

One Bad Apple

Written by

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&

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FADE IN:

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S LIVINGROOM - MORNING

VINCENT SCHNODDRIG, a man dressed only in his pajamas, is about to die.

Unfortunately, he doesn't believe it.

VINCENT  
(sarcastically)  
What are you going to do? Kill...

A statue flings across the room and bounces off of his forehead.

He falls dead to the floor.

Now he's a believer.

Vincent's lifeless body lies on the floor staring vacantly to the heavens.

Next to his bloodied head is the black, iron statue that has just sealed his fate.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

BETTY stops TED before he can go any further.

BETTY  
You can't start the story there.

TED  
That's where it starts.

Betty and Ted are sitting with their grandson, SEAN, on an old wooden bench outside the principal's office.

Sean is nine years old and is none too happy about having to listen to another one of his grandparent's fables.

BETTY  
It all began when Leroy Schnoddrig was found dead in his home.

TED  
You're full of crap.

BETTY

Being killed by a flying statue  
isn't nearly as interesting as why  
the statue was flying in the first  
place.

Sean collapses, melodramatically, over his book bag.

SEAN

Do I have to get my punishment now?

BETTY

This story isn't a punishment, it's  
a lesson.

SEAN

There's a difference?

TED

Sure is. A lesson is something you  
get to think about and ponder what  
meaning it has to you. This way you  
can use what you've learned as you  
go through life. A punishment is  
when I make you do all of our  
laundry for the next month and, be  
warned, I am incontinent.

(a beat)

Take your pick.

Sean looks sick with the prospect of dealing with his  
grandparents dirty laundry.

BETTY

Sean, you have to stop picking on  
other kids. We don't want you to  
become a bully. And, that's what  
this story, this lesson, is all  
about.

TED

Hopefully you'll learn that people  
are only going to take so much for  
so long. Even the nicest folks will  
snap after a while.

BETTY

Now, where was I? Oh yes, the  
beginning. It all started when  
Leroy Schnoddrig, the Apple King of  
Wilburton, was found dead in his  
home.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S ENTRYWAY - DAY

LEROY'S POV

Four heads from above circle his view.

SAM, OSCAR, DELILAH and SHERIFF are all kneeling around and looking down in wonderment upon LEROY SCHNODDRIG, who is very old and very dead.

SHERIFF

He looks dead to me.

SAM

Yep, he's dead alright.

DELILAH

You're sure he's dead?

OSCAR

Of course he's sure.

(to Sam)

You are sure, aren't you?

DELILAH

Not to doubt you, Sam. But, you did just get out of med school.

SAM

Well, it is one of the first things they cover.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Sam stands up and takes a few steps away from the body. Sheriff walks over to him.

Oscar and Delilah stay leaning over the corpse.

Leroy's house is old and obviously hasn't been cleaned in years.

Sunlight streams in through the windows highlighting the dust that floats peacefully about the room. One sunbeam falls on the lifeless Leroy.

His body is the brightest thing in the room.

Delilah finds this experience new and exciting.

Oscar is the mayor of Wilburton. Hardened by age and weight, he tugs thoughtlessly on his favorite pair of red suspenders.

DELILAH

I've never been this close to a dead man before. I mean one that wasn't in a coffin already.

OSCAR

I found my grandmother dead sitting in a chair in the living-room.

DELILAH

That's gotta be spooky.

OSCAR

Actually, I was relieved. For the longest time I thought she was just ignoring me.

Sheriff pulls out a notebook and a pen. He clicks it several times out of habit. He speaks slowly, deliberately, sometimes it seems as if a sentence is one long word.

SHERIFF

For the report, what killed him?

SAM

Natural causes.

SHERIFF

Nothing's more natural than dying.

LEROY'S POV

Sam unfolds a flowered bedspread and pulls it over Leroy's head.

All Leroy can "see" are faded, pink roses.

INT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

People are filing into the gathering hall of the building. The room serves as the meeting place for all town meetings and as the court room for trials (if any).

The people of Wilburton are finding places to sit on the long, oak benches, getting coffee and doughnuts at a fold out table set up on the other end of the room, and talking with friends and neighbors.

On the far end of the hall is a long dais, behind which sits Oscar who is talking to SARA MARIE, his wife and assistant.

Oscar bangs his gavel signaling the beginning of the meeting.

Everyone scurries to their seats.

Sheriff joins Oscar and Sara Marie at the front of the room.

OSCAR

Okay, okay, settle down everyone,  
let's get going. Sara Marie will  
now cover the minutes from the last  
meeting.

Sara Marie shuffles through the papers in front of her.

SARA MARIE

Okay. Let's see. Um, last week we  
welcomed little Sammy Brechner back  
to town. He is setting up his  
doctor's office in the old butcher  
shop next to Squilly's Hardware  
Store. Mrs. Lueck will now be  
selling her pies out of the The  
Full Bushel Cafe, and the mayor was  
given his own reserved parking  
space in front of the Town Hall.

OSCAR

Thank you very much, Sara Marie.

SARA MARIE

Which didn't pass without creating  
a big stew because it's such a  
silly idea anyway.

OSCAR

Thank you for that editorial, Sara  
Marie.

He gives her a stern look.

When Oscar is on his stump, he speaks emotionally and  
theatrically, like a cross bred politician-evangelist.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Citizens, our deepest fears have  
been realized.

By the look of dread etched across the faces of his  
constituents, Oscar realizes the political repercussions of  
what he is about to announce.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

I just want you all to know, that I  
had nothing to do with it. If I  
could have done something

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
to prevent it, I would have. If you  
want to blame anyone, blame God.  
It's all His fault this came to  
fore.

SARA MARIE  
Oscar, before you're damned to  
eternal hell, get on with it.

Oscar pauses for dramatics.

OSCAR  
Leroy Schnoddrig our beloved Apple  
King, is dead. And it's all God's  
fault.

It isn't enough to say you can hear a pin drop, you can  
actually hear dust settle.

Then the ruckus starts.

The cacophony of chaos trembles through the town hall like a  
tidal wave.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
Hold on, everyone. Calm down. It's  
not so bad.

WILLARD, the only man known to actually smoke a corn-cob  
pipe, stands up in the crowd.

WILLARD  
It's terrible! Leroy was the Apple  
King. Now we don't have an Apple  
King. Without an Apple King, we  
don't have an Apple Festival. And  
without an Apple Festival this town  
is as dead as Leroy.

OSCAR  
I am fully aware of the rules  
governing the location of the Apple  
Festival. But, Leroy's orchard is  
still alive. Leroy died, not his  
apples. Wilburton is still the  
apple capital of the world.

NANCY, who's nickname is Fancy Nancy because she has a  
penchant for overdressing for every event, stands up.

NANCY

Wait a minute. Are you sure Leroy is dead? Are you sure this isn't some sort of internet hoax?

OSCAR

No. This is not an internet hoax.

NANCY

Are you sure? Just last week alone Vin Diesel was pronounced dead twice.

A murmur of consensus drifts about the building.

NANCY (CONT'D)

There were the most beautiful tribute videos.

OSCAR

Sam, as the new and official doctor of Wilburton can you please speak to the current status of Leroy Schnoddrig please?

Sam stands up.

SAM

Yes, Mr. Mayor. Leroy Schnoddrig is indeed dead. I examined the body and pronounced him dead this afternoon.

OSCAR

There you have it. Straight from the town doctor.

FRANKLIN, the guy whose silo fell over last year, stands up to speak his mind.

FRANKLIN

No offense Sam, but when the town sent you off to med school, we couldn't exactly afford a good one.

Sam is trying to be patient.

SAM

Let me assure you, Leroy is definitely dead. There was no pulse and he was not breathing.

Sheriff stands up.



SHERIFF

I accidentally stepped on his hand  
and he just laid there.

OSCAR

How much more proof do you need?

FRANKLIN

He might just be in a real deep  
sleep.

SAM

He's dead!

FRANKLIN

Sometimes they come back to life.

NANCY

My cousin in Norton was pronounced  
clinically dead and then she just  
sat up and asked for a Fig Newton.

Sam has lost his patience and he's not going to look for it.

SAM

He's dead! He's stiff as a rake! If  
you stepped on his feet, he'd whack  
you in the head.

Oscar bangs his gavel.

OSCAR

Let's put it up to a vote. All  
those who think Leroy is dead say  
"aye".

Most everyone in the crowd says "aye".

OSCAR (CONT'D)

All those who believe he's in some  
strange sort of temporary state of  
suspended animation....

Nancy and Franklin say "aye".

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Majority rules. Leroy's dead.

Oscar bangs his gavel.

The people all settle back down knowing that the Apple King  
is uncontrollably dead.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Now that we all feel confident that Leroy is, indeed, dead, we can get to the business at hand. I, being the mayor and all, have access to the last will and testament to the late Mr. Leroy Schnoddrig.

He holds up the will for everyone to see.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Before I read this, I first want to remind you that it's not my fault. I had nothing to do with it.

Sara Marie whacks Oscar with her notepad.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

The sole beneficiary of the Schnoddrig estate; the property, the house, its contents, and the apples is a man named Vincent Schnoddrig. He is Leroy's nephew, and our new Apple King.

The group falls silent again.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

I have contacted his lawyer in the Big City. We expect to hear from Mr. Vincent Schnoddrig soon.

CHUCK, the garbage man and resident metal-head, stands up. He is decked out in a black, Ozzy Osborne T-shirt.

CHUCK

Sam! You went to med school in the Big City. Do you know this guy?

SAM

Ah, no. It's kind of a big city.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Wilburton has a population of three-hundred-twenty-four.

The people of Wilburton are milling about in their normal routines.

SQUILLY, the owner of the hardware store, and BEN, his best friend, are playing chess on a table set out on the sidewalk in front of the store.

Up the street two old men, JOE and MARTY, sit on a bench in front of "Joe and Marty's Gas Station".

Main street has been brightly decorated, exclaiming the coming of the Apple Festival.

Sam and Sheriff are hanging banners between the streetlights.

One is already up. It reads; "THE APPLE FESTIVAL, OCTOBER 8-10, YOU'LL APPLE-LUTELY LOVE IT!".

They are in the process of hanging another which is printed on both sides with; "WELCOME TO WILBURTON, APPLE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD AND HOME OF THE APPLE KING".

Sheriff and Sam unravel the banner across the middle of the street. The sign is upside-down.

SHERIFF

It's upside-down.

SAM

Oh.

Sheriff heads across to Sam's side of the street. Sam heads over to Sheriff's.

They pull the sign taught and take a look.

It's still upside-down.

SAM (CONT'D)

We have to flip it.

SHERIFF

(to himself)

College boy.

They flip the sign right side up and are about to climb their respective ladders when:

A black Mercedes with tinted windows speeds toward them.

Before they have time to react the sedan plows through the banner, ripping it from their hands.

All Sheriff and Sam are left with are handfuls of rope.

They watch as the Mercedes cruises up the street.

EXT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

The banner is wrapped around the front of the car. The words "APPLE KING" have landed dead center on the grill.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Sam and Sheriff, still holding their rope, watch as the car pulls into the driveway of the Schnoddrig estate at the top of the hill overlooking the town.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

The car pulls to a stop in the gravel driveway.

VINCENT SCHNODDRIG steps from the driver's side and walks to the front of his car. He reads from the banner.

VINCENT  
Apple King.

He yanks the banner from his grill and tosses it aside.

EXT. THE FULL BUSHEL CAFE - DAY

The Full Bushel Cafe is the favorite bar/restaurant in town. A large, neon sign blinks on and off, urging people to come inside. It doesn't need to be there. Everyone in Wilburton knows it's the place to go.

Sam runs up to the door.

INT. THE FULL BUSHEL CAFE - DAY

EDDIE owns the The Full Bushel Cafe and, because he finds it difficult to hire someone to work as cheap as he does, is bartending.

Oscar, Chuck, and SEVERAL LOCALS are sitting at the bar.

The door flings open and the bright sunshine invades their dark commune forcing them to squint their eyes.

When the door closes they must blink their eyes because of the sunspots.

As they regain their sight, Sam appears before them.

SAM  
He's here.

EXT. THE FULL BUSHEL CAFE - DAY

The door flings open shooting Sam, Oscar, Chuck and the rest onto the street.

They fan out across the town to spread the word of the King's arrival.

INT. DEE DEE'S HOUSE OF BEAUTY - DAY

Sheriff storms into the overly pink beauty parlor, disrupting the women's routine.

SHERIFF

Girls!

DEE DEE is the woman to thank for the extravagant hair styles of the town. Currently she is working on MARTHA's hair.

WILMA and LIZ are under huge, cone-like hair dryers.

They freeze. Men DO NOT come into the House Of Beauty.

DEE DEE

This better be good, Sheriff,  
you're disrupting hair care.

SHERIFF

What has all of Wilburton been  
waiting for?

LIZ

Off track betting?

MARTHA

The circus?

WILMA

A town doctor?

SHERIFF

We just got one of those.

WILMA

Oh, yeah.

DEE DEE

Old Navy?

LIZ

Ooh, ooh, ooh! A juice bar.

SHERIFF

No!

(a beat)

The Apple King has arrived.

Martha jumps up from her seat and begins barking orders.

MARTHA

Liz, call Sara Marie, she's at choir practice. Wilma, go to Agatha's. It's her week for the book club. Dee Dee, watch the Schnoddrig house to see if they come into town. Come on girls, move. I said MOVE!

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Sam crosses the street from the Full Bushel to his office. He stops to look for Ben and Squilly.

A bishop is wobbling to a stop on the chess board, but Ben and Squilly are nowhere to be seen.

INT. SAM'S WAITING AREA - DAY

Sam's waiting area still looks more like a butcher shop than a doctor's office. The "reception area" has a large glass display case running the length of the room.

There are still some specials hanging on the wall, such as: "Juicy Pork Chops, \$1.99/lb." and "Honey Baked Ham, 1.50/lb.".

Delilah is cleaning the inside of the display case. It looks as though someone could buy a pound and a half of her.

Sam looks at her funny.

DELILAH

I feel like a cheap piece of meat when you look at me like that.

SAM

Vincent Schnoddrig just pulled into town.

DELILAH

I already know.

Sam checks his watch.

SAM

Wow. They're getting good.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S HOUSE - DAY

CAMILLE, Vincent's wife, steps out of the car. She opens the back door to let their dog, BUTTER, out to run.

Vincent stands on the front lawn with his hands on his hips appraising his new Victorian-style castle. Camille steps up beside him.

VINCENT

Look at that. It's hell all dolled up as a house.

CAMILLE

I didn't think hell would have so much gingerbreading.

Butter jumps up to play with Vincent, but he shoos the dog away as he steps toward the house.

VINCENT

I can't believe I quit my job for this.

CAMILLE

You were fired.

VINCENT

For the record when I swung at my boss, that was me saying "I quit". Thanks for bringing it up.

CAMILLE

You brought it up.

VINCENT

You wanted to move here.

CAMILLE

What has that got to do with anything?

VINCENT

If we didn't move here, I never would have brought it up.

CAMILLE

If you speed up your ability to talk in circles, you could talk to yourself.

VINCENT  
You're real funny, Camille.

Vincent enters the house.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S ENTRYWAY - DAY

Camille enters the grand foyer.

A stairway curves up and around the room. A hallway leads to a kitchen in the back of the house. To the right is a formal sitting room and dining room. To the left is a huge living room.

Camille is impressed.

CAMILLE  
This just might work.

Vincent is not.

VINCENT  
Living here will waste precious moments of my life. This place is screaming "Sell me! Sell me! Sell me!"

A MAN enters the room carrying a box. He is with the moving company.

MAN  
Where do you want this?

VINCENT  
Back in the truck.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Boxes are piled high all over the entryway, the sitting room, the dining room and the living room.

Camille is humming as she unpacks one of them in the living room.

Vincent is sprawled out on a bed of packing crates tired from the move.

The doorbell rings.

VINCENT  
There's something I'm going to have to get rid of.



Vincent gets up to answer the door.

CAMILLE  
The doorbell?

VINCENT  
The visitor.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S ENTRYWAY - AFTERNOON

Vincent swings the front door open.

Martha, Wilma and Liz stand on the front porch smiling heavily.

They are dressed in their very best and all are sporting perfect hairdo's by Dee Dee.

The women gasp at the sight of Appleus Regius.

VINCENT  
What'd you do? Swallow your gum?

The women are unable to speak in the presence of his highness.

Martha gives Wilma an urging nudge.

WILMA  
Oh, welcome to Wilburton.

LIZ  
Welcome to Wilburton.

MARTHA  
Welcome to Wilburton.

The three women smile the same smile and tilt their heads at the same angle after their greeting, like this has been diligently choreographed.

Camille comes up and stands next to Vincent.

Liz extends a tray of apple muffins awkwardly.

LIZ  
These are for you.

Camille accepts them graciously.

CAMILLE  
That's so sweet. Would you like to come in?

MARTHA

Would we ever.

Martha, Wilma and Liz barge past Camille and Vincent.

Camille turns to corral the welcoming committee, who have spread out to nose around the house.

CAMILLE

Vincent, you coming?

Vincent looks at the women with the big hair. He looks back out the open door. He's in a quandary.

VINCENT

I'm going to look for a bar. I'd ask them where one is, but I don't speak bumpkin.

Vincent heads out the door.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Camille enters carrying a tray with a teapot and several mismatched mugs on it.

CAMILLE

Sorry about the mess.

Martha, Wilma and Liz are sitting on an antique couch. They seem a bit intimidated by the boxes that loom over them.

MARTHA

Looks like you two certainly have your work cut out.

Camille sets the tray on the coffee table.

CAMILLE

That's the problem with inheriting a house; the person who lived here before you never really moved out.

She pours tea for her guests.

WILMA

That Leroy was a pack rat.

LIZ

Wilma?!

CAMILLE

That's alright. I never knew him.

MARTHA

He was more like a collector.

WILMA

A collector doesn't rummage through garbage like a raccoon.

LIZ

One morning I caught him pilfering my trash.

Something in the room catches Liz's eye.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Matter of fact, that ashtray is mine.

She points to the ashtray across the room.

CAMILLE

Oh, really. Do you want it back?

MARTHA

(to Liz)

I thought you quit smoking and took up glass blowing instead?

LIZ

I think I'm going back to smoking. Glass blowing is dangerous. I burned my lip the other day and it blistered. I might be needing that ashtray.

WILMA

For Pete's sake, Liz, you threw it out once. What do you want to do, relive the magic and throw it out again?

MARTHA

And glass blowing is MORE dangerous than smoking? You are crazy.

LIZ

(begrudgingly)

Thank you, but I don't need the ashtray.

MARTHA

Say what you will about Leroy, but he is the Apple King.

LIZ

Was the Apple King. He's dead,  
remember.

MARTHA

That's right.  
(to Camille)  
We approved it at the last town  
meeting.

CAMILLE

What do you mean by Apple King?

MARTHA

Leroy grew more apples than  
anybody.

WILMA

He was the most important man in  
all of Wilburton. If it weren't for  
him, Bayville would hold the Apple  
Festival.

LIZ

Don't even use Bayville and Apple  
Festival in the same sentence. It's  
like saying the Pope got a nun  
pregnant.

MARTHA

(horrified)  
You can't say that.

LIZ

My point, exactly.

CAMILLE

Wilburton has an Apple Festival?  
That sounds like so much fun.

LIZ

Oh, honey, it's to die for.

MARTHA

Now that Leroy is gone, your  
husband is the King.

Camille starts to hack. That bit of information, like the tea  
she is drinking, went down the wrong pipe.

LIZ

Quick the Heimlich!

MARTHA  
 (smugly)  
 She's choking on tea.

INT. THE FULL BUSHEL CAFE - AFTERNOON

Vincent has found a comfortable stool next to the bar.  
 Everyone in the bar has their gaze fixed on the new King.

Vincent is self conscious of the stares.

Eddie serves him a beer. Vincent smells it.

He turns to the other patrons.

VINCENT  
 People of Earth. I am going to  
 drink my beer now.

Embarrassed, everyone averts their glances.

He takes a swig and spins back around on his stool.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 Jesus. I'm living in the middle of  
 nowhere.

Oscar, purposely eavesdropping, overhears him.

OSCAR  
 I wouldn't necessarily say  
 Wilburton is in the middle of  
 nowhere. It is in the middle of  
 somewhere I can assure you.

VINCENT  
 Like the middle of a doughnut.

OSCAR  
 There's nothing in the middle of a  
 doughnut.

Vincent taps his nose and points to Oscar in a classic  
 charades gesture.

EDDIE  
 Wilburton is the Apple Capital of  
 the world.

VINCENT  
 I guess someone's got to be.

SAM

It's what put us on the map.

VINCENT

It's not on the map! I got lost trying to find this place.

SHERIFF

Well, you're here now, and Wilburton has their Apple King.

The people in the bar raise their glasses and toast.

CROWD

Long live the King!

VINCENT

What in the blue blazes are you talking about?

OSCAR

Your Uncle Leroy is dead. He was the Apple King. You're alive. You are the new King. Long live the King.

Vincent looks around the room at his adoring subjects and grins.

He takes one last chug from his beer, and slams the mug onto the bar.

VINCENT

Alright then, who's picking up the next round for the King?

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S BACK PORCH - EVENING

Camille is sitting in an old rocker on the porch enjoying the sunset.

Butter lies asleep next to her.

VINCENT(O.C.)

Camille!

Camille's tranquility deflates with a sigh.

Vincent steps onto the porch.

Completely ignoring the sunset, he is transfixed by the apple trees that fill the landscape as far as he can see.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

It's official. This whole town is some government experiment gone terribly awry.

CAMILLE

Are you kidding? This place is great. These are sweet, good-natured people living in a simple, little town.

She stretches her arms out over their apple orchard.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

This is America.

Vincent imitates/mocks her outstretched arms.

VINCENT

This is a town with an abnormal apple fetish, Camille.

Butter jumps up from her nap and bounds across the porch to Vincent.

Vincent stands motionless as Butter plays, cheerfully, at his feet.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

They probably get together every month by the light of the first full moon and do things with apples that most decent people would find disgusting. Rub each other down with cinnamon and sugar and top each other off with Cool-Whip and a scoop of vanilla ice-cream. God only knows what they do with those apple corers. It's creepy, I tell you.

CAMILLE

There are no ceremonious human pies being made around here. Wilburton will be a great place for us to start over and put down roots.

VINCENT

It's like Mayberry, only in color. But yeah, living here could have its perks. I mean, I am the Apple King.

(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I have a bunch of crummy trees out there, worthless as styling gel to a bald man, and they crown me King because of them. Bunch of barn-raising chuckleheads. Apple King? Let's see what I can squeeze out of that title.

CAMILLE

Vincent, we're in Wilburton. There's no need to get power hungry.

VINCENT

That's where you're wrong. I'm at an all-you-can-eat buffet.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Sean begins to realize this "punishment" isn't half bad. The story is pretty good, and so far his Playstation privileges haven't been revoked.

BETTY

Vincent felt, with money, he could buy a lot of things. But, with power, he could get a lot of things. He didn't want to move to Wilburton, but now, you couldn't get him to leave.

SEAN

What about his wife?

TED

Camille was looking for a change. And, moving to Wilburton was just the beginning.

SEAN

What about their dog?

TED

What about it?

SEAN

What did the dog want to do?

BETTY

I don't think it matters.

SEAN

The dog is part of the family.



TED  
It's just a dog. Dogs don't care  
where they are.

SEAN  
My dog cares.

Betty cries "Uncle".

BETTY  
Okay. The dog wanted to live in  
Wilburton.

SEAN  
How'd they know that?

TED  
Because the dog didn't run away.

The child accepts that explanation.

BETTY  
May I continue?

SEAN  
Sure. Just don't leave out any more  
big details like that.

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

The people of Wilburton mill about outside the door before  
the start of the town meeting.

INT TOWN HALL - NIGHT

The room is filled to capacity, as usual.

Vincent is at the doughnut table reaching for an apple  
fritter.

Squilly grabs the same pastry at the same time.

When Squilly looks up to find who he is jousting with he  
immediately let's go.

SQUILLY  
Hi! So, you're the new Apple King?

VINCENT  
Yes I am, and don't you forget it.

He takes a big bite out of the fritter. Vincent makes a face. Not happy with his pastry he places the violated fritter back on the table.

Oscar bangs his gavel. Everyone takes their seat.

Vincent walks up the center aisle looking for Camille.

EDDIE

Hey, Vincent, I saved a seat for you.

He pats the chair next to him. Vincent keeps moving.

Chuck, decked out in a Jethro Tull T-shirt, is waving frantically.

CHUCK

Hey, Vincent, sit by me.

Vincent passes by. He finds Camille and quickly ducks into his seat.

OSCAR

Settle down everyone. Let's get going. Sara Marie will now cover the minutes of the last meeting.

Sara Marie shuffles through, what seems to be, her mandatory stack of papers.

SARA MARIE

Ah...Okay. Um, last week we all agreed that Leroy Schnoddrig is dead. The Apple Festival can continue as scheduled, and our mayor still has that idiotic parking spot....

OSCAR

The parking spot is mine, fair and square. Maybe at the next meeting we won't have to hear about it.

SARA MARIE

Too late. You discussed it, it goes in the minutes.

He gives her a stern look.

OSCAR

First and foremost: it gives me great pleasure, as your mayor, to introduce the newest members of our community. Please give a warm Wilburtonian welcome to the biggest thing to hit town since that swarm of killer bees; the new Apple King, Vincent Schnoddrig and his wife, Camille.

A large ovation fills the room as people turn to get a good look at the Schnoddrigs.

Oscar urges the new residents to stand.

Camille is overwhelmed by the outpouring of affection and stands graciously.

Vincent feels this is ludicrous and doesn't budge.

Camille grabs him by the scruff of the neck and pulls him up.

As soon as she lets go, he sits back down.

Camille remains standing.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

On behalf of the people of Wilburton, I would like to present the new Apple King and his family with a key to the city.

Oscar lifts up a hefty, highly glossed key with "WILBURTON" blazoned across its face. It looks like it was an "A+" project from shop class.

Camille pokes at Vincent to get up and accept the gift.

Vincent steps up next to Oscar, grabs the key and gives it a pull. Oscar does not let go.

He tugs it again. Oscar tugs back.

CECIL, the editor, reporter, photographer and delivery boy of the Wilburton Gazette, runs up and squats directly in front of the podium.

He lifts his camera up and takes the picture.

Oscar, after the moment is saved, lets go of the key.

Oscar motions for Vincent to say a few words. Vincent steps cautiously to the podium.

VINCENT

Ah. Thanks?

The crowd ignites into an ovation.

Vincent rolls his eyes and quickly returns to his seat.

OSCAR

It has been a long standing custom for the Apple King to address the crowd at the Apple Festival. I hate to impose on you so soon, but the Apple Festival is quickly approaching, and I was wondering if you would like to keep this tradition alive?

Vincent won't answer.

CAMILLE

He'd love to.

OSCAR

Wonderful. Vincent will speak at the Apple Festival.

He bangs his gavel.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

If there is anything we can do to make you feel more at home, please feel free to ask.

Oscar waits for a response.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Is there anything?

Camille stands up.

CAMILLE

Well, actually, there is. Leroy left a lot of stuff at the house. I could use some help sorting through it all.

Delilah, on the other side of the room, stands up.

DELILAH

I could help out.

OSCAR

(to Camille)  
She could help out.

Every head in the crowd follows the conversation back and forth like a tennis match.

CAMILLE  
That's great. When could you start?

OSCAR  
(to Delilah)  
When could you start?

DELILAH  
Tomorrow.

OSCAR  
(to Camille)  
Tomorrow.

VINCENT  
We can hear her.

OSCAR  
Oh. Ok. Carry on.

CAMILLE  
Alright. Stop by tomorrow.

Camille and Delilah sit back down.

OSCAR  
Delilah is now working for the Schnoddrigs.

Oscar bangs his gavel.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
Is there any other order of  
business to address?

From the crowd Squilly raises his hand and stands.

SQUILLY  
My top laying hen has just laid  
what I believe to be a hybrid  
Polish-Berkbine chicken, the only  
one of its kind in the world. I  
need to add on to my coup to  
accommodate this rare breed.

OSCAR  
Squilly needs to build a bigger  
chicken coup. All in favor say  
"Aye".

THE CROWD

AYE!

OSCAR

All opposed.

Vincent clears his throat loudly, deliberately.

Camille gives him a swift elbow to the stomach. Vincent winces and grabs his gut.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Build your coup, Squilly.

He bangs his gavel.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Anything else?

The group is silent.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Well, if that's everything, then the meeting is adjourned.

Oscar bangs his gavel.

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

The meeting is over and everyone is gathered around the door mingling.

Vincent pulls Camille away faster than she wants to go.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Camille is kneeling on the floor, digging through one of the many boxes that fill the room.

Vincent is strolling along the walls of the room, looking at all of the stuff that adorns his shelves.

CAMILLE

I think I'm going to move some of these things to the cellar.

VINCENT

You keep referring to all of this crap as crap we would actually want to keep. Throw it all away!

CAMILLE

I want to do a little googling and see if these antiques are worth anything.

VINCENT

Antiques?! You know what an antique is? Old, ugly crap that nobody got around to throwing away.

Vincent picks up a statue standing on one of the shelves.

It is grotesque. It is made of iron and depicts a large crow standing proudly with a dead rat clasped in one foot.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Look at this. It's old. It's ugly. It's crap. Must be an antique.

The statue flips out of his hand and drops onto his foot.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

PISS LICKIN' BASTARD!!!!

He jumps around on one leg until he falls over on the floor.

CAMILLE

Did you hurt yourself?

VINCENT

No. Your antique did.

CAMILLE

I'll get some ice.

Camille leaves Vincent squirming on the floor.

The doorbell rings.

CAMILLE(O.C.) (CONT'D)

I'll get it!

Soon Camille leads Delilah into the living room.

DELILAH

Morning, Mr. Schnoddrig.

Camille leaves to get ice.

Delilah tilts her head, trying to get a good look at his position.

Vincent looks up at her.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
Heck of a day, isn't it?

Camille comes back into the room and kneels next to Vincent. She applies ice to the swelling.

CAMILLE  
Ooh. This looks pretty bad. I'm going to call a doctor.

VINCENT  
I'm not going to some quack out in hicksville.

DELILAH  
No, in Wilburton. The doctor in Hicksville passed away about a year ago.

INT. SAM'S WAITING AREA - MORNING

AGATHA, the town gossip, has found herself in the prime position of working the front desk for Sam.

The phone rings.

She recognizes the number on the caller ID.

AGATHA(O.C.)  
Leroy?! We all thought you were dead!

CAMILLE  
He is dead.

AGATHA(O.C.)  
Oh, that's right. This must be the new Schnoddrig in town. I saw you at the meeting last night.

CAMILLE  
Yes, I was there. Can I speak with the doctor?

AGATHA(O.C.)  
Oh, no. What happened?

CAMILLE  
My husband dropped a statue on his foot. I think it's broken.



INT. SAM'S WAITING AREA - DAY

AGATHA

Cement glue can probably fix it.  
Just make sure you have all the  
pieces.

CAMILLE(O.C.)

No. His foot is broken.

AGATHA

Well you're in luck. We have a  
doctor here in town. If we didn't  
you'd have to go all the way out to  
Hicksville but, of course, that was  
before their doctor died....

CAMILLE(O.C.)

Can I talk to him?

AGATHA

Well, no. He's dead.

CAMILLE(O.C.)

No, the doctor in Wilburton.

AGATHA

Oh, sure. Just say the word.

A moment of silence passes where nothing happens.

CAMILLE(O.C.)

Now would be good.

AGATHA

Okey-dokey.

Agatha patches Camille through to Sam's office.

Being the town gossip and all, she listens in.

INT. DEE DEE'S HOUSE-O-BEAUTY

Dee Dee, in all her splendor, is working like a crazed  
sculptress on Liz's hair. Liz is holding a mirror, admiring  
Dee Dee's work.

Martha and Wilma are underneath the hair dryers.

The telephone, next to a key to the city, is ringing.

Dee Dee halts her work in progress and goes to the phone.

DEE DEE

Dee Dee's House Of Beauty...Oh, hi  
Agatha...

With the mere mention of Agatha's name the interest of everyone in the salon peaks.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

...You don't say...She told you  
that?...He did what?...The Apple  
King?...

When Dee Dee says "Apple King" all activity stops in the salon.

Wilma and Martha take their heads out from under the dryers. Liz spins in the pink, plastic covered, hair cutting chair to look at Dee Dee.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

A small group of people have gathered outside the entrance to Sam's office. They are trying to look nonchalant as they await the appearance of the Apple King.

Ben and Squilly are getting annoyed with the people who keep bumping into their everlasting chess game.

The Schnoddrig's pull their Mercedes in front of the office. Camille is driving.

Camille walks around the car aware of all the curious stares.

She nods politely at the townsfolk who catch her eye.

Camille opens Vincent's door. He sits.

VINCENT

I am not going to a doctor that  
still uses leeches.

CAMILLE

Vincent, you have to be open to new  
experiences. How do you know you  
won't like the blood sucking if you  
don't give it a go. It could be  
very refreshing.

Vincent looks up at the sign above the door. It still reads "Butcher Shop".

VINCENT

I'll bet you twenty bucks, he takes one look at my lame foot and shoots me.

CAMILLE

Okay. Fine. We'll go back home. But keep in mind. If your foot becomes infected and gangrenous it'll be this doctor who'll have to chop it off.

Vincent gets out of the car mumbling obscenities under his breath.

Like a star arriving at the premiere of his latest motion picture, an aisle of people form between the car and the office door.

INT. SAM'S WAITING AREA - DAY

Vincent and Camille enter.

The office is silent.

Vincent and Camille look questioningly around the room, wondering if they are in the right place.

Sam steps out of the back office.

VINCENT

You better be a real doctor, pal. I don't want no witchman conjuring up spells to cast out my injury. I need real medicine.

SAM

Let me assure you, I am a real doctor.

(proudly)

I'm the one who pronounced your uncle clinically dead.

VINCENT

(sarcastically)

Wow, you are good.

Sam goes to one end of the display case, which now displays his diploma and a key to the city. It also houses his paperwork.

He finds a clipboard with some forms on it.

SAM

Now, what did you say the nature of the injury was?

CAMILLE

An act of God.

INT. SAM'S EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The examining room is butcher shop sterile. Everything is freshly scrubbed stainless steel. Sam has pushed the meat hooks to the far end of their tracks.

Vincent sits on the table with his feet curled up underneath himself, protecting them from Dr. Brechner.

SAM

It's just a nasty bruise.

VINCENT

My foot is broken. Don't tell me it's just bruised, cuz' it's broken. I can hear the bones cracking. It sounds like Rice Crispies in there.

SAM

Mr. Schnoddrig.....

VINCENT

I want some X-rays taken right now, you quack, or you'll really learn something about broken bones.

SAM

X-rays will just be a waste of time and money.

VINCENT

I've got plenty of both. Take the X-rays now or your first operation will be to remove my foot from your ass!

INT. SAM'S EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER

Sam turns on the X-ray lamp and places an X-ray on it. And another, and another.

None of them show a broken bone.

SAM  
Bruised like a bad apple.

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

Vincent charges into the reception area on a cane. His foot is wrapped in an ace bandage.

VINCENT  
You're a quack! You're such a bad doctor you couldn't even play one on TV. You wouldn't know the difference between a broken bone and an asshole.

Vincent rounds the corner of the display case. Sam is close behind.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
No! You would know an asshole. You just have to look in the mirror.

Vincent storms out of the office.

CAMILLE  
(to Sam)  
I'm so, so sorry. He's just in a lot of pain.

She follows Vincent out.

EXT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

The mass of people are still waiting for the next appearance of the Apple King.

Vincent crashes out of the door shooing people with his cane.

VINCENT  
Get out of my way! What are you people waiting for, the Wells Fargo Wagon?

He heads straight for the car.

Camille reaches the driver's side door and gives an apologetic smile to the crowd before getting in the car.

The car pulls away.

EXT. SAM'S OFFICE - EVENING

Sam is locking up the office for the night. Delilah is standing beside him.

SAM

Something's wrong with that guy.

DELILAH

That's why he came to see you.

SAM

He doesn't need a doctor, he needs an exorcist.

DELILAH

Big City folk are a little more high strung than what we are used to. You, more than anybody, should know that.

SAM

I know an asshole when I see one.

DELILAH

I'm glad you learned something in Med school.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vincent is lounging on the couch, watching television.

Camille, on the other hand, is still unpacking. She walks into the room carrying two large boxes.

VINCENT

Oh, good, you're here. Go get me a beer, will ya?

She doesn't stop walking.

CAMILLE

Get it yourself.

She walks out of the room.

VINCENT

(shouting behind her)  
Your bedside manner sucks, Camille!

Vincent gets up from his prone position.

He hobbles on his cane toward the kitchen.

Butter, with canine energy, bounds into the room, knocking Vincent's cane out from under him.

Vincent crumbles to the floor.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
That no good bitch.

EXT. SQUILLY'S HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Ben and Squilly are playing chess.

Vincent's Mercedes jams into a parking space in front of Ben and Squilly's game.

He jerks himself out his car and hobbles toward the chess players.

VINCENT  
Hey! You got any chains?

Squilly, wanting to be helpful, gets up from his chess game and heads into his store.

SQUILLY  
Yep. All shapes and sizes.

Vincent stops short and stands behind Ben, who is moving his rook across the board.

VINCENT  
Oooh.

Ben stops mid-motion and looks up from his board at Vincent.

Vincent's face is contorted into a look of disapproval.

Ben looks back down at the board and tries another move.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Here, let me show you.

Vincent grabs Ben's queen and makes a move.

Ben gives it some thought. He moves it back.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Are you trying to lose?

Vincent re-makes his move. Ben moves it back.

Vincent re-makes his move. Ben moves it back. Re-makes his move. Moves it back. Re-makes move. Moves back. Move. Back.

Move, back.

In the melee over the queen, the table is bumped, sending pieces flying and ruining the game.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 (sarcastically)  
 Nice move, ass hat.

Vincent enters the store.

INT. SQUILLY'S HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Squilly's Hardware Store is a cornucopia of hardware supplies, a plumber's dream, a handyman's fantasy.

A key to the city hangs above the cash register.

Squilly is standing in a vast jungle of chains in front of the huge window that looks out into the street.

Past the backwards letters on this side of the glass, Ben is outside, scrambling to straighten out the chess game.

This happens behind Squilly's back, so he doesn't see it.

SQUILLY  
 (looking into chains)  
 What size you looking for?

VINCENT  
 Give me the biggest you got.

Squilly holds up a colossal chain.

SQUILLY  
 This is used for tractor pulls.

VINCENT  
 But, will it hold a dog?

Squilly looks at the chain. It's HUGE.

SQUILLY  
 How big a dog you got?

VINCENT  
 She's not big. But, she's a bitch.



EXT. SQUILLY'S HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Vincent drags the chain to the trunk of his car. As he heaves the load into his car he sees Chuck enter Larry's Market across the street.

He closes up his trunk and totters off to meet Chuck.

Squilly comes out of his store and looks down at Ben who sits next to a messed up chess board.

SQUILLY  
Did you sneeze?

INT. LARRY'S MARKET - DAY

ANNA and ANGIE, two sisters who together have buried four husbands, are shopping for salad fixin's.

ANGIE is fondling a tomato. She gets a dismayed look on her face and puts the tomato back.

She grabs another, fondles it and puts it back. She does this several times.

ANNA  
Just grab a tomato already.

ANGIE  
I have to pick a ripe tomato. I'm not about to pick just any tomato and risk getting a disease just because you're being impatient.

ANNA  
How many tomatoes do you need?

ANGIE  
Five.

ANNA  
Oh, my good Lord. I have to wait through this four more times? I hope you don't need any other squeezable things. God forbid you need any toilet paper.

The little bell above the door jingles as Vincent enters through it.

LARRY, the owner of the store, is sitting behind the register.

On the wall behind him hangs a key to the city.

LARRY  
Hello, Mr. Schnoddrig.

VINCENT  
Yeah.

In front of the register is a display of candies, batteries, cheap water pistols and whatnot.

Vincent picks up a candy bar from the display and starts to eat it.

LARRY  
That'll be a dollar.

VINCENT  
I'll pay for it on the way out.

Vincent spies Chuck thumping melons in the produce section. He goes to him.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Chuck.

CHUCK  
Hi, Mr. Schnoddrig.

VINCENT  
Don't interrupt.  
(pause)  
You're the garbage man, aren't you?

CHUCK  
The one and only.

He thumps a plump honeydew.

VINCENT  
When do you pick up my trash?

CHUCK  
Your garbage?

VINCENT  
I don't give a shit what you call it. When do you pick it up?

CHUCK  
I collect on Tuesdays and Fridays. Leave it out at the end of your driveway.....

VINCENT

Right there, there's a problem.

Chuck thumps a succulent crenshaw.

CHUCK

What? I.....

VINCENT

I'm not hauling my stinky friggin' garbage all the way down that friggin' hill. That's half way to the friggin' dump, Chuck.

CHUCK

Everyone leaves it at the end of their driveway.

VINCENT

I'm not everyone, I'm the King. Remember that, Chuck? Me being the King? Ring a frickin' bell, you ding-a-ling?

CHUCK

Mr. Schnoddrig, you live on kind of a steep hill. I don't know if I can turn the truck around up there.

He half-heartedly thumps a cantaloupe.

VINCENT

You can turn the truck around up there, you chicken shit bastard. Quit being such a cry baby.

CHUCK

Yeah, but....

VINCENT

Put it together, Chuck: Garbage. Man. Garbage man. You pick up garbage. So, pick up my garbage already you piece of waste.

CHUCK

Alright, alright. I'll pick up your garbage.

VINCENT

Christ, it's like pulling teeth.

Vincent leaves Chuck to his thumping.

Chuck, his spirit broken, no longer has the drive to thump. He moves on to the canned goods.

Vincent is about to head out the door when Larry stops him.

LARRY

Mr. Schnoddrig, you forgot to pay for the candy bar.

VINCENT

I don't have a candy bar.

Larry chuckles hoping this is a joke. It isn't.

LARRY

I know you don't have one now. You ate it. You took one when you came in. An Almond Joy.

VINCENT

I know not of this candy bar of which you speak.

LARRY

It came in the blue and white wrapper, as opposed to the red and white wrapper of the Mounds. Almond Joy. It's got real dark chocolate. Crunchy nuts. And creamy coconut, too.

VINCENT

That does sound pretty good.

Anna has walked down the aisle and picks up the conversation from here.

LARRY

Please, Mr. Schnoddrig, you have to pay for the candy bar.

ANNA

The man doesn't have a candy bar, Larry. You can't make him pay for a candy bar he doesn't have.

ANGIE

You've been working too hard, Larry. You need to take some time off. Check into a spa.

VINCENT

Thank you, Ma'am. Good day, Larry.

Vincent leaves.

Larry runs around the counter and counts the Almond Joys.

ANGIE

(to Larry)

I want to speak to you about your  
tomatoes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Delilah is holding up and inspecting the statue that fell on  
Vincent's foot.

DELILAH

There's a fine line between art and  
a door jam.

Camille looks up from a box.

CAMILLE

That's the statue that crushed  
Vincent's foot.

Camille takes the statue from Delilah, clears off a spot  
above the fireplace and sets it there for everyone to see.

DELILAH

Be careful where you put that. You  
don't want that to fall onto his  
foot again.

Camille nudges it closer to the edge.

She steps back to enjoy its grotesque beauty.

CAMILLE

Delilah, are you seeing anybody?

DELILAH

No. I haven't found mister right. I  
haven't even really found mister  
run-of-the-mill.

CAMILLE

Don't ever settle for mister run-  
of-the-mill. My mom told me  
something a long time ago, "Every  
decision you make will affect the  
rest of your life". I ignored her  
because I thought she was trying to  
talk me out of getting that Bon  
Jovi tattoo.

DELILAH

Did you get it?

CAMILLE

No. But, I got something twice as painful and almost as permanent.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S BACKYARD - SUNSET

Butter's sad and pathetic face is drooped wearily on the grass.

She is anchored to a massive tree by the huge chain.

Her ears perk up.

Camille steps out onto the back porch to find her poor puppy-dog held captive by the weight of the chain.

Camille walks over to her dog. She kneels down to try and free her.

In the process she notices her wedding ring.

Camille, with some problem, unchains Butter.

The dog is happier than a clam. She jumps around Camille trying to lick her face.

They share a moment before Butter takes off to chase squirrels, dig for bones, or whatever it is that dogs do when they're alone.

Camille watches Butter play. She smiles.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S FRONT YARD - MORNING

Chuck is busy throwing garbage in the back of a large, old garbage truck. Attached to the grill is a key to the city.

There is a gargantuan pile of garbage near the house along with five full, metal garbage cans.

Chuck is doing his job happily, singing "Babe", the ultimate Styx ballad. He bangs the sticky stuff off the bottom of the can.

CHUCK

Cuz' you know it's you, Babe!  
Whenever I get weary And I've had  
enough, Feel like givin' up.....

Vincent throws open one of the windows on the second floor of the house.

He has been awakened from his slumber and is not pleased by it.

VINCENT  
(yelling groggily)  
Waada oooh dooiy!?

Chuck looks up at Vincent.

CHUCK  
And a good morning to you too, Mr.  
Schnoddrig.

Vincent slaps each side of his face to wake himself up.

VINCENT  
I said, "What are you doing?"

CHUCK  
(proudly)  
I'm picking up your garbage.

VINCENT  
Do you have to make so much noise?

Chuck gives this some honest thought.

CHUCK  
Well, I'd never really given that  
much thought. I guess, if pressed,  
I wouldn't have to make so much  
noise. If there were some sort of  
competition I could.....

VINCENT  
Dammit man, I'm trying to sleep  
here!

CHUCK  
Then I suppose I should quit  
yakking and let you go back to bed.

VINCENT  
Good.

Vincent slams the window shut.

Chuck goes back to banging and singing.

CHUCK

Cuz' it's you, Babe! Givin' me the  
courage And the strength I need.  
Please believe that it's true Babe  
I love you!

Vincent whips open his window.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I thought you were trying to sleep?

VINCENT

I can't.

CHUCK

Here's what you do: Picture  
yourself on a boat on a river with  
tangerine trees and marmalade  
skies.

(snaps his fingers)

You'll be out like a light.

VINCENT

Chuck. I'm trying to sleep, and  
that requires peace and quiet. Not  
some karaoke clown singing hits  
from the seventies at the top of  
his lungs and banging out  
percussion on my damn trash cans.  
So be quiet or I'll strap you in a  
chair and force you to listen to  
Broadway musicals. That's right. My  
Fair Lady! The Phantom of the  
Opera! Cats!

Chuck shudders.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Now, you go about your little job  
here and, be quiet. Or I'll see to  
it that we get someone more  
qualified, say, a monkey, to take  
your place!

Vincent slams the window shut again.

In a daze, Chuck collects the garbage slowly.

INT. THE FULL BUSHEL CAFE - NIGHT

Eddie is bartending while Sam, Oscar, and Sheriff are all  
sitting down enjoying their quitting time suds.



On the shelf with the liquor bottles is a key to the city.

Chuck enters the bar.

He shuffles over to the bar and plops down on a stool.

CHUCK

You know, my job is pretty easy. I can get it done in just a couple of hours in the morning. Nobody bothers me. It's just me and my music. And, sometimes, I find some really neat things in the trash. But this morning my job stunk.

Eddie slides him a beer.

EDDIE

Doesn't it usually?

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Vincent's car is driving swiftly down the dark country road.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

He drives peacefully with nothing on the radio.

VINCENT'S POV

Through the windshield, the darkness of the night sky, and the blackness of the road ahead are illuminated by his headlights.

Suddenly a flash of feathers bursts in front of the car.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Vincent turns his wheel sharply and buries his foot into the brake.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

The car skids wildly out of control.

VINCENT'S POV

Through the windshield Vincent sees feathers shooting up at him and swirling around the car.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

He tries to regain command of his car.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

The auto skids to a halt.

It idles as feathers float to the ground.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Vincent is puffing from the excitement.

INT. THE FULL BUSHEL CAFE - NIGHT

Sam, Oscar, Sheriff and Chuck are sitting at the bar when Squilly bursts into the room in a tizzy.

SQUILLY

My chicken.

EDDIE

Can we help you?

Squilly hands Eddie an artist's rendering of a chicken.

SQUILLY

Someone stole my chicken. My rare,  
one of a kind Polish-Berkbine  
chicken. She's missing.

Sheriff pulls out a notebook as he stands up. He takes out his pen and clicks it several times. There is a job to be done here.

SHERIFF

Alright, Squilly, calm down. We'll  
find your chicken.

SQUILLY

My little chicken.

SHERIFF  
Where was the last place you saw  
your chicken?

SQUILLY  
In her coup.

Vincent booms into the bar like a prize-fighter entering the ring.

Squilly looks to him for an answer.

SQUILLY (CONT'D)  
Have you seen my chicken?

VINCENT  
That depends. Does it have red  
feathers with black dots?

SQUILLY  
Yes.

VINCENT  
A yellow tail?

Squilly is getting more and more excited.

SQUILLY  
Yes!

VINCENT  
Well, if that's your chicken I'm  
going to have to ask you to clean  
it off my grill.

SQUILLY  
What!

Squilly, unable to contain his fury, lunges at Vincent, knocking over Sheriff who is standing between them.

Squilly grabs Vincent by the throat and pins him to the bar.

Sheriff picks himself up off the ground. He steps in and sandwiches himself between the two.

Sheriff holds Squilly by the shoulders, his back to Vincent, and tries to back him away.

SQUILLY (CONT'D)  
Murderer! Chicken slayer!

Vincent picks up a beer bottle and, working around Sheriff, smashes it on Squilly's head.

Squilly falls limp to the floor.

Sheriff is flabbergasted; He has never been confronted with this kind of violence before.

Eddie, Oscar, Chuck and Sam are as dumbfounded as Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Alright, buddy. You asked for it.

Sheriff whips out his ticket book and clicks his pen like cocking a gun.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

I'm giving you a ticket for disorderly conduct and...and hitting a guy over the head with a bottle. That's twenty dollars,

Sheriff rips out the ticket and holds it out for him as authoritatively as he can.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

(menacingly)  
or, three nights in jail.

Vincent cocks his head like a dog hearing a funny sound.

VINCENT

Take me to jail.

SHERIFF

What?

OSCAR

Oh, come on.

VINCENT

You heard me. Take me to jail.

SHERIFF

You gotta be kidding.

VINCENT

You gave me a choice. I pick the poky.

CHUCK

Just pay the twenty bucks.

OSCAR

Vincent, three nights in jail will cost the town a lot of money.

(MORE)

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
 What with food, electricity and  
 assorted sundries.

SAM  
 Pay the fine.

VINCENT  
 Shut up, Quack.

SAM  
 (to Sheriff)  
 Throw him in jail.

Vincent tosses the bottle over his shoulder.

Sheriff turns him around and heads him to the door.

SHERIFF  
 (to Sam)  
 You want to give me a hand?

Sam sucks down the last of his beer and follows them.

Eddie, Oscar and Chuck sit in silence for a moment.

A sound comes up from the floor.

SQUILLY  
 Hhhnnnnnn.

They all look down.

CHUCK  
 Oh. Squilly.

Chuck and Oscar help him up to the bar.

EDDIE  
 Beer?

SQUILLY  
 Uh huh. Uhhnnn.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Sheriff's office is spotless. On the far side of the room  
 is the only jail cell in town.

The cell is piled high with a canoe, paint cans, a table saw,  
 and other refugees from Sheriff's garage. They are the only  
 prisoners this lock up has ever served a purpose for.

SHERIFF  
(disgusted)  
Sweet baby gherkin.

Sheriff walks over to the cell digging for the right key from the compilation on his key chain.

As he opens the door a football falls from the pile and rolls to his feet.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)  
You sure you don't want to just pay the twenty dollars?

VINCENT  
Not for all the money in the world.  
By the way, I'm allergic to dust.

SHERIFF  
Tell you what. Forget the fine.  
Consider this a warning. You're free to go.

VINCENT  
If you set me free, I'm going to go out and create such a brew-ha-ha, you'll lose your job because I should've been locked up. What would our little town think if Sheriff willingly let a known rabble-rouser free after he was supposed to be thrown in the clink? I think the folks 'round here would drag you into the town square and stone you. You still do that in this town, don't you?

SAM  
If we do, I know who we're stoning.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATER

A clock on the wall ticks 8:28.

Vincent checks his watch.

The clock ticks 9:17.

Vincent is lying on a bench, staring at the ceiling.

The clock ticks 9:52.

Vincent examines a strange weed-whacker with hoses and wires falling from it.

The clock ticks 10:12.

Vincent watches Sheriff and Sam haul out the last thing; a 50 horsepower outboard motor.

Sheriff and Sam place/drop the engine on the floor. They are sweaty, disheveled and ready for a break.

Sheriff's office, once clean, is now littered with paraphernalia.

Vincent walks past the exhausted men and enters the cell. He looks around as if appraising their work.

VINCENT

I've changed my mind. I'll pay the twenty bucks. And, I'll throw in a ten spot for the entertainment.

Without a word, Sheriff slams shut the cell door.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

What the hell do you think you're doing?

SHERIFF

If I do recall, you picked the pokey.

VINCENT

But, I'm the King, you feeble-minded jack wagon!

SHERIFF

And, I'm the Sheriff. And, he's the doctor. No matter who you are, if you act like a jerk, you're going to pay the price.

VINCENT

What the hell good is it being King if I get treated like every other doodle in this town?

SAM

I don't know how to break this to you, Vincent, but, you're not part of a ruling monarchy. You're just like everybody else in this town, except you grow a lot of apples.

Sheriff turns and waves to Vincent.

SHERIFF  
Goodnight, Vincent.

Sheriff is about to turn the light off and leave.

SAM  
(to Sheriff)  
You have to stay here, don't you?

SHERIFF  
I do?

SAM  
I think so. What do you normally  
do?

Befuddled, Sheriff shakes his head.

SHERIFF  
This isn't normal.

Sheriff turns back to his office.

SAM  
See you tomorrow, Sheriff.

Sam closes the door. Vincent is fuming.

VINCENT  
You're going to pay for this.

SHERIFF  
We already are.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sheriff has his feet up on the desk. He is reading the morning paper. Displayed on his desk is a key to the city, propped up like a picture frame.

Vincent is in his cell giving Sheriff hell.

VINCENT  
Dammit, Sheriff, I'm hungry.  
Where's my food? Why don't I have a  
little metal cup to bang on the  
bars? What kind of prison is this?  
I've been locked up in better  
places than this.



Sheriff completely ignores him. This has been going on all night.

Camille enters. Sheriff politely stands up.

SHERIFF  
Morning, Mrs. Schnoddrig.

CAMILLE  
Good morning, Sheriff. I'm really sorry about this.

VINCENT  
It's about damn time! I'm molding like cheese in here.

Camille rummages through her purse and pulls out her checkbook.

CAMILLE  
What did he go and do now?

VINCENT  
Camille, I'm ready for my conjugal visit.

A chill runs up Camille's spine.

CAMILLE  
How much is it costing you to keep him here?

SHERIFF  
About forty-two dollars a day.

Camille thinks about this for a moment.

VINCENT  
Forty-two dollars a day! What the hell in this crap hole is costing forty-two dollars a day? It's not the little metal cup, I can tell you that.

She leans over Sheriff's desk and writes out a check for one-hundred dollars.

She hands it to Sheriff and looks straight at Vincent.

CAMILLE  
Leave him.

INT. DEE DEE'S HOUSE OF BEAUTY - DAY

Dee Dee is cutting Liz's hair as Agnes is letting her roots set.

DEE DEE  
Scandal has rocked our tiny town.

MARTHA  
The Apple King, a convicted criminal.

LIZ  
I'm sure the people of Bayville are loving this.

AGNES  
I know they are.

The girls look to Agnes for a quick gossip fix.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
I spoke to Fern who has a cousin who married a Bayvillian and she said that she said that he said....  
(dramatic pause)  
....They're loving it.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - EVENING

Betty, Ted and Sean are still sitting on the bench. Another child, DENNIS, walks up to them with his head hung low.

He scooches into a spot on the bench.

SEAN  
Hey, Dennis.

DENNIS  
Hey, Sean.

SEAN  
What are you in for?

DENNIS  
I stuck a frog on Hannah Dunda's head.

TED  
That's not so bad.

DENNIS  
Tell her that.

Dennis leans his head back.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I know my parents aren't going to let me go to the Corn Festival tonight.

SEAN

Maybe you can plea bargain. Try to get your sentence commuted until after the festival.

DENNIS

I hope so.

SEAN

My grandma is telling me a story about a town with an apple festival. And, you thought our town was goofy?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff walks to the cell looking for the right key.

Vincent stands anxiously at the door.

VINCENT

Come on, move it, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Don't burn your toast. I'm coming.

Sheriff unlocks the door and swings it open.

VINCENT

You shouldn't have done what you did. But, since you did what you did, I'm going to do what I should have done when I first got here.

SHERIFF

Lighten up. You're in Wilburton now.

VINCENT

That's my problem.

SHERIFF

No. That's our problem.

Vincent leaves the office.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Vincent steps out of Sheriff's office and starts to walk home.

A woman and her child are walking on the sidewalk toward the King. When she realizes who's path she's going to cross, she hustles her child to the other side of the street.

Ben is sitting at the chess table trying to figure out his next move. Squilly has stepped into the store for a minute.

Ben looks up and sees Vincent approaching. He tries to cover his chess pieces by throwing his body over the board.

Unfortunately he's wearing a bulky sweater and knocks all the pieces over.

Vincent walks by and smiles. Ben hurriedly tries to fix the game.

Sam steps out of the hardware store followed by Squilly.

SAM  
Thanks, Squilly.

SQUILLY  
Anytime, Doc.

Sam heads along to his office.

Squilly comes over to the chess table only to see their game obliterated.

SQUILLY (CONT'D)  
If you want to play some other game  
just tell me.

Vincent continues down the sidewalk. Up ahead, Oscar and Sara Marie step out of the town hall.

Upon spying Vincent, Sara Marie nudges Oscar with her elbow.

SARA MARIE  
Now's your chance.

OSCAR  
Okay.  
(a beat)  
Will you stay with me?

Sara Marie will.

As Vincent approaches, Oscar musters his courage.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Vincent.....

VINCENT

What can I do for you, Round Boy?

OSCAR

I've been thinking. I don't want you to feel obligated by tradition to speak at the Apple Festival. After all you did just move here. Tradition is something you have to ease into, like skinny jeans.

VINCENT

I'll be saying a few words. I have a few words for everybody.

Vincent heads for home.

EXT. WILBURTON - SUNRISE

A beautiful day is settling itself on the people of Wilburton who are busy with last minute Apple Festival preparations.

TWO CHILDREN are chasing each other around five apple floats being prepared for the parade.

Ben and Squilly are putting the chess table away. This is the only day of the year the table goes inside.

Main Street has been closed off. Decorations flutter in the warm breeze. It is rather serene as it waits for the day's assemblage.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

Chuck's garbage truck lumbers slowly up the hill to the Schnoddrig's house.

He is being careful not to wake the human timebomb that sleeps above the garbage he is about to pick up.

Chuck gingerly gets out of his truck. He misjudges slightly and steps heavily onto the ground.

He hesitates. Vincent didn't hear that. He is safe.

Cautiously, he grabs the first trash can and raises it to the compactor's lip. Tipping the can, he allows the garbage to slip into the truck.

A large bottle falls from the trash and smashes onto the floor of the compactor.

The huge noise is amplified by the cavernous hull of the compactor.

The bedroom window opens.

Vincent appears. His eyes bulging with rage.

VINCENT  
Goddammit, Chuck!

Chuck talks without turning at first.

CHUCK  
Mr. Schnoddrig, I am trying to be as quiet as I can be. But garbage makes noise, I can't help that. Besides glass is supposed to be recycled.

On the last word Chuck turns to see if he has gotten through to the World's Lightest Sleeper.

He is confronted by the barrel of a shotgun.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
WOAH!!!

Vincent points the gun in the air and fires.

Chuck dives to the five garbage cans.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Camille, startled by the gunfire, sits straight up in bed.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S HOUSE - MORNING

Chuck lifts his head just a little to peak over the trash cans.

He has taken as much as he can take for one morning's work.

He makes a mad dash for the truck.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Vincent is enjoying scaring Chuck. He raises the gun to his shoulder.

Camille rushes over to Vincent.

CAMILLE  
What is wrong with you?!

She grabs the gun from his clutches.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
You can't go shooting at the  
garbage man.

Disarmed, Vincent pokes his head out the window only to see  
the garbage truck making a swift getaway.

VINCENT  
I wasn't shooting at him. I was  
just emphasizing my opinion with  
bullets.

He pulls his head back inside.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
All I want is a little quiet in the  
morning.

CAMILLE  
Then don't shoot at people.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The Apple Festival has begun! People have lined the street to  
see the Apple Parade.

Children cram the curbside.

Business is booming.

The Wilburton High School marching band leads the parade,  
with a single baton twirler spinning her stick up front.

Then comes an apple float, and then the Wilburton Quilting  
Club carrying a beautifully quilted sign in front of them.

They are followed by another apple float, which is, in turn,  
followed by HONEY CRISP, the Apple Clown, and the Honey Crisp  
Fan Club. And then yet another apple float.

The last of the five apple floats is the float carrying the  
reigning Miss Apple Blossom and her court. Walking alongside  
are this year's contestants. All are smiling and waving.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S BACK PORCH - DAY

Vincent's eyes are bright, and he is smiling. He looks down at the business card in his hand. It reads "Nordahl Commercial Properties".

Vincent now looks over his apple orchard as if it were something suddenly worthwhile.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The marching band, still playing, steps onto the stage that has been constructed at one end of the brightly decorated football field.

The rest of the parade parks itself on one edge of the field so the locals can get an up close look at the floats and perhaps discuss the craftsmanship.

Once the band has finished the official Apple Festival theme song, Oscar steps up to the microphone. He hushes the enormous crowd.

Oscar works the microphone and the crowd like a pro.

OSCAR

Hello everyone! Welcome to the Apple Festival. For eighty-eight years in a row Wilburton has had the privilege of hosting the celebration honoring our favorite fruit, the Apple. And this year we have quite a few surprises for you.....

The crowd cheers.

EXT. THE APPLE FESTIVAL - DAY

Sam and Delilah are walking through the crowd.

They are sharing a blue slushy from a clear plastic cup.

They come across a pavilion entitled "The Bayville Delegation".

EXT. THE BAYVILLE DELEGATION - DAY

LOU, JACK, and CLYDE, the men who protect the interests of Bayville township, sit sternly behind the white counter.



Sam and Delilah step up to them.

SAM

Hello.

Sam and Delilah smile revealing blue teeth.

The men sit, ignoring them completely.

DELILAH

Beautiful day, isn't it?

Once again the men are silent.

SAM

Well. Ah...My name is Doctor Sam Brechner and.....

LOU

We know who you are.

SAM

Oh, good. I'm the new, local physician. I wanted to introduce myself, seeing as how I'll be handling your urine samples from now on.

Sam smiles broadly as if he just accomplished a good thing.

JACK

Oh, sure. Mr. big shot doctor rubbing our noses in it. It's not good enough for Wilburton to grow more apples than us, NOooOOoo. You get to have the doctor. Well, isn't that just crusty of you? Thank you soOOo much. You are oh, so kind to help out little old Bayville, aren't you? Oh, thank you. Thank you, Mr. Doctor, Sir.

Sam and Delilah quickly scurry away as the old man taunts them from the pavilion.

JACK (CONT'D)

Please, don't go, Dr. Bigshot. Let us bask in your aura.

DELILAH

(to Sam)

I told you it wouldn't work.

CLYDE

It'll be a cold day in Hell when I  
let you handle my urine!

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Oscar is still working the crowd.

OSCAR

Before we judge the Apple Cook Off.  
Let me first introduce last year's  
winner, for her flaming apple  
kabobs: Kendra Carlson!

KENDRA steps out onto the stage, blowing kisses to the  
cheering crowd.

She steps up next to Oscar.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Do you have any tricks up your  
sleeve so you can win this year's  
contest and retain your title?

KENDRA

I have created something that will  
put apples on the list of cooking  
essentials.

OSCAR

And what might that be?

KENDRA

An apple cordon bleu.

THE CROWD

OOOOooohhh!

Vincent and Camille are in the crowd. Camille is having a  
glorious time. Vincent looks bored and distracted.

OSCAR

To insure the judging is fair for  
the Apple Cook Off we have, as  
judges, the mayors from the five  
towns that compromise the apple  
producing region in this county...

VINCENT

This is amazing.

OSCAR(O.C.)  
 First, from Hicksville, Mayor Alan  
 Page.

CAMILLE  
 Isn't it though. The way this whole  
 town can pull together and produce  
 this salute to produce is something  
 to behold.

OSCAR(O.C.)  
 Mayor Jim Marshall, from Bayville.

VINCENT  
 What are you talking about? This is  
 producing a tremendous amount of  
 bile in my gut.

OSCAR(O.C.)  
 From Norton, Mayor Carl Eller.

VINCENT  
 I've got to get out of here before  
 I projectile vomit all over the  
 crowd.

OSCAR(O.C.)  
 Mayor Jessica Duffy from Piston  
 Creek.

VINCENT  
 Although that would be worth  
 staying for.

OSCAR(O.C.)  
 And myself, Oscar Meehan from...

CAMILLE  
 Vincent, just leave.

OSCAR(O.C.)  
 ...the fair city of Wilburton.

VINCENT  
 Not before I make my speech.

EXT. THE FESTIVAL - DAY

A YOUNG BOY has his face submerged in a tin tub of water. He  
 pulls his face out with an apple in his teeth. The group  
 around him cheers.

Honey Crisp is getting his picture taken with a crying child.

Willard sits perilously above a dunk tank as Delilah whips apples at the bull's-eye.

She nails it on the first try. And on the second. And on the third.

She wins a bushel of apples.

EXT. THE STAGE - LATER THAT DAY

A throng of people are gathered around the stage. On display now are the Apple Queen finalists.

THREE GIRLS in frilly gowns are center stage. They are all giddy with anticipation.

Oscar has the envelope in his hand.

OSCAR

In my hand right now is the final decision. Whoever's name is in this envelope will be the new Apple Queen. She will receive the grand prize, which is a photograph session for the Apple Queen Calendar, a one-hundred dollar shopping spree at Larry's Market, and will be the official spokeswoman for the apple and all apple related merchandise.

Oscar begins to peel open the envelope.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Who will it be?

He opens the envelope and holds the contents up in front of his face.

He brings it down slowly revealing a grinning head.

Vincent stands at the side of the stage, his eyes glaze over like two hams.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

And the winner and new Miss Apple Blossom is.....

(pause)

Wilburton's own Miss Jamie Nemeth!

The three girls go crazy in typical beauty pageant fashion.

JAMIE is crying with joy.

The reigning Miss Apple Blossom strides out on stage. She places a crown gently on the head of her successor.

The other two contestants stand at the back of the stage. The band strikes up a slow and sappy tune as Jamie walks back and forth across the front of the stage blowing kisses to her fans.

EXT. THE BAYVILLE DELEGATION - DAY

LOU  
Bayville never wins.

JACK  
That damned pageant is rigged.

EXT. THE STAGE - DAY

Miss Apple Blossom leaves the stage and Oscar comes back out.

OSCAR  
You'll have another opportunity to see the new Miss Apple Blossom again in the Twilight Apple Parade. Right now I would like to introduce to you the man who makes all of this possible.

(like a fight announcer)  
Please welcome The Fantastic Farmer, The Heavenly Harvester, The Perfectly Prolific Picker, The Apple King: Vincent Schnoddrig!

The crowd applauds, except for the people of Wilburton.

Oscar steps back as Vincent steps up to the microphone.

VINCENT  
(to Oscar)  
Thank you, Oscar.  
(to the crowd)  
Thank you.

He lets the crowd settle.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
When I first moved into this little jerkwater town and found that I was King I figured, why the hell not. King sounds pretty good. Better than "Captain Dick-wad".

(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

But, I soon found that being King in Wilburton is like a venereal disease: it's fun getting it, it sucks having it, but if caught in time it can be cured. And I am happy to say soon I will be free of this sickening little town. Today I would like to announce that my land, which is brimming with this fruit you all drool over, is soon going to be the home of a brand new tire processing plant.

A hush falls like a brick over the crowd.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

This company will take old tires, and make them into new ones right there on my property. Of course, I won't be living here anymore. What with all the pollution those factories spew out.

Like thunder the crowd grows angry. Oscar comes back out to the microphone.

OSCAR

This can't be happening.

Vincent turns to face Oscar's pleading expression.

VINCENT

Well, actually it doesn't happen for a couple of days. We're still hammering out the details. Damn lawyers. They're like a big clog in my cash pipe.

Camille's face tightens not because she's about to cry, she's angry. She gets up from her seat and storms out of the fair grounds.

The Bayville delegation has joined the crowd and is in a fury.

LOU

This is a disgrace to the entire apple growing community.

JACK

The Apple Festival belongs in Bayville.

CLYDE  
 Grab that crown off Miss Apple  
 Blossom's head!

An apple is thrown from the crowd, landing just left of Vincent.

VINCENT  
 All right, whose the wise-ass?

Three more apples are launched at Vincent.

He bobs and weaves to avoid being hit.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 Knock it off.

A torrent of apples deluge the stage.

One hits Vincent on the shoulder.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 Ow!  
 (rubbing his arm)  
 That's gonna leave a mark.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

The kids are enthralled with the tale.

DENNIS  
 He deserved it.

BETTY  
 You bet he did.

SEAN  
 Didn't he realize how important the  
 Apple Festival was to these people?

TED  
 That's why Vincent did it.

The door next to the bench swings open and out steps MRS.  
 RYBISKI, the principal. The kids tense up.

MRS. RYBISKI  
 Hello, Ted. Hello, Betty. Nice to  
 see you. Sean's folks couldn't make  
 it?

TED  
 They got held up at the office.

MRS. RYBISKI

We've been having trouble with Sean picking on other kids lately.

BETTY

That's why we're telling him the story about Vincent Schnoddrig, the Apple King.

Mrs. Rybiski knows the story well.

She smiles.

SEAN

Mrs. Rybiski, is there really a Wilburton and a Apple Festival? Is there really a Vincent Schnoddrig?

Mrs. Rybiski looks over to Ted and Betty.

MRS. RYBISKI

Everyone knows a Vincent Schnoddrig.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Camille is packing a large suitcase quickly and randomly.

Vincent watches her from the corner of the room.

VINCENT

I think you better leave.

CAMILLE

Oh, no you don't. I'm leaving. Make no bones about it. But, it's not your idea. You are not kicking me out. I am leaving this town because I can never show my face again and I am leaving you because you are a miserable person and will always be a miserable person.

VINCENT

That's not true. I'm very happy right now.

CAMILLE

Thank God! You're finally happy! Maybe you should go down to the ASPCA and drown some puppies! What a hoot that would be!

(MORE)



CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
 And then, to cap off this glorious  
 day, set the preschool on fire and  
 watch the toddlers stop, drop and  
 roll!

Camille slams closed the suitcase.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
 Party on, Vincent!

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S ENTRYWAY - EVENING

Camille is hustling down the stairs.

CAMILLE  
 You have no idea how much you have  
 screwed things up for me.

Vincent is following slowly behind her.

VINCENT  
 If you go out that door, Camille, I  
 will never take you back.

CAMILLE  
 Is that a promise?

VINCENT  
 Cross my heart, hope to die.

CAMILLE  
 Don't tempt me.

Camille crashes through the front door.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The last Apple Festival held in Wilburton has come to a  
 close.

The decorations are coming down. The floats are being removed  
 from the football field.

The town is returning to normal, although normal isn't what  
 it used to be.

Vincent's Mercedes passes the first of the line of floats  
 being hauled out of town.

Vincent parks in front of the Full Bushel and begins to cross  
 the street to Squilly's Hardware store.

One float, decorated as a huge basket of apples, turns right onto Main Street breaking rank with the others.

It moves slowly at first as if trying not to alarm its prey.

Vincent steps off the curb.

Picking up speed, the huge basket of apples sways back and forth as it leaves a cloud of smoke in its wake.

Vincent walks casually across the street.

The float settles back as it jumps to ramming speed.

Vincent makes it to the middle of the street.

As it gains momentum some of the crepe paper decorations begin to whip off revealing the grill of an old Pontiac.

Vincent looks up and stops as the huge bushel of apples bears down on top of him.

A dog steps out onto the street between Vincent and the float.

The float slams on the breaks to avoid the dog.

The bushel of apples shoots off the top of the Pontiac.

The remains of the chicken wire and paper-mache bushel of apples spill around Vincent's feet.

The dog has stopped to lick himself in the middle of the street.

The Pontiac lays on the horn, but the dog is too engrossed to move.

Vincent continues crossing the street.

VINCENT  
(to himself)  
Nimrod.

INT. SQUILLY'S HARDWARE STORE -DAY

Vincent is lost in a sea of hardware supplies. Squilly isn't offering any customer assistance.

In the background, Ben sits outside at the chess board.

VINCENT

Yo, Squilly-boy! Where's your duct tape? I got packing to do.

SQUILLY

(angry monotone)

Aisle three, bottom shelf.

Vincent heads off to aisle three.

VINCENT

Hey, don't be pissed at me. I could've sold my land to Home Depot. Now that's a freakin' hardware store. Would've put you out of business quicker than Minute Rice.

Squilly storms off to aisle four: shovels, rakes, chainsaws and pickaxes. Name your poison.

VINCENT(O.C.CONT) (CONT'D)

You ought to go to one of those mega-stores, Squilly. You might learn something. They've got a whole aisle dedicated to duct tape.

Squilly chooses his pickax carefully. The new graphite handle is lightweight, but he prefers the familiarity of the old fashioned wooden handle.

VINCENT(O.C.CONT) (CONT'D)

Not only do you have no selection. What you do have is buried here next to...what the hell is this, caulk?

Vincent walks down to the end of his aisle. Squilly is stalking him in the next aisle over.

Vincent reaches the end of his aisle. Squilly swings his pickax back and is ready to haul off on Vincent when....

The head of the pickax gets caught in the pull handle of a chainsaw.

As Squilly brings the pickax around he starts up the chainsaw.

His swing is stopped short due to the length of the chord. The chainsaw pops off the shelf and onto the floor.

The spinning chain grabs the floor and takes off the other way.

Squilly's pickax, still caught on the handle, gets pulled with the chainsaw.

Squilly goes sprawling backwards down the aisle.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

And, they're not dickin' around  
with chainsaws while you're trying  
to shop.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Anna and Angie are standing outside the Hardware store.

Vincent steps out of the store, crosses the street and stops to throw his tape into the car.

He steps back onto the sidewalk and goes to the door of the The Full Bushel Cafe.

As he pushes it open he notices a big "X" chalked on the ground in front of the door. He thinks nothing of it.

Anna and Angie casually open an umbrella, raise it above their heads and then close it back up.

Vincent steps inside and, as the door swings shut behind him.....

A grand piano comes crashing down from above, just missing the target.

INT. DEE DEE'S HOUSE OF BEAUTY - DAY

Dee Dee, Martha, Liz and Wilma are looking out the store front window.

Liz turns to Martha.

LIZ

Sorry about your piano.

MARTHA

It was worth a shot.

WILMA

We could try again with my organ.

INT. THE FULL BUSHEL CAFE - EVENING

Oscar, Sheriff, Chuck and, of course, Eddie are all sulking at the bar.

EDDIE

I can't believe he would do something like this.

CHUCK

I can. Some king. Turned out to be a royal pain in the ass.

All conversation stops when Vincent enters the room.

VINCENT

All hail the King!

The muffled sound of a piano crashing to the ground is heard inside the bar.

A VOICE(O.C.)

Damn it.

Vincent finds a seat at the bar.

Oscar, Sheriff and Chuck get up and walk away from the bar without saying a word. They settle in at a table next to the dart board.

Unfortunately Eddie is bartending and has to stay.

VINCENT

What burrowed up their butts?

EDDIE

You, Ass-mole.

VINCENT

Such language, Eddie.

EDDIE

If you're here to drink, then drink. But, I don't want to talk to you.

VINCENT

You assume I want to talk to you.

EDDIE

I'm not talking to you.

VINCENT

What are you doing now?

EDDIE  
I'm not talking to you.

Vincent throws a five spot on the bar.

VINCENT  
Get me a beer.

EDDIE  
I'm not talking to you.  
(a beat)  
Oh.

Eddie, slightly embarrassed, goes to get Vincent a brew.

Vincent is sitting quietly. A dart zizzes through the air and rattles to a stop sticking in the bar next to him.

VINCENT  
Jesus Christ!

Vincent spins around on his stool.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Watch where you're throwing those things.

SHERIFF  
Sorry.  
(more to Oscar and Chuck)  
My aim is a little off.

Eddie looks at the dart, then to Vincent, then to Sheriff who is holding the other two darts and then down to Vincent's beer.

VINCENT  
Good thing you don't have to use your gun in this town.

SHERIFF  
(under his breath)  
Not yet.

Vincent turns back around as Eddie slides him the beer in a frosty mug.

Vincent smells it, and, it having passed his olfactory test, takes a big swig.

Vincent stops before he swallows. He crunches down on something.

He opens his mouth and lets the beer spill back into the mug.

He wipes off his tongue.

VINCENT  
God damnit, Eddie!

EDDIE  
What?

VINCENT  
There's glass in my beer!

EDDIE  
(innocently)  
Ah, no there's not. That's ice from  
the frosty mug.

Vincent turns to the right to talk to Eddie.

VINCENT  
It's fucking glass, Eddie! What are  
trying to do? Kill me?

Another dart goes zipping behind Vincent's head and sticks  
into the wall on Eddie's side of the bar.

EDDIE  
I'll get you a fresh one.

VINCENT  
Just bring me a bottle.

EXT. THE FULL BUSHEL CAFE - NIGHT

A beautiful night hovers over Wilburton. Everything is still.

Crickets provide background music to Ben and Squilly who are  
playing chess in the light of the hardware store that seeps  
through the window.

Down the street, Joe and Marty are sitting on a bench outside  
their gas station enjoying the nighttime air.

Vincent stumbles out of the bar, drunk as a man can be. He is  
the only ugly stain on this beautiful setting.

Ben and Squilly quickly pack up their game. They hustle into  
the hardware store and turns off the lights.

The two men at the gas station also hasten inside.

Vincent steps into the middle of the street. He is  
unbalanced, but stands, in his own mind, triumphant over the  
little town.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S BACKYARD - MORNING

Delilah is sneaking around the side of the house. She moves stealthily to Butter who is chained to the tree.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S HOUSE - MORNING

Chuck's garbage truck screams up Vincent's driveway.

Screeching to a stop, Chuck jumps out of the truck wearing makeshift armor fashioned from garbage.

He has strapped the door of an old oven to his chest, hubcaps protect the knees and "good guy" area, and on his head he wears a paint can: Dutch Boy, Jasmine Flower.

He grabs two garbage lids and, facing Vincent's window, plays them like cymbals.

His selection for today is AC/DC's "Highway to Hell".

CHUCK

Living easy! Living free! Season  
ticket on a one-way ride!

INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Vincent wakes up to music. But, it ain't no songbird.

CHUCK(CONT O.C.)

Askin' nothing! Leave me be!

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S BACKYARD - MORNING

Delilah, with Butter in tow, peers around the corner of the house.

CHUCK

Tape your rubber band on my side!

Chuck never really knew that line.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S HOUSE - MORNING

Vincent opens his window. Chuck has his audience.

He reaches into his pants in what would seem, at first glance, to be a disgusting gesture, but pulls out a pistol.



CHUCK  
Now the chorus!

He takes aim.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
I'm on the highway to hell!

He fires a round at Vincent's face.

Vincent removes his head just as a bullet rips a piece of wood off the frame of the window.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S BACKYARD - MORNING

Delilah takes Butter and opts to seek refuge inside the house.

CHUCK(O.C.CONT)  
I'm on the highway to hell!

Another shot rings out.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S HOUSE - MORNING

Chuck stands front and center, smoking gun at his side. He's waiting for the next chance at his target.

He get's it! Only now his target is carrying a gun himself.

A shot rings out and garbage bursts into the air from the hit.

This time Vincent was aiming for Chuck, he's just a terrible shot.

Chuck fires three more shots while running back to his truck.

Vincent ducks his head inside.

Chuck jumps into his truck. He starts the engine and scurries down the street.

Vincent comes back to the window.

VINCENT  
Damn it, pick up my garbage!

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Delilah and Butter are crouching behind the couch. She peers over the back of the sofa and through the window to see Chuck's garbage truck flying down the driveway.

Taking a cue from Chuck, she and Butter set out to do the same and stands up ready to bolt.

Vincent comes barreling down the stairs, about to chase Chuck.

He runs straight through the entryway, not noticing his uninvited guest.

Apparently he did. He walks back to the living room to take a look.

VINCENT

Where are you going with my dog?

DELILAH

Camille asked me to take care of her while she's gone.

VINCENT

Camille ain't coming back. Leave the dog.

Delilah is more annoyed with the delay this causes than anything else.

DELILAH

You don't even like this dog.

Vincent takes a step toward her.

VINCENT

"Like" has nothing to do with it.  
It's my dog.

Delilah tightens her grip on the leash.

DELILAH

I'm not giving you the dog.

He walks toward Delilah.

VINCENT

Hand over the hound.

DELILAH

No.

Vincent lunges at Delilah. Delilah dodges him, but drops the leash.

Delilah jumps at Butter, but the dog leaps out of the way.

Butter lunges toward Vincent.

VINCENT

Aha!

Butter starts playing "keep away" with the two, and takes off in the other direction.

Delilah dives for the leash. She misses and lands on her stomach.

Vincent gets Butter trapped on the other side of an end table.

A few, quick bob-and-weaves and Butter is through his legs.

Delilah is just getting up off her stomach when the frisky canine runs over her back.

She reaches up and grabs the leash that drags behind Butter.

DELILAH

Gotcha!

Vincent walks up to Delilah and steps on her hands. He reaches down and takes the leash from her pinned grip.

VINCENT

I'm the master around here.

Butter is still having fun. She jumps all over Vincent.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Butter, heel. Heel!

Butter continues to disobey Vincent.

Delilah picks herself up off the floor.

She is seething.

Vincent is paying no attention to her.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(to Butter)

Quit horsing around!

Delilah circles Vincent like a shark.

Vincent is irate with Butter's insubordination.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Start showing me some respect.

He kicks the dog. Butter runs off yelping.

The fuse has been lit.

DELILAH  
Now you've gone too far.

VINCENT  
Really? I didn't think I could top  
selling off the apple field.

Delilah grabs the statue that had earlier fallen on Vincent's foot. She gets a feel for it's weight.

Vincent thinks this is one big joke.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
(sarcastically)  
What are you going to do? Kill...

With all the rage that has been pent up in Wilburton since Vincent Schnoddrig moved in, Delilah hurls the statue across the room.

It bounces off of Vincent's forehead.

He falls dead to the floor.

Delilah has just murdered a man and, because of her lack of experience in these matters, is unsure of what to do next.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S ENTRYWAY - MORNING

Delilah dials the phone.

AGATHA(O.C.)  
Hello.

DELILAH  
Hello, Agatha. Could you put me  
though to Sam if he's not busy?

INT. SAM'S WAITING AREA - MORNING

AGATHA  
Camille?

DELILAH  
No, this is Delilah.

AGATHA  
Oh, hi, Delilah.  
(a beat)  
How can you stand being in the same  
house with that terrible man?

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S ENTRYWAY - MORNING

Delilah looks over to Vincent's lifeless body.

DELILAH  
It's gotten a lot easier. Could you  
please put me trough to Sam if he's  
not busy?

AGATHA(O.C.)  
Coming right up.

Delilah hears a click then a phone ringing. Sam answers the  
phone.

SAM(O.C.)  
Hello, This is Dr. Brechner.

DELILAH  
Hi, Sam.

INT. SAM'S WAITING AREA - MORNING

Agatha is listening in.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - MORNING

SAM  
Delilah, hi. How you doing?

DELILAH(O.C.)  
Fine, thanks. How are you?

SAM  
Good. What's up?

DELILAH(O.C.)  
You need to get up to the  
Schnoddrig's place.

SAM

Could it wait? I was about to hop  
on a conference call about  
advancements in petri dishes.

DELILAH

No. This is kind of an emergency.

SAM

Why? What happened?

DELILAH

I think I killed Vincent.

Sam jumps from his chair.

INT. SAM'S WAITING AREA - DAY

Agatha nearly falls off her chair.

SAM (O.C.)

I'm on my way.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sam hangs up the phone and grabs his black doctor's bag all  
in one motion and leaves the room in a flash.

INT. SAM'S WAITING AREA - MORNING

Agatha, having listened in, is all flushed.

Sam enters.

SAM

I have to make a house call,  
Agatha.

Agatha nods and smiles as Sam exits.

Agatha flutters her hands in front of her face in an effort  
to calm herself down.

AGATHA

Oh, my goodness. Oh, my goodness.  
Oh, my goodness.

She regains her composure long enough to call Dee Dee.

INT. DEE DEE'S HOUSE OF BEAUTY - MORNING

Dee Dee is working on Wilma's hair. Liz and Martha are under the dryers.

The women all pause and turn to the ringing phone.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S ENTRYWAY - MORNING

Sam bounds inside and without missing a beat says:

SAM  
Where is he?

Delilah leads him to the living room.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Sam sees the body and promptly runs to it placing the bag to his side.

With his stethoscope already around his neck, Sam listens for a heartbeat. He hears a faint sign of life.

SAM  
He's still alive.

DELILAH  
(disappointed)  
You're kidding.

Vincent opens his eyes. With his last burst of life he grabs Sam's lapel.

VINCENT  
Oh, shit. It's you. The fucking  
quack.

Sam pulls away from this insult and stands beside Delilah.

Vincent's body tenses. His head strains back and he gurgles.

His body slackens as he gasps his last breath. His heads rolls to the left.

The King is dead.

DELILAH  
That's pretty much it, right?

INT. THE FULL BUSHEL CAFE - MORNING

All the boys are here; Oscar, Sheriff, Chuck and Eddie. They are nestled quietly over their coffee when the door swings open.

They are all forced to cover their eyes due to the harsh intrusion of sunlight.

When they can finally see normally again they find Sam and Delilah before them.

DELILAH  
Arrest me, Sheriff. I killed  
Vincent.

SAM  
No you didn't. Arrest me. I killed  
him.

DELILAH  
Don't listen to him. I bludgeoned  
him to death with a statue.

SAM  
But, I let him die.

SHERIFF  
Hold on.

DELILAH  
(to Sam)  
I killed him.

SAM  
You did not.

SHERIFF  
Hold it!

Sam and Delilah finally let Sheriff speak.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)  
We know.

INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

The populace has gathered in the town hall.

A quiet murmur from the group gives the feeling that this is a meeting of rather weighty importance.



Oscar stands seriously at the dais. On the stage with him are Sheriff, Sam and Delilah.

The crowd quiets itself. Oscar does not have to bang his gavel.

OSCAR

Seeing as how most of you probably received the news second-hand, let me confirm the rumors; Today Vincent Schnoddrig was killed....

Before Oscar can continue the crowd cheers wildly.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Yes I know. I'm pretty happy about it too. But, the circumstances surrounding his assassination necessitates an assessment of the situation. You see, Delilah here threw a statue at him that whacked him on the head. This caused the wound that led to his death.

One guy in the crowd starts to cheer again.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

No, not yet. 'Cause, here's the kicker. She called over Dr. Brechner. Dr. Brechner realized Vincent was still alive but let him die.

The crowd bursts with ecstasy.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Settle down folks. We have to make a decision: Should these two be punished to the full extent of the law, which will require a long and tedious, not to mention, costly trial? Or, should we cover it up and go back to the good, clean, wholesome living we were accustomed to before Vincent Schnoddrig ever darkened our doorstep?

Chuck stands up from the crowd.

CHUCK

By not holding a trial we could use the money we save on something else, say, for example, a new state of the art garbage truck.

Chuck sits down and Squilly stands up.

SQUILLY

To keep them in jail, what with feeding and heating and so on is going to add up. We all know from Vincent's recent stay that it costs forty-two dollars a day. Not to mention the three percent cost of living increases every year. And, for a life sentence? Heck, the average life expectancy of a person nowadays is seventy-five years. And, that means...

(pause)

How old are you, Sam?

OSCAR

I think we get the gist.

WILMA

I hate to be the one to pluck the wings from this butterfly, but what about Camille?

DELILAH

Before I killed Vincent....

She is interrupted by the cheers of the townsfolk.

Oscar bangs his gavel.

OSCAR

Pipe down, everyone. Let her finish.

DELILAH

Vincent said that Camille was not coming back.

WILMA

Looks like our butterfly is still fluttering.

OSCAR

Well, you heard both sides of the argument. Time for a vote. All in favor of throwing these two fine, young, upstanding citizens, not to mention our brand new town doctor, in jail say "aye".

The crowd is silent.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
 All in favor of pretending this  
 incident never happened and go  
 about our business?

The Wilburtonians applaud like crazy.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
 Alright. Case closed.

He bangs his gavel.

EXT. JOE AND MARTY'S GAS STATION - DAY

The two old men sit out front drinking orange Nehi.

JOE  
 We'll tell anybody who asks any  
 questions that the last time  
 anybody saw him was at the Apple  
 Festival.

INT. DEE DEE'S HOUSE OF BEAUTY - DAY

Dee Dee is working on Martha's hair.

WILMA  
 His wife just left him. Maybe he  
 was so crushed he had to leave. Who  
 knows if he'll be back.

EXT. SQUILLY'S HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Ben and Squilly are playing chess.

SQUILLY  
 And, who wants him back. That no  
 good bastard.

BEN  
 You can't say that.

INT. LARRY'S MARKET - DAY

Angie is squeezing toilet paper.

ANGIE  
 Mr. Schnoddrig just up and left  
 without telling a soul.

ANNA  
That's all we have to say.

INT. THE FULL BUSHEL CAFE - DAY

Eddie is serving up a frosty brew for Chuck.

EDDIE  
That sound good to you?

CHUCK  
Works for me.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

VINCENT'S POV

Four heads are circling his vision.

Oscar, Sheriff, Sam and Delilah are looking down at his lifeless body.

SHERIFF  
We have to get him in the ground tonight.

OSCAR  
I suppose that would be proper.

SHERIFF  
I just don't want his rotting body stinking up the town.

DELILAH  
Yeah, the wind is blowing that way isn't it?

ANOTHER ANGLE

They all step away from the corpse.

Delilah picks up the statue and inspects it's bloody base.

She leans down and wipes it off on Vincent's pajamas.

OSCAR  
It's a shame to do that to such nice pajamas.

DELILAH

I don't think he really cares at this point.

OSCAR

Still, those are damn nice pajamas.

Delilah puts the statue back on the mantel.

SHERIFF

Let's get going, now. This carcass ain't going to bury itself.

Oscar is still admiring the pajamas.

OSCAR

What is that, modal?

SHERIFF

Oscar, grab his feet. I'll take the arms.

Oscar looks down at Vincent's bare feet.

OSCAR

How about you take his feet.

SHERIFF

I'm not grabbing his feet.

OSCAR

Could we put some socks on them, at least?

Sam pushes Oscar out of the way.

SAM

Oh, for crying out loud. I'll take his feet.

DELILAH

They prepare you for all kinds of stuff in med school.

EXT. VINCENT'S GRAVE SIGHT - NIGHT

Sheriff and Sam pat their shovels on a freshly filled hole.

Delilah stands next to them with a gas camping light.

OSCAR

I guess we should say a few words.

DELILAH

If you can't say anything nice,  
don't say anything at all.

They all stand around the freshly tilled soil with nothing to say.

SHERIFF

I'm hungry.

SAM

Whew. That was getting awkward.

They throw their shovels over their shoulders and walk away.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Delilah and Sam are walking down the sidewalk. WALTER, the post man, comes up and stops them.

WALTER

Congratulations, you two. You've  
really done us proud.

He shakes Sam's hand vigorously.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Keep up the good work.

Walter goes merrily on his way and Sam and Delilah continue their stroll.

DELILAH

It was nice of them to let us go  
like that.

SAM

Heck, I got another key to the city  
out of it.

Every once in a while people will pass and smile, pat them on the back, or provide some form of congratulations.

INT. SAM'S WAITING AREA - DAY

The waiting room is packed.

Agatha is on the phone behind the display case. She is swamped with work.

Beneath her, in the display case, are two, count 'em, two keys to the city.

AGATHA

...No, I'm sorry, you can't speak with him right now, he's with a patient...No. He probably wouldn't be able to see you anyway...But it's not...He won't...

The person on the phone is now on their way into town.

Agatha looks up.

LESTER stands in front of her. He is a typical farmer, dressed in overalls and a John Deer Tractor baseball cap.

LESTER

I need to see the Doc. I got this here tractor rash back here on my...

He looks around to make sure no one is listening.

LESTER (CONT'D)

...my butt cheek.

Lester makes a move to show Agatha the exact location of his eruption.

AGATHA

Lester! I don't want to look at your butt, let alone it with a rash. You'll have to talk to the doctor about it. He'll look at your butt. Matter of fact, he'll enjoy it. It's his life's calling. But, he's with another patient right now, so, you'll have to take a number.

Lester grabs a number from the dispenser on Agatha's desk. It is number sixty-four.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

He looks back at Agatha with puppy dog eyes.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Do you want a pillow, or something?

Lester lumbers off to stand in a corner.

Sam steps out of the examining room. He holds the door open for A YOUNG MAN who is staring at a newly bandaged finger.

SAM

Be careful next time around those pickers.

Sam sends him on his way.

As the man makes his way across the waiting room everyone stares in awe at the impressive bandage.

Delilah walks in

DELILAH

You are one popular Doc, Doc.

SAM

I'm popular for announcing people dead.

DELILAH

Hey, stick with what you're good at.

AGATHA

Number twenty-eight.

The group gets noisy as they try to figure out who's next.

Nancy stands up and Sam leads her into the examination room.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Delilah, would you be a dear and watch the phone? We've been so busy I haven't had time to tinkle.

DELILAH

Sure, Agatha.

Agatha stands up gingerly from her desk.

AGATHA

It's been so long I hope my little bladder remembers how.

Agatha hurries off to the ladies room.

The phone rings.

Delilah picks it up.

DELILAH

Hello, Dr. Brechner's office.

The phone pops from her hand like a hot-potato.



DELILAH (CONT'D)

Shit!

Delilah clamors for the receiver. She brings it gingerly back up to her ear.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Camille?

The group of patients burst into silence.

A clatter of medical instruments being dropped on the floor emanates from the examining room.

Sam runs out from the back room to make sure he heard that correctly.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

What's new?

SAM

Don't ask her that.

Delilah puts her hand over the receiver.

DELILAH

What am I supposed to say, "Funny story. I killed your husband. See you at church"?

(back into phone)

I'm sorry, Camille what were you saying?...You're back in town....Ok...Sounds ducky.

Delilah hangs up the phone.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Liz springs from the crowd.

LIZ

I'll spread the word!

Lester steps forward.

LESTER

I'll tell the boys at the Co-Op.

The group of formerly injured patients all get up and stampede for the door.

Sam looks around his evacuated office.

SAM

Great.

DELILAH

She wants to meet for lunch at the Full Bushel.

SAM

Are you bonkers? You killed her husband.

DELILAH

I thought you did.

SAM

Well, we both kind of killed him. But, that's not the point.

DELILAH

What is the point?

SAM

You just don't have lunch with the spouse of someone you murdered. It's....bad manners.

DELILAH

The issue of bad manners is pretty much moot by now.

SAM

Well, alright. But, I don't know how I'm going to be able to eat in front of her.

DELILAH

Just order the soup.

SAM

That's not much of a lunch.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Camille walks down the path to her car.

Behind her, in the town below, the main street of Wilburton is clamoring with people scurrying to spread the word that "The Great Cover-Up" is on.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Camille walks happily down the street. As she comes across people she greets them pleasantly.

They all smile nervously, but politely, back. Most try to avoid contact.

INT. THE FULL BUSHEL CAFE - DAY

Sheriff, Oscar and Chuck are bellied up to the bar, too nervous to drink, much to Eddie's chagrin.

When the door swings open light pours into the room. But none of the men are blinded. They're too afraid to look.

Camille enters and spies Delilah and Sam in a back booth.

As she goes to them she passes by the boys at the bar.

CAMILLE

Hi, Oscar. Hi, Sheriff. Hi, Chuck.

CHUCK

Hi, Mrs. Schnoddrig.

Sheriff swats at Chuck.

SHERIFF

(whispering)

Watch what you're saying.

CHUCK

(whispering)

I said "Hi".

SHERIFF

Just be careful.

Camille walks up to the booth.

Delilah and Sam are sitting rigidly side by side. It looks as if they are posing for a picture they don't want taken.

CAMILLE

Hi, guys.

SAM

Hi.

DELILAH

Hello.

Camille takes a seat.

An uncomfortable pause passes around the booth.

CAMILLE

I know this must be awkward for the two of you.

SAM

What? No.

CAMILLE

I know the whole town is talking about me and Vincent. And, I'm sure the language they're using is being kept from the children.

SAM

No, actually, the children are using it too.

DELILAH

But, only when they're talking about Vincent.

CAMILLE

You know I had nothing to do with this cockamamie tire plant scheme.

DELILAH

Of course you didn't.

CAMILLE

I would never do anything to hurt Wilburton. This town and all the people in it are too important to me. I've learned so much from you.

SAM

You have?

CAMILLE

Yeah. Like sticking together and working for the common good. If every town were like Wilburton the world would be a brighter place.

Delilah is growing weepy.

DELILAH

That's so sweet.

CAMILLE

I came back to make sure the sale of the land does not go through. I felt I owed you this much.

The lump in Delilah's throat swells.

DELILAH

You'd do that for us?

CAMILLE

Hell, yes. Vincent is not getting his way this time. I am keeping the apple farm. The festival is not going to Bayville. And, with or without him, I am staying in Wilburton and I will become a part of this admirable, virtuous and fertile community.

She takes Sam and Delilah's hands in hers.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

If you'll still have me.

Delilah is flying first class on this inadvertent guilt trip.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

So, have you seen Vincent? I can't find hide nor hair of him.

Delilah starts to blubber and runs, crying, out of the Full Bushel.

SAM

(to Camille)

Excuse me.

Sam runs out after Delilah.

Sheriff runs out after Sam.

Oscar runs out after Sheriff.

Everyone in the restaurant runs out after Oscar.

Chuck runs out of money and decides to leave.

The only two left are Camille and Eddie.

EDDIE

(to Camille)

Wanna hear the specials?

EXT. THE FULL BUSHEL CAFE - DAY

Delilah is bawling with a crowd behind her.

SAM

You have to pull yourself together  
and get back in there.

DELILAH

I can't do this. I can't lie to  
her.

SHERIFF

You bash Vincent into the here-  
after, bury him in the middle of  
the night, accept a key to the city  
for it and this you have a problem  
with. The fibbing.

DELILAH

That's like comparing apples to  
oranges. Vincent was the scourge of  
the earth. Camille is my friend. We  
have to come clean.

OSCAR

Oh, my God, she cracking. What are  
we going to do?! What are we going  
to do?! What are we going to do?!

Delilah, with tears running down her cheeks, turns and smacks  
Oscar right across the kisser.

DELILAH

I'm going to confess.

Delilah heads back into the Full Bushel, fighting her way  
through the crowd.

The crowd stays outside, afraid to go in.

OSCAR

I've got half a mind to revoke her  
key to the city.

INT. THE FULL BUSHEL CAFE - DAY

Delilah marches over to the table, wiping away the tears on  
her face.

The group has come back inside, but is keeping a safe  
distance.

DELILAH  
Camille, I have to tell you  
something.

Eddie leaves the bar and runs to the booth.

EDDIE  
(panting)  
Ready to order?

CAMILLE  
(to Eddie)  
One second.  
(to Delilah)  
You were saying.

Delilah looks around at the pleading Wilburtonian faces. Her loyalty to these people outweighs her own heavy conscience.

DELILAH  
I forgot.

CAMILLE  
Think hard.

DELILAH  
I forgot. And, if I can't remember,  
then it must not have been very  
important.

CAMILLE  
It'll come back to you.

SAM  
(to Sheriff)  
God, I hope not.

Sam comes out of the crowd and sits back down with Delilah.

The crowd returns to their seats.

Camille looks through the menu as Eddie hovers above her.

CAMILLE  
The monte cristo looks good.

EDDIE  
It's a killer.

DELILAH  
Wait a minute. I remembered.

Every patron in the Full Bushel holds their breath.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Camille, I wanted you to hear this from me: Vincent is gone. The word around town is that he up and left.

The restaurant crowd can breath again. Lunch resumes.

CAMILLE

He just took off?

DELILAH

I guess so. No one has seen him since you left and nobody knows where he could have gone.

CAMILLE

Shit.

Delilah starts to sob again.

DELILAH

I'm so sorry.

Camille pats her on the back.

CAMILLE

Don't be. It's not your fault.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Sheriff is hunkered over a table saw. He cuts a length of wood and slides it into place as a part of the new shelving system he is building in the jail cell.

Camille enters his office.

CAMILLE

Howdy, Sheriff.

He removes his safety goggles, letting them hang around his neck.

SHERIFF

Hi, Camille.  
(a little guarded)  
What can I do for you?

CAMILLE

I have kind of a problem.



SHERIFF

You've come to the right person. I don't wear this badge to hide a gravy stain.

CAMILLE

I know you know that Vincent skipped out on me.

SHERIFF

Yeah. Word of mouth travels faster than the speed of sound around here.

CAMILLE

Well,  
(reservedly)  
I need to find him.

Sheriff removes the goggles from around his neck and rubs his hand over his brow.

He's trying to buy his thoughts some time.

SHERIFF

I wouldn't know where to start. Did he leave a note?

CAMILLE

No.

Sheriff shrugs his shoulders.

SHERIFF

Then, there's nothing more I can do.

CAMILLE

What about a missing persons report?

SHERIFF

For Vincent?

CAMILLE

(joking)  
Well, it's not for me. I'm right here.

SHERIFF

Missing persons report. I never thought of that.

Sheriff goes to his desk and pulls out a form. He clicks his pen several times.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You know Camille, Wilburton is a small town. The town next to us is a small town. The town next to them is a small town. After that, there's nothing. If he's gone past that, a missing persons report is pretty much useless. Unless you know where he is.

CAMILLE

Should we call the FBI?

SHERIFF

The FBI. Nope, I hadn't thought of that one either. None of us did.

Sheriff's mind races with anxiety over the prospect of the FBI snooping around Wilburton.

CAMILLE

They, if anybody, could dig up some dirt on where he is.

Sheriff leaps from his chair, exuberant with a loophole.

SHERIFF

No!

Finding himself standing, he calms down and pretends he meant to do that.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

The FBI will only get involved if Vincent committed a federal offense.

CAMILLE

Then, let's go with the missing persons report. Somebody's got to know something.

INT. OSCAR'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The mayor's office is a time capsule. Nothing about it has changed from generations of mayors ago.

The room is seeped in Wilburton history, with old pictures of its mayors hanging sedately on its walls. Below each portrait is their respective keys to the city.

Oscar is sitting behind a rich, oak desk, before a huge arched window that looks out upon a rolling apple orchard.

Sheriff barges into the office.

OSCAR  
Don't come barging in here!

SHERIFF  
Why? What are you doing?

OSCAR  
(meekly)  
Reading People magazine. But I could've been in a meeting.

SHERIFF  
About what?!

OSCAR  
I don't now. Maybe, something like...like building a ballfield.

SHERIFF  
We don't have a ballteam.

OSCAR  
Maybe, if I was in a meeting about a ballfield, we could get a ballteam.

SHERIFF  
That's true.  
(a beat)  
Can I talk to you now?

Oscar presses a button on his intercom.

OSCAR  
Sara Marie.

SARA MARIE(O.C.)  
Yes.

OSCAR  
Do I have any meetings scheduled?

SARA MARIE  
(laughing)  
Yeah. I've got members of the Bolivian embassy fussin' to see you out here.

Oscar takes his finger off the button.

OSCAR  
My slates clean.

SHERIFF  
Camille filed a missing persons  
report. She wants me to go looking  
for Vincent.

This causes Oscar to cross the panic threshold. Truth be told, he panics if he runs out of chips before dip.

OSCAR  
The jig is up. The whole town's in  
it up to their ears. You and Sam  
dug the grave, but we're all dirty.

Exhausted from his frayed nerves, Oscar slumps over his desk.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
You'll have to go looking for him.

Sheriff is as calm as he has ever been.

SHERIFF  
I can't do that.

OSCAR  
That's what you're supposed to do  
when someone files a missing person  
report.

SHERIFF  
I can't go looking for him.

OSCAR  
Why not?

SHERIFF  
Because I know where he is.

Oscar jerks his head up.

OSCAR  
Pretend you don't. For the love of  
God, Sheriff, just make like you're  
snooping around a little. In a  
couple of days tell her you came up  
empty.

SHERIFF  
That's a good idea.

Oscar steps back on the right side of composure. He leans back in his chair, proud of his inadvertent brilliance.

OSCAR  
Well, I am the mayor.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Camille is stretched out on the couch drinking a glass of bourbon.

Butter lies at her feet, curled up and comfortable.

She picks up a pile of mail that was left on the coffee table and starts to weed through it.

A Federal Express envelope catches her attention. She opens it up and dumps out its contents.

Inside is the contract for the sale of the land. A handwritten note accompanies it. It reads: Vincent, your signature on these and it's a done deal.

Camille stuffs everything carefully back into the envelope. She gets up from the couch and walks over to the fireplace.

She leans down with a match and uses the envelope to start a fire.

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Delilah walks up to the front door.

She hesitates before knocking and almost turns to leave. She eventually musters the courage to bang on the door.

A moment passes before Camille answers.

CAMILLE  
Delilah!

Delilah smiles a sheepish grin.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Camille leads Delilah into the house.

The statue still stands in the center of the mantel.

DELILAH  
The place looks great.

CAMILLE

I figured since Vincent is gone, I could liven up the joint.

DELILAH

I'm not keeping you from anything, am I?

CAMILLE

No, I'm glad you stopped by. I could use the company. Do you want a drink?

DELILAH

I think I'm gonna need one.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The girls lounge on the couch.

There is a mostly empty bottle of bourbon sitting on the coffee table.

DELILAH

I am going to be worthless to Sam tomorrow.

CAMILLE

I'll write you a note: "Please excuse Delilah's ineptitude, she went on a binge with her bourbon hound of a friend last night".

The girls giggle as they take a drink from their glasses.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Are you and Sam a thing?

DELILAH

He felt me up in high school. Wooh, his hands were cold. I don't know if that's a thing.

CAMILLE

It's not a thing. It was a thing.

DELILAH

A thinged.

Delilah takes the bottle and empties it into their glasses.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Why did you marry Vincent?

Camille thinks about it.

CAMILLE

It's funny. When I married him, I never thought I would have to defend my actions.

Delilah laughs.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Vincent was a nice guy. But, somewhere between the chicken dance at the reception and the paper anniversary, he changed. Things kind of snowballed. He lost a big promotion, we owed the IRS a hunk of change, his father died.

DELILAH

That's tough.

CAMILLE

That wasn't the problem. He hated his father. He got stuck paying for the funeral.

(a beat)

We went for counseling and the doctor's diagnosis was that Vincent has developed a defensive attitude toward his surroundings, thereby offending the people around him.

Camille takes a big gulp of bourbon.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Either that or he's just a dick.

DELILAH

The doctor was right on that one.

CAMILLE

Well, the last part's my own theory.

DELILAH

I didn't realize he had so many problems.

CAMILLE

Everybody's got problems. You either deal with it and move forward, or dwell on it and move nowhere. Vincent chose to move nowhere.

DELILAH

If you're so...so....un...liking  
him, why do you want to find him?

CAMILLE

So I can finally put an end to this  
marriage. It's something I've  
wanted to do for a long time.  
Moving here was my last shot at  
saving it. But my marriage is over.  
Kaput. The end.

DELILAH

Are you picky about how it ends?

CAMILLE

We all have fantasies, but, not  
really.

Delilah finishes her bourbon in a gulp and peers at her out  
of one eye.

DELILAH

He's dead.

Camille shakes her head and rolls her eyes.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

I killed him. I can't hide it from  
you anymore.

CAMILLE

Nice try, Delilah. You almost had  
me.

Camille gets up and starts turning off the lights.

DELILAH

I did! Camille, he wasn't very  
popular. If I didn't do it someone  
else would have.

CAMILLE

You've had to much to drink. You're  
sleeping here tonight.

Camille helps Delilah off the couch. They start to head  
upstairs.

DELILAH

I'm telling you, I killed him. Ask  
anyone. No don't. The whole town is  
covering it up for me.



CAMILLE

Now I know you're looped. This town  
can't keep a secret.

DELILAH

It was the humane thing to do. We  
put him out of our misery.

CAMILLE

You can have the guest bedroom.

DELILAH

I got a key to the city.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Camille cracks a hungover eye open. In her relative sobriety  
her mind grasps what Delilah was telling her the night  
before.

Her eyes spring open.

INT. SAM'S WAITING AREA - MORNING

Delilah has her head resting on the cool glass of the display  
case.

Sam is doling out aspirins.

The waiting room is already bustling with Sam and Delilah  
groupies.

Camille bursts into the room and charges right to Delilah.

CAMILLE

Delilah, were you telling the truth  
last night? Vincent's dead?

The room is quiet. Everyone fixes an evil eye on "big mouth"  
Delilah.

DELILAH

(to everyone)  
I had to tell her! I couldn't keep  
it in! She's my friend!

CAMILLE

Did you kill him?

DELILAH

Yes.

Camille breaks down and sobs uncontrollably.

CAMILLE  
How could you?

She looks to the heavens.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Damn it, Vincent, it wasn't supposed to end like this.

DELILAH  
Camille, I'm so sorry. It was an accident. Sort of.

CAMILLE  
Oh, God, it should have been me! It was supposed to be me!

DELILAH  
No, Camille. It was his time. Sort of.

CAMILLE  
Don't you get it? All those years I spent with him.

Delilah wraps a comforting arm around her friend's shoulder.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Plodding through that marriage and plotting his death. Did you ever consider that maybe I wanted to watch the life drain from his face? That maybe I wanted to be the one to cross him off my to-do list?

DELILAH  
Huh?

CAMILLE  
I had it all figured out. That's really why I came back. Come back, kill him, no one cares, keep all the stuff, live happily ever after.

SAM  
That was a good plan.

CAMILLE  
I know. And it worked. Except that I missed out on the good part.

DELILAH

I'm sorry.

Camille dries her eyes with the back of her hand.

CAMILLE

Well, what's done is done.

She turns to every dumbfounded face in the room.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

So, I hear the whole town is covering it up?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff is painting his new shelves in the cell.

A MAN in a brown business suit is standing near him, taking notes.

SHERIFF

The way I figure it, Vincent came home drunk one night, made it halfway up the stairs and then fell backwards. Hit his head on the bannister. You know how those old houses were built. There's no give. Lot of craftsmanship went into that staircase. Probably got quite a blow to the ol' melon.

INT. SAM'S EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Sam is talking to the man in the brown suit. The man is still taking notes.

SAM

I examined Mr. Schnoddrig personally and found that his death was caused by an acute epidural hematoma. You know how those old houses were built.

INT. SCHNODDRIG'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Camille, dressed in mourning black, is sitting on the couch with Delilah.

In the entryway, the man in the brown suit is violently shaking the banister, to see if there is any give.

That sucker is built well.

MAN

I think I have all I need.

He comes back into the living room and finishes filling out the insurance forms.

MAN (CONT'D)

In a way, Mrs. Schnoddrig, it's probably for the best that it happened this way. Your being out of town saved you from finding the body.

Camille holds back fake tears.

CAMILLE

That would have been too much for me.

He opens a large book and fills out a check. He rips it out and hands it to Camille.

MAN

Here is your check for seven-hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The other half will be in the mail by the end of the week.

CAMILLE

Thank you. You have been so kind.

Camille escorts him out the door. Before he steps off the front porch, he turns back.

MAN

During the investigation I found out that your husband was drinking that night. You could sue the bar owner for serving him, and indirectly causing his death.

CAMILLE

Thank you. But, Vincent was old enough to be responsible for his own behavior. If his actions led to this, then he got what was coming to him.

She closes the door behind him and turns slowly to reveal a glorious smile.

EXT SCHNODDRIG'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Camille steps off the front porch to inspect the work Lester and Franklin are doing in hanging a large sign onto the roof of the front porch.

It reads "Camille's Antiques".

EXT. SCHNODDRIG'S APPLE FIELD - SUNSET

Camille is throwing a barbecue and has invited the entire town to share in the feast.

Eddie is manning the barbecue.

Butter is playing with some children.

Ben and Squilly are playing chess at a picnic table.

Delilah, Sam, Sheriff, Oscar and Chuck are sitting on the back porch.

Camille joins them.

SHERIFF

It's right nice of you to throw this shindig for the town.

CAMILLE

Don't thank me. Thank Vincent. It's because of him this is all possible.

(a beat)

You know, I've been thinking: what did you do with Vincent's body?

Delilah, Sam, Sheriff, Oscar and Chuck all raise their heads to gaze out upon the apple orchard.

Camille grins.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

At least he was good for something.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Mrs. Rybiski is still standing in her doorway, watching the reaction of the children to this story.

BETTY

And that was it. Wilburton had their very first Apple Queen and she is beloved to this very day.

MRS. RYBISKI

So, Sean, Dennis, what did you learn from this story?

SEAN

Be nice to people or they'll kill you.

DENNIS

And they won't miss you when you're dead.

TED

Precisely.

BETTY

I think the moral of the story is less severe than that. Why don't we just say "what goes around comes around".

SEAN

And when it comes around, it'll kill you.

Sean's parents, Sam and Delilah (yes, that Sam and Delilah), hustle down the hallway.

DELILAH

I'm sorry we're late.

SAM

Mrs. Carlson went into labor.

BETTY

What did she have?

SAM

A baby.

Sam is the only one laughing.

SAM (CONT'D)

Sorry, a little doctor humor there.

DELILAH

She had a little boy. And I hope her little boy isn't as much trouble as ours has been.

SEAN

This is a new me, Mom. I swear.  
Grandma and Grandpa told me a story  
about this guy, Vincent Schnoddrig  
who was real mean to everybody and  
someone killed him and nobody  
cared.

Sam and Delilah look at each other and then cast a  
disbelieving glance at the storytellers.

DELILAH

They did, did they?

EXT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Sam, Delilah, Betty, Ted, Sean and Dennis exit the school  
through the main doors.

SEAN

Mom, can Dennis go with us to the  
Corn Festival tonight?

DELILAH

Sure.

Sean and Dennis run down the stairs ahead of them.

SAM

How, could you tell our son that  
story?

BETTY

Don't worry, we changed all the  
names to protect the innocent.

They look out to the town in front of them.

The town is "Wilburton", although its real name is Edison,  
and it's the corn capital of the world.

The street are festively decorated for the Corn Festival

Everything from the story is the same from Main Street and  
Gigi's House Of Beauty, to the The Corn Hole Cafe and the  
house/antique store on the hill that belongs to the corn  
Queen, Clara Schnodfeld.

TED

You're going to have to get used to  
it: you are a part of American  
folklore now.

DELILAH

Yeah, but I don't think Paul Bunyon  
ever murdered anyone.

FADE OUT.

THE END