

PUSHING DAISIES

"Bitches"

Episode #3T6505

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FINAL DRAFT 

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BOARDING SCHOOL - DORM ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA PASSES DIGBY lying beneath a desk to FIND YOUNG NED, who carefully pulls a PLAY-DOH BOY from a battered shoe box.

NARRATOR

Bedtime at the Longborough School for Boys was a time for dreams. Dreams filled with the bliss that came from a happy childhood.

He steps aside TO REVEAL a creation on his dorm floor--

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But on this night, one boy chose to dream with his eyes wide open.

EXT. URBAN PLAY-DOH CITY - DAY

CAMERA PULLS BACK THROUGH the cardboard landscape. The streets are filled with FROZEN PLAY-DOH PEOPLE, not yet alive.

NARRATOR

11 weeks, 1 day, 7 hours and 41 minutes ago, Young Ned was living that happy childhood...

Young Ned's hand puts a PLAY-DOH BOY into FRAME next to A PLAY-DOH WOMAN.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...complete with a lovely home, caring mother and boyhood sweetheart. A girl he called Chuck.

A PLAY-DOH GIRL is placed on the other side of the street from the Play-Doh boy and woman.

INT. BOARDING SCHOOL - DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Young Ned puts the final touches on his Play-Doh city.

NARRATOR

But when his mother died, twice, Young Ned awoke to a new reality.

EXT. URBAN PLAY-DOH CITY - DAY

The Play-Doh boy and girl ANIMATE, coming to life with the power of Young Ned's imagination.

NARRATOR

Though he could reanimate the dead, he could only animate the inanimate with his imagination.

The Play-Doh boy and girl run toward each other, but before they can touch, they FALL APART.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

On this lonely night, he tried to recreate his past life, but he'd lost his ability to dream, and found even his imagination failed him.

INT. BOARDING SCHOOL - DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A sad Young Ned watches his Play-Doh people CRUMBLE and BREAK, hardened with age. Even Digby sighs for him.

As CAMERA PUSHES IN on Young Ned...

NARRATOR

Still, he wore hope on his head.

CAMERA BOOMS DOWN to the RODAN-INSPIRED FEET he wears as shoes. He stands and moves to the window, looking out into the night.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And what Young Ned didn't know was at that very moment--

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the moon...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

--the girl he called Chuck...

CAMERA PULLS BACK to find we are in--

INT. YOUNG CHUCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

NARRATOR

...was wearing hope on hers.

YOUNG CHUCK stands on the balcony to her bedroom, wearing her own GODZILLA SHOES, as she stares out into the night.

SPLIT SCREEN TO INCLUDE:

INT. BOARDING SCHOOL - DORM ROOM

Young Ned looks out at the moon.

NARRATOR

They were together, even if they were far apart.

PUSH IN on Young Ned... And PULL OUT TO REVEAL he's now--
GROWN-UP NED

Lying in bed. His eyes flutter OPEN.

NARRATOR

*Little did they know that when they would wake 19
years, 51 weeks, 2 days, 9 hours and 13 minutes
later...*

NED'S POV: CHUCK in her bed, sleeping peacefully. We're--

INT. NED'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Ned watches Chuck with a smile.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*...they would again be together. Yet still,
so far apart.*

Chuck's eyes OPEN, almost sensing Ned's gaze.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*For unfortunately, the Pie-Maker could never,
ever touch her.*

CHUCK

You were watching me sleep.

NED

Um, no. Sort of. But mainly I was just
waiting for you to wake up. And in the
process of waiting for you to wake up, I was,
yes, I was watching you sleep.

CHUCK

You do that a lot, don't you?

NED

It's like watching you come back to life.

CHUCK

Again.

Smiles from both and they throw off the covers. Chuck joyfully
hops out of bed, only to CATCH her foot on the edge of the rug,
which sends her SAILING forward right onto--

Ned, still lying in bed, having broken her fall.

CLOSE ON Ned's BARE hands wrapped around her BARE arms.

CONTINUED:

He instantly DROPS HER. Knee-jerk reaction.

CLOSE ON their WIDE eyes, staring directly into each other's. Chuck BLINKS, clearly not dead (again).

NED

You're not--

She reaches out and touches his cheek...

CHUCK

How am I not--

He reaches out and caresses her arm...

NED

Maybe it wears off. Maybe there's an eclipse. Maybe-- Wow. Your skin feels amazing.

CHUCK

Stop talking.

THEY KISS EACH OTHER. Beautiful. Passionate. The second kiss they've both wanted so badly (without the anticipated results).

CHUCK (CONT'D)

We're wearing too many clothes.

They come apart to breathe and Ned pulls off his shirt as Chuck pulls off her nightgown (we only see her back, keeping things PG). They EMBRACE the ultimate embrace.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I'm still wearing too many clothes.

NED

But you're not wearing any--

She grins mischievously and reaches around her waist and--

LITERALLY PULLS HER SKIN UP AND AWAY TO REVEAL:

OLIVE underneath. She wears a come-hither smile...

NED (CONT'D)

Oh.

OLIVE

Much better.

She GRABS Ned and pulls him toward her. Before they kiss:

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Don't tell Chuck.

Their lips connect and they kiss deeply. Ned is stunned when--

NED'S EYES OPEN (FOR REAL)

His POV: No Olive, just Chuck sleeping peacefully, as in the dream. Her eyes OPEN and she smiles at Ned.

CHUCK

You were watching me sleep.

NED

Um, yes, I was.

CHUCK

You do that a lot, don't you?

NED

Yes, I do.

NARRATOR

The Pie-Maker wanted to tell Chuck that he liked watching the moment she waked. That it was like watching her come back to life. Again. So instead he said nothing.

He quickly throws off the covers and heads to the--

INT. PIE HOLE - BOOTH - DAY

NARRATOR

So the Pie-Maker sought to use Emerson Cod as a sounding board for that reality, which recently included a moonlit kiss with one Olive Snook.

Ned places a dish of pie in front of EMERSON and sits across from him. Emerson looks up from his tea.

EMERSON

I don't need no damn pie.

NED

It's three-plum.

EMERSON

What I need is no plum. No plum, no pounds.

NED

You love three-plum. And clearly you're hungry. That's why you're so cranky.

EMERSON

Respect my discipline. Just 'cause I love a thing, don't mean I can have a thing. Which is a sentiment you might wanna investigate.

As CAMERA PUSHES IN on Ned...

NARRATOR

The Pie-Maker had investigated this sentiment and unfortunately for Emerson Cod, he now needed to talk about it.

...he glances over at Olive and Chuck at the ice cream counter, drying dishes together side by side.

NED

I had a sexy dream about Olive last night. Which I'm sure was influenced by a reality-based kiss. By the road. You know.

EMERSON

There's no way for this conversation to be anything but awkward for me.

NED

She was wearing a Chuck suit. In the dream. Not by the road. What do you think that means? Beyond the obvious.

EMERSON

I'm no dream-interpreter. Dream's just your brain processing random rigmarole it couldn't find a place for. Don't mean nothing more than you feel guilty 'cause you kissed Olive when you wanna be kissing a dead girl you can't.

NED

I said "beyond the obvious." And Olive kissed me. A friendly expression of innocent gratitude.

EMERSON

Was it a wet kiss or a dry kiss?

NED

There was a little moisture. I guess.

EMERSON

She dropped a bomb in your subconscious with her saliva. She knew what she was doing.

CONTINUED: (2)

NED

You make it sound so devious. And it's not. It meant nothing, which is why Chuck doesn't need to know.

NARRATOR

Emerson Cod had a very particular view on romantic relations and that view was this:

EMERSON

Some women love like gangsters. They ask you, "Oh, baby, you bleeding? How'd that happen?" as they hide a razor in their weave.

NED

Olive isn't a gangster. She's my friend.

EMERSON

A friend who wants to tap that ass.

NED

She does not want to tap that ass. This ass.
(then)
Does she?

EMERSON

Why you think she's always rubbing up on you?

NED

To be nice. In an employer-employee kind of way where niceness occasionally includes platonic rubbing.

EMERSON

Nothing platonic about it.

Ned's eyes fall back on Olive. Emerson smiles.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

You're coming undone, ain't ya? Bomb she dropped woke you up to the fact you might wanna touch the one you can touch.

NED

I don't wanna touch Olive. Not in that way.

NARRATOR

In fact, the Pie-Maker was coming undone. And he thought he might want to touch Olive. In that way. As he wrestled with the meaning of Olive's affections...

CONTINUED: (3)

SWING OVER TO FIND Olive and Chuck at the ice cream counter, drying off the dishes.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...Olive wrestled with her own emotions about the kiss. So she confessed:

OLIVE

It didn't mean a thing, which is why I'm telling you. Just a friendly expression of innocent gratitude. A peck. It didn't even last a second. In fact... one-thousand-one. See. It couldn't have been half that.

CHUCK

Half?

OLIVE

Third. Maybe even a quarter. Very brief. He didn't mention it?

CHUCK

No. Should he have?

OLIVE

No.

As Chuck studies Olive...

NARRATOR

Olive Snook was saddened her kiss wasn't worth a mention.

CHUCK

Ned deserves a friendly expression of innocent gratitude. I'm sure he appreciated it. But I don't think I'd like it if you did it again.

OLIVE

I don't think I'd like it, either. I mean, I would... but not in this context.

CHUCK

That having been said, were his lips soft?

OLIVE

You don't know?

CHUCK

We don't touch. Directly. Prophylactically, yes. But nothing more.

CONTINUED: (4)

OLIVE

You don't touch. You don't. I've been watching you. Not obsessively. Just paying attention. You don't touch.

CHUCK

Can't.

OLIVE

That's why you kiss with plastic food wrap. I couldn't get my head around it. Do you have some kind of deadly food allergy... to Ned?

CHUCK

I'm going to say yes. I get hives, swelling, eczema, blisters. Things to avoid.

OLIVE

And no salve will soothe it?

CHUCK

No.

OLIVE

That's the most tragic thing I've ever heard. Not including the big-ticket items like genocide and famine. But tragic nonetheless.

Chuck can't help but smile.

CHUCK

Oh, I don't know... it's really not so bad.

NARRATOR

And it wasn't. Yet. At that very moment, 14 miles due west as a crow flies, Harold Hundin was experiencing something much more tragic...

INT. PAPAN COUNTY KENNEL CLUB - HUNDIN'S OFFICE - DAY

HAROLD HUNDIN looks up from his coffee and reacts to something off-screen. His thermal cup slips from his hands.

NARRATOR

...his murder.

The thermal cup TUMBLES TO THE FLOOR IN SLOW MOTION, then...

QUICK SHOTS, HITCHCOCK-STYLE (NOTE: THIS IS AN HOMAGE TO THE MURDER IN "PSYCHO" AND AT NO TIME WILL WE SEE PENETRATION):

-- THE FLASH OF A BLADE. Actually, it's the pointed handle of a designer dog brush, but it's nice and stabby nonetheless.

CONTINUED:

-- HAROLD HUNDIN'S FACE GOES SLACK WITH STUNNED AWE. STTPPPFF.
We HEAR the dog brush handle plunge into his chest. STTPPPFF-
STTPPPFF. He's stabbed again and again.

-- THE DOG BRUSH HANDLE. Bloody (stylized) and menacing.

-- CLOSE ON HAROLD HUNDIN. STTPPPFF-STTPPPFF-STTPPPFF.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The facts were these: Harold Hundin...

INT. DOG SHOW - FLASHBACK

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Harold Hundin. FLASHING cameras, surrounded by FOUR DOGS on pedestals sporting blue ribbons: A border collie, Jack Russell terrier, poodle and Labrador retriever.

NARRATOR

...a renowned dog breeder and president of the Papen County Kennel Club, was 37 years, 11 weeks, 5 days, 1 hour and 2 minutes old...

INT. PAPEN COUNTY KENNEL CLUB - HUNDIN'S OFFICE

Harold falls in SLOW MOTION, stabbed and dying, silhouetted by the window behind him, the dog brush still in his chest...

NARRATOR

...when he was stabbed multiple times in his office at the Papen County Kennel Club.

Harold tumbles to the floor across the kennel club emblem.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The kennel club offered a reward for information leading to the arrest of his killer.

INT. MORGUE - OFFICE - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS Emerson, Chuck and Ned into the morgue, as the CORONER looks on. Emerson slaps a wad of cash into his palm and the coroner smiles big. Emerson shakes his head, annoyed.

NARRATOR

And where there was a reward, there was Emerson Cod.

INT. MORGUE - LAB - DAY

Chuck and Emerson look on as Ned PULLS BACK the sheet from the corpse of Harold Hundin -- we see several clean stab wounds all over his chest. Ned STARTS HIS WATCH and TOUCHES Harold.

CHUCK

Hello, Mr. Hundin. We're gonna move through things quickly and efficiently, so pay close attention 'cause this concerns you. You have one minute to answer a brief series of questions.

NED

Short, concise answers are best.

CHUCK

But feel free to elaborate when needed.

HAROLD HUNDIN

When does my minute start?

NED

About 15 seconds ago.

Chuck coaxes Emerson to speak:

EMERSON

Any last wishes or would'a-should'a-could'a's?

HAROLD HUNDIN

I wish I could'a said goodbye to Bubblegum.

NED

I have stick gum.

EMERSON

I prefer mints myself.

HAROLD HUNDIN

Bubblegum's my dog. If you people are angels, I'd love it if you'd surround her with white light and positive energy, or whatever it is you do. She's a sweet girl. Special needs.

EMERSON

White light. Check. Next question.

He coaxes Chuck to speak -- it's her turn.

CHUCK

Who stabbed you, Mr. Hundin?

HAROLD HUNDIN

There was stabbing. But nobody stabbed me.

INT. PAPEN COUNTY KENNEL CLUB - HUNDIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Harold Hundin drops his thermal coffee cup, as before, and we see what happened before we CUT AWAY last time.

NARRATOR

Harold Hundin detailed the strange series of events that resulted in his stabbing.

QUICK SHOTS:

-- HAROLD HUNDIN TAKES A STEP... slips on the spilled coffee from the thermal cup.

-- HAROLD STUMBLES BACK... spins to catch himself.

-- THE DESIGNER DOGGY BRUSH... sits in the basket of dog toys on his desk, gleaming.

-- HAROLD FALLS ON THE END OF THE BRUSH... and is stabbed.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

A puddle of spilled coffee, an unfortunately-positioned designer dog brush with an unfortunately-sharp end and his own tenacity expedited his death...

WIDE. Harold pushes himself up and falls again on the brush. And again. He keeps doing it, his feet slipping on the floor.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...but were not the primary cause.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the thermal cup sitting in a pool of spilled coffee.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Before Harold Hundin could inadvertently and repeatedly stab himself... he was poisoned.

INT. MORGUE - LAB - DAY

As before. Ned, Chuck and Emerson look over the undead Harold.

HAROLD HUNDIN

I tasted almonds in my coffee. Real bitter. Exceptionally bitter. With an intense, charismatic flavor that could only be cyanide.

CHUCK

You could taste the cyanide?

HAROLD HUNDIN

A dog could taste it. And they only have one-sixth the number of taste buds that I have.

EMERSON

Then, fool, why did you drink it?

HAROLD HUNDIN

I was using an almond-flavored coffee cream
creamer in my coffee. I thought maybe it went
bad, but there were no curdles and... by the
time I figured I was poisoned, it was too late.

CHUCK

Who gave you the coffee?

HAROLD HUNDIN

My wife. Oh, honey. How could you?

EMERSON

Now that's gangster love.

(to Harold)

Don't you worry. "Oh, honey's" gonna get
what's coming to her.

Ned reaches out and TOUCHES Harold and he dies.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Wasn't that nice? You ask a question. You
get an answer. There's no room for butt-
scuttle or misinterpretation. Thank you,
Lord, for little things like "My wife did it."

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - DINING AREA

Ned and Chuck are sitting at the counter as Emerson arrives,
throwing a file in front of them.

CHUCK

Did you find Harold Hundin's wife?

EMERSON

All four of 'em. Sonofabitch was a damn
polygamist.

CLOSE ON - WEDDING ALBUM

The book flips open to a wedding picture.

NARRATOR

*Harold Hundin was indeed a damn polygamist
with multiple Mrs.'s of which there were four.*

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THE PICTURE OF Harold standing next to his
first bride, a beautiful woman named HILARY.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Hilary was his first.

CONTINUED:

NEXT PHOTO. Harold is now standing next to his second bride, a beautiful woman named HEATHER. Hilary stands beside her in a bridesmaid's dress, holding a bouquet.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Heather his second.

NEXT PHOTO. Harold is now standing next to his third bride, a beautiful woman named SIMONE. Hilary and Heather stand beside her in bridesmaids' dresses, holding bouquets.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Simone his third.

NEXT PHOTO. Harold is now standing next to his fourth and final and youngest bride, HALLIE.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And Hallie was his fourth and final wife.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Hilary, Heather, Simone beside Hallie in bridesmaids' dresses, holding bouquets.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But only one of the Hundin wives killed their husband.

A FINAL FLASHBULB POP and we...

CUT TO BLACK.

OMIT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. PIE HOLE - DINING AREA - DAY

NARRATOR

Wondering why her kiss with the Pie-Maker went unmentioned, Olive Snook attempted to mention the unmentionable.

Ned is ENTERING from the kitchen, approaching Chuck and Emerson sitting in a booth. But before he can get close, Olive catches up with him and grabs his sleeve for a quick aside:

OLIVE

Pss-pss-pss. We should clear the air.

NED

Does our air need clearing?

OLIVE

Our relations. By the road.

NED

Oh. That. I haven't thought another...
thought about that.

Ned moves away as quickly as he can and joins Emerson and Chuck mid-conversation. Olive is close on Ned's heels.

CHUCK

Four wives. That's greedy.

OLIVE

And intriguing.

Olive sets the tray down and joins them. Ned squirms, a little uncomfortable by her presence.

EMERSON

Some folks prefer vanilla. Some folks prefer chocolate. Other folks like their Neapolitan.

NED

I like Neapolitan.

EMERSON

Then you'd do well as a polygamist. One woman to have, one woman to hold.

Chuck and Olive look at one another. Ned looks at Emerson.

NED

Why. Why would you do that?

EMERSON

I apologize. Mouth got a little ahead of me.

NARRATOR

Chuck began to wonder if the Pie-Maker would indeed do well as a polygamist.

NED

For the record, I would be a horrible polygamist. I'm easily distracted. I wouldn't know where to focus.

EMERSON

Harold Hundin knew where to focus. Found himself the perfect wife, except she had four heads. And they're all breeders, too.

OLIVE

They make children for their polygamy cult?

EMERSON

Dog breeders.

Digby's ears PERK to the mention of that.

OLIVE

They make dogs for their polygamy cult?

EMERSON

Nobody's making nothing for no polygamy cult.

CHUCK

So which wife wanted to kill him most?

OLIVE

How do you know a wife did it?

A furtive exchange of glances between Chuck, Ned and Emerson.

NED

He left a note.

OLIVE

A note? How mysterious. Can I play?

NED

No. Sorry. Emerson doesn't like--

A disappointed Olive starts to leave.

EMERSON

Although...

CHUCK

I love a good "although."

Olive plops herself back down.

OLIVE

Me, too.

EMERSON

...the same faces show up four different places asking suspicious questions, they'll be onto us faster than you can say "monogamy." We got four suspects, four partners in business... and four faces.

Ned stares at Emerson, who smiles back. Gotcha, sucka'.

OLIVE

Does that mean I get to play?

EMERSON

If you're playing, you're not getting paid.

NARRATOR

And the suspects were these:

INT. PRÊT-À-POOCHIE DESIGNER STORE - DAY

CLOSE ON Hilary Hundin. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL her standing in her boutique store filled with designer doggy items.

NARRATOR

Hilary Hundin, owner and chief executive officer of Prêt-à-Poochie Designer Dogwear and Accessories. She was the first to join Harold in matrimony.

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK TO REVEAL Hilary's prized POODLE at her side, adorned in an abundance of bling.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Like the poodles she bred, Hilary Hundin was generally pleasant, happy and perky, but might snap if teased or surprised.

INT. HEATHER HUNDIN'S PET PSYCHOLOGY OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON Heather Hundin. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL she is seated in her therapist's chair with pad and pencil.

NARRATOR

Pluralizing the marriage was Heather Hundin, a renowned pet psychologist and host of the weekly radio show: "Doggonit."

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK TO REVEAL Heather's prized BORDER COLLIE reclining on the proverbial psychiatric couch.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Like her prize-winning border collies, Heather was friendly and energetic, but could turn destructive and neurotic if bored or ignored.

INT. SIMONE HUNDIN'S K-18 OBEDIENCE DOG TRAINING STUDIO - DAY

CLOSE ON Simone Hundin. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Simone standing in her studio among a variety of training equipment. A colorful KAPRALIK of the four Hundin purebreds hangs on the wall.

NARRATOR

Simone Hundin was Harold's third wife. She pioneered K-18 Obedience, where demanding dog owners got double from their K-9s.

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK TO REVEAL Simone has assembled a line of THREE JACK RUSSELL TERRIERS.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Like the Jack Russell terriers she trained and bred, Simone possessed strong hunting instincts that, if left unchecked, could result in deadly aggression.

Simone points her finger at the row of dogs like a gun.

SIMONE

Bang-bang.

The Jack Russells fall over simultaneously, playing dead. Simone blows the imaginary smoke off her fingertip.

EXT. HALLIE HUNDIN'S HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON Hallie Hundin and her CHOCOLATE LABRADOR. She slaps a leash into SOMEONE'S O.C. HAND and CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK...

NARRATOR

Harold Hundin's fourth and final wife was young Hallie, who bred Labradors and donated them as Seeing Eye dogs to the blind.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Hallie is standing in front of a row of THREE BLIND PEOPLE. They're all holding leashes attached to beautiful LABRADOR DOGS standing obediently at attention.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Like her Labs, Hallie was loyal, friendly and competitively obedient. She craved human attention, but if denied, her competitive obedience could go horribly awry.

Hallie smiles at the blind people, who don't return her smile because they can't see it. Her smile fades only a little.

EXT. PRÊT-À-POOCHIE DESIGNER STORE - DAY

EMERSON'S CONVERTIBLE pulls up in front of the boutique store. Ned is in the driver's seat beside Emerson, with Olive, Chuck and Digby in the back. Three of them open their doors.

EMERSON

Wait.

Three doors slam shut.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

We're going in undercover. And by undercover I mean under no circumstances are you to give out any factual information about your person.

CHUCK

You want us to lie?

EMERSON

I want you to lie consistently. And we all gotta take turns with the dog.

OLIVE

He has a name, you know.

EMERSON

And you better lie about that, too.
(to Olive)
You're up first. We'll wait here.

INT. PRÊT-À-POOCHIE DESIGNER STORE - DAY

The DOORBELL CHIMES as Olive and Digby ENTER.

OLIVE

You have a gorgeous selection of couture.
Pickle loves him some D&G.

Digby, aka Pickle, BARKS and smiles. Hilary opens her mouth to speak, but before she can, Digby BARKS again and again.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
(re: the D&G doggy garment)
Pickle wants to know if this comes in green.
I'm just kidding. He didn't really say that.
(extends her hand)
Hello. I'm Pimento. And you are?

INT. HEATHER HUNDIN'S PET PSYCHOLOGY OFFICE - DAY

Ned and Digby sit on the psychoanalyst's couch -- opposite ends.

NED
Ned.

HEATHER
Have you had Ned since he was a puppy?

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Heather sitting in her therapist's chair with pencil and pad on her lap.

NED
Ned and I have been together a very long time.
We're intimate. But it's the appropriate
human-canine sort of intimacy.

HEATHER
Clearly it's not an affectionate relationship.

NED
It's very affectionate. It's just... Ned's
been having strange dreams lately. His paws
twitch and he whimpers. It'd be cute if it
weren't so sad. He may be experiencing stress-
related anxiety due to, um... mating issues.

HEATHER
You wanna know what I think?

NED
Uh...

INT. SIMONE HUNDIN'S K-18 OBEDIENCE DOG TRAINING STUDIO - DAY

Emerson drags Digby into the studio. He pulls at his leash and is generally disrespecting Emerson.

SIMONE (O.S.)
He doesn't respect you.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Simone standing next to him.

EMERSON
He respects me.

[Note: in the foreground is a pedestal with a porcelain dog statue wearing a collar that says "B.G." for "Bubblegum."]

SIMONE

Tell him to sit.

EMERSON

Sit.

Digby remains standing, defiantly staring off.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Sit. Dammit, dog. Sit your ass down.

Emerson pushes Digby's ass down and then it springs back up.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

He don't wanna sit.

SIMONE

Sit.

Digby sits. Emerson scowls.

INT. HALLIE HUNDIN'S KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE ON Hallie standing in her kitchen.

HALLIE

Sit.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Chuck wearing dark glasses and holding a cane. She feels for her seat and sits next to Digby, who stands obediently at her side. She reaches out to pet him with the deliberate hand of someone who can't see.

CHUCK

You have a lovely home. It feels lovely and smells lovely. Do you use an air purifier?

HALLIE

It helps with the dander.

(eyes Chuck)

I like the color of your dress.

CHUCK

Aw. I wouldn't know, of course. I'm blind. But sweet of you to say.

HALLIE

How did you lose your sight?

CHUCK

I was cleaning the kitty litter box and I got dirty cat sand in my eye. Horrible infection. Very sad. I'm a dog person now. Obviously.

HALLIE

I know you're not blind.

CHUCK

Thank you.

Chuck can't pull her dark glasses off quick enough.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I felt awful doing that.

HALLIE

It was humiliating for both of us.

CHUCK

I'm actually a very charitable person. I used to make honey for the homeless. I mean, I knew someone who made honey for the homeless.

(beat)

She died.

HALLIE

That's terrible. I hope the homeless aren't going without their honey.

CHUCK

Oh. I hadn't thought about that.

(then)

I'm just going to be honest with you...

INT. PRÊT-À-POOCHIE DESIGNER STORE - DAY

Digby is dressed to the nines in high-fashion dogwear, all colored green. Olive and Hilary look on.

OLIVE

You look like a pickle. Doesn't he look like a pickle?

HILARY

Only the finest of pickles. Do you always name your animals after food?

OLIVE

Mmm-hmm. No intention of eating them. I had a horse named The Pie in another life. But that was because I wanted to be Elizabeth Taylor, she was so pretty. Then The Pie died.

HILARY

I just lost my dog, Bubblegum.

OLIVE

Not food exactly, but you can still put it in your mouth.

Hilary's tear glands erupt.

CHUCK (PRE-LAP)

Bubblegum's dead?

INT. HALLIE HUNDIN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Chuck and Hallie and Digby, as before.

CHUCK

I was gonna surround her with white light and positive energy. I wasn't quite sure how to do that but I thought I'd offer to dog-sit or take her to the park.

HALLIE

You knew about Bubblegum?

CHUCK

There was a note. From Harold. Regarding Bubblegum's special needs.

HALLIE

She was Harold's everything. We all were. We were family. All my sister-wives and me.

CHUCK

And you were fine... sharing?

HALLIE

Why'd you say it like that? Not as if he treated me like one of so many bones he buried in the yard to dig up when he saw fit.

CHUCK

I didn't mean to say it like that.

HALLIE

Harold was a sweet man. So much love to give. I wouldn't be alive if it weren't for Harold.

CHUCK

Literally?

HALLIE

I was exaggerating for dramatic effect. But that's how it felt when I was with him. And if you feel something, it's real.

(then)

Would you like some coffee?

CHUCK

(eyes WIDE)

No. How did Bubblegum die?

INT. SIMONE HUNDIN'S K-18 OBEDIENCE DOG TRAINING STUDIO - DAY

SIMONE

I backed up over her.

EMERSON

Didn't look where you were going?

SIMONE

I just learned my husband was murdered and in my panic to get to the scene of the crime, I forgot to check the rearview mirror.

INT. PRÊT-À-POOCHIE DESIGNER STORE - DAY

Hilary is still crying. Olive does her best to comfort her.

HILARY

I'm still in shock. Shock and awe.

OLIVE

I was in shock after I lost my Pie. The horse. Not the food. Then one day I was walking along and I saw a bakery shaped like a giant pie. The food. Not the horse. It was a sign. Don't know what it said, but it was there.

HILARY

Are you suggesting I'll find the answers to life and death in a bubblegum machine?

OLIVE

You might. On the subject of Bubblegum and your murdered husband...

INT. HEATHER HUNDIN'S PET PSYCHOLOGY OFFICE - DAY

Ned on the couch, a distance from Digby, as before.

HEATHER

You're deflecting. You're avoiding deeper discussion of Ned's mating issues.

NED

Can't you see it's making Ned uncomfortable?

She eyes him -- what is he up to?

HEATHER

Mr. Digby, Ned's merely wrestling with the natural anxieties of an inexperienced stud.

NED

He has experience. Some.

HEATHER

Mating isn't just for the betterment of the breed. It's for the betterment of the dog. Passions they never knew existed suddenly burst forth, allowing discovery of their true primal selves as they--

Her voice catches.

NARRATOR

She was referring to her late husband... not Digby.

HEATHER

Excuse me.

Heather stands and walks into the next room. After a moment, Ned HEARS her weeping quietly. Ned and Digby sit there for an uncomfortably-long moment.

NARRATOR

Heather Hundin took a moment to mourn her husband Harold, and Digby and the Pie-Maker took a moment to politely pretend not to notice.

Finally, Heather returns, face blotchy from crying, eyes red. She puts on a good front.

HEATHER

Where were we?

INT. SIMONE HUNDIN'S K-18 OBEDIENCE DOG TRAINING STUDIO - DAY

Emerson and Simone do "stand-sit" hand motions with Digby.

SIMONE

Harold was an artiste when it came to breeding.

EMERSON

How hard is it to get two dogs to get their groove on?

SIMONE

He specialized in designer breeds like the Jack-a-poo.

EMERSON

Jack-a-what?

SIMONE

A Jack Russell-poodle mix. The Coll-a-dor. The Lab-a-Russell. It's a niche, but it was Harold's niche.

FLASH TO: KALIEDESCOPE BUBBLEGUM EFFECT - VFX

NARRATOR

And the apex of that niche was the creation of the perfect new breed of dog Harold Hundin named "Bubblegum."

EMERSON

Any money in this niche?

SIMONE

Oh, yes. It's a feat of athleticism to get a Jack Russell to mate with a Labrador. That kind of energy needs to be reimbursed.

Simone CLICKS her clicker and holds out a closed fist. Digby immediately sits with a panting smile.

EMERSON

Sound like you gave Harold a long leash.

SIMONE

I never held Harold's leash or his anything else. He wasn't my hound and I wasn't his bitch. He liked dogs. I liked dogs.

EMERSON

Nothing going on between you two?

She opens her fist to reveal a treat, bends over to feed it to Digby, giving Emerson a nice view of her derriere. Simone catches him and CLICKS her clicker. Emerson averts his eyes.

SIMONE

What we had was a trained response. Humans and dogs are the same. Supply the right cue and they respond accordingly. The only cue we ever gave each other was commercial.

EMERSON

You used each other.

SIMONE

Only in the way we wanted to be used. Haven't
you ever used someone for commercial gain?

OFF them perfectly understanding one another--

INT. HALLIE HUNDIN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Chuck at the table, along with Digby. Hallie sits opposite them.

CHUCK

Bubblegum was a Coll-A-Dor-Russell-A-Poo?

HALLIE

The perfect hybrid of border collie, Labrador
retriever, Jack Russell and poodle. Smart,
loyal, athletic and hypoallergenic.

(wipes a tear)

But she's with Harold now.

CHUCK

When was the last time you saw Harold alive?

HALLIE

Right before he died. I handed him his coffee
and kissed him goodbye.

INT. PRÊT-A-POOCHIE DESIGNER STORE - DAY

Olive primps Digby in yet another outfit.

HILARY

The morning he died. I gave him his coffee.

INT. HEATHER HUNDIN'S PET PSYCHOLOGY OFFICE - DAY

Ned and Heather and Digby, as before. Heather has broken down
in front of them, bawling and clutching tissues.

HEATHER

I gave him his morning coffee and it was the
last I saw of him.

INT. SIMONE HUNDIN'S K-18 OBEDIENCE DOG TRAINING STUDIO - DAY

Emerson watches as Simone has Digby walking on his hind legs.

SIMONE

I said, "Why don't you come by for some
coffee?" You see, we had things to discuss.
So he came by and we discussed those things.
He took his coffee to-go and then he died.

INT. PIE HOLE - DINING AREA - NIGHT

Ned, Chuck, Emerson sit at the counter, Olive stands behind it.

EMERSON

She killed him.

OLIVE

No. My wife killed him. She had murder in her eyes. And that murder was couture.

NED

My wife gave him his morning coffee.

CHUCK / OLIVE / EMERSON

So did mine.

EMERSON

No wonder he can handle four wives. The dude's caffeinated.

CHUCK

Well, I don't think it was Hallie. I just didn't get that impression.

EMERSON

She gave him some morning coffee?

CHUCK

She said she gave him his coffee and kissed him goodbye. Which is practically a confession but I still don't think she did it.

OLIVE

(reacts to the DOOR CHIME)

There she is now. You can ask her.

Emerson, Ned and Chuck turn to see Hilary, Heather, Simone and Hallie standing in the doorway. Digby slinks behind the counter.

HILARY

That's her. The little one.

Olive does a "Who, me?" Heather spots Ned.

HEATHER

Mr. Digby.

CHUCK

Hi, Hallie.

HALLIE

Hi, Chuck.

Emerson starts to stand up to greet Simone.

SIMONE

Sit.

He does as instructed.

OLIVE

How'd you find us?

HILARY

Just looked for the bakery shaped like a giant pie. The food. Not the horse.

Chuck, Emerson and Ned turn to look at Olive, who shrinks.

SIMONE

We understand Harold left a note.

Emerson and Ned look at Olive again.

EMERSON

Who said anything about a note?

CHUCK

Actually, I mentioned the note.

EMERSON

(to the Mod Squad)
"Under" meaning "below" and "cover" meaning "the radar," people. Why is that so hard to understand?

HILARY

Who are you people?

EMERSON

We'll get into the particulars of that, once you get into the particulars of this: What kinda creamer you put in Harold's coffee?

HILARY

Soy.

HEATHER

Heavy cream.

SIMONE

I don't put cream in my coffee.

HALLIE

I use almond-flavored coffee cream creamer.

NARRATOR

Despite Chuck's impression, Hallie Hundin had given her confession.

OFF Chuck's gasp...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. PIE HOLE - DINING AREA/KITCHEN - DAY

Ned checks pies in the oven while Chuck watches Emerson sit at the counter.

NED

The police wrestled little Hallie Hundin to the ground. To the ground. And she's small. It was like a lion taking down a baby zebra.

CHUCK

And we were awful tourists sitting safely in our camouflaged SUV watching the injustice.

EMERSON

Injustice? They found cyanide in her creamer.

CHUCK

My wife, the baby zebra, was obviously set-up. She breeds helper puppies for blind children. She's no killer. She's an angel.

EMERSON

Angel of death. Kennel club didn't think baby zebra was set-up. Neither did the police.

NED

Hallie did *look* innocent. I realize that's a silly thing to say as a private investigator.

EMERSON

Yes, it is.

NED

But as a baker of pies, it's not silly at all. I look at a pie baking, I know if it's done or if it's not done. I can't tell you why or how I know but I know. It's truth from the dark, deep-rooted place deep down inside.

The PHONE RINGS. Ned moves into the kitchen to grab it.

NED (CONT'D)

Pie Hole...

(hands the phone to Emerson)

It's for you.

As Emerson talks on the phone, Olive walks in to dump a few dirty dishes into the sink. He watches her, then turns his gaze to Chuck at the counter.

NARRATOR

As the Pie-Maker considered all of the truths he was keeping buried within his deep-rooted place and far away from Chuck...

EMERSON

Yes, we do. I certainly can. Bye, now.

Emerson hangs up the phone.

NARRATOR

...Emerson Cod considered 25,000 new reasons to reopen the case.

EMERSON

We need to prove Hallie Hundin is innocent.

NED

Did your conscience call you on the telephone?

EMERSON

Those blind kids who Hallie gave her puppies to have put together a "Free Hallie" fund. We exonerate Hallie, we collect the reward.

CHUCK

You're taking money from blind children?

EMERSON

I suppose I could pay my bills with blind-kid smiles, but their money is a lot easier.

INT. JAIL - DAY

Hallie in an orange jumpsuit, behind bars.

HALLIE

Everyone has been very nice. It isn't at all like those prison exploitation films.

REVERSE on Chuck, Ned and Emerson on the other side of the bars.

CHUCK

So you don't need cigarettes or booze or the right moisturizers to use as currency?

Hallie indicates her bunkmate sleeping in the background.

HALLIE

Oh, no. That's Theresa, she's my friend. She said she runs the cell block so I'm protected.

NED

Sleeps a lot for someone who runs a cell block.

HALLIE

I don't think it's been an easy road for her.

EMERSON

It's gonna be an easier road for you once you help us find out who killed Harold. Hallie... was it Hilary, Heather or Simone?

HALLIE

It couldn't have been any of my sister-wives. We all love Harold too much to kill him.

CHUCK

But it was one of your sister-wives. Harold said it was. In his note.

HALLIE

If you ask me... are you asking me?

CHUCK

Yes.

HALLIE

It was Ramsfeld Snuppy. He's another niche dog breeder, but he wasn't as niche as Harold. Snuppy wanted our Bubblegum.

CHUCK

The world's perfect hybrid dog.

HALLIE

He was going to collaborate with Harold to create Coll-A-Dor-Russell-A-Poo super-puppies, but I think Snuppy wanted all the doggy treats for himself. He could've easily planted the cyanide in my almond-flavored coffee cream creamer.

NED

But murder? Over a few puppies?

HALLIE

Snuppy had big plans for her...

NARRATOR

The facts were these: One Ramsfeld Snuppy--

PUSH IN ON SNUPPY

A cowboy-hat wearing puppy-hawker, waving to the camera, standing in front of--

EXT. QUAIN T WINDOW SHOP

A hand-painted sign across the glass says *SNUPPY'S PUPPIES*.

NARRATOR

--the son of a furniture liquidator and shopping network hand model. Exceptional salesmanship was in his blood...

SNUPPY takes off his cowboy hat to reveal a slick mane of hair.

SNUPPY

(slick as snake oil)

How much is that puppy in the window? She can be yours for 12 easy payments of \$129.95.

PUSH IN on the store window, where PUPPIES frolic about.

NARRATOR

...and he went from a single storefront puppy shop in Frognot, Texas...

PULL OUT to see the quaint window is actually part of the much larger (and cold-looking)--

EXT. SNUPPY'S PUPPIES CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

NARRATOR

...to a nationwide empire of Snuppy's Puppies chain stores. For Ramsfeld Snuppy, money didn't grow on trees, it was made in cages.

INT. SNUPPY'S PUPPIES - CEO'S OFFICE

An engraved nameplate on a door tell us this office belongs to: *Ramsfeld Snuppy, CEO*. Ned and Chuck sit in a horseshoe-shaped anteroom as Emerson leans against a wall, watching BLANKET-COVERED CAGES rocking back-and-forth.

CHUCK

I was listening to Heather Hundin's weekly radio show, "Doggonit." She said that dog breeding is a lot harder than you'd think.

EMERSON

Looks easy enough.

CHUCK

It's not. There's all these hoops the perspective mates jump through to see if they're compatible. Smells. And tastes. And they have their own way of doggy kissing.

Ned sighs. He's getting a sense where this is going.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
It's like people kissing.

EMERSON
I thought you said you weren't gonna tell her.

NED
I didn't.

CHUCK
He didn't have to. Olive already did.
Although, for the record, I would have
preferred to hear it from you.

NED
The only reason I didn't tell you was because it
didn't mean anything. Lots of stuff happens in
the course of a day that I don't bother sharing.
For instance, yesterday's four-berry pie was
really three-and-a-half because I ran out of
cranberry. I didn't tell you that.

CHUCK
Actually, you did. You asked if orange
counted as a berry and I said it didn't but no
one would have to know but us.

NED
I liked that you said "us."

CHUCK
Aren't we an "us"? An "us" with special
circumstances. Maybe we should embrace the idea
that there might be times I have to hold someone
else's hand, or you have to kiss someone else's--

NED
I don't want to kiss anyone else's anything.

CHUCK
Maybe there is something to this polygamy
thing. Maybe one person isn't enough.

NED
What?

Their conversation is interrupted when the door OPENS. REVEAL
Ramsfeld Snuppy.

SNUPPY
How can I help you folks?

CONTINUED: (2)

EMERSON

We hear you're the man to see about getting our hands on a Coll-A-Dor-Russell-A-Poo.

SNUPPY

There's a waitin' list. We're a little behind on manufacturing.

NED

"Manufacturing"?

SNUPPY

Had a little reproductive setback when the alpha dog got run over. But that won't stop there being a super hybrid pup under every Christmas tree this year.

NED

Not to be Mr. Negative, but how do you plan to breed a Bubble that's been burst? Or run over, as the case may be.

SNUPPY

Why go through the hassle of breeding when we can create a perfect copy of man's best best friend every time, available exclusively at a Snuppy's Puppies near you?

He picks up a small urn. Shakes it.

SNUPPY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna clone Bubblegum from her remains. Just gotta find some viable DNAs, fuse 'em into a denucleated egg cell, implant the eggs in surrogate dogs in my nationwide stores and woof-woof-woof! More litters of identical Coll-A-Dor-Russell-A-Poos than you can count.

CHUCK

But Bubblegum wasn't your dog.

Snuppy narrows his eyes. Emerson and Ned look at Chuck, who blushes, realizing she just outed them.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Well, she wasn't.

SNUPPY

Are you the Hundin lawyers?

NED

We're friends of the Hundin wives.

Snuppy pulls a contract from his jacket pocket.

SNUPPY

Did Simone Hundin send you?

EMERSON

Simone?

SNUPPY

(hands over the contract)

She saw the contract. She knew the whole deal. I own Bubblegum, dead-or-alive.

CHUCK

Harold sold Bubblegum to you?

SNUPPY

Against his wives' wishes. Probably why they wanted him dead. But the ink was dry before Hallie got him, and I got what was coming to me.

EMERSON

There's someone I have to see.

INT. SIMONE HUNDIN'S K-18 OBEDIENCE DOG TRAINING STUDIO - DAY

Simone plays "eye contact" with her dog. Whenever the Jack Russell makes eye contact with her, she CLICKS her clicker.

[NOTE: The dog on the pedestal that was sporting Bubblegum's collar in the last act, is now collarless. For story continuity, the B.G. collar and leash hang by the door.]

EMERSON

You knew Harold was gonna sell Bubblegum to Snuppy, yet you neglected to mention it in our previous conversation.

SIMONE

And you think that gave me enough motive to kill my husband.

EMERSON

That's exactly what I think.

She holds him with her gaze--

SIMONE

You think wrong. I didn't kill my husband.

She CLICKS her clicker and Emerson looks away, like the dog.

EMERSON

Hallie thinks Snuppy did it.

SIMONE

Hallie would fetch a ball in traffic if asked.
But in this case she isn't necessarily wrong.

EMERSON

Keep talkin'...

SIMONE

When Harold came to us with his plan, we
threatened to get an injunction as partners in the
business. That would have held up Snuppy's plans
for years, so he killed Harold and framed Hallie.

EMERSON

That's one theory. Another is that when
Harold told you about the deal, you put an
injunction on the blood flow to his heart.

SIMONE

Do I seem capable of that kind of aggression?

EMERSON

Sometimes you don't know what a body's capable
of till you mess with their kibble.

SIMONE

So don't mess.

Her expression is flirtatious and dangerous. Flirtangerous.

EMERSON

Can't help it if I'm hungry. You know Harold
closed the deal before he died?

SIMONE

Didn't then. Do now. But it doesn't matter,
does it? All Snuppy owns is a dead dog.

OFF Emerson--

NARRATOR

*Among the many things stirred up inside
Emerson Cod by the smart-but-aggressive Jack
Russell owner that evening...*

INT. EMERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SLOW PUSH IN on Emerson in his chair, legs kicked up on the
desk, in a deep-but-fitful sleep.

NARRATOR

...were his dreams.

LIGHTS FLASH against his face from neon signs outside the window, but something's amiss as the COLORS become increasingly BRIGHT, and STRONG. BLUE-PURPLE, BLUE-PURPLE. Ominous, Bernard Herrmann-inspired MUSIC SWELLS as Emerson's eyes SPRING OPEN --

49A EMERSON'S "VERTIGO" DREAM SEQUENCE (lifted from the movie). 49A
EMERSON'S POV: The four-dog Kapralik from Simone's studio. The pieces BREAK AWAY into colorful animated pieces that WHITE-OUT THE SCREEN and take us to--

SIMONE'S TRAINING STUDIO

PULSING LIGHT continues. It's the earlier scene of Emerson with Simone, but Simone is dressed in an even sexier outfit that Emerson can't take his eyes off of, until they spot...

-- The bubblegum-pink "B.G."-initialed DOG COLLAR -- around the dog statue on the pedestal. ZOOM IN on it there, then:

NARRATOR

Feeling something was amiss at the K-18 dog studio, Emerson Cod's subconscious mind put it together before his conscious mind could.

-- It's wrapped around Simone's perfect neck. ZOOM IN again, but she's unaware of it, talking to Emerson as if nothing is askew.

FLASH BACK TO THE DOG STATUE -- this time, NO COLLAR.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Someone, or some dog, was using Bubblegum's collar.

The PULSING LIGHT continues as...

EMERSON MARCHES THROUGH A BLACK VOID TOWARD AN OPEN GRAVE.

Moving closer, it's EMPTY, the tombstone reading: BUBBLEGUM.

WE TUMBLE INTO THE PITCH-BLACK GRAVE TO FIND A BLACK SILHOUETTE OF EMERSON'S BODY, FALLING TOWARD A--

FIELD OF PIES below. Just as he's about to CRASH--

NARRATOR

*Emerson Cod's dreams had gifted him the collar
as a clue. He now knew Bubblegum was alive,
that Harold Hundin's killer was indeed still
on the loose...*

PUSH IN on his sweaty, freaked-out face.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*...and worse, he feared that he was falling
for her.*

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. PIE HOLE - DINING AREA - DAY

Ned is wiping down a table when Emerson bursts in.

EMERSON

That dog is alive.

NED

Alive or alive-again?

EMERSON

The never-been-dead kind of alive.

NED

And you got all this from a dream? I thought dreams are just your brain processing random rigmarole it couldn't find a place for.

EMERSON

Sometimes in that random rigmarole there's a clue. I'm gonna shake down Simone and find that dog.

NED

If you shake Simone and the dog falls out...

EMERSON

...then she's the killer.

Ned looks into the kitchen and sees Chuck baking a pie. He then notices Olive waiting on customers a few feet away from him.

NARRATOR

Fearing being alone with the girl he kissed but did not love, and the girl he loved but could not kiss, the Pie-Maker decided--

NED

I'll go with you.

EMERSON

This is a solo-shaking.

Emerson walks out. Olive looks up and sees Ned alone. She realizes this might be her best chance to finally talk to him.

OLIVE

Hi...

NED

Hello. Olive.

CONTINUED:

OLIVE

Look, I know things have gotten a smidge awkward since the whole--

NED

Awkward? This isn't awkward. It was just a kiss and I don't even think our saliva was compatible so there's no reason to discuss and make something that's not awkward... awkward.

He rushes off, a mixture of guilt and nerves. Olive looks sadly at Digby.

NARRATOR

Olive pondered the black mark on her relationship with the Pie-Maker she feared was inked with a permanent marker.

OLIVE

I really screwed the pooch, didn't I?

She reacts to the DING of the doorbell and looks up to see Hilary Hundin ENTER, arms loaded down with designer dog outfits.

HILARY

Your order for Pickle came in.

OLIVE

That order was placed under false pretenses.

HILARY

Fortunately, your credit card was real.

She hands over the receipt and plops the clothes on the counter.

OLIVE

Oh. Well, Happy Birthday to Digby. And congratulations to you, too, I suppose.

HILARY

For what?

OLIVE

I heard about the plans for cloning Bubblegum. Guess you'll be able to get your baby back after all. In a way.

HILARY

Snuppy can clone Bubblegum?

OLIVE

Something about DNA and nucleuses and... I was never very good at science, but he can. Yay!

HILARY

(beat, then)

Yay.

OFF Hilary...

OMIT

INT. SIMONE HUNDIN'S K-18 OBEDIENCE DOG TRAINING STUDIO - DAY
THE PINK "B.G."-STITCHED COLLAR, NOW BACK ON THE PEDESTAL DOG.

NARRATOR

*At the K-18 Obedience Center, Emerson Cod
believed he found the real killer.*

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Emerson and Simone.

EMERSON

Why does Bubblegum's collar move every time I
come over here?

Simone says nothing. Emerson moves closer.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

I'm thinkin' it moves 'cause you can't walk a
dog without a collar. And guess what? You
can't walk a dead dog. So I'm only gonna ask
you once. Where's Bubblegum?

A standoff. Emerson and Simone eye one another. Finally:

SIMONE

You've got me. I've got her. And I knew if
you knew I had her, you'd assume I killed
Harold to keep her.

EMERSON

Quickly adding up to be more than an assumption.

SIMONE

I can only say "I didn't kill my husband" so
many times. But for good measure: I didn't
kill my husband.

EMERSON

Say it all you want. I stopped listening.
The only thing I wanna hear is the clickety-
click of Bubblegum's paws on the floor as you
bring Exhibit A on out here.

SIMONE

You seem much more concerned about Bubblegum
than you do about who killed Harold.

CONTINUED:

EMERSON

Just show me that superdog.

SIMONE

It's time for her walk anyway. Let me grab my coat.

She lets go of him and disappears through a DOORWAY.

SIMONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hand me her collar on the pedestal there?

NARRATOR

Simone Hundin had been subconsciously training Emerson Cod, who had a strong desire to do as she commanded.

Emerson steps toward the pedestal dog, but freezes, sensing something's amiss.

Then WHUMPF!!!

She's wrapped a CHLOROFORM-SOAKED RAG over his face.

The detective reacts, JERKING forward so that Simone LEAPS atop his back. She holds on as he BUCKS like a bronco. Big guy won't go down without a fight as he SPINS this way and that way, attempting to shake her off, but Simone squeezes tighter. CLOSE ON Emerson. His eyes ROLL BACK into his head.

OFF the THUNK of his body hitting the floor...

CUT TO BLACK.

OMIT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EDGY DARKNESS. WE HEAR A WET SLURP, SLURP, SLURP, SLURP.

We go EXTREMELY CLOSE ON Emerson's closed eyes. They pop OPEN, darting in every direction, panicked. SLURP, SLURP, SLURP. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL we're...

INT. SIMONE HUNDIN'S K-18 TRAINING STUDIO - DAY

Emerson is bound to Simone's training equipment, wrists and ankles tied down by leather dog collars, a rubber fetch ball lodged in his mouth. The SLURPING sounds are courtesy of--

BUBBLEGUM THE WONDER DOG licking the sweat from his cheeks. Emerson REACTS to the strange, four-part super mutt and the dog suddenly GROWLS. SNARLS. Her jaws OPEN WIDE, TEETH BARED, ready to take a BITE out of Emerson's face when -- CLICK!

SIMONE (O.S.)

Bubblegum, heel.

REVERSE TO REVEAL Simone, flipping open the blinds that send BLINDING LIGHT into Emerson's eyes. She CLICKS her clicker again and the dog SNAPS back to a happy, normal pup and bounds to her trainer.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

I have some questions for you, Mr. Cod. This will go a lot easier if you cooperate--

She RIPS off the tape. Emerson SPITS out the rubber ball.

EMERSON

The hell you think you playin'--

SIMONE

I'm asking the questions.

(then)

How long have you been working for Snuppy?

Emerson reacts. For the first time, he seems genuinely afraid.

EMERSON

I'm not working for Snuppy. A bunch of blind kids with too much money are paying me to exonerate your sister-wife Hallie.

Simone looks into his eyes. Then:

SIMONE

I don't believe you. I think Snuppy hired you to see if I faked Bubblegum's death.

CONTINUED:

EMERSON

Why would he do that?

SIMONE

'Cause he can't clone a dead dog.

EMERSON

Yes, he can. He got everything he needed when you handed him Bubblegum's ashes.

(then)

Except they're not her ashes, are they?

Simone takes in all of this information, she's clearly unnerved. For a moment we're not sure if she's sad, or about to kill Emerson. Suddenly, she lets out a sharp WHISTLE:

SIMONE

Bubblegum, come.

(then, coolly)

If you'll excuse me, I have some leftover business to handle, and a funeral to attend.

EMERSON

As long as it ain't mine, I'm cool.

SIMONE

That remains to be seen.

She flips the blinds on her way out and Emerson is thrust into DARKNESS again.

NARRATOR

Emerson Cod's hatred of the dark began after a childhood prank in which he was locked in a washing machine for two nights. Finding himself similarly trapped, his adrenaline levels skyrocketed to a height in which near superhuman strength was achieved.

In the darkness we hear powerful GRUNTS and GROANS, followed by his restraints SNAPPING. His body hits the floor with a CRASH.

EMERSON (V.O.)

That's gonna bruise.

INT. PIE HOLE - DAY

Emerson BURSTS through the front doors, a little roughed-up. Chuck reacts to his disheveled state.

EMERSON

Crazy bitch is gonna kill Ramsfeld Snuppy.

CONTINUED:

They head off and Digby RACES out after them as...

INT. SNUPPY'S PUPPIES - CEO'S OFFICE

REVEAL Snuppy, DEAD in his chair. Emerson, Ned and Chuck stand on the other side of the desk. Chuck smells the coffee cup in front of him.

CHUCK

I don't think it's almond latte.

EMERSON

Do you think it's cyanide?

(then)

Why can't it be simple? Easy? I say, "Who killed you?" He says, "My wife." How hard could that possibly be?

CHUCK

Hallie clearly couldn't have done this from behind bars. It had to be Simone.

EMERSON

I don't want it to be Simone.

(catches himself)

It may not be Simone.

NED

(counts on his fingers)

Simone was hiding Bubblegum, she chloroformed you *and* tied you up in the basement. I won't mention the ball gag. It's gangster love.

EMERSON

That's what's rubbin' me. If she was a gangster, she'd've put a cyanide cap in my ass when I sniffed out the dog. But she didn't.

CHUCK

Why don't we just ask Snuppy?

Ned rolls back his sleeve, STARTS HIS WATCH. He LEANS IN when:

EMERSON

STOP!

CLOSE ON Ned's finger, merely a millimeter from Snuppy's cheek. He snaps it back.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

We're about to take the same ride down Pointless Creek.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Maybe Simone did it, maybe not. Harold didn't see who slipped the poison into his coffee...

CHUCK

And Snuppy probably didn't either.

Emerson considers that for a moment...

EMERSON

People are like dogs. They run when they're guilty.

OMIT

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Emerson's convertible pulls up to the church. Ned sits shotgun, Chuck in back next to Digby.

NARRATOR

And Emerson had a plan for how to get their guilty dog to run.

EMERSON

Get him ready.

AT THE CHURCH DOORS

We hear ORGAN MUSIC coming from inside. Ned holds up a familiar cowboy hat.

NED

One last touch. Without touching him.

REVEAL the dead Snuppy, standing erect in a trench coat. Ned puts the hat on Snuppy to cover his lifeless eyes.

WIDER, we see Emerson and Chuck holding him up, a Snuppy arm around each of their shoulders. Emerson towers over them both.

EMERSON

Prop him up. He looks like a wino on New Year's.

Chuck fights to hold Snuppy up, but she's crushed under the body's weight. Ned commands Digby in the car to:

NED

Digby, stay.

Digby answers with an affirmative BARK.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

CLOSE ON a closed CASKET, a PHOTO atop it of Harold Hundin and his four prized purebreds.

REVERSE on the MOURNERS, standing as the organ music plays. Hilary, Heather and Simone stand together in the front pew alongside Hallie Hundin, dressed in a black prison jumpsuit and handcuffs. Across the aisle, their four purebreds sit in the adjoining pew, also dressed in black.

IN THE BACKGROUND, the front door OPENS...

And we see our Mod Squad sneak in the dead Snuppy and carefully slip him into the last row. The music ends and everyone takes their seats. Emerson PLOPS Snuppy down next to him, SLUMPING him so he can't be seen. The MINISTER stands at the pulpit.

MINISTER

And now Harold's sweet wives would each like to say a few words.

QUICK POPS OF THE WIVES:

HILARY

(at the pulpit)
Harold was one-of-a-kind...

HALLIE

...kindhearted, sweet smile full of the--

HEATHER

--endless love of championing--

SIMONE

--champions. He was at the forefront of the breeding world, and at the forefront of our lives. He will be dearly missed by all.

ON Chuck, watching Emerson pay particular attention to Simone, worry in his eyes.

NARRATOR

Emerson Cod was not a religious man, but sitting in church, he found himself praying that against all evidence to the contrary, Simone Hundin was not a husband killer.

Everyone STANDS again as the CASKET PROCESSION is about to begin. Emerson pulls Snuppy to his feet with a HUMPH. He nods to Ned, who takes position behind Snuppy.

CONTINUED:

IN THE CENTER AISLE, the Hundin wives and their dogs follow behind FOUR PALLBEARERS carrying the casket. As they approach the final pew...

EMERSON

On my mark.

Just as the casket passes TO REVEAL Snuppy and the Mod Squad:

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Mark. That means now.

Ned STARTS HIS WATCH. ZZZT! He TOUCHES the back of Snuppy's neck. CLOSE ON Snuppy's eyes. They spring BACK TO LIFE as we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. CHURCH - AS BEFORE

The casket CLEARS FRAME as Snuppy's eyes POP open, but it's--

SNUPPY

This wouldn't be my funeral, would it?

HILARY HUNDIN'S EYES (ALONE) THAT LAND ON HIM.

NARRATOR

*At the sight of the man she thought she'd killed,
the blood rushed from Hilary Hundin's face...*

Hilary BOLTS for the front doors, PUSHING the pallbearers.
Harold's casket CRASHES TO THE GROUND.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...and she rushed out of the chapel.

Snuppy turns to Ned, smacking his lips.

SNUPPY

You gotta mint? Nasty taste in my mouth.

Ned reaches out and ZZZT! Re-dead's Snuppy, who sinks into
Emerson's arms.

NED

(to Emerson)

Can you take care take of that?

And he jumps over the fallen casket, RACING OFF after Hilary.
Chuck quickly follows.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

PUSH IN on Digby in the convertible, who, seeing his master in
pursuit, decides to follow.

CHUCK

(at the church door)

Digby, come back!

She's forced to join the chase as--

INT. CHURCH - SAME TIME

With all the MELEE around the crashed casket, Emerson quickly
and covertly DRAGS Snuppy's body toward a side door.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Hilary runs away from the church into a park.

NARRATOR

The facts were these:

INT. PRÊT-À-POOCHIE DESIGNER STORE - FLASHBACK

INSERT - WEDDING POP

Hilary stands at the altar next to Harold.

NARRATOR

When Hilary became Harold Hundin's one-and-only, she thought she had the dream life.

INSERT - WEDDING POP

Harold is now married to Hallie, with Simone, Heather and a very unhappy Hilary serving as bridesmaids.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But adding three more one-and-onyms was Harold's idea of a dream life.

Harold ENTERS carrying BUBBLEGUM. Hilary's face LIGHTS UP. She reaches for the dog and holds it like a baby.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She found new satisfaction as her pentagonal union produced the world's most perfect dog -- Bubblegum, who was truly one-of-a-kind and the child she had always wanted.

INT. SNUPPY'S PUPPIES - CEO'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

Harold shows off Bubblegum to an enthusiastic Snuppy.

NARRATOR

But Harold Hundin had other plans for Bubblegum. She would be brought to living rooms everywhere via the nationwide chain of Snuppy's Puppies. Everyone, he believed, deserved to have man's best best friend.

Snuppy thrusts forward a hand. Harold shakes it. Deal sealed.

INT. PRÊT-À-POOCHIE DESIGNER STORE - FLASHBACK

ON an infuriated Hilary. PULL BACK to find her fiercely protecting Bubblegum from Harold.

NARRATOR

However, when he told his first wife Hilary of his plans to clone their prized pup, her reaction was anything but perfect.

Harold and Hilary play tug-of-war with Bubblegum's leash.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He had made his decision, Harold told her. Bubblegum would be the canine of the future.

He STORMS OFF with Bubblegum. PUSH IN on Hilary as...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

So Hilary made her own decision. Refusing to subject her baby to the same tortuous, shared existence she had been cursed to live...

A SERIES OF QUICK POPS - FLASHBACKS:

-- Hilary slips through the back door into Hallie's kitchen. The coast clear, she grabs the COFFEE CAN and pours a packet of CYANIDE CRYSTALS into it.

NARRATOR

...Hilary poisoned Harold and framed Hallie to take any fall, knowing good Hallie served, but did not drink, caffeine herself.

-- Hallie pours coffee into Harold's THERMAL COFFEE CUP.

HALLIE

Careful, sweetie, it's hot.

She hands it off to her husband with a goodbye kiss.

73A -- HAROLD'S OFFICE. We go EXTREMELY CLOSE as Harold lifts the coffee cup to his lips. 73A

-- The coffee cup falls to the floor as Harold GAGS, JERKS and SLIPS on the spilled coffee, falling atop the DESIGNER DOGGY BRUSH. STTPPFF.
OMIT

INT. SIMONE HUNDIN'S K-18 DOG TRAINING STUDIO - FLASHBACK

The Hundin wives grieve over the urn of Bubblegum ashes.

NARRATOR

But what the Hundin wives learned upon their husband's death was that Harold had already signed the contract. Snuppy owned Bubblegum, dead-or-alive.

CONTINUED:

A BANG at the door. The wives answer it to find Ramsfeld Snuppy, who thrusts the signed contract in their faces. Simone reluctantly hands over the urn of ashes.

INT. PIE HOLE - FLASHBACK

Hilary with Olive, learning about the clone waiting list.

HILARY

Snuppy can clone Bubblegum?

NARRATOR

For Hilary, hearing from Olive that Snuppy could clone the child she thought deceased was too much to bear. Over his dead body, Bubblegum would remain unique at all costs. Even in memory.

Hilary RUSHES out the door, her jaw set.

INT. SNUPPY'S PUPPIES - CEO'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

NARRATOR

Like her late husband, Snuppy needed to pay for his transgression. And he did.

Hilary STANDS over the poisoned Snuppy, dead in his chair. She takes back the urn of (fake) ashes.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

What Hilary did not know was her multiple murders were for naught, as sister-wife Simone had secretly faked Bubblegum's death the same morning Hilary took it upon herself to poison their husband.

OMIT

RESUME - EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Hilary trips in her designer shoes, falling to the ground. Ned catches up to the barefooted Hilary, LEAPS and TACKLES her, taking his bad guy (girl) down.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

Hilary Hundin, handcuffed, being dragged away by POLICEMEN. Ned and Chuck watch from nearby, Digby between them.

NED

I wish I felt more heroic tackling a woman half my size.

CHUCK

You took her down. She was your baby zebra.
Or maybe she was the lion who had the baby
zebra in her maw and you were the crocodile
who came out of nowhere.

NED

I don't like the idea of being a crocodile. I
guess as long as the baby zebra gets away.

CHUCK

I'm gonna hug Digby and pretend he's you.

She does and Ned smiles. Then the smile goes a little sad.

NARRATOR

*The Pie-Maker was saddened that Chuck could
hold Digby, while he had no one... save the
waitress, who he now realized he did not want
to hold... not in that way.*

[*Note: This carries over to the Olive/Ned Pie Hole scene in the
current cut]

ON HEATHER, HALLIE AND SIMONE HUNDIN

They watch as Hilary is cuffed and stuffed. Simone senses
someone and turns to find:

EMERSON

If you knew you weren't guilty, why'd you act
like someone who was?

SIMONE

To protect Bubblegum. She's a very aggressive
dog. Side effect of her four-part heritage.
Only thing that keeps her in check... is me.

EMERSON

Your other wives know?

SIMONE

They didn't know she was deadly or that I'd
faked her death. Secrets are best kept by a
party of one.

EMERSON

And Harold didn't mind cloning a killer
canine?

SIMONE

Didn't care. He was determined to put a Bubblegum clone under every Christmas tree no matter what. The only way to kill his deal with Snuppy was to kill Bubblegum--

EMERSON

So you faked her death. But Snuppy threw you a curveball when he came around with that contract saying he owned Bubblegum dead-or-alive.

SIMONE

That was a surprise. I didn't know he could clone a dead dog, but I'm sure he was surprised when he discovered the ashes I turned over were nothing but a rat Bubblegum had caught.

Emerson can't help but be impressed.

EMERSON

Slick.

SIMONE

You don't know Slick.

OFF Emerson and her eyeing each other...

INT. JAIL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY

Hilary, in a straight-jacket, sits inside a cell.

NARRATOR

Hilary traded places with Hallie Hundin, but was placed in the prison psychiatric ward under Heather Hundin's supervision after repeated claims that Ramsfeld Snuppy had risen from the dead and was stalking her.

INT. SIMONE HUNDIN'S K-18 OBEDIENCE DOG TRAINING STUDIO - DAY

A newly-freed Hallie and Heather Hundin play with Bubblegum.

NARRATOR

The Hundin wives who weren't incarcerated were free to play with Bubblegum once again...

The dog suddenly GROWLS at the two wives. CLICK-CLICK.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As long as Simone Hundin was in approximate proximity.

REVEAL Simone in a doorway, keeping the dog in check.

INT. PIE HOLE - NIGHT

Ned puts away the last of the dishes behind the counter. Olive walks in, and Ned can't help but stiffen a bit. But Olive is done trying to talk to him. Resigned, she simply says:

OLIVE

See you tomorrow.

She starts to go. Ned lets her get several feet away before:

NED

Olive?

OLIVE

I'm still here.

NED

I'm sorry I've been avoiding you. And I'm sorry I said our saliva wasn't compatible.

OLIVE

I'm a big girl. I'll be okay.

NED

I know you will.

OLIVE

Will you?

(off Ned's look)

How will you ever know your saliva is compatible if you don't *kiss* her kiss her?

NED

I already know. I think I know. No, I know. Or I will know. It just takes time.

OLIVE

Time can take forever.

She reaches out and takes hold of his hand. Gives it a squeeze.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I hope you and Chuck make it work. I really do. And if you can't make it work, I hope it doesn't take forever to figure that out.

She crosses to the front door, but pauses.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I just want you to be happy.

NARRATOR

And Olive did, though she was not yet ready to let go of the hope that her perfect Pie-Maker's perfect happiness might lie with her.

OLIVE

Good night.

Ned looks at his hand.

NARRATOR

As the Pie-Maker pondered the hand that he just held, he began to understand the many different forms love could take. Each one precious in its own way.

INT. NED'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ned turns down their beds as Chuck steps out from the bathroom.

NARRATOR

Though some were more unique than others.

They slip into their twin beds. Turn off the lights. They lie there, moonlight casting a glow, in silence. Finally:

NED

You're the only one for me.

Chuck looks at Ned with an open heart.

CHUCK

I know you feel that way now. But there are things you want. Things we both want--

NED

So? Everyone wants stuff. We wake up every day with a list of wishes a mile long and maybe our lives are spent trying to make those wishes come true. But just because we want them doesn't mean we need them to be happy.

CHUCK

What do you need to be happy?

NARRATOR

The Pie-Maker gazed at Chuck and knew for certain there was only one answer to that question:

NED

You.

PUSHING DAISIES #105 "Bitches" 10/31/07 FINAL DRAFT ACT SIX 59.
CONTINUED:

NARRATOR

Whether he could touch her or not.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW