

PUSHING DAISIES

"Girth"


Episode #3T6504

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FINAL DRAFT 
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. LONGBOROUGH SCHOOL - DAY - FLASHBACK

Autumn. Austere.

NARRATOR

*The season is autumn, his first year away.
Young Ned is at boarding school. The times
are not gay...*

CAMERA DROPS like a stone down through the ground into--

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*Tucked away in her lair, dark, dank and
cool...*

INT. BOARDING SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

We drop down to find the POST OFFICE WINDOW. It slides open with a BANG, REVEALING THE POST MISTRESS (60s, female), in a green banker's visor, piles of letters and packages around her.

NARRATOR

*...stood the Post Mistress of the Longborough
School.*

A line of ANXIOUS STUDENTS in school UNIFORMS wait to collect their mail. FIND YOUNG NED at the end of the line. Boys in front and behind him talk excitedly. He speaks to no one.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*Every week Young Ned would hope for a letter,
some contact from home, to make it all better.*

THE POST MISTRESS

White gloves, hands out letters, packages to each boy... Young Ned reaches the Post Mistress. She shakes her head "no."

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*But from his father, there was never a word.
"He's grieving your mother," they said. Young
Ned had concurred.*

The Post Mistress slides the window SHUT. Black. Then--

INT. BOARDING SCHOOL - BASEMENT HALLWAY - A NEW DAY

The POST OFFICE WINDOW slides OPEN. The Post Mistress, in a NEW OUTFIT, sets a lit SMILING PUMPKIN on the ledge.

NARRATOR

Then one day before All Hallows Eve, she gave him the nod. It was hard to believe.

The Post Mistress nods at Young Ned in line. He smiles, comes forward past OTHER BOYS ripping open their packages and showing off their Halloween bounty: candy, costumes, cards.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He was stunned to be summoned, guessed what he'd be given: Candy corn treats? Or masks of dead risen?

Young Ned reaches the window. The Post Mistress hands him a SINGLE POSTCARD. Young Ned looks at it in surprise.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But the thing was more frightening than a demon, winged or hooved: a pre-printed card from his father--

ANGLE - POSTCARD

A Halloween-themed postcard with "WE'VE MOVED" and a new address in small print. It's signed with a hastily-written: "Dad."

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

We've moved.

Young Ned looks at the card, shocked. The same carved pumpkin next to him now has an ANGRY FACE.

INT. HORSE STABLES - NIGHT

Leaves blow past the entrance to a riding stable.

NARRATOR

Now, 20 years later, nearly to the hour, someone else was feeling melancholy, and so very dour.

WE MOVE INSIDE, STALKING, down a long, dimly-lit alleyway, past horses asleep in their stalls...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Woken from a sleep, by the flickering flame. For, by the light of pumpkin heads, nothing is the same.

FIND LUCAS SHOEMAKER, 40s, leather apron, sleeves rolled, as he sips from a bottle of bourbon, packs his blacksmith tools into a tray perched on an anvil.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

This is when the ghosts rise up, allowed to walk the ground...

Shoemaker stops, listens. SCRAPE-CLOP, SCRAPE-CLOP. Shoemaker squints into the darkness. SCRAPE-CLOP, SCRAPE-CLOP.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And if you're haunted by your past, you best not stick around.

LUCAS SHOEMAKER

Hello?

CLOSE ON the NOSTRILS OF A HORSE, steam flares from them.

The HORSE steps into the light, its face is covered in a racing hood. A RIDER sits on its back, dressed in racing silks, helmet and goggles that reflect Hell's fire. Shoemaker drops his bottle in disbelief, then SCREAMS! It carries over into--

INT. PIE HOLE - DAY

CLOSE ON A MASK OF A FACE FROZEN IN A SCREAM

REVEAL CHUCK on a chair as she hangs the decoration. She's decorated the entire Pie Hole -- crepe skeletons, flossy spiderwebs. OLIVE ENTERS from the back, goes behind the ice cream counter.

OLIVE

Ned hates Halloween, you know. Makes him moodier than a pumpkin fulla PMS.

Chuck steps off her chair...

CHUCK

Ned doesn't hate Halloween.

OLIVE

I'd say tomorrow's his least-favorite day. When he sees all this, you are going to be one sorry little zombie. Seriously, you're so dead.

Olive smiles a knowing smile. Chuck stops. Slow PUSH IN--

NARRATOR

The reasons Chuck thought "zombie" and "dead" an interesting choice of words were these:

INT. WINDMILL - DAY - FLASHBACK (EPISODE 103)

Olive sits with the aunts, goes to answer the door.

NARRATOR

One: It had come to Chuck's attention that Olive had recently made contact with her aunts Lily and Vivian.

Olive opens the door to see Chuck, Emerson and Ned...

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK (EPISODE 102)

Lily leaves the room...

NARRATOR

Two: Chuck's aunts believed Chuck to be dead.

Dumps out tears from her eye patch.

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

Chuck, dead in her coffin.

NARRATOR

Three: Chuck was dead.

Ned touches her and she leaps out, slamming his head.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Four: Then she wasn't.

BACK TO SCENE - ICE CREAM COUNTER

Olive makes herself a scoop of ice cream. Chuck watches.

CHUCK

(cautiously)

So I guess you delivered some pies to my aunts?

OLIVE

Yeah, they're sweet. Probably be sweeter if they didn't think you were murdered.

CHUCK

You tell 'em I'm alive?

OLIVE

Kinda think that'd make their little heads explode. What was that old rhyme?

(singsong)

I scream, you scream, we all scream 'cause you faked your death.

CHUCK

You think I *faked* my death?

OLIVE

That's what I just sang. Unless you've got a better explanation.

NARRATOR

The fact that the truth was too unimaginable even to be considered, relieved Chuck.

The front door JINGLES, NED ENTERS.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But there were other problems.

NED

Hi, Chuck. Hi, Olive.

He looks around the room...

NARRATOR

If one thing scared the Pie-Maker, it was that the secret of Charlotte "Chuck" Charles would get out.

NED

Spooky...

(then)

But we don't usually decorate for Halloween. This much. Or at all.

OLIVE

I'll have them down in a jiffy. Chuck just had her head up her--

NED

(reluctant)

No, it's okay. You can leave 'em up. Probably good for business. I mean, thanks, Chuck.

Ned manages a smile at Chuck, EXITS to the kitchen.

CHUCK

He used to love Halloween.

OLIVE

Yeah. Guess I know Ned better than you do. And now I know you better than Ned does.

CHUCK

You don't know squash.

OLIVE

You mean "squat."

CHUCK
I was being seasonal.
(then)
Does Ned know what you think you know?

OLIVE
Not yet.

CHUCK
Who does?

OLIVE
Who knows?

Olive smiles coyly, turns and EXITS with a spring in her step.

NARRATOR
Olive Snook loved to win.

INT. OLIVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Olive jumps on her bed, DIGBY by the TV in the b.g.

NARRATOR
*And although she had been warned by Great
Grandma Snook that leaping for joy will snap
your Achilles tendons...*

INT. PIE HOLE - DAY

Chuck looks at Ned making pies in the kitchen. Hears the
muffled THUMPING, notices--

THE CHERRY LIGHTS

Swinging ever so slightly.

NARRATOR
*...she celebrated the fact that the
unflappable brunette, who had swept in from
nowhere to steal the Pie-Maker's heart, might
be flappable after all.*

INT. OLIVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Still jumping...

DIGBY

By the TV (On which we can see the local NEWS ANCHOR). Digby's
head bobs up and down, watching the bouncing Olive.

NARRATOR

But as often happens when one celebrates, the universe is quick to even the score.

On the TV we see a picture of a MAN (Lucas Shoemaker) and the caption: "Blacksmith Trampled."

OLIVE (O.S.)

Jimminy crispies!

Digby's gaze records a leap and a crash. Olive crawls INTO FRAME to watch the TV, close-up.

TELEVISION

OUR NEWSCASTER at her desk, Shoemaker's picture behind--

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

...a sad end for local blacksmith, Lucas Shoemaker, who was trampled to death late yesterday while working at Manchester Downs. Police have agreed that the death was unusual considering the victim's experience with horses, but they say they do not suspect any foul play at this--

Olive SQUEAKS, snaps off the TV.

INT. PIE HOLE - KITCHEN - DAY

Chuck helps Ned with a pie.

NED

I know those decorations were a lot of work.

CHUCK

This has always been my favorite holiday.

(then)

Remember how we used to trick-or-treat together? Gorge ourselves on candy? You loved that. Why don't you like Halloween anymore?

NED

Remember razor blades in apples? Never actually happened. Not once. Vicious rumor. I blame the candymakers. Or the citrus people.

CHUCK

Are you changing the subject?

NED

No. Have you seen Olive?

CHUCK
Olive?

NED
I wonder where she went.

PUSH IN ON CHUCK

NARRATOR
Chuck imagined where Olive might be...

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - DAY - FANTASY

Olive sits across from THE AUNTS, all drinking tea. Olive speaks, the aunts listen:

Olive finishes talking, smiles. Then, in a non-gory, VFX, puff-of-smoke kind of way, Lily's and Vivian's heads explode.

BACK TO SCENE

NED
What's wrong?

CHUCK
Nothing.

NED
I said "Olive" and your whole face just went...
(indicates)
Whoosh.

CHUCK
Why don't you like Halloween?

NED
Things change. I grew up.

CHUCK
("that's his answer?")
You grew up?

NED
Are you changing the subject? Why the whoosh?

CHUCK
That's how I look now when I feel nothing. My face relaxes into something that looks nervous.

NED
Didn't used to.

CHUCK
(back at him)
Things change. I grew up.

An unspoken stand-off...

NED
Huh.

Ned EXITS to the front with the pie. Chuck watches as the door shuts behind him...

NARRATOR
As the Pie-Maker shut one door...

INT. BANK SECURITY-DEPOSIT ROOM - DAY

BLACK, then the EXAGGERATED SOUND of a crypt opening. We are looking out of a LARGE SAFETY-DEPOSIT BOX.

NARRATOR
...Olive opened another.

Olive, wearing large sunglasses, looks in. We see a wall with other safety-deposit boxes, and a bank SECURITY GUARD standing behind her.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
As she looked in, a secret flooded over her as sharp and horrible as the day she had sealed it in.

She reaches in and pulls out a LARGE GOLDEN TROPHY and several STACKS OF CASH. Olive takes the bills, replaces the trophy and shuts the door again.

INT. PIE HOLE - BOOTH - LATER

EMERSON enjoys some pie. Looks up to see Olive.

EMERSON
Check, please.

She slaps a stack of cash in front of him.

EMERSON (CONT'D)
Or cash. Cash is fine.

Emerson grabs the cash and tucks it away. Olive sits.

OLIVE
I want to hire you. Technically, I already have, since you were so grabby with the cash.

EMERSON

Consider it in escrow. Between my thighs.
What's the case?

Olive slaps down a clipping: "FARRIER GETS HIS KICKS."

OLIVE

Yesterday, a farrier named Lucas Shoemaker was
found dead. Trampled.

EMERSON

Why should I care about a dude who sells fur
coats?

OLIVE

Not a furrier. A farrier. Arrr.

EMERSON

Faaarrier.

OLIVE

It's a blacksmith. Puts shoes on horses.

EMERSON

Don't act like that's a word everybody knows.

OLIVE

Police are saying his death was an accident.

EMERSON

You got a reason to disagree?

OLIVE

I might.

Emerson's interested, pushes on--

EMERSON

Farrier a friend of yours?

OLIVE

We used to work together.

EMERSON

He ever put shoes on or off of you?

OLIVE

It wasn't like that. We were competitors.

EMERSON

What'd you compete about?

OLIVE
You promise you won't laugh?

EMERSON
No.

OLIVE
(a breath)
I used to be a professional horse jockey.

Emerson smiles. Then he starts to laugh...

EXT. HORSE STABLES - DAY - FLASHBACK

SLOW PUSH on Olive, standing in a shaft of sunlight at the end of a long stable hall. She's dressed in floral silks, white breeches and black boots. She's glorious.

NARRATOR
*The facts were these: for 8 years, 11 weeks
and 4 days, Olive Snook had been a jockey.*

PULL BACK and we are--

EXT. RACETRACK (STAGE) - DAY (BLUESCREEN)

SHE'S RACING

Right toward camera, saddled on a (mostly) unseen horse (AGAINST BLUESCREEN). It need look only slightly more advanced than *Mary Poppins*. Mud flies against her goggles.

NARRATOR
*At the peak of her career, she was considered
among the best and brightest of her sport.
Until her sudden retirement into her second
career in the food-service industry.*

WIDEN to REVEAL LUCAS SHOEMAKER, to the side and behind her. Olive looks over each shoulder at him. She sets her jaw.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
*Lucas Shoemaker had also been a frequent
visitor to the winner's circle, before his
sudden retirement to become a blacksmith.
Then, upon reaching the age of 45 years, 3
weeks, 4 days and 4 hours old...*

INT. HORSE STABLES

Lucas Shoemaker's lifeless feet poke out from a pile of straw inside a stall.

NARRATOR

...he retired for a second time. Also quite suddenly and quite forever. There were no witnesses and Olive was alone in suspecting foul play.

INT. MORGUE - LAB - DAY

Emerson's still laughing. Ned rolls out the body.

CHUCK

Olive was a jockey?

EMERSON

They called her "The Little Pimento."

Ned pulls down the sheet--

LUCAS SHOEMAKER

His body is covered in horseshoe-shaped bruises.

NED

Is this a bad idea? Olive as a client? It's a little too close for comfort.

EMERSON

Hang on, let me ask the money.

(to a mimed phone)

Hey, money, it's me, Emerson... I'm good, I'm good. Say, can I still pay my bills and buy stuff with you even though you were Olive's money first? Uh-huh. Thanks.

("hangs up")

The money don't care. Touch him.

Ned sets his watch and touches Lucas Shoemaker. The familiar POP of ELECTRICITY. Shoemaker sits up.

NED

Hi.

LUCAS SHOEMAKER

Hibe.

He smiles, revealing he has no teeth.

NED

This might seem like asking the obvious, but were you trampled by a horse?

LUCAS SHOEMAKER

Yef. If waff Bom Dofeff Daybubs.

NED

They... put a bomb in your daybed?

LUCAS SHOEMAKER

Nunh. Bom Dofeff Daychbubs kilm meh.

CHUCK

John Joseph Jacobs killed you?

NED

How can you understand him?

CHUCK

I was in full orthodontic headgear for three years.

NED

When?

CHUCK

Puberty.

NED

You always had nice teeth.

CHUCK

My aunts told me it was a form of birth control.

LUCAS SHOEMAKER

Dath rucks.

CHUCK

Yes, it did suck.

EMERSON

Can we get on with this, please?

NED

(to Shoemaker)

You're sure John Joseph Jacobs killed you?

Shoemaker nods. Ned gets ready to re-dead him.

NED (CONT'D)

Well. That was easy.

EMERSON

Please don't say that. You jinx it when you say that.

NED

I assure you, Mr. Shoemaker, justice will be served.

LUCAS SHOEMAKER

Gwape. Essept...

EMERSON

There it is. Except what?

LUCAS SHOEMAKER

He'th beb.

CHUCK

Who's dead?

LUCAS SHOEMAKER

Bom Bofeff Daybubs. He bibe feben beerz ucko. I faw ip.

CHUCK

John Jacobs died seven years ago. He saw it.

LUCAS SHOEMAKER

Hiff gope kilm me.

EMERSON

His goat killed you?

LUCAS SHOEMAKER

Hiff gope. Gope. Gope!

(spooky noises)

Ooooh, ooooh!

(then)

An hiff goink oo kilm agem.

Ned's watch BEEPS. He touches Shoemaker, putting him to rest.

NED

That sounded like...

CHUCK

Ghost. A ghost killed him.

NED

And he's going to kill *agem*.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. PIE HOLE - BOOTH - NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON A BOOK JACKET - *GHOSTS: Prisoners of Consciousness*

We PULL BACK to REVEAL Chuck reading in interest, sipping from a glass of water. Ned absently pets Digby with the ARTIFICIAL ARM. Emerson reads the paper.

CHUCK

Most people hear "ghost" and they think of a disembodied dead Sea Captain or something. But there's actually an entire spectrum of ghosts.

EMERSON

I'm fine with just Sea Captain.

NED

You don't really think a ghost killed Lucas Shoemaker, do you?

EMERSON

I'll bet she does.

CHUCK

How do you know there's not a ghost somewhere telling their ghost friend, "You don't really think a guy can touch dead people back to life, do you?"

NED

That's not fair. Just because there's magic in one place doesn't mean there's magic in every place. I don't believe in ghosts, or haunted houses or witches or spirits. And maybe that sounds a little crazy coming from a guy who can shoot sparks out his fingers, but it's what I believe.

CHUCK

You used to believe in ghosts. You used to say my aunts' house was haunted.

NED

I said it was spooky. And come on. The shuttered windows, the birds, your aunts.

CHUCK

One night we had a séance there, and he peed his pants.

NED

I did not. I knocked their hors d'oeuvre
plate into my lap. The Brie was runny.

EMERSON

I'd stick with the pissing-your-pants story.
(notices)
There's Olive.

Chuck looks up as Olive ENTERS from the back. Emerson gets up,
crosses toward the ice cream counter. Chuck smiles at Ned...

CHUCK

Happy Halloween.

He doesn't give her what she wants--

NED

Mnn.

INT. PIE HOLE - ICE CREAM COUNTER

Emerson speaks with Olive...

EMERSON

You were right. Lucas Shoemaker was murdered.

OLIVE

I knew it.

EMERSON

Word is there might be more. You know who
else might be in danger?

OLIVE

Might be jockeys.

EMERSON

You got names?

OLIVE

I got places. Bar I know. Bunch of 'em hang
out.

EMERSON

The name John Joseph Jacobs mean anything to you?

Olive backs away...

OLIVE

W-W-Why?

EMERSON

Someone said they saw his ghost.

Eyes rolling back in her head, Olive FAINTS dead away, dropping down behind the counter.

NARRATOR

It was plain that the name John Joseph Jacobs meant everything to Olive Snook.

BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Emerson stands, speaks to Chuck and Ned--

EMERSON

Name means everything to her. I'm gonna go check out who else might know about this supposed "ghost." Olive said there's a bar.

NED

I'll check out the stables. See if the perp left behind any clues.

CHUCK

Like protoplasm or melted crucifixes.

NED

Or, you know, real clues.

EMERSON

He say "perp"?

CHUCK

He did. It was cute.

(to Ned)

I'll come with you.

NED

Actually, I'd rather go alone. Besides, I think Emerson needs you.

EMERSON

What?

(kicked, to Ned)

Ow. Don't kick me.

CHUCK

Did you kick him under the table?

NED

No.

(then)

Yes. There's just something else I gotta do.

EMERSON

Case related?

NED

Yes.

(then)

No. In fact... I probably won't even have time to get to the stables.

Emerson sighs.

CHUCK

Fine. I'll go to the stables.

(to Emerson)

You go to the bar.

(to Ned)

And you go do whatever secret, private, alone thing by yourself you need to do alone.

Chuck stands and EXITS. Ned sighs, that didn't go well. Emerson's reads his paper...

NED

She's upset. But this really is something I have to do alone.

EMERSON

(not looking up)

Telling me helps.

NED

Where is Olive?

EMERSON

(remembering)

Oh, shoot...

ANGLE - ICE CREAM COUNTER

Across the room, Olive slowly pulls herself back up into view from behind the counter where Emerson left her.

NARRATOR

The reason 60 percent of Olive Snook's blood had left her head was this:

EXT. RACETRACK (STAGE) - DAY - FLASHBACK

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS -- in JOCKEY SILKS, HELMET, RIDING BOOTS AND GOGGLES -- rides his MOUNT at full speed in front of an ever-changing BACKGROUND (BLUESCREEN) of moments from his storied career.

NOTE: This should be a tall actor made to look shorter for these scenes. As the narrator speaks, we see BACKGROUND IMAGES of:

NARRATOR

For 3 years, 4 months and 26 days...

-- John Joseph Jacobs sitting atop his steed, thrusting his fist into the air. A sea of AMAZINGLY-LARGE fancy HATS are flung into the air around him. A BANNER READS: "Kentucky Derby."

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

John Joseph Jacobs had been the golden boy of horse racing...

-- John Joseph Jacobs, PARIS in the b.g., hoisting a SPECTACULAR TROPHY over his head. A BANNER READS: "Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe." As he does so, the air fills with tossed BERETS.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Win after win on the world circuit earned him grander trophies and greater purses...

-- John Joseph Jacobs, a DESERT in the b.g., A BANNER READS: "Tripoli World Cup." All around him, ARABIC HEADDRESSES are visible, as AUTOMATIC WEAPONS are waved and SHOT into the air.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...until he was a sure bet to become the greatest jockey of all time...

-- SLOW PUSH on A BANNER announcing: "THE JOCK-OFF 2000."

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

His chance to prove this came in the race of the century, pitting the top jockeys of the day against each other. But as he was about to win the Jock-Off 2000...

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS rides at camera, full speed (SAME PROCESS AS BEFORE).

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...John Joseph Jacobs suddenly found himself...

CAMERA PUSHES IN TIGHT ON JACOBS, still riding hard.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...unseated.

With a look of sheer horror, John Joseph Jacobs loses control and FALLS OUT OF FRAME.

FIND Jacobs's shattered and trampled goggles lying in the dirt.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

His patented early lead, ideal for winning but not for falling, led to his broken body being trampled by every rider in the race...

FLASH! The SCREEN WHITES OUT... until gradually, a black-and-white PHOTOFINISH PHOTO appears before our eyes of the (blurred) winning horse (and jockey) crossing the finish line.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...including the Jock-Off 2000's eventual winner, Olive Snook.

PUSH IN CLOSE-CLOSE-CLOSE on the head of the winning rider to REVEAL the jockey is indeed Olive.

INT. MCCOY'S SADDLE SORES SALOON - DAY

TIGHT ON Emerson and Olive sitting at an old wooden bar, a bowl of peanuts in front of them.

OLIVE

I quit racing the next day, put the trophy and my winnings in a safe-deposit box. I thought if I locked it all away I could forget.

EMERSON

You think whoever killed Shoemaker's looking to get some revenge for John Joseph Jacobs's death?

OLIVE

I know it sounds crazy.

EMERSON

It ain't crazy. When the guy who's supposed to win a race doesn't, lotta angry gamblers got someone to blame. But why now? Seven years is a long time to nurse a grudge.

OLIVE

What if it is John Joseph's ghost?

EMERSON

That's crazy.

OLIVE

What if he's going after everybody who finished the race where he died? Gordon was fourth, Shoe showed third. Pinky placed second.

(then)

I never should have won.

EMERSON

You need a drink.
(gestures)
Barkeep!

REVEAL this is a (SMALL) jockey bar. Jockey memorabilia of all kinds covers the walls. CAMERA PANS along the bar and its petite (male) PATRONS, until it finds bartender, PINKY MCCOY, who approaches Emerson. Emerson is a giant among men here...

PINKY MCCOY

Listen, King Kong -- I already told you, you can finish your beer and go. We don't like your kind in here.

Emerson grabs Pinky by his collar. To everybody's surprise, Pinky pulls a SAWED-OFF DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOTGUN from behind the bar and shoves it under Emerson's chin.

PINKY MCCOY (CONT'D)

Take a breath, big fella. I'm only talking about the sign behind the bar.

EMERSON'S POV

Behind the bar, a SIGN nailed to the wall reads: "Management reserves the right to refuse service to anyone over 60 inches. Too tall? Too bad. Take a hike!"

OLIVE

Damn it, Pinky McCoy... I'm trying to save your life.

Pinky looks at Olive, lowers the gun.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

The P.I.'s here about Shoey. He just wants to ask you some questions.

He's ready to listen...

EMERSON

Why do they call you Pinky?

PINKY MCCOY

(back on guard)
If you're looking to make a joke at my expense, the first barrel will spill your gut, the second'll be to the telephone so no one will come and save ya while yer bleedin' out.

EMERSON

It's just a question.

PINKY MCCOY

It's just a nickname.

Again, Pinky lowers the gun...

EMERSON

Was "physically small guy who's funny to look at 'cause he's comically tiny" already taken?

Pinky whips the gun back up--

OLIVE

That's enough! Put that gun away!

The tense silence is broken by--

GORDON MCSMALLS

A drunken jockey, with a big drink, at the other end of the bar--

GORDON MCSMALLS

Listen to the little lady. A bird gun like that ain't gonna do you no good if the ghost of John Joseph Jacobs comes a-callin' for ya.

PINKY MCCOY

Shut your trap, Gordon!

EMERSON

What's he talking about?

PINKY MCCOY

He's talking about nothin'.

(to Olive)

Look, Pits. What happened to Shoey was an accident. You, me and Gordon all know he was a drunk with a temper, the horses hated him.

OLIVE

What if we got sources say it wasn't an accident.

Emerson looks over at Gordon...

EMERSON

You happen to see this ghost, friend?

GORDON MCSMALLS

Oh, I've seen him all right. And I'm not the only one.

(then)

He rises from the grave and walks the stables by night. He's looking for revenge on the riders who mangled him.

The whole bar's watching. Olive shivers, moves close to Emerson.

OLIVE

Oh, no! *Then it's true.*

GORDON MCSMALLS

The ghost of John Joseph murdered that jockey.
He'll get the rest of us, too. One by bloody
one...

PINKY MCCOY

(heading for Gordon)

All right, I'm cuttin' ya off! The only thing
that ghost's a-murdering's my business.

Pinky yanks the glass from Gordon and downs it himself before
Gordon can protest.

GORDON MCSMALLS

You don't believe me, go look at his tomb for
yourself. Lid's been broken on account of him
climbing out all the time.

CLOSE ON EMERSON

EMERSON

That little cracker is nutty.

PULL OFF OF EMERSON to REVEAL we are now--

INT. TOMB - DAY

A small personal tomb with a large concrete COFFIN. Emerson
holds a small cracker to his nose. There are others spilled on
top of the CRACKED coffin lid. Olive and Emerson hold shovels.

OLIVE

There's crackers everywhere. Who eats in a tomb?

EMERSON

Whoever it was couldn't have been here very
long ago.

OLIVE

Gordon was right. The lid's been broken, just
like he said.

(then)

Maybe John Joseph *is* coming back from the dead.

EMERSON

Or someone's trying to give that impression.
Maybe Gordon knows more than he's letting on.
We gotta take a look inside.

Emerson wedges his shovel under the lid, starts to pry it open.

OLIVE

Maybe John Joseph faked his death. People do that all the time.

EMERSON

No they don't.

OLIVE

Yes, they do. Sometimes they don't even try and cover it up. They just show up and ruin your life like no one's ever gonna figure it out. But then you do figure it out 'cause you're not an idiot. Are you an idiot?

She has his attention...

EMERSON

No, because an idiot might misunderstand what you just said and hit you with a shovel.

OLIVE

I think you know.

EMERSON

I think you're wrong. Can we do this? One, two, three--

Olive leans her whole weight on her shovel. Her tiny body offers no leverage and she dangles off the floor. With one great HEAVE, Emerson pries open the coffin lid. He pushes it aside--

OLIVE

Sweet Secretariat!

A MASSIVE, LEGLESS HORSE SKELETON

Is squeezed into the coffin, its faded, tattered colors and rotting blinders still visible.

EMERSON

That doesn't look like John Joseph.

OLIVE

A horse with no name...

EMERSON

Or legs.

Off this...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HORSE STABLES - DAY

Chuck, with Digby, walks down past the horses in the stalls. Distant WOLVES CRY, stall doors CREAK. It's spooky, dark and lonely...

CHUCK
Hello? Anybody here?

There is no response. A horse NEIGHS.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Oh, nay yourself. C'mon, Digby, let's look for evidence...

A gust of WIND slams a door open and shut, startling her. She's scared but holds it together. She and Digby walk close together.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
(to Digby)
If you think about it, Digby, a ghost is just a dead person without a body. Maybe you can rattle chains or slam doors -- hardly the bee's knees. Unless you're a ghost who can murder someone...

Digby looks up at her...

INTERCUT WITH:

HANDHELD STALKER POV

Chuck walking, seen through the slats, as if from someone quietly stalking her...

CHUCK
That's a little scary. But we were already murdered once. How many people or dogs can say that? We're the walking dead on Halloween. If anyone should be scared, it should be them.

Chuck bends down and picks up a small package of crackers.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Look, someone dropped some oyster crackers.

A LOOMING SHADOW OF A FIGURE WITH A PITCHFORK steps in her path. Chuck SCREAMS!

REVEAL EMERSON

Standing with a pitchfork.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Emerson! What are you doing here?

EMERSON

There's a legless skeleton of a horse in John Joseph's tomb and Olive knows you're dead.

CHUCK

First off, *huh?* And secondly, Olive thinks I *faked* my death, which is completely different from knowing I'm dead.

EMERSON

Different like purple and mauve.

CHUCK

I was sending pies to my aunts. I didn't know Olive was going to deliver them. This is exactly what Ned was afraid of. Now Olive can ruin everything.

EMERSON

Secret's like a fart. Always finds a way out. Maybe you carry it around in your pants for a while, carry it away from the scene of the crime. But sooner or later, everybody knows.

(then)

We gotta go talk to John Joseph's next of kin. See if anyone's actually seen the guy get buried.

Emerson starts off, Chuck catches up...

CHUCK

Olive hasn't told Ned yet.

EMERSON

Keep it that way. He's a delicate machine. Machine almost broke when he brought you back. Machine finds out about this, he'll bust a gasket. I don't want that.

CHUCK

Because you care, or because he's a machine that makes you money?

EMERSON

Because I care and he's a machine that makes me money.

CHUCK

If I squint with my ears that's almost sweet.
(then)
I hope he's okay, wherever he is.

As they head off...

NARRATOR

In fact, at that moment, the Pie-Maker found himself across town and across time...

YOUNG NED

Looks at--

THE POSTCARD

"WE'VE MOVED! - Dad." He flips it over: We see the PICTURE OF A COZY HOUSE.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are--

EXT. COZY HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

Young Ned stands on the sidewalk, postcard in hand, looking at the actual house from the picture. He's dressed as a ghost, with a distinct PATTERNED SHEET thrown over his head. Digby sits at his side, a sheet tossed over him as well. Trick-or-treaters walk the street in the b.g.

NARRATOR

His father's new address was the place that he sought. A home to come home to, in his throat, his heart caught...

The house's front door opens. Out walks NED'S FATHER, followed immediately by HIS NEW WIFE and her TWO SONS. New Wife wears a classic angel costume, her two sons are dressed as devils.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But what came out of the door scared him for life: his father, with two brand-new sons and a brand-new wife.

Father stops, approaches costumed Ned, smiling but not recognizing him...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

A hug was what he wanted. A wink and a quick, "The joke's on you." But what he got instead... was a Honeycomb Chew.

Dad pulls a CANDY BAR from his pocket...

NED'S FATHER

Happy Halloween.

Young Ned slowly takes it as his father turns and leads his new family down the street to trick-or-treat.

NARRATOR

*Dad's heart had done what it needed the most.
It moved on and never looked back, till Ned
was nothing...*

YOUNG NED

Watches them go.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...but a ghost.

He looks down at the candy bar in his hand, then turns in the other direction and RUNS AWAY, weaving through COSTUMED KIDS trick-or-treating down the sidewalk.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*So the ghost ran away, one thought in his
head...*

STILL PHOTO: NED'S CHILDHOOD HOUSE

Quaint. A "For Sale" SIGN planted in the lawn.

NARRATOR

*...to go back to his old house and lie down in
his bed.*

INT. NED'S CHILDHOOD HOUSE - BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Young Ned races in, whips off his sheet costume. The room has NO FURNITURE. There are some POSTERS still on the wall, and a few forgotten odds and ends.

NARRATOR

*But you can't go back in time, any ghost can
see...*

Young Ned lies down on the floor in the outline in the carpet made by his bed. He holds the candy bar across his chest.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

So he lied down where his bed used to be.

STILL PHOTO: NED'S CHILDHOOD HOUSE

The HOUSE AGES -- the GRASS GROWS, the PAINT PEELS, the "For Sale" sign FALLS DOWN.

NARRATOR

*20 years went by. Paint chipped, grass grew.
Young Ned never forgot, and Young Ned grew, too.*

INT. NED'S CHILDHOOD HOUSE - BEDROOM - THE PRESENT

The ROOM HAS AGED. WALLPAPER FADED, WINDOWS DIRTY, COBWEBS all around. PULL BACK to see--

(GROWN) NED

Lying on the floor where his bed used to be, holding the same (AGED) candy bar.

NARRATOR

So he came back to haunt the house where good times were had. Till the times, they'd marched on, and with them, Dad.

LILY (O.S.)

Hey, kid! Throw another egg and you have my word, it will be the last egg you ever throw.

Ned shakes off the memory, gets up, looks out--

NED'S BEDROOM WINDOW POV

EXT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - FRONT PORCH (STAGE) - DAY

Lily, in front of the door, stares down FOUR YOUNG TEENS with a carton of eggs. They take off running. As she walks back to the house, muttering...

ANGLE - NED IN HIS BEDROOM WINDOW (STAGE)

Watches, tucks the candy bar into his pocket.

EXT. MAMMA JACOBS'S COTTAGE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

A charming, small cottage in the woods. Chuck and Emerson get out of EMERSON'S CAR, walk toward the front door...

EMERSON

Whoever killed Shoemaker obviously wants to create the impression he's John Joseph's ghost. Stealing his body might be part of the plan.

CHUCK

Got it.

EMERSON

Mother may not know her son's body is missing.
Tread lightly.

CHUCK

Anything else?

EMERSON

Yes.

They reach the door. Olive arrives, stands with them, waiting for the door to open.

OLIVE

Sorry I'm late. Hansel and Gretel would have lived a lot longer if they'd had to find this dump.

Chuck gives Emerson a "What the fuck?" look.

EMERSON

Olive's coming. She knows the woman.

Emerson rings the doorbell. All three stare at the door, waiting for it to open...

CHUCK

Hansel and Gretel lived, by the way. They tricked the witch into the oven, stole her jewels, went home with their father to discover their stepmother who sent them into the woods had died. Of evilness.

EMERSON

You can't die of evilness.

CHUCK

Happens all the time. You do something really mean or hurtful, like tell a secret, and *bang*, you're dead.

OLIVE

Or *bang*, you're not really dead. You're just pretending to be dead, while other people who think you're dead are heartbroken.

EMERSON

Or *bang*, you talk too much and you both go wait in the car.

CONTINUED: (2)

MAMMA JACOBS, mid-60s, frail-ish and sweet, opens the door.

MAMMA JACOBS

Why, hello.

(sees)

Why, Olive Snook! Never thought I'd see you again. You're a modest dresser, as always.

INT. MAMMA JACOBS'S COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Mamma Jacobs weaves through MOVING BOXES on her way to where Emerson sits between Olive and Chuck on a couch. She sets down lemonade.

MAMMA JACOBS

You'll forgive the boxes. The Hall of Fame is remodeling their exhibit on Johnny, asked me to go through all his trophies.

OLIVE

Congratulations, Mrs. Jacobs.

MAMMA JACOBS

Thank you. It's probably just as well you trampled him when you did, Olive, or I'd have needed to buy a bigger house to fit them all.

(off the three's look)

I know that sounds a bit...

CHUCK

Bitchy.

MAMMA JACOBS

What was your name again? Brandon? Butch?

CHUCK

Chuck.

MAMMA JACOBS

Yes. I knew it was something unladylike.

(smiles, to Olive)

My point was I've made peace with my son's death. It wasn't easy at first, but knowing it was an accident, and that you've stayed single and the rest of them are drunks, has made it easier.

OLIVE

How do you know I'm still single?

MAMMA JACOBS

You wouldn't need all that bait if your belly was full of fish, dear.

Emerson notices a LARGE, ORNATE TROPHY on Mamma Jacobs's mantle.

EMERSON

That's a big trophy.

MAMMA JACOBS

That one's just for me. It's Johnny's final resting place. His ashes.

EMERSON

His ashes?

Mamma Jacobs nods solemnly.

OLIVE

Then what did you bury at his funeral?

MAMMA JACOBS

All the Gold.

OLIVE

(for Emerson)

His *horse*.

The three share a look, Mamma continues, oblivious--

MAMMA JACOBS

Goldie broke his cannon bone when Johnny had his accident. Johnny always wanted the horse that made his career to have a hero's burial, but the Health Department wasn't too keen so I did it in secret.

OLIVE

(eyes tearing)

I want you to know, Mrs. Jacobs, I never spent the winnings from that race. Until now, to hire Mr. Cod to solve this awful murder.

MAMMA JACOBS

(genuine)

I do forgive you, Olive Snook. The fall was an accident and I can't blame you for not slowing down. Johnny never did.

Off this--

EXT. MAMMA JACOBS'S COTTAGE - MINUTES LATER

Mamma shuts the door behind Olive, Emerson and Chuck.

EMERSON

Well, I guess that explains the horse skeleton.

OLIVE

But not the murder.

CHUCK

Or the ghost.

OLIVE

I think John Joseph's come back and he's coming for everyone of us who was in that race. And I think she knows it.

CHUCK

But she forgave you. You didn't do anything wrong.

Off Olive looking worried...

NARRATOR

As the little voice in Olive's head told her something bad was about to happen...

OLIVE

We gotta check on Pinky...

INT. MCCOY'S SADDLE SORES SALOON - AFTERNOON

A RADIO plays BIG BAND. Pinky mops the floor. There's a KNOCK at the front door. Pinky doesn't bother to look up.

PINKY MCCOY

We're closed!

NARRATOR

The not-so-little voice in Pinky McCoy's head agreed...

KNOCK-KNOCK. Annoyed, Pinky turns -- his eyes go wide. REVEAL he's facing the GHOSTRIDER, staring down on him from his horse. He SCREAMS...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Ned sits across from Lily, as Vivian serves plates of pie.

NARRATOR

Unaware that his friends were closing in on the trail of what appeared to be a murderous ghost, the Pie-Maker continued to haunt his own past.

VIVIAN

Halloween's a busy time for us.

LILY

Some of the neighborhood children started a rumor we were witches. They said we turned little boys into birds.

NED

That's terrible.

LILY

Nothing we can't handle.

Lily WHISTLES at a PARROT in a cage--

PARROT

(real parrot squawk)
Help me, help me! They turned me into a bird.

VIVIAN

(re: the parrot)
Scares the willies out of them.

LILY

Charlotte always managed to talk sense into the little monsters.

VIVIAN

Without her, the trick-or-treaters will be too scared to come to our door this year. But I've prepared a candy bowl just in case.

NED

Lily, Vivian, do you remember very much about my father?

The sisters steal a quick look...

VIVIAN

No. I mean a neighbor's a neighbor. Hard to remember so long ago. He was a handsome man. Liked to edge his lawn on Saturdays.

Vivian takes a sip of tea..

LILY

Your father was a jackass.

(then)

Everybody talked about how terrible it was when he moved away like that. You ask me, he did us all a favor, you included.

Ned takes this in. Vivian swallows. An awkward silence, then--

PARROT

Get out! They'll boil you alive.

Ned takes a bite of his pie. He reacts, immediately spits it into his napkin and looks down at A ROTTEN strawberry.

NARRATOR

The Pie-Maker stared at the ripe strawberry that had turned rotten at the touch of his tongue. It could only mean one thing...

INT. PIE HOLE - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK (PILOT)

A rotten piece of fruit ripens at Ned's touch.

NARRATOR

...he had touched it before.

BACK TO SCENE

NED

Where did you get this pie?

LILY

We thought you were having it delivered. Comes every week.

VIVIAN

I don't know how we'd survive without it. It's like a sex addiction. I would imagine.

Ned looks over at the family portrait of Lily, Vivian and Chuck.

CLOSE ON CHUCK'S SMILING FACE

NARRATOR

The Pie-Maker realized Lily and Vivian had their own ghost.

LILY

(off his hesitation)

If this is that Armenian baker pulling some kind of switcheroo--

NED

No, no. It's me. I'm sending them. Thought you could use a little sweetness in these hard times.

Ned sets his plate down.

NED (CONT'D)

I-- I really need to go.

EXT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - FRONT PORCH (STAGE) - MOMENTS LATER

Vivian runs out after him, catching him on the porch:

VIVIAN

Ned, wait.

He does--

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Your father...

NED

I know, he was emotionally stunted, afraid of getting close. Definitely not very good with good-byes.

VIVIAN

"Jackass" is as good a word as any.

NED

Then why do I still miss him?

VIVIAN

(with a smile)

We see what we want to see. Sometimes I put pillows under the covers in Charlotte's bed and pretend she's sleeping.

NED

I miss her, too.

VIVIAN

No one remembers your father, Ned. What they talk about is how you turned out to be such a nice, wonderful boy. Man, even.

She kisses him on the cheek. Ned smiles, starts off...

NED

I'll keep the pies coming.

NARRATOR

As the Pie-Maker started off, he realized that for the first time in his life, he missed something more than his past...

INT. MCCOY'S SADDLE SORES SALOON - NIGHT

Deserted, broken glass everywhere, chairs and tables knocked over. Olive, Ned, Chuck and Emerson lean over the DEAD BODY of Pinky McCoy, a mangled heap against the bar, some OYSTER CRACKERS scattered on and around him...

NARRATOR

He missed his present.

OLIVE

Oh, little Pinky!

As Olive grieves softly, Chuck steps back with Ned. Quietly:

CHUCK

Where have you been?

NED

Not important.

CHUCK

Important to me.

(smiles)

I missed you.

Ned smiles back. Emerson leans back from comforting Olive, mimics Chuck's smile--

EMERSON

I missed you, too.

(then)

Can we get on with this?

Chuck puts a comforting arm around Olive.

CHUCK

Let's go outside, Olive. We'll let Emerson
and Ned look for evidence.

She leads the shaken Olive out. Ned leans over Pinky's body,
STARTS HIS WATCH, touches Pinky's face -- the small SPARK.
Pinky's eyes POP OPEN. He looks down at his own mangled form.

PINKY MCCOY

Aw, crap. I need a drink.

EMERSON

Sure.

PINKY MCCOY

Whisky. Straight up.

Emerson takes the whisky bottle, tips it upside down and "feeds"
it to the immobile Pinky like a hamster in a cage. Pinky takes
a long, long drink.

EMERSON

Who did this?

PINKY MCCOY

Wouldn't have believed if I hadn't seen it
with my own eyes -- same silks, same goggles,
same as the day he died.

EMERSON

("not this again")
The ghost did it.

PINKY MCCOY

Finally got his revenge. Not that I don't
deserve it, as I'm the one gave him the snip.

NED

What snip?

PINKY MCCOY

How do you think a chronic third placer like
me buys a bar like this? Let's just say I
played the ponies better than I rode 'em.

EMERSON

You bet on your own races?

PINKY MCCOY

Only the ones I fixed. You see Olive, you
tell her I'm sorry. She don't deserve what's
coming to her.

NED

What is coming to her?

PINKY MCCOY

It's pretty clear John Joseph's come back
because he knows how we all kept the secret.

NED

What secret?

PINKY MCCOY

Get comfortable, it's quite a story.

The watch BEEPS. Ned would really like to hear the story.

NED

Son of a bitch.

Ned touches Pinky, he slumps back down.

NED / EMERSON

(yelling)

Olive!

Olive bursts back in the door. SLOW PUSH IN on her as she
listens to Emerson talk...

NARRATOR

*As Olive was confronted with the lie that
Pinky had briefly revived to point the finger,
and the truth of what she was fingered with,
Olive broke down... The facts were these:*

As she slumps in hysterical tears--

PHOTO: RACETRACK - DAY - FLASHBACK

The track is empty.

NARRATOR

*In the pandemonium that followed the tragedy-
marred Jock-Off 2000...*

INT. HORSE STABLES - DAY

Lit with only a SINGLE OVERHEAD LIGHT, the now-familiar faces of
Pinky McCoy, Gordon McSmalls, Lucas Shoemaker and Olive Snook
gather around the unseated saddle of John Joseph Jacobs.

NARRATOR

*...the surviving jockeys gathered in secret to
pore over what had come to pass.*

CLOSE ON THE SADDLE

Monogrammed with a shiny gold plaque: "JJJ." They point to where its girth has been cut in half.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

One of them had deliberately cut the fallen jockey's girth. John Joseph Jacobs had been sabotaged. Accusations flew...

THE JOCKEYS

They argue. Fingers point, heads shake in denial. Pinky McCoy silences them all. Begins to speak, clearly the ringleader.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But in the end, all agreed to one thing: to protect their own honor, and that of their storied profession, the heinous act would never be revealed to anyone.

CAMERA PANS ACROSS the faces of the jockeys, each nodding in agreement, until it FINDS...

OLIVE

Standing firm, shaking her head -- "No."

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Olive tried to protest...

CAMERA PULLS OUT to REVEAL the other jockeys surrounding Olive. They shout angrily, closing in on her. Pinky hits the overhead lamp with his riding crop -- sending the light above Olive's head swinging wildly back and forth.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...but she was overwhelmed.

Olive stands frozen, her face flashing in and out of shadow.

THE MEN'S AND OLIVE'S HANDS

Coming in on top of each other, one at a time...

NARRATOR

The oath to keep the terrible secret was taken...

THE HANDS break up in the air together, REVEALING:

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS'S BURNING SADDLE

Its "JJJ" still gleaming--

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
...and the evidence destroyed.

As the fire blurs out of focus...

INT. OLIVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In a series of quick shots, Olive's apartment locks down:

-- FWUMP, FWUMP. Windows slam shut.

-- CLICK, CLICK. Window latches lock.

-- FFFT. Curtains pull close.

-- GRRRR. Digby takes station at the front door.

REVEAL Ned, Chuck and Emerson are securing Olive's apartment while she watches...

EMERSON
You're in a lot of danger.

OLIVE
I'm sorry I didn't tell you about the girth.

NED
Why would you spend all those years lying for each other?

OLIVE
We took an oath. I was scared for what would happen if I broke it.

CHUCK
Sometimes you have to keep a secret. Even if it means hurting people.

OLIVE
Exactly.
(realizing)
Oh, damn it.

She begrudgingly looks at Chuck, who smiles.

EMERSON

Bottom line is someone's either getting
payback 'cause they found out about the
secret, or they knew it all along and they're
making sure it goes away forever.

OLIVE

But that just leaves Gordon and me.

NED

We need to pick up Gordon.

CHUCK

But if it is a ghost...

They turn to Chuck...

EMERSON

I'm getting the car.

Emerson leaves. Chuck turns to Ned...

CHUCK

I'm just saying, if this is some kind of
spirit that thinks it's righting a terrible
wrong, then you need to confront it and tell
it to move on. If I were a ghost, it would be
hard for me to let go, too.

Olive clocks this. Ned smiles...

NED

I'm sure it would be.

(then)

Keep the curtains closed and the windows
locked the rest of the night.

OLIVE

Yes, sir.

Ned heads for the exit.

NED

Lock this behind me. Don't open it for anyone.

Ned EXITS. Chuck and Olive take a breath...

OLIVE

I love in-charge Ned.

Chuck goes to lock the door.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You really don't have to stay. I can take care of myself.

CHUCK

You're not scared?

OLIVE

("yes")

No. Why, are you?

CHUCK

("yes")

No.

(then)

I'll make some tea.

OLIVE

I'll get some booze to take the edge off.

CHUCK

Bourbon, with a splash of chamomile.

OLIVE

Aunt Lily's favorite.

They smile at what they share.

CHUCK

Thank you for respecting my secret. I would never do this to my aunts if I didn't have to.

OLIVE

I won't tell Ned. I'll leave that up to you.

(then)

I keep the booze by the bed.

INT. OLIVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Olive ENTERS. The wind rattles her window, she looks over, noticing something.

She slowly approaches, looking outside into the darkness. She throws the window open, draws a breath at what she sees--

ANGLE OUT THE OPEN WINDOW

There is a small GOLDEN HORSESHOE, balanced on its curve, resting on the fire escape ledge. Olive looks around outside, takes it, looks at it wide-eyed.

OLIVE

John Joseph...

(to herself)

If you want a ghost to leave, confront it.

She gathers her resolve, steps out onto the fire escape...

INT. OLIVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chuck pours tea into two mugs.

CHUCK

Olive? I love your horsey mugs.

A paper napkin BLOWS off the table in a small breeze. Off Chuck, noticing--

INT. OLIVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Chuck runs in to see the open window.

CHUCK

Olive?!

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Olive steps off the fire escape, looks around. As she turns--

ANGLE BEHIND HER

A DARK FIGURE IN DARK CLOTHES rises up from behind a roof vent. It's John Joseph Jacobs!! Olive tries to scream, but the fear strangles it in her throat.

OLIVE

It is you!

Off Olive's life hanging in the balance...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Right where we left them.

OLIVE

John Joseph, is it really you?

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS

Olive Snook...

The "horsey" coffee mug from before whips into his head, staggering him backward. Olive turns to see--

CHUCK

Arrived at the top of the fire escape.

CHUCK

Are you okay?!

OLIVE

Nice shot.

Chuck runs to join Olive. Olive shows her the horseshoe.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I saw this out the window. I gave it to John Joseph for good luck right before the Jock-Off 2000.

John Joseph groans...

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS

Olive?

He starts to get up...

OLIVE

John Joseph Jacobs. I thought you were dead. You should be ashamed of yourself.

(as he rises)

And about two feet shorter.

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS

Let me explain.

NARRATOR

The facts were these:

EXT. AMBULANCE DOORS - DAY - FLASHBACK

The rear doors of an AMBULANCE SLAM SHUT. Our four worried jockeys and RACE-GOERS congregate outside the ambulance.

NARRATOR

John Joseph Jacobs had indeed died on the track that fateful day 7 years ago...

VOICE (O.S.)

Clear!

As the jockeys slowly walk away, we see a FLASH from inside the ambulance and HEAR the MMM-ZZT of defibrillator paddles.

NARRATOR

But the shock of 1200 volts brought his heart back to life...

INT. HOSPITAL X-RAY ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

An X-RAY LIGHT BOX. A DOCTOR watches as a SECOND DOCTOR clips up an X-RAY of two shattered HUMAN FEMURS. THE DOCTOR points at the damage.

NARRATOR

Unfortunately, his legs would not be so lucky. Consulting with the family, the doctors turned to another racer who had fallen that day...

An X-RAY of a HORSE SKELETON clips up. The doctor points from the shattered human x-ray to the equine leg x-rays.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

After a 14-hour surgery, All the Gold would live on, below the belt of John Joseph Jacobs.

The doctors, now blood spattered, replace them with a new X-RAY of two long equine bones between a human knee and hip.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

John Joseph sits at a table with an ice pack to his head. Olive and Chuck sit with him.

CHUCK

We thought you were a ghost.

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS

I've basically been living in Mamma's basement for seven years. When I heard you talking about Shoemaker through the heating vent, I thought I was dreaming.

OLIVE

Did you kill him, John Joseph?

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS

Of course not. Why would I want to kill anybody if it was just an accident?

Chuck and Olive share a look...

OLIVE

Then who would be trying to frame you?

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS

I don't know. Truth is, I've done my best to forget that whole chapter of my life.

OLIVE

I guess I kind of tried that, too.

CHUCK

I'm sorry. Can we go back a little? You have horse legs?

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS

It's called xenograft bone transplantation. Those doctors were artists. It only took two years until I could walk up the basement stairs on my own, and only another three till Mamma let me.

OLIVE

I'm sorry your mom keeps you in the basement.

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS

No, it's my choice, now. I feel safe down there. And besides, since the operation, Mom was afraid I might scare people.

OLIVE

That's why you've been hiding all these years? John Joseph, you look great.

CHUCK

And you're alive! You beat death! Yay!

OLIVE

Don't you owe it to your horse to stand up on his two legs and get out there and live?

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS

Maybe you're right. Maybe I should tell my mother it's time to get out on my own. Geez, I'm almost forty.

OLIVE

John Joseph, do you want us to help you talk to her?

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS

That would be great! And I kinda need a ride home.

OMIT

EXT. MAMMA JACOBS'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

The house sits in the eerie darkness of the deep woods.

INT. MAMMA JACOBS'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Olive, Chuck and John Joseph have entered.

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS

Mamma's still at her aqua-therapy. Make yourself at home.

CHUCK

Thank you.

John Joseph EXITS into the kitchen.

OLIVE

If John Joseph didn't do it, then the killer's still out there.

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS (O.S.)

Oh, swizzle sticks! We're out of crackers.

CHUCK

Crackers?

JOHN JOSEPH JACOBS

Oyster crackers. I have low blood sugar. Kinda get crazy-grumpy if I don't watch it. I got some more bags downstairs.

He EXITS through another door, Olive and Chuck share a look. They WHISPER:

CHUCK

(notices)

That trophy bugs me.

Olive crosses to the mantle...

CHUCK (CONT'D)

There were crackers at every murder scene.

Olive lifts down the trophy...

OLIVE

If he's alive, what do you think she keeps in there?

CHUCK

Hurry, before he comes up.

(then)

What if John Joseph changes when his blood sugar drops.

OLIVE

(taking it seriously)

Like a hypoglycemic werewolf?

(looking in the urn)

Eew. There are ashes in here.

CHUCK

Olive, what if he's gone to get his horse?

There is a sudden CRASH and HORSE NEIGH from outside. Olive STARTLES and drops the urn, which dumps its contents on the coffee table. Olive and Chuck look down.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

(off the ash pile)

Oh, no...

ANGLE - THE ASHES

At the top of the pile is the gleaming GOLD "JJJ" plaque--

OLIVE

It's John Joseph's *saddle!*

CHUCK

He does know the secret!

CRASH!

THE GHOSTRIDER RIDES IN ON THE HORSE, KNOCKING DOWN THE FRONT DOOR. They let out an evil laugh as the HORSE REARS UP, knocking dishes and knickknacks from the walls.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

INT. NED'S CAR - NIGHT

Emerson and Ned in front grimly endure Gordon in the back, still drinking.

GORDON MCSMALLS

(sings)

SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT
AND NEVER BROUGHT TO MIND--

NED

Can you not sing?

GORDON MCSMALLS

If I don't sing, I throw up.

EMERSON

Sing.

GORDON MCSMALLS

I miss Pinky. I even miss Shoey. They were good people. Even after Shoey got on the wagon and became an epic bore, I loved him.

EMERSON

He stopped drinking?

GORDON MCSMALLS

Did all the twelve steps. They didn't tell him step thirteen's getting trampled by a ghost.

(drinks)

Poor sucker. He even made amends to John Joseph's mother before he died.

NED

What do you mean, "made amends"?

GORDON MCSMALLS

Told the old bag o' nails everything. Even brought her the saddle to prove it.

Ned and Emerson share a look.

EMERSON

Go.

INT. MAMMA JACOBS'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Chuck and Olive stare in disbelief at the ghost rider on her horse standing in the living room.

The "ghost" removes her helmet and goggles, revealing it's actually MAMMA JACOBS.

OLIVE

Mamma Jacobs, you killed Lucas and Pinky?

MAMMA JACOBS

As far as anyone knows, it was the ghost of John Joseph, and it's gonna stay that way.

CHUCK

The crackers were a nice touch.

MAMMA JACOBS

Hypoglycemia can be hereditary, sweetie.
(then)
Those jockeys got what they deserved. I trampled them just like they did my boy.

CHUCK

But John Joseph is alive!

MAMMA JACOBS

They murdered his career! He could've won a Triple Crown, he could've been the best there ever was.

CHUCK

Olive's innocent. She didn't cut the girth.

OLIVE

But I kept the secret.

MAMMA JACOBS

Yes, well, now that we've reestablished why I want to kill you, it's time for you to run. I've found trampling works better at a full gallop.

OLIVE

No. I've been running for too long. It's time for all of this to stop.

Mamma Jacobs pulls at her reins, her horse REARS UP, its hooves POUND through the air.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Then again...

Chuck pulls Olive away--

CHUCK

C'mon!

They make a run for the door.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Chuck and Olive bolt for the woods behind the cottage. They run quickly, blindly, leaves whip past their terrified faces.

BEHIND THEM

Mamma Jacobs gallops into the woods, sinister black robes flowing behind her, blood in her eyes...

EXT. MAMMA JACOBS'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Emerson stands by the car as Ned runs back to him from the front door. Gordon stands off to the side, his back to us, peeing.

NED

They're not there!

We hear a HORSE NEIGH in the distance...

EMERSON

(looking)

The woods!

The two men head into the trees. A beat, then:

GORDON MCSMALLS

(finished)

Ahhhhh...

OMIT

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Olive and Chuck break out of the woods, onto a dirt road, they sprint as fast as they can--

CRICK!

Chuck's foot catches on a ROCK. She goes down, face-first, into the dirt.

OLIVE

Come on!

Chuck tries to stand, but stumbles.

CHUCK

My ankle!

OLIVE

Over here--

Olive pulls Chuck off the road, to safety behind a tree.

FARTHER BACK ON THE ROAD

The sound of SNAPPING BRANCHES as Mamma Jacobs gallops from the woods onto the dirt road. The horse pulls up short -- Chuck and Olive are nowhere in sight. Mamma Jacobs scans the woods, looking for them...

MAMMA JACOBS

Olive, Olive, ox in free...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Olive and Chuck hear Mamma Jacobs's creepy call.

CHUCK

Run. Save yourself.

OLIVE

No. She's after me, not you. Tell Ned I love... his pies.

Before Chuck can stop her, Olive pops up and runs.

CHUCK

Olive!

BACK ON THE ROAD

Olive breaks into view, stops in the middle of the road. She stares back at Mamma Jacobs, who is still scanning the woods. Olive takes a breath and sings:

OLIVE

THE OLD GRAY MARE, SHE AIN'T WHAT SHE USED TO
BE! AIN'T WHAT SHE USED TO BE!

MAMMA JACOBS

Snaps her head at the sound of Olive's voice. She smiles and kicks in her heels. Her horse gallops straight for Olive.

OLIVE

Gulps. She spins and runs--

CONTINUED:

THE THUNDEROUS HOOVES

Of the horse tear up the dirt as it gains ground on Olive.

OLIVE

Shoots a terrified glance behind her, suddenly--

YANK!

Olive's pulled to the left behind a tree -- by Ned!

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Ned!

MAMMA JACOBS

Gallops toward them and--

THWUNK!!

The FLAT SIDE OF A SHOVEL swings from behind a tree on the right, and NAILS Mamma Jacobs square in the chest! Mamma Jacobs goes SAILING off her horse and lands with a THUD.

Emerson, trusty shovel in hand, stares down at the fallen Mamma Jacobs, who GROANS.

EMERSON

Love my shovel.

NED AND OLIVE

NED

You okay?

OLIVE

You saved me.

She closes her eyes, then LUNGES IN FOR A KISS.

NED

Caught by surprise, remains passive, eyes open, but does not pull away.

Olive pulls back, still in dreamland. She looks at Ned, still frozen.

EMERSON

Is watching, eyebrows raised...

CHUCK (O.S.)
(calling out)
Ned?

Down the road, Chuck, oblivious to the kiss, has limped out from hiding. Ned and Olive quickly step apart. Emerson enjoys the awkwardness...

NED
Chuck!

Ned runs toward Chuck as Olive watches.

INT. WALL - DAY

PANNING ACROSS trophies, crystal winner's bowls and photos of John Joseph in the winner's circle, his mother at his side...

NARRATOR
The story of John Joseph Jacobs's triumphant career, his tragic end...

...past a NEWS PHOTO of Mamma Jacobs, dressed in her ghost rider silks, hands cuffed, being led away by a pair of COPS.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
...and his mother's crazed revenge became a jewel in the crown of the Hall of Fame at Manchester Downs...

Camera continues to PAN ACROSS racing ribbons, and a few photos of John Joseph. REVEAL this is a...

PRISON CELL

Mamma Jacobs sits on her cot, in the shadow of her cell's bars, staring at her son's victorious spoils, locked in the past...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
And Mamma Jacobs kept her own museum, where she could stay locked in the memory of the past she killed to avenge.

INT. OLIVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Olive tries to give John Joseph the Jock-Off 2000 trophy. He refuses. He places it on Olive's shelf for display.

NARRATOR
Olive offered John Joseph the trophy from the Jock-Off 2000 she felt was rightfully his, but he refused.

John Joseph picks up a bag full of money.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*He did not, however, hesitate to take the
race's unspent purse. She gave it to him, on
one condition...*

EXT. HORSE STABLES - DAY

Olive and John Joseph step out of the stables on horseback.
John Joseph's legs dangle at the horse's side, clearly too tall
for his steed.

NARRATOR

*That they both did their best to get back on
the horse and leave the past behind...*

Olive and John Joseph smile and ride off into the sunset.

INT. NED'S CAR - LATE AT NIGHT

Chuck and Ned sit in the front, looking out at the aunts' house.

CHUCK

I'm glad you took me back here.

NED

Never came back until today. I had to
confront a ghost.

CHUCK

Whose?

NED

My own.

(then)

I know about the pies, Chuck.

CHUCK

Emerson told you?

NED

No.

CHUCK

Olive?

NED

("huh?")

Olive?

CHUCK

(covers)

I mean, you're not mad?

NED

No. I understand. C'mon, there's something
you gotta do.

EXT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Ned watches from the car. Chuck steps up to the--

FRONT DOOR

It's dark and spooky. She wears a sheet over her head, two
holes for the eyes. She rings the doorbell.

CHUCK

Trick or treat!

She notices the PORCH LIGHT is out, twists the bulb, turning it
BACK ON.

VIVIAN (O.S.)

Is that clock right? It's two o'clock in the
a.m.

LILY (O.S.)

I'll get my gun.

VIVIAN (O.S.)

And I'll get the candy bowl.

ON NED

Who smiles as we see...

THE FRONT DOOR opens--

Lily and Vivian, in their nightgowns. Lily holding a shotgun,
Vivian a (full) bowl of candy. As Vivian tosses some candy in
Chuck's bag (not recognizing her), we--

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW