

# PUSHING DAISIES

"Bad Habits"

Episode #3T7052

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**FINAL DRAFT**   
**August 6, 2008**

WARNER BROS. TELEVISION  
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN FRONT YARD - DAY - FLASHBACK

YOUNG OLIVE, pigtailed perfection, gallops in SLOW-MO TO CAMERA.

**NARRATOR**

*At this very moment, Young Olive Snook was 9 years, 20 weeks, 4 days, 11 hours and 33 minutes old.*

WIDEN TO REVEAL - Young Olive in full equestrian attire, galloping astride a stick horse.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*2 hours and 5 minutes had passed since her first riding lesson at the Farleywalt Equestrian Center, when she asked her parents for an Arabian stallion of her very own.*

Young Olive approaches her MOTHER and FATHER, who wear retro swimsuits and sunbathe in matching lawn chairs.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*It took one-trillionth of a second to reply...*

MOTHER / FATHER

No.

Young Olive's eyes narrow. She looks to the GARDENER, digging in a flower bed, and zeroes in on his cast-off pickax.

**NARRATOR**

*Endowed with a tenacious spirit and the inability to accept negative statements -- traits grade-school crushes and Pie-Makers would later consider a curse -- Young Olive set her intention: To get the horse herself.*

Olive studies a WORLD GLOBE. She shoves her riding crop through North America and examines the exit point -- the Indian Ocean.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Digging to Arabia would be easy. Head to the center of the earth, then turn right.*

QUICK POPS TO - Olive swinging the pickax. The pit grows deeper. Mother and Father never look up from sunbathing.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Two weeks into her quest, she found a creature of a different kind.*

IN THE PIT - Olive stares at the fossilized head of...

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*A 65-million-year-old Triceratops, drowned when the Snook home had been but a prehistoric pond.*

EXT. SUBURBAN FRONT YARD - DAY - FLASHBACK

The yard is now swarming with ARCHAEOLOGISTS and a SHEIKH.

**NARRATOR**

*The discovery got the attention of a Saudi royal, eager to add it to his collection. Olive's only request: One of his prize steeds.*

FLASHBULBS POP as the Sheikh hands Olive the reins of an ARABIAN STALLION. She waves to her mother and father, watching, gobsmacked, as archaeologists move their lawn chairs.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*That day, Olive Snook learned a valuable lesson. Though digging was messy work, it could also unearth untold treasures.*

CAMERA NOSEDIVES into the pit. As dirt falls, BURYING US...

FIND - A TRUFFLE - RESTING IN ITS UNDERGROUND PRISON.

**NARRATOR**

*Subterranean treasures continued to exist in the life of Olive Snook. Namely, the underground mushroom, *Tuber melanosporum*. Also known as the Black Perigord Truffle.*

There's SNORTING from above. A PINK SNOUT appears, then suddenly retreats. CAMERA TILTS TO REVEAL the freshly-made hole, the sunlight above and OLIVE SNOOK. Beaming.

**OLIVE**

Pigby, pull!

The snout pushes into the hole AT CAMERA and grabs the truffle.

EXT. NUNNERY - TRUFFLE ORCHARD - DAY

In full nun regalia, Olive kneels under a tree with PIGBY, her truffle-hunting sow. Olive places the truffle in a basket.

**NARRATOR**

*Truffle harvesting season had come to the Convent of the Sisters of the Divine Magnatum, causing Olive to reflect on how she, too, had come to this place.*

EXT. PIE HOLE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (EP. 201 RE-USE)

A morose Olive turns her back on the Pie Hole as Lily drives her away.

**NARRATOR**

*She had been driven from home figuratively by unrequited love for the Pie-Maker, and literally by one Lily Charles. For Olive Snook also harbored her chauffeur's most buried truth -- that Lily Charles was not Charlotte Charles's aunt, but her mother. It was a truth Lily vowed to re-bury, and so...*

EXT. NUNNERY - TRUFFLE ORCHARD - DAY

Olive watches as Pigby roots at the base of a tree.

**NARRATOR**

*...Olive was dumped. It was misery at first, but as days turned into weeks, Olive made a life-altering discovery.*

**OLIVE**

Pigby, pull!

Pigby bores in the earth. Olive nudges her aside and extracts a muddy clod. She picks away the grime to REVEAL another truffle.

**NARRATOR**

*Though physical digging uncovered mouth-watering fungi that could fetch up to 12-hundred dollars a pound, her spiritual excavation unearthed a far better prize. Peace of mind... And a friend.*

**SISTER LARUE**

What a divine specimen.

Olive looks into the warm, open face of SISTER LARUE.

**NARRATOR**

*Sister Larue was the beloved head of the convent's truffle operation. Observing Olive's penchant for burrowing, she took the new arrival under her wing.*

EXT. NUNNERY - BELL TOWER - DAY

Olive and Larue dump their truffles on a table, set in the shadow of a BELL TOWER. Larue holds a truffle to Olive's nose.

**SISTER LARUE**

What do you smell?

OLIVE

Honey... pepper... and the piquant undertones  
of Nana Snook before a sponge bath.

SISTER LARUE

You missed the most important thing. Sex. A  
truffle's scent mimics the hormones of male  
pigs, ready to breed. That's why sows are the  
best hunters.

Olive eyes Pigby, who OINKS happily at the table.

OLIVE

Trying to get your groove on, girl? I know  
how that feels -- felt.

The tower bells RING. Larue looks up at them, sags a little.

**NARRATOR**

*When not working the soil, Sister Larue was  
high in the belfry, polishing the instruments  
that sent songs of praise into the firmament.*

SISTER LARUE

Duty tolls. Save me a seat at midday prayers.  
Oh, and give Pigby a little... What do you  
call it? Somethin'-somethin'.

With a devilish wink, Larue heads for the tower. As Olive  
tosses Pigby a truffle, and the bells RING OUT...

TIGHT ON A FINGER pushing a DOORBELL. We are:

INT. LIBERTY APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

NED and DIGBY are outside Olive's (now Chuck's) apartment. Ned  
holds two coffee mugs. In his mouth, Digby carries a basket of  
croissants. Getting no answer, Ned KNOCKS.

NED

Rise and shine! We got eats! Fresh and  
French, on your doorstep!

(to himself)

Which is odd to say, because your doorstep  
used to be my doorstep. And though I'm still  
sad that you moved out, I am trying.

The door opens, and a BOOKISH MAN pushes by Ned. Wearing a  
blonde wig, CHUCK calls after the retreating figure--

CHUCK

Talk to you then! 'Bye!

(to Ned)

Morning! Are those for me, Digby? Good boy.

INT. OLIVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chuck removes her wig. Ned and Digby enter.

NED

Who was that?

CHUCK

Cyrus Pennebaker. I hired him. But that's the end of the story. Is that coffee? I haven't slept. Thank you. Where was I?

NED

The end of the story, for now. But I'd really appreciate a beginning before you continue.

CHUCK

Last night, I was polishing the furniture you brought back from my childhood bedroom, and in the back of my old desk I found this. From third grade.

Chuck holds up a sheet of paper. Across the top, in puff-paint: "MY FAMILY TREE." The stumpy trunk bears the name, "CHARLOTTE CHARLES." Two spindly branches read, "CHARLES CHARLES, FATHER" and "SUSAN?, MOTHER." Ned notes an "F" circled at the top.

NED

But you were an "Outstanding Student." They said so at the assembly where we all felt inferior and clapped. Why didn't you finish?

CHUCK

I had no resources. My mother died in childbirth. My dad died... well, you know what happened there.

**NARRATOR**

*Indeed, the Pie-Maker did. And even though Chuck had forgiven him for his unwitting hand in her father's demise, the mention of it still stung a little.*

NED

Your aunts couldn't help?

CHUCK

Not when they're step-aunts. My father was in his twenties when his father married Lily and Vivian's mother. They barely knew each other.

NED

But they must've known something.

CHUCK

Zilch. They felt so terrible about it, Vivian cried nonstop and Lily went on a six-day bender. So, I turned in my assignment as-was and never dared ask about or ponder my lineage again. Until last night. I decided to make the most of this second chance at life. So I donned a disguise and started digging up my own answers with the help of Cyrus Pennebaker's Catch-As-Kin-Can, Inc., "Your genealogy unearthed in 24 hours." Now we're at now, and you're making a scowly face.

NED

No, I'm not. My not-sowl is an expression of my not-understanding why anyone would want to go rooting around in their past.

CHUCK

Because history is important. I could learn my ancestors discovered Guam or invented gum.

NED

Still doesn't change who you are. After all that shoveling, you wake up in the same bed, go to the same job, live the same life, except now you're grimy, with a kink in your back.

OLIVE (PRELAP)

Ow!

EXT. NUNNERY - BELL TOWER - DAY

Olive dumps another basket of truffles at her workstation and rubs her sore back. A NUN passes, hands her a plate of food.

OLIVE

Good bread, good meat, praise God, let's eat!

**NARRATOR**

*As Olive Snook inhaled her omelet of truffles and sour cream, she felt a haunting pleasure. This pleasure, like eternal grace, was something she wanted to hold onto. Which is why she declared:*

Olive puts her plate down, kneels in the dust.

OLIVE

Father, I wish to stay here forever and serve.  
If this is Thy will, drop me a line.

There's a CLANG-CLANG-CLANG from the bell tower, and the body of Sister Larue lands in front of her with a sickening THUD.

INT. NUNNERY - BIG ROOM - CHAPEL - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS across rows of NUNS, gossiping in hushed tones.

FIND - Olive, sobbing uncontrollably.

Fighting emotion, MOTHER SUPERIOR arrives at the front of the chapel with a stoic FATHER ED, the convent's Priest-in-Charge. The room goes quiet.

FATHER ED

It is with heavy heart that I report Sister Larue died at her own hand.

The chapel erupts in GASPS.

FATHER ED (CONT'D)

She was alone in the belfry. We have no evidence of struggle, no sign of accident.

OLIVE

But I just saw her. She was happy.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

I know this will be a struggle to accept. However, it's now that Sister Larue most needs our help. To take one's life is a mortal sin. Only prayer can mitigate her soul's anguish in the everlasting fires of Hell.

OLIVE

"Hell"? Sister Larue?

The nuns pull their rosaries, drop to their knees to pray.

NARRATOR

*For Olive Snook, negative statements were still unacceptable, and praying wouldn't be enough. In order to save her friend's spirit, Olive knew she must dig her way to the truth. And that digging could only lead one place...*

INT. EMERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

EMERSON opens a workbook entitled, "Look Sharp!" He STARTS a stopwatch, turns a page to find FIVE PENCIL-SKETCH FACES.

NARRATOR

*Private Detective Emerson Cod often stayed late at the office, honing his skills of perception. This evening, he challenged himself to a facial-recognition quiz.*

Emerson turns the page to find 100 PENCIL-SKETCH FACES. He instantly circles the five faces from the previous page.

EMERSON

I. Just. Capped. Your. Ass.

Emerson checks his answers as Olive enters, waits patiently.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Beat the clock, perfect score to boot. It's a hot fudge sundae night. Hello, Sister. How can I help?

OLIVE

Emerson, it's me. Olive. Olive Snook.

An incredulous Emerson shakes his head. Olive nods. Emerson looks closer, horrified as it sinks in. And OFF Emerson, dumping his workbook, pencil and stopwatch into the trash...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. EMERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Olive, prattling INTO CAMERA. WE DON'T HEAR HER.

**NARRATOR**

*As Olive Snook explained why she needed Emerson  
Cod's services, her words went unheard.*

TWO HANDS, FORMING A BOX, ENTER FRAME and BLOCK OUT Olive's habit.

ON EMERSON - perplexed, as he peers through his hand square.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*The veteran P.I. was having trouble wrapping  
his head around the face before him. Luckily,  
Olive knew how to snap him out of it.*

OLIVE

Special of the day is Georgia Peach, served hot with cinnamon ice cream. Will you be wanting coffee with that?

EMERSON

It really is you.

OLIVE

As I was saying, this a matter of Heaven and Hell. I need you to prove Sister Larue didn't commit suicide. That she fell out of the belfry by accident.

EMERSON

One sec. Why you pretendin' to be a nun?

OLIVE

I'm not pretending. I'm a postulant. That's a nun-in-training.

EMERSON

Hm. So, what got thee to a nunnery?

OLIVE

Really wanna know?

EMERSON

Not especially. That was my attempt at polite wee talk. Moment's passed, so let's talk compensation.

OLIVE

I have none. Vows of poverty and all. But I can pay you in prayer.

**NARRATOR**

*Olive braced herself, knowing that Emerson Cod prayed to a god all his own -- the Almighty Dollar. To her astonishment, he simply said:*

EMERSON

Deal.

**NARRATOR**

*What she didn't know was a world-weary man with a missing daughter needs all the prayers he can get.*

OLIVE

Praise be. All right, here's the sitch. My sisters and I are straight-up sequestered. Strangers and drop bys are a no-go, so you've gotta come up with an airtight way in; one not involving me, *i.e.*, we've never met. Last but not least, and I can't put too fine a point on this -- no Ned or Chuck. Got it?

INT. BELFRY - THE NEXT DAY

Olive stares daggers at Emerson, who is dressed as a priest and is busy examining the parapet of the belfry.

OLIVE

"Liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

EMERSON

You yappin' at me?

OLIVE

God is. *Revelation 21:8*. Translation, why'd you bring them when you told me you wouldn't?

Olive looks to Ned and Chuck, waving at her. Ned sports clerical clothing, like Emerson. Chuck dons a habit.

EMERSON

I need Pie-Boy's special skill-set, and Pie-Girl comes with Pie-Boy.

OLIVE

Why isn't Pie-Girl minding the Pie Hole?

EMERSON

'Cause she'd rather mind his. Besides, he  
hired a new waitress. Brandi, Candi --  
someone named after booze or food.

This rattles Olive. Chuck rushes over, wraps her in a hug.

CHUCK

I couldn't wait any longer.

**NARRATOR**

*Olive Snook was torn. She trusted her arms to  
encircle Chuck and welcome her back into her  
life. Sadly, she did not trust her mouth with  
the same proximity, for it increased the  
probability of truths being spilled.*

Olive steps away from Chuck.

OLIVE

Sorry, I don't know you.

NED

C'mon, Olive. We're alone up here.

OLIVE

One is never alone in The House of the Lord.

EMERSON

That's bat crap.

OLIVE

It's a frickin' convent. Show some respect.

Emerson is focused on the belfry walls, coated with guano.

EMERSON

I'm showin' you bat crap. All over. For  
someone in charge of keeping this place spick-  
and-span, Sister Larue was Sister Half-Ass.

OLIVE

She just polished the bells.

(off Ned)

So. When does he jump?

NED

Huh?

OLIVE

(still to Emerson)

In. With his special skill-set. Which is  
what? Running the crime-fighting blacklight?

EMERSON

Far as you know.

OLIVE

Well, let's get this going and get you on your high holy way.

Father Ed and Mother Superior appear, looking none too pleased.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Sister Olive, why didn't you alert us to our guests' arrival?

(to Emerson)

Our apologies. I'm Mother Mary Mary. This is Father Edwardo Dedonde. We oversee the Abbey.

EMERSON

Father Dowling -- Vatican Police. These are my associates, Father Mulcahy and Sister Christian.

FATHER ED

We had assumed you'd be Italian.

Emerson, Ned and Chuck stay cool.

EMERSON

We are. Italian.

NED

Part-time.

CHUCK

Meaning our work is here, but our hearts are always in *Piazza San Pietro*.

EMERSON

Can you think of any reason Sister Larue may've been upset?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Only one. The truffle harvest hasn't been as good as in years past. It's caused strain on the convent's finances, but the Lord will provide.

EMERSON

He always does. To start, I'd like to see Sister Larue's body, inspect her room, check her entry paperwork...

OLIVE

I can assist Father Dowling. I did know Sister Larue best.

Mother Superior gives Olive a handwritten piece of paper.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

You have a Penance List to complete for skipping yesterday's vespers. Please, excuse yourself.

Crestfallen, Olive goes.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

Now, then. The mortal remains.

INT. NUNNERY - BIG ROOM - CHAPEL - DAY

Ned stares at Sister Larue, laid out for burial. He glances from the body to THE CRUCIFIX above the altar.

NED

I'm not sure how I feel about doing this.  
In here.

(off the crucifix)  
With Him.

FIND Emerson checking the confessional booth for eavesdroppers.

EMERSON

It's not like He hasn't done it before.  
Remember Lazarus? Now get over here and help  
me lock this joint down.

He blocks a door with the holy water basin. Ned locks a window.

NED

Did you know Chuck hired a genealogy service  
to put branches on her family stump?

EMERSON

"Did you know?" came out like "Can you believe  
crazy Dead Girl?" which tells me you ain't too  
keen on the idea.

NED

Not because she could expose herself. She  
dodged that with a hooker wig. It's because  
she's throwing her heart into it willy-nilly.  
Like a lemming.

EMERSON

Lemmings can swim if the fall don't kill 'em.

NED

But Chuck isn't running toward the cliff with  
everyone else. She's turned around, scurrying  
at what's behind her instead of what's ahead.

EMERSON

Death?

NED

The future. With me. Is that not enough for her? What's so great about the past? It's past.

EMERSON

Correction. What's so great about your past? From what you told me, nothin'. That's why you don't wanna delve. But something's pushing Dead Girl to clear up hers, so step out of the way and let her.

Just then, the TOWER BELLS begin to TOLL (O.S.).

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Take that as your cue to get crackly-crackin'.

Ned touches Sister Larue's cheek. SPARK! She opens her eyes, smiles, takes in her surroundings.

SISTER LARUE

Oh. Am I dead?

EMERSON

Sorry, Sister.

SISTER LARUE

Are you (DONG) kidding me?

Each (expletive) is drowned out by the DONG OF A BELL, and lip flap is obscured. Ned and Emerson react in shock.

NED / EMERSON

Shhhhhh.

SISTER LARUE

You "Shhh." I've put up with silence for ten (DONG) years.

NED

If we could ask you some questions--

SISTER LARUE

I got a question. Where's my white light? I knew that afterlife stuff was bunk.

(searching her robe)

And where the (DONG) are my diamonds?

EMERSON

Diamonds? What diamonds?

SISTER LARUE

Whoever shoved me off that tower and stole my stash is gonna pay.

Larue tries to climb out of the coffin, but her legs get caught up in her robe. She falls ass-over-teakettle OUT OF FRAME.

SISTER LARUE (CONT'D)

(DONG) me!

EMERSON

Back to "shoved." Like, murdered?

SISTER LARUE (O.S.)

Of course, murdered. What else?

In a flash, she's on her feet and headed down the aisle.

NED

Nun on the run. Nun on the run.

Emerson grabs Larue by the habit, jerking her back.

SISTER LARUE

Let go, jack--

Ned clamps a hand over her lips, DEADING her again. As they grab Larue's body and drag it back toward the coffin...

NED

We are so going to Hell.

And OFF this...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. NUNNERY - CORRIDOR - DAY

TIGHT ON a file marked, "Divine Magnatum -- Application for Entry." Clipped inside are two photos of Sister Larue -- one as a civilian, one as a nun. CANDLELIGHT FLICKERS across them.

NED (O.S.)

Sorry. Can you see? I don't want to risk being in bumping vicinity.

REVEAL Chuck, perusing the document. Ned carries a candelabrum, tries to illuminate the file by walking backward in front of her.

CHUCK

I'm fine, thanks. Okay, before Sister Larue was Sister Larue, she was Dr. Linda Frank, mycologist. Fancy word for "fungi specialist."

NED

Talked more like a sailor than a scientist.

CHUCK

You're not too far off. Says here she came from a long line of longshoremen. I find it fascinating you can put a woman through a PhD program, cloister her for a decade and the apple still doesn't fall far from the tree.

NED

What's the status of your tree? Family, not apple.

CHUCK

Mr. Pennebaker should be putting the final touches on each limb now.

NED

If I seemed negative about all this, I'm sorry. You're always so supportive and good to everyone else, it's your turn to--

CHUCK

I did something bad! Just now, when you were pulling Sister Larue's paperwork, I went digging in Olive's file.

NED

Chuck, you took complete advantage of your fake position of fake authority!

CHUCK

Yes, it was wrong, but I needed to know if I'm  
the reason she ran away and joined a convent.

NED

And?

CHUCK

That part of the application was left blank.

NED

Then, you're off the hook.

CHUCK

You saw how she treated me in the bell tower.  
There was a hook -- an ice-cold one -- and I  
was on it. If I hurt her, I need to fix it.  
She's the closest thing to a sister I have.

**NARRATOR**

*The Pie-Maker listened to Chuck's confession  
with great relief. Until this moment, a nagging  
voice inside had him wondering if he alone was  
responsible for Olive Snook's departure. But  
now that someone else had declared her guilt, he  
could leave his own in the past and listen to a  
new voice. One that prompted him to say:*

NED

Wow. Whadya think you did?

CHUCK

I fought with her about pies and untruths and  
the well-being of two sweet, reclusive ladies.  
The next day, she was gone like the wind.

Suddenly, a gust of wind billows Chuck's habit.

NED

How is there a draft in here? These walls have  
to be three-feet thick...

He puts his hand up to the wall, finds a GAP in a section of  
stone and mortar.

FROM BEHIND THE WALL comes a spine-tingling VOICE.

GHOSTLY VOICE (O.S.)

Larue... Larue...

CHUCK

Oh, to be able to clutch your arm right now.

CONTINUED: (2)

FOOTSTEPS sound from the other side. Ned and Chuck retreat behind a corner just as a SECRET DOOR in the wall CREAKS OPEN and Mother Superior steps out. She shuts the door, crosses the hall and disappears into her office.

OFF Ned and Chuck and this eerie development...

INT. NUNNERY - SMALL ROOM - LARUE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Olive sits on the bed while Emerson inspects the Spartan room.

OLIVE

*...occasiones proximas fugiturum. Amen.* Now, it's dredge the gutters, pump the septic tank and this Penance List is dunzo.

EMERSON

All that for ditching one prayer circle?

OLIVE

It's my own fault for straying.

Emerson's focus is pulled by a NUN peering in from the doorway. She vanishes without a word.

EMERSON

Uh-huh. Straying pretty common around here?

OLIVE

Now and again we might stay up past curfew, skip a rosary bead...

EMERSON

Off someone by throwin' her out a bell tower?

OLIVE

No, that's never happened.

Oblivious, Olive smooths her robe, straightens her belt. Then:

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Has that happened? Sister Larue was murdered? I hired you to disprove a suicide. No one told you to go all above-and-beyond and declare it murder.

(panic building)

It can't be. Not here. There are Commandments; we follow all Ten, and I'm commanding you to stop!

Another NUN, trying to look as if she's not lurking, passes by the door. Olive SLAMS it. She's reeling.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

This is my refuge. My home.

EMERSON

You wanna share it with a homicidal maniac?

OLIVE

Well... not particularly. Dang it.

EMERSON

Educate me on Larue. Ever mention diamonds?

OLIVE

No.

EMERSON

How 'bout enemies?

OLIVE

We all looked up to her. When she wasn't in the orchard, she was in here with her science books, trying to improve the meager harvest and turn our fortunes around.

Emerson inspects a bookshelf loaded with agriculture and biology tomes. The HIGHEST SHELF is crammed with SPIRITUAL TEXTS.

EMERSON

Had a lot of Jesus manuals.

OLIVE

She was real devout.

**NARRATOR**

*What Emerson could not reveal, aside from Sister Larue's Berlitzian grasp of profanity, was the nun's declaration that she had not believed in an afterlife or, it seemed, anything of a religious nature. Which is why the row of sacred texts seemed...*

Emerson KNOCKS on one of the religious books.

EMERSON

Hollow.

He pulls on it, and the entire shelf of books (a *trompe-l'oeil* panel) flips down in one piece. An avalanche of miscellaneous items spills out. Olive's jaw drops as she rifles through them.

OLIVE

CDs? Magazines? Top-shelf fem-care? This stuff is forbidden.

Olive stops. Sensing something, she moves to the door, throws it open to REVEAL SISTER MARIA CHRISTINA, eavesdropping. Olive jerks Maria Christina inside. The nun is on the verge of tears.

SISTER MARIA CHRISTINA  
Please, let me go.

OLIVE  
Not till you face off with the Papal fuzz.

EMERSON  
What's been coming to pass in here?

SISTER MARIA CHRISTINA  
I try so hard to be good, but I cannot deny there are times when I would kill for... candy corn. In exchange for doing her chores, Sister Larue would get some for me from the outside.

EMERSON  
How, with you all being so sequestered?

SISTER MARIA CHRISTINA  
I don't know.

OLIVE  
Hold it. How come no one told me about this?

SISTER MARIA CHRISTINA  
You haven't taken your vows. You're able to come and go as you please.

OLIVE  
How come no one told me about this?

SISTER MARIA CHRISTINA  
Will I ever be forgiven?

Emerson hands Olive's Penance List to Maria Christina.

EMERSON  
This oughta do it. Scram.

She goes, passing Ned and Chuck. They enter and shut the door.

NED  
We have a lead. Well, more like a plan.

CHUCK  
The point is, let's move out. Olive, you in?

OLIVE  
I'm busy.

Olive exits. Chuck shoots a look at Ned. Emerson misses it.

EMERSON  
Whatcha' got?

INT. NUNNERY - CORRIDOR - DAY

The Mod Squad is on the move. They keep their voices low.

NED

Mother Superior was hiding behind a secret door, calling the name of a murder victim.

CHUCK

Maybe she felt guilty.

EMERSON

And maybe I feel motive. Larue was running goods for her sisters, everything from lip balm to romance novels. I think Blessed Bosslady found out and dropped the hallowed hammer.

NED

Killing over that seems a tad extreme.

EMERSON

But people kill over diamonds all the time. What if Sister Larue's own guilty pleasure wasn't soft lips or the Harlequin tingles, but bling? So she smuggled ice into the penguin house for herself.

CHUCK

How would a nun get diamonds?

EMERSON

How would a nun get candy corn, or any of that booty? It's what we gotta find out. What we do know is Larue said someone stole her diamonds. And considering this place's moolah troubles...

CHUCK

If Mother Superior found Larue's shiny stash -- the stash she said she was knocked off for...

NED

Then, all it would take is one push, and the convent would be back in black.

CHUCK

By proxy high-five.

Emerson rolls his eyes, puts both hands in the air. Ned and Chuck each slap one, thus high-fiving each other.

EMERSON

(to Chuck)

Git before I by proxy vomit.

He indicates Mother Superior's office door. Emerson and Ned hang back as Chuck KNOCKS. Mother Superior answers.

CHUCK

Good evening, Mother Superior. Father Dowling requested I peruse your visitors' log.

Without a word, Superior steps aside. Once Chuck disappears into the office, Ned and Emerson beeline for the secret door.

INT. NUNNERY - BASEMENT - DAY

Ned and Emerson descend a rickety staircase.

EMERSON

First one to find diamonds is a retired P.I.

NED

What's that smell?

EMERSON

Boot-knockin'.

They reach the bottom of the stairs to find a small room with dozens of neatly-arranged baskets.

NED

Or truffle storage. Guess Mother Superior was just checking in on the crop.

EMERSON

And capping off a do-it-yourself project.

Emerson indicates a shovel and trowel propped in a corner. They move to a section of the wall, realize--

NED

The bricks don't match. Mortar's wet, too.

EMERSON

It's Jericho time.

Emerson knocks several bricks free. He and Ned peer through the hole.

NED

And Larue's way in and out of here.

THEIR POV - A long, dark corridor, littered with a trail of booty (gum, a magazine, a shower puff, etc.).

INT. NUNNERY - SMALL ROOM - MOTHER SUPERIOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chuck and Mother Superior look over the convent's visitors' log.

CHUCK

We were hoping to interview anyone who knew Sister Larue, but according to this, she didn't have any visitors in ten years.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Some families disagree with a daughter's decision to be cloistered. Often, they cut off contact, not the novitiate. That was, at least, my experience.

(shaking off the memory)

But now my family is here. With the Sisters. And then, of course, to be made a Mother -- that was an undreamed-of joy.

CHUCK

It must be draining, watching over so many.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Not at all. Little lambs have little necks. All the easier to wring.

Chuck blanches. Holy shit.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

With the hands of compassion.

CHUCK

Yes, those hands.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

How did your family react when you decided to take the veil?

CHUCK

Take the who?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Become a nun.

CHUCK

Oh. They weren't around. I lost my father at eight. My mother died having me.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

God bless her. And you. What was her name?

Mother Superior puts her hands on Chuck's. The touch is gentle, comforting. How could this woman be a killer?

CHUCK

Susan Charles. Most of the time, I don't dwell on it. But then, unexpectedly, I'll think about her.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

More specifically, this hole in my heart where a mother should be. I didn't know her at all. I never will.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Of course you will, my child. In Heaven.

CHUCK

Oh, I don't think -- I mean, even if she's there, who knows if I'm going?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Sister Christian, you know the path to everlasting life. Don't you?

**NARRATOR**

*It was a query Chuck could not answer. Not because she considered herself a sinner, but because as someone alive-again, she may have missed her chance. With the future uncertain, Chuck could only cling to the past. A past being pieced together by a diminutive genealogy expert, whom she felt the need to contact at that very moment.*

CHUCK

May I borrow your phone?

Superior nods, goes. Chuck dials out.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Mr. Pennebaker? I'm calling for the results on Charlotte Charles.

INT. RESTAURANT STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

A TRAPDOOR IN THE FLOOR OPENS TO REVEAL - Ned and Emerson. They find themselves in a storage room. The shelves are stocked with plates, foodstuffs and miscellaneous cooking utensils.

NED

It's a restaurant pantry. Pretty gourmet.

Emerson points to A TABLE, set for two. What was clearly a lavish dinner is no longer. Candles are melted, flowers are wilted, food is moldy.

EMERSON

"Gourmet" my ass. That is Cuisine by Miss Havisham.

HACKING comes from further off. Ned and Emerson creep to a prep table, peek over to see A BURLY MAN. His shirt is smeared with blood. He holds a cleaver and SMASHES it into a side of beef.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Or Leatherface.

ANGLE ON - BURLY, as the bloody cleaver slips from his hand and CLATTERS to the floor. He moves off to retrieve another. An awed Ned spots something.

NED

My god, look. Leatherface has a four-quart food processor with two-horsepower motor and extra large feed tube.

BURLY

Juliennes like a dream.

They turn. Burly is BEHIND THEM. As he raises his cleaver...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT ON - The TERROR-STRICKEN EYES of Ned, staring into the TERROR-STRICKEN EYES of Emerson. They look up and into--

THE WILD EYES OF THE BURLY MAN, henceforth known as HANSEL.

HANSEL

Where is my Larue?

REVEAL - Our heroes, bound with cooking twine, at the table of rotting food. Hansel is before them, cleaver poised.

NED

Tell him.

EMERSON

Rule Number One: Don't order fish on Monday.  
Rule Number Two: Don't poke the angry German.

NED

Swiss German. His accent sounds like the chef who taught my "Tortes of Europe" pastry class. The class which confirmed what I already knew -- that tortes are aloof, and pie is love.

EMERSON

Guy don't seem too Swiss to me!

Hansel advances on Emerson. Ned decides to roll the dice.

NED

Sorry, sir, but Sister Larue is dead. We had nothing to do with it, so please think of your neutral homeland and put the cutlery down.

Hansel's face drops. As tears well, and he begins to sob...

**NARRATOR**

***The facts were these:***

EXT. MATTERHORN - DAY - FLASHBACK

Loaded down with medals, Chef Hansel smiles AT CAMERA.

**NARRATOR**

***With three Michelin stars under his belt and every European culinary award around his neck, Hansel Von Getz, Switzerland's acclaimed chef, decided to conquer America.***

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*He opened a restaurant neighboring the Sisters of the Divine Magnatum, where unbeknownst to him...*

INT. NUNNERY - BASEMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Sister Larue stacks baskets of truffles in the storage room.

NARRATOR

*...one Sister Larue stocked a prized culinary staple 20-feet underground and one-quarter mile to the East. A distance that would soon be bridged...*

Larue knocks over a basket. Truffles spill into a darkened corridor -- the one Ned and Emerson previously saw bricked up (Sc. 18). Larue approaches it and shines her candle up ahead -- barely illuminating the FAR-OFF LADDER.

INT. RESTAURANT STORAGE ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Hansel is busy making spaetzle. He reacts in surprise when the THE TRAPDOOR OPENS and Sister Larue climbs out.

NARRATOR

*...bridged in more ways than one, when the two discovered yet another link between them.*

Hansel zeroes in on the TRUFFLES poking out of Larue's pockets.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*Just as a truffle grows among tree roots for nourishment, so did the nun and the chef form a symbiotic relationship.*

INT. RESTAURANT STORAGE ROOM - ANOTHER DAY - FLASHBACK

Hansel hands Larue contraband. She hands him truffles.

NARRATOR

*He would supply her and her sisters with earthly delights from the outside world. She would supply him with his favorite ingredient.*

LATER - A candlelit dinner for two. Larue takes a blissful bite of food. Hansel stands by, shaves more truffle onto her plate.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*Often, they dined together at lavish meals. One night, his guest surprised him with dessert.*

Larue grabs Hansel, pulls him to her and plants a kiss.

*NARRATOR (CONT'D)*

*Larue surrendered to lust without fear of condemnation -- her assuredness stemming from a 13th-century Papal decree that a nun under the influence of pheromone-laced fungus could not be held accountable for her less-than-chaste actions.*

As things heat up, A SOB takes us back to...

INT. RESTAURANT STORAGE ROOM - LATER

Hansel wipes at his tears. Untied, Ned and Emerson sit at the table with fresh plates of food. Ned devours his. (The rotting plates have been pushed to the side.)

NED

This is delicious. Really. Amazing.

HANSEL

(off the rotting plates)

That was to celebrate our anniversary. I hadn't the heart to throw it away.

EMERSON

So, Larue never made it to the wingding?

HANSEL

When hours became days, I went into the catacombs to find her, but a wall blocked my path. I called out. No one answered.

NED

Could be the voice Chuck and I heard.

HANSEL

(fresh tears)

Larue! Larue!

NED

That's it. Could you pass the black truffle spaetzle?

EMERSON

(to Ned; passing the dish)

And Mother Superior was down there the whole time, listening to a lovesick man moan.

(back to Hansel)

Tell me about the last time you saw Larue. Did she seem scared? Upset?

HANSEL

Her mood was joyous. We made love here...

He indicates the table. Ned shrugs, continues eating.

HANSEL (CONT'D)  
...then she gave me this.

CENTER TABLE - A TRUFFLE rests under a glass dome.

HANSEL (CONT'D)  
An Italian white truffle. The most sought-after delicacy in the culinary world. Their aroma has driven men mad. Chefs have killed for them.

Ned stares at the white truffle, longingly.

**NARRATOR**  
*But Emerson Cod's gaze was not on the priceless morsel known scientifically as Tuber magnatum. It was on a piece of stationery, which bore the same word.*

ANGLE ON - A NOTE CARD - Forgotten amidst the detritus of the table. The insignia reads: *SISTERS OF THE DIVINE MAGNATUM.*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**  
*Someone else saw it, too.*

Emerson notes Hansel, sliding the card under a plate. Emerson keeps it cool, gestures to Ned, still eyeing the white truffle.

EMERSON  
Could you throw puppy a bone?

HANSEL  
Certainly. Without Larue, it's useless to me.

Hansel removes the glass dome and extracts the truffle. He doesn't notice as Emerson slides his hand across the table and pockets the card.

HANSEL (CONT'D)  
At four-thousand-dollars a pound, it's no wonder they call it "the diamond of the table."

Ned and Emerson react to the word "diamond."

EMERSON  
Yep. Gotta go. We discover anything else, we'll pop back up, fill ya in.

They're almost to the trapdoor when Hansel blocks their path. There's a fire in his eyes. A little too much fire.

HANSEL  
Larue was the love of my life. I will not rest until you find who killed her.

EMERSON (O.S., PRELAP)

Oh, he killed her.

INT. NUNNERY - SMALL ROOM - LARUE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Olive reads the note card as Ned and Emerson stand by.

OLIVE

"You are a vile man who will stew in the  
juices of your sin for all eternity. Do not  
try to see me again. Sister Larue."

(then)

Let me get this straight. She took an underground  
tunnel to a restaurant owned by a Swiss chef, who  
traded black-market swag for truffles.

EMERSON

Boyfriend's name is Hansel Von Getz.

OLIVE

And they were together. In the Biblical sense.

EMERSON

Sure were. Nun dumps chef. Chef gets scary.  
Nun gets scarer and walls up the basement  
tunnel to keep him out. Somehow, he finds  
another way in, follows her to the bell tower  
for a push-me-pull-you-push-her party.

NED

As far as the mystery diamonds, they're less  
*Breakfast at Tiffany's*, more *Dinner at  
Tiffany's* prices. Italian white truffles --  
"The diamonds of the table."

EMERSON

Hansel must've swiped some from Larue after  
the murder.

OLIVE

Except she couldn't have had white truffles.  
They only grow in Italy. Everything else  
sounds about right, though, so great job!

(to Emerson)

Peace be with you.

(to Ned)

And also with you.

Still clutching the letter, Olive exits.

NED

That went way too well.

EMERSON

Mm-hm. Itty-bitty's 'bout to blow.

INT. NUNNERY - BIG ROOM - DINING HALL - NIGHT

Olive crosses through. Ned catches up to her.

NED

I know you're upset. Let's talk about it.

OLIVE

Why would I talk to you?

NED

Because I'm your friend.

OLIVE

Really. Have you thought about me once since I left? And how long was it before you tossed my uniform and hired Brandi or Candi or whatever the stupid new waitress is called?

NED

Madeleine?

OLIVE

That's a stupid name, and you're stupid for hiring her.

NED

Go on. I'll be your punching bag. Just jab all that misplaced anger away. But you should know Chuck feels awful and wants to apologize.

OLIVE

For what?

NED

The fight not-about-pies that spurred you to pack up and move here, which now that I think about it seems a little big for a relatively small difference of opinion, and I'm not sure you didn't overreact, Olive.

OLIVE

It's such a shame this place isn't coed, 'cause if I ever met a person in need of some quiet introspection, it's you. I'm not mad at Chuck. I'm mad at you. You're why I'm here.

NED

I didn't do anything.

OLIVE

I had feelings for you. When I made them known, you made it known you didn't feel the same way.

NED

An awkward patch. Absolutely. But we talked, and it's behind us.

OLIVE

No, it's behind you. You don't like messy, you don't like feeling bad. So as soon as you could, you moved on and abandoned me. Well, if I have to get over you all by myself, I'd rather do it in a place where I don't have to see you everyday.

NED

But this place isn't you. You belong at home.

OLIVE

This is my home. But even if I were going to come home to my old home, which I won't be, I can't. What if I slip and tell the secret to Chuck?

NED

What secret?

OLIVE

No secret. I said "secret"? Weird. I must be speaking in tongues. Hallelujah! *Ugga Mugga Diggallululu!*

NED

Stop it. That's not even good gibberish.

OLIVE

This is why I can't be around any of you! I get lured into a sense of familiarity, my lips loosen and I blurt! This is your last warning -- stop digging now.

NED

I won't. And you know who really won't stop digging once I tell her what you said, and believe you me, I'm telling? Chuck.

OLIVE

No. Please! I'm sworn to secrecy.

NED

What if I guessed?

TIGHT ON - A BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTO OF NUNS

Standing outside the chapel.

NED

I don't get what I'm looking at.

INT. NUNNERY - SMALL ROOM - MOTHER SUPERIOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ned looks at the photo on the wall. Olive guards the door.

OLIVE

Look harder, and faster.

NED

Nuns from 29 years ago. Is it how many nuns, like a number puzzle? Something about the sacred feminine? Are there Freemasons involved?

OLIVE

(pointing to a nun)

Lord help me.

NED

A nun.

(off Olive's headshake)

A nun-in-training.

Olive nods, then points to the nun's stomach.

NED (CONT'D)

What, she's fat?

(off Olive's headshake)

She's not fat. But she looks fat. She's pregnant!

(off Olive's nod)

Did she have her baby?

(off Olive's nod)

Did she have to give it up?

Olive nods, takes a beat, shakes her head, takes a beat, nods.

NED (CONT'D)

No idea what that means, moving on. Do you know this fallen nun personally?

(off Olive's nod)

Do I?

(off her nod)

I do? She doesn't look familiar.

Olive places a finger over the nun's right eye -- patching it.

NED (CONT'D)

Lily Charles! But, Chuck never mentioned Lily had a kid, or was an almost-nun.

Olive stares stone-faced at him.

NED (CONT'D)

That must mean I'm close. All right, Aunt Lily had a baby 29 years ago. Right around when Chuck was born, so Chuck has a cousin her same age, but not really a cousin, because Lily and Vivian aren't really her aunts.

OLIVE

You. Are. Killing. Me.

NED

Not really a cousin, 'cause not really aunts, 'cause really her mother. Oh my god, Lily is Chuck's mother.

OLIVE

A weight has been lifted. Let's go.

Except Ned has taken a seat. He tries to digest the news.

NED

This is why Chuck couldn't complete her family tree. Everyone lied to her. My head's gonna explode. Why did I make you tell me?

Olive opens the door, ushers Ned through it.

OLIVE

Told ya not to dig.

Ned exits. Olive is about to follow when she realizes she's still clutching Larue's Dear John letter. She starts to hide it in her pocket when something on the card catches her eye.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Oh my gosh.

INT. NUNNERY - BIG ROOM - CHAPEL - NIGHT

Chuck stares at Sister Larue lying in repose. Ned joins. He's on pins and needles.

NED

Paying final respects? Although, I don't know why it's "paying." It's giving and it's free.

CHUCK

You were right about rooting around in the past. Digging got me nothing, except sore all over. Turns out, Mr. Pennebaker is as good as a third grader. He came up with the same results I did.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CHUCK (CONT'D)

No further information on my father, no record of my mother, which means I'm a person with no past. No future, either. Because of what I am.

NED

Chuck, I have to tell you something. Something about your-- what does that mean? "Because of what I am."

CHUCK

You know. How I am.

NED

I don't know. What and how are you? And why am I suddenly feeling contrite?

The BELLS begin to toll. Chuck continues, lost in thought.

CHUCK

Some of the Sisters believe Larue is haunting the bell tower. Ringing the chimes to let them know she's not dead. But she isn't alive, either. She's somewhere in between.

NED

I don't believe in ghosts, and Larue is right here.

CHUCK

What if you and I interrupted the natural transition between life and the afterlife? I didn't get to move on to where my mother and father are, but I didn't get to return to where I was, either. I'm stuck, absolutely alone. And I don't know how to go on like this. Or if I even want to.

Ned can't believe he's hearing this, can't believe he's asking--

NED

Are you saying you want me to touch you again?

The door CREAKS open, and Father Ed enters.

FATHER ED

Father Mulcahy, I need your help.

Chuck takes the opportunity to exit, leaving a pained Ned behind.

INT. NUNNERY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Olive clutches the Dear John letter and a stack of Penance Lists, as she strides down the hall with Emerson. They arrive at a door, are about to knock, when it opens to REVEAL Mother Superior. Olive shoves the Penance Lists in her face.

OLIVE

Penance Lists. One every day since I arrived. Well, by burning your bossier-than-thou handwriting into my brain, these lists just dug you a hole to Hell. Know why?

(off the Dear John letter)

'Cause I know you also wrote this! You stumbled onto Larue's contraband side-business and her affair with Chef Boyardee. So you killed her in a god-fearing rage, then left this fake breakup note, hoping the boyfriend wouldn't suspect foul play. But it is foul play, the foulest of the foul. *Exodus 20:16*: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Or push them out of bell towers!

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Bless you, Sister Olive, you never could grasp the meaning of that verse. But there's truth in your words. I did compose that letter.

OLIVE

Take her down, Father Dowling.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Yes, Father Dowling. Just like you did on your TV show. Perhaps your associate, *M\*A\*S\*H's* Father Mulcahy, would like to help?

EMERSON

Eww.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

I decided to do some investigating after chatting with your female colleague. Her ignorance of the term "taking the veil" might have been explained away as a simple slip of the brain. But when she doubted her place in Heaven, I began to wonder if she had any faith at all. A call to the Vatican explained everything. Sister Christian is nothing but a heavy-petting power-ballad.

EMERSON

(to Olive)

We're motorin'.

It's only then that Emerson and Olive notice the NUNS, blocking both ends of the corridor. As they descend on our heroes...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. NUNNERY - BIG ROOM - CHAPEL - NIGHT

Ned and Father Ed sit on opposite sides of a confession booth.

FATHER ED

As Father Confessor, I'm usually in that seat,  
but tonight I yearn to unburden my soul.

NED

Should we... jump in, get it over with?

FATHER ED

Ready when you are.

Clearly Ned's cue to say something. He squirms, then:

NED

I can't do this. Not after a day like today.

FATHER ED

Really? Uh, you wanna...?

They exit the booth, swap sides.

NED

So, all this time, I thought my... colleagues  
and I were getting along great, talking out  
our issues. As it turns out, I'm a giant  
disappointment.

FATHER ED

Because?

NED

Because I don't like messy and because I bring  
them back from the -- place they were -- look,  
the specifics aren't important, but it's not  
like I was trying to screw up everyone's life.

FATHER ED

We all make messes. The important thing is  
sticking around to clean them up.

NED

Well, apparently, I don't do that, either.

FATHER ED

We aren't born with bad habits. Where'd you  
learn them from, Father?

**NARRATOR**

*"Father." The word. The man. The ephemeral concept. His entire life, the Pie-Maker had never felt safe poking at paternal scars. But in the cool quiet of the confessional, and with nothing to lose, he allowed himself.*

**NED**

My dad deserted me at boarding school when I was nine. Months passed with nothing but a postcard. So, I went into the school chapel every day and prayed. Prayed that he'd walk through the door, give me a hug and tell me I was forgiven for whatever it was that made him leave. Two years later, I wrote him off for good.

**FATHER ED**

Then he was the one who taught you to run.

**NED**

If I act like my father, it's strictly by coincidence. I wouldn't know him from Adam.

**FATHER ED**

You never tried to reach out? Track him down?

**NED**

I see no reason to sift through ancient history when I already know everything back there is rotten. I'm a "now" man. Present tense, 24/7.

**FATHER ED**

That's where you're wrong. The boy abandoned in the chapel is the same man abandoning people now. If you ever want to change, you've got to rectify your past. Otherwise, you won't have a future.

**NED**

Thank you. I guess.

**FATHER ED**

Of course.

The door to Ned's side opens, REVEALING Father Ed.

**FATHER ED (CONT'D)**

Now, why don't you tell me who you really are?

INT. NUNNERY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Father Ed shoves Ned into Mother Superior's office, where Emerson is already sequestered. He locks the door, turns to face Mother Superior.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Sister Olive is locked in the laundry room, scrubbing her sins away.

FATHER ED

Where's Sister Christian?

OMIT

INT. NUNNERY - SMALL ROOM - LAUNDRY

As the bells TOLL, CAMERA PANS across the basement laundry room. FIND OLIVE, digging at the wall plaster with a spoon.

NARRATOR

*Meanwhile, Olive Snook had her own thought: That though messy, digging often got results. This time, however, she wasn't digging for an Arabian horse. She was digging to get out and save her friends.*

Olive senses a presence. Father Ed stands next to her. He holds a bundle of dirty laundry.

OLIVE

Father Ed! You gotta help me! Mother Superior's a killer! The Vatican Police are really three detectives I hired. Well, one's a Pie-Maker with a special skill-set and one's the girlfriend. I don't really understand the breakdown of responsibilities, but come on!

FATHER ED

Sister Olive, no more of this. Mother Superior is a holy woman, whose sacred home has been infiltrated by frauds.

(handing her his laundry)

Calm down and try to channel inner peace through hard work.

OLIVE

Are you for real? You come down here, dump off your laundry and expect me to pretend that menopausal maniac's a saint?

(holds up a cassock)

And how does a person get this much bat poo on themselves? It looks like you had a brawl in the... bell tower.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
(freezes)  
Jeez Louise, you pushed Larue.

FATHER ED  
Sister Olive, let me explain--

He takes a step forward. Olive SMACKS him in the head with a washboard. SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER, she bolts.

INT. NUNNERY - SMALL ROOM - MOTHER SUPERIOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CHIMING BELLS CONTINUE. Ned tears through Superior's desk. Emerson hovers over his shoulder.

EMERSON  
Find a key?

NED  
I assure you, if I locate anything remotely key-ish, you are the first person I will tell.

A SHRIEK fills the air.

EMERSON  
Olive. All right, we're busting outta here.

Ned picks up a chair, focuses on a small stained-glass window -- a scene of nuns and pigs gathering truffles. He hesitates.

NED  
Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

EMERSON  
That it's a priceless example of Pre-Raphaelite craftsmanship that would be flat-out wrong to shatter? Probably right. Let's go for the door.

Emerson spots a religious flag nearby. Grasping the flagpole like a battering ram -- floor stand first -- they square off, swing up a momentum...

EMERSON (CONT'D)  
One... two...

TINK! Ned and Emerson freeze. THE SPEAR ATOP THE FLAGPOLE has pierced a tiny hole in the stained-glass window. It holds its shape for a moment, then CRUMBLES. As our heroes exit...

INT. BELFRY - NIGHT

Chuck enters. The bells sway gently, but no longer ring.

CHUCK

Sister Larue? I didn't mean to barge in on you. But I just thought if you're up here, that you might be feeling godforsaken. Maybe I could stay and do some polishing and we can feel that way together.

NARRATOR

*Charlotte Charles knew a great deal about removing tarnish, for she had spent countless hours polishing her aunts' stockpile of copper, brass and bronze cheese knives.*

Chuck gathers Larue's polishing supplies: bucket, rags, polish, etc. She approaches one of the bells and stops.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*The metal before her, however, was...*

CHUCK

Stainless steel?

NARRATOR

*Meaning the nun whose chore was to polish the bells never needed to do so.*

Chuck inspects the unopened polish, the unsoiled rag and the BUCKET -- its UNDERSIDE marked by a single FOOTPRINT.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*It was a revelation which made the footprint on the bottom of the bucket even more strange. If she wasn't polishing, what did Sister Larue need to reach?*

Chuck takes the bucket back to its original spot. She turns it over, steps onto it and discovers A ROPE, hanging within reach but otherwise hidden from view. Chuck yanks it.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*Chuck expected to hear the dulcet chime of a tiny bell...*

There's a WHIR of PULLEYS as a crudely-constructed WORKBENCH, hanging by a cable, descends from the upper regions of the belfry and lands next to her.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

*...not the thud of Sister Larue's secret truffle laboratory.*

Awestruck, Chuck examines the workbench, stocked with test tubes, Bunsen burners and dozens of TRUFFLES. She gathers up a few, sniffs them, but the moment is cut short by a SCREAM FROM BELOW.

Truffles in hand, Chuck rushes to the belfry's edge and sees Olive being chased across the lawn by Father Ed.

CHUCK

Olive!

Chuck turns for the door, just when THE SHADOWY FIGURE CHARGES.

*NARRATOR*

*At that moment, Charlotte Charles discovered who had killed Sister Larue. Sadly, it was a secret she would be taking to her grave. Again.*

As Chuck flies over the ledge and OUT OF FRAME...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. NUNNERY - BELL TOWER - NIGHT

TIGHT ON - OLIVE running AT CAMERA. SHE ZIGS PAST IT and OUT OF FRAME one way, then ZAGS PAST and OUT OF FRAME the other.

**NARRATOR**

*When being chased, Olive Snook hearkened back to an educational film on alligators and what to do when pursued by one: Run zigzag until you can climb a tree.*

POP WIDE - Olive crisscrosses the lawn with Father Ed trailing.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Sound advice that put her at the correct vantage point to see...*

OLIVE

Chuck!

ANGLE ON - THE BELFRY. Chuck clings to life from the ledge.

CHUCK

Olive!

FATHER ED

Sister! I wanted to help Larue, not hurt her!

OLIVE

Whatever!

Olive sprints into the bell tower, SLAMS the door behind her. Ed tries the knob. Locked. He grabs a shovel, poises it to bash the knob, but it vanishes from his hands, because Emerson has snatched it from behind.

EMERSON

Step away from the door, or you and shovel are gonna have communion.

A frantic Ned is also on the scene. He calls up to Chuck:

NED

We're coming!

(to Emerson)

A cushion! Or something like! For her fall!

Mother Superior and all of the nuns have gathered on the lawn.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Sisters, help them! The rest of us, pray.

Several nuns race off. The others bow their heads.

INT. BELFRY - NIGHT

Olive rushes to the ledge, grabs onto the struggling Chuck and tries to pull her up, to no avail.

OLIVE

I'm sorry I was cold! I didn't want to hurt you! Now you're still gonna be, and I'm gonna lose the closest thing to a sister I have!

CHUCK

That means so much. But in case this goes downhill -- I know who killed Larue.

OLIVE

Yes. Father Ed.

Suddenly, the bells begin to CHIME.

CHUCK

No, look!

DEEPER IN THE TOWER - PIGBY forages for spilled truffles. As the sow bumps into the bells, they swing and RING wildly.

OLIVE

Pigby?

CHUCK

She pushed me over the ledge, too. I was holding truffles. But it was unintentional. Going after them is encoded in her genes.

TIGHT ON - Chuck's hand, losing its grip. Slipping.

**NARRATOR**

*Olive remembered something else encoded in her pet. The response to a simple command...*

OLIVE

Pigby, pull!

Pigby runs to Olive, grabs her robes in her mouth and pulls. With some effort they tug Chuck to safety. Olive jumps for joy.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

We did it! Glory be to--

DONG! A BELL WIPES FRAME, taking Olive with it.

EXT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

OLIVE - on her back, FALLING in SLOW-MOTION.

**NARRATOR**

*As she fell, Olive was overcome by a sense of peace that came from knowing she was absolved of sin and ready to meet her maker. As a flying nun, no less. She said a prayer that the Pie-Maker and Chuck would be happy, that Emerson would be rich and that a slice of Georgia Peach, served hot with cinnamon ice cream, would be forever known on the Pie Hole menu as an "Olive Snook."*

**OLIVE**

It is finished, Lord. Take me home.

POOF! Olive's fall is cushioned by a blanket of hay.

**NARRATOR**

*Home, in this instance, was the cart hauled strategically into place by...*

OLIVE'S POV - Ned, Emerson and several nuns peer over the side of the wagon. Her gaze moves past them, up to--

THE BELFRY - Where Chuck and a truffle-munching pig smile down.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*The facts were these:*

INT. LABORATORY (ONE WALL) - DAY - FLASHBACK

A civilian Sister Larue (lab-coated and safety-goggled) studies bubbling beakers and fungal cultures.

**NARRATOR**

*Dr. Linda Frank, mycologist, was hired by agricultural giant I Thought You Were Hungry Foods, for one mission -- the test-tube cultivation of the elusive Italian white truffle.*

ANGLE ON - A TEST TUBE - The tiny, shriveled WHITE TRUFFLE inside. DISSECTING FORCEPS extract it.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*It would be a landmark achievement until:*

CORPORATE TYPES hold out plates of pasta. Larue shaves the test-tube truffle onto them. They dig in, react to the awful taste, then heave OUT OF FRAME.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*All funding was pulled.*

INT. NUNNERY - BIG ROOM - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY - FLASHBACK

Larue puts down her luggage.

**NARRATOR**

*But the scientist was undeterred. Hearing of the Sisters of the Divine Magnatum's truffle farm, she realized she had found a gratis research facility. Thus, Dr. Frank became Sister Larue, whose scheme was to use the nunnery for her own selfish gain.*

Larue's LAB COAT DISSOLVES, replaced by a NUN'S ROBE AND HABIT.

INT. BELFRY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Larue sprays the bells with an industrial sprayer. The label on the tank reads: "**Stainless Steel-It Anodizing Spray.**"

**NARRATOR**

*After ensuring that the bells she was entrusted to polish would never need to be, she began work on her own experiments.*

LATER - Larue lowers her secret WORKBENCH with the hidden rope. PAN ACROSS test tubes and dissected truffles. FIND Larue, struggling to light a broken Bunsen burner.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*But labs need equipment, and by a random mishap...*

INT. NUNNERY - BASEMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK (SCENE 23 RE-USE)

Larue spills a basket of truffles, they roll into the corridor.

INT. RESTAURANT STORAGE ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Larue pokes through the trapdoor, locks eyes with Hansel.

**NARRATOR**

*...Sister Larue found her way to Hansel Von Getz, the next victim she would exploit to keep her research going and her nun-sisters blissfully unaware...*

LATER - Larue hands Hansel a box of truffles. He hands her a new Bunsen burner and a box of candy, magazines and fem-care.

INT. BELFRY - DAY - FLASHBACK

ANGLE ON - A ROW OF TEST TUBES - The large, robust WHITE TRUFFLES inside. DISSECTING FORCEPS extract one.

**NARRATOR**

*Years passed, and Larue finally achieved her goal. A perfect Italian white.*

Larue tosses the truffle to Pigby, who gulps it down.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*The discovery would make her filthy rich, and so, she planned her exit.*

A sinister smile crosses her face.

INT. RESTAURANT STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Larue presents Hansel with a white truffle, under glass dome.

**NARRATOR**

*On the eve of her departure, she brought her chef a gift. He never realized it was the equivalent of a culinary kiss-off.*

Hansel kisses her, never noticing she isn't into it.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*But pride cometh before the fall.*

LOW ANGLE - All we see is the chef's table, rocking back-and-forth. BOOM DOWN to discover THE TRAPDOOR and MOTHER SUPERIOR, peeking horrified through it.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Desperate to bring a stray lamb back into the fold, a plan was hatched.*

INT. NUNNERY - CATACOMBS - DAY - FLASHBACK

THE DEAR JOHN LETTER lies on the catacombs floor. Mother Superior BRICKS UP the passage in the DEEP b.g.

**NARRATOR**

*Mother Superior would end the relationship...*

INT. BELFRY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Father Ed enters the belfry, crosses himself.

**NARRATOR**

*...Father Ed would save Larue's soul. The gentle priest expected contrition...*

He stops in his tracks when he sees Larue packing up her lab.

*NARRATOR (CONT'D)*  
*...not a million-dollar scientific breakthrough  
and a false nun possessed by greed.*

Cornered, Larue launches into a violent, MOS barrage.

*NARRATOR (CONT'D)*  
*His attempt to extend the hand of forgiveness  
was rebuffed.*

Larue shoves Ed into the workbench. Dozens of truffles fall onto the floor. Larue backs the priest against the wall.

ANGLE ON - THE BAT GUANO as it coats his cassock.

*NARRATOR (CONT'D)*  
*Staring into the face of what he considered  
True Evil, the priest ordered Larue to take  
her discovery and leave. He would keep the  
secret. Only to protect the innocence of the  
sisters who had loved her so unconditionally.*

Father Ed goes. Laughing, Larue gathers up her truffles and approaches the belfry's ledge.

*NARRATOR (CONT'D)*  
*As she took one last look at the place she had  
despised for so many years, Larue never realized...*

ANGLE ON - PIGBY - Entering the belfry. Snout twitching. Eyes made mad by the scent of truffles. Coming from...

PIGBY'S POV - Larue, sniffing her truffles at the belfry's ledge. CAMERA TROTS TOWARD HER, picking up speed.

*NARRATOR (CONT'D)*  
*...it would be the last look she would ever have.*

As Pigby jumps up on Larue, toppling her OUT OF FRAME...

EXT. BELL TOWER - DAY - FLASHBACK (SC. 9 RE-USE)

Larue's body lands in front of Olive. PULL BACK TO FIND...

FATHER ED - Watching at a distance.

*NARRATOR*  
*The priest mistakenly assumed that his  
condemnation led Larue to take her own life.*

INT. BELFRY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Father Ed uses the rope to hoist Larue's secret lab back into the far reaches of the belfry.

**NARRATOR**

*The horrible burden weighed on his soul.*

Father Ed exits. CAMERA PANS TO FIND Pigby, lurking in the shadows of the belfry. Eyes focused on the rest of the forgotten truffles, scattered everywhere.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*It was not a burden on Pigby, who would visit the belfry often and ring for her supper.*

As Pigby dives for a truffle, RINGING the BELL...

INT. NUNNERY - BIG ROOM - DINING HALL - DAY

Ned crosses through. He is met by Olive.

OLIVE

Where are Dowling and Christian?

NED

Bringing the car around.

(then)

So... How'd your sisters take the truth about Larue?

OLIVE

It was rough. She betrayed every sweet soul here. Luckily, this particular sinner had a silver lining. For all her wickedness, Larue was a fungal genius. Mother Superior wants to build a lab and continue her work. Cha-ching!

NED

Wouldn't have happened if you hadn't insisted on digging.

OLIVE

Go on, it was a team effort. Hey, they tapped me to be the new head of truffle operations.

NED

You'll be great. Because you are great. Person-wise. And you're right about a lot of things. Like what you said about us, and how when things got messy I took off and left you in the dirt. Not literally, but I'm sure it felt that way. That wasn't great.

OLIVE

No. It wasn't.

NED

Actually, it was awful. I was awful. And I'm ashamed of myself, because I know what it feels like to be abandoned. How it makes you think you're worthless and unlovable. And how your heart hardens toward the person who did it to you. Forgiving them is inconceivable. So, I understand I have no right to ask for your forgiveness. But I still want to tell you I'm sorry.

OLIVE

Wow. I just came out here to see if I could catch a ride home. But this was nice, too.

NED

You want to come home?

OLIVE

My work here is done. Course, I still have to figure out how to avoid blabbing Lily's secret to Chuck. I used to know this really good hypnotist. Helped me stop chewing my hair...

NED

Once I talk to her tonight, it won't be a secret.

(off Olive's unsure look)

I know. But, trust me.

OLIVE

I do. Well, let me go hand in my habit, and we can hit the bricks.

NED

Are you gonna miss this place?

OLIVE

Yes. But they gave me a little souvenir.

As Pigby trots up, ready for a road trip... DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LIBERTY APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Ned and Chuck, under the nighttime sky. Her head is bowed.

**NARRATOR**

*A secret that was 9 months plus 29 years, 11 months, 2 weeks, 5 days, 15 hours and 45 minutes in the making was undone in 3 seconds with three words: "Lily's your mother." Now, the Pie-Maker could only wait for a response.*

NED

Are you okay? Your expression is hard to  
read. Maybe you could, you know, look at me.  
(as she does)

Tears.

CHUCK

Happy ones.

NED

See how you took that news and chose to make  
it good? It's inspiring. Makes me realize  
I've got some digging of my own to do.

Ned hands her a piece of paper and a pen.

NED (CONT'D)

I thought you might want to fill this in.

Chuck opens the paper. IT'S HER 3RD GRADE FAMILY TREE. She's  
all smiles as she adds the name LILY CHARLES to the branch  
labeled, "Mother."

And OFF Ned and Chuck staring at her past, and their future...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW