

# PUSHING DAISIES

"The Norwegians"

Episode #3T7060

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**FINAL DRAFT**   
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. LONGBOROUGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS - DAY - FLASHBACK

The forboding building looms on the horizon. Seconds later, thick, leafy BRANCHES WHIP INTO FRAME obscuring our view.

**NARRATOR**

*At this very moment at the Longborough School for Boys...*

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL YOUNG NED, in a WWII-era ARMY HELMET, and EUGENE MULCHANDANI (wearing camouflage-colored orthodontic headgear), hiding in the woods on a hilltop above the school.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...Young Ned had convinced Eugene Mulchandani to go to war. For not only was it proof of his undying patriotism...*

With a salute, the boys run off into the woods.

EXT. NORTH THRUSH WOODS - DAY - FLASHBACK

Young Ned and Eugene fire stick guns at an imaginary enemy.

**NARRATOR**

*...it was also a much-needed hooky-playing escape from an advanced geometry lesson in proofs of the Pythagorean kind.*

Moving through the woods, Eugene suddenly holds up a fist, signaling Young Ned, who is coming up behind him, to stop.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*However, like all ill-advised troop deployments, it did not come without its share of unexpected casualties.*

Pointing to his eyes, then to Young Ned's eyes, before pointing into the opening before him, Eugene silently signals for his comrade to take a look-see. As Ned joins him, his jaw drops.

NED'S POV:

Ahead of them, a DEAD HUNTER is hung up in a barbed-wire fence.

BACK TO SCENE - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK

Young Ned and Eugene stand aghast over the dead man, who has a (tasteful) GUNSHOT WOUND IN HIS CHEST.

CONTINUED:

**NARRATOR**

*Standing over his first combat fatality, Eugene's emotional radar was overcome, and the onslaught of these emotional bogeys forced a hasty retreat.*

Eugene, full of terror and unable to take his eyes off the body, slowly backs away... then turns and sprints. Ned watches him go, but then turns back to the body.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Young Ned, on the other hand, stood his ground. It had been...*

Young Ned considers the dead hunter, an idea forming.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...4 months, 2 weeks, 3 hours and 31 minutes since his father left him at the Longborough School, never to return.*

Young Ned slowly reaches out to touch the dead man... Then pauses and reconsiders.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Which made this the precise moment he hatched a plan to bring his father back into his life.*

Plucking up his nerve, Ned touches the hunter and -- ZAP! -- the hunter's eyes open. Picking up the man's shotgun, Ned questions him.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Filled with heroic fervor, Young Ned rationalized that if he could report who murdered the hunter to the authorities...*

Ned and the hunter converse MOS.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...the acclaim would not only garner him fame, but also his father's renewed attention.*

Meanwhile, the hunter pantomimes his cause of death -- indicating he accidentally shot himself as he climbed the fence.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Alas, this hope began to fade when the hunter revealed his cause of death was accidental and self-inflicted. There was no murderer to be caught...*

Through the hole in the dead man's chest, Ned spies a PARK RANGER leading Eugene back to the crime scene. Ned quickly re-deads the hunter.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...though the park ranger would believe otherwise.*

The body's THUD attracts the ranger's attention. All the ranger sees is Ned holding a gun and standing over a dead body.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Young Ned sits next to a sobbing Eugene.

**NARRATOR**

*Along with Eugene Mulchandani, both boys were perceived by Papen County Juvenile Correction Officers as anything but heroes.*

Eugene's blubbering only intensifies when the jail door CLANGS open and his PARENTS first hug him, then shake an admonishing finger in his face.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*And while his comrade secured an honorable discharge through the strength of his parental allies...*

Eugene's parents escort him away and the cell door CLANGS shut again. Young Ned approaches the door and cranes his neck to look up and down the hallway, hoping to see his father.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...Young Ned realized that his father was not going to fight his battles for him. For in jail, as in life, he needed to take responsibility for his actions.*

OFF THE LOCKED CELL DOOR and sad Young Ned peering out.

EXT. PIE HOLE - NIGHT (RE-USE FROM EPISODE 209, "LIGHTHOUSE")

CHUCK and NED burst onto the sidewalk as NED'S CAR pulls away.

**NARRATOR**

*It's 20 years, 10 months, 8 days, 4 hours and 17 minutes later, hereto known as "the great escape."*

ANOTHER ANGLE as Chuck and Ned stare OFF CAMERA, the wind carries LONG, UNSPOOLING MEDICAL BANDAGES INTO FRAME, that eventually land at their feet.

**NARRATOR**

*This time it was not the Pie-Maker's father abandoning him; it was Chuck's. Her long-deceased but now alive-again father, Charles Charles, had chosen to flee.*

As a distraught Chuck bends down to gather up the bandages, Ned fights off the panic growing in his gullet.

CHUCK  
Dad!

NED  
That's my car! He stole my car!

CHUCK  
He's gone.

NED  
What do you mean, "He's gone"? A man wrapped in bandages doesn't just go. Not sans bandages. He's SANS bandages! That's a no-go.

CHUCK  
He's not supposed to leave. I just got him back. He's not supposed to leave. He's my dad...

NED  
This is really bad.  
(losing it)  
THIS. IS. REALLY. BAD... Really.

INT. PIE HOLE - BOOTH - MORNING

Ned and Chuck sit across from each other at the table. Ned mumbles while resting his head on the table. Both are lost in their own private nightmares.

NED  
Really... really... really... really... bad.

CHUCK  
He just left. No goodbyes. No explanation. No forwarding address.

NED  
At least my dad left a forwarding address -- to a new house, complete with a new family.

CHUCK  
Now I know how you feel. Having him die was horrible enough, but losing my dad because he chose to leave is even more horrible.  
(realizing)  
I was dumped by my own dad.

NED  
You weren't dad-dumped. I'm the one he was mad at. He wanted you to choose. Me or him.  
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

NED (CONT'D)

It's my fault, dukes were put up and fistis were cuffed. I'm the reason he left. And after you risked everything to bring him back.

CHUCK

I risked you. I used you to bring him back and it was selfish and wrong and now we're in this whole mess because of me... What if my dad tells people about a pie-maker with a knack for baking and waking the dead?

NED

Career change. No more waking and/or baking.

CHUCK

I just want to hold your hand.

Chuck lays her hand on the table OUT OF FRAME.

NED

Me, too.

Ned reaches OUT OF FRAME to take it. Beat... CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL EMERSON sitting across from them -- HOLDING BOTH THEIR HANDS, by-proxy, as he grows increasingly exasperated. After a moment, he throws their hands down.

EMERSON

I'm done with this by-proxy hand jive. You're all acting lovey-dovey with each other when you both oughta be squawking-mad. You screwed up when you used his witchin' finger to conjure up a corpse and didn't tell him about it. You screwed up when you didn't tap her pop when you had the chance and I screwed up when I cahooted and colluded to cover-up and dropped a certain dead somebody else into ghost-dad's empty grave. But both you ladies should be squawking-mad as hell at Dear Dead Dad for stealin' your car and stealin' into the night with a corpse face that's not gonna be doing anybody any favors.

NED

It is an unfortunate variable.

EMERSON

Hell, for all we know, his frightening unvariables are flapping in the wind.

NED

You know what? Now that you mention it, I am mad. I'm furious. I'm--

EMERSON

(cutting him off)

Get over it, fool. Bitchin' and whinin' time just got the boot. We need to fix this.

At that moment, OLIVE wanders over to the booth.

OLIVE

"Fix" what, chitchatters? Wha'cha fixin'?

EMERSON

Fixin' to tell you to mind your own.

OLIVE

Are you working a case?! Break it down. Are there dead somebodies? Is it murder? Missing persons? Who are the players? Lay it on me.

EMERSON

This is one of them need-to-know cases. And you do not need, therefore you will not know.

Olive freezes in her tracks.

OLIVE

No casual case-chitchat to pass the time whilst perusing the menu?

EMERSON

We don't "chitchat" where we eat.

OLIVE

But I'm your Itty-Bitty. I'm helpful.

EMERSON

(hands her the menu)

Strawberry banana kiwi crumble. À la mode.

CHUCK

Golden cherry crimson pear. Also à la mode.

NED

Just coffee for me, thanks.

Olive's face falls as she takes their menus. She starts to turn away, then stops. She clears her throat before turning back.

OLIVE

Hold up, yo. I am not a yo-yo you can jerk up and down on a today-let's-include-her, tomorrow-let's-not whim. 'Cause if I am, there are only so many knots I can tie in my yo-yo string before it snaps for good.

NED

Not now.

CHUCK

Please, Olive.

EMERSON

"Please, Olive" nothing. Where's my pie?

Frustrated, Olive turns and struts away. Watching her go, Chuck can't help but feel terrible.

CHUCK

I hate this. Olive's my friend. We can't make her our depository of secrets one minute, and not good enough to participate the next.

(then)

Can't we just tell her everything?

EMERSON

Hey, look at that, a dumb idea just found a friend. Think again, we ain't gonna poke a stick up in our business and snap it off by telling Little Big Mouth all our problems.

CHUCK

Little Big Mouth's earned it. All she does is trust and help us and all we do is lie to her.

NED

We can't afford to tell Olive. With all that's happened, we don't need another unfortunate variable.

**NARRATOR**

*Little did they know, another unfortunate variable was already on its way...*

INT. EMERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Emerson sits at his desk, untangling a knotted skein of yarn.

**NARRATOR**

*...in the form of one-half of a renowned synchronized swimming duo and sister neurotics, who was called:*

There's a KNOCK on his door. VIVIAN enters.

EMERSON

Miss Vivian. To what do I owe the pleasure?

VIVIAN

I need you to find someone for me.

Opening her purse, Vivian pulls out a tastefully and lovingly-rendered CHARCOAL SKETCH OF DWIGHT DIXON: He reclines on a couch, shirt open. His ENGRAVED WATCH hangs from his neck, suggesting the "Heart of the Ocean" sketch from *Titanic*.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Dwight Dixon. My gentleman caller. He hasn't come calling since our last rendezvous went awry. Something horrible must've happened!

Emerson studies the sketch, covering his panic.

EMERSON

What makes you think that?

VIVIAN

Because he cared about me. He wouldn't just leave without explanation. So he may very well be lying in a ditch, with hemorrhagic fever, as a pack of ravenous wolves circles his broken body and the passing traffic drowns out his desperate cries for help.

(then)

Even worse -- he could be dead.

EMERSON

(shutting this down)

Now, don't go jumpin' to conclusions. Let's start with the facts.

(then)

You say he was your "gentleman caller" -- how many times he call on you?

VIVIAN

Three.

EMERSON

He call you his girlfriend?

(shakes her head)

Give you a sock drawer?

(again, "No")

Offer you bling?

VIVIAN

No.

EMERSON

You have intimate relations?

VIVIAN

(relieved)

Very. Long walks... clarinet concertos...

EMERSON

I meant, in the Biblical sense.

VIVIAN

No.

EMERSON

Well, then, allow me to put this delicately: men are dogs. They come around, barking up your tree, but if they don't see no kitty cat in that tree, they're gonna stop barking.

(off her horror)

Dwight ain't missing. He's barking up somebody else's tree.

VIVIAN

Dwight wouldn't do that. He's a romantic. A romantic who may need help.

EMERSON

I'm advising you not to look for Dwight Dixon.

VIVIAN

Then find him for me so I don't have to.

EMERSON

(sharply)

Listen. To. Me. You ain't got any idea what he was. He was a bad man. A sociopath. The kind of man who'd stab a friend in the neck or shoot 'em in the back with a long-range high-power sniper rifle. He's gone away. Accept it and stop tryin' to get him back.

PUSH IN on Vivian as Emerson defames her beloved. She tries to maintain her composure, but her heart is breaking.

VIVIAN

Thank you for your time.

Vivian leaves. Emerson watches her go.

**NARRATOR**

*Emerson Cod hated dropping the bomb on Vivian Charles's heart. But a shock-and-awe campaign was the only way to stop her search for Dwight. For the facts -- as Emerson Cod knew them and Vivian did not -- were these:*

OMIT

INT. AUNTS' HOUSE (RE-USE EP. 206, "OH OH OH... IT'S MAGIC")

Dwight dangles his watch in front of Vivian and Lily.

**NARRATOR**

*Dwight Dixon was indeed a very bad man who would do anything to get what he wanted. And what he wanted was a watch.*

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT (RE-USE FROM EPISODE 206)

Dwight lies next to Chuck's open grave and opens the coffin.

**NARRATOR**

*He romanced Vivian and dug up her niece's grave, but found the watch missing and Chuck still alive.*

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT (RE-USE FROM EPISODE 208, "COMFORT FOOD")

Dwight focuses his sniper scope on Ned and Chuck.

**NARRATOR**

*Intent on killing the people he believed stood in the way of getting what he wanted, Dwight failed to realize his murderous plan made him the target...*

EXT. CEMETERY (RE-USE FROM EPISODE 208)

Ned re-alives Charles Charles in his coffin. Dwight reacts. A beat, and then Dwight keels over, dead.

**NARRATOR**

*...of a cosmic exchange that allowed Chuck to keep her father alive, while taking Dwight's life in trade.*

EXT. CEMETERY (RE-USE FROM EPISODE 208)

Emerson and Chuck pat the ground in front of Charles Charles's headstone with their shovels.

**NARRATOR**

*An accidental, inadvertent death that Emerson Cod hid in order to protect his friends. And so Dwight Dixon, villain and thief, was buried in the grave once occupied by Charles Charles.*

INT. PIE HOLE - DINING AREA - DAY

Emerson pushes in through the front door. Ned and Chuck stand behind the counter.

**EMERSON**

Cut me up a wedge of fresh and expensive and make it on the house, 'cause I just saved both your asses a whole heap of grief.

CHUCK

What happened?

EMERSON

Your Aunt Vivian paid me a visit. Tried to hire me to find her missing paramour, Dwight Dixon.

NED

What'd you tell her?

EMERSON

I said, "No need to pay me, I know where Dwight is -- buried in the ground where I put him."  
What do you think I said? I said -- "No!"

CHUCK

Poor Vivian. She's carrying a torch for a flame I extinguished.

NED

With my finger.

EMERSON

Don't worry. I gave her plenty of reason to forget about him. The last thing we need is somebody investigating the disappearance of Dwight Dixon.

Suddenly, the doors FLY OPEN REVEALING THREE STOIC NORWEGIAN INVESTIGATORS. MAGNUS OLSDATTER steps forward as NILS NILSEN and HEDDA LILLIHAMMER fan out behind him. Oddly, the Norwegians mirror the Mod Squad in dress and physical appearance.

MAGNUS

*Goddag*, friends. We've been consigned to investigate the disappearance of Dwight Dixon.

OFF the Mod Squad's concerned looks...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. PIE HOLE - COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

Magnus, Nils and Hedda step up to the counter and face-off with Ned and Emerson. Chuck is conspicuously absent.

EMERSON  
(already annoyed)  
Hello... Magnus.

MAGNUS  
(feigning surprise)  
Great Odin's beard, if it isn't Papen County's  
most surprisingly-successful private detective...

Picking up a slice of half-eaten pie off the counter, Nils sticks it in his mouth and sneers as Hedda snickers and walks OUT OF FRAME.

NILS  
And his pie-baking, pretty-boy sidekick.

NED  
As flattering as that is, you're still not  
welcome here.  
(turning; he snaps his  
fingers and points)  
You either, Hedda. Stay out of my kitchen.

As Hedda backs away from the kitchen doorway, CAMERA PULLS BACK...

INTO THE KITCHEN

REVEALING Chuck, in hiding. Suddenly, Olive slips in next to her, looking around.

OLIVE  
I'm still mad, so ignore my caring tone, but  
why are we hiding?

CHUCK  
*Skubbe du...*

OLIVE  
*"Skubbe" who?*

**NARRATOR**  
*Chuck was hiding to avoid a crack forensic  
team from discovering she was infamous murder  
victim, "Lonely Tourist" Charlotte Charles.*

CLOSE ON A NORWEGIAN FLAG - FLASHBACK

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Magnus, Nils and Hedda, proudly standing at attention in their official Norwegian police uniforms and caps, in front of the enormous flag.

**NARRATOR**

*As proud members of the Norwegian Ministry of Justice and Police...*

CLOSE ON MAGNUS

Unctuous, as a FACELESS OFFICIAL pins a MEDAL to his lapel.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...lead detective, Magnus Olsdatter...*

CLOSE ON NILS

Smirking as the faceless official pins a MEDAL to his lapel.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...his trusted criminalist, Nils Nilsen...*

CLOSE ON HEDDA

Expressionless, as the same faceless official pins the MEDAL to her lapel and winks at her.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...and loyal profiler, Hedda Lillhammer...*

INT. NORWEGIAN CSI LAB - FLASHBACK

CAMERA PANS a facility in which Magnus, Nils and Hedda are busily working in their forensic coveralls.

**NARRATOR**

*...were an investigative trio without equal...*

As each member of the team finishes their experiment, they give the others a thumbs-up.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...until their beloved homeland, ranked an astonishing 37th in the world in homicides...*

The door to the lab opens REVEALING the faceless official and TWO MOVERS with DOLLIES, who enter and remove their lab equipment.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...no longer deemed their services necessary.*

EXT. STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

The Norwegians stand in front of an enormous high-tech RV, decked out with SATELLITE DISHES, ANTENNAS, GENERATORS, etc., with the words: "Mobile Investigative Lab Facility" painted on its side. Staring OFF CAMERA, they cheer some yet-unseen reason to celebrate.

**NARRATOR**

*They abandoned their motherland when reports of a small place with a big murder rate, halfway around the world, caught their eye.*

THE NORWEGIANS' POV:

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON A BILLBOARD for -- Norwegian Investigative Services. Over an image of Magnus, Nils and Hedda are the words: "SKUBBE DU? (Do you hustle?) WE DO."

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Positive their forensic know-how and advanced skill-set would make them a big fish in a small-but-lucrative pond, they set up shop...*

Suddenly, the billboard's VERTICAL LOUVERS FLIP, REVEALING a new façade that shows the smiling face of Emerson Cod and the words: "In Cod We Trust! Papen County's #1 Private Eye!"

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...only to find themselves constantly and consistently trumped by a large fish of another kind by the name of Cod, Emerson Cod.*

INT. PIE HOLE - COUNTER - DAY

Magnus turns his attention to Emerson.

**MAGNUS**

This new case is of particular interest to us. You see, we've long attributed your domination of the Papen County P.I. market to a secret weapon of some sort.

Hedda joins him.

**HEDDA**

A psychic or savant housed in a shielded section of your basement.

**MAGNUS**

Regardless, we've enjoyed watching your career skyrocket, but only because we'll now take even greater pleasure in watching you fall.

Nils joins Magnus and Hedda.

NILS

Today, our services were commissioned by Vivian Charles to locate a man by the name of Dwight Dixon. Imagine our surprise when during our debriefing of our client, we began to suspect you knew something about his disappearance that you were not telling.

HEDDA

Tell us now and save yourself the humiliation.

EMERSON

I don't know diddly or squat.

MAGNUS

Unfortunately for you, the facts prove just the opposite. Nils, refresh Mr. Cod's memory...

Nils begins to recite the facts.

NILS

Fact one: Vivian Charles claims you refused her case. History shows Emerson Cod never turns down easy money.

EMERSON

History shows my docket was full. Just like my pocketbook. It was nothing personal.

NILS

Fact two: When discussing Dwight Dixon with Ms. Charles, you referred to him as a...

Hedda holds open an EVIDENCE NOTEBOOK and reads aloud:

HEDDA

...“bad man, a sociopath, the kind of man who'd stab a friend or shoot him in the back.”

EMERSON

I was talkin' her out of a bad relationship. I didn't know the man. It was conjecture.

NILS

Fact three: It wasn't conjecture. You knew from experience. You and Dwight hobnobbed in the same circles.

EMERSON

The hell I did. We never nobbed hobs. And definitely not in a circle.

Magnus holds up several CREDIT CARD STATEMENTS.

MAGNUS

We have copies of Dixon's credit card statements -- he was a frequent eater at this very eatery.

HEDDA

(eyeing Emerson's belly)  
Which is clearly "home away from home" for you.

NILS

Therefore, establishing a reasonable link.

NED

Not "reasonable." Unreasonable. And purely circumstantial. Also, a little rude.

MAGNUS

Not for long. For I believe we will soon prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that you're hiding something of importance to this case.

EMERSON

(skeptical)  
Mmmm-hmmm... And how do you plan to do that?

MAGNUS

With help from our Mother, of course.

We POP TO...

EXT. MOBILE LAB - DAY - FLASHBACK

CLOSE ON a VANITY LICENSE PLATE that reads: "MOTHER." CAMERA PULLS BACK RAPIDLY TO REVEAL the mobile lab.

MAGNUS (V.O.)

The most sophisticated mobile investigative laboratory facility of its kind...

CAMERA PUSHES RAPIDLY INTO THE SIDE OF THE VEHICLE--

INT. MOBILE LAB - DAY - FLASHBACK

CAMERA PULLS OUT TO REVEAL a state-of-the-art forensic lab.

MAGNUS (V.O.)

...providing instantaneous evidence collection, inspection and *documentection*.

BACK TO SCENE

Magnus continues.

MAGNUS

We both have secret weapons, Cod. If there's a shred of evidence connecting you to Dwight Dixon's disappearance, Mother will find it.

Ned's heard enough.

NED

Then you run home to your Mother because you're not welcome here.

(walking to the front door  
and throwing it open)

This is my Pie Hole. No clues, no dirt, no service. Now go.

MAGNUS

If any diddly or squat should occur to you that would be helpful in our case, you'll find us at the "Come and Sleep" motel. It was the last place Dwight Dixon used his credit card.

(then)

*Goddag*, everyone. Hedda! Nils!

As he heads for the door, Hedda surreptitiously pockets EMERSON'S FORK before falling in line behind her leader. Blowing kisses, Nils brings up the rear.

NILS

Just remember -- Big Mother is watching. Any last words?

Ned opens his mouth to respond, but before he can get a word out, Nils has a COTTON SWAB under his tongue.

NED

Awwwkk--!

As Nils corks the swab inside a test tube at his waist, Olive suddenly appears and snatches it away. She grins, proud of herself. Until Nils plucks a hair from her head with a tweezer. Olive SCREAMS. Nils pockets it and marches out the door. Wounded, Olive turns to the others.

OLIVE

What just happened?

NED / CHUCK / EMERSON

Nothing.

OFF of Olive's glare--

INT. PIE HOLE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Somewhat stunned, Ned, Chuck and Emerson regroup.

EMERSON

We got a crisis on our hands. We need to shut those Norwegians down, pronto-mundo.

CHUCK

Also pronto-mundo, we need to find my dad.

EMERSON

Put Daddy Deadbucks on hold. We got to cut these Norse fools off at the source.

NED

But what if those Norse fools find Chuck's dad? Or worse, he finds them and tells them what happened to Dwight. Not to mention the waking and baking. If he wants me outta Chuck's life, that's one way to do it.

EMERSON

All right. You go look for Daddy Deadbucks. And someone needs to take another crack at getting Vivian to call off the hounds while I go see what these Norwegians dig up.

Collectively, they turn to look at Olive, who's cleaning behind the counter.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

(cajoling)

Oh, Itty-Bitty...

OLIVE

Me?! I'm "Itty-Bitty" again?! You mean it?!

As CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Olive's excited-to-be-a-part-of-the-team-again grin, we go--

INT. OLIVE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Olive, her grin upside-down, sits on the sofa, talking to Chuck.

OLIVE

So "nothing" is something.

CHUCK

Yes, and you can help us turn that "something" into nothing.

OLIVE

But you can't tell me anything about the something you want turned into nothing?

CONTINUED:

CHUCK

All I can tell you is if you don't convince Vivian to call off her investigation of Dwight's disappearance, we could all be in a lot of trouble.

OLIVE

What'd you do, kill Dwight?  
 (off Chuck's shocked expression)  
 Just kidding...  
 (then)  
 You didn't, did you?

Chuck twitters nervously.

CHUCK

Of course not, but--

Olive leans in, anticipating some dirt.

OLIVE

"But" what--?

CHUCK

But I still can't tell you what happened.

Frustrated, Olive stands.

OLIVE

Well, hells bells, at least you could lie about it. What hurts the most is the lack of effort. None of you even try to hide the fact you don't want me in your super-secret powwows.

CHUCK

It's not out of spite. We're protecting you.

OLIVE

I don't need protection. That's what I have several long-standing restraining orders for. I need to feel like I belong. I need to feel appreciated. I want a full-fledged membership and an all-access pass to the P.I. Palooza.

The women stare at each other for a moment, both unsure of what to do next. Finally, Chuck stands.

CHUCK

So, you'll do it?

OLIVE

(sighs)  
 Yes.

As the women hug--

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

CLOSE ON a Pie Hole box being opened on the coffee table. PULL OUT TO REVEAL Olive Snook, sitting with a resolute Vivian.

VIVIAN

I will not call them off. Not until they find Dwight.

LILY enters, carrying a martini glass.

LILY

Are you still mooning over that creep?

VIVIAN

Moons wax and wane. I am steadfast in my investigation into Dwight's disappearance.

OLIVE

(to Lily)

I'm not sure if Vivian's told you, but she hired a team of Norwegian P.I.s to find him. Right now, they're running a couple of those bright blue body-fluid lights all over his motel room looking for evidence of foul play.

Lily freezes, taken off guard.

LILY

There's been foul play? Says who? Who are these Norwegians?

VIVIAN

They came highly recommended. In their home country, they were the most-decorated figures since Thor Bjørklund, inventor of the handheld cheese slicer.

A single bead of sweat drips down the side of Lily's face.

**NARRATOR**

*Also a fan of the cheese slicer, Lily's sudden spike in body temperature stemmed not from hearing Thor Bjørklund's name...*

INT. DWIGHT'S MOTEL ROOM (RE-USE FROM EPISODE 208)

Lily scribbles a NOTE in Dwight's motel.

**NARRATOR**

*...but from the fear that if Dwight Dixon was the victim of foul play, amongst his possessions, the Norwegians would discover a trail of evidence leading them to...*

CLOSE ON THE PEN

As Lily writes the note.

**NARRATOR**

*...Lily.*

BACK TO SCENE

Lily, face now visibly shiny as she's continued to sweat, fans herself with a throw pillow.

LILY

Listen to blondie. Call off the Norwegians and let well-enough alone.

VIVIAN

Not until I find out what happened to Dwight.

LILY

Nothing happened to Dwight. The man had the good sense to leave when the time was right.

VIVIAN

You don't know that.

OLIVE

What I do know is that Dwight was menacing. He even snuck into the Pie Hole after-hours once and menaced me, right to my face.

LILY

See? It's a good thing he's gone.

VIVIAN

(to Olive)

Why on earth would he menace you?

OLIVE

It's on a need-to-know basis.

Olive cringes at the sound of her own words.

VIVIAN

Then I need to know. I'm tired of being a pushover. I deserve the truth and I don't need anyone to protect me from it.

LILY

Yes, you do.

VIVIAN / OLIVE

Why?

LILY

I can't tell you.

This strikes a chord with Olive.

OLIVE

This gives me pause.

VIVIAN

A manicure might help.

OLIVE

No... pause. Like one step past "Play," but not quite to "Stop." Because I feel like I've had this conversation on "Repeat" all day and I'm finally hearing the music.

(to Vivian)

And I've heard enough to know -- when people say, "I can't tell you, it's for your own good," what they really mean is, "I won't tell you, because I don't trust you." They don't believe you're responsible enough to hear or handle the truth. So they have secret chitchat in corners and in booths and when you shimmy on over to say a simple, "Top of the mornin' to ya," they clam up and avoid you like you got the Ebola.

(beat)

Aren't you tired of spending your life feeling like you're on the outside? You deserve to have your questions answered. And if you wanna enlist a crack squad of Norwegians to find those answers -- you go, girl! Maybe you'll get the respect, trust and honesty you should have gotten from your so-called best friends.

Pulling a pencil from behind her ear, Olive SNAPS it in half. Her piece said, Olive storms from the room. Vivian nods in solidarity. Lily, irked, slams back the rest of her drink.

**NARRATOR**

*As Olive Snook broke ranks with Lily and came to the defense of Vivian, she began to wonder if there were other alliances in her life she should be breaking.*

OMIT

INT. NED'S CHILDHOOD HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Chuck steps into the room, looks around. Ned follows.

**NARRATOR**

*Meanwhile, across the fence, the Pie-Maker and Chuck were investigating the equally-serious matter of the missing Charles Charles.*

CONTINUED:

CHUCK

All the times I wished for my father back, I never thought it would be like this. Dwight dead, Vivian's heartbroken and a Norwegian forensic team breathing down our necks.

NED

Bringing back the dead is always complicated.  
(off her look)  
But sometimes complicated in a good way. Look, sometimes you do need to focus on the tree instead of the forest. You need to find that one thing. That tiny glimmer of hope and hold onto it.

Suddenly, Chuck catches the sun glinting off something across the room.

CHUCK

Wait, what's that...?

She crosses the room, picking up a BUTTON on the windowsill.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

It's a button. A big, brass button conspicuously placed on the windowsill.

She hands the button to Ned.

NED

Or dropped. By my dad, 21 years, 2 months and 24 days ago. When it popped off his sweater the day he moved out and abandoned me.

Ned hands the button back to her.

CHUCK

Or maybe it's a sign from *my* dad. He always gave me a button to hold on the long bus ride to summer camp. Or he'd sneak one into my pocket on my first day of school. And that meant he was right there and he was watching over me and everything was going to be okay.

NED

Chuck--

CHUCK

Maybe the reason I can't understand why he left me is because he didn't. Maybe he's just keeping a safe distance.

NED

Do you think that's being realistic?

CHUCK

My life or my life-again has been so unreal I don't know what realistic is. I died. And then I came back to life. And so did my dad. It's something we share that no one else does. It's why I know deep-down inside that my dad wouldn't abandon me. He's here. Somewhere.

NED

You can't hang all that on a button.

CHUCK

Yes, I can. I'm his "button-button."

She puts the button in her pocket.

**NARRATOR**

*While Chuck hoped the old, brass button was significant evidence of her father's comforting presence...*

OMIT

EXT. DWIGHT'S MOTEL - DAY (VFX)

BINOCULARS POV: The mobile lab is parked in front of the motel.

**NARRATOR**

*...Emerson Cod hoped any evidence the Norwegians gathered from Dwight Dixon's motel room was of no significance at all.*

INT. EMERSON'S CAR - DAY

Emerson lowers his binoculars, ponders what's going on inside.

INT. DWIGHT'S MOTEL - DAY

Magnus, Nils and Hedda pore over the room in a forensic frenzy. As Hedda finds Lily's NOTE, she picks it up with a tweezer. We PUSH IN TIGHT and MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON LILY'S NOTE. PULL BACK TO REVEAL it's now in Vivian's hand. Magnus, Nils and Hedda await her conclusion.

VIVIAN

That's Lily's handwriting...

OFF Magnus, Nils and Hedda nodding in agreement--

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CHUCK'S AUNTS' HOUSE - DAY (**FORMERLY SCENE 57**)

Vivian sits alone, putting the final touches on a cheese platter. She shakes a martini mixer, pours TWO DRINKS. She drops the olives in, one by one, and one after that, until...

...Lily walks into the room. [NOTE: Neither Lily nor Vivian raise their voice over the course of the scene.]

VIVIAN

Hello, Lily.

LILY

Vivian.

VIVIAN

Lily, I'm afraid this is going to be a confrontation.

Lily sits down and takes the glass with the most olives.

LILY

Is it now?

Vivian places Lily's note reading: "I GOT IT. U WANT IT? CEMETERY - L." on the table.

VIVIAN

Would you like to tell me what happened at the cemetery between you and Dwight?

LILY

Nothing happened at the cemetery 'tween me and Dwight. He stood me up, just like he did you.

VIVIAN

I wasn't stood up. You ran him off with both barrels cocked at his manhood. Then invited and/or lured him to the cemetery for heaven-knows-why. I won't call you a liar. If you say Dwight didn't show, then I believe you.

LILY

He didn't show.

VIVIAN

I don't believe you. I can't protect you from the Norwegians if you don't tell me the truth.

LILY

Protect me? What is it that you think I did?

VIVIAN

Something rash. Honestly -- and this is a petty accusation, therefore I'm not proud -- but I don't think you like that he made me happy.

LILY

I am not some big, brown recluse spider eager to pounce on the slightest vibration of your happiness. Dwight Dixon is trouble.

VIVIAN

Dwight Dixon is kind. He lavished me with courtly blandishments and picnics complete with crudités and soup. There may've been involvement with a criminal element in his past, but that's behind him now.

LILY

It ain't behind him. It's right on top of him, if not inside him. His motel room had enough buckshot to blow Coeur d'Coers to Timbuktu.

VIVIAN

What were you doing in his motel room?

LILY

Looking for this.

Lily places Charles Charles's brass pocket watch on the table.

VIVIAN

Charles's pocket watch.

LILY

Your "kind" Dwight stole it from Charlotte's grave after you told him where it was.

Vivian examines the pocket watch, her heart breaking.

VIVIAN

Lily Charles, you're-- He didn't -- he wouldn't -- he dug her up?

LILY

He dug her up and he took it from her. You wanna know what was gonna happen at the cemetery between me and Dwight if he showed? Me and both barrels were gonna convince him to dig Charlotte's grave right up again and put that watch back exactly where he found it.

VIVIAN

And your intentions after that?

LILY

That was gonna be up to Dwight. But, like I said, he never showed.

Vivian can't quite stop herself from staring at the watch. Finally, she hands it back to Lily.

VIVIAN

Well, congratulations, Lily. I know how you like being right.

Vivian stands and moves off, CLOMPING up the stairs.

LILY

I didn't want to be right. I knew I was gonna be, but I didn't want to be. I don't get any satisfaction in seeing you hurt.

Vivian pauses on the stairs ever-so-briefly.

VIVIAN

Now I really don't believe you.

OFF Lily...

**NARRATOR**

*As the cold snap between the aunts grew colder...*

EXT. EMERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

The Norwegians' mobile lab is parked at the curb.

**NARRATOR**

*...131 miles due North, the Norwegians continued their investigation into the disappearance of Dwight Dixon...*

Nils stands on the sidewalk. Arms folded, he glances up at Emerson's window before returning to the safety of the RV.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...all the while, keeping a watchful eye on Emerson Cod, who they believed knew more than he was willing to say.*

ACROSS THE STREET

Emerson stands in the window of the dim sum, reading the horse-racing report.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Meanwhile, across the street, Emerson Cod was once again keeping his eye on them...*

CONTINUED:

CAMERA SWINGS AROUND EMERSON'S BACK TO REVEAL he's spying on the Norwegians' mobile lab via TWO strategically-placed EYE HOLES that have been cut into the newspaper.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...in hope that the forensic bread crumbs from Dwight's motel room would not lead the Norwegians back his way.*

Discarding the newspaper, Emerson hustles across the street to the rear of--

THE NORWEGIANS' MOBILE LAB

As Emerson slips in behind the vehicle, he pulls AN OLD-SCHOOL CAR ANTENNA from his coat pocket and attaches a SMALL MIRROR to it with a piece of CHEWING GUM.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Using the gumshoe skills that made him great, the number-one detective in Papen County took the fight to his opponent.*

Telescoping the antenna upward, he uses the mirror to take a closer look inside the vehicle.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Realizing the best defense was a strong offense, his plan was this: first, assess the true nature of the threat.*

INT. MOBILE LAB - DAY

Inside the mobile lab, Magnus, Nils and Hedda (with their backs to us) are in the middle of a group hug. In the b.g., we see Emerson's mirror through the rear window.

EXT. MOBILE LAB - DAY

Emerson snickers as he watches them in his mirror.

**NARRATOR**

*Two, find and exploit their weaknesses. And three...*

INT. MOBILE LAB - DAY

The Norwegians separate to REVEAL THERE WAS A FOURTH PERSON involved in their group hug -- Olive Snook.

**NARRATOR**

*...OH, HELL NO!*

BACK TO SCENE

Lowering his mirror, Emerson still can't believe his eyes.

EMERSON

Damn you, you Itty-Bitty traitor!

OLIVE (O.S.)

Shut your mouth...

INT. MOBILE LAB - DAY

Olive revels in the attention shown to her by the Norwegians.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

...I can't believe you guys think my former friends are up to no good, too. I don't have enough fingers and toes to count the secrets they flaunt in my face. And that Dwight Dixon, he did hang around the Pie Hole. A lot. Until he didn't. Then you come in and suddenly they're jumpier than a kangaroo on a pogo stick. So, I come bearing gifts...

Olive pulls a test tube containing Ned's swab from her cleavage.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

...'cause they've got things in their mouths and in their past they don't want spread around.

With a nod from Magnus, Nils takes the test tube from Olive, who then passes it off to Hedda who rushes away.

NILS

The kind of things that could lead them to kill a man, perhaps?

OLIVE

Well, that's... that's why I'm here. You tell me. 'Cause there's plenty of somethin'-somethin' going on with those dirty birds, and since you're all about answers, and so am I, I figured it was time I joined the *A-Team*.

MAGNUS

Which is why we were thrilled to receive your inquiry into joining our organization.

Using a remote, Nils projects Olive's DNA analysis onto a SCREEN.

NILS

The DNA analysis I performed on your hair told us everything else we needed to know.

Olive's enthusiasm wanes.

OLIVE

Oh... because I was under the impression that penicillin would clear that up.

MAGNUS

No, my dear, what he means is--

Carrying a TRAY OF SHOT GLASSES and a bottle of NORWEGIAN VODKA, Hedda's eyes take Olive in as she squeezes past her.

HEDDA

You're of good, strong, shapely Norwegian stock.

OLIVE

Thank you -- you, too. Which goes without saying. Since you're obviously from Norwegia. Which, it turns out, I am, too. Making it swell to finally be home.

(in a bad Norwegian accent)

*"Dontcha know..."*

(sighs happily)

I have to admit, you guys have seriously pimped this ride. This thing's fancier than Liberace's camper!

Surrounded by amazing examples of old and new science that makes the mobile lab the incredible vehicle it is, Nils beams proudly.

NILS

Mother is the heart and soul of what we do. Without her, we'd be just another--

OLIVE

Emerson Clod?

The Norwegians ROAR with laughter. Raising their shot glasses in the air, they toast their newest colleague -- "*Skål!*"

OLIVE (CONT'D)

So, what do you think happened to Dwight Dixon?

MAGNUS

He appears to have vanished.

HEDDA

And how he vanished probably wasn't pretty like you. He had enough weapons in his room to arm the Norwegian militia.

NILS

All evidence points to a dangerous man with a destructive agenda, who most likely met with a violent end. All in all, a bad man.

MAGNUS

Which is how Emerson Cod described him when he attempted to scare our client off his trail.

OLIVE

You don't say.

HEDDA

Can you handle more? It gets hot from here.

Nils shows Olive a shovel caked with dried mud.

NILS

We also found this shovel under Dwight's bed. The mineral content of the caked-on dirt matched that of a local cemetery exactly.

Hedda tosses a PHOTO of CHARLES CHARLES'S disturbed GRAVE on the table. Then another, showing CHARLOTTE'S to be the same.

HEDDA

More importantly, what Dwight Dixon was doing at Charles Charles's and Charlotte Charles's graves with a shovel we can only speculate--

Reaching across the table, Hedda takes Olive's hand in hers.

HEDDA (CONT'D)

--for now.

Olive opens her hand. Hedda has passed her a FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER. Olive opens it to find it's an EXHUMATION ORDER FOR CHARLES CHARLES'S AND CHARLOTTE CHARLES'S GRAVES.

OLIVE

An exhumation order... You mean you're gonna dig 'em up?

INT. PIE HOLE - COUNTER

Emerson stares down at a piece of pie, too depressed to eat it. Ned and Chuck stare at each other, dumbfounded.

NED

I can't believe it. Olive's a Norwegian?

CHUCK

Maybe it's Stockholm syndrome. They lured her in and she doesn't know what she's doing.

EMERSON

Chitty-Chatty-Boo-Hoo knew exactly what she was doing. She was sufficiently lubed and ready to spit tacks. She even gave them your saliva swab to get into their clubhouse.

NED

What would they want with my saliva?

CHUCK

This is my fault. She warned us not to push her and I pushed her away. Then I pushed her to talk to Vivian, which pushed her to switch teams.

NED

You're not that pushy. And you're not to blame. Olive betrayed us because we can't let her in. And we can't let her in because of my magic finger. Somehow or another, it always comes back to my magic finger.

Emerson looks up, somber, earnest.

EMERSON

Maybe so, but in about five minutes, the Norwegians are having the coffins of Dead Girl and her pops exhumed. And when they open them, they'll find hers is empty, Dead Dwight in the other and a whole lot of forensic evidence that'll lead them right back to us...

Ned and Chuck pale.

**NARRATOR**

*Stunned by what they heard, the Pie-Maker and the girl named Chuck prepared for the worst...*

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

From ABOVE, we see Charles Charles's and Charlotte Charles's coffins being raised from their open graves.

**NARRATOR**

*...while in a graveyard in Coeur d'Coeurs, the Norwegians found themselves unprepared for the shocking discovery...*

CLOSE ON HEDDA AND NILS as they pry the lids from the coffins  
REVEALING -- BOTH COFFINS ARE EMPTY.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...that Emerson Cod's prediction was only half right.*

CAMERA PULLS BACK UNTIL we are OVER THE SHOULDER of Magnus, watching at the foot of the graves. As he turns INTO CAMERA, his bemused expression FILLS FRAME and we--

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - BOOTH - DAY

Ned and Chuck sit with Emerson at a booth.

NED

Empty?! Why would they be empty? I understand why one of them is empty. But why is the other one empty? Are you sure?

EMERSON

I made friendly with the groundskeeper by way of a few Benjamins. The Norwegians popped the coffin tops, saw they were full of nobody, loaded 'em up in the Mama-mobile and took off.

CHUCK

But how could my dad's coffin be empty? It's supposed to be full. Of Dwight Dixon.

(realizing)

Ohmygod. We buried him alive!

NED

Should I feel worse about you burying him alive or him getting out?

EMERSON

Nobody's buried alive. Dwight Dixon was deader than a doornail. There was no kicking or clawing to get out. Somebody moved his body.

NED

Who else knew he was in that coffin?

Ned realizes as the words leave his mouth. So does Emerson. They both give Chuck a slow, sidelong glance.

CHUCK

My dad. That has to be it. Who else could it be? Button-button, don't you see? My dad moved Dwight's body to protect us.

EMERSON

What a good dad. Don't suppose such a good dad'd happen to wipe down your caskets with industrial bleach, because that's about the only way there's not gonna be some trace of forensic tiddly-bit that's gonna lead right back to every somebody at this table.

CHUCK

Maybe my dad did wipe the caskets down. He is a good dad. Or was. And maybe is again.

NED

I don't know if your father has our best interests in mind. And by "our," I mean "mine." I'm sure you'll be fine. He's just really not that fond of me.

EMERSON

Shouldn't have beat the man and locked him in the fruit closet.

NED

I was defending myself.

(then)

They're gonna find my DNA, aren't they? I should've worn a hairnet.

CHUCK

You could say your DNA got there at me and my dad's funerals; that's my story and I'm sticking to it. But, Emerson... your DNA's all over the grave that had dead Dwight in it.

NED

With no real good reason for it to be there, which sort of makes you look guilty.

EMERSON

I am guilty.

(to Ned)

It wasn't my hand that touched Charles Charles and sent Dwight Dixon to his grave.

(to Chuck)

And it wasn't my hand that forced the magic finger to wake Dear Dead Dad. But none of your hands would be dirty if it hadn't been for me. You were just a pie-maker. And she was just grass fertilizer. But I made you part of my P.I. operation -- it was my job to keep you in line, and I didn't. So if anyone deserves to step in front of the Norwegians' firing squad -- it's me.

NED

Don't blindfold yourself and smoke your last stogie just yet. I have a plan. You're gonna tell the Norwegians everything you know.

TIGHT ON EMERSON looking at Ned, incredulous...

OMIT

INT. EMERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Emerson, serious.

EMERSON

Let me tell you everything I know.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Emerson sitting behind his desk. Magnus, Nils and Hedda stand at attention opposite him.

NILS

There's nothing you can tell us that Mother can't once she finishes her analyses.

Hedda steps forward.

HEDDA

Although... we don't wish to look a gift whore in the mouth, Mr. Cod, why would you tell us everything you know?

EMERSON

Confession is good for the soul.

MAGNUS

So you do know diddly, and are privy to squat.

EMERSON

Yes, I do. And the "diddly" and "squat" you're referring to...

(they lean in)

...is everything I know about being a good detective. Secret Number One: If you only examine your cases through the lens of a microscope, you'll fail to see what really matters -- it's the people, people. People you work with and the clients you work for.

HEDDA

Clients like Vivian Charles? You certainly didn't people-people-person her.

EMERSON

True, which is where Secret Number Two comes in: You mess up, you clean up. It's your responsibility.

NARRATOR

*While Emerson expiated his demons and distracted the Norwegians...*

OMIT

EXT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - NIGHT

**NARRATOR**

*...the Pie-Maker and Chuck prepared to enter Mother's empty nest.*

The mobile lab sits outside Emerson's office. From the shadows, Ned and Chuck watch. The light is on in Emerson's window.

**CHUCK**

I love "I have a plan" Ned. Who says spontaneous is sexy? "Sexy" is a man with a to-do list, some schematics and the proper tools for hot-wiring a Norwegian RV.

(holds up tools)

Shall we?

**NED**

We shan't. At least, you shan't. I shall steal Mother alone. You shall stay here as lookout.

**CHUCK**

I shan't do anything of the sort! Clyde never made Bonnie the lookout, Sonny never made Cher the lookout. We wouldn't be in this jam if I hadn't brought back my father.

**NED**

I don't blame you for bringing back your father -- I couldn't stop myself from bringing back the person I loved either.

(then)

And Emerson never forced me or my finger to join his P.I. team. I poked as a willing participant. So if there's anybody to blame, it's me. And if there's anybody that's gonna end up in the pokey, it's me.

(holds up his hand)

My finger, my fallout. I mean it, Chuck. I'm driving solo this time.

Determined, Ned turns his back on Chuck and approaches the RV.

INT. MOBILE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Ned enters and slides into the driver's seat. He yanks out the wires under the steering column and starts pulling and twisting them. He freezes at the sound of a CLATTER behind him. The accordion door, separating the lab portion of the truck, slides open, and Ned and Olive freeze when they lock eyes.

**NED / OLIVE**

You!

NED

This isn't what it looks like.

OLIVE

You aren't trying to hot-wire Mother so you can drive away with the truckload of evidence they have on you?

NED

Okay. It's what it looks like.

(then)

I'm sorry we shut you out, Olive. The last thing I ever wanted to do was to shut you out of my life and open you up to the Norwegians.

OLIVE

Is that what you think this is all about?

NED

You gave them my swab.

OLIVE

Pig spit.

NED

Don't deny it, Emerson saw you.

OLIVE

No, dummy. *Pig spit*. The swab I gave them came from Pigby, not you.

NED

So, you're not a turncoat?

OLIVE

I'm a reversible jacket. I wouldn't turncoat on you. I was working deep cover to dismantle this operation from the inside out. I know they have dirt on you, and I don't know what they did to make you look so dirty.

NED

I got myself dirty.

OLIVE

Well, allow me to soap up those hard-to-reach places. Metaphorically.

NED

By helping me destroy the evidence?

OLIVE

(nods)

A simple "thank you" will suffice.

NED

Thank you.

OLIVE

For better or worse, this Itty-Bitty's always on your side, no questions asked.

NED

Good.

OLIVE

What if I guessed?

NED

Olive.

OLIVE

I just want to make sure I'm not becoming like one of those women who write letters to serial killers in prison for the danger in it. Is this about Dwight Dixon and the empty coffins?

NED

I'm not supposed to tell you.

OLIVE

Can you answer "yes" or "no" if I ask the right questions?

NED

Can you ask questions while we steal the RV?

OLIVE

That's a "yes" or "no" question. Nice precedence. And the answer is "yes."

With a smile, Olive hands him the KEYS. OFF Ned, as he smiles back--

INT. EMERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Magnus and company grow increasingly frustrated with the railroading Emerson.

MAGNUS

Yes, yes, we can smell your detective prowess from across the room.

NILS

We will scrape its residue from our clogs upon leaving, yet all you've done is yodel on about people skills when you've demonstrated none.

HEDDA

As evidenced by your dismissal of poor,  
heartbroken Vivian Charles.

EMERSON

I was insensitive to the sensitivities of Miss  
Vivian and her missing Mr. Goodbar. But I'm  
gonna right that wrong coming right up.

MAGNUS

Would this be your confession?

Magnus takes a tape recorder from his belt, holds it to Emerson.

EMERSON

Diddly and squat have left the building.  
There is no confession.

NILS

We don't need your confession to solve this  
case -- not when we have Mother.

Nils glances out the window to see:

THE NORWEGIANS' POV:

Down below on the street, the Norwegians' mobile lab speeds off.

BACK TO SCENE

NILS

Where's Mother going?

Horrified, the Norwegians rush out of Emerson's office to give  
chase. PUSH IN ON EMERSON, who feigns surprise.

EMERSON

Looks like you been orphaned.

EXT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Stepping out onto the street, Chuck watches the mobile lab  
accelerate away. After a moment, Magnus, Nils and Hedda run up.

MAGNUS

Mother!

INT. MOBILE LAB - NIGHT

Ned at the wheel. Olive at his side.

OLIVE

Okay, first question: Do you know why Charles  
Charles's grave is empty?

NED

Yes.

OLIVE

You do, good... Was his grave robbed?

NED

No.

OLIVE

No one took his body?

NED

No.

OLIVE

Well, then what'd he do -- walk away?

NED

Yes.

OLIVE

Chuck's father is alive?!

NED

Yes... Hold on--!

OLIVE

Wait, where are we stashing this hog?

NED

We're not... This pig's going to slaughter!

Ned throws the wheel hard to the right. As Olive SCREAMS, the vehicle leaves the road and races across a grassy field.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - NIGHT (VFX)

The mobile lab heads across a grassy field.

OMIT

INT. MOBILE LAB - NIGHT

Ned white-knuckles the wheel as the vehicle accelerates.

OLIVE

Speed round: If Chuck faked her death and her dad faked his death, was Dwight Dixon on to them?

NED

Yes.

OLIVE

And then he disappeared. Did you have something to do with his disappearance?

NED

Yes. I didn't mean to. But I did.

OLIVE

(almost scared to ask)

And when you inadvertently, unintentionally and without malice aforethought disappeared Dwight...

(then)

...did you "disappear" him in a permanent sense?

NED

Um, I don't understand the question.

OLIVE

(hesitant)

Did you kill him?

NED

Dead end.

OLIVE

Is that an admission?

NED

No! Dead end!

He points to the road ahead -- they're at the cliff.

NED (CONT'D)

Jump--!

They SCREAM as a cliff's edge rushes toward the windshield.

EXT. CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA PULLS UP AND AWAY REVEALING the mobile lab, with Olive and Ned still in it, as it sails off the cliff and into the dark abyss of night, à la *Thelma & Louise*. OFF this...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. CLIFF - NIGHT (VFX)

The Norwegians' mobile lab speeds toward the cliff's edge and then hurtles off it, into the dark night. CAMERA follows over the ledge, craning down to FIND--

NED AND OLIVE

Clinging to a wispy branch on the side of the cliff. Olive hangs from Ned's waist. Both dangling over a 99-foot drop.

OLIVE

Thank God for my naturally-clingy nature.

They SLIP A LITTLE from the branch, with a SCREAM.

NED

Olive, I'm sorry I got you into this. I'm sorry you felt you had to prove yourself. I'm sorry about too many things.

OLIVE

I'm not. Well, one thing. I'm sorry you never saw me the way you see Chuck.

She looks up at him. He looks at her, hesitates, then:

NED

I wouldn't say "never."

**NARRATOR**

*Of all the secrets untold, this was the one Olive Snook wanted to hear most.*

Olive blinks, stunned. She closes her eyes.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*The Pie-Maker's words unleashed a rapture in her that blotted out all other things -- the roar of the wind, the seconds ticking down to her death and:*

Suddenly, a GLOVED HAND drops INTO FRAME.

MASKED MAN (O.S.)

Ned! Give me your hand.

Olive's eyes flash open. Ned looks up and sees a MASKED MAN (hat, scarf obscuring face) in a trench coat, leaning over the edge. Ned grabs his outstretched hand, grabbing Olive with his free hand.

NED

Hold on, Olive! I've got you!

OLIVE

You've got me? Who's got you?

As the mystery man begins hauling Ned and Olive to safety...

**NARRATOR**

*Regrettably, who the Pie-Maker had seen would remain a mystery.*

INT. EMERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Emerson pulls out a bottle of whiskey and pours himself a tumble, which he promptly throws back.

**NARRATOR**

*Who Emerson Cod invited to his office was not. For regretting his previous bad behavior, he sought to make amends.*

The door swings open, and Vivian enters. Her tone is guarded.

VIVIAN

Mr. Cod. I'm here against my better judgment, considering the callous braggadocio with which you previously gave me the heave-ho.

EMERSON

If I was doin' any ho-heavin', it was for your own good. There's a time for callous braggadocio, and a time for sensitivity. For the Norwegians, that time is never.

VIVIAN

I suppose it's a holdover from their Viking ancestry. It would be difficult to rape and pillage with the subtlety of a humanist.

EMERSON

That's why I called you here. I didn't want the Vikings to be the ones to break the news that'll break your heart. You deserve to hear it from a friend.

Emerson leans in, speaking earnestly, but softly.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

When the Norwegians exhumed the bodies of your niece and her father, the coffins were empty.

Vivian's frozen. Trying to grasp what it means.

VIVIAN

Our Charlotte... Dwight... stole her?

EMERSON

I wish I could tell you why or make this easier. But what I can say is this: You can't steal someone's soul by robbing their coffin. The Charlotte you knew wasn't in that box. She's here -- with you -- and though you can't see her or talk to her anymore, you have to believe -- whatever was taken from that grave, it wasn't your niece.

VIVIAN

I didn't take you for the spiritual sort.

EMERSON

I'm not.

VIVIAN

Thank you, Mr. Cod... It seems my sister was right. Dwight was indeed a bad man. Only now it appears he was more of a monster than she -- or I ever knew. Oh, my sweet, sweet, Charlotte. Knowing this will surely shatter Lily's heart for good.

EMERSON

It's a good thing she has you to pick up the pieces.

**NARRATOR**

*As Vivian contemplated the emotional damage yet to come...*

INT. OLIVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ned fills an ice pack and places it on his head. Chuck, wearing kitchen gloves, patches a cut above his eye. Olive sits across from them, looking worse for wear, her arm in a sling.

**NARRATOR**

*...in Olive's apartment, a girl named Chuck tended to the physical damage already done.*

CHUCK

He knew your name?

OLIVE

We think our masked man was your pops.

Chuck's shocked to hear Olive mention her dad. Ned explains:

NED

I told Olive all about your dad and how he faked his death.

OLIVE

(excitedly)

It *must* have been your father -- although, I'm saying that without ever having met your father or gotten a good look at whoever pulled us off that cliff.

(explains)

He was covered from head to toe--

CHUCK

My dad has a delicate skin condition.

OLIVE

Like your allergy to Ned -- the one that makes you pucker up through plastic wrap?

CHUCK

Yeah, just like that.

OLIVE

A hereditary link. So our masked man was your father!

CHUCK

(excited, to Ned)

Sure seems that way.

NED

(agreeing)

I'm sorry I thought you were unrealistic before. My reality is, "Dads don't come back, they just move on." But yours didn't move on, he--

CHUCK

Hovered. Like our guardian angel.

OLIVE

What's he guarding you from?

Ned and Chuck share a look. Olive can't believe they're clamming up -- she goes on the offensive.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Jiminy Jehoshaphat! I went out on a limb for you people. And I don't mean a metaphorical limb. I mean a tree limb jutting from a cliff, with my limbs dangling over certain death. So don't leave me dangling over Dwight's disappearance unless...

(horrified)

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

...he's permanently disappeared -- aka, dead,  
aka, murdered?

CHUCK

Murder's a big word.

OLIVE

Did he die of natural causes?

NED / CHUCK

Ummmmmmmm... yes?

Ned's eye twitches. Chuck can't make eye contact.

OLIVE

("something's fishy")

Are either of you referring to "murder" as a  
natural cause?

NED

Nobody's referring to murder, natural or not.  
We are officially non-referential, starting  
right now -- and what's stopping are the  
questions. Pie time.

OLIVE

(giving up)

So that's how it is. You wanna roll Army-  
style -- "Don't ask, don't tell."

(then, hurt)

Guess what works in the foxhole will work in  
the Pie Hole.

OFF OLIVE, deeply unsettled.

EXT. PIE HOLE - DAY

The Pie Hole sits innocently in the snow.

**NARRATOR**

*Unfortunately for Olive Snook, what worked in  
the Pie Hole did not work for the Norwegians...*

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - DINING AREA - DAY

Olive stands behind the counter, her arm still in a sling as she  
pours sugar into a sugar jar.

**NARRATOR**

*...who adhered to a strict "Do ask, do tell"  
policy.*

The door CHIMES and in walk Magnus, Nils and Hedda. Magnus holds a crumpled STEERING WHEEL in hand.

HEDDA

I see you're back to playing for the other team. And you're slung. How interesting.

OLIVE

Hello, Hedda. You're looking lovely today.

NILS

You killed our Mother.

OLIVE

I'm the victim here.

MAGNUS

You are a traitor, Olive Snook. You destroyed evidence in a criminal investigation.

OLIVE

Yo' mama.

MAGNUS

Yes. That's what I just said.

OLIVE

Wha'cha talkin' bout, Magnus? I don't have anything to do with that hunk-hunka messed-up junk in your hand. I was Mother-jacked.

NILS

Can you identify the perpetrators?

OLIVE

Just their fists as they pummeled my eyes. And the bottom of their boots as they kicked me out of your mobile crime lab. Our mobile crime lab. Okay, your mobile crime lab. They beat me with a blue and yellow sock as they got high on ABBA and tiny meatballs.

NILS

Swedes?

OLIVE

Yup. That's them.

Hedda narrows her eyes and grabs Olive's wrist.

HEDDA

Should I believe you? Your pulse races.

OLIVE  
(batting her eyelashes)  
Only because you're standing so close.

HEDDA  
(to Nils and Magnus)  
She's lying.  
(back to Olive)  
Who are you protecting?

OLIVE  
I'm not protecting anybody. That would imply  
that the people I'm protecting killed Dwight  
Dixon. And why would I protect killers?  
(to herself)  
Why would I protect killers?

Ned, Chuck and Emerson ENTER. Upon seeing the Norwegians, Chuck  
turns heel and walks right back out the door.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
I'm not protecting killers!

As the Norwegians surround Olive, a gadget suddenly CHIRPS on  
Nils's belt. Nils plucks it from his belt as it WHIRS and spits  
a strip of paper. PUSH IN ON NILS as he reads it.

NILS  
She's telling the truth. There's activity on  
Dixon's credit card. He just checked back  
into the "Come and Sleep" motel.

At the counter, Olive throws her hands in the air.

OLIVE  
Yes!!! He's alive!  
(trying to cover)  
That's good, right?

Emerson and Ned exchange a look.

EMERSON  
That's something.

OFF that...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

OMIT

INT. COME AND SLEEP MOTEL - MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Emerson, Ned and the Norwegians are jammed in the door to Dwight's dark motel room.

**NARRATOR**

*Racing to the site of Dwight Dixon's credit card hit, the P.I. and Pie-Maker found themselves in a jam.*

As they all struggle to get into the room -- it's suddenly *High Noon* at the Come and Sleep motel.

EMERSON

We can be professionals here. This doesn't have to get ugly.

NILS

You shirt suggests otherwise.

NED

There's a bigger picture at play. Things you don't understand.

Hedda pushes her way in, fumbles for the light.

HEDDA

We understand that once we find Dwight, all will be illuminated.

Hedda reaches the light -- FLICKS IT ON.

EMERSON

Or not--

The Norwegians, Emerson and Ned stare in shock. Across the room, Dwight Dixon is lying in bed. Dead. As Ned joins Emerson, Magnus and team SNAP on latex gloves.

MAGNUS

Stay or go, detective, we know in which hole to find you.

NILS

We will soon get to the bottom of this.

Ned and Emerson move to a corner to caucus, sotto voce.

NED

The bottom of this keeps dropping.

EMERSON

When they finally get to the bottom, what're they gonna be scraping, 'cause dead men don't run up debt on their credit cards checking back into motels they never checked out of.

NED

You think Chuck's dad could've done all this?

Magnus turns and glares at them:

MAGNUS

Enough with your whispering.

NILS

Whatever ridiculous speculations you have are moot. The details speak loud and clear.

HEDDA

Come, details, speak to us.

The Norwegians prepare for battle. Glasses are lowered, knuckles CRACKED.

**NARRATOR**

*The details in the case did speak loud and clear. But the story they told was a lie. For the facts were not these:*

The SCREEN FLASHES WHITE and we are in a CSI-LIKE MONTAGE as the Norwegians work the room--

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Every item scrutinized in the room told a story precisely crafted.*

Nils examines Dwight's body.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*For, despite the fact that Dwight Dixon's life had simply gotten up and left him, the lack of visible signs of trauma told a far more logical tale of a man who had simply died of natural causes.*

Hedda runs her finger down the side of a JUMBO GLUG soda held in Dwight's hand. EXTREME ZOOM on the drops of condensation.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Further examination of the condensation on the Jumbo Glug soda clutched in Dwight's hand suggested that said causes naturelles had stopped his heart within the hour.*

EXTREME CLOSE ON BEADS OF SWEAT sliding down Emerson's forehead.  
PULL OUT TO REVEAL Emerson and Ned, ISOLATED in a corner.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*A time when the Norwegians' chief suspect had been standing next to them at the Pie Hole.*

Hedda finds a bag, containing RINGS and the GOLD CROWNS of teeth, under Dwight's mattress.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*The hidden booty of heirlooms and gold crowns, stashed under the mattress, implied a seasoned grave robber...*

Magnus considers a can of FUEL ACCELERANT.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...and the can of fuel accelerant indicated the two bodies robbed had gone up in flames. Much like Magnus's hope of implicating Emerson Cod.*

INT. COME AND SLEEP MOTEL - MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Magnus and crew quietly begin to exit Dwight's room.

**NARRATOR**

*For, in the end, all the evidence pointed to Dwight acting and dying alone, with nobody else responsible...*

Magnus sucks up his pride and shakes Emerson's hand. Then, he turns and walks away with Nils and Hedda in tow.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*...because that's what they were supposed to find. A masked and gloved guardian angel worked very hard to make it look that way.*

Ned and Emerson share a look of amazement.

INT. A LIVING ROOM/OFFICE - DAY

Magnus, Nils and Hedda stand around a table as Magnus unrolls the BLUEPRINTS for a more mature version of their mobile lab called **CRIME OPERATIONS UNIT GLOBAL ASSESSMENT & RECONNAISSANCE**.

CONTINUED:

**NARRATOR**

*And so, Magnus, Nils and Hedda closed the book on the mysterious disappearance of Dwight Dixon, but not on their feud with Emerson Cod.*

Raising their glasses, Magnus, Nils and Hedda excitedly toast their future with a hardy "Skål!"

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*And as they reveled over the plans for their future secret weapon...*

OMIT

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

Lily sits alone. The pocket watch and her note to Dwight still sitting on the table in front of her.

**NARRATOR**

*...Vivian Charles mourned her old role as sheltered sister and took on a new responsibility.*

Quietly, Vivian enters holding a tray of cheeses, booze and Kleenex and sits next to Lily. The sisters embrace.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*Protecting Lily from ever learning that their beloved Charlotte's body was gone.*

As the sisters hug each other tightly, they both begin to cry and we go...

OMIT

INT. PIE HOLE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

Ned stands at the prep table, slicing fresh fruit.

**NARRATOR**

*Meanwhile, the Pie-Maker meditated on his own responsibilities...*

Chuck ENTERS, fiddling with the BRASS BUTTON she found in Ned's old house. It hangs from a chain around her neck.

**NED**

Any sign of your dad?

**CHUCK**

Nope. Not hide nor hair nor button. But he's around. Somewhere.

NED

I don't know if I like the idea of Charles  
Charles as my guardian angel.

CHUCK

He didn't tell anybody about the pie-maker  
with a knack for baking and waking the dead.  
(tastes the fruit)  
I'd hate it if you had to change careers.  
(notices)  
Are you using fresh fruit?

NED

I am now. I mean, from now on. Touching dead  
things has only gotten me into trouble. So no  
more. Besides, I already got the best thing  
that's ever gonna come from it. You.

CHUCK

No more dead fruit? No more dead people?

NED

I'm going cold turkey. And not just any cold  
turkey either, but frozen-gravy-and-frost-  
covered-carrot-coins-on-the-side cold turkey.  
I am a rock-hard TV dinner of determination.  
From now on, investigating crime is Emerson's  
business and baking pies is mine.

CHUCK

This is all my fault.

NED

I'm not looking to blame anyone. Waking the  
dead creates too many unfortunate variables.  
So I'm removing myself from the equation.

CHUCK

But my dad fixed everything.

NED

I don't want your dad or anybody else's to  
fight my battles for me or clean up my mess.

CHUCK

So that's it?

NED

That's it.

Chuck reels from his pronouncement.

INT. PIE HOLE - DINING AREA - SAME TIME

**NARRATOR**

*While the Pie-Maker took responsibility for his actions, he was wrong about the dad who fought his battles.*

CAMERA FINDS THE BACK OF A MAN sitting at a booth. He wears a fedora and keeps his head low.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

*It wasn't Chuck's father who cleaned up this particular mess. It was the Pie-Maker's.*

The man turns and watches Ned in the kitchen...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW