

TAG

EXT./INT. CAR - DAY

Moira Rose speeds down the street, heading from the motel to town.

The familiar site of police lights shows up behind her.

MOIRA

Oh, what's this?

Irritated, she pulls the car over.

The police officer, CARL, 40s, pale, walks up to the car. Moira rolls down her window.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Good morning officer, is there a problem?

CARL

Do you know how fast you were going?

MOIRA

Hmm..

She looks at the speedometer. Clearly it doesn't say anything.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

No, I can't say that I do. (Beat)
Ah! What a fun little test. Will that be all?

Carl leans his hand against her car.

CARL

No, ma'am, that will not be all. Where were you heading so fast?

MOIRA

To Jazzagals, of course! What kind of a question is that? Now, I'm running late, so if this fruitless interruption could be over and done with, I'd greatly appreciate it, and so would the rest of the town miscreants I'm sure are just waiting for you to drive by and pick them up!

CARL

Can I see your license and
(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)
registration, please?

MOIRA
(flustered)
I don't understand, Officer, I
just told you I was late.

CARL
Ma'am, it doesn't matter if you're
late. You cannot speed.

MOIRA
Alright, well thank you for the
reminder! We all must have one now
and again as our years go on and
on. Age does wear some thin! And
thank you for your service,
(leans in to read
his nametag)
Ca-ca-Crrrrril. Carol? Carol, we
all need people like you keeping
the hubbub of the rural riffraffs
at bay.

Carl begins to respond, but Moira interrupts him.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Well, I'm afraid I must bid you
adieu! Adieu!

She speeds off.
CUT TO:

INT. POLICE OFFICE
Moira gets her mugshot taken.

Opening Credits

ACT ONE

EXT. SCHITT'S CREEK MOTEL - DAY

Johnny, in jeans and holding two shovels, enters the main office.

INT. SCHITT'S CREEK MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

Stevie is sitting at the front desk.

JOHNNY

Stevie! Are you ready to get started?

STEVIE

Good morning, Mr. Rose...Are you really going to make me ask?

JOHNNY

Sorry?

STEVIE

(Deadpan)

Okay. Guess it's that kind of morning.

(chipper)

What's with the shovels, Mr. Rose? Did you finally decide to get a jump start on that family grave? Or perhaps there's another dead body I should be informed of?

JOHNNY

What? No, don't you remember?

Stevie shakes her head.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

The boxes, Stevie? Did you not check yours yesterday?

STEVIE

Box?

JOHNNY

Boxes. Honestly, Stevie, I don't know how you find your shoes in the morning. I swear you're almost as bad as Alexis. Don't you remember?

INT. ROSE MOTEL MAIN OFFICE - ONE WEEK AGO

Stevie is behind the counter, on the computer. Johnny enters, holding the mail in his hands. There's not a lot of it, but he sorts through it as if there is.

JOHNNY

You know, Stevie, I think it might be a good idea for us to get a bit more organized in here.

Stevie doesn't look up from the computer.

STEVIE

Mmm.

JOHNNY

Stevie. I'm being serious.

Still her eyes are focused.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Stevie, can you hand me that pen over there?

He points to one across from her, as she reaches she knocks over her coffee cup, spilling on her pants.

JOHNNY

Stevie!

STEVIE

What?! I didn't spill it on you, did I?

JOHNNY

This is exactly what I'm talking about. This could have been prevented.

He motions to the desk, which is complete chaos.

STEVIE

What?

She's padding off the coffee.

JOHNNY

Organization. Boxes. Order. One for you, one for me...Or, something like that.

STEVIE

That's a lot of O's, Mr. Rose.

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)
(Off Johnny's look)
Sure, yeah. Okay.

INT. THE OFFICE - PRESENT

Stevie looks at a slip of paper from her box.

STEVIE
A garden?

Johnny holds up the shovels.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Mr. Rose, you want to
plant flowers? Here? *This* space is
one you think should
have...flowers?

He raises an eyebrow at her.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSE APOTHECARY - DAY

Patrick is behind the check out counter on his laptop when
David enters.

DAVID
Oh! Is today a school day?
I don't...

He shakes his head at the situation.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I don't remember homework being
assigned in yesterday's staff
meeting.

PATRICK
Well, you wouldn't, being the only
one to show up tardy.

DAVID
Okay. Well.

PATRICK
Here.

He turns the laptop around to show David that he has set up a
Yelp page.

DAVID
(grossed out)
Yelp?

Just then, Alexis walks in.

ALEXIS

EW! David what did you just say?

DAVID

(To Alexis)

What?! It's not my fault.

PATRICK

Alright, I'm sensing just a small hint of apprehension here. But, maybe that's just me. I've never been the most perceptive.

DAVID

Umm. Okay. I thought we were discussing things with each other first. What the hell is this?

PATRICK

Right, like how you discussed stocking those with me.

Patrick nods to the shelves behind David. Phallic candlesticks line the wall.

DAVID

Okay. Those are artisan crafted candlesticks from the rainforests of Guatemala. They were pretty hard to secure, so...

PATRICK

While I'm sure "candlestick" is what's immediately going to pop into people's heads when they walk through the door, you still didn't ask me about them.

DAVID

I didn't know they were a problem.

ALEXIS

(looking at the candlesticks)

Okay, David. I thought we talked about you making big purchases without consulting me.

David can't believe her. She turns back to the Yelp page.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

David. You can't.

David sighs, clearly irritated and frustrated.

DAVID

(disgusted)

Yelp is...Ugh! It's gross and really not something that fits the general aesthetic we've been working so hard to build. That **I've** been working so hard to build.

(Under his breath)

And, that you clearly just want to see burn.

PATRICK

You know, David, you shouldn't knock it until you try it. People are leaving tons of reviews. It's been pretty good for business. You should try that thing that *normal* people do.

DAVID

And, what's that?

PATRICK

Support, David. Support.

David begins to scroll on the page, but Patrick shuts the computer closed.

DAVID

Hey!

Alexis reaches for the computer, but Patrick moves away from her.

ALEXIS

Hey!

PATRICK

No!

PATRICK

No, no. If you can't support it, you don't get to read it. Either of you. And there are a lot of reviews, David. (Beat) A lot.

DAVID

Well, are they any good?

Patrick keeps the laptop against his chest and shakes his head, no.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Patrick, Yelp is where the Mom and Pop shops with long-since departed Moms and Pops go to die. Again.

PATRICK

Oh, I'm sure that's a bit of an exaggeration.

ALEXIS

No, he's right. I saw it happen all the time when I spent a semester at sea in New York. This cute little coffee shop on Broadway made *the best* chais until they started handing them out FOR. FREE. in exchange for a review...Basically closed the next day! Who the hell wants *free* chais? Wait, David!

Alexis hits David.

DAVID

What?

ALEXIS

Are you *trying* to pull a Dirty Chai?

DAVID

Oh my god.

He looks at Patrick, who is really just amused. He walks away from the Rose siblings, laptop under his arm.

CUT TO:

INT. THE JAIL

Moira is sitting, glamorously in her jail cell, half lying down on the bench inside.

MOIRA

Oh, what have you done? Carl, Carl, *Carl!* Why do you insist on playing this **adolescent** game of keeping me locked up? There are real criminals running rampant on the streets. Rampant! And you take a perfectly poised young woman, thriving in her prime, and lock her up. Cruelty! Cruelty, I tell you!

She sits up at the sound of keys jingling.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

(She gasps)

Finally, have you come to your

(MORE)

MOIRA (CONT'D)
senses, Officer? Have you come to
free me from these clutches of
felonious transgressions?

Carl is opening her jail cell.

CARL
Please, step back, Mrs. Rose

Moira is confused. Carl opens the cell door wider and lets in
RUTH, a young woman in her 20s, makeup all over her face.

MOIRA
You can't do this to me. Carl?
Please, Carl?

Moira looks petrified. She shimmies her way around the young
woman and reaches for Carl through the bars.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Do you know who **I** am? Sunrise Bay?
Ring any kind of bells underneath
that mop you call hair?

She turns her head, striking a pose. Nothing.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Please! Get me a new cell. I need
space. Room to roam if I am to
stay here!

He starts to leave, she reaches for him.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Carl! Carl! This is a tra-ves-ty!
This is simply inhumane!

Carl is gone. Moira turns to Ruth.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Well, hello dear.
(about her lipstick)
That's a lovely shade of red. What
do you call that? Maroon
Menagerie? Or perhaps something
simpler like...Heart Breaker?

The young woman fake lunges at Moira, who screams.

EXT. BEHIND THE MOTEL - DAY

Johnny and Stevie are digging, Johnny more fervently
than Stevie.

Roland sits in a fold out chair drinking a beer, spectating.

ROLAND

Oh, Johnny, looks like you missed a spot. Oh man, you don't wanna leave any grass spear unturned.

He opens another beer.

JOHNNY

You know, Roland, we don't pay you just to sit around and provide commentary when there's actual work to be done. You could pick up a shovel.

ROLAND

What? I am doing work! Quality Assurance is a real job, Johnny, look it up. Webster wrote all about it.

Stevie stops digging.

STEVIE

You know, Mr. Rose, I think we have some dirt leftover from the potted plants in the storage room.

JOHNNY

Yes, yes, we do, Stevie. Roland?

ROLAND

Hmm?

STEVIE

Could you go get them?

ROLAND

Now, guys, if I get up from this spot, how am I going to make sure this...plot of...well...soil is meeting Schitt expectations?

Stevie looks at Johnny exasperated.

STEVIE

Okay. Awesome. I don't know what I expected.

She moves away from their patch.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(to Johnny)

So...Where are they?

JOHNNY

Where are what?

STEVIE

(motioning to the dug
up grass)

The flowers, Mr. Rose. Or did you prefer a deconstructed garden where the guests just have to visualize pretty colors and the sweet, sweet smell of Mother Earth helps them believe?

JOHNNY

No, no, a real garden, I just...only thought as far as the shovels...actually.

STEVIE

Right...Okay. Despite that clearly *massive* oversight, there is a garden store in Elmdale...If only we knew someone with a truck and nothing to do today who could pick some up...and assure quality or whatever?

She turns to Roland slowly.

JOHNNY

Yes! Roland?

ROLAND

Yeah, Johnny?

JOHNNY

(exasperated)

Could we possibly bother you to GO and pick up some flowers from the store?

Roland grunts and rolls his eyes.

EXT. ROLAND'S TRUCK

Roland's truck drives down the street off Elmdale, right past the police station.

INT. THE POLICE STATION

Moira and the young woman, Ruth, seem to actually have become friends.

MOIRA

Well you know, it was my brief winter solstice dalliance with a young Michael Douglas that taught me to always, *always* leave your windows unlocked. Frostbite be damned! I assure you, the reward will keep you much warmer than Bab Streisand's fur coat!

(whispering behind her hand)

To be honest, I've worn much better, but what Mikey wants, Mikey gets!

Carl comes around the corner.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

(to Ruth)

Oh, look, dear, here comes our knight in shining...what kind of material is that Officer, burlap?

CARL

Ruth, you're free to go.

RUTH

Thank you, Mrs. Rose. For everything.

Moira hugs her.

MOIRA

Well, my girl, if jail serves any purpose it is to learn from ones cellmate. Now, go forth in search of your own nighttime window stalker. Take care now. Bye, bye! God speed!

She exits the cell, giving Moira a wave, who has now walked up to the bars and is clutching onto them.

Another officer takes Ruth away.

MOIRA

(to Carl)

Now, Carl.

(MORE)

MOIRA (CONT'D)

I can't help but notice I am the only one left in this abominable excuse for a temporary home for the derelict members of our society. Don't you think they've gone through enough pain in their lives?

CARL

(amused)

Mrs. Rose, after two phone calls you have yet to make contact with someone who can come and pick you up. Now, I can't in good faith let you leave here until someone does.

MOIRA

Good faith? Carl, what does that mean?

CARL

You'll just have to sit your rump down and wait.

He starts to walk away. Moira is flabbergasted.

MOIRA

Oh! You don't want to leave me here, Carl! Carl, I'm going to lose it. CARLL!! AHHH!

ACT TWO

EXT. ROSE APOTHECARY

A customer enters.

INT. ROSE APOTHECARY

Alexis and David are in the corner by the soaps, pretending to restock while Patrick is with a customer and his laptop.

ALEXIS

David. I know that this is a whole new situation for you and you're still just a little new business owner baby, but you cannot let this to happen.

DAVID

Okay. I am trying to get rid of it. If you have any gold star ideas trapped behind that knock-off mascara, please feel free to contribute.

ALEXIS

Oh my gosh, David. It is not knock off.

DAVID

Okay. Well you didn't buy it here.

Alexis hits his arm.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ow!

ALEXIS

Don't be such a peach, David.
(Beat) I have an idea.

CUT TO:

Alexis walks up to Patrick, who has just finished helping a customer.

ALEXIS

Hey!

PATRICK

Alexis. What's up? Can I help you with something?

ALEXIS

Ew, no. *I* don't need help with things, like in general. *But*, I was talking to that cute little old lady over there.

She points to a middle aged woman.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

AND, she is totally in the market for some new skin care products! But, she had all these questions and stuff, so...

PATRICK

Okay, did she mention that to you, or are you just part one in a brilliant Rose siblings scheme to get me away from my laptop long enough to take down the page?

ALEXIS

(Laughing)

Oh, Patrick! No. No, no, no. I would never be a part of a scheme. I would be the scheme.

Patrick looks suspicious, but goes to help the customer. David peaks out from behind the curtain.

He opens the computer, types in a couple of attempts, while watching Alexis and Patrick. We see the screen, he's gotten into the laptop and onto the Yelp page, but he gets caught reading.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND SCHITT'S CREEK MOTEL

Johnny is sweating through his shirt when he hears a honk.

EXT. SCHITT'S CREEK MOTEL

Johnny comes around the side of the motel as Stevie comes out from the office.

Roland has pulled up in front of the motel in his truck.

JOHNNY

Roland...What's this?

ROLAND

Well, Johnny, I didn't think I'd have to spell it out for you, but okay... *this*...

(MORE)

Uprooted

Made in Highland

ROLAND (CONT'D)
(he points to the truck)
is everything you need to make a
traditional Schitt garden. Right
down to the kid relieving himself,
if you know what I mean.

Stevie looks astonished.

JOHNNY
I think Stevie and I were looking
for something a little
more...traditional.
(off Roland's look)
You know...Petunias, roses, maybe
a bird feeder.

We see the bed of the truck loaded completely full with little
statues, from kitschy deer and gnomes to miniature Greek
goddesses.

STEVIE
(to Johnny)
Wow. I mean, I think we should
honor the great Schitt tradition
of having Medusa's graveyard in
our backyard. Let's not just
dismiss it right away, Mr. Rose.

Missing the reference, Roland looks pleased.

JOHNNY
(to Stevie)
No.
(to Roland)
No. Absolutely not.

ROLAND
C'mon Johnny. How long have you
been here, three years? I think
it's finally time to give in and
turn yourself over to the way we
do things around here. It's not
all, fancy boogewah marble statues
of Greek gods showing off their
ding-dong.

STEVIE
(whispering)
Ding-dong...

Johnny, confused, begins to walk away.

JOHNNY
I hope you kept those
receipts, Roland.

ROLAND
(after Johnny)
I don't think they do refunds!

JOHNNY
(over shoulder)
Fix it, Roland!

Stevie follows Johnny.

ROLAND
(calling)
What about Johnny Jr., Johnny?!

He holds a little Greek boy statue.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
Come on!

ACT THREE

INT. ROSE APOTHECARY

Alexis is hovering around Patrick as he helps a guest. She waves over at David when Patrick is finishing. Patrick clearly notices.

Patrick walks up to the counter.

PATRICK

Ah, so I have fallen victim to the dreaded Rose siblings classic sabotage. How will I ever recover?

DAVID

Okay, first of all, the name of your first dog as your password.

PATRICK

Gumpy, may he rest in peace.

DAVID

Kinda an easy hack. Like have you ever thought about cyber security? And, second of all, I didn't delete it. And...

PATRICK

There's a third of all? Also, don't think I didn't notice you know his name. Touched, David. I'm touched.

David looks at Alexis and then at Patrick, with that classic half smile.

ALEXIS

Okay. Well, looks like I don't need to be here anymore.

David waves her away, but focuses on Patrick.

DAVID

Okay, bye.

ALEXIS

You're welcome, David!

His waving gets more frantic. She looks at her phone and leaves.

DAVID

Third and final of all, I don't
(MORE)

Uprooted

DAVID (CONT'D)
think I was 100 percent, totally
and completely right when I told
you to delete it.

PATRICK
Wait, wait, wait. Am I actually
hearing *the* David Rose admit to
being wrong?

DAVID
Well, okay, Mr. Exaggeration, not
wrong... I think a solid 87% of
fault is all I'm going to give
myself here.

PATRICK
And why is that?

David looks back to the computer.

DAVID
Well, these aren't *all* bad. Some
of them are actually kind
of...sweet.

Patrick comes around the counter and looks at the computer
with him.

DAVID (CONT'D)
But, I mean, there's no use
getting all emotional over a
couple of words someone typed from
their mobile home in their spare
time on a site that
honestly...really needs to hire a
new designer. Red? That's so 2008.

PATRICK
So, none of these reviews touched
you? Not the one from Elmdale's up
and coming DJ who also linked his
SoundCloud? I mean, it's pretty
awesome beat, not going to lie.

David shakes his head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Not even the one about the sweet
shop owners who are so clearly
into each other? Pretty much hit
the nail on the head with that
one.

DAVID

Okay. Yes. Fine. Some of them are...nice.

PATRICK

Great! I'm glad we've agreed to keep it up.

He takes the computer and kisses David on the head.

DAVID

Wait, no, that wasn't what I was saying at all.

PATRICK

Not in so many words. But, that was pretty much the gist of it.

DAVID

So many..wor..No, Patrick, in no words. In none of the words that just came out of my mouth did I say that.

PATRICK

There was no need. This cute shop owner understands his cute shop owner.

Patrick goes to the back of the store.

DAVID

Ugh!

INT. JAIL

Moira is sitting on the floor of the jail, exhausted.

MOIRA

(mournfully singing)

Oh, what troubles I've seen.
Nobody knows but Je-sus.

Carl comes around the corner.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Oh, Carl. There you are. I was just about to do my rendition of the Cell Block Tango, would you like to be the Roxy to my Velma?

He opens his mouth, but then Alexis comes around the side.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Oh, Alexis! Sweetheart, you've come to rescue me! I knew, I just knew all those years ago that the fruit of my loins would come to me in my hour of need.

ALEXIS

Oh my God, Mom. Ew! Why are you on the floor? Do you know how gross that is?

(whispering)

You know there aren't, like, bathrooms here. So...

(she eyes the ground)

You know...

Moira dusts off her clothes.

MOIRA

Well, Alexis, it's not like I was given a choice between that and a Boca de Loba living room set! Just like the trooper I am, I made due with what I had!

CARL

You're free to go, Mrs. Rose.

He opens up the jail cell. Moira goes to thank Alexis, who moves away.

ALEXIS

Don't touch me.

MOIRA

Oh, Carl...

She approaches him.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

I am so sorry I must now take my leave. I know this great, big beautiful world has so much to offer you, but I, alas, can no longer be a part of the grand endeavor you will continue to step into as soon as I leave this carbuncle confinement chamber, called pr-ison.

Carl is used to her by now.

ALEXIS

Mom, let's go.

CARL

It was nice to get to know you,
too, Mrs. Rose.

MOIRA

(to Alexis)

Just a minute, dear.

(to Carl)

I do so hope you continue to grace
the inhabitants of Elmdale with
your servitude, Carl.

CARL

I promise, Mrs. Rose. I'll
be around.

MOIRA

Not, on the highway, I hope.

She laughs, but Carl doesn't. Alexis begins to usher her away.

MOIRA

(calling)

Good bye! Bye, now!

EXT. BEHIND THE MOTEL - NIGHT

Johnny and Stevie are sitting in the lawn chairs admiring their
work, although we don't see it yet.

MOIRA (O.S.)

JOHN! JOHNNY!!

She comes around the back.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Oh. My. God. There you are.

JOHNNY

Moira, where have you been all
day? You look

Moira impatiently waits a complete sentence, eyeing
Johnny carefully.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

...nice.

She doesn't.

STEVIE

Hi, Mrs. Rose. Did you fall here?

MOIRA

Oh, John, I don't know where you have been all day, but I have been all around today, going from wall to wall, stuck in a chamber of wrongdoing. Not that I did anything wrong, of course.

JOHNNY

(Distracted)

That's nice, Honey.

MOIRA

And what, pray tell, have you been doing with your 24 hours?

JOHNNY

Well, you're looking at it.

MOIRA

This? This is what kept you all day?

Then we see the garden. It is two rose hedges planted haphazardly in the middle of the green field with a gnome to the side.

JOHNNY

Well not just this...Stevie, would you do the honors?

Stevie nods, gets up and then plugs in a chord. The garden lights up. It's pitiful.

Johnny looks to Moira for approval.

She just screams.

END OF SHOW