

PUSHING DAISIES

"Smell of Success"


Episode #3T6506

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FINAL DRAFT 

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. YOUNG NED'S DORM ROOM - FANTASY - DAWN

CAMERA FINDS DIGBY curled up on the floor. Eyes closed, he BARKS SOFTLY, chasing rabbits in his dreams.

POP WIDER TO REVEAL--

YOUNG NED asleep in bed. Boy and dog deep in the Land of Nod. TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK... The sound of an alarm clock grows LOUDER. CAMERA PANS TO--

A BEDSIDE TABLE

Where we discover the ticking isn't coming from an alarm clock after all. Instead, an OLD-FASHIONED KITCHEN TIMER is counting down the final seconds before it -- DINGS!

CLOSE ON NED

As his eyes pop open. From OFF-CAMERA, a familiar voice says:

NED'S MOTHER (O.S.)
Rise and shine...

Wiping the sleep from his eyes, Ned sits up to find--

NED'S MOTHER

Is standing in the doorway in her sundress, apron and oven mitts. Delighted, Ned watches his mother glide into the room. However, to his surprise, she opens the drawer of the bedside table revealing a WORKING OVEN containing a FRESHLY-BAKED PIE.

NED'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
...I made it for you, Big Daddy.

INT. YOUNG NED'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Young Ned opens his eyes. After a moment, he glances to his bedside table to find the kitchen timer of his dreams is gone.

Instead, his digital clock shows that it is 2 a.m.

NARRATOR

At this very moment, Young Ned was 9 years, 41 weeks, 14 hours and 3 minutes old...

A forlorn Ned stares at his bleak surroundings.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...and exhausted. For despite the endless waking hours spent assuring himself that his heart was on the mend, Ned discovered the truth in his sleep.

A determined Young Ned climbs from bed and moves to the door.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Sadly, not a single night had passed since the death of his mother that he didn't dream of her coming back to him.

He eases the door open and sneaks a peek into the hall before dashing out the door.

OMIT

INT. SCHOOL KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Ned surveys the work space.

NARRATOR

Realizing he couldn't rush his heart into healing, he concocted a plan...

QUICK POPS of:

Ned's hands pulling a BAG OF FLOUR from a pantry cupboard.

Ned's hands grabbing a STICK OF BUTTER from a refrigerator.

Ned's hands collecting EGGS from a basket.

CLOSE ON NED

Staring skyward. Focused. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL THE FRUIT Young Ned desires is stashed high above his head. Frustrated, he glances into the reflection of a toaster to find a vision of his mother staring back at him.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...to reconnect with his mother in a way that only he could...

Not ready to quit, Ned's attention is drawn to a nearby GARBAGE CAN where a ROTTEN APPLE sits atop the kitchen trash.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

For Young Ned wasn't like the other children. Or the other adults for that matter.

CONTINUED:

Picking up the apple, he watches in wonder as it FLASHES and ripens before his eyes. With his free hand, Ned pushes aside a soiled box revealing the garbage can is full of rotten fruit.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Which, in this case, delighted him. Briefly.

Pleased, Ned snorts. Once. As CAMERA PUSHES IN on his face...

INT. SCHOOL KITCHEN - LATER

CAMERA PULLS AWAY from Young Ned's face (smeared with flour) to REVEAL he's inhaling the smell of his first freshly-baked pie.

NARRATOR

Although Young Ned knew he couldn't taste the pie, lest the fruit rot again, he didn't care.

INT. YOUNG NED'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Young Ned is lying on his bed, his body curled around the pie.

NARRATOR

The mere smell of it made him feel, if only for an hour, exactly like he wanted to feel...

With a yawn, Young Ned closes his eyes and falls soundly asleep.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...safe and warm and loved. Which is why he became...

CAMERA PUSHES into the pie...

EXT. PIE HOLE - NIGHT

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the Pie Hole before racing up the side of the building to find--

NARRATOR

..."The Pie-Maker," who at this very moment...

EXT. LIBERTY APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOF - NIGHT

On his knees, a weary NED finishes planting SEVERAL POTS OF WILDFLOWERS among rows and rows of other wildflowers.

NARRATOR

...was planting flowers to make Chuck feel as safe and warm and loved as he once did.

Ned stands, groans. CHUCK appears, BINOCULARS around her neck.

NED

Sue Bee.

CHUCK

Who bee?

NED

I was referring to the honey. The store-bought kind. The kind I will purchase by the gallon for you, if we can stop all this.

Chuck uses the binoculars to study a building across the street.

CHUCK

Honey you don't work for is never as sweet. Oh! Look. There's a good rooftop for the honey-harvesting expansion.

NED

Let's not plant flowers way over there.

CHUCK

You don't even know which building.

NED

I know it's not this one. And in the interest of Operation: Urban Honey Pioneer, I think we should keep the operation contained.

CHUCK

Comfortably contained.

NED

Comfortable in a good way. Like it's usually used. I'm concerned for the bees. We should keep the flowers close so they'll feel safe.

CHUCK

Actually, bees have an incredible sense of smell. If we do our job and keep planting flowers, the bees will do theirs and find 'em.

NED

Why do we need so much honey anyway?

CHUCK

It's a surprise.

NED

"Surprise" has never been a good word for me.

CHUCK

It will be this time. And just so you know, a honeybee needs to visit hundreds of blossoms before it has enough nectar to return to the hive. The more flowers, the merrier the bees.

As Ned and Chuck smile at one another, a warm breeze blows.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS DOWN from the night sky to REVEAL the penthouse apartment building. The warm breeze blows here, too. The curtains of an open window billow ever so slightly. CAMERA PUSHES IN...

NARRATOR

Meanwhile, 15 miles east as the crow flies...

INT. PENTHOUSE - LAB - NIGHT

WE PUSH IN THROUGH THE WINDOW TO A YOUNG WOMAN (20s), named ANITA, sitting at a desk all alone with her back to CAMERA.

NARRATOR

...someone who was sitting all alone was using their own incredible sense of smell...

CLOSE ON - ANITA

She closes her eyes and leans in to smell something OFF-SCREEN.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...only this time to their detriment.

AN EXPLOSION in front of Anita, and a FIREBALL CONSUMES HER.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As one explosion subsided...

INT. PIE HOLE - COUNTER/KITCHEN - DAY

Behind the counter, OLIVE attempts to slip past Ned, but quarters are tight and they end up chest to chest. The DELIVERY BOY eyes their exchange with an inscrutable stare.

NARRATOR

...a brokenhearted Olive Snook found herself navigating a minefield of her own making.

OLIVE

This is... well, it is what it is, isn't it?

NARRATOR

The man she loved did not love her back, so she tried to make light.

OLIVE

Unless that's not a rolling pin under your apron.

Ned reaches into his apron and removes a ROLLING PIN.

NED

Sorry...

As Ned moves toward the kitchen:

OLIVE

Isn't it great we can joke? Now that we know there's nothing going on between us and never was, it can be funny.

NED

Yeah. Funny.

Ned smiles politely and goes back to his work.

OLIVE

I bet this sort of thing happens a lot between adults. Mixed romantic messages. In no time we'll be looking back on it and laughin' till we wet the rug. Which we'll wanna shampoo. A couple of times. Possibly three, depending on what we've been drinking.

He moves to the kitchen and in his haste nearly runs into Chuck. Fortunately, she's holding two pie boxes in front of her. They both startle and offer small YELPS.

CHUCK

Maybe I should wear a bell.

NED

Actually...

CHUCK

I'm not wearing a bell.

They carefully navigate around each other, Chuck crossing to the delivery boy. She hands him the pies, glances behind her to make sure Ned's not looking and:

CHUCK (CONT'D)

(to the delivery boy)

Just the top one.

CONTINUED: (2)

The delivery boy takes the pie box on top and Chuck surreptitiously hands the other one to Olive, sotto:

CHUCK (CONT'D)

This one's for you.

Chuck guides Olive around the corner and out of sight of Ned.

NARRATOR

Chuck continued to keep the secret ingredient of her pies secret. Not even Olive Snook knew the baked goods she delivered contained homeopathic mood enhancers meant to pry Chuck's aunts out of their funk.

CHUCK

Have they been in a good mood? My aunts?

OLIVE

Moods. Plural. And not all of them good.

CHUCK

I think it's time to go to Phase Two.

OLIVE

Have we been in Phase One all this time?

CHUCK

Mmm-hmm.

OLIVE

How many phases are there?

CHUCK

Four that I know of. Maybe five. But right now it's Phase Two, which means you have to get them in the water. It's like oxygen for them.

OLIVE

Because they're former mermaids?

CHUCK

Only by profession, not mythologically speaking.

OLIVE

Oh, I know all about their mermaid-edness. I saw them perform their "synchronized swimming extravaganza" when I was a little girl. In fact, I drove my mother nuts on account I wouldn't stop saying "extravaganza." It's such a fun word. Say it. Extravaganza.

CHUCK

Extravaganza.

OLIVE

Extravaganza.

Ned approaches holding a pair of cupcake pans.

NED

Please don't start saying that again.

(re: the pans)

What are these? Are these cupcake pans?

CHUCK

Oh. Surprise.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. PIE HOLE - KITCHEN - DAY

Ned and Chuck stand across the baker's table from each other.
The cupcake pans between them.

NED

It's the Pie Hole. Not the Cupcake Hole.

CHUCK

Not cupcakes. Cup-pies. It's a single-serve pie with honey -- my honey -- baked into the crust. Since it's still a pie it could be served in the Pie Hole. By definition.

NED

I'm a purist. I like that we only serve traditional pies in the Pie Hole, not hybrids.

CHUCK

Traditional? Really?

NED

In fact I liked it when we only served traditional coffee, regular and decaf, then someone fixed the espresso machine. Which was broken, which, by the way, was how I liked it.

CHUCK

You could stand to loosen up a bit.

NED

I don't do loose. I prefer tightly wound.
Not shapeless with extra room for surprises.

CHUCK

I was a surprise. You made room for me. Some.

NED

I made room. A whole rooftop full of room.
For you and your bees.

CHUCK

And I love it, but I'm not Quasimodo in the
bell tower.

NED

Quasimodo would have been a lot better off if
he stayed in the bell tower where it was safe
and comfortable and he had his bell.

CHUCK

I'm not sure Quasimodo would agree. Quasi
wanted to see the world. Quasi wanted
adventure. Quasi wanted cup-pies.

OFF Ned as he takes that in...

OMIT

INT. EMERSON'S OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Emerson's door.

NARRATOR

*Comforted by all things needle and yarn,
Private Investigator Emerson Cod...*

INT. EMERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

EMERSON is at his desk reading a magazine called *Knit Wit* and
chuckling quietly to himself.

NARRATOR

*...was enjoying the latest issue of Knit Wit
magazine, his literary outlet for knitting
humor, when he received a phone call from the
mother of one Anita Gray.*

The phone RINGS and Emerson answers.

EMERSON

Emerson Cod.

NARRATOR

The facts were these...

INT. PENTHOUSE - LAB - FLASHBACK - DAY

ANITA GRAY sits at the desk, looking adoringly at the front of the room.

NARRATOR

Anita Gray, 22 years, 11 weeks, 2 days, 9 hours and 33 minutes old, was taking a private tutorial in Olfactory Science when she experienced an epiphany.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON

THE OBJECT OF HER AFFECTION: her professor -- NAPOLEON LENEZ.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And the epiphany was that her instructor, Napoleon LeNez, was a genius. It was an epiphany Napoleon LeNez had himself experienced many, many years earlier.

BACK TO SCENE

As Anita watches, LeNez points to a MEDICAL ILLUSTRATION OF THE HUMAN HEAD IN HALF-SECTION sniffing a LIT CIGARETTE.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He showed her how olfactory cues could trigger memories, release floods of endorphins and pheromones...

OMIT

AS CAMERA TRACKS SLOWLY OVER THE ILLUSTRATION

It COMES TO LIFE in educational film fashion. We watch ANIMATED SMOKE MOLECULES travel up the nasal passage causing BRAIN SYNAPSES to fire.

NARRATOR

...and cause biological and psychological reactions that deeply impacted the way people behave and feel.

BACK TO PENTHOUSE LAB

LeNez offers Anita a CARDBOARD PRESENTATION with a GRAPHIC of a lit cigarette and a "Scratch-'n'-Sniff" circle. Anita scratches it and takes a whiff, closing her eyes.

INT. ANITA'S MIND'S EYE

Anita stands across from a wheelchair-bound ELDERLY WOMAN wearing a sash that reads: "World's Best Grandma." Holding a cigarette, Grandma smiles warmly as she exhales smoke through the blowhole in her throat.

NARRATOR

*He opened her eyes and heart through her nose.
So she devoted her life to his work.*

BACK TO PENTHOUSE LAB

Anita wipes a tear from her eye as she looks up at LeNez.

NARRATOR

*With his new apprentice Anita by his side,
LeNez created a self-help guide for those who
wished to not only harness their past...*

CLOSE ON BOOK COVER

It reads: *The Smell of Success: A Layman's Guide to Satisfaction through Olfaction by Dr. Napoleon LeNez.*

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*...but to inspire and mold their future via the
power of smell. Anita didn't live to see the
book published. While working alone, she was
killed by a mysterious explosion in LeNez's lab.*

OMIT

INT. MORGUE - LAB - DAY

A GURNEY carrying a BODY BAG is wheeled into FRAME.

NARRATOR

*Exactly what caused that explosion seemed to
be a question only Anita Gray could answer.*

The BODY BAG is unzipped and Ned, Chuck and Emerson stare down at the CHARRED CORPSE of Anita, who still has SMOKE rising off her. All three of them immediately cover their noses.

NED

Whoa.

CHUCK

That's pungent.

EMERSON

Pungent like fried chicken grilled on a bed of
hair. What you waiting for?!

Ned SETS THE ALARM on his watch and touches Anita. The FAMILIAR
POP OF ELECTRICITY sparks from Ned's finger. Anita sits up and
immediately notices the smoke.

ANITA

Who's smoking?

NED

You.

ANITA

Oh. How rude of me. I'm dreadfully sorry.
This can't be good for your lungs.

CHUCK

Anita, you have less than a minute to impart
any last words--

EMERSON

On the subject of what caused that explosion.

ANITA

An explosion? That's what that flash was.

NED

You remember anything before the flash?

ANITA

The smell of Grandma's unfiltered cigarettes.

INT. PENTHOUSE - LAB - FLASHBACK

CLOSE ON LeNez's book. PULL OUT TO REVEAL Anita admiring it at
her desk. She opens the book to the page with the smoking
cigarette illustration.

NARRATOR

*It was in fact the smell of unfiltered
cigarettes that caused the explosion.*

CLOSE ON SMOKING CIGARETTE ILLUSTRATION

Anita removes a small stick next to the CIRCULAR SCRATCH-'N'-
SNIFF SCENT PATCH below the illustration.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*Unfortunately, Anita's desire to experience
another olfactory-induced memory of her
beloved grandmother, long dead from cancer...*

The STICK scrapes across the scent patch.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*...led her to sneak a look at the one and only
advance copy of LeNez's book. A book that was
meant for his nose only.*

ON ANITA

Leaning in for a sniff. The scent patch explodes in her face.
KABOOM!

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Ned stands over Anita watching the clock closely. Chuck is
nearby. Emerson not as nearby.

NARRATOR

This was clearly a case of...

CHUCK

...death by Scratch-'n'-Sniff?

EMERSON

LeNez didn't want you looking at that book?

ANITA

He didn't want anyone looking at it yet. Oh, no.
Was I being punished for peeking? Is God mad at me?

CHUCK

God's not mad at you.

NED

Somebody's mad at somebody.

EMERSON

Somebody's mad at Napoleon LeNez. That book
was booby-trapped.

NED

Five seconds.

ANITA

Am I gonna see my grandma now?

EMERSON

As far as you know.

NED

That's a yes.

Ned taps Anita and the LIFE FLASHES OUT of her.

EMERSON

Death by Scratch-'n'-Sniff. Whatever happened
to people shootin' each other with guns...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

OMIT

INT. PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY/FOYER - DAY

DING! A set of elevator doors open revealing Emerson, Ned and Chuck--

NARRATOR

Anxious to sniff out more information, our heroes sought out Napoleon LeNez, Scratch-'n'-Sniff author, in his suite above the city...

As the Mod Squad steps from the elevator, they find a HERMETICALLY-SEALED DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER leading to LeNez's apartment in front of them (NOTE: The penthouse's lab is charred black from the explosion). As the chamber's doors slide open, they cautiously ENTER.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...and immediately found themselves in an alarming situation.

The doors close behind them. However, the doors in front of them remain closed, too. The Mod Squad stops, confused on how to proceed. They're trapped.

VOICE (O.S.)

Don't be alarmed by this situation.

Suddenly FANS blast clouds of DECONTAMINATION CHEMICALS at the Mod Squad from all sides, startling them. As the fans reverse, sucking the chemicals out of the room, Napoleon LeNez emerges from behind a door to greet them. His mood is somber.

LENEZ

Excuse my decontamination procedure, but my nasal glands are extremely delicate.

CHUCK

Napoleon LeNez?

LENEZ

Felicitations.

EMERSON

Felici-what?

(elbowed by Chuck)

We're here about the death of your assistant--

LENEZ

Don't speak. A smell tells so much more.

LeNez approaches Emerson and sniffs him.

LENEZ (CONT'D)

Cigars... aftershave... antacids... cash...
and yarn. You're a knitting detective.
(turns to Ned)
And you!

Ned backs away in vain as LeNez takes another deep breath.

LENEZ (CONT'D)

Flour. Fruit. And the subtle waft of musky
pheromones, probably triggered by...

LeNez stares suspiciously at Emerson. Emerson and Ned exchange
a mortified glance. Then LeNez abruptly turns to Chuck--

LENEZ (CONT'D)

You! The girl smelling of honey and...
(sniffs distastefully)
...death.

Mortified, Chuck checks her breath against her hand.

LENEZ (CONT'D)

Which doesn't surprise me as the animalic-
charged molecules used in your perfume are
also found in decomposing bodies and feces.

CHUCK

I'm not wearing any perfume.
(off Ned's throat-clear)
I mean, I'm not wearing just any perfume.

LENEZ

Precisely my point. Why settle for less? In
all aspects of life we strive for perfection.
Why not apply the same principle to what we
smell? Purge the bad smells in your life and
focus on the good.

CHUCK

You're an elitist. I say that because your
smell was telling me that and so much more.
(then)
Champagne and chèvre Camembert on your breath.

EMERSON

Must'a burped a little.

CONTINUED: (2)

CHUCK

Didn't have to.

(to Emerson and Ned)

Chèvre Camembert is a very rare cheese. And not only was his soft, but from the slight hint of ammonia I detected, I would say it was overripe.

LENEZ

Which would explain my sour stomach.

Emerson pulls a PLASTIC BAG from his pocket containing a BURNT PAGE from LeNez's book.

EMERSON

Look, LeNez. We're here about the Scratch-'n'-Sniff. Your book was a bomb.

LeNez reacts angrily.

LENEZ

Who are you to criticize my life's work?

EMERSON

No, your book was a bomb. It exploded.

LeNez's face blanches.

LENEZ

Forgive me. Anita's death has frayed my nerves. Please, come in...

As he offers them entrance, Emerson smiles.

NARRATOR

Emerson Cod was pleased. Although he was still unclear as to the "who" or "why" of the whodunit.

INT. PENTHOUSE - LAB - FLASHBACK

Anita opens the book to the same illustration of the lit cigarette she sniffed earlier. Grabbing the scratch-stick, she leans in.

NARRATOR

Forensics had already given him the "how."

CLOSE ON THE SCENT PATCH

Anita's scratch-stick makes contact.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The killer had used an unique chemical explosive. Left undisturbed, it was relatively harmless...

PUSHING IN CLOSER, the scratch-stick moves over the hundreds of minute CAPSULES that create the surface of the scent patch.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But released from its gelatinous capsule via the heat-producing friction of the scratch-stick...

As the capsules rupture, they release a swirling cocktail of chemical oils which glow RED-HOT.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...the chemical mixed with an oxidizing agent to create a fiery chain reaction.

The chemical oils COMBUST IN A FLASH.

INT. PENTHOUSE - LATER

PAN OFF the WHITE CEILING to FIND Emerson, Ned and Chuck sitting on a couch covered in clear plastic. LeNez stands in front of them. Behind them, the lab alcove is charred black.

CHUCK

Are they still gonna publish your book?

LENEZ

Anita would have wanted it that way. Although, I'm sure she would have preferred a version where she lived. Still, she was thrilled when my publisher bumped up the release date for "*Smell of Success.*"

EMERSON

When did they bump up your *Smell*?

LENEZ

Two weeks ago. Follow your nose, Mr. Cod, and it will lead you to this deviant's doorstep. When we harness the power of smell, we become bloodhounds of our own desires.

(then)

Smell it, crave it, own it.

LeNez breathes in deeply.

CHUCK

What do you smell now?

LENEZ

The three of you leaving so I can rest and
grieve in private.

With that, LeNez heads to his room and closes the door.

NARRATOR

*As the smellier returned to his room for some
much-needed rest...*

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

CLOSE ON Olive wearing a clamshell bra over her blouse.

NARRATOR

*...Olive did her best to convince Chuck's
aunts to return to their adoring fans.*

OLIVE

(SQUEALING with delight)

I can wear 'em?! You mean it?! On my feet?!

PULL OUT TO REVEAL LILY pulling a pair of red, white and blue
sequin-covered SWIM FINS from one of many open packing boxes
sprawled across the floor.

LILY

Unless you're cursed with a sixth toe.
(darkly)
You're not, are you?

OLIVE

Nope. Five fingers, five toes. We Snooks are
boring that way. Had a cousin with a third
nipple. He'd let you see it for a dollar.

VIVIAN is enthralled.

VIVIAN

How fascinating.

LILY

And a bargain, too.

Lily hands the fins to Olive. Hands trembling, she hugs them to
her chest before sliding them on her feet.

OLIVE

This is a dream come true. I hope it doesn't
freak you out but I used to be a big Darling
Mermaid Darlings enthusiast. I had the tail
and the clamshell bra just like this one.

LILY

Did you show that off for a dollar?

OLIVE

I bet you miss your fans. I know I would.
All the adoration. All the love. All the--

From a nearby box, Olive pulls a FRAMED PHOTO of Lily and Vivian with musical legend James Brown.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Musical legend James Brown? Did one of you--

VIVIAN

Oh, no. Both of us did. Though never at the same time. James was what they used to call... Oh, what was the word?

LILY

A slut.

VIVIAN

That will do.

OLIVE

Doesn't all this paraphernalia make you wanna get back in the pool?

VIVIAN

No reason to. We canceled our comeback tour.

OLIVE

You just weren't ready. But that doesn't mean you're not ready now.

VIVIAN

It'd be nice to perform for an audience again.

OLIVE

Then give it another go. I mean, look at all this stuff--

Olive starts pulling more memorabilia from the box. A Darling Mermaid Darlings LUNCH BOX, a CALENDAR, even a Darling Mermaid Darlings LIQUOR DECANTER.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You're a brand name.

(pausing)

What's this?

Olive removes a BEAUTIFUL CASHMERE SWEATER from the box.

LILY
It belonged to Charlotte.

OLIVE
It's beautiful.

VIVIAN
Her favorite. It was her mother's.

OLIVE
Whatever happened to Charlotte's mother?

LILY
(gruffly)
She died.

NARRATOR
And with that, Lily went to her dark place.

LILY
(to Olive)
You want it, take it.

OLIVE
No, I couldn't... it's your past.

LILY
The wreckage of our past.

VIVIAN
But even wreckage can keep us afloat.

LILY
I'm tired of clinging to the wreckage. I don't care if I ever get in the water again. Now for the love of *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*, rent the girl a hand truck and get this crap of out here.

Lily stomps out of the room.

LILY (CONT'D)
I need a piece of pie.

Olive looks to Vivian, who shrugs impotently. Her mission a failure, Olive's face falls...

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - BOOTH - NIGHT

Ned and Emerson sit across from each other as Emerson pores over a thick stack of paperwork.

NED

Do you really think people can change their lives by smelling the right smell? Or aroma?

EMERSON

If so, I'm gonna get me some cash potpourri.
(then)
I checked with the publisher and LeNez's book was bumped up the release schedule prior to Anita Gray's murder.

NED

So?

EMERSON

So if LeNez got moved up the schedule, then somebody else got moved-off.

Emerson plops his paperwork down on the table revealing it to be a PUBLISHING SCHEDULE.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Find the book formerly on this schedule that's no longer on this schedule and you'll find an angry author with a motive to kill.

Chuck slides into the booth next to Emerson. She's carrying a plate of half-eaten pie.

CHUCK

See? A slice of pie is too much for some customers. A cup-pie would be perfect.

EMERSON

See what you did there? You interrupted our conversation with your cup-pie chatter when I don't even know what a cup-pie is, which means I don't care what a cup-pie is.

CHUCK

A cup-pie is a single-serve pie with honey-baked crust. Doesn't that sound good?

NED

Sounds delicious but we don't serve them here.

CHUCK

Are you seriously telling me I'm the first person to question your aversion to change? What about your ex-girlfriends?

NED

Emerson doesn't wanna hear about any of this.

CONTINUED: (2)

EMERSON

I have to admit, I am curious.

(then)

Before dead girl I didn't know what you liked.
Or if you liked or if you had anything to like
with. You could'a been one of those people
born with both but didn't use either.

NED

I've had girlfriends, but there were always
extraneous factors.

EMERSON / CHUCK

What kind of extraneous factors?

NED

You know... we grew apart, lost interest, had
intimate relations on a bearskin rug.

CHUCK

Oh. Did it...?

NED

It did enough to be upsetting.

OLIVE (O.S.)

Pssst--!

Chuck glances past Ned and Emerson to see Olive standing in the doorway. She makes a "swimming fish" movement with her hand and gestures with her head for Chuck to join her in the corner.

NED

(re: "swimming fish")

What's that about?

CHUCK

It's girl business. We're bonding.

As Chuck rushes to join Olive in the corner, we PUSH IN on Ned's concerned expression.

ON CHUCK AND OLIVE

They sit at one end of the counter, Olive and Chuck speak conspiratorially:

OLIVE

Phase Two has experienced a hiccup.

CHUCK

The kind of hiccup that goes away if you hold
your breath or drink a glass of water?

OLIVE

No, the kind of hiccup that keeps you up for days on end until you go crazy and give away all your cherished mermaid mementos and refuse to ever get in a pool again.

CHUCK

Oh, no. Have they been eating their pie?

OLIVE

Slice of pie isn't gonna solve their problems.

CHUCK

It might. It's really good pie. Maybe I need to increase the dosage.

(off Olive's look)
Of filling.

OLIVE

We should abort Phase Two. For now.

CHUCK

We just need to get them stronger pie. To give them a little push. Into the water.

OLIVE

But I have been pushing.

CHUCK

We need to push harder.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Ned's watching Chuck and Olive from the booth, trying to make out what they're saying.

NARRATOR

The Pie-Maker feared Chuck and Olive bonding was like a chemical accelerant bonding with an oxidizing agent. An explosion was bound to pop up. And he was not wrong.

Emerson continues to peruse the publishing schedule, then:

EMERSON

Oooh. Pop-ups.

NED

What?

EMERSON

Pop-up books. I love pop-up books. And if the sacred cash cow I worship is mooing down on us, our killer likes pop-ups, too.

CONTINUED: (2)

Emerson holds up the publishing schedule, revealing a name circled in red: "Author: CHAS SPEILMAN. Title: POP-UP PIN-UP. Status: RELEASE DATE CANCELED."

EXT. "POP-UP PALACE" BOOKSTORE - DAY

EMERSON'S CAR is parked at the curb.

NARRATOR

As Chuck took the morning to secretly bake a bigger, better homeopathic pie, Emerson and Ned pursued pinning down the pop-up author.

Above the store door is an awning that resembles a pop-up book with the words "POP-UP PALACE" rising from its pages.

INT. "POP-UP PALACE" BOOKSTORE - DAY

CLOSE ON A BOOK COVER showing TWO BOXERS nose to nose. The title reads: "*The Pop-Up Book of Sports-Related Deaths.*" PULL BACK TO REVEAL Ned and Emerson browsing through the shelves of a store dedicated to the sale of mature pop-up books. Behind a desk stands CHAS SPIELMAN, ready to serve.

EMERSON

You Chas Spielman, author of *Pop-up Pin-Up*?

CHAS SPIELMAN

That's me. Are you here for a sneak peek, or should I say "peep," of my latest book?

He places a black book entitled "*Pop-Up Pin-Up*" on the table. (NOTE: Neither of the above-mentioned books need to be opened.)

EMERSON

I heard this book was canceled.

CHAS SPIELMAN

Only temporarily. I'm still working on that.

Emerson takes a peep at "*Pop-Up Pin-Up.*"

EMERSON

Not the kind of pop-up book I had as a child.

CHAS SPIELMAN

Pop-ups aren't just for children. My pop-ups are designed for their original audience.

NED

Perverts?

CHAS SPIELMAN
Mature connoisseurs of art.

EMERSON
Or homicidal maniacs with rudimentary reading
skills.

The room turns to see Emerson thumbing through another pop-up
book. He holds it up, and reads the title aloud:

EMERSON (CONT'D)
"The New Patriot's Pop-Up Book." A three-
dimensional instructional telling you
everything you ever wanted to know about
building bombs of all shapes and sizes...

He opens a page revealing a SMALL BLACK PIPE. When he pulls the
side tab, it splits open and the word "POW" pops out. Chas's
friendly demeanor sours before their eyes.

CHAS SPIELMAN
Pop-Up Palace appeals to an unusual demographic.

EMERSON
Are there instructions in here on how to make
a Scratch-'n'-Sniff bomb?

CHAS SPIELMAN
Is this about the attempt on Napoleon LeNez?
(off their looks)
Word travels fast in literary circles.

EMERSON
His book bumped your *"Pop-Up Pin-Up"* off the
schedule. Good motive to blow someone up.
(holds up the pop-up book)
And clearly you've got the means.

Emerson eyes the book: *"How To Make Your Own Pop-Up Book."*

CHAS SPIELMAN
Who would publish a book on how to kill
somebody and then kill somebody they knew
using a method they published in the book?

EMERSON
I'm keeping this as evidence.

He grabs four or five more pop-up books off a nearby table...

EMERSON (CONT'D)
And these, too!

CONTINUED: (2)

NED

So you didn't want LeNez dead?

CHAS SPIELMAN

I may be petty. But I'm not that petty. Besides, the publisher moved LeNez's book from a prime holiday spot to no man's land. If you ask me, his book wasn't bumped, it was dumped.

Emerson and Ned exchange a look.

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - KITCHEN - DAY

The oven doors open and Chuck pulls a pie out and places it in a delivery box as Olive looks on with studied anticipation.

OLIVE

Stars and garters, what'd you put in that pie?

CHUCK

What?

OLIVE

Smells like family hour at the public pool.

CHUCK

Oh. That's not the pie.

She shakes a box of chlorine tablets.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Chlorine tablets. Aunt Lily always said that chlorine smelled like bottled sunshine.

OLIVE

If it comes in a bottle, Lily would like it.

CHUCK

I read a self-help book on the power of smell. Thought we could try it. See what happens when we combine pie happiness with the happiness of chlorine.

OLIVE

Sort of a one-two, smell-taste punch.

CHUCK

Smell it, crave it, own it.

Out of the corner of her eye, Olive notices the sink is backing up and locates a PLUNGER while continuing:

OLIVE

I read a self-help book once: "*Samsonized: How To Grow Your Hair To Become a More Powerful You!*"
(off Chuck)

Two weeks and I was bald as a baby's behind.

As Olive plunges the drain vigorously, Emerson and Ned ENTER.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Looks like I'm not the only one who read it.
(to Emerson)

What's the haps, paps? Any luck on the case?

EMERSON

First off, I ain't your paps. Paps has a lady connotation. Second, this ain't none of your business.

CHUCK

Why's he so grumpy?

Suddenly, Olive scowls.

OLIVE

Yuck! Something's stuck in there.

Glancing into the sink, Ned grabs a set of TONGS and reaches down into the drain. As he pulls the tongs back out, we PUSH IN TO REVEAL -- Ned's pinched a GRIMY TUBE SOCK on which someone has sewn a patchwork of different letters spelling out: "YOU CAN'T SAVE LENEZ."

NARRATOR

*The intent of the warning was obvious...
someone wanted to make a stink.*

As each of them immediately covers their noses to ward of the stench, we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

OMIT

INT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON the grimy tube sock in a Ziploc bag. PULL BACK TO REVEAL LeNez as he removes it from the Ziploc bag with a pair of tweezers and smells it intently, his eyes closed.

Behind him, the Mod Squad watches closely.

LENEZ

Decay... The tinge of rusted iron... Harsh, but spiky with a sulfuric edge. This loathsome omen came up from the sewer, which means it could've only been sent by one man...

Seconds later, LeNez's eyes flutter open. He's had an epiphany. CAMERA RUSHES IN on a horrified LeNez as he whispers:

LENEZ (CONT'D)

...Oscar Vibenius.

INT. UNIVERSITY LAB - FLASHBACK

A decade younger, LeNez tinkers with chemicals while his lab partner, OSCAR VIBENIUS, stares out the window.

NARRATOR

Oscar Vibenius and Napoleon LeNez were lab partners and the best of friends until their divergent olfaction theories tore them apart.

LeNez sniffs the concoction and smiles. He offers it to Oscar, who frowns, disgusted. LeNez gestures to the sealed chemicals around him.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

LeNez believed that, because smell has a powerful effect on human behavior, humans should not be exposed to anything but pleasant, carefully-controlled odors.

Oscar throws open a window and gestures to the garbage bins outside.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But Oscar believed just the opposite was true. He theorized that people couldn't appreciate the good smells in life without also smelling the bad.

LeNez slams the window shut. The smelliers stare each other down. CLOSE IN on Oscar's determined expression.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Over time, their rivalry grew until neither man could stand the other.

CLOSE ON - LENEZ

He stands in his hermetically-sealed DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER.

NARRATOR

Each retreated to the worlds they found most comfortable, one above ground...

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT

An eerie shot of a SEWAGE WORKER standing silhouetted in a tunnel.

NARRATOR

...and one below.

INT. PENTHOUSE - LATER

LeNez sits with his head in his hands. Ned, Emerson and Chuck sit on either side of him.

LENEZ

There was really nothing I could do. It's sad, but Oscar would do anything to prevent my theories from being published.

CHUCK

Do you have any idea where he could be?

LENEZ

There were rumors. Some claimed he committed suicide, others were convinced he ended up in a mental institution only to be put back on the street by the Reagan Administration. I heard tales of Oscar roaming the sewers, haunting them. A soured husk of who he was.

An eerie moment, then:

LENEZ (CONT'D)

Then somebody recently told me he works for the DWP, so that might explain where some of those rumors came from.

OFF that...

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON the somber faces of the Lily and Vivian. Olive raises a cup of water INTO FRAME.

OLIVE

Look carefully, ladies, this is your future.

LILY

Is it vodka?

She sniffs tentatively.

OLIVE

Water.

LILY

As in Russian for "vodka"?

OLIVE

As in English for "H2O."

VIVIAN

Lily doesn't believe in water anymore. Thinks it's a waste of a perfectly-good tumbler.

OLIVE

How 'bout now?

Olive drops a CHLORINE TABLET into the cup. The water fizzes momentarily and turns a subtle shade of blue. The aunts sniff.

VIVIAN

Chlorine! Lily used to say it reminded her of bottled sunshine.

NARRATOR

Though the smell of swimming brought an instant smile to Vivian's face, Lily was a tougher nut to crack.

LILY

Now it reminds me of children without bladder control.

CAMERA PUSHES IN TIGHT on Lily's grim facial expression. We see the corner of Lily's lip begin to turn up in a smile which she tries very hard to suppress.

OLIVE

Why, Lily, is that a smile?

Lily pauses, then -- BURPS.

CONTINUED:

LILY

Just gas. It's passed.

Foiled again, Olive snarls, and we...

OMIT

INT. SEWER - DAY

Chuck and Ned stand in the sewer as Emerson climbs down the last rung of the ladder.

NARRATOR

As Lily's gas passed, our determined heroes followed the tube sock to its own foul origin.

NED

We're not really going to walk around down here, are we? This is where he roams. And haunts.

Emerson stays on the rung, surveys the endless tunnel as Chuck tries to make sense of a MAP.

EMERSON

Oscar Vibenius?

There's no answer. Chuck indicates a DWP tool box with the name "O. Vibenius" stenciled on the side. Along the wall runs a thick, yellow hose that snakes its way into the darkness.

CHUCK

Well, here are his tools.

NED

Looks like he was doing something with this thick, yellow hose.

Emerson eyes the water.

EMERSON

Damn. You're gonna make me get my shoes wet.

Emerson finally steps into the water, hating it.

CHUCK

Let's follow the yellow, thick hose.

NED

Follow the yellow, thick hose?

CHUCK / NED

Follow-follow-follow--

CONTINUED:

EMERSON

I'm praying there's methane in here.

(pointedly at Chuck)

The skinny ones are the first to go. Again.

They creep quietly down the sewer pipe.

TIME CUT TO:

NEW PIPE

Chuck, taking the lead, moves ahead of Emerson and Ned.

CHUCK

Hello?

EMERSON

He ain't down here. Ain't nobody down here.
We've been walking forever, following dead
girl and now we're lost.

NED

We're not lost. We're following the yellow,
thick hose.

CHUCK

What about all those rumors? The ones about
Oscar ending up in a mental institution. Or
worse yet... becoming a modern-day monster,
living in the sewers, feeding on stray animals.
My imagination is packing its bags and running
away with itself.

NED

Call it back home and tuck it in bed. There's
no such thing as monsters.

CHUCK

What about CHUD?

EMERSON

CHUD?

CHUCK

Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dwellers.
They feed off the homeless and hapless
passersby. I hear they're pack hunters.

EMERSON

In that case, I hope they got a taste for
white meat. Where are we exactly?

Chuck checks the map.

CONTINUED:

CHUCK

I think we're somewhere around LeNez's neighborhood. In fact, we're probably right underneath his apartment building.

EMERSON

Hold up... What's that?

Emerson shines his light upwards to REVEAL a heavy-duty GREEN HOSE is running up a ladder and out a crack in the manhole. CAMERA FOLLOWS THE HOSE up the ladder and out...

OMIT

EXT. STREET - DAY

CAMERA CONTINUES TO FOLLOW THE GREEN HOSE... as it snakes out of the manhole and up the side of a PARKED CAR and into the back window, which is rolled down about an inch. We HEAR the flow of gas as it fills the cab of the car.

INT. SEWER - DAY

As before. Suddenly, a SOUND -- only a few feet in front of the Mod Squad -- startles them. Emerson shines his light away from the manhole and back into the darkness of the tunnel to REVEAL--

The terrifying sight of OSCAR VIBENIUS, dressed in sewer-worker gear -- black rubber boots, waterproof coveralls, a protective helmet and goggles -- staring back at them like some sort of slick-black, armored... CHUD. Chuck SCREAMS.

Oscar spins away from the jury-rigged yellow gas line that has been capped off and redirected into the green hose leading to the surface.

EMERSON

Oscar Vibenius?

His eyes wild, Oscar steps toward them revealing he's holding an ENORMOUS WRENCH.

OSCAR

You'd better run!

Terrified of him, the three exchange a glance and bolt the other way. CAMERA RISES THROUGH THE STREET TO REVEAL...

EXT. STREET - DAY

LeNez strides toward his car, which is parked on the curb over a MANHOLE. He holds up his keys and unlocks the door remotely with a BEEP-BEEP. Just as the second "beep" sounds -- KABOOM!

CONTINUED:

The manhole cover beneath his car rattles, then EXPLODES upwards -- engulfing the car in a sewer-borne methane gas explosion. LeNez ducks for cover as debris rains down around him.

OFF his look of fear...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY (REPEAT OF 40C - DIFFERENT ANGLE)

LeNez strides toward his car, which is parked on the curb over a MANHOLE. He holds up his keys and unlocks the door remotely with a BEEP-BEEP. Just as the second "beep" sounds -- KABOOM!

The manhole cover beneath his car rattles, then EXPLODES upwards -- engulfing the car in a sewer-borne methane gas explosion. LeNez ducks for cover as debris rains down around him.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THE MANHOLE

A moment passes, then Emerson's head pops out of the open manhole cover and looks around.

EMERSON

Damn...

OMIT

ON THE TELEVISION

Our ANCHORWOMAN at the scene of the crime. We see EMT WORKERS placing LeNez on a gurney and wheeling it into the back of an ambulance.

ANCHORWOMAN

Department of Water and Power employee Oscar Vibenius is wanted for questioning in the attempted murder of Napoleon LeNez, author of upcoming self-help opus "*Smell of Success*."

News footage changes to a picture of Oscar Vibenius next to a PENCIL SKETCH that looks just like him.

ANCHORWOMAN (CONT'D)

Presales of the book have skyrocketed since the first explosion which caused the death of Anita Gray, the former associate of Mr. LeNez. Stay tuned for the heartwarming story of Anita and her single mother...

REVEAL we are--

OMIT

INT. NED'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ned is getting dressed, freshly scrubbed, waiting patiently outside the bathroom door as he watches the news. The door opens and Chuck steps out towel-drying her hair, fresh from the shower, another towel wrapped around her torso.

CHUCK

I may be clean, but my mind is in the gutter.

NED

Dirty thoughts? Lascivious pinings?

CHUCK

In the sewer gutter with Oscar Vibenius.

NED

Oh. That kind of gutter.

CHUCK

He's not a very good killer. He keeps blowing things up, but never who he wants to blow up.

NED

He's certainly no sharpshooter. Maybe he just likes the attention.

CHUCK

Then he's probably really pissy about Napoleon LeNez getting all of it.

EMERSON (O.S.)

Oscar's about to get all the attention he needs.

CHUCK

Oh!

Chuck startles, not realizing that Emerson is sitting in the living room. She tries to cover up, but there's no use.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I didn't know you were here.

(then)

You got cleaned up quick.

EMERSON

I got cleaned up in exactly how long it took me to get cleaned up. You just take longer.

CHUCK

So how's Oscar gonna get all the attention?

CONTINUED:

EMERSON

News conference. Napoleon LeNez is about to make a statement. As witnesses to the latest attempt on his life, we also have to make a statement. And that "we" don't include you.

Emerson stands and heads for the front door.

CHUCK

Why not? I witnessed the latest attempt.

EMERSON

That don't change the fact there's a grave out there you're supposed to be in. What you gonna tell people when they ask who you are?

NED

Oooh.

CHUCK

I'll say I'm somebody who's not me.

EMERSON

Hey, Somebody, could I see some ID?

CHUCK

I'll smile and be very polite and say I forgot my purse. And I have no pockets.

EMERSON

Hey, Somebody, I'm gonna need to see some ID on account of you looking just like that girl who got herself killed on a tropical cruise.

NED

If that happens I'll say something like, "What is this? A police state?"

(off their looks)

Okay, if I ever say anything like that it means I'm having a panic attack.

Ned puts on his coat and joins Emerson at the door.

EMERSON

No need to panic 'cause she ain't going.

(to Chuck)

You ain't going.

Ned gives Chuck a small, sympathetic smile.

NED

Bye.

CONTINUED: (2)

CHUCK

Bye.

With that the door slams shut, leaving Chuck alone in her towel.
CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Chuck, lost in thought.

NARRATOR

Sequestered in her tower like Quasimodo with his bell, Chuck secretly wished she was holding her own news conference, making her own statement, telling everyone she could she was alive. And then that wish went away.

Chuck takes a deep breath and exhales.

INT. NED'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chuck crosses to Olive's door and knocks. After a moment, Olive answers. She's wearing Aunt Lily's mermaid outfit. Awkward.

OLIVE

Just wanted to try it on before I gave it back.
While I have you here, will you take my photo?

CHUCK

Sure.

Olive hands Chuck a CAMERA.

OLIVE

Not that you ever would or could, but please don't tell your aunts about this. I don't want them to be uncomfortable around me.

CHUCK

Of course not.

Olive strikes a pose and Chuck takes her picture.

OLIVE

You'll be happy to know Operation: Fin Follies is up and flapping. The mermaids are singing.

CHUCK

But are they swimming?

OLIVE

They're thinking about swimming. But their hearts are singing, or getting ready to. At least one of their hearts. Other one's stalling, psychologically, not cardiologically.

CONTINUED:

CHUCK

Lily?

OLIVE

That's the one. Her nut don't crack.
(strikes a pose, then)
This one's for the 4th of July.

Chuck takes another picture.

CHUCK

Her nut does crack. I know it does. I've cracked it before.

OLIVE

Yeah, I've seen that crack.

Olive hands Chuck her old cashmere sweater.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Thought maybe you'd want this.

CHUCK

My aunts gave you my sweater?

It hits Chuck hard. Olive doesn't seem to notice as she's preparing another pose.

OLIVE

Practically forced it on me. I think it's a big first step for them. Emotionally. What are those stages of death? Something, something, something, something, acceptance?

CHUCK

Those are the stages.

Chuck's chin threatens to quiver. Then it does quiver.

OLIVE

Oh. No. We're not at that stage of our friendship. Don't you cry in front of me. Don't you do it. Don't you do it.

CHUCK

I'm not going to.

OLIVE

You better not.

CHUCK

I won't.

CONTINUED: (2)

And she does. She tries not to, but Chuck cries.

OLIVE

You did.

Chuck hides her face in the cashmere sweater.

NARRATOR

It was difficult for Olive Snook to open her heart to the woman who stole the Pie-Maker's heart from her. But she opened it nonetheless... just a crack.

OLIVE

You don't wanna do that. That's cashmere.

Olive pulls the sweater away from Chuck's face, who is now doing a much better job of containing her emotion.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Would you like a slice of pie?

OFF Chuck's nod...

OMIT

INT. LENEZ'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Our anchorwoman sits in a chair, as if she's conducting an interview for her news show. And she is.

ANCHORWOMAN

What can smell do for you? If you're Napoleon LeNez, author of "*Smell of Success*," a controversial new guide to satisfaction through olfaction, smell can get you killed.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL LeNez and Emerson sitting across from her. TWO CAMERAMEN and a SOUND MAN record the interview while Ned watches from the perimeter.

ANCHORWOMAN (CONT'D)

Napoleon, how many attempts have there been on your life?

LENEZ

Right now, there's only been two, Carol.

ANCHORWOMAN

Then you're anticipating more?

CONTINUED:

LENEZ

I don't know. Seems like somebody out there
doesn't want my book touching the world.

As the interview continues, CAMERA PUSHES IN...

ON NED

Bored out of his mind, he glances into an adjoining alcove.

NARRATOR

*Feeling neither moved nor touched by LeNez's
lament, Ned's mind began to wander. And soon,
his body followed.*

ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.)

It's not just somebody. You know the man who
made two attempts on your life.

Ned slips into the alcove, disappearing from view.

BACK TO SCENE

LeNez answers.

LENEZ

Yes, I do. His name is Oscar Vibenius.

ANCHORWOMAN

Here with us now is an eyewitness to Oscar
Vibenius's attempt on your life earlier today.

She turns to Emerson:

ANCHORWOMAN (CONT'D)

Sir, tell us what you saw.

EMERSON

Good evening, Carol. I should preface this by
saying my name is Emerson Cod. I'm a private
investigator. I've been investigating the
death of young Anita Gray, taken too soon.

ANCHORWOMAN

We did a special on Anita and her mother.

EMERSON

I saw that. It was lovely.

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

ON THE TELEVISION in the Pie-Maker's kitchen. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Chuck and Olive sitting on the baking table, each enjoying a slice of pie. (NOTE: Emerson continues to talk under the scene, addendum to follow.)

CHUCK

Get a load of Muggy McHambone.

OLIVE

Hocking his wares. He just gave out his phone number on national television.

CHUCK

Local television.

OLIVE

Same difference.

CHUCK

No, it's not. It's either the same or it's different. It can't be both.

OLIVE

You sounded like Ned when you said that.

CHUCK

I guess we spend a lot of time together.

OLIVE

Too much.

(off her look)

I mean, it can't be good for any relationship. You need your "me time," and by "me" I mean you. And he needs his "me time," and by "me" I mean-- Look, there's the killer.

On the television we see a DEPARTMENT ID-BADGE PHOTO of Oscar Vibenius next to a PROFILER SKETCH. The doorbell CHIMES.

CHUCK

We're... closed.

Chuck's face pales.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Look, there's the killer.

CAMERA PANS to the front door. It's Oscar Vibenius. Olive finally looks away from the television to see:

OLIVE

Oh lord.

OFF the threat of sewer mystery-man Oscar Vibenius...

CUT TO BLACK.

OMIT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - DINING AREA - NIGHT

Olive and Chuck stand off with Oscar Vibenius, who sits quietly at the counter. Olive pulls two knives out of a knife block.

OLIVE

Don't make me cut a bitch.

OSCAR

I just came for pie and conversation. Neither of which are cause to call a man a bitch.

CHUCK

You're trying to kill Napoleon LeNez.

OSCAR

If I am, I'm not a very good killer. I keep blowing things up, but never who I wanna blow up.

CHUCK

Hey, I said that. You've been spying on me.

OSCAR

You'd be surprised what you can hear when you press your ear to the right pipe.

CHUCK

What else did you hear?

OSCAR

Your dirty thoughts about me in the sewer gutter and not much else. Someone kept flushing their toilet.

Olive looks a bit guilty.

CHUCK

Who was trying to kill LeNez if it wasn't you?

OSCAR

I have theories. You've been conducting your investigation. I've been conducting mine. We should talk, compare notes, come to conclusions.

(to Olive)

Now how's about you put those knives to use and carve me off a piece of persimmon pie.

OLIVE

I'm getting ready to carve something off.

CONTINUED:

Chuck sits down between Olive and Oscar.

CHUCK

All right. Let's compare notes. Why were you in the sewer with your hands on a booby trap?

NARRATOR

Why Oscar Vibenius had his hands on a booby trap was this...

INT. SEWER - FLASHBACK

Oscar climbs down the ladder into the sewer, looking around.

NARRATOR

After learning of the attempt on LeNez's life, Mr. Vibenius trailed his former colleague to a sewer main where he lost track of him.

NEW TUNNEL

Wandering the tunnels, Oscar discovers the yellow, thick hose and gives it a sniff.

NARRATOR

But what he found in his stead was a mysterious yellow, thick hose.

Oscar studies the jury-rigged yellow gas line that has been capped off and redirected into the green hose.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Which he quickly realized was part of a plot to blow up Napoleon LeNez's car. He worked quickly to disable the threat...

Scrambling for his wrench, he begins to work quickly to dismantle the hose when Emerson's FLASHLIGHT BEAM catches him off guard.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...but couldn't dismantle the bomb before he was startled in the dark. Fearing said bomb was about to blow, he chose to run for cover rather than explain his actions.

And he runs.

INT. PIE HOLE - DINING AREA

Chuck and Oscar sit at the counter as he finishes a slice of pie. Olive stands across from them.

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR

Which he claims were purely altruistic.

CHUCK

How do we know you're telling the truth?
Napoleon LeNez practically said you were a
CHUD. A Cannibalistic Humanoid--

OSCAR

I know what a CHUD is. And I know Napoleon
LeNez. Did he tell you what you smelled like
when you met him? He thinks people like that.

CHUCK

He told me I smelled like honey.

OSCAR

Like you've been dipped in it. But there's
something else you smell like.

CHUCK

I know. Death. LeNez said it was my perfume.

OSCAR

You're not wearing perfume. No, this isn't
death. This is something else altogether.
I've never smelled anything like it.

OLIVE

Do me! Do me! What do I smell like?

He takes a breath and considers, then:

OSCAR

Do you have a dog?

Chuck interrupts, wanting to get to the point:

CHUCK

Never mind the dog. We need proof. We can't
just believe you because you said so.

OSCAR

Would you believe your own nose?

OFF Chuck's curious look...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

It's the CRIME SCENE of LeNez's bombed-out car, still on its
roof in the street. The area is taped off.

CONTINUED:

Chuck, Olive and Oscar rush up the street doing their best to make sure no one sees them. Oscar leads Chuck and Olive to the burned-out hulk of LeNez's car which is cordoned-off by YELLOW POLICE TAPE. Leaning into the car, he breathes in deeply.

OSCAR

There it is! Can you smell it?! It's been burned into the fabric.

OLIVE

It smells like rotten eggs.

CHUCK

It was incinerated in an exploding ball of methane gas. What else would it smell like?

OSCAR

Nothing.

Beat. Suddenly, Chuck's eyes go wide.

CHUCK

Methane gas is odorless.

OLIVE

I cook with gas. It smells like rotten eggs.

CHUCK

Utility companies add a synthetic chemical smell to it before pumping it into our homes.

OSCAR

But a methane explosion in the sewer wouldn't have a smell -- unless someone thought an ignorant public expected it to.

CHUCK

Someone elitist. Someone like--

Chuck and Olive turn to see that the walls, street lamps and telephone poles (or whatever we have available) behind them for as far as they can see are plastered with HANDBILLS touting the arrival of LeNez's book.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

--LeNez...

OLIVE

He's a marketing genius.

CONTINUED: (2)

OSCAR

A book about to be published, he has the most to gain from an attempt on his life. Nothing sells books like a little murder and mayhem.

OLIVE

I already pre-ordered my copy on the Internet.

OFF that...

NARRATOR

As Napoleon LeNez's star appeared to rise...

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Sitting side by side on the sofa, Vivian and Lily each quietly view slides on their own personal SLIDE VIEWERS (though Lily's viewer is built for one eye).

NARRATOR

...Lily and Vivian's star continued to fall as they made their way through a box of slides documenting happier times.

Vivian picks up a new slide and inserts it into the viewer.

CLOSE ON SLIDE

A pigtailed Chuck proudly holds a huge CHUNK OF CHEESE. She's wearing a T-SHIRT that reads: "JEWS FOR CHEESES."

ON VIVIAN

Cooing over fond memories.

VIVIAN

Ohhh! Look, Lily. It's when we performed at the Hebrew Feta Fête!

Lily takes a gander with her mono-viewer.

LILY

I miss my eye.

VIVIAN

Peculiar.

LILY

What?

VIVIAN

Who. Referring to you. You said you missed your eye before you said you missed Charlotte.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

When I saw that picture the first thing I thought was, "I miss Charlotte."

LILY

Good god, Vivian. It was the first thing I thought, too. Just so happens I don't always say everything I think. Fancy that.

(then)

By the way, you have two eyes, so keep that in mind next time you throw down judgment.

VIVIAN

It wasn't your eye. Why we stopped swimming. We told people it was. But it wasn't.

LILY

We've been stopped swimming long enough for it not to matter why we stopped swimming.

VIVIAN

Maybe that's a reason to start.

LILY

I don't see the benefit of getting wet outside the privacy of my own bathroom.

VIVIAN

It used to make you so happy. The water. I think it's brave to try to be happy. It seems sometimes you do everything you can not to be happy. You've gotten so comfortable being unhappy. Wouldn't it be wonderful to wake up in the morning and choose to be happy? Let the water wash everything else away?

LILY

Eh.

Vivian considers that a moment, then gets up to leave.

LILY (CONT'D)

Where you going?

VIVIAN

I'm going to take a bath. In my bathing suit.

As Lily watches her go:

LILY

Don't forget your chlorine tablets.

Lily picks up the chlorine tablets to hand to Vivian, but she's already gone. Lily returns to looking at her slide viewer.

CONTINUED: (2)

NARRATOR

Her olfactory glands stimulated with the smells of synchronized swimming, Lily experienced a flood of endorphins from the scent of bottled sunshine...

After a moment, Lily smells the box of chlorine tablets.

OMIT

INT. LENEZ'S PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The anchorwoman and her CAMERA CREW are just getting into the elevator, bidding adieu to Napoleon LeNez. In the background, we see Emerson watching them from inside the decontamination chamber which is open on both ends.

The anchorwoman puts her hand to her ear and mouths, "Call me." LeNez returns the gesture with a wink.

NARRATOR

...as Napoleon LeNez experienced a flood of endorphins from his media blitz.

Suddenly, Ned rushes out of the apartment to join Emerson in the decontamination chamber. They huddle, Ned's back to CAMERA blocking our view of what's in his hands.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Which left the Pie-Maker to carry out a blind side blitz of his own.

NED

Emerson--

EMERSON

Where the hell did you go?

NED

I was bored, not snooping. Well maybe ipso facto snooping. But my goal wasn't to snoop so much as to entertain myself... You know how it is when you're a guest and you're bored so you go to the bathroom and read through the magazines or rummage through the medicine cabinet or look in the closet or under the bed and find something you were never supposed to see--

EMERSON

Get to the point.

(seeing what's in Ned's hands; his eyes go wide)

Damn...

CONTINUED:

They're interrupted by:

LENEZ

That couldn't have gone better if I planned it.

As LeNez moves past them, Emerson starts in on him -- now aware of his guilt.

EMERSON

Smell it, crave it, own it.

Standing in the chamber doorway, LeNez turns back.

LENEZ

That's the spirit.

EMERSON

Once you smell it, then you crave it, how far will you go to own it?

NED

Hmmm?

EMERSON

You can't just scratch and sniff and make a wish. You need a plan. And according to you, this couldn't have gone better if you planned it yourself. Which leads me to believe...

NED

You planned it yourself.

CAMERA PUSHES IN TIGHT ON THE TUBE SOCK in Ned's hand REVEALING it has enormous fabric letters sewn to it. Letters that spell out, before running out of space: "YOU CAN'T SAV"--

NED (CONT'D)

You set Oscar up. Once you figured out the correct spacing.

LeNez's face darkens.

LENEZ

This is ridic-- How dare-- You planted that sock. I'm not going to stand here and be accused. I think it's best if you both leave.

EMERSON

I concur.

Grabbing Ned by the arm, Emerson starts for the elevator.

CONTINUED: (2)

LENEZ

When I suggested you leave, I didn't mean the penthouse. I meant this mortal coil.

LeNez steps back into his apartment and hits the button, sealing both ends of the decontamination chamber with Ned and Emerson inside.

LENEZ (CONT'D)

Congratulations, gentlemen -- you're about to fall victim to attempt number three on my life.

LeNez hits another button and the decontamination chamber's fans kick in.

LENEZ (CONT'D)

I'll mention you in the acknowledgements in the second printing of my book.

OFF Emerson and Ned trapped inside...

OMIT

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Emerson and Ned in the decontamination chamber as before. LeNez watches them from the other side with a sinister smile.

Emerson pulls his gun and aims it at LeNez.

EMERSON

You've got three seconds to open that door.

Sniffing the air, Ned pushes Emerson's gun down.

NED

Wait. What's that--

LENEZ

That smell is the chamber filling with an amalgamation of explosive gases, which will erupt on my mark. So please, if you're in a hurry to die, fire your gun and set the chamber ablaze...

Annoyed, Emerson shoves his weapon back into its holster.

EMERSON

Killing us isn't going to change anything.

LENEZ

Says you... Imagine the public outcry when the press releases photos of my charred decontamination chamber, and the crispy corpses of the two private detectives who were unfortunate enough to trigger my nemesis's third attempt on my life. How tragic. But how perfectly titillating.

EMERSON

Anita made a big mistake tying her horse to your wagon.

LENEZ

Don't say that. I never intended to hurt her.

NED

You killed her.

LENEZ

But I didn't mean to. Her death was an accident...

INT. PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

A distraught LeNez argues with his publisher on the phone. In a fit, he throws the phone against the wall. It drops onto a small table, spilling books across the floor.

NARRATOR

When it became clear his publisher was going to bury his life's work, LeNez concocted an explosive marketing strategy of his very own...

We PUSH IN ON a PHOTO from a UNIVERSITY YEARBOOK showing a group of young grad students, including Oscar, standing next to LeNez.

OMIT

INT. PENTHOUSE - LAB - DAY/NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Surrounded by TEST TUBES marked "EXPLOSIVE CHEMICALS," LeNez replaces the "smoking cigarette" Scratch-'n'-Sniff scent patch with an identical one that he's doctored to explode.

NARRATOR

He would boost interest in his book by pretending to be the target of a murderous rival's attack...

Finishing up, he carefully closes the book, smiling smugly all the while. Seconds later, LeNez and the test tubes of explosive chemicals DISSOLVE INTO THIN AIR -- leaving only the book behind.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

His discovery of the booby-trapped tome would create a publicity whirlwind his publisher could not ignore. But there were variables he couldn't control...

As the room changes from DAY TO NIGHT, Anita MATERIALIZES in her chair at the desk.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...including the utter devotion of his most dedicated student, Anita Gray...

Anita opens the book to the smoking cigarette illustration.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...who couldn't resist a quick sniff. Which caused her to be snuffed out -- much to the dismay of LeNez...

CONTINUED:

Leaning in, she scratches the scent patch with her scratch-stick. A chemical explosion engulfs her head. KABOOM! THE FLASH WHITES OUT THE SCREEN.

INT. PIE HOLE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A bright light swings away FROM CAMERA TO REVEAL it's a flashlight in the hands of LeNez who has broken into the Pie Hole.

NARRATOR

Still, Anita's death only fueled the fire, increasing his book's presales exponentially.

Pulling a tube sock (with the warning "YOU CAN'T SAVE LENEZ" already sewn on it) from his pants, he stuffs it in the kitchen drain and turns to leave.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

So without further ado, LeNez set the rest of his plot in motion. He pinned the crime on Oscar as planned, and further capitalized on the growing publicity...

As his flashlight pans INTO FRAME, we...

INT. SEWER - FLASHBACK

PULL BACK from LeNez's HEADLAMP to find him working feverishly to cap off the yellow gas line and redirect it to the green hose running up and out the manhole overhead.

NARRATOR

...by staging a second, more spectacular attempt on his life...

OMIT

INT. PENTHOUSE - PRESENT

LeNez wraps it up.

NARRATOR

...an attempt that Oscar himself mistakenly helped legitimize by appearing on the scene to stop it.

LENEZ

Here was a man whose filthy lifestyle was the antithesis of my book, caught red-handed trying to orchestrate my death.

(beat)

And that, I have you to thank for.

CONTINUED:

EMERSON

I knew we shouldn't of followed no damn
yellow, thick hose.

LeNez punches a final sequence into the control panel and a
flashing "detonation" symbol appears.

LENEZ

Goodbye, gentlemen. Please give Anita my
felicitations. And again, tell her I'm sorry.

As he places his finger over the detonation button... WHOOOOOSH!
The rear doors of the decontamination chamber suddenly open TO
REVEAL--

Oscar, Chuck and Olive fresh off the elevator. The opened doors
break the vacuum seal of the chamber and the explosive gasses
are SUCKED out into the hallway.

With a GROAN, the entire system shuts down.

NED

Chuck!

CHUCK

Ned!

LENEZ

Oscar?

OSCAR

Napoleon!

Feeling left out, Olive waves to Emerson.

OLIVE

Hi, Emerson.

EMERSON

Hi, Olive.

Reunion over, Oscar steps into the chamber to face his nemesis.
As Chuck and Olive follow him, Ned warns them away:

NED

No! Wait!

NARRATOR

*But what Ned didn't know, LeNez didn't see
coming...*

CONTINUED: (2)

Seeing his chance to regain the upper hand, LeNez punches at the buttons on the control panel in a maddening attempt to reseal the doors, only to discover--

CHUCK

It's okay. Oscar reversed the pumps.

LeNez pauses.

LENEZ

He what--?!

Oscar reveals a jury-rigged remote control of his own.

NARRATOR

...Oscar reversed the pumps.

The decontamination chamber RUMBLES ominously.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Using his expert knowledge of the city's underground electrical grid...

INT. SEWER - FLASHBACK

Chuck watches in awe as Oscar stands over an electrical box quickly rerouting its current via a dozen or more ALLIGATOR CLIP CABLES.

NARRATOR

...Oscar had reprogrammed LeNez's entire decontamination system just prior to entering the building. Repurposed and rejiggered, it no longer protected him from the outside world...

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The decontamination chamber's RUMBLE grows louder, then:

NARRATOR

...instead, it did just the opposite.

As LeNez stews, Oscar pushes a button on his remote.

LENEZ

Damn it anyway.

WHOOSH!!! An endless CLOUD OF NOXIOUS DEBRIS is pumped into the penthouse. LeNez screams as his face is coated in years of dirt and dust.

LENEZ (CONT'D)

Arrggh!

Unable to escape the filth he had spent a lifetime avoiding, LeNez sinks to the ground, disappearing in the cloud of dirt swirling around him.

NARRATOR

As the system purged itself, the man who demanded purity was branded a filthy murderer...

The doors on the decontamination chamber open and our heroes surround LeNez on the floor.

LENEZ'S POV

As our heroes stare down at him, Oscar pushes to the front, shaking his head sadly.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...and the man who embraced filth rejoiced that his sullied reputation had been cleansed.

OLIVE

(disgusted)

I'm canceling my pre-order.

NARRATOR

Satisfied that another case had been closed, our heroes returned home.

OFF of LeNez--

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - DAY

Still sad after her fight with Lily, Vivian watches the RAIN beating against the windowpane, Lily sullen in the background.

NARRATOR

While elsewhere, a tentative breeze of hope signaled a new beginning.

Vivian opens her mouth, and very softly sings:

VIVIAN

MORNING HAS BROKEN LIKE THE FIRST MORNING...

She gets up and walks to the front door.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

(a bit louder)

BLACKBIRD HAS SPOKEN LIKE THE FIRST BIRD...

She OPENS IT and steps out, propelled by an invisible force.

CONTINUED:

LILY

What are you doing?

Lily watches from the window. The rain runs down the pane of glass and is reflected onto her face like tears running down her cheek.

EXT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Vivian walks off the front porch into the RAIN, driven toward some yet-unknown destination. Her voice grows in strength.

VIVIAN

PRAISE FOR THE SINGING, PRAISE FOR THE
MORNING. PRAISE FOR THE SPRINGING FRESH FROM
THE WORD. SWEET THE RAIN'S NEW FALL SUNLIT
FROM HEAVEN. LIKE THE FIRST DEWFALL ON THE
FIRST GRASS...

OMIT

EXT. POOL - DAY

Vivian stands on the pool deck in the POURING RAIN. Behind her, the Darling Mermaid Darlings billboard is worn and faded, but she doesn't notice. Vivian's singing continues over this sequence, but we don't see her sing:

VIVIAN (V.O.)

PRAISE FOR THE SWEETNESS OF THE WET GARDEN,
SPRUNG IN COMPLETENESS WHERE HIS FEET PASS.

Lily, still smiling, appears behind Vivian in the rain.

VIVIAN (V.O.)

MINE IS THE SUNLIGHT, MINE IS THE MORNING,
BORN OF THE ONE LIGHT EDEN SAW PLAY...

Together, they approach the pool with giddiness and trepidation.

VIVIAN (V.O.)

PRAISE WITH ELATION, PRAISE EVERY MORNING,
GOD'S RECREATION OF THE NEW DAY.

And as we watch, their robes fall to the ground. And they DIVE INTO THE POOL.

NARRATOR

*And so, as the Darling Mermaid Darlings
splashed into the crystal clear water...*

The happy SLOSH and SPLASH of water takes us to--

OMIT

INT. EMERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT (SHOT AT SCENE 62)

CLOSE ON A NOTE from Anita's mom, thanking Emerson for solving the case.

NARRATOR

*...Anita's mother clearly conveyed to Emerson
Cod just how much she appreciated his tireless
pursuit of justice.*

As Emerson lays it aside, we PULL BACK TO REVEAL he's surrounded by pop-up books. And, in fact, is trying his hand at creating a pop-up of his own.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*Another case closed, Emerson temporarily set
aside his knitting needles to pursue a new
hobby...*

We PUSH IN on Emerson's page.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

One that magnified his happiness tenfold.

On it, a little girl in pigtails strokes her chin, inquisitively. As he pulls a tab on the rudimentary pop-up, the little girl raises a magnifying glass to her eye (which appears to really magnify her eye).

EMERSON

I love pop-up books.

INT. PIE HOLE - DAY

Where Chuck sponges down a soapy counter. JINGLE-JINGLE. Ned ENTERS HOLDING A NEW MENU.

NARRATOR

*Back at the Pie Hole, more happiness was
unfolding.*

CHUCK

Have you seen my old sweater?

NED

No.

(pointing to a menu)
Have you seen the new menus?

CHUCK

No.
(re: the menu)
For me?

He hands it to her.

NED

For you.

She opens the menu and we see two columns: One is for "Pie Flavors" and the other is for "Cup-pie Flavors."

CHUCK

Cup-pies!

She's ecstatic. They beam at each other.

NARRATOR

And although the Pie-Maker and the girl named Chuck couldn't hug each other, for a moment it didn't matter. The mere sight of each other left them feeling exactly like they wanted to feel. Safe and warm and loved.

OMIT

EXT. PIE HOLE - DAY

CAMERA PANS TO a familiar DWP truck parked across the street.

NARRATOR

Meanwhile, just outside the Pie Hole, Oscar Vibenius embraced an obsession of his own.

INT. DWP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Oscar sits in the driver's seat holding Chuck's missing sweater. He holds it to his nose and breathes in deeply.

NARRATOR

Chuck and her secret were in danger. And this time, it wasn't so much about the telling as it was the smelling.

Then he looks up, SHOCKED.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW