

ONE SIZE FITS MOST

"Nobody Knows Your Name"

Episode #01.01

Written By

Kneece & McMahan

Created and Developed By

Blaine Kneece

Trevor McMahan

WGA REGISTERED:

2111894

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COLD OPEN

X

FADE IN:

INT. COSTUME SHOP - DAY

GOTHAM COSTUME SUPPLY: A YEAR-ROUND COSTUME STORE ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE OF MANHATTAN. FILLED WITH MASKS, COSTUMES, NOVELTIES AND ACCESSORIES FROM THE FLOOR TO THE RAFTERS. BENEATH THE MERCHANDISE ARE OLD HARDWOOD FLOORS AND ANCIENT WALLPAPERING. A BUCKET SITS IN THE CENTER OF THE SALES FLOOR COLLECTING A STEADY DRIP FROM THE CEILING.

A FAIRLY SLOW RAINY DAY. EDDIE ANN (BORN EDWARD ANDREW), AN EDITH BUNKER-TYPE WITH THE MOUTH OF A SAILOR, STRUGGLES TO DRESS A MANNEQUIN FOR A FRONT WINDOW DISPLAY IN-PROGRESS. BEHIND A RAISED FRONT DESK, SIMON, THE VOGUISH YOUNG DOMINICAN MAN WORKING THE REGISTER, PRIMPS A BLONDE WIG HE IS WEARING IN AN EFFORT TO CAPTURE THE PERFECT SELFIE. MINNIE, A PETITE SPITFIRE OF A WOMAN, REARRANGES A WALL OF MERCHANDISE, OCCASIONALLY STEPPING BACK LIKE AN ARTIST TO GET A BETTER VIEW.

A WELL-TO-DO MOTHER AND HER YOUNG SON ENTER.

MOTHER
(ABSENT-MINDEDLY)

Do you have a kids section?

LOOKING UP FROM DIGGING THROUGH HER OVERSIZED DESIGNER PURSE, THE MOTHER REALIZES SHE'S SPEAKING TO A HALF-DRESSED MANNEQUIN.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Ummm... hello? Does anybody work here?

EDDIE ANN

Well, *that's* a loaded question.

MINNIE

What you looking for, mami?

MOTHER

My son's got a history project for school. He's supposed to dress up as an Indian.

RONNI, A GOTH GIRL IN HER EARLY TWENTIES DRESSED IN BLACK FROM HEAD TO TOE DROPS AN ANNE RICE NOVEL ON THE GLASS MAKE-UP COUNTER AND STANDS.

EDDIE ANN

Oh, boy. Here we go...

RONNI

(HURT BY THE INSINUATION)

What?

(TO MOTHER)

Yes, we have *Native American* costumes.

What kind of Native American costume

are you looking for? Apache?

Blackfoot? Cherokee?

MOTHER

What was Tonto?

EDDIE ANN

Probably Italian.

RANDY, AN UNQUESTIONABLY WHITE MAN IN HIS LATE THIRTIES, ENTERS OUT OF NOWHERE RIDING A HOBBY HORSE. HE IS WEARING A FEATHER HEADDRESS WITH A FEW STREAKS OF COLOR PAINT ON HIS FACE.

RANDY

Come. I show you way. Stay close, pale face!

RANDY GALLOPS OFF INTO THE STORE WITH A WAR-WHOOP.

MINNIE

Don't worry about him. He don't even
work here no more.

MOTHER

What did he do?

MINNIE

He was the assistant manager.

MOTHER

No, I mean to get fired.

MINNIE

Oh. Shit like that.

RONNI CROSSES TO THE MOTHER.

RONNI

Here. Follow me. I'll show you what we
have.

RONNI TAKES THE BOY BY THE HAND AND LEADS THE WAY PASSING
BENEATH A GIANT GUILLOTINE INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE STORE.

RONNI (CONT'D)

And on the way, we can talk history...
Do you know what a genocide is, kiddo?

FADE OUT:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

A

FADE IN:

INT. STORE ENTRANCE - DAY

A HAUNTED HOUSE SOUND EFFECT CACKLES OUT OF TINNY SPEAKERS TRIGGERED BY THE OPENING OF THE FRONT DOOR. A WOMAN IN HER THIRTIES DRESSED FOR BUSINESS, DEBBIE ENTERS THE STORE SHAKING HER HEAD AND HER UMBRELLA IN THE VESTIBULE. SHE DROPS THE UMBRELLA INTO A CAULDRON BY THE DOOR. NOTICING HER ARRIVAL, SIMON DRAMATICALLY FLIPS THE BLONDE LOCKS OF HIS WIG OVER HIS SHOULDER AND LEANS INTO AN INTERCOM TO SPEAK THROUGHOUT THE STORE...

SIMON

Code D. I repeat. Code D.

THE STAFF HALF-HEARTEDLY BEGINS TO WORK.

FROM THE CENTER OF THE STORE MARCHES THE MOTHER AND HER NOW-CRYING CHILD.

MOTHER

Unbelievable! First, you can't find
someone to help you, and then when you
do, you wish you didn't! Come on,
honey. We'll try the other place.

THE MOTHER AND SON NEARLY KNOCK DEBBIE OVER AS THEY EXIT.

DEBBIE

Already? Come on, guys! It's 10am.
Who's in make-up? Where's Ronni?

EDDIE ANN

Follow the trail of tears.

RONNI ENTERS FROM CENTER STORE TO A GLARING DEBBIE.

RONNI

What? Can I help it if little Tyler
there was moved by the plight of
America's indigenous population?

DEBBIE

How much is a kid's Ind-- Native
American costume?

RONNI

You can't put a price on our
children's future.

SIMON

Thirty-nine ninety-nine... Sorry.

DEBBIE

Thank you, Simon. You hear that?

Thirty-nine ninety-nine. We're already
in the off-season here, people.

DEBBIE PICKS UP THE DRIP BUCKET, CROSSES TO THE FRONT DOOR
AND EMPTIES IT OUTSIDE. THE FRONT DOOR CACKLES AGAIN AT HER
RETURN.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

It's like I boarded The Titanic. Now
it's raining out and we're down forty
bucks. What are we going to do?

A YOUNG MAN BROWSING WITHIN EARSHOT WEARING AN "NYU"
SWEATSHIRT INSERTS HIMSELF INTO THE CONVERSATION. HE TAKES A
FEW BILLS OUT OF HIS POCKET AND BEGINS TO COUNT. DEBBIE STOPS
HIM.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

No, no, no, honey. That's... hmmm...
(MOMENTARILY RECONSIDERING)
...No! You can't. Thank you, though.

RONNI

They don't teach kids this stuff in
school. And I am not going to lie just
to make his mom's life even more
comfortable.

DEBBIE

Who said lie? Did I say lie? Eddie
Ann? Did I say lie?

EDDIE ANN

Huh? Oh, you poor thing, don't you
know I don't listen anymore?

DEBBIE

I'm just saying there's a time and a place for the truth. But not now. Or here. M'kay? Now, pretty please for the rest of the day can we all agree to act professionally? Who knows, maybe we'll actually sell something.

THE PHONE RINGS AT THE REGISTER. RONNI RUSHES OVER TO ANSWER.

RONNI
(OVERLY PROFESSIONAL)

Gotham Costume Supply, Ronni speaking.

And how may I help you today?

WITH AN APPROVING THUMBS UP, DEBBIE CROSSES TO A GOTHIC CEMETARY GATE MARKED "ABANDON ALL HOPE YE WHO ENTER... EMPLOYEES ONLY" AND EXITS DESCENDING A STAIRCASE.

RONNI (CONT'D)
(DROPPING THE CHEERY FACADE)

Yeah, we got porcupine costumes. Come on down.

RONNI HANGS UP. SHE POUTS HER WAY BACK TO THE MAKE-UP COUNTER.

MINNIE

We don't got that.

SIMON

Nope.

INT. MAKE-UP/WIGS - CONTINUOUS

RONNI STOMPS INTO A SMALL MAKE-UP ROOM LINED WITH GLASS COUNTERS AND MIRRORS AND QUICKLY FINDS HERSELF STANDING FACE TO FACE WITH THE YOUNG COLLEGE STUDENT ("NYU").

NYU
(STARTLED)

Ahhh!
(COOLY RECOVERING)

I mean, hey.

RONNI THROWS HER PURSE BEHIND A COUNTER.

NYU (CONT'D)

Whoa. Someone's on the warpath.

RONNI SQUINTS, TIGHTENS HER FIST.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE

DOLORES IS ON A LADDER IN THE PROCESS OF REPLACING A LIGHTBULB IN THE DRAB UNDERGROUND OFFICES. SHE IS A DOWDY OLDER WOMAN. FIT, BUT A RELIC FROM ANOTHER ERA.

ARTIE STEADIES THE LADDER BENEATH HER. HE IS A MAN IN HIS LATE FIFTIES WITH A YOUTHFUL, EXCITED MANNER ABOUT HIM. HIS CLOTHING SEEMS LIKE IT'S PIECED TOGETHER FROM VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS IN THE STORE.

DEBBIE ENTERS HOLDING A BOX.

ARTIE

Righty-tighty...

DOLORES

What do I look like? This ain't my first light bulb, you know.

ARTIE

Alright, alright.

DOLORES

As a matter of fact, I changed the *first* lightbulb!

ARTIE

I said alright!

DEBBIE

Excuse me, why is our elderly
bookkeeper on a ladder?

ARTIE

I hurt my back the other day. The
second to bottom rung gave out and I
went flying ass over teakettle.

DEBBIE

What a colorful phrase.

ARTIE

I'm fine, thank you. But I'm glad
you're here. Tell everybody I put red
tape on the step so they know not to
step on it.

DEBBIE

You should know better... *Dolores*.

DOLORES

So I think the OSHA guy is cute. Sue
me. With any luck I get a date *and*
workman's comp.

DEBBIE

Listen, Artie... I had an idea--

ARTIE

No.

DEBBIE

--but before you say what you're about
to... said, this one is very tiny.

(MORE)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Very simple. Almost imperceptibly insignificant.

ARTIE

Fine. What?

DEBBIE PULLS A SMALL NAME-TAG OUT OF THE BOX SHE IS HOLDING.

DEBBIE

Tah-dah!

ARTIE

You got a job as a waitress.

DEBBIE

No, I got name-tags. For everybody. Just now on the floor I saw yet another case of a customer complaining they couldn't tell who works here and who's a statue. It's a real problem. Even some of our employees don't know each other's names.

ARTIE

We went over this with the uniforms. Then it was the intern you wanted. When does it end? Let me explain something. We're not a Best Buy. Okay? This isn't a Costco. It's not a Wal-Mart. You know why?

DEBBIE

Before I guess, you realize you picked three of the most successful retail chains, right?

ARTIE

Ah! But we have something they don't!
(SUDDENLY AT A LOSS)

We *must*...

DEBBIE

A week! One week!

ARTIE

Tell you what, you go ahead and try. See if they last a week! You think I'm the obstacle here. I'm not. There's no way they're gonna go along with it. I know my people!

DEBBIE

Well, that's great. The *customers* don't, but you do--

THE LIGHT ABOVE THEM BLOWS OUT. THEY STAND IN DARKNESS.

ARTIE

Ooh! I got an idea!

CUT TO:

INT. MAKE-UP/WIGS

NYU RAMBLES ON AS RONNI TOUCHES UP HER MAKE-UP.

NYU

...but then my mom was like, "Leave him alone.

(MORE)

NYU (CONT'D)

If he doesn't want to be an
orthodontist, he doesn't have to be an
orthodontist." Which made my grandpa
kind of upset. I mean, it's got to be
a tough day when your grandson comes
out as a non-orthodontist...

LITTLE PETE ENTERS BROWSING THE WIGS. HE IS A LITTLE PERSON
IN HIS LATE TWENTIES CARRYING AN OVERFLOWING SHOPPING BASKET.

LITTLE PETE

Can I try on a wig over here?

RONNI

No try-ons. It's a health code thing.

NYU

Hygiene. Very important! Yeppers. Muy
importante. I don't have to tell you.
What with all the piercings and all.
I'm allergic to bee stings.

RONNI

(LEANING IN TO NYU)

Unsubscribe!

NYU

Pfft! Yeah, right. Like I'm a website!

LITTLE PETE

Hey, Shaq, little help? I need you to
grab something up high for me.

NYU

Yeah, why not?

(TO RONNI)

(MORE)

NYU (CONT'D)

Hold that thought. Let me just help
this guy out and I'll make sure I
answer that question.

NYU AND LITTLE PETE EXIT.

RONNI

Sure. Take your time. Wait, what
question? I didn't ask you a question!
(TO HERSELF)

Who the fff...??

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

B

FADE IN:

INT. REGISTER

DEBBIE APPROACHES SIMON WHO IS BUSY ON HIS PHONE AT THE REGISTER. SHE IS HOLDING THE BOX OF NAME-TAGS.

DEBBIE

I'm going to change the wifi password.

SIMON

You wouldn't!

DEBBIE

I might. Keep it up. I got something
for you.

SIMON

What do you got?

A YOUNG MAN ENTERS THE STORE AND APPROACHES.

YOUNG MAN

Do you work here?

DEBBIE EXCITEDLY PINS HER NAME-TAG TO HER LAPEL.

DEBBIE

I do!

YOUNG MAN

Is the magician in?

DEBBIE

Magic shop's downstairs.

YOUNG MAN

Thanks... Debbie.

THE YOUNG MAN EXITS DEEPER INTO THE STORE.

SIMON

What's my gift? What's my gift?

DEBBIE HANDS SIMON HIS OWN NAME-TAG.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Oh. Uh... this is like a mock-up or something? And the real one's going to be nicer?

DEBBIE

What? No. This is your name-tag.

SIMON

But like, do I really need one though? I'm already behind the register. And the people who call can't read it.

DEBBIE

We're all going to wear them for a little while. Just until everyone's on board. Then *maybe* we'll see.

SIMON

Can I fix it up? It's kind of... je ne
sais quoi.

DEBBIE

I guess that would be okay. As long as
you can clearly read the name. I mean
it.

SIMON

Oh, goody!

SIMON RETRIEVES A TACKLE BOX FROM BENEATH THE COUNTER AND
BEGINS TO UNPACK ELMER'S GLUE, GLITTER, FEATHERS, A GLUE GUN,
ETC.

DEBBIE CROSSES THE FLOOR TO MINNIE. SHE HANDS HER A NAME-TAG.

DEBBIE

Here you go, Minnie. Just for you.

MINNIE

What's this?

DEBBIE

Your name-tag! You wear it on your
shirt.

MINNIE

Do I have to?

DEBBIE

Have to? No! Get to!

MINNIE

Oh, snap! I don't know what to say.
Thank you.

(MORE)

MINNIE (CONT'D)

It's so nice to be appreciated. So what? I'm like captain now?

DEBBIE

Nnn-- Yyyyyeah. Okay. But let's keep that on the down low. Everybody's going to get one of these, but only you got a title.

MINNIE

Yeah, we don't need no mutinies.

DEBBIE

You got that right.

MINNIE

Oh, you got one too! Why does yours say Debbie?

DEBBIE

Because that's my name.

MINNIE

Riiiiight.

DEBBIE SALUTES, EXITS.

MINNIE CROSSES TO THE REGISTER.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Yo! I been calling her Cathy for two months! Why didn't nobody tell me?

SIMON

We thought it was funny.

MINNIE

That kind of insubordination will no
longer be tolerated.

CUT TO:

INT. STORE CENTER

LITTLE PETE LEADS NYU THROUGH HE DENSE CLOTHING RACKS AND
DISPLAYS IN THE CENTER OF THE STORE, EYES UP IN THE RAFTERS
THE WHOLE WAY.

LITTLE PETE

I thought I saw them around here.

NYU

What do you need wings for?

LITTLE PETE
(HANDING NYU A CARD)

I'm a performer. I do gigs in costume.

NYU

Wow! A performer!

LITTLE PETE

Yeah, well it's not all glamorous.
Last Valentine's Day a dog got hold of
my wings and started tearing them to
shreds.

NYU

Big dog?

LITTLE PETE

To me. Rag dolled me all over the
sidewalk.

NYU

I would have liked to have seen that.

LITTLE PETE

It's on YouTube. Link's on my website.
Anyway, the dog wasn't on a leash so
the guy settled and now I can afford
the good wings. Ah, there they are!

NYU

Wow, when you said you couldn't reach
them, you weren't kidding. They're up
there pretty high... uhmmm...

MINNIE QUICKLY PASSES THROUGH ON A MISSION.

NYU (CONT'D)

Minnie! How would you get those wings
down?

MINNIE

With a ladder!

MINNIE EXITS, LOST IN THE MERCHANDISE.

NYU

Makes sense.

LITTLE PETE

But we don't have a ladder.

NYU

Alright, how about... Ooh! Here, go
like this...

NYU SQUATS AND INTERLOCKS HIS FINGERS. PETE IMITATES HIM. NYU
ATTEMPTS TO STEP INTO PETE'S HANDS.

LITTLE PETE

Wait a minute. Why don't you give *me* a
boost?

NYU

What if I throw you into the ceiling
fan? You'll get your wings alright.
Let's think...

LITTLE PETE

How about we just knock them down with
one of these?

LITTLE PETE RETRIEVES A DEVIL-RED PITCHFORK FROM A NEARBY
STANDING DISPLAY.

MINNIE RETURNS THROUGH THE STORE NOW WEARING A CAPTAIN'S HAT
JUST IN TIME TO SEE PETE LAUNCH A PITCHFORK INTO THE AIR LIKE
A JAVELIN AND BRING DOWN A PAIR OF FEATHER WINGS THAT LANDS
AT THEIR FEET.

MINNIE

Ay dios mio! Yo! Just seeing something
like that is bad luck!

CUT TO:

INT. RENTALS/MAGIC DEPT.

GWEN SITS AT A DESK, HER NOSE BURIED IN A PAPERBACK NOVEL.
SHE IS A PRETTY GIRL IN HER EARLY TWENTIES. A QUIET BOOKWORM
EXTERIOR WITH A MYSTERIOUS AND ALOOF NATURE. SHE IS
SURROUNDED BY HIGH-END PERIOD COSTUMES, MASCOT SUITS, AND
FITTING ROOMS.

ACROSS FROM THE RENTAL DEPT. IS AN ENCLOSED MAGIC SHOP WITHIN
THE COSTUME STORE DECORATED WITH POSTERS. CURRENTLY THE GLASS
DOOR IS CLOSED.

THE YOUNG MAN WAITS PATIENTLY AS THE SIGN ON THE DOOR READS:
"THE MAGICIAN WILL REAPPEAR IN 5 MINUTES!"

DEBBIE ENTERS WITH HER NAME-TAGS UNDER HER ARM.

DEBBIE

Where's the magician? Is he at lunch
already?

GWEN

He locked himself out of the magic shop. So he went home.

DEBBIE

How long ago was that?

GWEN

About an hour.

DEBBIE

Did you tell this guy?

GWEN

I thought he'd put two and two together after five minutes.

DEBBIE APPROACHES THE YOUNG MAN.

DEBBIE

Excuse me?

YOUNG MAN

Are you the magician?

DEBBIE

No, I was the one who sent you down here. Remember? I'm so sorry. I didn't know he wasn't in when I sent you down here. Didn't you start to wonder after a while?

YOUNG MAN

I thought he was building suspense.

DEBBIE

Well I don't think he's going to be here for the rest of the day. I'm sorry for the inconvenience.

DEBBIE WAITS FOR THE YOUNG MAN TO LEAVE, BUT SEEING HE DOESN'T, DIRECTS HERSELF BACK TOWARDS GWEN.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

So... pretty hectic, huh?

GWEN

It's a grind.

DEBBIE

Hey, you look just like the girl on the cover. What are you reading?

GWEN

Some trashy novel about a prostitute.

DEBBIE

I see. I'm sure she's got a heart of gold.

GWEN

Did you need something?

DEBBIE

Right! I've got these... sort of stupid name-tag thingies I'm giving out. Not a big deal. Artie and I were talking. We thought it would be a good idea to be a little more professional. And one of us had the idea for name-tags.

(MORE)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Can't even remember whose idea it was.
They were flying back and forth.
Anyway, I got one here for you... ah!
Here we go... Gwendolyn...

GWEN

Guinevere.

DEBBIE

That's what I told Artie! So we
compromised...

DEBBIE QUICKLY TURNS HER BACK TO GWEN AND SNAPS THE NAME-TAG
IN HER HAND IN HALF. SHE TURNS BACK TO GWEN AND HANDS HER THE
HALF READING: "GWEN"

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

...and just left it as Gwen.

GWEN

Just leave it there.

DEBBIE PLACES GWEN'S NAME-TAG ON THE COUNTER AND BACKS AWAY
SLOWLY FROM RENTALS.

DEBBIE

Alright then. Guess I'll get a move
on. Let me know when you're done with
that book. Looks real... yeah...

GWEN

Good luck with Ronni.

DEBBIE

Right. Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKE-UP/WIGS

THERE ARE NO CUSTOMERS IN MAKE-UP. ONLY RONNI. SHE IS SEATED ON A STOOL BEHIND A GLASS MAKE-UP CASE LEANING AGAINST A WALL OF FEATHER BOAS WEARING A PAIR OF HEART-SHAPED SUNGLASSES. IN HER HAND IS A PLASTIC RETRACTABLE KNIFE.

DEBBIE ENTERS WITH STEAM, FULLY PREPARED TO TAKE ON A FIGHT. SHE STOPS IN HER TRACKS. SHE SLOWLY WAVES A HAND IN FRONT OF RONNI'S FACE BUT THERE IS NO RESPONSE.

TEMPTED TO YELL AT HER FOR SLEEPING ON THE JOB, DEBBIE INSTEAD CAREFULLY PLACES HER BOX ON THE COUNTER AND SILENTLY PINS A "VERONICA" NAME-TAG ON RONNI WITHOUT WAKING HER.

DEBBIE PICKS UP HER BOX AND TIPTOES AWAY.

DISSOLVE TO:

C

INT. REGISTER

LITTLE PETE TOSSES A BUNCH OF MERCHANDISE UP ONTO THE COUNTER. SIMON BEGINS TO SCAN AND BAG THE ITEMS WHILE COMMENTING ON IT ALL.

SIMON

Ooh! That's nice!... I got to get me one of these... Oh, don't get me started on this...

SIMON PICKS UP THE FEATHER WINGS.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You want these in a bag or you want to wear them out? I'm so bad! Let me stop.

LITTLE PETE

Better bag them. It's a little windy out there.

SIMON

Good thinking.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKE-UP/WIGS - CONTINUOUS

NYU
(WHISPERING)

Veronica... Veronica...

RONNI SLOWLY COMES TO AND SEES NYU SMILING BEFORE HER.
STARTLED, SHE LEAPS TO HER FEET AND STABS HIM REPEATEDLY WITH
THE TOY KNIFE.

RONNI

Jeez! You almost gave me a heart
attack, freak! Creep much?

NYU

No, it's a new thing. Hey, I have a
question. Do you dress like that every
day?

RONNI

Do you?

NYU

Pretty much. Sometimes I wear my nice
jeans. Do you have to get up real
early--

RONNI

You know, there used to be a guy
around here that asked a lot of
questions...

NYU
(SOFTLY CHUCKLING)

What a funny story.

RONNI

No, it's a threatening one.

NYU

Oh, no!

LITTLE PETE PASSES THE MAKE-UP DEPT. ON THE WAY TOWARDS THE EXIT.

LITTLE PETE

Thanks for the help, brother! Take it
easy!

NYU

Check you later, Little Pete!

RONNI IS MORTIFIED. SHE WAITS PATIENTLY FOR LITTLE PETE TO
EXIT COMPLETELY AND FOR THE DOOR TO CLOSE BEHIND HIM. SHE
WHACKS NYU.

RONNI

What is wrong with you? You can't call
him that!

NYU

That's his name. Little Peter
sounds... I don't know. Formal.

RONNI

No! Not Pete! Little! You can't go
around giving people nicknames based
on their looks. He is challenged
enough without being mocked.

NYU

How is he challenged? I couldn't reach
what he wanted either. If he's
challenged, I'm challenged. You want
me to go get him? Let's ask him.

NYU MAKES A MOVE AWAY FROM MAKE-UP TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE.
RONNI FOLLOWS. SHE STOPS HIM.

RONNI

No!

NYU

Fine, but I'm telling you, that's his
name.

NYU PRODUCES A BUSINESS CARD AND HANDS IT TO RONNI.

DEBBIE ENTERS.

NYU (CONT'D)

See? Little Pete. That's his business
card. I was being professional.

RONNI

Debbie! Just the person I want to see.
NYU over here has been hanging out all
day bothering me, the staff,
belittling other customers-- I mean,
speaking down to them-- I mean--
Whatever! You know what I mean. We are
trying to run a business here. Am I
right? Can I call security? Please?

DEBBIE

No, I'll take care of it. You just
relax, Sleeping Beauty.
(TO NYU)

Can I talk to you for a minute, Eric?

NYU

Sure!

DEBBIE AND NYU EXIT.

RONNI CROSSES TO THE REGISTER WHERE SIMON IS HARD AT WORK ON HIS SCIENCE PROJECT NAME-TAG.

RONNI

Thank God she's off my back for once.

What are you working on?

SIMON

Pimping out my name-tag. It was too...

blah.

RONNI

How'd she know I was sleeping?

SIMON

I got feathers around the rim. Purple!

Duh! And I was going to use glitter

but it gets everywhere so I

bedazzled...

RONNI

Did she just call him Eric?

SIMON

And check this out...

SIMON HOLDS UP HIS FABULOUS NAME-TAG AND SWITCHES IT ON, PRODUCING FLASHING LIGHTS AND A LITTLE DISCO BEAT.

RONNI

Name-tags?!

CUT TO:

INT. SALES FLOOR/STAIRCASE/HALLWAY

NYU AND DEBBIE WALK-AND-TALK THROUGH THE STORE, DOWN A SET OF STAIRS INTO EMPLOYEE-ONLY TERRITORY PASSING COLORFUL BACKSTOCK, A BREAK ROOM WRAPPED IN CAUTION TAPE, AND THE OCCASIONAL ODDBALL EMPLOYEE, ON THE WAY TO THE OFFICES.

DEBBIE

So... how's it going?

NYU

Pretty good!

DEBBIE

Good! Good. That's good. Everyone treating you okay?

NYU

Oh, yeah! Everybody's been real nice.

DEBBIE

Everybody?

NYU

So far.

DEBBIE

Huh. And how's school? You doing alright there? In your classes?

NYU

It's been a little rocky, to be honest. Being a business major wasn't exactly my first choice.

DEBBIE

What was your first choice?

NYU

Not going to school. But my parents--

DEBBIE

Lovely people, by the way. Send them my love.

NYU

Do you know them?

DEBBIE

No. But you know, I feel like I do.
Who hasn't heard of them? Their name--
your name-- is synonymous with some of
the greatest successes in the history
of Wall Street. And, if I may, I hear
they're huge philanthropists.

NYU

(IN CONFIDENCE)

I try not to read about their sex
lives.

DEBBIE

I... see. Eric, I think staying in
school was the right idea. I also
think education makes for a more well-
rounded person. You, for instance.
Your home life has given you a unique
insight into what makes a successful
business, and being here could give
you insight into what makes... the
other kind. Now today was your third
and final day of shadowing. You've
seen every department. You seem to be
enjoying yourself. Somehow you seem to
be getting along with everyone. Still
not sure how to feel about that...

(MORE)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

But you would get course credit for your time here, and valuable experience. So as far as I'm concerned, the internship is yours.

NYU

That's a relief. I was running out of ways to look busy.

DEBBIE

But technically, it's not completely up to me...

NYU GROWS CONCERNED.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

D

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE

DEBBIE SLOWLY WALKS NYU TO THE NOVELTY BLOOD-COVERED DOOR OF ARTIE'S PRIVATE OFFICE WHICH FEATURES A LARGE WINDOW WITH BLINDS OVERLOOKING THE STAFF.

DEBBIE
(WHISPERING)

...so you see, I run the day-to-day operations and one of the original owners runs the other half. When it comes to matters of hiring and firing, the arrangement is that we have to be in agreement.

NYU

Why are you whispering?

DEBBIE

I'm not! Now, his name is Artie. He's a little odd, but we all have our eccentricities. You may have even seen him around the last few days. Older guy? Stomps around? Carries a megaphone? Dresses like a gothic steampunk cowboy?

NYU

The guy who fell off the ladder!

THE DOOR TO THE OFFICE SWINGS OPEN.

DEBBIE

I wouldn't bring it up.

ARTIE (O.C.)

Let's go! I don't have all day.

NYU ENTERS ARTIE'S PRIVATE OFFICE. THE DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND HIM.

INT. ARTIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ARTIE'S OFFICE IS LIKE A CLUTTERED PEE-WEE'S PLAYHOUSE WITH A COAT OF BLACK PAINT. THE DESK IS PILED HIGH WITH PAPERS AND CATALOGS. TOYS AND NOVELTIES ARE EVERYWHERE.

WE MAY BE HEARING FAINT RAINFOREST SOUNDS.

NYU SITS IN A CHAIR BEHIND THE DESK. ARTIE STANDS AT THE WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE OFFICES. DEBBIE HAS HER NOSE NEARLY PRESSED AGAINST THE GLASS.

ARTIE

Have a seat. Debbie. Nice woman.

NYU

The nicest.

ARTIE CLOSSES THE BLINDS.

ARTIE

I want you to forget everything she
told you.

NYU

Done.

ARTIE TURNS TO DISCOVER NYU NOT WHERE HE ANTICIPATED.

ARTIE

Hey! You're in my seat!

NYU

I'm sorry. I couldn't tell which way
the desk was facing.

ARTIE

Well, get up!

THEY TAKE THEIR APPROPRIATE SEATS. THEY CAN BARELY SEE EACH
OTHER OVER THE MOUND OF PAPERWORK AND TCHOTCHKES ON THE DESK.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

You know how long this store's been
here?

NYU

No, sir.

ARTIE

Long time. Know why?

NYU

No, sir.

ARTIE

Me. That's why. Got that?

NYU

Yes, sir. Long time and you. Should I be writing this down?

ARTIE

You'd like that, wouldn't you, college boy?

NYU

Not really. No, sir.

ARTIE

This store is a hell of a lot older than you, kid. One of a kind. It's the only year-round costume shop in New York. Except for the other one. A landmark. An institution!

NYU

At this point in my life I'm very much interested in committing myself to such an institution.

ARTIE

And you think mommy and daddy can just buy your way into it, don't you? Is that the plan? Debbie told me all about her little intern scheme. You spend a few hours here a week, get course credit, all the while laughing your way up the corporate ladder--

NYU

Ladder safety is no laughing matter,
sir.

ARTIE

Before you know it all my staff is a
bunch of bros with no personality. You
see who I got working here? That's
personality. These people *can't* work
anywhere else. Artists. Musicians.
Vampires. Gays. What would your little
frat buddies say about something like
that?

NYU

I'm not in a fraternity. Is there room
for growth here?

ARTIE

What? Yeah, we just fired a guy. But
don't think with your privileged
background you're entitled to a
promotion. And we don't discriminate
here! So I don't know how you feel
about the glass ceiling...

NYU

You have a glass ceiling? Like in
Willy Wonka?

ARTIE

No, we could never get the permits for something like that. The bureaucracy! I'm talking about besides Debbie, there being quite a few women directly above you.

(SENSING NYU IS NOT FOLLOWING)

A glass ceiling is women working above you.

NYU

I see! Not a problem. As long as I'm under them, I promise not to look up.

ARTIE

And trans individuals? We have several on staff.

NYU

That's interesting. Let me guess...

ARTIE

No, no, no! We don't guess. We're not guessing.

NYU

Right! Sorry. Still, if you had one of those glass ceilings, you wouldn't need to.

(GLANCES UP AT THE CEILING)

But that's none of my business.

ARTIE

You're a weird kid, Eric.

CUT TO:

INT. REGISTER

RONNI HAS GATHERED A DECENT SELECTION OF THE STAFF AT THE REGISTER. SHE FIGHTS FOR THEIR ATTENTION.

SIMON

Eddie, look at this. Look!

EDDIE ANN LEANS OVER THE COUNTER TO LOOK AT THE VIDEO PLAYING ON SIMON'S PHONE.

EDDIE ANN
(UNENTHUSIASTICALLY)

Wow. A squirrel eating a french fry.
Now I've seen everything. Miss Thing,
can we please?

RONNI

Okay. As we all know, management is
attempting, yet again, to crush our
individuality. This time through the
use of name-tags--

SIMON ACCIDENTALLY ACTIVATES HIS NAME-TAG FOR A MOMENT.

RONNI (CONT'D)

Simon, please!

SIMON

Sorry!

MINNIE ENTERS.

RONNI

If we all band together, we can put a
stop to it.

(MORE)

RONNI (CONT'D)

And once we get rid of the name-tags,
maybe better snacks in the break room.
And after the snacks, who knows?

MINNIE PRODUCES A WALKIE-TALKIE AND BEGINS TO SPEAK.

MINNIE

Debbie, we have a possible mutiny in
progress on the east side of the
store. Repeat: mutiny in progress.

THE GROUP SLOWLY DISBANDS.

RONNI

You see what happens when someone gets
a little bit of power? They side with
management!

MINNIE

Baby, I don't want to see you ending
up like Jimmy Hoffa. Okay? Don't go
out like that.

DEBBIE ENTERS FROM BEHIND RONNI.

RONNI

I don't think Debbie's going to have
me whacked.

DEBBIE

Famous last words.

RONNI

Name-tags, Deborah? Name-tags? You may
have the rest of these suckers
tricked, but I am *not* wearing a name-
tag.

DEBBIE

Yes you are.

DEBBIE POINTS TO THE "VERONICA" NAME-TAG RONNI HAS BEEN
WEARING.

RONNI GASPS.

CUT TO:

E

INT. ARTIE'S OFFICE

ARTIE

You seem to mean well, but for as long as this store has been here we've had to deal with the financial types, retail space, regulations, the university buying up all the real estate around us. It's bad enough with Debbie here yakking in my ear about wanting a "website"... I just don't know if this is where you belong. It's rough out there, but I'm sure you'll do fine. There's still a ton of applicants. Good day.

NYU STANDS.

NYU

Good day? Good day? Okay, I may not know about wigs or make-up or costumes or masks. Or about history. And I don't know about theater...

ARTIE

What do you know?

NYU

I don't know.

ARTIE

(PERKING UP)

Please, continue. I'd like to see where you're going with this.

NYU

But that's the beauty of it! I don't know anything! I'm like a lump of clay. You can mold me into whatever you want. I've got potential. Nothing *but* potential! Loads of it.

NYU SNATCHES A PAPER OFF A NEARBY STACK OF RESUMES ON THE DESK.

NYU (CONT'D)

You've got a bunch of applicants, sure. But they're too busy worrying about doing things the right way or the wrong way. That's not going to be a problem with me.

(MORE)

NYU (CONT'D)

I'm not going to do things the right way, I'll do things *your* way. Look at this guy, he looks good on paper...

(READING)

...Dean's List, 4.0 G.P.A., President of the Math Club, Latin Club, fluent in Chinese? I'll never be able to compete with that--

ARTIE

That's your resume.

NYU

This is what now? Right. Those were typos. The--the point-- My point is that--

ARTIE

You're a liar?

NYU

See, it sounds so harsh, the way you say it.

NYU DROPS INTO THE CHAIR, HEAD IN HIS HANDS.

ARTIE

You're not in college are you?

NYU

No.

ARTIE

Do your parents know?

NYU

Not yet. I figured this would get me out of the house for a few hours a week. Keep them off my back. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to waste your time.

ARTIE
(GLEEFULLY)

So that means Debbie doesn't know.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE - EVENING

EDDIE ANN TOILS ON THE WINDOW DISPLAY ADJACENT TO THE MAKE-UP ROOM.

DEBBIE APPROACHES EDDIE ANN.

DEBBIE

Is she still depressed?

EDDIE ANN

How would you tell?

INT. MAKE-UP - CONTINUOUS

DEBBIE ENTERS THE MAKE-UP ROOM. RONNI IS CLEANING BRUSHES.

DEBBIE

Ronni? I just wanted to say I'm sorry I went and tagged you. But I wouldn't have been able to do it if you weren't napping on the job. I'm trying. I'm really, really trying. But if you can't work with me, you can't work for me. It's as simple as that.

RONNI

I was meditating! And Artie would never let you fire me.

DEBBIE

You think I want to fire you? I don't want to fire you! Sometimes you make it tempting though. Here, look in this mirror. Tell me what you see.

RONNI

Nothing. I'm a vampire.

DEBBIE

That's a joke. You're joking.

RONNI

(IN A SPOOKY VOICE)

Yes! The undead have a sense of humor, Debbie! But do the living?

DEBBIE

You want to hear something funny? I see a talented, strong, smart, compassionate young vampire. And if she doesn't want to wear a Veronica name-tag...

DEBBIE PRODUCES AN ALTERNATE NAME-TAG.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

...she can wear a Ronni one instead. But you're going to have to settle on something. Artie's label-maker is running low.

RONNI

I can pick what it says?

DEBBIE

You can be anyone you want. You know,
I haven't exactly made a lot of
friends since I've been here, but I
bet I'm a lot more like you than you
think.

DEBBIE TAKES OUT HER PHONE AND SWIPES THROUGH A FEW SCREENS.

RONNI

If you show me a picture of you when
you were going through your Cure phase
at my age, I'm going to puke.

DEBBIE

(AWKWARDLY PUTTING PHONE
AWAY)

Fine. Thought you might like to see a
little squirrel video making the
rounds, that's all.

A LOUD CUSTOMER IS MAKING A SCENE NEARBY. DEBBIE AND RONNI
EXIT THE MAKE-UP ROOM.

INT. REGISTER - CONTINUOUS

AN ANGRY CUSTOMER IS LAYING INTO SIMON AS HE LISTENS
PATIENTLY.

ANGRY CUSTOMER

What are you talking about? This is
Gotham Costume Supply, yes?

SIMON

Yeah. We got a big sign out front.

ANGRY CUSTOMER

Okay, so this *is* the place I called
this afternoon.

SIMON

And?

DEBBIE AND RONNI MAINTAIN A SAFE DISTANCE AS ARTIE AND NYU
ENTER LAUGHING FROM THE LOWER LEVEL.

DEBBIE DOES A DOUBLE-TAKE AT THEM BEING CHUMMY.

ANGRY CUSTOMER

And I asked if you had porcupine
costumes. And you said yes! Now it's
too late to go anywhere else and you
say you don't have porcupine costumes!

SIMON

Okay, first of all, *hello*. Second of
all, I didn't tell you that.

ANGRY CUSTOMER

I know you didn't, *Simon*. Someone
named Ronnie did!

DEBBIE LEAPS INTO ACTION. SHE PINS THE "RONNI" NAME-TAG ON
NYU AND DRAGS HIM BEFORE THE ANGRY CUSTOMER.

DEBBIE

Ronni! Did you tell this man we have a
porcupine costume?

CONFUSED AND FRIGHTENED, NYU NODS.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Oh, darn! That's no good!

ANGRY CUSTOMER

This is Ronnie? You're Ronnie?

NYU NODS.

ANGRY CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

I came all the way down here because
you said you had a costume. What are
you going to do about it?

ARTIE
(TO NYU)

You're fired!

NYU
(IN A WHINY CRY)

I was just hired!

RONNI

DEBBIE

You were?

He was?

RONNI (CONT'D)

Everybody, just calm down! I'm sure
Ronni made a simple mistake. And she
won't do it again. Sir? Follow me. I'm
going to hook you up with a porcupine
you won't believe. You'll be the
biggest prick at the party. Debbie,
can we make sure he gets my employee
discount?

DEBBIE

I think we can do that.

RONNI LEADS THE SLIGHTLY-LESS-ANGRY CUSTOMER INTO THE MAKE-
UP/WIGS DEPT..

NYU
(SADLY)

Aw, man! I would've gotten an employee
discount?

DEBBIE AND ARTIE EXCHANGE GLANCES.

DEBBIE
What exactly made you say yes?

ARTIE
He promised not to look up your skirt.

DISSOLVE TO:

F

INT. REGISTER - EVENING

THE ANGRY CUSTOMER IS HAPPILY CHECKING OUT AT THE REGISTER AS THE EMPLOYEES STRAIGHTEN UP THEIR SECTIONS, SWEEP AND WIPE DOWN DISPLAYS. THE TRANSACTION COMPLETE, SIMON BEGINS TO COUNT OUT THE REGISTER, IN ARPEGGIOS.

ARTIE AND DEBBIE ARE EXPLAINING TO NYU THAT HE IS NOT FIRED.

THE ANGRY CUSTOMER HEADS TOWARDS THE EXIT WITH HIS PURCHASE. HE RETRIEVES AN UMBRELLA FROM THE CAULDRON NEAR THE DOOR WHERE EDDIE ANN IS PUTTING THE FINAL TOUCHES ON HER WINDOW DISPLAY.

ANGRY CUSTOMER

Tell Vampira I said thanks.

EDDIE ANN

It's Veronica.

ANGRY CUSTOMER

Whatever. Hey, you know it's funny. On the phone I thought Ronnie sounded a little feminine so I assumed he was a girl.

EDDIE ANN

Oh, well you know what they say about
people who assume. They're assholes.

UNSURE IF HE WAS INSULTED OR NOT, THE ANGRY CUSTOMER EXITS.

THE SECURITY GUARD LOCKS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

AS THE STAFF BEGINS TO GATHER NEAR THE STAIRS LEADING DOWN TO
THE OFFICE, ARTIE TAKES OUT A MEGAPHONE.

ARTIE

(LOUDLY)

Before you clock out, I want to have a
little pow-wow.

NYU

That's... uh... problematic?

ARTIE

Good point.

NYU GIVES A THUMBS UP TO RONNI.

DEBBIE

So as many of you know, we've been
testing out Eric over the last few
days.

THE STAFF IS VISIBLY CONFUSED.

EDDIE ANN

Who the hell is Eric?

ARTIE

NYU!

ARTIE WINKS AT NYU.

DEBBIE

Anyway, Artie and I want to formally
welcome him to the store!

ARTIE HANDS DEBBIE AN "NYU" NAME-TAG WHICH SHE PROCEEDS TO
PIN ON NYU.

A SMATTERING OF APPLAUSE.

MINNIE

Welcome aboard!

THE EMPLOYEES SLOWLY DISPERSE. DEBBIE CROSSES TO THE
REGISTER.

DEBBIE

How'd we do?

SIMON

It was a good day. For us.

DEBBIE SCANS THE RECEIPTS.

DEBBIE

Hey, Ronni, how'd you make out with
the porcupine?

RONNI

It was fine. I gave him a Tina Turner
wig and an animal nose and some
eyeliner. I told him to wear a leather
jacket and be a punk-u-pine. He
chickened out at the piercings. Lil
bitch.

DEBBIE

That's nice. Watch the language. Whoa!
Who made a four hundred dollar sale?

NYU

I think that was me. Is that good?

DEBBIE

Very good.

NYU

Cool!

RONNI

What do you care? We don't work on commission. Hey, Debbie, tell me he's not getting the assistant manager job.

DEBBIE

No! But after the semester, who knows?

RONNI

What semester?

DEBBIE

His. He's participating in an internship.

RONNI

Internship? They're not paying you?

DEBBIE DARTS TOWARDS THE STAIRS, RONNI IN PURSUIT.

RONNI (CONT'D)

You're not paying him?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. STORE ENTRANCE - CLOSING TIME

THE ENTIRE STAFF IS GATHERED NEAR THE ENTRANCE. THE SECURITY GUARD APPROACHES WITH JANGLING KEYS.

ARTIE

You sweep the store?

SECURITY GUARD

All good.

GWEN

Can we go now?

DOLORES
(NOW WEARING A NECK BRACE)

While we're young!

ARTIE

One last thing! Everybody got their
name-tags?

NYU

I lost mine.

ARTIE

You had it eight minutes!

GWEN

I need a new one. Guinevere is G-U-I.

MINNIE

I couldn't handle the pressure, so I gave mines back. I didn't like the person I had become.

ARTIE

Alright, shut up! For those of you that still have yours... Hit it!

THE SECURITY GUARD HITS THE LIGHTS AND THE STORE IS PITCH BLACK, EXCEPT FOR SEVERAL FLOATING GREEN GLOW-IN-THE-DARK NAME-TAGS.

THE STAFF IS ACTUALLY KIND OF IMPRESSED. ONE-BY-ONE THE NAME-TAGS DRIFT THROUGH THE DARK TOWARDS THE DOOR.

WE SEE ERIC'S NAME-TAG IN A DARK VOID. RONNI'S NAME-TAG APPROACHES HIS. THE TWO SPEAK IN SILHOUETTE.

RONNI

I'm going to do this *once*. So listen. I didn't know you were going to be working here so I may have said some mean things, you know, when I thought you were a customer. Anyway, it was cool how you played along earlier but we're not going to be friends, so I don't even know why I'm bothering...

SIMON'S NAME-TAG APPROACHES RONNI AND NYU.

NYU

Try over here!

SIMON FIRES UP HIS NAME-TAG AND IT IS LIKE A MINI-CARNIVALE: FABULOUS DRAMATIC LIGHTING, MUSIC, ETCETERA.

THE BURST OF LIGHT SWEEPS ACROSS THE ROOM AND REVEALS NYU'S NAME-TAG IS RESTING ON A COUNTER IN FRONT OF RONNI. NYU ENTERS. HE SCOOPS UP HIS NAME-TAG.

NYU (CONT'D)

Found it! Thanks, Simon.

SIMON

You're welcome, baby! Goodnight!

NYU

Did you say something?

RONNI

No.

SIMON EXITS PROUDLY WEARING HIS NAME-TAG, BUT AS EACH OF THE EMPLOYEES FOLLOW, WE SEE NAME-TAG AFTER NAME-TAG DROP INTO A TRASH CAN UNTIL IT BEGINS TO EMIT A GREEN GLOW.

NYU AND RONNI EXIT, EACH DROPPING THEIR NAME-TAG INTO THE BIN.

DEBBIE, THE LAST TO LEAVE, SEES A GLOWING CAN OF NAME-TAGS NEAR THE DOOR.

DEBBIE

Oh. Oh, well that's a good idea. Leave them here and then you pick it up first thing when you come in.

DEBBIE EYES THE EMPTY CAULDRON NEXT TO THE TRASH.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I can't believe that prick stole my umbrella. And I gave him a discount.

DEBBIE EXITS TRIGGERING THE TINNY CACKLING LAUGHTER ONCE AGAIN.

FADE OUT.

THE END

CREDIT SEQUENCE

FADE IN:

INT. RENTALS/MAGIC DEPT. - NIGHT

THE YOUNG MAGIC CUSTOMER STANDS PATIENTLY IN THE DARK.
THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR HE SEES AN OLD-TIME MAGICIAN'S POSTER
READING: "MASTER OF SUSPENSE"...

YOUNG MAN

Boy, you ain't kidding.

FADE TO BLACK.

OUT