

# Moral - Raped

## Raped

A lost episode; the script was posted on [Dino Stamatopoulos'](#) Myspace profile. The episode was supposed to take place in the second half of the third season, confirmed by the appearance of Arthur Puppington.

## Episode transcript

### Edit

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

*Potterswheel is in that familiar position: between a stirruped-woman's legs.*

**POTTERSWHEEL:** Interesting...

**MISS SCULPTHAM (O.S.):** What's so interesting all of a sudden?

**POTTERSWHEEL:** Well...for one, Miss Sculptham, there seems to be some trauma to your uterus...

*Potterswheel looks up at her, suspiciously. Sculptham looks away, uncomfortable.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** Huh. Fancy that.

**POTTERSWHEEL:** But the biggest damage seems to be...*(looking, looking)* ...to...your...utter solitude.

*Sculptham shoots him a curious raising of the eyebrows. He finally looks up at her.*

**POTTERSWHEEL (CONT'D):** *(emotionless)* You're pregnant!

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** Hmm... Now that's interesting.

**POTTERSWHEEL:** Probably due to your oddly heroic episode with Cecil Creepler a few months back.

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** Probably.

**POTTERSWHEEL** *(looking inside her):* That puncture wound along your uteral wall is odd though. Was he carrying some kind of sharp, wirey apparatus?

**MISS SCULPTHAM** *(lying):* Yes, now that you mention it, he was. He had one of those things you hang your clothes on.

**POTTERSWHEEL:** Coat rack?

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** No...

**POTTERSWHEEL** *(point; confident):* A hanger!

*Sculptham puts her finger to her nose: "on the nose."*

**POTTERSWHEEL** (CONT'D): Well. Mystery solved. (*chuckling to himself*) Hopefully the fetus won't commit suicide like his father. (*silence*) Um... congratulations on the new life, I suppose.

**MISS SCULPTHAM** (*distracted*): Same to you.

*Potterswheel cocks his head like a confused dog.*

EXT. DIORAMA ELEMENTARY - DAY

*Establishing shot. We hear Sculptham.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: All right, class, we have our big field trip next week...

INT. CLASS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

*Sculptham passes out forms to all the students.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: ...so get these permission slips signed by your parents.

*As she hands one to Orel, he looks excited.*

**OREL**: Where are we going, Miss Sculptham?

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: Freedom County Prison.

*The kids all look at each other, not sure how to react.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM** (CONT'D): We're lucky enough to have a penitentiary right in our own backyard that houses some of the widest varieties of rare and exotic criminals in the world.

**DOUGHY**: Like g-g-g-graffiti artists?

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: Better than that, Doughy. You're going to get to observe murderers, spousal abusers and, if we're lucky, maybe even the king of the convicts... (*sadly*) ...the rapist.

*The class is stone cold quiet. Sculptham is now at the front of her class.*

*Behind her on the chalkboard is written: "This week's lessons -- 1. Jack The Ripper 2. Atilla The Hun 3. Vlad The Impaler 4. Fatty Arbuckle"]*

**MISS SCULPTHAM** (CONT'D): Inches away from us, a specimen of cunningness and ferocity. (*lost in thought*) A beast, once proud, who lurked through his lair, waiting to pounce on his unsuspecting prey... planting his seeds. Marking his territory. Taking no prisoners.

**OREL**: Gosh! Rapists sound awful!

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: Orel, if you're going to rank the most awful in the criminal kingdom, the rapist is number one. The best.

**OREL**: Jeepers. Then why are we going?

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: Well... (*She looks down at her belly.*)...something in my gut is telling me it's what I need to do.

*The class looks at her warily.*

EXT. FREEDOM COUNTY PRISON - DAY

*It is an ominous and overcast day as the school bus pulls up to the gates of the penitentiary.*

**KIDS** (*Singing in scared, trembling voice*): The w-w-wheels of the b-b-bus go r-r-round a-a-and r-r-round/r-r-round a-a-and r-r-round/r-r-round a-a-

and r-r-round...

INT. PRISON - DAY *The class is let through a large gate by OFFICER PLOTWHIST, a nice-looking prison guard.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM** (*Pronouncing his name as "plot-wist"*) Thank you, Officer Plotwhist.

**PLOTWHIST**: My pleasure, pretty lady.

*A few kids giggle at this.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM** (*to kids*): Shhh. Quiet. You'll scare the smaller prisoners. *As they walk from cell to cell, the shadow of the bars cross against all their faces. Sculptham whispers throughout, as if they're on safari. Plotwhist accompanies them.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM** (CONT'D): Okay, now to your left, here are some prime examples of hardened criminality. Notice their telltale striped patterns. This is so the guards can tell them apart from the guards.

*Orel points to a particularly evil-looking convict, RAYMOND PISTWELL.*

**OREL** (*a little scared*): What kind of criminal is he?

**MISS SCULPTHAM** (*delighted with the question*): Well, let's find out, shall we? (*to Pistwell*) Hey, Killer. What are you in for?

**PISTWELL** (*flirting*): To be on display here for you.

*Sculptham seems flustered by this statement.*

**PISTWELL** (CONT'D): You are window shopping, right?

*She looks self-consciously toward the children.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: Uh, whatever could you mean by that? Silly.

**PISTWELL**: Am I silly? Or Am I right?

**PLOTWHIST** (*chivalrously steps in*): Reel it in, Pistwell.

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: It's all right, Officer. I can handle this.

*Plotwhist takes a step back, disappointed.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM**(CONT'D) (*overly cold*): So your last name is Pistwell. As in, Pistwell, the notorious rapist?

**PISTWELL** (*nodding*): Call me Ray.

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: Well, kids, we found one! (*gestures*) The majestic rapist.

**PISTWELL** (*embraces the compliment*): What are you doing for lunch?

*He lasciviously stares at Sculptham. She stares back without fear.*

**SCULPTHAM**: Ceasing a rare opportunity to study the feeding habits a wild criminal from a dangerously close distance.

*He smiles, satisfied. The kids twiddle their thumbs and whistle awkwardly.*

*Plotwhist looks concerned. Sculptham seems determined.*

INT. PRISON MESS HALL - NOON *Sculptham sits with Pistwell at a table with other criminals. The kids all eat nervously at another table.*

**PISTWELL**: Cecil and I shared a cell. He constantly talked about you.

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: Sure he did. I put him in jail.

**PISTWELL** (*laughs*): Yeah, I know. (*shakes his head*) Women...

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: I only visited him because I wanted him to know what he did to me and what I was going to do with it.

**PISTWELL** (*not convinced*): Uh-huh. And here you are, back again.

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: I'm a teacher. This is a fun learning trip.

**PISTWELL**: Yeah, the kid's are having a ball.

*[hey look at the terrified youngsters. A beat. He's got her number.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: Okay. You're right. I came here because I need to know. What was he like?

**PISTWELL**: You're asking me?

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: Yes. Our relationship consisted of Cecil doing all the talking with his hand over my mouth. And, even then, not too much information came out... of his mouth.

**PISTWELL**: Why do you want to know?

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: Don't worry. I have a vested interest.

**PISTWELL**: Toward the end, Cecil desperately wanted to procreate. To give something of himself to eternity.

**MISS SCULPTHAM** (*sarcastically*): How generous.

**PISTWELL**: When you decided to get rid of the baby, he got morbidly depressed.

**MISS SCULPTHAM** (*coldly*): A, We're talking about the spawn of a sexual degenerate. And B, (*with weight*) He wasn't about to marry me.

**PISTWELL**: Oh, well, I don't know about tha-

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: Look, I'm here because I'm still pregnant. It's too late to get rid of it. People already know. I just wanted to learn about him so I knew what I was in for.

**PISTWELL**: But I thought you got rid of it yourself.

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: So did I? Apparently Cecil generously gave me twins. I was able to get one of them right where he lived. But the other slippery rascal got away.

*She pats her stomach. Pistwell touches it.*

**PISTWELL**: That's so...beautiful.

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: Not the first word that comes to my mind...

**PISTWELL** (*Nodding*): Cecil was my best friend. And you're everything he said you were.

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: A woman he raped?

**PISTWELL**: No. Someone with a secret, unspeakable passion.

*She drops her spoon and instantly gets uncomfortable.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: Okay... so let's not "speak" about it.

**PISTWELL**: Agnes. Will you marry me?

**MISS SCULPTHAM**: What?

**PISTWELL:** I know I'm a rapist...

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** No... it's not only that. But... you're in jail.

**PISTWELL:** A convict can marry any woman who wants to marry him back.  
This is America.

*He takes her hand.]*

**PISTWELL (CONT'D)** (*romantically*): And it's the only legal thing I've ever wanted to do. To make an honest woman of you.

*They kiss. The other convicts look on as if they're touched by the moment. All the kids look mortified, especially Orel. Officer Plotwhist is heart-broken by the kiss.*

**OREL:** Wuh-oh...(He looks at Plotwhist, sympathetically.)

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY *Sculptham walks out and happily looks at the marriage licence, marked in big blue letters: "ACCEPTED!"*

INT. PUTTY'S OFFICE - DAY *Putty is finishing up a game of solitaire.*

**PUTTY:** Aha! Beat ya again, Nobody!

*He sadly puts his head in his hand, nothing to do.*

SFX: DOOR KNOCK

**PUTTY (CONT'D):** Come in.

*Sculptham enters. Putty's happy to see a lady.*

**PUTTY:** Well, hello! And what do I owe this pleasant little surpr-

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** Reverend, I want you to perform the wedding ceremony for my fiancée and me.

**PUTTY:** Great. One less fish in the ocean. Who's the luck-out?

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** His name is Raymond Pistwell.

**PUTTY** (*sounds familiar*): Raymond Pistwell... (*realizes*) You mean, Ray Pistwell?

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** Yes.

**PUTTY:** The rapist, Ray Pistwell?!

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** That would be him.

**PUTTY:** Isn't he still locked away in Freedom?

**MISS SCULPTHAM** (*matter-of-fact*): For life, yes.

**PUTTY:** Agnes, wouldn't you rather go out with someone who's actually allowed to go out?

**MISS SCULPTHAM** (*Bitter*): Like who?

**PUTTY** (*Offended*): Like who?! (*He pulls out a hand mirror and looks at himself.*) Hmm. Time for a new mirror. Why him?

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** Because this town breeds a lot of silent Ray Pistwell's. I'm just getting one that shouts it from atop the highest mountain. (*beat*) Plus, I'll always know where he is.

*Putty thinks about this for a moment.*

**PUTTY:** Touche. All right. But he's gotta stay cuffed.

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** You'll be fine.

*She gets up.*

INT. CLASS ROOM - DAY

*Sculptham talks to Orel.*

**OREL:** (*Nervous*): A ring boy? Why me?

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** Well, you're responsible for the two of us meeting.

**OREL:** But, it was a field trip and I just wanted to learn about him because he seemed really, really, really really scary.

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** I know. That was so cute.

*She walks away, Orel swallows hard.*

INT. OREL'S BEDROOM - EVENING

*He gets into bed next to his loudly moaning Grampa.*

**OREL** (*Quietly thinking to himself*) Hmmm.

**GRAMPA:** Will you shut up?!

**OREL:** Oh! Sorry Grandpa...

**GRAMPA** (*still in pain*) Just kidding, kid. What's wrong?

**OREL:** I don't want to disturb you, Grampa.

**GRAMPA:** Orel. I'm dying in horrible pain. Disturb away.

**OREL:** Well, I was just asked to be a ring boy for a wedding that I don't think is a very good idea.

**GRAMPA:** Yeah, most people aren't usually good at having very good ideas. Just let 'em do it. If they're old enough to get married, they're old enough to deal with a huge, dumb mistake. For a smart twelve year old kid like you, being or not being a ring boy isn't going to change things. Just go and have a good time and get an old guy like me to sneak you some drinks.

**OREL:** Well, I don't know about the drink part, but thanks Grampa. I appreciate the advice.

**GRAMPA:** Yeah, well, I was a dad once.

*They close their eyes and go to sleep.*

INT. CELL - DAY

*The gate opens as Sculptham enters all in white. Orel follows, holding a cushion with a ring on it. Putty is next to him. They are both very tense but with smiles.*

**PUTTY** (*sotto; to Orel*): Just keep that smile plastered on your face and it'll be okay.

**OREL:** Okay, but my cheeks hurt...

*Pistwell walks up to Sculptham, looking less than happy.*

**PISTWELL:** Um... Agnes. Can I talk to you alone?

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** Sure...

*They turn to Orel and Putty who both idiotically smile.*

**PUTTY:** You want us to leave?

**PISTWELL:** Yeah, well, I can't.

**PUTTY:** Oh! Of course! *(laughing nervously)* You're never leaving! You're here forever and ever!

*Putty exits, nudging Orel who is frozen stiff.*

**PUTTY (CONT'D):** C'mon! Move it, Smiley.

**MISS SCULPTHAM (to Pistwell):** What's up, Handsome?

**PISTWELL:** I don't know if I can go through with this.

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** I don't understand. Don't you love me?

**PISTWELL:** Well, yeah... but Cecil was my pal. I don't want to just swoop down here and horn in on his action.

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** He's dead. Swooping and horning is fine at this point.

**PISTWELL:** No. Him being dead makes it seem worse. It just feels... wrong somehow.

*Longest pause ever.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** You rape women.

**PISTWELL:** Yeah, but, a fella's not supposed to cross his buddy. Even for a dame.

*Sculptham's eyes turn to hate. She feels her stomach, looking down at it.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM (to fetus):** Oh, I hope you don't turn out to be a man.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

*Sculptham walks outside. Everyone sees her expression.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** Wedding's off.

*Putty and Orel rush to her happily, throwing rice on her.*

**OREL:** Hooray! Great news!

**PUTTY:** Congrats!

*[Sculptham really looks depressed.]*

INT. PRISON MESS HALL - LATER

*Sculptham eats alone in her wedding dress. Plotwhist walks up with his tray and stands there.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** Wanna sit down or something?

**PLOTWHIST:** Oh! Thank you!

*He sits. They eat in silence for a moment.*

**PLOTWHIST (CONT'D):** Um, ma'am. I just wanted to say that...

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** I know. You love me.

**PLOTWHIST:** How'd you know what I was going to say?

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** I'm incredibly psychic.

**PLOTWHIST:** Oh. Was I obvious?

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** Officer Plotwhist, You're not the most subtle person.

**PLOTWHIST:** Oh?

**MISS SCULPTHAM** (*almost angry*): Look, you're very nice. Too nice. You just don't excite me. I already know everything about you. You're gallant, chivalrous, polite, loyal... (*Plotwhist takes off his hat and lets down his wondrously long hair.*) ...a hippy?

**PLOTWHIST:** A lesbian.

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** A lesbian woman?

**PLOTWHIST:** Who's very attracted to psychics. *She takes Sculptham by the hair and kisses her passionately.*

**MISS SCULPTHAM** (*pronouncing it "plot twist"*): Officer Plotwhist!

**PLOTWHIST:** Call me Mary.

**MISS SCULPTHAM** (*flabbergasted*): Wow, Mary. Men don't kiss like that. *They kiss again. Putty and Orel look from another table. Orel is amazed.*

**OREL:** Boy, that Miss Sculptham sure gets around!

**PUTTY** (*miserably*) Amen.

**OREL:** (*sincere*) Amen!

*Putty looks at Orel, irritated.*

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

*Plotwhist and Sculptham stand outside the building looking dour. Orel runs up, really excited and happy.*

**OREL:** Oh boy! This is going to be great! Reverend Putty's waiting at the church! Here's the ring! Did you get your marriage licence?! Did ya, huh?! Did ya?!

*They nod and show it to Orel. In big red letters it's marked: DENIED.*

**OREL** (CONT'D) (*Sadly*): Denied? But why?

*Plotwhist shrugs.*

**PLOTWHIST:** This is America.

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** Sorry, Orel. You can go home now.

*Orel sadly walks off. Mary turns to Agnes, sweetly.*

**PLOTWHIST:** How do you feel?

**MISS SCULPTHAM:** A lot more raped then when I was actually raped.

*Plotwhist turns to her, curiously*

**PLOTWHIST:** You were raped?

**MISS SCULPTHAM** (*sighing*): Sit down, Mary.

*They sit on the steps to talk. The two soon appear more happy about disgusting their past.*

END