right. Well, now might be a good time for you to make a list of all the things you like about me.

NED

Why?

CHUCK

'Cause that way, if stuff happens... just remember the list.

EMERSON

Time's up.

Emerson removes his gun from his cosy, and prepares to kick in the door.

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' CAR - DAY

Lily drives as Olive sits next to her. Vivian sits by the passenger window.

OLIVE

There. Now wasn't that a nice outing?

LILY

I could use a drink.

VIVIAN

Young people depress Lily because she's afraid of dying.

LILY

Bumps along in silence...

NARRATOR

*As Lily wondered whether she was afraid of dying or simply missed feeling alive, she allowed herself one deep breath of fresh country air.*

Lily takes a deep breath, glancing in the rearview mirror...

LILY

I don't think we've been out once since--

ANGLE - REARVIEW MIRROR

Chuck stands by the windmill.

LILY (CONT'D)

--Charlotte?

An arm of the windmill rotates in front of the place where Chuck stands, and when it lifts away -- she's gone...

CAR

VIVIAN

No need to yell her name. I think Heaven's closer than we think.

OLIVE

I agree.

Lily stares again in the mirror, shaking it off. Off Olive, knowing she made the right decision...

INT. WINDMILL - DAY

Emerson, Ned and Chuck barge through the door, breaking up Lefty and Elsita's steamy embrace. Emerson points his gun:

EMERSON

Hand up!

Lefty raises his hand in one-armed, un-armed surrender.

CAMERA CLOSES IN ON his one good arm extended in the air.

EXT. WINDMILL - LATER - DAY

CLOSE ON the same hand being handcuffed.

CAMERA PULLS OUT ON a POLICE OFFICER as he CUFFS Lefty and pulls his arm behind his back. Then, realizing there's no second arm to cuff it to, he lets it dangle. He pushes Lefty into the cop car while Emerson stands beside him, counting his reward money.

ANGLE ON the front door of the windmill. Where Elsita watches the action from afar, her heart breaking. As the cop car starts to drive away, Elsita sprints toward it.

ELSITA

Lemuel! I'll write you!

Lefty pumps his one good arm out of the car window.

NARRATOR

*The Pie-Maker and the girl he called Chuck marvelled at love's power to conquer all obstacles. Distance and time...*

OMIT

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - DAY

The aunts sit on their couch, staring ahead as they eat their pie, looking wistfully at the portrait of Chuck.

NARRATOR

*...hardship and pain...*

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - NIGHT

From across the room, Olive wistfully watches Ned --

NARRATOR

*...a lack of reciprocation...*

-- who is wistfully watching:

CHUCK. Who is sitting in a booth with Becky, a pie box sits on the table between them.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**  
*...even death...*

CHUCK  
Your husband was a great pilot. He didn't kill himself -- a pigeon did, by accident.

Becky smiles, relieved. Chuck hands her a check and the pie.

OMIT

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Lefty sits in his cell, writing "Elsita" on a note. Pidge stands next to him.

**NARRATOR**  
*With Pidge's help, the long-distance love affair of Lefty and Elsita continued to soar.*

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS the bird's ascent, PANNING ACROSS THE SKY TO:

EXT. LIBERTY APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DUSK

Chuck, in full beekeeper uniform, looks out over the horizon. She seems content, but not yet happy.

**NARRATOR**  
*And the Pie-Maker realized that while some obstacles may never disappear...*

A tap on Chuck's shoulder. She turns, sees--

Ned, in full BEEKEEPER WEAR (including GLOVES and NETTED HAT). He stands by an OLD-FASHIONED RECORD PLAYER with RCA-STYLE amplifying cone.

NED  
Care to dance?

He drops the needle. A SONG STARTS TO PLAY. Probably a TANGO.

CHUCK  
(smiles big)  
Yes, please.

And they do. Suit to suit.

**NARRATOR**

*You can always find a way to work around them.*

NED

Dip!

Ned dips her low, CATCHING her with ease. Chuck smiles.

CHUCK

You caught me.

He smiles and pulls her up into a twirl. The two would-be lovers dance slowly as the sun sets behind them.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW