

TRY THE PIE
Original Ending

Written by

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Recipe for the Pie by

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FADE IN...

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN-1960'S

It appears that we're on the stage of a cooking show, reminiscent of a kitchen of the future via Tomorrowland. Stepping out to canned applause is CHARLOTTE (20's, she/her, angelic), and she's here to cook!

CHARLOTTE

Thank you! Thank you! My name is Charlotte Moore, and welcome to my kitchen! I just want to say thank you for coming out today. Now, I have some bad news for you all, but, it does have a couple silver linings to be honest.

The canned applause dies down.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Now, today, is our last show. I know, I know, but, with every ending comes a new beginning. I know how much you're going to miss me, so, why don't we say good bye, with one last dessert!

The canned crowd boos, then quickly calms down as Charlotte moves to the island in the center of the kitchen.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

We're going to make my mother's favorite recipe. A little something to make the right person just die for a piece, right?

*

The canned crowd laughs.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

So, let's get out our pencils, and our notebooks, and let's jot down what we need to make...

Charlotte reaches under the kitchen island she's posted at, and sets down a dish, covered with a white sheet. She pulls the sheet away to produce an already cooked---

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(shouting)

APPLE PIE!

The canned crowd cheers and applauds like it's the last home cooked meal they'll ever see. As the applause dies down again, Charlotte pulls a large paper bag from her cooking island, and sets it on the counter. With her kitchen knife, she slices the smaller sides of the bag, and tumbling from the bag are the apples that go into the pie.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

First thing's first, what goes into
an apple pie, besides, love, right?
That's right, apples!

Charlotte takes the apples, three or four of them, and lines them up. She raises her knife---

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN-CURRENT DAY

---As the knife digs into the apple, the colors appear muted, and reality snaps into frame. We're now in a barely lit kitchen, with the real Charlotte, barring a black-eye, injured hand, and visibly distressed. She handles the knife with precision and skill. She raises the knife into the air again---

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN-1960'S

--- with one final blow Charlotte is back in the 60's, finishing up the slices of apples. She then takes the other ingredients and starts to mix it all together.

CHARLOTTE

Now, lets make sure you chop these
little granny's up into tiny
pieces. You wanna savor every bite,
not choke to death on it.

*

Charlotte fills the bowl with the pie filling, and starts to stir it. After a few good stirs, she sets the bowl aside and readies up the pie dough and pan.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Now, let's get the pie crust
started... You want to get your
crust, and start rolling one of
them into a 12 inch circle that's
about an eight of an inch thick.

Charlotte rolls out the pie dough, and eventually rests the dough into the pan. As she dusts her hands off, she stops for a moment, then turns to the camera.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
You know what I forgot? I forgot my
special ingredient!

The crowd makes a "Whoa!" Sound.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
I know, and since I said today's
our last day here, we're gonna fill
this pie up with flavor from my
special ingredient!

A man in a "U and I" costume prances from the apron of the
set, stopping at the kitchen island. This mascot, is BURTON
(20's, he/him, dapper).

Burton hands her a 16 oz. Box of "U and I" powdered sugar,
and Charlotte raises it---

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Powdered sugar!

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN-CURRENT DAY

The light flashes and the logo for the "U and I" sugar is
replaced with a box of Ez-Kil rat poison. She examines the
box, and looks down at her in-progress pie.

CHARLOTTE
Am I really going to do this?

Charlotte wipes away a tear. She looks over to some of the
tools on her countertop, eying the mortar and pestle, the
nearby sifter and a pair of rubber gloves near the sink.

*
*

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN-1960'S

Charlotte, barehanded, shakes the box's contents into the pie
plate, and pours extra into the pie filling. She then takes
the spoon, stirs the filling a few more times, then dishes
the portions into the pie crust and pan.

CHARLOTTE
Now, you want to evenly distribute
the pie and the ingredient, just to
be sure that your special someone
get's their just dessert.

*

Charlotte takes another piece of dough, rolls it out, and
adds more of her special ingredient onto it.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Take your knife---.

Charlotte raises her knife, and brings it down slowly, to trim the excess off of the crust.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
--- and lightly trim the excess away. Then, take your fingers to pull the pie crust up and slightly away from the edge of the dish.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN-CURRENT DAY

Charlotte lays the crust on top of the pie and takes her egg wash, brushing it evenly. She then takes the pie, and slides it into the oven. She removes her rubber gloves and sets the timer for 25 minutes. *

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN-1960'S

The first timer goes off and Charlotte pulls the pie out of the oven, setting it onto a staged piece of foil. She then wraps the pie up along the sides, and then sets her timer for another half-hour.

CHARLOTTE
Now that we have our pie shield up,
we're gonna let that little fella
cook for about a half-hour and
then, it's done!

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN-CURRENT DAY

A ding sounds, and Charlotte removes the pie from the oven, fully cooked and ready to consume. Now donning oven mitts, Charlotte sets the pie down onto a pot holder to cool. *
*

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN-1960'S

Charlotte looks around her kitchen then back to the camera.

CHARLOTTE
Now, who gets the first bite? *

From the stage door of the kitchen set, a door opens. Charlotte looks towards the door and---.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN-CURRENT DAY

--- Charlotte's husband, the real Burton, stands at the doorway, drunk off his ass.

*

BURTON
Hi home, I'm Honey...

Burton staggers in, and walks to the kitchen table and slumps into a chair.

BURTON (CONT'D)
Smells goooooood! Whatja make?

CHARLOTTE
Oh, I, I thought I'd make some pie for you.

BURTON
Is it your mom's shitass recipe?

CHARLOTTE
N-no Burton, it's something special. And it's---.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN-1960'S

The 60's handsome Burton stands at the kitchen island, smiling at Charlotte. Charlotte hands off a slice of the pie to the man she "loves."

CHARLOTTE
---just for you Burton...

Burton rolls his head back, and laughs. He sets the pie plate down, and removes a fork from the island, preparing to take a bite.

BURTON
Thank you my dearest.

*

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN

Burton is about to indulge, but stops.

*

BURTON
(drunk)
Y'know, when I saw you there at the counter, you looked as beautiful as ya did after our honeymoon.

*

*

Charlotte does a double take, and listens to Burton.

BURTON (CONT'D)

And I'm really glad we had that talk
earlier. I know that I said the
only way you'd walk outta here was
if I was in a body bag. And we both
know you don't have the fucking
guts or brains to kill me...

*
*
*
*
*

Burton picks up his fork, but Charlotte stops him by taking
the pie plate away.

CHARLOTTE

I just remembered... You like it
ala mode... Gimme a sec.

Charlotte takes the pie plate away, and puts three scoops of
ice cream onto the plate. She puts the ice cream back into
the freezer and shuts the door.

BURTON

Hey, here's a good one: Whaddya tell
a woman with two black eyes?
Nothing, you done told her twice
already!

*
*

Charlotte winces at the joke, and places the pie plate in
front of Burton.

CHARLOTTE

C'mon, baby. Why don't you try the
pie?

*

Burton snorts, and takes the slice, cutting a portion out
with his fork, the piece about to slide into his mouth---

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN-1960'S

---60's Burton chews the first bite, licks his lips and
smiles. Burton takes another bite, then tries to say
something with his mouth full.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN-CURRENT DAY

*

Burton starts to cough, and then starts to choke on that last
bite. Burton starts to shake violently, and tries to grab
Charlotte, but, he drops to the ground, and starts grabbing
his throat.

*
*
*

CHARLOTTE

I made you a pie for you Burton,
and I put a really special
ingredient in there for ya...

Charlotte walks to the counter, picks up a corner of the rat poison box and tips it over. It's empty. She lifts the mortar and pestle, showing traces of the poison to her victim. *

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Typically, it love. But between us,
it's actually rat poison...

Burton's eyes open wide, as he tries to crawl away, but with the spasms affecting his body, he stops. Charlotte approaches the dying man.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
You said I didn't have the guts to
do it. I guess I did, didn't I?
This is for every slap, every
punch, every time you hurt me so
you can feel tough, you sack of
shit. I'll see you in hell, Burton.

Burton's last action is to try and grab Charlotte's leg as she walks past him. She takes a suitcase and a bundle of clothes, returning to the living room, jamming them into the suitcase. Burton, eyes wide open, breathing his last gasping breath, stares into oblivion. *

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN-1960'S

BURTON
(smacks lips)
My, my, Charlotte, this pie is a
real killer, y'know? *

CHARLOTTE
I'm so happy you loved it...

Charlotte kisses Burton and turns back to the audience.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
With that last dish, I'm ready to
start on the next chapter of my
life! Goodbye, everybody!

Charlotte waves at the audience as the film screen cuts out to a black/white test pattern as we hear footsteps and a door slam shut. Then we *

FADE TO BLACK

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