

THE ADVENTURES OF EDDIE & DERWOOD

Pilot- "The Urn"

written by

Jed Power

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SERIES TITLE

"Episode Title"

CAST

CHARACTER NAME..... ACTOR
CHARACTER NAME..... ACTOR
CHARACTER NAME..... ACTOR
CHARACTER NAME..... ACTOR
CHARACTER NAME..... ACTOR
CHARACTER NAME..... ACTOR

GUEST CAST

TBD..... ACTOR

- Adventures of Eddie & Derwood

Pilot Episode-"THE URN"

Written by Jed Power

F FADE
IN:

EXT. HAMPTON BEACH - EARLY MORNING

Off-season. Wind-whipped boardwalk. Gulls scream. A single lonely jogger pounds past shuttered fried dough stands.

INT. DERWOOD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME

Cluttered. Pizza boxes. Dirty socks. A lava lamp still flickers. DERWOOD DOLLER, 30s, rail-thin with a ratty Red Sox cap, sleeps with a bowl of Cheese Doodles in one hand.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

He snorts awake, spilling orange crumbs everywhere.

DERWOOD
(half-asleep)

If it's the landlord, tell him we
died.

EDDIE (O.S.)
(opening door)

We didn't. But we might if we don't
find that urn.

INT. DERWOOD'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

EDDIE HOAR, 30s, beach-scum casual with a mustache that doesn't know what it wants to be, paces the room.

EDDIE

You seen it?

DERWOOD

What?

EDDIE

The urn, Derwood. The damn urn. The one we were s'posed to deliver to the old lady on Ocean Boulevard?

DERWOOD
(picking up bong)

You mean this?

EDDIE

That's a bong, you doorknob. The urn looked like your Aunt Rita's cookie jar. Only with less Oreos and more dead guy.

DERWOOD
(chuckling)

Could be in the trunk. Or maybe we pawned it?

EDDIE

Jesus, Mary and Joey Chestnut, we're screwed.

[Let me continue with the next 5-6 pages in the next message to keep formatting solid]

Please confirm this formatting looks correct in Final Draft 11 when you paste. If yes, I'll proceed with the full 25 pages.

It is

EXT. BEACH BENCH - CONTINUOUS

Eddie leans back, looking satisfied. Derwood's wheels are spinning.

DERWOOD

Hear me out... flyers.

"E&D Recovery: We Find What You Lost, For a Fee."

EDDIE

Catchy. But if we're legit, we'll need an office. Maybe a logo.

DERWOOD

How 'bout a pelican with a magnifying glass?

EDDIE

Classy.

DERWOOD

And matching shirts.

EDDIE

You're spiraling.

They sit in silence. A BEARDED TOURIST strolls by, stops, looks puzzled.

BEARDED TOURIST

You guys the ones found that urn?

EDDIE

Could be. Depends who's asking.

BEARDED TOURIST

I lost my drone off the pier yesterday. Expensive one. You recover stuff?

Derwood's eyes light up.

DERWOOD

Absolutely.

EDDIE

We specialize in hard-to-retrieve
items of sentimental or financial
value.

BEARDED TOURIST

It's in the water.

EDDIE

We charge extra for wet work.

DERWOOD

Plus gas money. And lunch.

BEARDED TOURIST

I'll pay a hundred if you get it back.

Eddie and Derwood exchange a look.

EXT. HAMPTON PIER - LATER

Eddie and Derwood stand on the edge of the pier, peering down
into murky water. Derwood holds a sketchy homemade grappling
hook made of bent hangers.

DERWOOD

I should've worn my water wings.

EDDIE

You can't swim.

DERWOOD

Exactly.

Derwood drops the hook. It splashes. Nothing.

DERWOOD (CONT'D)

Maybe we need a magnet. Or a net. Or a
scuba diver.

EDDIE

Or a miracle.

DERWOOD

Let's go ask Sal. He fishes old junk
outta the harbor all the time.

EDDIE

Sal owes me. I covered his parole
hearing with a fake letter from the
Pope.

DERWOOD

You're practically clergy.

EXT. SAL'S BOAT - DOCKED - MOMENTS LATER

SAL (70s, crusty, smells like bait) sits gutting fish. He
eyes Eddie and Derwood with suspicion.

SAL

What'd you break now?

EDDIE

We need a water retrieval. Drone.
Under the pier.

SAL

What's in it for me?

DERWOOD

Good karma?

SAL

I prefer beer.

EDDIE

Six-pack and a scratch ticket.

SAL

Two six-packs.

DERWOOD

Done.

INT. DERWOOD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A one-room disaster. Empty pizza boxes. Lava lamp. Eddie and Derwood count out change.

EDDIE

We're eight bucks short.

DERWOOD

Pawn the toaster?

EDDIE

I make Pop-Tarts in that.

DERWOOD

Then there's only one option.

Derwood opens a small box. Inside: a vintage Red Sox bobblehead.

EDDIE

You said you'd never part with Ortiz.

DERWOOD

It's for the greater good.

They nod solemnly.

Let me know when you're ready for the next 5 pages.

You said:

What you've written so far doesn't sound like the Urn" shirt story i've written where Eddie and Derwood scheme to steal the urn with ashes of an old lady's dead husband They are attacked by huge bull msdfiff in the home. I posted the entire short story above Please write script adaotation of that story "The Urn above. You can do 5 pages at a time if that is best.

ChatGPT said:

Got it! You're referring to your original short story version of "The Urn" – where Eddie Hoar and Derwood Doller hatch a scheme to steal a fancy urn full of ashes from an old lady's house, get attacked by a huge bull mastiff, and everything goes hilariously sideways. Thanks for clarifying – I now understand that you want a faithful TV pilot script adaptation of that exact story, in proper Final Draft 11 formatting, and we'll build it out five pages at a time.

Let's begin.

Title: THE URN

Series Title: Adventures of Eddie & Derwood

Genre: Comedy

Length: Pilot Episode (Approx. 25 Pages)

Format: Final Draft 11 Ready (copy/paste works)

PAGE 1-5

FADE IN:

EXT. HAMPTON BEACH - EARLY EVENING

Seagulls cackle above the boardwalk. Late summer sun glints off the water. The last of the beach crowd heads to their cars. Two local legends sit on a rickety bench, sharing a bag of stale popcorn.

EDDIE HOAR (30s), greasy but slick, and DERWOOD DOLLER (30s), dense but enthusiastic, peer into the dusk like philosophers without a plan.

EDDIE

We need a score, Der. Something
classy. Dignified.

DERWOOD

Like knocking over the hot dog stand?

EDDIE

Like knocking over a retirement fund.
But portable.

DERWOOD

Portable retirement fund?

EDDIE

An urn, Derwood. Think about it. Old lady. Dead husband. Fancy urn. Sell it on eBay to one of those morbid collector types.

DERWOOD

You wanna steal a dead guy?

EDDIE

He ain't using it.

INT. FLORENCE DUNN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A frilly, over-decorated room. China dolls. Doilies. Photos of war vets. Florence Dunn (late 70s, sharp as a tack) pours tea for Eddie and Derwood, who sit stiff on her couch.

FLORENCE

Frank always said if anything happened to him, I should spread him over Fenway. But I couldn't bear to lose him twice.

Eddie spots the gleaming silver urn on the mantle. He nudges Derwood.

EDDIE

Must be hard, looking at him every day.

FLORENCE

Oh no. Frank keeps me company.

DERWOOD

Does he talk back?

Eddie coughs to cover it.

EDDIE

What Der means is... maybe it's time
to let Frank go. Move on. New chapter.

FLORENCE

I'm not sure I could.

A low GROWL cuts through the room. From the hallway, a
MASSIVE BULL MASTIFF lumbers in, eyes locked on Derwood.

DERWOOD (WHISPERING)

Why's it looking at me like that?

FLORENCE

That's Brutus. He's very protective of
Frank.

Brutus bares his teeth. Derwood gulps.

EDDIE

We really should be going. This tea
is... unforgettable.

EXT. FLORENCE'S STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

Eddie and Derwood, in black hoodies, tiptoe toward the back
of the house. Derwood holds a duffel bag and a squeaky rubber
steak.

DERWOOD

Brutus is gonna eat me, I know it.

EDDIE

Not if you distract him. That's why
you brought the decoy.

DERWOOD

He's not a toddler, Eddie. He eats
bones the size of my thigh.

EDDIE

Think of it this way: once we're rich,
we'll buy our own mastiff. You can
name it after your mother.

DERWOOD

She bit too.

They reach the back door.

EDDIE (WHISPERING)

You sneak in, grab the urn, I wait
lookout.

DERWOOD

Why do I sneak in?

EDDIE

Because you're more... disposable.

DERWOOD

Touching.

Derwood slowly opens the screen door – it SQUEAKS loudly.

From inside: A DEEP BARK. Then another.

DERWOOD (CONT'D)

Oh no.

Let me know when you're ready for pages 6-10 and I'll
continue adapting the short story faithfully, scene-by-scene,
to hit a 25-page TV pilot target in Final Draft 11-ready
format.

The opening scene is wrong. They climb in through a window,
find urn on the mantle and as they go yo grab it all hell
breaks loose as giant bull mastiff appears. they scramble to
get to window. Either ransom it back to the old bag or

INT. FLORENCE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A creaky window in the side of the house SLIDES UP with a grunt.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Push harder, damn it!

DERWOOD (O.S.)

I'm pushin', but your butt's cloggin'
the works!

EDDIE

My butt is the least of our problems.

EDDIE HOISTS HIMSELF THROUGH THE WINDOW, knocking over a porcelain cat on the sill. It CLATTERS to the floor.

INT. FLORENCE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eddie stumbles in, landing hard on the shag carpet.

EDDIE

Graceful as always.

DERWOOD

How's the landing?

EDDIE

Soft but smells like denture cream.

Derwood squeezes in, butt first. He kicks over a plant stand.

DERWOOD

Oops.

EDDIE

We're supposed to be stealthy, not
auditioning for WWE.

They rise, scan the living room. Doilies. Dolls. Dozens of cat figurines.

But their eyes lock on one prize – THE SHINY SILVER URN ON THE MANTLE.

DERWOOD (WHISPERING)

There he is... Ol' Frank.

EDDIE (GRINNING)

Time to relocate the deceased.

Eddie tiptoes over and gently lifts the urn off the mantle like Indiana Jones swapping an idol.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Gotcha.

A LOW GUTTURAL GROWL RISES FROM BEHIND THEM.

Both freeze.

DERWOOD

Tell me that was your stomach.

EDDIE

Nope.

They slowly turn around.

AT THE HALLWAY ENTRANCE – BRUTUS.

A MASSIVE BULL MASTIFF, easily 140 pounds of angry muscle and drool, stands motionless, eyes glowing in the moonlight.

DERWOOD (SOFTLY)

We're gonna die.

EDDIE

Don't move. Don't blink. Don't breathe.

Brutus lets out a THUNDEROUS BARK and CHARGES.

EDDIE AND DERWOOD SCREAM.

EDDIE

WINDOW! WINDOW!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CHAOS

Eddie clutches the urn like a football and dives over the coffee table. Derwood kicks a lamp at Brutus - it shatters uselessly.

Brutus LEAPS onto the couch and launches off it, jaws SNAPPING.

DERWOOD

He's airborne! HE'S AIRBORNE!

They reach the window just as Brutus lunges.

EDDIE

MOVE MOVE MOVE!

Eddie dives out the window first, urn in hand.

DERWOOD trips on the curtains, tangles up, then barrels through the window backwards.

EXT. SIDE OF FLORENCE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Both men land in the flower bed with a CRUNCH.

Brutus SLAMS into the window frame but can't squeeze through. He BARKS VICIOUSLY as the guys scramble away.

DERWOOD

That... that was not a dog. That was a damn horse!

EDDIE (PANTING)

With fangs.

Eddie cradles the urn.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Still got it.

DERWOOD

What now?

EDDIE

Option A – ransom Frank back to the
old bat.

DERWOOD

What's option B?

EDDIE

eBay.

Let me know when you're ready for Pages 16-20 – we're on track to finish this 25-page pilot adaptation in style.

You said:

Ok write pages 16-20 i think it will will have them the next morning at their ratty B Street studio winter rental., comically tending their dog wounds that were fixed the previous night at Exeter ?Hospital. Incorporate anything funny from th "Urn" short story of course Derwood is pissed because Eddie's foolproof urn scam has already gotten him mauled by a Cujo.

ChatGPT said:

Perfect. We're shifting to the next morning, post-mauling, back in Eddie and Derwood's classic ratty B Street winter rental – the kind of place that smells like wet socks and expired takeout. They're licking their literal and figurative wounds, grumbling about Brutus and the aftermath of Eddie's "genius" urn heist idea.

Here are Pages 16-20 formatted for Final Draft 11, ready to copy and paste:

PAGE 16-20

INT. B STREET WINTER RENTAL – LIVING ROOM – NEXT MORNING

A tiny, battered studio apartment with faded beach posters, pizza boxes, and a crooked window that doesn't shut all the way.

DERWOOD LAYS SPRAWLED ON A COUCH, wrapped in gauze, covered in Band-Aids, and reeking of hospital antiseptic. His left leg is propped up on a milk crate. His hoodie is shredded in spots.

EDDIE HOBBLES IN FROM THE KITCHEN, holding a coffee mug that says "#1 Lifeguard" – it's chipped and filthy.

EDDIE

Morning, sunshine.

DERWOOD

Morning? I haven't slept. Every time I closed my eyes I saw that freakin' beast lunging at me in slow motion.

EDDIE (CHEERFUL)

You should've seen it from my angle. I thought your spleen was gone for sure.

DERWOOD

It bit me through my jeans, man!
Through. The. Jeans. Who does that?

EDDIE

Cujo. Cujo does that.

DERWOOD (GROANING)

This was supposed to be a victimless crime. Just a quiet little urn heist.

EDDIE

It was victimless. Until you got all loud and biteable.

Derwood throws a roll of gauze at him. It misses by three feet.

DERWOOD

We had to drive to Exeter Hospital at 2 a.m.! You're lucky the nurse believed your "agility training accident" story.

EDDIE

You're lucky I didn't go with my original line: "He got attacked by a grief-stricken ghost dog."

DERWOOD

Oh that's rich. Meanwhile I'm part chew toy.

EDDIE

Hey, wounds heal. But profit? That lasts forever.

Eddie walks over to the kitchenette table where the URN sits on a Velveeta box, now adorned with a "RARE ANTIQUE" sign.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Check this out – started the eBay listing. Five watchers already.

DERWOOD (ALARMED)

You're actually gonna sell it?!

EDDIE

It's what Frank would've wanted.

DERWOOD

Frank wanted to be scattered off the pier during the Keno Queen fireworks. Not auctioned off next to vintage Beanie Babies.

EDDIE

Desperate times, buddy. We've got zero rent, negative beer, and a fridge full of expired mustard.

DERWOOD

And no soul. Let's not forget that.

Eddie holds up his bandaged hand.

EDDIE

We earned this. Blood equity.

DERWOOD

Yeah? Well if we go to jail, I'm
haunting you.

Eddie snorts and collapses onto a beanbag chair that wheezes under his weight.

EDDIE

Relax. It's not like she knows it's
gone yet.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

FLORENCE, mid-80s, wiry and sharp as barbed wire, stands in front of the fireplace. Her eyes scan the mantle.

She GASPS.

FLORENCE

FRANK?!

She WHIRLS around to BRUTUS, still licking crumbs off the couch.

FLORENCE

Sick 'em, baby.

BRUTUS GROWLS.

Let me know when you're ready for Pages 21-25, and we'll wrap this up with a bang - maybe Florence goes full Liam Neeson and hunts them down.

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INT. B STREET STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

Derwood sits on the couch, fuming. Eddie is across the room, nervously watching the urn listing on eBay.

DERWOOD

I swear, Eddie... if I end up in a cell again because of you, I'm gonna trade cigarettes for a spoon just to dig my way into your cell and strangle you with your own shoelace.

EDDIE

Relax. Nobody's goin' to jail. This whole operation was airtight.

LOUD BANGING AT THE DOOR.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hampton Beach Police! Open up!

EDDIE (PANICKED)

Airtight-ish.

DERWOOD

You moron.

Derwood scrambles to his feet, grabbing a hoodie and wincing from his wounds.

DERWOOD (CONT'D)

Back fire escape. Now!

They limp-rush to the rear window and peek out.

EXT. ALLEY BELOW - CONTINUOUS

Standing on the sidewalk like a nightmare in fur is FLORENCE, wearing a fierce red cardigan and a smile that could curdle paint. Beside her, snarling and yanking against a steel chain, is the bull mastiff, BRUTUS.

The dog LEAPS at the air, jaws CLACKING.

BACK TO SCENE

EDDIE

We could take him.

DERWOOD

Yeah? With what, a taquito and a prayer?

EDDIE (NERVOUS CHUCKLE)

Cops it is, then.

They shuffle back toward the front door as the banging continues.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Act natural. Be respectful. Let me do the talking.

DOOR FLIES OPEN - TWO HAMPTON COPS ENTER. One holds a clipboard. Both are cracking up.

COP #1

You two the "Urn Bandits"?

DERWOOD

You think this is funny?

COP #2

We've seen a lot, but this—breaking into an old lady's house to steal her husband's ashes? That's a new one.

EDDIE (TRYING TO CHARM)

Technically, he broke the urn. I just spotted it first.

COP #1

You're both coming with us.

DERWOOD (MUTTERING)

At least I'll be away from him for a few hours.

EDDIE (HURT)

I'm your best friend...

INT. BACK OF POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Derwood and Eddie are crammed in the back seat. Derwood stares out the window, seething. Eddie leans in, desperate.

EDDIE

You're not really mad, are you?

DERWOOD (FLAT)

If we share a cell, I'm carving my name into your forehead with a spork.

EDDIE

You're joking, right?

DERWOOD

I'm going to wake up every morning and remind you what a flaming pile of idiocy your brain is.

(MORE)

DERWOOD (CONT'D)

I'm going to tape your snoring and play it back on loop. I'm going to teach cockroaches how to unionize just to mess with you.

EDDIE (WHIMPERS)

But... but I'm your ride-or-die. Your partner in petty crime...

DERWOOD

No, Eddie. You're a disease. A walking, talking misdemeanor.

EDDIE (TO HIMSELF)

They laughed. The cops laughed. We're legends now.

DERWOOD

Legends don't get rabies shots at 3 a.m. because they tried to fence cremains.

Eddie leans his head back against the seat, smiling.

EDDIE

Still worth it.

DERWOOD

You're dead to me.

EDDIE (SIGHS DREAMILY)

Dead geniuses are always misunderstood.

OFFICERS LAUGH IN THE FRONT SEAT.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD:

TO BE CONTINUED...
(UNFORTUNATELY)

Let me know if you'd like a one-
paragraph logline or series pitch to
go with this script - perfect for a
submission package.