

HILARY: QUEEN OF THE TAJ MAMALL

Episode 4

Written by

Chris Zell

czell@comcast.net

INT CAR - DAY

HILARY is in the back of her parents car. In this guise, Hilary looks like every 10 year old girl. A little gangly, a little self-conscious, sitting in the back of the car with her arms folded across her chest.

SND FX adult murmuring in conversation

Hilary doesn't like to be out of the conversation so she unbuckles her seat belt and slides between the two bucket seats. She smiles for a moment before saying anything.

HILARY

There's a Sneakerz 'N Stuff sale
tod. . .

MOTHER (O.C.)

. . .Hilary! Are you out of your
seat belt? What have I told you
about taking your seat belt off?
Snap in and sit back. Dad and I are
talking.

Hilary throws herself back into the seat, slams the buckle back into her seat belt, crosses her arms and pouts.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Don't get an attitude with me,
young lady or I'll turn this car
right around.

Hilary looks up askew in the general direction of her Mother.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

And don't give me that look.

Hilary feigns innocence. While her parents talk Hilary's head twists back and forth like it's a tennis match. Her expression changes depending on what's being said.

HILARY

Dad! I wasn't giving her 'that
look.'

FATHER (O.C.)

I'm Switzerland, Hilary, I didn't
see anything.

MOTHER (O.C.)

You can show a little support from
time to time, you know.

FATHER (O.C.)
What do you want from me? I didn't
see her make a face.

MOTHER (O.C.)
You know the face she makes.

FATHER (O.C.)
She makes a lot of faces. Was this
her brat face? Her want face? Her
manipulative face? Her. . .

MOTHER (O.C.)
. . .just stop it. All I'm saying
is that it seems that I'm always
doing all of the parenting while
you get to. . .

Hilary rolls her eyes and slumps back down into the seat
rolling her entire head as her parents conversation fades to
SND FX adult murmuring in conversation.

After what seems like entire seconds, Hilary is snapped to
attention by the only words that could be said to do that.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Hilary! We're here.

SND FX The passenger seat being pulled forward

FATHER (O.C.)
Here ya go, Hilary.

Hilary scrambles to get out of the car and does so without
incident.

EXT FRONT OF THE TAJ MAMALL - CONTINUOUS

Hilary closes the car door and steps away from the car.
Suddenly her expression changes to one of panic.

HILARY
My bag!

But it's too late. Her parents didn't hear her and the car
pulled away. Hilary takes a few futile steps in the direction
of the car when she sees the break lights shine. She
brightens for a moment before she sees the left blinker come
on and her parents take a left out of the mall.

Hilary is dejected. There is no way possible that just by
entering The Taj MaMall that she can be transformed. She is
that crestfallen.

But, gamely, she begins her long, laborious trek towards the mall door. Slowly, her shuffle becomes a drag which turns into a gait which begets a full blown step. It's not quite a queenly step but it's well on its way.

SND FX a mellifluous opening of the mall door.

Hilary stands outside the mall for a moment. The florescent lights casting a heavenly glow around Hilary. Hilary takes a deep breath and a brave little step forward.

INT THE TAJ MAMALL - CONTINUOUS

Hilary steps in and the transformation is complete. The disaster she just survived has made her stronger. People wave as she walks through the mall. People come up to say hello. The mall is a brighter, better place when she's here. Through the crowd Hilary sees Theresa on a bench and gives her a smile and a wave. She tries not to rush over but you can see that something is on Hilary's mind as she smiles her way through the throng of well wishers. She finally reaches Theresa and sits on the bench beside her. Theresa immediately sees that there is a problem.

THERESA

What's the matter, Hilary? Did you get too much homework?

Hilary blows that question off with a scoff.

HILARY

It's nothing as simple as that.

Hilary leans in close to Theresa and whispers in her ear.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Don't tell anyone but. . .

Hilary pauses and looks up and down the mall as if she's about to impart some national mall secret to Theresa. When Hilary looks left, Theresa looks right. When Hilary looks right, Theresa looks left. When Hilary looks under the bench Theresa lolls her head backwards and rolls her eyes. When she does that she spots LOBERTA and BOBERTA standing shoulder to shoulder peering at them. This strikes her as odd because she's never seen them without Roberta. Hilary is now convinced that no one will be privy to her life altering news. But you can never be too sure.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Okay, I was in the car, right? And.

. . .

As Hilary continues talking we zoom out and her voice begins to take on a tinny tone. Like she's being heard through a radio with bad reception. At the mid point in the zoom the reception begins to get better but it is still tinny. The zoom continues until we see ROBERTA kneeling between Loberta and Boberta's legs pointing a parabolic microphone at Hilary. The headphones Roberta has on are way to big for her head so they keep slipping down and covering her eyes. The zoom continues until we see all The Berta's in their various garb and demeanor.

HILARY (CONT'D)

. . .they're going on and on and on, you know, like they do, so I get out of the car and they drive away with my bag. Can you believe that? They left me here without my bag.

The anguish in Hilary's voice comes through this tinny sound.

Begin a pan down back towards Hilary and Theresa showing stores and mall denizens along the way.

THERESA (O.C.)

Well. . .

SND FX rustling as Theresa stands up.

We now see Theresa standing next to Hilary.

THERESA (CONT'D)

. . .there's only one thing we can do.

HILARY

(Gasp)

Theresa! You're the most brilliant friend any has ever had.

The pan is complete and we see an ecstatic Hilary jump up and embrace Theresa for a moment.

HILARY

Off to Bagz 'N Stuff.

THERESA

Off to Bagz 'N Stuff.

Their mission clear, they saunter happily through the mall.

Zoom out to watch them walk through the mall until we see Roberta stand up as the headphones falls off her head clattering to the floor. She pushes the microphone into Loberta's arms and waves her toward the store behind them. Loberta pauses confused for a moment before heading into the 'Spyz 'N Stuff' store to return the kit to a head mannequin.

ROBERTA

We can stop her this time.

She turns and manically grins at The Berta's who, at best, are confused bordering on frightened.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Off to Bagz 'N Stuff.

The Berta's turn and all head in different directions a few steps. When they see that they're not all in sync they stop to regroup. They all look in opposite directions before Roberta sees something and rolls her eyes while grabbing The Berta's. When they regroup Roberta points at a sign that, of course, reads 'Bagz 'N Stuff'. They race into the store.

INT BAGZ 'N STUFF - MOMENTS LATER

Locust like, The Berta's are tearing every bag in the place off the hooks, snatched from tables, pulled from other shoppers until it's proven that it's the bag they came in with.

After this feeding frenzy is complete, The Berta's begin to exit the store weighted down with many bags filled to overflowing with bags. Roberta pulls up the rear with her head darting fervently making sure they didn't miss a single bag. Horror crosses her face for a moment. In the corner. Seven feet off the ground. A single multi-colored beaded purse dangles. Roberta attempts to make a dash for it but her load weighs her down. As she begins to trod across the store there's a call the mall.

ROBERTA (O.C.)

Roberta! Hilary's on her way.

Roberta stops. She's conflicted. She wanted to clear the entire place out so that everyone can see that without her bag Hilary isn't that special at all. But she also wants to be out of the way and watch her nefarious deed unfurl from afar. So, with one last look at this lonely, ugly beaded purse on the top shelf, Roberta hunkers down and drags her booty out of the store.

INT THE TAJ MAMALL - CONTINUOUS

Roberta drags her bags out of the store and into a walkway just out of view from the Hilary and Theresa. The Berta's finish shoving their bags under the now bulging bench and try their best to sit on the bowing seat.

Hilary sees The Berta's on the absurdly high and oddly shaped bench and gives a happy wave. Theresa looks askew at them but she just can't figure out why they're at such a precarious angle.

That is, until she steps into the barren store. Hilary is spinning in the store crestfallen. She's never seen a store picked clean before. There's something entirely unsettling about it.

SND FX The Berta's cackling

Hilary startles at the noise as she looks up to the MANAGER at the cash register counting the money and the Manager smiles and shrugs.

MANAGER

This is the day I've been waiting
for.

Manager waves a handful of money in the air.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Helloooooo early retirement.

Theresa walks up to the dejected Hilary and tries to comfort her friend.

THERESA

We could always try Sackz 'N Stuff.

Hilary looks at Theresa in disbelief.

HILARY

No, we can't. Sure, Sackz 'N Stuff
is great for sports bags and
carrying stuffed animals bags but
for important stuff. . .

Hilary holds her arms aloft.

HILARY (CONT'D)

. . .like a day at the Taj MaMall,
Bagz 'N Stuff is the only place to
go.

Not altogether convinced, Theresa gives her friend support.

THERESA

Whatever could I have been
thinking?

Hilary looks at Theresa happy that she's come back to her senses.

HILARY
I don't know. But, we've done all
we can here.

Hilary begins to move out of the store while taking a last look around.

HILARY (CONT'D)
We should try. . .

Suddenly, something shimmers out of the corner of her eye. Her head turns. It's that ugly, lonely multi-colored beaded purse.

HILARY (CONT'D)
What's that?

Theresa strains to even see what Hilary is so excited about.

THERESA
An ugly beaded purse even The
Berta's wouldn't take?

Hilary ignores the comment and races across the floor and leaps up to snatch the purse from the top of the shelf. Hilary lands and blows a cloud of dust off the purse. Theresa backs up as the dust engulfs them.

THERESA (CONT'D)
This must have been here since this
was Grandma's Bagz 'N Stuff.

Hilary waves the purse above her head to get the Managers attention.

HILARY
How much is this bag?

The Manager stops her daydreaming long enough to laugh.

MANAGER
It's on me, Hilary. I don't know
how you did it, but I know this...

The Manager fans the money again.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
. . .is your doing.

The Manager walks out from behind the counter. Her pockets bulging with cash. While Hilary continues to search the store.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
I'll send you a postcard from Saint Martin.

HILARY
Thanks. Hey, can I have that strap over there?

The Manager doesn't even pretend to look back.

MANAGER
Sure. Take whatever you want. Just do me a favor.

Hilary stops her searching to look at the Manager.

HILARY
Anything.

The Manager hands her a sign.

MANAGER
Just put this on the door when you leave.

Hilary takes the sign without looking at it.

HILARY
No problem.

The Manager exits and Hilary puts the sign down and begins planning.

HILARY (CONT'D)
Theresa, go over and get me that piece of bag.

Theresa spots the cloth, smiles at Hilary and runs over.

THERESA
I knew you'd think of something.

Hilary stands and ponders for a moment. She sees all kinds of straps and buckles and pieces of cloth. Suddenly, a concept appears in her mind and a radiant smiles crosses her face.

HILARY
This is going to be the greatest bag of all time.

INT THE TAJ MAMALL - LATER

SND FX Sewing, zipping, pounding, buckling

A crowd has gathered in front of the shuttered 'Bagz 'N Stuff'. All we can see inside the window is fabric, strap, zipper and buckle remnants dancing in a cloud of hard work. Without warning, the sound stops and the cloud disappears.

The doors bursts open. The crowd gasps and steps back. Into the mall steps a battered, tired Theresa and a fresh as a daisy Hilary. On Hilary's shoulder is a bag. But not just any bag. This is the greatest bag of all time! Hilary stands in front of the people and, with glee in her eyes, unveils her latest earth shattering fashion accessory.

HILARY

At first, I was quite upset at the loss of our friend, Bagz 'N Stuff.

Hilary pauses while Theresa puts the sign on the door. We cannot read what is on the sign yet.

HILARY (CONT'D)

But, with every door that closes another one opens.

And with that, Hilary pulls the beautiful, small bag from her shoulder. All of the remnants she foraged are in this bag to make a cacophony of stylistic brilliance. The beads from the once ugly and lonely purse now beautifully line the bag. Hilary begins to unfurl her creation. As she mentions another item we zoom in for a close-up.

HILARY (CONT'D)

On the left we see separate dual spaces for a casual outfit and as it unfolds we see a spot for sporty clothes with room for sneakers; to the right, a formal dress with shoes; the middle has enough space for your school work, your shopping spree and your favorite stuffed animal; a hard table swings out from the back for easy note taking notes; a cell phone holder dangles from the strap; and on the back, a make-up case and a special combination locked area for your diary.

Cut to Hilary who is standing there smiling as the audience stares at her creation agape.

HILARY (CONT'D)

And there you have it, The Taj MaBag.

And with that the crowd clamors around Hilary trying to get their own Taj MaBag. Theresa does her best to take all the orders while Hilary shows off the many functions.

Off to the sides are the dejected Berta's. Roberta motions them to follow her dragging their loads behind them. They pass Hilary's line of sight and she smiles at them, nudges Theresa and they both wave. Of course, Theresa's smile is a little less pure than Hilary's.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Aren't these the best bags ever?

A defeated Roberta smiles weakly.

ROBERTA

Yeah. Darling.

They continue to struggle with their bags until they reach the front of the now locked door of 'Bagz 'N Stuff.' As Roberta reads the sign Theresa put on the door her eyes grow wider. We zoom out to read the sign which reads: Closed! No refunds! No returns! No more store!

As the zoom out continues Roberta slumps on the top of her pile and we continue to zoom to see Hilary and Theresa taking orders and the still growing crowd until we:

FADE OUT.