

WONDERFALLS

"Karma Chameleon"

TEASER

EXT. BOOK STORE - DISPLAY WINDOW - DAY

A display in the window: "Thumbing Through The Finger Lakes With Karen Tyler." One of the books is open so we CAN SEE the inner dust cover flap. There is a PHOTO of KAREN TYLER just above her bio. PUSH IN until Mom's face FILLS FRAME:

DAD (V.O.)

About the author: Karen Tyler is the award winning author of several best selling travel guides. She resides in Niagara Falls, New York with her husband, noted area physician, Dr. Darrin Tyler...

Now the IMAGE of Mom ANIMATES. Now we're in:

INT. THE BARREL - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS off MOM to find DAD there, holding the book we saw in the window. He's reading from the inner flap...

DAD

The Tyler's have three beautiful grown children...

CAMERA PANS to find SHARON. She reacts to the mention of:

DAD (CONT'D)

Their eldest, daughter Sharon, is a respected immigration attorney and the newest partner at the law firm of Merrifield, Hanson and Eldrich.

Now Sharon smiles modestly, pleased, as CAMERA drifts off of her and finds AARON seated there. We linger on him as:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAD (CONT'D)

Son Aaron was the youngest non-Asian to win the prestigious Fulton Scholarship for Religious Studies and is currently pursuing his doctorate in comparative religion.

And now we PAN to find JAYE...

DAD (CONT'D)

Jaye, a daughter, is 24.

CAMERA'S already PANNING OFF Jaye as she starts to react, and finds Dad as he closes the book, kisses Mom on the cheek. It's a family dinner at The Barrel. Every member of the family has a copy of the newly published book before them.

DAD (CONT'D)

Congratulations, honey. I think this may be your best book yet.

AARON

(with good humor)

It's certainly the heaviest.

SHARON

I love the cover art. It's very eye-catching.

MOM

My publisher assures me that's the case.

DAD

Jaye, aren't you going to congratulate your mother on her achievement?

JAYE

(scrutinizing back flap)

Yeah. Congrats. Um, how come I only get five words on your inner flap?

MOM

It's a blurb, dear. I'm only allowed a certain amount of words for that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAYE

Sure used up a lot of 'em on Aaron. He got twenty-six words. I got five. And one of mine's a digit.

DAD

Jaye, don't parse the blurb.

SHARON

Really, though.

JAYE

(to Sharon)

Easy for you to say, you got nineteen.

SHARON

(alarmed, looks to copy)

I counted twenty-two...

MOM

Your brother and sister are older than you. They require more words because they've lived more.

JAYE

Achieved more, you mean.

MOM

They've have had more opportunities to excel. Your time will come.

DAD

That's right. We're all looking forward to expanding your sentence, sweetheart.

JAYE

I did actually graduate from Brown with a philosophy degree. I might even still have it somewhere.

MOM

That is true.

(to Dad, no judgement)

We're nearly finished paying for that, aren't we?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHARON

"Jaye, their youngest, holds a philosophy degree from Brown -- and works retail." Twelve more words!

MOM

Sharon.

AARON

"And lives in a trailer park." That's five right there!

DAD

Alright.

JAYE

Well, why not? Those things are all facts. Should I be ashamed?

Uncomfortable silence for a beat, then AN ELECTRONIC BEEP goes off. Palm Pilots, beepers, cell phones come out. Everyone except Jaye checks their own thing.

DAD

It's me. The hospital. Looks like I'm gonna have to cut out of your celebratory dinner early. Sorry.

MOM

Nonsense. We're finished here. You have lives to save and I have my lunch launch tomorrow. I need to go over my notes, anyway.

DAD

Who's gonna give me a ride?

AARON

I'll drop you. I was about to head out. I really need to put in some dissertation time tonight.

SHARON

Or I can take him. Hospital's right near my gym. I wanted to get a little workout before I prepare for court tomorrow.

MOM

(kisses Dad on the cheek)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MOM(CONT'D)

You take the Mercedes. I'll ride home with Aaron.

They're now all standing. They look to Jaye sitting there.

JAYE

I'll probably just hang out here and get drunk.

INT. THE BARREL - SHORT TIME LATER

Jaye carries her copy of the book as she moves to the bar. A MOUSEY BLONDE twenty-something, BIANCA, bumps into her.

BIANCA

(she has a stutter)

S-s-sorry.

The stuttery shy girl keeps moving. Jaye barely notices as she lands on her usual bar stool. ERIC sees her, smiles.

ERIC

Hi. Was that your family?

JAYE

Yeah.

ERIC

You seem depressed.

JAYE

Not clinically. My Mom published a new book and I only got five words in her bio blurb.

ERIC

You got mentioned in a blurb?

Eric slides the book and opens it. The STUFFED BASS ANIMATES:

STUFFED BASS

*Get her words out.*

JAYE

(winces, disturbed)

What do you care?

ERIC

Well, I think that's impressive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAYE  
You do?

ERIC  
Sure.

Now MAHANDRA appears. Looks over his shoulder at the blurb.

JAYE  
Well it's really only four words  
and a digit. My siblings got  
fifty one. Collectively.

ERIC  
Digits?

JAYE  
Words.

MAHANDRA  
(off blurb)  
I didn't know your brother was on  
a scholarship.  
(then)  
You weren't though, were you?

JAYE  
(grabs back book)  
What if I only ever rate four  
words and a digit? What if by the  
time my mother's next book comes  
out this sentence hasn't changed?

MAHANDRA  
It will. Well, the digit will.

Jaye picks up the book and moves to leave --

JAYE  
(re: fish; on the  
move out the door)  
Or by then it'll say, "Their  
youngest daughter was confined to  
a mental institution..."

EXT. THE BARREL/INT. BIANCA'S VAN - NIGHT

We're watching from a distance as Jaye exits the restaurant. TILT DOWN to see JAYE'S WALLET in the foreground. We find that we're with Bianca in the front of Bianca's beat up van.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's lifted Jaye's wallet and seems to be more interested in the family photos, Jaye's I.D. and other personal items than money. Bianca watches as Jaye exits the Barrel... she brings a camera up into frame --

ANGLE THROUGH LENS

As SNAP!SNAP!SNAP!, she clicks off several spooky surveillance like photos. Off that --

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

INT. WONDERFALLS - DAY

The place is hopping with JAPANESE TOURISTS. Jaye's with ALEC at a register, trying to keep up.

JAYE

It's only Tuesday. What's with all the busy?

ALEC

Boats aren't running. Fogged in.

JAYE

Again? It's the Maid Of the Mist. *Mist*. Where's Leslie? Isn't she always whining about not getting enough hours?

ALEC

Yes. That's why she quit.

JAYE

Leslie quit?

ALEC

Last summer. I need more enviro-friendly plastic bags.

(slight bow to next Japanese customer)

Koo-knee-chee-wa.

We go with Jaye as she moves off. She sees Bianca up ahead, angling for her. Jaye assumes she's a customer, so she tries to cover her stitched name and lowers her eyes as she walks.

BIANCA

Excuse mmm-me. I th-think this is y-y-yours.

She offers up Jaye's wallet. Jaye takes it.

JAYE

Oh, yeah. Thanks. I was looking for... Ohmygod, it really is mine. I didn't even know it was missing... or that I had cash. Where'd you find it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA

In your p-pocket. Last n-n-night.

JAYE

You stole my wallet?

BIANCA

My v-van broke down and I ran out  
of m-money. I was d-desperate.

JAYE

Did you put this eight dollars in  
here?

BIANCA

It's all I h-had. I felt g-g-g-

A CHAMELEON PUPPET on a display behind Bianca ANIMATES --

CHAMELEON PUPPET

*Get her words out.*

Jaye reacts, looks back to Bianca who's been going "G-G-G..."

JAYE

Oh. Get her words out.

(off the G-G-G)

Uh, guilty?

(off Bianca's nod)

Well, forget it. No harm. Um, is  
there someone you can call?

BIANCA

My p-parents live in F-Florida.  
But they think I'm in C-C-C...

JAYE

Carolina? Kansas?

BIANCA

C-C-C-

JAYE

Colorado? Kentucky? Columbia?  
California?

BIANCA

(nods)

C-California. I told them I had a  
job waiting for me there, but I d-  
don't. Can't get a job because I  
have a stuh... a stuh... a stuh...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAYE

S.T.D.?

BIANCA

(spits it out)

Stutter. I didn't want to be a b-burden. They have enough problems. Dad's on an iron lu... iron lu...

JAYE

Lung?

(Bianca nods)

God.

BIANCA

My name's B-B-B-

Jaye sighs. Bianca's all "B-B-B..." Jaye looks to the display of Niagara Falls name plates. Spins it.

JAYE

(fast)

Bianca. Barlow. Betty. B--  
(off Bianca's instant nod)

Bianca?

(impressed with herself)

Huh.

BIANCA

(starts to go)

Anyway. I'm really s-s-sorry...

JAYE

Wait. I can't let you give me your last eight dollars.

(handing her a bill)

Here's five back.

ALEC (V.O.)

(amplified, feedback)

Jaye Tyler, report to customer service. Jaye Tyler.

Jaye looks over the few feet to the register where Alec is breathing into a mic. There's a long-ish line of customers.

BIANCA

Oh, I got you in t-t-trouble --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Bianca, flustered, turns and plows right into a stack of t-shirts. In a flash, Bianca folds up the shirts and re-stacks them with freaky speed. Alec is drawn to Jaye's side by fascination, watching Bianca speed-fold. Once she's done:

ALEC

That was the most amazing bit of folding I've ever witnessed... are these GAP corners? Do you work at the Galleria?

BIANCA

Oh, no... I'm unem... I'm unem...

CHAMELEON PUPPET

*Get her words out.*

JAYE

Bianca's between jobs right now. Hey -- we could use some help around here, couldn't we?

INT. WONDERFALLS - DAY

Bianca sports a yellow Wonderfalls vest. Alec pins on a temp name tag that reads "BINKY."

ALEC

This'll just be temporary until we can get your real one stitched.

JAYE

"Binky."

BIANCA

It's short for B-B-B-

CHAMELEON PUPPET

*Get her words --*

JAYE (CONT'D)

(snaps at puppet)

Yeah, I get it.

(off Alec and Bianca)

Bianca. Right.

ALEC

Tyler here's gonna show you the ropes. Don't let her bark scare you. She knows the biz. She trained me -- and now I'm her boss.

(to Jaye)

You can skip folding, she's got that down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alec moves off. Bianca turns to Jaye.

BIANCA

Th-thanks for speaking up for m-me  
b-before. And also for not  
telling him I st-stole from y-you.

JAYE

So... in a way, I kind of helped  
you by getting your words out...

BIANCA

Oh, y-yes.

JAYE

(glances to  
Chameleon)  
Huh. Okay.  
(then, to Bianca)  
So -- can ya count backwards?

INT. WONDERFALLS - (LATER THAT) DAY

Jaye sits nearby flipping the pages of a magazine and drinking coffee while Bianca works the cash register. Bianca counting back change to a CUSTOMER.

BIANCA

...and sixteen is tw-twenty. Th-  
thank you for sh-shopping at  
Wonderfalls.  
(as they go)  
C-come again!

Jaye reaches out, touches Bianca's shoulder, shakes her head.

JAYE

Don't encourage them.

BIANCA

This is fun. Y-you sure you don't  
wanna take over for a bit?

JAYE

Can't. Not allowed. It's for  
your own protection really.  
I could give a customer the wrong  
change and according to the  
register it'd be your fault. Plus  
you're doing really well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA

I am?

JAYE

(flips a page)

It's like you've been at it your whole life yet managed not to have your soul crushed.

BIANCA

It's s-slow. Maybe I should dust the sh-shelves?

JAYE

Mmmm. I don't think so. If you do one then we'll just have to do them all. Right now there's kind of a nice even, thin layer so it's not really noticeable.

CUSTOMER #2

(approaching)

Excuse me. I was told you carry a Niagara Falls motion lamp?

JAYE

Didja see it out there?

CUSTOMER #2

No.

JAYE

Then we don't have 'em. Try Talismania across the quad.

The customer moves off. Jaye flips a page. Beat.

BIANCA

Ya know, I thought I saw th-those m-motion lamps in the b-back.

JAYE

Exactly. In the back, up on a high shelf. If one of us were to fall it could affect workers comp rates. We're not only protecting our employer, but small businesses everywhere.

Bianca gazes at Jaye with sycophantic admiration. Jaye drains her coffee cup, sets it aside.

BIANCA

You want some more c-c-coffee?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAYE  
 If you're not busy.  
 (Bianca starts off)  
 And maybe a donut?

BIANCA  
 I'll bring b-back a selection.

Bianca moves off. Another CUSTOMER steps up with a basketful of items. Jaye goes back to her magazine with:

JAYE  
 She'll be right with you.

EXT. WONDERFALLS - SUNSET

The sign says "closed." Jaye is locking up, Bianca lingers.

BIANCA  
 Th-thanks for everything today. I  
 don't feel t-tired at all.

JAYE  
 Well, you're a quick study.

BIANCA  
 I n-never had a m-m-mentor before.

JAYE  
 Mentor? Please. I'm five-word-  
 blurb-girl who lives in a trailer.

BIANCA  
 I live in a v-van.

Jaye reacts -- someone more loser-y than she...

JAYE  
 What are your feelings on beer?

INT. THE BARREL - NIGHT

Jaye is on her usual stool; Bianca is next to her. Jaye cracks open peanuts on the bar and tosses the shells. To Eric as he approaches re: the shelling of the peanuts:

JAYE  
 This is actually more work than  
 I've done all day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

Business slow?

JAYE

Normal -- but we finally got some  
decent help. Eric, this is  
Bianca.  
Bianca and I will both have a  
beer.

BIANCA

(shy and awkward)

Y-yes, p-please.

ERIC

Comin' up.

He moves off.

BIANCA

He's c-c-c... he's c-c. He's --

STUFFED BASS

*Get her words out.*

BIANCA

He's c-c-c...

JAYE

He's cute.

Eric reappears at that exact moment. He heard that.

ERIC

Anything else?

JAYE

I'll let ya know.

A lingering look, then he moves off again.

JAYE (CONT'D)

(to stuffed bass)

Okay, that was just tricky.

(to Bianca)

I'm running to the little girl's.  
Be right back.

BIANCA

If you w-want m-me t-to --

JAYE

Some things I gotta do on my own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jaye hops up. As she crosses toward the bathroom, Mahandra, carrying her drinks tray, intercepts her.

MAHANDRA  
So who's the g-g-girl?

JAYE  
Friend from work.

MAHANDRA  
You don't have any --

JAYE  
Friends from work? I know.  
Weird, huh?

MAHANDRA  
Uh, well, that certainly is --

They look over -- Bianca's shelling peanuts on the bar and piling up a nice handful for Jaye on a napkin.

MAHANDRA (CONT'D)  
Is she --

JAYE  
Shelling peanuts for me? Yeah. I  
guess she is...

MAHANDRA  
You're not using the new girl as  
your personal --

JAYE  
Slave? Well, not in a  
historically insensitive way. In  
fact I'm helping her. I'm sort of  
her speech therapist. I've been  
finishing her sentences for her.

MAHANDRA  
Then you're sort of everybody's  
speech therapist, aren'tcha?

INT. WONDERFALLS - DAY

Jaye is pricing items. Bianca is at the register, hands a CUSTOMER their merchandise in a Wonderfalls sack.

BIANCA  
Thanks for shopping at  
Wonderfalls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jaye reacts to the stutter-free sentence, crosses to her.

JAYE

Hey. That was perfect.

BIANCA

Polite but detached, right?

JAYE

No... well, yeah, actually your technique was spot-on -- but I mean you got through that whole sentence without... hey -- say 'polite but detached' again.

BIANCA

'Polite but detached...'

Bianca reacts. No stutter. Alec approaches, points to a messy t-shirt stand.

ALEC

Bianca, I thought I asked you to fold these t-shirts?

BIANCA

Some people messed them up again.

ALEC

Then you have to re-fold them.

BIANCA

Why should I when they're the ones that messed them up?

ALEC

(stares for a beat,  
then)

Jaye, can I see you for a minute?

He pulls her aside. Bianca watches them as an ANNOYED CUSTOMER APPROACHES Bianca. The Annoyed Customer is holding an open dart gun package and a receipt and another dart gun that's still in the package.

ANNOYED CUSTOMER

Excuse me. Hi. I just bought this yesterday and it doesn't work. So I need to exchange it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANNOYED CUSTOMER(CONT'D)

But I wanna make sure the new one works before I leave 'cause I live like forty-five minutes away and it's really inconvenient to keep driving back here because your store chooses to stock faulty merchandise.

ON JAYE AND ALEC

ALEC

What did you do to her?

JAYE

I think I may have cured her...

ALEC

Of what? Her work ethic? Geez, Tyler. I entrusted you to teach her, not pass on your bad habits.

JAYE

Whatever.

ALEC

I should have trained her myself.

JAYE

Why didn't you?

ALEC

You saw how nervous she was around me. She could barely talk. Wouldn't have been fair to --

A DART STRIKES ALEC RIGHT IN THE EYE MID-WORD. He YELPS in pain. Jaye reacts, impressed and a little concerned.

BIANCA

(re: gun)

This one works.

Jaye and Bianca meet eyes. Bianca's slight smile tells Jaye that was no accident. Off that --

INT. JAYE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Mahandra stares at Jaye, horrified. Jaye is enthusiastic.

MAHANDRA

That is the most frightening thing I've ever heard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAYE

What? It was a rubber dart.

MAHANDRA

Shot into a real eye.

JAYE

He's fine. Well, except for the detached retina. We all got to leave early.

MAHANDRA

Don't you find it odd that this girl is willing to blithely carry out acts of violence on your behalf? She's like your own personal Heinrich Himmler.

JAYE

There were no orders to hurt or maim. Bianca's a free agent. And she's fun. You should come out with us. I thought we could take her clubbing.

MAHANDRA

Baby seals?

JAYE

You're overreacting. You'd like her if you gave her a chance.

MAHANDRA

Can you hear the seals, Clarice? They're screaming.

JAYE

Oh shut up. She's sweet. And perfectly normal.

INT. WONDERFALLS - DAY

Jaye pushes open the door. She calls out --

JAYE

Sorry I'm late. Thanks for covering for --

Jaye stops in her tracks when she sees --

BIANCA

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her hair is dyed and straightened to match Jaye's. In fact, her demeanor is all about Jaye when she gives her a bored --

Hey. BIANCA

... me. JAYE

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

INT. WONDERFALLS - DAY

A stunned Jaye takes in new hair-do Bianca.

BIANCA

What?

JAYE

Your hair --

BIANCA

This is my natural color. So what?

JAYE

(sniffs)

What's that scorched smell? Did you iron it?

BIANCA

It's hair. Stop twitching.

JAYE

It's my hair.

BIANCA

Whichever.

JAYE

Um, "whatever." The word is "whatever."

Bianca registers that, jots something on a pad.

JAYE (CONT'D)

Did you just write that down?

BIANCA

No.

JAYE

Look, Bianca, I appreciate that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, etcetera. But I go out of my way to cultivate a unique look and persona, and, um, so should you.

BIANCA

I don't know what you're talking about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alec crosses through wearing an eye patch.

ALEC  
(to Bianca)  
Morning, Tyler.

BIANCA  
Morning.

Alec moves off without noticing Jaye. Jaye stares at Bianca.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
Fine. I'll put it in a pony.

Bianca moves off, Jaye follows:

JAYE  
You let him think you were me.

BIANCA  
He only has one good eye. You want me to make him feel b-b-bad about it?

CHAMELEON PUPPET  
*Get her wor--*

Jaye silences it spinning and snatching it by the head. When she turns back, she sees her Dad has entered, is pecking Bianca on the cheek with:

DAD  
Morning, sweetheart.

BIANCA  
Morning, Dad.  
(off Jaye's look, to Dad)  
I mean, you're not my Dad.

DAD  
I'm sorry. I thought you were my daughter. Hello, sweetheart.

Dad pecks real Jaye on the cheek. Bianca lingers.

JAYE  
Now would be a good time to restock those motion lamps.

BIANCA  
(muttering)  
Whatever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bianca moves off toward the back room before stopping and leaning on the counter next to the register, covertly listening to Jaye and Dad's conversation.

DAD

Guess what? "Thumbing through the Finger Lakes" is going into a second printing. They sold out on Amazon dot com.

JAYE

Really? Good for Mom.

DAD

And good for you. Your mother's publisher's re-doing the dust jacket! Sharon and Aaron both agreed to give up five words each. Which means you get ten more. That's fifteen total!

JAYE

Awesome. So what's it gonna say?

DAD

Whatever you want it to.

JAYE

You want me to write my own blurb?

DAD

Why not? Sharon wrote hers. Come on. It'll be fun. Let those fifteen words show the world just what kind of unique, one-of-a-kind daughter I have.

He winks. Jaye looks past him to see her second-of-a-kind doppelganger in the distance, sulking and watching.

INT. THE BARREL - NIGHT

Jaye sits on her regular bar stool -- pen in one hand, brooding over a napkin. Mahandra's nearby, shirking.

MAHANDRA

Did you sick Binky on your mother so you'd get more words?

JAYE

No. In this instance, I believe guilt was my friend.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAYE (CONT'D)

Actually more like my frenemy  
because now I feel guilty over  
getting what I wanted.

MAHANDRA

Then don't take the extra words.

JAYE

I don't feel that guilty.

Mahandra sees Bianca entering, wearing Jaye's work vest.

MAHANDRA

Oh, look. Here c-comes c-crazy.  
Hi, crazy. She's wearing your  
work vest and ohgod she looks just  
like you. And you said she was  
normal.

Jaye shoots Mahandra a look.

JAYE

(to Bianca)

Hi. You're wearing my vest.  
That's my name.

BIANCA

Yeah, well, I spilled coffee on  
mine, so...

JAYE

Either way, you're wearing a  
Wonderfalls vest. In public.

She takes it off and hands it to Jaye. Eric steps behind  
the bar with a case of beer and unloads it into the ice.

BIANCA

I was in a hurry to leave. Mouth  
breather was suckin' the life out  
of me. You'd think nearly losing  
an eye would make him sympathetic.

(to Eric)

Can I have one of those?

He opens a beer and hands it to her with a smile.

MAHANDRA

(sotto, to Jaye)

Ohmygod. She's like a Jaye Tyler  
cover band.

Bianca arches her back. Eric can't help but look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BIANCA

Ow. Ohgod. I am sore. I've been  
sleeping in a van too long.

(to Eric)

Will you pop my back?

ERIC

Uh... sure.

Eric comes around the bar as Bianca stands.

MAHANDRA

A really good Jaye Tyler cover  
band...

JAYE

You do realize he's not a licensed  
chiropractor. He could very  
easily paralyze you.

Eric wraps his arms around Bianca from behind.

ERIC

Exhale.

She does. Eric lifts her into the air, her feet dangle.

BIANCA

Hold it for a sec.

(off a succession of  
pops)

Ohhhh... perfect.

MAHANDRA

Actually... I think maybe you're  
the cover band. She's a better  
you than you are.

JAYE

She didn't even have to giggle or  
toss her hair.

MAHANDRA

Also -- she's not stuttering.

JAYE

(glances at Stuffed  
Bass)

Yeah... I noticed.

MAHANDRA

Guess she won't be needing a  
speech therapist anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAYE  
 (eyes narrowing)  
 Guess not...

Off Jaye, considering that --

INT. JAYE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Jaye sits holding the Wax Lion, shifting it in front of her face. We think she's talking to it:

JAYE  
 At first I thought I was helping her... but now I'm not so sure. I think what she needs more than a friend is her family...

We REVEAL Sharon is there. Jaye's been talking to her --

JAYE (CONT'D)  
 She's a runaway. Her parents are probably worried sick. They think she's on her way to California. But this isn't California.

Sharon stares for a moment, then shrugs:

SHARON  
 What do you want me to do about it?

JAYE  
 I need a contact number. I have to tell 'em where their daughter is so they can come get her. Her name is Bianca Knowles. So we're looking for a Mr. and Mrs. Knowles in Florida. They'll be so grateful.

SHARON  
 Why are you doing this? Is there a reward?

JAYE  
 I'm trying to reunite a family. That's reward enough.

SHARON  
 Does this girl even want a reunion? Her parents could be carnies.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON (CONT'D)

Or maybe she's like you and  
doesn't enjoy her family's  
company.

JAYE

She's not like me! She's nothing  
like me. And I enjoy your  
company. I just prefer my family  
time in short controlled bursts.

Jaye's phone has started RINGING. She answers it.

JAYE (CONT'D)

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BARREL - NIGHT

Mahandra is near the rest rooms on the phone.

MAHANDRA

We need to upgrade the Bianca  
alert to orange.

JAYE

She's still there?

MAHANDRA

And she's sitting on your stool.

JAYE

There are just so many things  
wrong about that sentence...  
What's she doing?

Mahandra looks over at the bar where Bianca is having  
what looks like a pretty intimate conversation with Eric.

MAHANDRA

Pumping Eric.

JAYE

On my stool!?

MAHANDRA

For information. About you.  
She's all up in his grill trying  
to suck out any detail she can  
about you.

JAYE

Ohmygod.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mahandra turns her back on the bar stool scene:

MAHANDRA

Yeah. And he's like one batted eyelash away from giving up your social security number.

JAYE

Eric won't fall for her shtick.

MAHANDRA

Oh, he's goin' down. This girl is so his type. Jaye, she's you.

JAYE

(a happy digression)  
You think I'm his type?

MAHANDRA

Like you haven't noticed. You better get down here.

Mahandra hangs up the phone. Looks back and sees that Bianca is no longer on the bar stool -- because she's standing right there. Her eyes glazed and creepy. Off Mahandra, startled --

INT. JAYE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Jaye moves to Sharon, who digs through Jaye's fridge. Jaye swats the fridge door shut. Sharon looks up, a pickle or something sticking out of her mouth.

JAYE

(on the move)  
You're coming with me. And try to look threatening. More than usual.

INT. THE BARREL - NIGHT

ON THE MOVE with Jaye as she arrives with Sharon in tow.

JAYE'S POV - THE BILLIARD TABLE

Eric is spooning behind Bianca guiding her through a game. Mahandra spots Jaye on approach, tries to cut her off, but ends up arriving at the billiard table at the same time.

MAHANDRA

Uh, Jaye --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAYE

What's he popping now?

BIANCA

Jaye. Eric was telling me how much you liked billiards. I mentioned I'd never played --

JAYE

Yeah. You're done playing. Whatever your game is.

SHARON

(aside to Mahandra)

Is this the girl from Florida? She looks really familiar.

JAYE

(spinning)

Because she's me!

BIANCA

Jaye, I'm s-sorry. I w-was j-just t-trying to b-be your f-friend.

JAYE

There are laws against stalking. And my sister -- a very successful, lawyer will see to it your pale imitation of my ass lands in jail.

BIANCA

Buh- buh- buh-

JAYE

Buh- buh- buh- buh-bye!

Bianca bursts into tears and flees to the bathroom. The others look a little horrified.

MAHANDRA

Okay, that was totally uncalled for.

JAYE

What? That was totally called for. You're the one who called for it.

MAHANDRA

Yeah, um, I tried to call you back...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAHANDRA (CONT'D)

Binky was just asking about you  
cause she wanted to help write  
your blurb for the book jacket.

Eric takes a folded napkin out of his pocket, hands it  
her.

JAYE

(reading the napkin)

"Daughter Jaye, a philosopher,  
resides in Niagara Falls where she  
inspires with effortless,  
undemanding style."

SHARON

Aw... the runaway wrote that?

JAYE

Wow. It's poignant.

ERIC

It's you in a fifteen word  
nutshell.

MAHANDRA

I better go check on her.

(to Jaye)

Probably be best if you weren't  
here...

Mahandra moves off. Jaye is flabbergasted --

EXT. THE BARREL - NIGHT

Jaye and Sharon head toward Sharon's S.U.V. Jaye is  
indignant.

JAYE

Who writes poignant and incisive  
blurbs about people they hardly  
know?

SHARON

Well, she must be nuts if she  
thinks you inspire.

JAYE

With effortless and undemanding  
style.

They step up to Sharon's S.U.V.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Well look at that -- you've inspired me to walk to my car. And now you've inspired me to leave.

Sharon climbs in her S.U.V and slams the door shut and drives away. The S.U.V. wipes FRAME revealing a VAN with the personalized license plate "BINKY'S." Jaye stares for a moment until a weathered JUNKER with a wire hanger for an antennae pulls into Sharon's spot. Jaye eyes the wire hanger, then the van, then the wire hanger...

EXT. THE BARREL - A SHORT WHILE LATER

The lock to Bianca's van pops up, and Jaye crawls inside.

INT. BIANCA'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jaye stops in her tracks. The back of the van is a shrine -- to Jaye. There are photographs, a copy of Mom's latest book, quotes on pieces of paper, and a notebook. Jaye leafs through it -- scrawled inside, over and over again, is the name "Jaye Tyler." Jaye spies a laptop and flips it open -- only to discover a Jaye screensaver.

A box with Jaye's picture on it sits next to the computer. She opens it to find -- copies of credit card receipts, her driver's license, a dog-eared family photo (basically the contents of her stolen wallet).

As Jaye stoops to dig through the booty, we SEE Bianca standing behind her.

BIANCA

You've ruined everything.

Jaye spins around, startled. She's trapped with only a crumpled wire hanger to defend herself. Jaye thinks better of the hanger, grabs Bianca instead, throws her to the floor of the van and pins her. They wrestle.

JAYE

You may have all my friends snookered, but not me. You're like that girl in that movie who wanted to be that other girl so much that she killed for it!

BIANCA

..."Grease?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAYE

"Single White Female!"

BIANCA

N- n- no...

JAYE

Yes! Admit it. Are you a grifter? Who're you working for? Is this a plot? Have you been putting hallucinogens in my drinking water?

BIANCA

No. I'm st- st- st-

JAYE

Stalking me?

BIANCA

No. I'm st- st- st-

JAYE

Stabbing me?

BIANCA

No. I'm st- st- st-

JAYE

Stealing my organs after you stab me?

BIANCA

No. I'm st- st- st-

JAYE

Stitching a skin suit out of my dead corpse after you stab me and steal my organs?

BIANCA

I'm studying you!

Off Jaye's confusion, we...

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

INT. BIANCA'S VAN - NIGHT

A short time has passed. They've gone to separate corners of the van. Jaye stares, incredulous:

JAYE

You're an investigative  
journalist?

BIANCA

I'm wr-writing a st-story on  
disaffected twenty-somethings.

JAYE

For who? Total Makeover Magazine?

BIANCA

T-today's Am-merica. I th-thought  
if I became more like you I'd  
understand you better. I really  
wanted to get inside your head.

JAYE

You're not in my head. You just  
have my hair. And why the phony  
stutter? Some people might think  
it's offensive and not just funny.

BIANCA

It's n-not ph-phony. It becomes  
more pronounced when I'm under st-  
stress.

JAYE

Hmmm. I'm really not buying the  
whole Mrs. Doubtfire thing. Why  
does a disaffected twenty-  
something have to transform  
herself into a disaffected twenty-  
something?

BIANCA

B-because I'm not d-disaffected.  
I don't fit the Gen-Y p-profile.  
I'm too highly m-motivated. Wh-  
which is why I'm st-studying y-  
you.

(then)

It's t-true. And I can p-prove  
it...

INT. THE BARREL - NIGHT

Jaye and Bianca sit in a booth. Jaye has a stack of official looking letters in front of her. She looks through them.

BIANCA

It's all my correspondence with my editor. The last f-few are a little angry. He keeps w-wanting me to s-send something, b-but I c-can't seem to get st-started.

JAYE

"Regarding your article on gen-y losers..." Losers? You're writing an article on how I'm a loser?

BIANCA

N-no. It's really about w-winners who haven't w-won. Yet. Or ever.

JAYE

I'm a non-winner.

BIANCA

B-by choice. You're the prototypical Gen-Y-er. You represent a generation of y-young people who've been b-blessed with education and opportunity and who don't just fall through the cracks -- b-but jump through!

JAYE

I am not a crack jumper, lady.

BIANCA

Ah, the w-w-w-witty wordplay, the Ivy League irony. A hallmark of the Gen-Y non-w-winner. M-m-my g-generation.

JAYE

How do you know what "league" my irony is? Were you stalking me at Brown? Are you the girl who stole my meal card?

BIANCA

I was a fr-freshman when you were a senior.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA (CONT'D)

I f-found you when I did a cross sample of graduates who've failed to contribute to society in any significant way. Th-that's not a j-judgement. You're a victim of the system. I w-wanted to write this article t-to expose the non-winnerness of Generation Y for what it really is.

JAYE

And that would be..?

BIANCA

Everyone else's fault.

JAYE

Okay, you haven't lost me yet... So it's an article about me?

BIANCA

You as m-metaphor for a l-larger...

JAYE

But about me. How many words?

BIANCA

Five thousand.

JAYE

Awesome!

BIANCA

Yeah, it would have been. But now the subject is aware of my presence, my study is tainted.

JAYE

Uh, does that mean I don't get my five thousand words?

BIANCA

There's not g-gonna be any w-words.

STUFFED BASS

*Get her words out.*

JAYE

(to Bass)

I'm way ahead of you.

(to Bianca)

Bianca, you can't quit now!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAYE (CONT'D)

People need to know what it's like to be me. And that's gonna take words. Your words. About five thousand of them. You need to get them out. And I'm going to help you do it.

BIANCA

How?

JAYE

By offering you an all access pass to the life of the prototypical Gen-Y-er. Anything you want to know.

BIANCA

Full disclosure?

JAYE

I'll let you jump right into my cracks. So to speak.

As they hold the look between them --

BIANCA (V.O.)

*While their lives may appear aimless and desultory, there's nothing random about the choices the Gen-Y non-winner makes...*

INT. WONDERFALLS - DAY

Jaye stocks a shelf. Bianca shadows, taking notes on a pad.

BIANCA (V.O.)

*...everything they do is for a single purpose -- to avoid engaging with the world around them...*

Eye-patched Alec passes, looks at them a little suspiciously. They eye him, wait until he's out of earshot. Then:

BIANCA (CONT'D)

So why retail? Doesn't customer service force you to interact with the public?

JAYE

Not necessarily. Wonderfalls caters to tourists.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAYE (CONT'D)

Tourists are either coming or going. They're not fixtures so you're never in any real danger of developing a rapport with them.

A GRANDMOTHERLY CUSTOMER moves past with a CHILD. Jaye pretends to be working. Bianca clocks that, scribbles:

BIANCA (V.O.)

*Subject is reluctant to make eye contact with children or the elderly.*

(then, out loud)

So a place like this allows you to remain inward and uninvolved?

A Barrel Bear BLINKS and RAISES an EYEBROW.

JAYE

(turning face away)

In theory.

BIANCA (V.O.)

*Subject routinely affects slight slouch and subtle sneer which seems designed to repel others...*

INT. THE BARREL - NIGHT

Jaye and Bianca play billiards. Bianca with her note pad.

JAYE

A combination of body language and 'tude can create a kind of invisible, protective barrier. Like rap music or that bubble car the Pope drives around in.

BIANCA

Interesting... What about friends?

JAYE

You wanna choose people who aren't much more motivated than you are. But don't surround yourself with total narcissists -- otherwise things start to be about something other than you.

BIANCA (V.O.)

*Subject craves and thrives on constant attention.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA (CONT'D)

*This attention can be positive or negative...*

INT. JAYE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Jaye and Bianca are sitting on the bed with a bottle of wine and a stack of family photo albums.

BIANCA

So do you think your life is a reaction against the choices your family has made?

JAYE

You're not the first to suggest that.

BIANCA

Like living in this trailer.

JAYE

Well, it's affordable and the park has a guy that empties the refuse tank for free.

BIANCA

Oh, but it's so much more than that. This trailer is the crowning achievement in the performance art that is your life.

JAYE

If you mean it looks a little like Jeanie's bottle, I get that a lot.

BIANCA

Your home is a trailer. Don't you see the beautiful poetry in that? It's a thing that's been designed to go someplace, and yet the hitch isn't hooked up to anything! So it just sits here, never living up to its potential. But never in any danger of breaking down, either.

JAYE

You're sure not having any trouble getting your words out tonight.

BIANCA

I admit, when I first pitched a story about Gen-Y losers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAYE

Non-winners.

BIANCA

...I had a kind of elitist contempt for the lifestyle. But now I can see the appeal. You've really managed to create a stressless, expectation-free zone for yourself.

Jaye's really starting to feel the tired and tipsy. She drops back on her bed. Sleepy thing.

JAYE

Wow. I'm like a genius. So, uh, we almost done? 'Cause surprisingly, I'm getting tired of talking about myself.

But before Bianca can answer, Jaye's SNORING.

BIANCA

I think I have everything I need.

Off expressionless Bianca, watching oblivious Jaye...

INT. JAYE'S TRAILER - MORNING

Jaye wakes in the same position she fell asleep in. She sits up, ruffled. She looks at her clock.

JAYE

Crap.

INT. WONDERFALLS - DAY

Jaye hurries in, moves to the office.

INT. WONDERFALLS - PEGGY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jaye pushes in and reaches for her timecard -- but her fingers come up with air.

ALEC (O.S.)

You're an hour late.

Jaye turns. Alec's at the desk, reading a note pad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAYE

My alarm didn't go off. Where's  
my time card?

Alec taps it on the desk, doesn't look up from the notes.

ALEC

Right here.

Jaye reaches for it; Alec holds it. Now Jaye realizes:

JAYE

Those are Bianca's notes.

ALEC

Yes. I found them by the register  
this morning. Imagine my shock  
when I discovered you two weren't  
doing inventory yesterday...

JAYE

Um. Yeah. I'm still training  
her.

ALEC

She already admitted everything.

JAYE

Well. I don't know what she said,  
but she's not an investigative  
journalist.

(a bit over her  
shoulder)

Her study's not tainted!

(to Alec)

Um, where is she?

ALEC

I gave her the day off. She told  
me how you had her following you  
around, writing down everything  
you said, documenting life at  
Wonderfalls for future  
generations.

JAYE

Oh. Right. That.

ALEC

She's very naive. She actually  
believed you when you told her  
there was a time capsule under the  
Maid of the Mist fountain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAYE

Well, some people'll swallow just about anything...

ALEC

Hmph. Even if there is a time capsule, which I seriously doubt, the Wonderfalls document would not be all about you.

JAYE

Did I say that?

ALEC

You said lots of things. This part here where you call me a mouth-breather. That's my favorite.

JAYE

That was taken out of context.

ALEC

Just so you know, I've got a deviated septum. And I have to wait three more years for my cartilage to stop growing before I can have the surgery.

JAYE

Well, um... Three years?

ALEC

So in addition to lying, you've also used Wonderfalls merchandise and Wonderfalls resources -- namely Bianca -- without authorization.

JAYE

If you want to write me up, I'll totally understand.

ALEC

There won't be any need for that. I already spoke to Peggy. She gave me permission to fire you. I'll need you to clean out your locker and turn in your vest.

Jaye is too stunned to speak. Alec rises, moves to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALEC (CONT'D)

I hope this won't effect our friendship. I'll make sure your employee discount stays in effect through the holidays.

INT. JAYE'S TRAILER - DAY

Jaye paces, phone to her ear.

MAHANDRA (V.O.)

Hi. You've reached Mahandra McGinty. I work in a bar. I work until very late. If it's daytime, I'm probably sleeping. Your phone call has likely woken me up. Leave a message at your own peril.

JAYE

It's me. I got fired. Can you believe it? I'm looking for Bianca. Her van's not parked in its usual spot, and she doesn't have a phone. If she comes into the bar, get a hold of me. Also, you know, call me. I need comfort.

Jaye clicks off. Broods. She looks to the pile of family photos still strewn about from the previous night...

INT. TYLER HOUSE - ENTRYWAY/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dad opens the door to reveal Jaye, upset.

JAYE

I got fired.

DAD

(pulls her into a hug)

I'm sorry, sweetheart.

JAYE

Sharon and Aaron can have their words back. I won't be needing them. Ever, apparently.

DAD

Nonsense. You're gonna put those words to good use.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAD (CONT'D)

Think of this as an opportunity. Dub-ya lost the first time he ran for Congress, and just look how far he got. President of the United States.

JAYE

You don't seem terribly surprised that I got fired.

Dad ushers Jaye to the living room, Bianca's sitting with Mom.

JAYE (CONT'D)

Uh... what's she doing here?

BIANCA

It's my fault you got fired. I wanted to make sure your family knew that.

MOM

Binky feels horrible, sweetheart. You should hear her out. And see the way she's got her hair pulled back? You might try that.

(rises, moves to Dad)

Come on, Darrin. Let's let the girls chat.

Mom grabs Dad by the elbow and heads toward the kitchen.

JAYE

What's going on?

BIANCA

I'm sorry you got fired.

JAYE

Just finish your article so we can tell the Mouth Breather everything and I'll get my job back.

BIANCA

Um... I can't really do that.

JAYE

Can't do what?

BIANCA

Any of it. Starting with writing that article. I can't do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAYE

What? Of course you can. You gotta get your words out, remember?

BIANCA

No. I c-can't. It's too much p-pressure. See?

JAYE

Bianca. Binky. This is a huge opportunity for you. You can't just pass it up.

BIANCA

I used to think that, too. But I can pass it up. I'm going to. Oh, god, it's such a relief you have no idea. Jaye, all my life I've had this horrible st-stutter. And it's because I can't get st-started. On anything. And now I never have to.

JAYE

Of course you have to.

BIANCA

No. You've shown me a new way. I can live in a pressureless, expectation-free zone.

JAYE

That's my zone. You're parked in my zone.

BIANCA

I know. And it's the only place I've ever been able to breathe.

JAYE

You didn't stutter at all when you were gettin' me to sing. You planned this. You suck.

BIANCA

You suck

JAYE

You suck.

BIANCA

You suck

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BIANCA (CONT'D)

Whatever.

JAYE

Whatever.

BIANCA

Whatever.

JAYE

Whatever.

Sharon and Aaron burst through the front door holding several pizza boxes. Sharon spots Bianca.

SHARON

Oh, hello.

(sotto, to Aaron)

That's the runaway.

Mom appears.

MOM

Pizza's here!

(to Bianca and Jaye)

Girls, it's pizza night. I hope you're staying.

BIANCA

Thank you, Mrs. Tyler. I'd love to stay

Off Jaye --

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT FOUR

OMITTED

INT. TYLER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mom, Dad, Sharon, Aaron, Bianca and a glowery Jaye are all seated around the table, post pizza.

BIANCA

This was wonderful. Thank you.  
It's been a while since I've had a  
family supper at a kitchen table.

Sharon's all "awwww," poor little runaway girl.

MOM

Normally we're in the dining room  
when we have guests, but we enjoy  
pizza night in the kitchen.

SHARON

Every Tuesday!

AARON

It's kind of a tradition.

BIANCA

It's lovely to see a family that  
still honors the old values.

DAD

We try to make a point to sit down  
for meals as a unit when we can.

JAYE

(mutters to herself)  
Every Tuesday?

MOM

Where's your family, Binky?

BIANCA

Oh, I don't really have anyone.  
My parents both passed away when I  
was very young. I was raised in  
foster homes. Nothing as nice as  
this.

MOM

Oh, I'm so sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

No wonder you ran away.

BIANCA

As I got older I sought answers in various world religions. I guess I'm still seeking...

AARON

I think that kind of journey is an ongoing one.

DAD

Aaron's studying comparative religion. Working toward his doctoral degree.

BIANCA

Two doctors in the house! One to heal the body, one the spirit.

SHARON

(happy and bright)  
I'm a lawyer!

BIANCA

This is the kind of family I dream about having someday. I couldn't have it as a child... so I'm determined to make it as an adult.

Mom reaches up and massages Dad's shoulder affectionately.

MOM

All you need to do is find the right partner.

JAYE

Bianca's a single white female.

Bianca rises, reaches for some of the dirty dishes --

BIANCA

There is a certain bartender I kinda have my eye on.

Jaye grabs for the dishes. A little tug-o-war ensues.

JAYE

Oh, you don't have to do that.

BIANCA

I don't mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAYE

Yeah, but I do.

BIANCA

But I want to.

JAYE

It's my job to clear on pizza night!

SHARON

You never come to pizza night.

JAYE

(sharp aside to  
Sharon)That's because I have to clear.  
But now I want to.

Jaye tugs a little too hard and the plate pulls free from Bianca's hand and goes sailing across the room -- CRASH. Jaye looks at everyone staring back at her --

DAD

It's okay, sweetheart. Nevermind.  
You lost your job today. You're  
upset. We understand.

BIANCA

We really do.

JAYE

You are not part of the collective  
"we," okay?

(to the rest of them)

And you don't understand. She's --  
(blurts it)

She's an investigative journalist!

Beat, then --

MOM

Oh, how marvelous! Who do you  
write for?

AARON

What's she investigating?

JAYE

Me! She's investigating me!

SHARON

Is it a criminal investigation?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAYE

She's writing an article about my  
life so the whole country can see  
what a loser I'm not!

(off their pained  
stares)

Five. Thousand. Words. About.  
Me.

Yeah. Sounds crazy. They all blink, a bit incredulous.

BIANCA

Oh. This is my fault. Jaye, I  
thought you knew I was kidding.

(to the family)

She was upset because she only got  
five words in Karen's blurb. I  
told her I was going to get a job  
on a major magazine and get her  
five thousand...

(to Jaye)

But, Jaye... I'm just a retail  
clerk. Like you. Used to be.

Off Jaye, staring back at her --

INT. THE BARREL - NIGHT

Jaye slams a tequila shot as Eric hands her another.

JAYE

I was an idiot. Can't believe I  
let her get that close.

ERIC

Yeah, you don't usually do that,  
do you? Let people get too close.

JAYE

Depends on the person.

(angry glance at  
Bass)

I was tricked! Never should have  
listened to... Should've tossed  
her out on her b-b-butt.

ERIC

Would you've been able to do that?

JAYE

Generally, wouldn't really be a  
problem for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

So you must've seen something in her.

JAYE

Ironically... I think maybe I saw a little of myself. But that was before she actually became me.

ERIC

She's not you.

JAYE

She's not?

ERIC

No. I mean, she's trying to be. But can you really blame her?

JAYE

Blame her? Phfft. Diagnose her, maybe. I mean, my crappy life? Lousy job I hate. Well meaning but -- let's just say it -- overbearing parents. Disapproving sister. A brother who lives at home but is still considered more successful than I am... which could be because I live in a trailer that, while it may look like Jeannie's Bottle, is actually slightly smaller. And a bar stool that, frankly -- kind of leaves a welt.

He smiles at her. She's neat. She looks bummed.

JAYE (CONT'D)

Who'd choose that? Hell, who'd even wanna read about it?

ERIC

I would.

JAYE

You would? Five thousand words?

ERIC

(he nods, yep)  
And if there were pictures?  
(leans in  
confidentially)  
I'd buy two copies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He twinkles, moves off to serve another customer. She's smiling, flattered, but soon the gloom settles on her again.

STUFFED BASS

*Get her words out.*

She snaps her face up to give the fish a piece of her mind --

JAYE

You just --

But she freezes, struck with an idea --

STUFFED BASS (O.S.)

*Get 'em out...*

INT. JAYE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS: as Jaye opens and fires up her laptop. She sits before it, rubs her hands together, then:

JAYE

Okay. So you wanna know about gen-Y? I'll tell you about gen-Y.

Jaye starts to type furiously.

FLOATING OVERLAPPING DISSOLVES OF:

Jaye typing furiously at her computer (like in the old movies!) She BANGS one last key and we CUT TO:

INT. JAYE'S TRAILER - MONTAGE

She RIPS the pages out of her printer. Staples the pages together. Slips them in an envelope. Writes in the return address: BIANCA KNOWLES. HIGH AND DRY TRAILER PARK.

INT. MAIL BOX - DAY

Black screen. A slot of light opens above us. TILT as the the envelope falls onto the pile of mail. Hold on the envelope as the slot closes... taking us to BLACK.

FADE INTO:

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

INT. WONDERFALLS - DAY

Bianca leans on the counter at the register looking wicked bored. Looking like Jaye. Jaye enters, marches up to her.

BIANCA

Jaye... you shouldn't be here.  
The Mouth Breather told me if I  
see you I should call security...

JAYE

Might want to call your agent  
first.

Jaye slaps down an already open envelope from Today's America Magazine addressed to Bianca.

BIANCA

What's this?

JAYE

Today's America Magazine's  
acceptance letter. They're  
printing your article.

BIANCA

What?

JAYE

(from memory)  
"Ms. Knowles. This is to inform  
you that your riveting piece  
portraying Gen-Y underachievers  
has been accepted for  
publication."

BIANCA

This is a fake...

JAYE

No. You're the fake, the letter's  
real.

BIANCA

(re-reads letter,  
then)  
Ohmygod...  
(looks at her)  
You wrote the article?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAYE

And put your name on it. And between you and me? It is pretty riveting.

BIANCA

You wrote something that got accepted by T-Today's America Magazine...

JAYE

No. You did. Look, Bianca... this isn't you.

I'm a little horrified to think it might actually be me... Point is, you don't belong here. And, at least for the time being, I do. Which is why you're going to call Today's America Magazine and get on with your life -- and let me have mine back.

BIANCA

But... I didn't earn this.

JAYE

Exactly. Which makes you the real expert. You'll be taking credit for something you didn't do. You don't get any more Gen-Y than that.

BIANCA

But I C-C-C-

JAYE

Can. You said your trouble was you couldn't get started. Well, now you don't have to. I got it started for you. I got your words out there.

BIANCA

But they're not my words.

JAYE

The next ones will be.  
(a held look, then:)  
You've got thirty seconds to decide. But know this: the Maid of the Mist boats aren't running today. And the tour busses are gonna be pulling up any second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

At that Bianca makes her choice. She slides off her Wonderfalls vest, drapes it over the counter. As she does:

JAYE (CONT'D)

See? You really are a slacker.

Bianca comes around from the register, clutching the acceptance letter. She's standing in front of Jaye.

BIANCA

Thank you.

JAYE

(a warm smile and:)

Leave.

(she starts to)

Wait.

Because Alec has appeared from the office, initially looking down at a clipboard. He looks up, surprised...

ALEC

Tyler... what are you doing here?  
Bianca, did you call security?

JAYE

Tell him.

BIANCA

Um, yeah. Listen, I'm actually an investigative journalist. I've written a piece for Today's America Magazine. What I think is likely the definitive piece on the disaffected twenty-something generation...

She glances to Jaye.

JAYE

I think that's fair.

BIANCA

Um, if you read it, either online or off the newsstands, you might notice a character referred to as "mouth breather..."

She glances again to Jaye; Jaye nods -- oh, yeah.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

(to Alec)

It's not you. I quit. Bye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

And she goes. Mouth Breather just stares, mouth open. He drifts toward the glass door, watching her go...

ALEC

She left... and the boats aren't running...

He turns and sees... Jaye is behind the cash register, slipping on the Wonderfalls vest that says "Bianca." He smiles at her. She actually kinda sorta smiles back. It's a smile she turns now to an approaching CUSTOMER.

JAYE

Hi. Welcome to Wonderfalls. Did you find what you were looking for?

And CAMERA ROCKETS at that VEST... the letters which spell "Bianca" reconfigure magically and now spell, "Jen Why?" CAMERA PULLS OUT and WE ARE:

EXT. BOOK STORE - DAY

The vest is on Bianca who is on the cover of Today's America Magazine, multiple copies on the newsstand. The cover reads: "Who is Jen Why?" and, "Slacker or living stress-free? The truth about Generation 'Y'" The PULL OUT becomes a FAST PUSH in back to a single copy, as DAD'S VOICE OVER BEGINS...

DAD (V.O.)

Like the Falls of Niagara which rage at the center of her little town, some powerful force forever threatens to sweep Jen into roiling chaos. It is a force against which she struggles. A power she cannot name...

INT. THE BARREL - NIGHT

Where Dad is reading a copy of the magazine. Mom, Sharon, Aaron and Jaye all have copies.

DAD

Whether it is the undertow of contemporary life, or something more ancient: life as it has always been... Jen will continue to struggle. To thrash and fight.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAD (CONT'D)

Yet in her most personal,  
 unguarded moments she will speak  
 of a calm pool. A place where the  
 waters become still and the chaos  
 abates. A place where a father's  
 wisdom...

And now CAMERA STARTS PANNING the table, just like in the  
 teaser, more or less... off Dad, finding Mom...

DAD (CONT'D)

...a mother's compassion...

Drifting off Mom to linger on Aaron...

DAD (CONT'D)

A brother's protection...

...and PANNING to Sharon...

DAD (CONT'D)

...and a sister, 35...

CAMERA'S already PANNING off Sharon as she reacts with a  
 sour expression, landing on... Jaye...

DAD (CONT'D)

...all combine to show Jen she is  
 not alone.

Dad sets down the magazine, everyone looks at Jaye.

MOM

Awww, sweetheart. Of course  
 you're not.

AARON

You really said those things, huh?

SHARON

I am not 35.

MOM

You're not a lesbian either, but  
 you can't expect her to get every  
 detail right.

SHARON

(thumbs through mag)  
 It didn't say that --

MOM

It was implied.  
 (to Jaye)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOM(CONT'D)

Your friend Bianca has a lovely  
crisp prose style.

(aside to Dad)

What a talented girl.

Jaye smiles at that, enjoying the by-proxy praise.

DAD

I hope we'll see her again.

JAYE

Oh, I doubt it.

DAD

That's a shame. I was hoping we  
could have her over Thursday for  
Game Night.

MOM

Perhaps Jaye will join us.

AARON

Yeah. You should come for once.

JAYE

I'm busy. Oh, um, the prose  
probably aren't as lovely and  
crisp, but I finally figured out  
my fifteen words... hope it's  
okay...

Jaye takes out a small slip of paper. Unfolds it.  
Reads:

JAYE (CONT'D)

"Daughter Jaye lives in Niagara  
Falls. Her blurb and life are a  
work in progress."

And as we PULL BACK on this milieu, a little cross-talk,  
if you please, and we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW