

HILARY: QUEEN OF THE TAJ MAMALL

Episode 1

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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, a bundle of constant motion.

The vehicle begins to turn from the highway into a brightly lit, tree lined street. Off in the distance we see a halo of pulsating light.

Hilary strains to see the light. Her eyes widen. Her motion quickens. The light beckons brighter. Suddenly, just over an incline the Taj MaMall jumps into view for the first time.

Hilary isn't even touching the seat now. It's not nervous jumping as much as Zen like transporting. Her parents drive down the celestial wading pool towards the mall entrance.

Hilary glances off to the left to catch her reflection in the rippling waters. Some people walking past the pool see Hilary and point, wave and smile. Hilary maintains her Zen like demeanor as she gives slight, could be insecure could be queenly, waves.

Her parents pull up to the front of the mall and her MOTHER opens the passenger door and steps out (all we ever see of her parents is an arm or a leg or a torso). Mother pulls the bucket seat forward and Hilary unbuckles her seat belt and reaches forward and puts her hands in the map holder on the back of her Mother's seat to help pull her up. As Hilary pulls herself forward she also pulls the seat back. It pops her in the head and forces her back into the seat.

MOTHER (O.C.)

Hilary! Stop playing around. You've only got half an hour to spend here today.

HILARY

Oh! Mom!

MOTHER (O.C.)

Don't oh, mom me. I'm not the one who forgot to do her math homework yesterday.

Hilary pouts like every 10 year old in the world when confronted with their irrefutable errors. Mother pulls the seat up and holds in as Hilary awkwardly climbs out of the back seat.

Hilary stands there adjusting herself to little avail as she takes in the monument to consumerism that is The Taj MaMall as Mother climbs back into the car.

MOTHER (CONT'D) (O.C.)  
We'll be back in half an hour. Be  
sure to be waiting inside the door.

Hilary finally glimpses the top of the Taj MaMall and, although her expression doesn't change, it seems to light up her face.

MOTHER (CONT'D) (O.C.)  
Hilary! Did you hear me?

Hilary snaps from her reverence.

HILARY  
Yes. The Door. Half an hour.

EXT FRONT OF THE TAJ MAMALL - CONTINUOUS

Hilary begins her ascent to the ornate mall door. It's here where we witness her Keyser Soze like transformation from just Hilary to Hilary, Queen Of The Taj MaMall!

Her step begins to regain its Tony Manero like step. Her face becomes luminescent. Her hair falls naturally into a stylish quaff. Her coats colors get sharper. The closer Hilary gets to the door the closer the transformation gets to full volition.

INT THE TAJ MAMALL - CONTINUOUS

The moment the ornate doors to The Taj MaMall slide open and the whoosh of the conditioned air causes her hair to flutter radiantly as a fine dusting of wonder sparkles trail from her the transformation is complete. Hilary is now the queen of all she surveys, she is now Hilary, Queen Of The Taj MaMall.

Adults smile and turn their infants in her direction so they can bask in Hilary's glow. Hilary smiles and the plates in 'Plates 'N Stuff' sparkle. Older mall walkers nod and seem to get younger as she passes. Young adults feel a twinge that they still don't have her confidence. Mall security, in their starched blue security saris with hard brimmed turbans, bow slightly as she passes. Young kids rush up and Hilary leans down and has a smile for all. Even the mall ruffians shrink back and become demure in her presence.

As Hilary walks through the mall salespeople from various store, with names like 'Dogs 'N Stuff', 'Digital 'N Stuff', 'Sound 'N Stuff', 'Clothes 'N Stuff', Jewelry 'N Stuff', etc., rush out and give her small tokens of their appreciation. She graciously accepts all as she quickly becomes weighed down.

When a young boy notices Hilary almost being burdened under the weight of her bounty he rushes up with a shopping cart. Hilary smiles at the boy and places the booty in the cart. She leans down and gives the boy a little pat on the cheek and they turn red and he can barely hide his glee.

As Hilary reaches the food court a worker from 'Slurpin' 'N Stuff' runs up with an extra large slushie and she takes it with a flourish and downs it all in a single gulp to the head grabbing throng. Hilary places the empty cup back into the gape mouthed workers hand as everyone begins to see that this instant headache maker had no effect on her.

A girl, THERESA, walks up to Hilary and smirks at the admiring gathering. She nods almost imperceptibly as Hilary turns around and see her. They break out in the traditional best girl friend meeting squeal.

	THERESA	HILARY
Hilary!		Theresa!

They hug and Hilary's expression is one of ecstatic friendship. Theresa is just as happy to be Hilary's second but she always keeps one eye on the surrounding area. It's clear that she keeps an cautious eye out for Hilary's well being because Hilary always has her head in the stratosphere.

Theresa knows that not all is what it seems in Hilary's benevolent world. And Theresa spot it. The trouble lurks behind a pilar just in front of 'Spatula's 'N Things'. It's the troika of trouble, The Berta's, ROBERTA, BOBERTA and LOBERTA. They are in close huddle plotting.

ROBERTA  
She's not that much. I mean, her  
hair isn't that great.

We see that these people are not only wrong but amazingly so. The light shimmers through her tendrils of hair. Everyone brightens just breathing the same recycled air as Hilary.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)  
And her fashion sense is nowhere.

Hilary unbuttons her coat to reveal the most breathtakingly fashionable ensemble ever created: a midnight black belly button tank top, denim shorts with purposefully frayed ends and black platform sandals. Other shoppers gasp at this outfit and rush off to 'Fashionz 'N Stuff' to try and recreate what these mortals can only pretend to comprehend.

As the crowd parts Theresa sees that The Berta's are plotting something. Knowing they can't even see past Hilary's aura Theresa takes this opportunity to wander towards The Berta's.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

We've got to show everyone that  
she's not all that.

LOBERTA

And a bag of toast.

Roberta rolls her eyes. She's appalled that this is the best posse she could recruit.

ROBERTA

It's chips, Loberta. All that and a  
bag of chips.

Loberta looks at Roberta for a little support but that's not going to happen.

BOBERTA

Yeah, Loberta. Geez, everyone knows  
it's a bag of dips.

Roberta's shoulders slump.

ROBERTA

That's what I'm stuck with all  
right, a bag of dips.

Roberta takes a couple of steps away from her gang and bumps into a display of spatulas, spoons and ladles. She jumps back startled. As she pushes the display she looks across the mall and sees Sticky's 'N Stuff' and a look of demented brilliance slips across her face.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

I know how we can show that Hilary  
isn't all that and a . . .

Loberta and Boberta begin to talk but Roberta quickly shuts them down.

ROBERTA

. . .don't even say it. Don't even try.

(sotto voce)

I'm going to have to come up with some new saying.

(addressing her crew)

Especially when I take over as Queen Of The Taj MaMall.

Roberta begins to cackle and after a moment Loberta and Boberta figure that's what they should also be doing so they try. Let's just say that it wouldn't strike fear into the hearts of a gerbil much less a deity as munificent as Hilary.

Pan from the cackling Berta's to a smiling and oblivious Hilary. Suddenly, Hilary snaps to. Something extraordinary is going on somewhere in the mall. Hilary looks sharply left; quickly right; a quick glance upstairs and Hilary has her answer.

HILARY

A new sale is opening at Puff's 'n Stuff. Onward shoppers.

With that Hilary takes off in a wisp of star dust. Through the dust spinning in the air we see Roberta chatting up the manager of the Sticky's 'N Stuff while Loberta and Boberta slip the sample sticky goodies into their 'Spatula's 'n Stuff bags.

FADE TO:

INT THE TAJ MAMALL - LATER

Hilary is surrounded by the admiring multitude showing off her new Puff's.

HILARY

This one will go exquisitely with my lavender bedspread.

The people gasp at her sense of color and elan. As we circle around Hilary to glimpse at her admirers faces we see The Berta's trying to stealthy move through the food court chompers.

Cut back and forth between shots of a cheerful Hilary to a creeping Roberta back to a laughing Hilary to a wide eyed Boberta to a regaling Hilary to a tripping Loberta to an ECU of a very happy, beautiful and clueless Hilary.

Finally The Berta's have moved into position. Roberta reaches into their bag and pulls out a handful of spatulas. Of course, the kitchenware is sticky and caked with crumbs.

LOBERTA  
Ewwwwwwwwww.

BOBERTA  
Ewwwwwwwwww.

Roberta doesn't even try to conceal her disgust. She just shakes off her hands and jams spatulas into Loberta and Boberta's hands. They accept them just as any good, but reluctant, minion would.

ROBERTA  
Come on. We've got to get her.  
Look.

They all look at Hilary stand and begin bestowing her adieus to all assembled.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)  
We've got to act fast.

The Berta's snap into action and line up shoulder to shoulder. Roberta reaches into the sticky bag and places a heaping wad of goo onto everyone's spatula.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)  
One. . .

The Berta's aim the spatulas. Hilary smiles at the young man holding her coat open for her.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)  
. . .two. . .

The Berta's pull the spatulas back. Hilary's arms are behind her back just about to enter her coat. The Berta's are within reach of their goal. This is the perfect opportunity. This is the moment they have waited for all of their short lives.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)  
. . .th. . .

Their faces are in excited anticipation. In just a moment they goo bombs will be zipping across the hallowed halls of The Taj MaMall and splatter on the one known as Hilary.

Suddenly we see Theresa pop up behind the trio. She reaches her arms out to the sides as far as she can. She can barely reach past all three but, just before they let go of their weapons of mass embarrassment, Theresa pushes Loberta and Boberta's shoulder slightly.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)  
 . . .ree!

Loberta and Boberta bump into Roberta who stumbles and releases this vile concoction into her own face while the sticky bombs of her trusty companions hit dead on to the same startled and defeated face.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)  
 Noooooooooooooooooooo! You klutz's we almost had her this time.

Theresa appears out of no where to Hilary's side. Hilary smiles and the best friend do the same 'I haven't seen you all minute!' squeal seen earlier.

	HILARY	THERESA
Theresa!		Hilary!

They put their arms around each other and begin to walk out of the mall.

HILARY  
 Where have you been?

Theresa begins to answer but she just doesn't have the swiftness of the queen.

HILARY (CONT'D)  
 That doesn't matter. I bet it was fabulous. Did you get a chance to got to the sale at Puff 'n Stuff?

Theresa attempts to speak. Foiled again.

HILARY (CONT'D)  
 You didn't? Well, isn't it lucky for you that I picked one up for you. You know your chartreuse bedspread? This would look incredible on it.

As the Queen and her protector walk through the parting mall denizens we see the gooey brightness of The Berta's wiping their faces and plotting revenge.

FADE TO BLACK.