



WONDERFALLS

"Muffin Buffalo"

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Air #106

Final Shooting Script

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WONDERFALLS

"MUFFIN BUFFALO"

TEASER

1 EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT - TELEPHOTO CAMERA LENS P.O.V. 1

Dusk at the High and Dry Trailer Park. The P.O.V. ROVES the park, focusing and losing focus on sunflower pinwheels, a mail box, some lawn chairs and a garbage can. A BLURRY SHAPE darts through frame followed by a scary movie music sting. Voices low, urgent.

AARON (O.S.)
I saw something.

JAYE (O.S.)
Where?

AARON (O.S.)
Lost it. Wait. There's two of
'em. They're moving fast.

The P.O.V. searches for the blurry shapes, finding them.

JAYE (O.S.)
What are they doing?

The P.O.V. FOCUSES. It's TWO DIRT-SMEARED CHILDREN with sticks chasing and beating at something below FRAME.

AARON (O.S.)
I think they're foraging for food.

A CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKS. The IMAGE of the children FREEZES. We ZOOM away as the world FISH-EYES, and we are INSIDE THE CAMERA, PULLING BACK past the film plate, through a maze of sprockets, out the viewfinder, and into:

2 INT. JAYE'S TRAILER - NIGHT 2

JAYE and AARON perch like beagles on the couch. Aaron trains a camera with a telephoto lens out the window. He clicks a couple more pictures.

JAYE
Stop wasting film. We have a
mythical beast to document.

Jaye grabs the camera, but he holds on.

(CONTINUED)

AARON
Mine.

JAYE
You're gonna break it.

AARON
What do you care? You stole it
from work.

JAYE
It was in the lost and found bin.
It's a victimless crime.

As Jaye scans the outside with the camera, Aaron flips through the pages of a photo album. The various pictures all feature the lopsided trailer and a BLUR of motion that seems to be an obese man darting through the park: think Sasquatch.

JAYE (CONT'D)
He's such a tease. I haven't seen
so much as a flip-flop in a year.

AARON
You don't at all feel like you're
violating this man?

JAYE
Huh-uh. What's the point of living
in a trailer park if you can't take
in the local color. And by that, I
mean spy on the freaks.

AARON
We're all spying on freaks tonight.
(off her look)
Talk to any cow creamers lately?

JAYE
Not recently, no.

Jaye turns her attention back to the camera.

JAYE (CONT'D)
You think maybe he got so big he
can't get out?

AARON
His door is very narrow.

JAYE
He only opens it for food. It's
pizza night so he'll have to open
it wide enough to get that box in.

AARON

If your portly Chupacabra doesn't emerge soon I'll be forced to go home and work on my dissertation.

JAYE

I don't call him that anymore. He might be of Mexican descent. I don't wanna seem insensitive.

AARON

Then what d'you call him?

JAYE

Fat Pat. It was Fatsquatch, but...
(continuing to scan)
So do Mom and Dad think you're over here studying Jesus and Zeus and Buddha and all the rest?

AARON

(same cadence)

Uh-huh. So do Mom and Dad know you talk to things that don't talk?

JAYE

It really is impressive how long you've managed to fleece them from your Ivory Tower of Academia.

AARON

I'm not fleecing. I'm working really hard on my education. Just not right now.

2A

EXT. TRAILER PARK - TELEPHOTO P.O.V. - NIGHT

2A

RACK FOCUS on A TRAILER across the way from Jaye's. It tilts to one side, straining under a good deal of weight. CAMERA WHIP PANS to a BLURRY IMAGE OF A CAR coming down the drive, it snaps into FOCUS and it's a PIZZA DELIVERY van.

JAYE (O.S.)

Pizza van approaching.

2B

INT. JAYE'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

2B

A KNOCK at the door. Jaye and Aaron exchange a look.

JAYE

Answer the door.

AARON

You answer the door.

JAYE

It's my mythical beast.

AARON

I'll take lots of pictures. It'll be just like you were there.

Another knock. Jaye eyes him, moves to answer the door. The moment she abandons the camera, Aaron snatches it up.

JAYE

You see anything over 500 pounds, start snapping.

She opens the door to MRS. BEATTLE. She wears an apron with a Buffalo in a headdress asking: "Where's My Muffin?"

JAYE (CONT'D)

Hi, Mrs. Beattle.

MRS. BEATTLE

Now, I've asked you to call me Marianne Marie.

JAYE

No, thanks. Um, I'm really busy.

MRS. BEATTLE

Sorry, kitten. I was just seein' if you had any mail delivered here by mistake. Haven't got my disability checks in months.

AARON

Pizza guy is leaving his vehicle.

Jaye shifts, trying to push Mrs. Beattle back out the door.

MRS. BEATTLE

(to Aaron)

Hi.

AARON

Hi.

(back to camera)

Pizza guy is knocking.

JAYE

(starts to shut door)

No checks. Thanks for stopping by.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BEATTLE
County claims they sent 'em. You
mind givin' a looksie?

JAYE
Sure.

AARON
Trailer's movin'. Alot, alot alot.

Jaye opens a cupboard. Inside is a white garbage sack filled with mail that Jaye never looks at. She starts to fish through it, but is more interested in what Aaron's doing.

MRS. BEATTLE
I really need that money, doll.
Never been the same since the
hysterectomy, and the muffin
business has been B-A-D. My
psychic says I need to advertise.

JAYE
Is the door open? Did he open the
door?

MRS. BEATTLE
I gotta get me some investors real
quick or I'll be pullin' up stakes.

JAYE
(continuing to fish)
Oh, no.

MRS. BEATTLE
Well, they already evicted me.
S'posda vacate my plot a week ago.
Just been waitin' for my checks.

AARON
Door's opening.

JAYE
(torn, to Mrs. Beattle)
Can you come back later?

MRS. BEATTLE
Just take a peek.

Jaye finds an envelope addressed to "Marianne Marie Beattle."

JAYE
Oh. Oops. Uh...

Jaye finds another and another and another. She's mortified.

MRS. BEATTLE
Find 'em, sugar?

JAYE
Well...

Jaye turns around to confess and the BUFFALO on Mrs. Beattle's apron ANIMATES:

MUFFIN BUFFALO
Keep 'em here.

JAYE
Is that a joke?

Aaron glances over to see Jaye staring at the Muffin Buffalo.

MUFFIN BUFFALO
Keep 'em here.

MRS. BEATTLE
I just asked if ya found 'em.

Jaye fidgets, not sure what to do.

WAX LION (O.C.)
You heard the buffalo.

Jaye shoots the Wax Lion a look:

JAYE
Shut up.

Jaye catches Aaron staring, she points to the telephoto lens.

JAYE (CONT'D)
Chupacabra.

He turns his attention back to the camera.

AARON
There's a shadow!

Panicked, Jaye shoves the checks in her bag and pushes a catalog at Mrs. Beattle.

JAYE
I found this. Is this yours?

MRS. BEATTLE
It has your name on it.

JAYE
(backing her to the door)
Oh. I'm so stupid. Then no, I
didn't find anything.

MRS. BEATTLE
You'll still keep an eye out?

JAYE
Mmm-hmm. Bye.

MRS. BEATTLE
Thanks, hon.

Jaye shuts the door and rushes to the camera as Aaron clicks.

AARON (O.S.)
Oh, God. A hand! An arm! It's
over. He shut the door.

JAYE
(grabs camera)
No! No! No! No!

2C EXT. FAT PAT'S QUIET TRAILER - TELEPHOTO P.O.V.

2C

JAYE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Crap.

As the shutter CLICKS, and this IMAGE FREEZES.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 INT. WONDERFALLS - DAY

3

TIGHT ON - A PHOTO OF FAT PAT'S LOPSIDED TRAILER. In the foreground, a PIZZA DELIVERY GUY runs to his car. In the background, the trailer door is open. A FIGURE stands in the doorway of a trailer, but he's eerily out of focus like the Patterson-Gimlin shots of Sasquatch from 1967.

The IMAGE flips and the scene animates like a crude flip book. The Pizza Guy closes in on his car. The blurred Figure recedes into the trailer. The Pizza Guy drives away. The trailer door closes. REVEAL Jaye standing near a dismantled display shelf with MAHANDRA. They look over an envelope of blurry Fat Pat photos.

MAHANDRA

I thought your "In Search Of" exploits were over.

JAYE

I was feeling nostalgic. Fat Pat reminds me of a simpler time.

Jaye eyes the Wax Lion on the counter.

MAHANDRA

When you were more of a bitch?

JAYE

Or we could just say it was a simpler time and leave it at that. It's not like I was chasing him on a motorcycle.

(flips through pictures)

You think he's unphotographable?

MAHANDRA

Like a vampire?

JAYE

More like a black hole. Maybe he's so dense he defies the laws of physics and light refraction.

MAHANDRA

I think you admire him.

(CONTINUED)

JAYE

I admit the whole shut-in thing has
a certain appeal.

Jaye considers that as she uses a staple gun to secure felt
to a display shelf.

JAYE (CONT'D)

Dress is optional and there's the
part where you get to avoid people.

A Barrel Bear on the shelf ANIMATES, glances at her:

BARREL BEAR

Staple it.

JAYE

And other things that talk.

Jaye looks down to see what he's nodding toward: a WOMAN'S
untied shoe lace around the corner out of Mahandra's view.

MAHANDRA

You don't have to be a "shut in" to
avoid people. I'm not a "shut in"
and I'm avoiding people right now.

BARREL BEAR

Staple it.

Jaye seems torn for a moment, then shrugs and staples the
Woman's shoe lace to the baseboard of the display.

JAYE

Yeah, but you punch a clock for the
man, Fat Pat answers to no one.

ALEC walks by, eyes them, then makes a note on a clip board.

MAHANDRA

(sotto)

What's he doing?

JAYE

Ignore him. It's employee
evaluation week.

She grabs her box of display supplies and takes them over to
another shelf. Mahandra follows with the pictures. As Jaye
squats and starts to wrap green felt around another shelf:

MAHANDRA

I think you're obsessed with Fat Pat 'cause he's a bigger freak than you are. If he had alligator skin or a conjoined twin you'd never leave the trailer park. Wait.

(re: pictures)

Are these reconnaissance? Are you trying to help him?

JAYE

Who are you talking to? I don't help people.

There's a commotion as the Woman whose shoe-lace Jaye stapled turns and takes a step, tripping. She FLIES forward, knocking into a baby stroller that HITS the leg of a clothes rack, sending the stroller TOPPLING to the ground and the BABY inside SHOOTING through the air and safely into Jaye's arms. A NATIVE AMERICAN CUSTOMER snaps a picture. The baby's MOTHER shrieks:

MOTHER

My baby!

Several PATRONS applaud Jaye. She forces a smile, hands the baby back to the worried Mother.

JAYE

Here. I think it soiled itself.

Jaye wipes her baby-soiled hand on a nearby sweatshirt.

MOTHER

Thank you. Thank you so much.

Alec's jaw hangs open -- is he impressed or just trying to breathe? The patrons' applause makes Jaye uncomfortable.

JAYE

Please stop.

The patrons' clapping thins out. Jaye catches Alec staring.

JAYE (CONT'D)

What?

ALEC

Nothing.

He makes a note on his clipboard. Mother comforts her baby.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

Shhhh. It's alright.

The Mother glances down as she rights the toppled baby stroller and notices an antique ring has fallen out.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Ohmygod. My grandmother's ring. I thought we lost it.

JAYE

Oh, for godsakes.

She rolls her eyes and Mahandra leads the patrons in another round of applause.

JAYE (CONT'D)

Stop it.

The patrons abruptly stop clapping. Mahandra eyes Jaye:

MAHANDRA

You need therapy.

3A

INT. DR. RON'S OFFICE - DAY

3A

DR. RON (*Pilot*) is in session. His manner is warm, relaxed, and open. He leans back, studying an OFF-CAMERA PATIENT.

DR. RON

Some analysts believe talking to inanimate objects is a way to create a reality that's... more supportive.

REVEAL AARON, not Jaye, sitting across from Dr. Ron.

AARON

But it's not a reality. It's a delusion. I asked her why she stole your brass monkey. Know what she said?

DR. RON

She still has my monkey?

AARON

She said it told her to, then acted like she was kidding, but she wasn't kidding.

DR. RON

The monkey talked to her? Like the cow creamer?

AARON

Totally like the cow creamer.

DR. RON

Who do you think she's talking to?

AARON

You mean who does she think she's talking to?

DR. RON

No. I mean who do you think she's talking to.

AARON

She's not talking to anybody.

DR. RON

Aren't you getting your Ph.D. in comparative religion?

AARON

Yeah, so?

DR. RON

Moses talked to a bush, didn't he?

AARON

You're not suggesting she's like that Margaret chick who talked to god about her period.

DR. RON

I'm only suggesting a state of mind. What are you suggesting?

AARON

Nothing. She's not talking to god. That would be a delusion.

DR. RON

Interesting.

Dr. Ron makes an note.

AARON

What did you just write down?

DR. RON

A note. Are you an atheist?

AARON

As a theologian, I feel it's irresponsible to define myself in those terms. But, yeah.

DR. RON

A theologian who doesn't believe in god?

AARON

There's more of us than you think.

DR. RON

And yet you're threatened by the idea of your sister talking to god.

AARON

I'm not threatened. I'm worried.

DR. RON

Worried that your sister may be insane? Or worried that she's not?

AARON

She is insane.

DR. RON

What would it mean to your life if she wasn't?

AARON

(considers, then)

But she is. She has to be.

4 INT. THE BARREL - DAY

4

CLOSE ON - NEWSPAPER PHOTO OF JAYE

She's sporting a weary cringe as she catches the baby midaction. The caption reads: "Woman Saves Baby." (NOTE: The Newspaper Name is concealed for this shot.)

JAYE (V.O.)

This isn't me.

ERIC reads the newspaper on the bar as Jaye fumes.

(CONTINUED)

JAYE (CONT'D)

It's humiliating. I don't save babies. This misrepresents me.

ERIC

You saved that baby.

JAYE

I didn't do anything. It fell on me. I could've been a pillow. That should say Pillow Saves Baby.

Mahandra steps up to clear a tray of empty glasses. She glances at the baby in the newspaper photo.

MAHANDRA

That baby looks like a human shield in your hands.

Jaye takes Mahandra's hand.

JAYE

Thank you.
(to Eric)
See? This woman knows me.
(re: picture)
She knows this isn't who I am.

MAHANDRA

That's not who she is.

JAYE

She knows I'm not considerate of my fellow man.

MAHANDRA

She didn't use to be.

ERIC

You seem considerate to me.
(off their looks)
More or less.

JAYE

If considerate things happen around you, it doesn't necessarily mean you're a considerate person. You didn't know me before.

MAHANDRA

Before what exactly?

JAYE

Before... considerate things
started happening around me.

Eric smiles and leans on the bar.

ERIC

But I know you now.

Jaye holds up the picture of her with the baby.

JAYE

You think I'm a baby-saver. And
now everybody's gonna think I'm a
baby-saver thanks to the Ogwehoweh*
Reservation Newsletter. Okay, so
maybe not everybody. But the
Seneca Indians who read this paper
will. I can't have them running
around thinking I save babies.

*Pronounced og-weh-ho-weh. Mahandra kicks off a shoe, rubs
her sore foot.

MAHANDRA

I'm three percent Seneca.

JAYE

Well, then you can tell your people
I won't be saving any of their
babies. Spread the word.

The STUFFED BASS on the wall ANIMATES and nods toward
Mahandra leaning on the bar:

STUFFED BASS

Give the lady a chair.

Jaye groans, grabs the stool on the other side of her and
slides it over to Mahandra just as a CONSERVATIVE PATRON who
is just putting his lips to his drink is about to sit.

MAHANDRA

Somebody's using that.

BAM. The Conservative Patron falls flat on his ass, spilling
his drink all over his chest and legs.

CONSERVATIVE PATRON

Aw, man. Why can't people watch
what they're doin'. Damn.

As Mahandra and the Man's FRIEND help him to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

JAYE

Sorry.

MAHANDRA

I am very sorry, sir. This woman is not an employee and The Barrel cannot be held legally responsible for her actions.

CONSERVATIVE PATRON

Why can't I wear nice things? Just got this shirt and now it reeks like... rum. It reeks like rum.

Jaye grabs a towel from the bar.

JAYE

Here's a towel but it kind of smells like sour milk. I don't know which is worse.

CONSERVATIVE PATRON

(furious, to Eric)

There's rum in my virgin daiquiri.

FRIEND

Dude, that's my daiquiri. Sorry.

CONSERVATIVE PATRON

I've been sober 20 years, jackass.
(to Jaye, genuine)
Thank you. You just saved my sobriety.

JAYE

I didn't mean to. Take that thank you back. I didn't earn it.

But he's already walking out the door, fishing for his cell.

FRIEND

Where you goin'?

CONSERVATIVE PATRON

To a meeting.

JAYE

(off all the eyes)

I had nothing to do with that.

5 EXT. HIGH AND DRY TRAILER PARK - DAY 5

The park is eerily silent and still. Jaye walks to her trailer and sticks her key in the door, then notices smoke pouring from Mrs. Beattle's trailer.

6 INT. MRS. BEATTLE'S TRAILER - DAY 6

An explosion of lace trim and Precious Moments figures. Jaye opens the door and pokes her head in. Smoke seeps out of the oven. Mixing bowls cover the counter. Muffin papers and flour coat the floor.

JAYE
Mrs. Beattle?
(cringes)
Marianne Marie?

Jaye removes a smoldering tray of muffins from the oven and dumps them in the sink. She finds a carton of half & half on the floor with lipstick stains around the open end.

JAYE (CONT'D)
Ew.

She sets it on the counter, crosses into the sleeping area.

JAYE (CONT'D)
Mrs. Beattle? Did you take your
allergy pill with Gallo again?

Jaye pulls back the curtain, no sign of her. She heads into the kitchen, stops short when she sees: A FOOTPRINT shaped like a flip-flop in the flour. Jaye reacts as WE POP TO:

7 INT. MRS. BEATTLE'S TRAILER - JAYE'S FANTASY 7

A pristine kitchen. Mrs. Beattle happily stirs a bowl of batter, takes a swig from her half & half and sings "Have You Met the Muffin Man?". Suddenly, there's a BEAST-LIKE ROAR. The screen door CRUMPLES and the trailer rocks as something horrible and unseen climbs inside. Mrs. Beattle SCREAMS as whatever it is closes in on her.

BEAST (O.S.)
Muffins.

A GIANT FOOT clad in a flip-flop stomps into FRAME. The carton of half & half PLOPS to the floor, there's a final earsplitting SCREAM and POP BACK TO:

8 INT. MRS. BEATTLE'S TRAILER - DAY 8

Jaye glances out the window. CAMERA ROCKETS across the lane and LANDS ON Fat Pat's trailer. Odd. Fat Pat's trailer is no longer tilted! And his door's open.

JAYE
He's out.

9 INT. FAT PAT'S TRAILER - DAY 9

Jaye enters. As she steps inside, there's a GROAN.

JAYE
Hello?

10 EXT. FAT PAT'S TRAILER - SAME 10

Fat Pat's trailer TEETERS, then TILTS to one side.

11 INT. FAT PAT'S TRAILER - SAME 11

Jaye freezes. The entire space is on a slight angle. She takes another tentative step. The trailer shifts a few more inches and then settles. Jaye inspects the premises. Simple and neat, eerily so. She peeks into the bedroom. There's a giant indentation in the mattress, but the bed is made.

She moves into the kitchen. Excited, she stands before Fat Pat's refrigerator. She yanks open the door and her face falls. Nothing but a jar of pickles and a bottle of mustard.

12 EXT. HIGH AND DRY TRAILER PARK - DAY 12

Jaye exits the trailer and moves toward her own. The empty swings on the swing-set creek in the wind, there's no sign of life in the park. Jaye glances around, reacts.

JAYE
(sotto)
Did we have a rapture?

13 INT. JAYE'S TRAILER - DAY 13

Jaye opens her door and the first thing she sees are a pair of FLIP FLOPS. Big ones. And inside are a pair of big feet.

(CONTINUED)

Her stunned gaze moves up the legs, past baggy shorts and tshirt, and up to FAT PAT. Only, he's not fat. He's a nice looking, yet odd man in his mid-twenties. But right now, he doesn't seem happy.

JAYE

Um... Pat?

He turns around and Jaye can see he's looking at one of her photo albums labeled "Fat Pat."

FAT PAT

(corrects her)

Fat Pat.

Off Jaye's bewilderment --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

14 INT. JAYE'S TRAILER - DAY

14

Jaye stares in wide-eyed fascination at no-longer Fat Pat. He shifts uneasy, turns back to the photo albums.

FAT PAT

All these pictures are of me. Are you stalking me?

JAYE

No, no. I'm doing an expose on uh, people who are, um... you know life in the trailer park and --

FAT PAT

You're making fun of me.
(off photo album cover)
This says "Fat Pat."

JAYE

No. Um. That actually says "Pat Pat." Like Pat squared. 'Cause there's so much of you. I mean, in terms of the number of pictures.
(takes the album, quiet)
Some of the ink must've rubbed off.

He picks up one labeled "FatSquatch." She snatches it away.

JAYE (CONT'D)

That's, uh... "PatSquatch."

He's not buying it, neither is she. She points outside.

JAYE (CONT'D)

Um, Mrs. Beattle is missing.

FAT PAT

So what? You think I ate her?

JAYE

No. But I did see your flip flop tracks. You were in her trailer.

FAT PAT

So were you.

(CONTINUED)

JAYE

After she was missing --
 (realizes)
 Hey. How'd you get in here?

FAT PAT

Keys were in the door. I was gonna
 use your phone to call the police.
 Someone broke into my trailer.

JAYE

Oh. That was me.

FAT PAT

No kidding. What were you doing
 over there? Harvesting hair from
 my shower drain for your pillows?

JAYE

No, I was just... ew.

Mrs. Beattle pokes her head into Jaye's trailer.

MRS. BEATTLE

Ding dong!

JAYE

Hi.

MRS. BEATTLE

45 minute bus ride, then I gotta
 sit on my keister, sweatin' like a
 pig all day in those felt-covered
 bank chairs and nobody wants to
 give me any money. Will "Muffin
 Buffalo" ever roam? I'm sorry.
 I'm just feelin' down. The County
 still doesn't know what happened to
 my checks. Anything turn up here?

JAYE

Uh...

WAX LION (O.C.)

No.

Jaye glances at the Lion.

JAYE

(to Mrs. Beattle)
 No sign of 'em.

MRS. BEATTLE

Well, hell.
(to Fat Pat)
Hi.

An uncomfortable Fat Pat doesn't answer.

JAYE

Fffa... Pat shut off your stove.
Your muffins were burning.

MRS. BEATTLE

My muffins! Thank you. I had to
fetch Gwen from the bus stop and
push her back to her trailer.
She's been having trouble getting
her wheelchair down the driveway
since they re-graveled the road.

(to Fat Pat)

Who're you -- Ohmylord. Didn't you
used to be a real big fat person?

FAT PAT

I wanna go home.

He pushes past Jaye and Mrs. Beattle. Jaye feels like shit.

15 EXT. FAT PAT'S TRAILER - DAY

15

Jaye knocks on the door of the lopsided trailer.

JAYE

Hey. Open up. I feel... bad. Not
because I was making fun, because I
wasn't. But you seemed upset so we
have to talk about this. Hello?

(listens)

I won't be ignored...

16 INT. FAT PAT'S TRAILER - DAY

16

Fat Pat powers through a set of crunches with an ab-roller.
There's a CRASH as Jaye hoists herself through the sliding
window and having trouble with the mini-blinds.

FAT PAT

Help. Help!

JAYE

I'm not gonna hurt you.

(CONTINUED)

FAT PAT

Get out of here.

A GROAN and the trailer tilts. Jaye glances at Fat Pat.

JAYE

Why does it do that?

FAT PAT

Broken axle. Get out.

JAYE

Please let me explain. Please.

(off his silence)

Okay. Well, um, I'm not a stalker.

And I wasn't making fun of you.

And... that's really all I... got.

Her voice trails off as she realizes she doesn't have a case.

FAT PAT

You think I'm stupid. I know you make fun of me. Even the tranny in the wheelchair makes fun of me. Sometimes I just open my windows and listen to you people talk.

JAYE

Can you tell who's saying what?

FAT PAT

Your voice is very distinct.

JAYE

Okay, I lied. There was funmaking, but not the malicious variety. Not intentionally anyway. You know what it was? It was fear of the unknown. But now I know you so I'm not afraid anymore.

FAT PAT

You don't know me.

JAYE

Nobody knows anybody. Not really. And even if you think you do, chances are you don't. Besides, how's anybody supposed to know you if you don't leave your trailer?

FAT PAT

I can't leave my trailer. I'm still fat. I have to lose twelve more pounds for my goal weight. Then I can think about leaving.

Jaye can't believe what she's just heard.

JAYE

You know who doesn't know you? You don't know you. You think you're fat but you're not. When was the last time you looked in a --
(glances around)
You don't even have a mirror.

FAT PAT

I couldn't find any my size.

Jaye grabs a stainless steel toaster from the counter.

JAYE

Here. See? You're not fat.

She holds the toaster in front of his face. Fat Pat stares at his distorted reflection, then looks away disgusted.

FAT PAT

Ghuh. Yes, I am.

Jaye glances at her own reflection and puts the toaster down.

JAYE

You need to get out; see yourself the way other people see you.

FAT PAT

I know what they see. They see Fat Pat.

JAYE

You're Non-Fat-Pat. And it's time the Greater Buffalo Region labeled you correctly.

FAT PAT

I just wanna be left alone. I don't really like other people.

JAYE

Well, then we have that in common.

(CONTINUED)

FAT PAT

We do?

JAYE

Yeah. I'd be homebound too if I could get away with it but I can't.

FAT PAT

You're not trying hard enough.

JAYE

You haven't met my family.

As Jaye considers that, we...

CUT TO:

16A EXT. TYLER HOUSE - NIGHT

16A

Jaye and Fat Pat stand facing the door.

FAT PAT

I'm not ready...

JAYE

I don't think I'm ready either. Maybe we should go.

FAT PAT

Okay.

As they turn to leave, the door OPENS revealing MOM.

MOM

Hello, sweetheart. I thought I heard you.

(to Fat Pat)

You must be Patrick. I'm Karen Tyler. Welcome to our home.

17 INT. TYLER HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

17

Mom holds the door open as Jaye and Fat Pat ENTER.

MOM

(sotto, to Jaye)

Is he the shut in?

Jaye nods as Fat Pat is quickly greeted by DAD.

(CONTINUED)

DAD

Hiya, Pat. I'm Darrin. Picked a good time to poke your head out. It's not often we manage to corral all the Tylers for game night.

MOM

(sotto to Jaye)

You have such a good heart. Just make sure you establish boundaries.

At that moment Jaye spots Aaron watching from the doorway to the parlor. As she passes she points to Pat's back and mouth's the words "FAT PAT!" She blows her cheeks up making a fat face and nodding. She bagged the monster. Aaron just shakes his head disapprovingly and they all head into:

18 INT. TYLER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

18

SHARON ENTERS with tray of taffy apples. She reacts to Jaye's presence. Fat Pat eyes the apples -- they look good.

SHARON

What are you doing here?

JAYE

It's game night.

SHARON

You never come to game night.
(to Fat Pat)
Hello.

FAT PAT

Hi.

SHARON

(the end of the world)
I only made four taffy apples. Two of us will have to go without.

DAD

You should have one, Patrick. It's a blue ribbon recipe.

SHARON

From 4-H.

Dad takes an apple and thrusts it toward Fat Pat.

FAT PAT

I don't want one. Get it away.

(CONTINUED)

Jaye grabs the apple before Fat Pat snaps.

JAYE
Pat's on a diet.

Sharon doles out apples to Mom, Dad, and Aaron. Mom automatically passes hers to Jaye.

DAD
(to Fat Pat)
But you're so fit.

FAT PAT
Really? I have lost a lotta weight.

MOM
Sharon was a husky girl before she
slimmed down, weren't you dear?

Sharon shoots Mom a look as Aaron presents Jaye with a serving tray carrying tea supplies, including the Cow Creamer ("Crime Dog") -- its head has been glued back on.

AARON
Cup of tea?

Jaye startles at the sight of the Cow Creamer.

JAYE
I thought that cow didn't have a
head.

MOM
Your brother glued it back on this
afternoon.

JAYE
Did he? Well, that's just crazy.

AARON
Interesting choice of words.

Sharon clocks the tension between her siblings.

SHARON
(sotto, to Aaron)
Are you two not getting along?

TIME CUT TO:

18A INT. TYLER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 18A

Three teams gathered around the coffee table: Jaye and Dad; Mom and Aaron; Sharon and Fat Pat. Dad, Mom and Sharon are drawing.

JAYE
A circle. A stick. Two
circles and a stick.

FAT PAT
It's a bike. It's a frog on
a bike. Rainbow connection.

AARON
(more to Jaye)
Oh... a crazy person. Um, someone
who's insane. A lunatic.

Jaye glares at Aaron.

FAT PAT
Evel Knievel!

SHARON
Yes!

Fat Pat jumps to his feet and shouts at the other teams:

FAT PAT
In your face, losers!

They all react to Fat Pat's intensity, then turn to Jaye.

TIME CUT TO:

18B INT. TYLER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 18B

Aaron, Jaye, Fat Pat drawing.

MOM
It's a cow and it's talking. It's
talking to a man... to a woman.

Jaye stops drawing, shoots Aaron a look.

SHARON
Look before you leap!

FAT PAT
YES! You guys suck.

Mom grabs the playing card, turning to Aaron.

MOM
What category were you looking at?

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

I love winning!

Mom and Dad lean over Jaye to whisper to each other:

DAD

The shut-in's certainly bringing
out Sharon's competitive streak.

FAT PAT

You guys are goin' down!

MOM

I think it's time for him to leave.

Jaye glances at the Cow Creamer.

AARON

I saw that!

DAD

Saw what?

AARON

She was talking to the cow creamer.

JAYE

I was not. I really wasn't.

DAD

Stop teasing your brother.

SHARON

(to Aaron)

Don't let her bait you like that.

AARON

What did the cow tell you to do?

DAD

Aaron, you're making an ass out of
yourself.

FAT PAT

Come on, focus. Are we playing a
game or not?

They all turn and look at him.

Jaye and Fat Pat stand on the steps as the door swings shut.

FAT PAT

I hope they liked me. You think I'll be invited back? How often do you have game night anyway?

JAYE

That may have been the last one.

FAT PAT

Oh. That's too bad.

JAYE

Uh-huh.

FAT PAT

I feel like I understand you better now. You're more real to me. Not so cold and unfeeling. I'm glad you forced me to be your friend.

JAYE

Um, let's find you some more friends. I don't wanna hog you all to myself.

19 INT. THE BARREL - NIGHT

19

Jaye and Fat Pat sit at a table, watching the crowd. He's nervous and excited. She's tired of him.

FAT PAT

I'm not ready for more friends.

JAYE

Sure you are. You just need to put yourself out there. And maybe over there by those drunk girls.

FAT PAT

Are you trying to get rid of me?

JAYE

Of course not.

(awkward beat)

Hey, wanna go get me a beer?

FAT PAT

A shot of vodka is only 55 calories.

(off her look)

I'll get you a beer.

(CONTINUED)

As Fat Pat heads off to the bar, Mahandra steps up and starts clearing the table behind Jaye.

MAHANDRA

All this blah-blah of a nice new
you and come to learn you changed
just because you met a guy.

JAYE

You don't know what you're talking
about. And I haven't changed. My
situation has changed.

MAHANDRA

More blah-blah. How long have you
two been seeing each other?

ERIC AND FAT PAT AT THE BAR

Eric looks like someone just shot his dog.

FAT PAT

We only recently started dating but
she's sort of been obsessed with me
for years. She has entire photo
albums dedicated to me.

ERIC

(heart sinking)
Really?

FAT PAT

Yeah. Normally I'd find that
creepy but you know she's not ugly.
And if I had to order someone out
of a catalog to be obsessed with
me, it would probably be her.

ERIC

She's never mentioned you before.

FAT PAT

I think she's a little embarrassed
about how deeply she cares for me.

ON JAYE AND MAHANDRA

MAHANDRA

The Fatsquatch.

JAYE

Yeah. I'm no longer "In Search of..." He's right over there.

MAHANDRA

What'd he do with all his extra skin? You know there's extra skin?

JAYE

It occurred to me.
(beat)
He said I was his only friend.

MAHANDRA

You have to move.

JAYE

I can't do that. It's like I took a baby bird out of the nest, if I ditch him now he'll die of neglect.

Mahandra thinks about that, then:

MAHANDRA

You have to move.

JAYE

How did I become the nice one?

Mahandra spots Fat Pat approaching with the drinks.

MAHANDRA

Just asking myself the same thing.

Mahandra saunters off as Fat Pat arrives.

ON ERIC AT THE BAR

He watches as Fat Pat and Jaye clink their drinks. Jaye glances over at Eric, waves and smiles. Eric waves back, but doesn't smile.

Jaye and Fat Pat walk past the mailboxes.

JAYE

How'd you lose so much weight ordering pizza all the time?

FAT PAT

Pizz-alad. All wheat crust,
arugula topping.

JAYE

Oh. You know, I expected more from
your big reintroduction to society.

FAT PAT

It was actually a lot better than I
thought it'd be; I was expecting to
be shot in the stomach and robbed.

They pause at the boxes. Fat Pat is awkward, half-expecting
a kiss. Jaye is oblivious.

FAT PAT (CONT'D)

So all things considered, I had a
really great time.

JAYE

Yeah. Wish it didn't have to end.
Okay. See you later.

And with that she turns and starts digging through her
mailbox. Fat Pat stares at her back a moment before
shuffling off. Jaye reacts to one of the envelopes in her
box -- a familiar one made out to Marianne Marie Beattle.
Mrs. Beattle is walking up the drive to the mailboxes. She's
wearing the Buffalo apron.

MRS. BEATTLE

Don't be scared. Comin' up right
behind ya.

Jaye stuffs the check into her bag with the others as Mrs.
Beattle checks her own box. There's nothing inside.

MRS. BEATTLE (CONT'D)

Oh, well.

Mrs. Beattle and Jaye head back toward their trailers.

MRS. BEATTLE (CONT'D)

Sheriff came out this afternoon
with my third notice. Said to
leave by Friday or I'd go to jail.

JAYE

I'm really sorry.

MRS. BEATTLE

Oh, it's not your fault.

JAYE

Um, I'm really, really sorry.

MRS. BEATTLE

My sister told me I could park my trailer in her driveway 'till I get back up on my feet.

Jaye glances down in her bag, feeling guilty.

JAYE

Marianne Marie...

MRS. BEATTLE

A'yuh?

MUFFIN BUFFALO

Don't even think about it.

JAYE

(deflated, covering)

I'm gonna miss you.

MRS. BEATTLE

I'm gonna miss you too, kitten.
You're fun.

Mrs. Beattle, full of emotion, gives Jaye a prolonged hug. Jaye absently pats her back, feeling uncomfortable.

MRS. BEATTLE (CONT'D)

Best go pack up my lawn furniture.

21 INT. JAYE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

21

Jaye comes in and walks into her bedroom and freezes. Fat Pat's naked in her bed under the sheets.

FAT PAT

I don't want this night to end,
either.

OFF Jaye...

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

ACT THREE

22 INT. JAYE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

22

Jaye and Pat are right where we left them. He's naked in her bed. She's stupefied. She glances to a nearby chair where his clothes are piled up.

JAYE

Um, you seem to be naked in my bed.

FAT PAT

I figured it'd be better if we did it here. My bed has the dent. Also there's the tilting. Hope it's okay I didn't wait for you.

JAYE

(slight linen panic, eww)
What do you mean "didn't wait?"

He lets the covers fall aside. We don't actually see anything, but she sure does. She turns away in horror --

JAYE (CONT'D)

GAHHHH! I'm sorry.

FAT PAT

You think I'm fat.

JAYE

No. You are not --

She instinctively glances at his unit, then averts her eyes.

JAYE (CONT'D)

Look, whatever you think's been happening hasn't actually been happening, nor can it continue to not happen, especially not while one of us, meaning you, is naked.

FAT PAT

Huh?

JAYE

You've got the wrong idea.

FAT PAT

But our date... you were so interested.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAT PAT (CONT'D)

You introduced me to your family.
I thought you were trying to
impress me...

JAYE

You misunderstood. I don't
actually let people I'm trying to
impress meet my family...

FAT PAT

I thought you wanted me to come out
of my shell -- ?

She grabs his clothes and tosses them to him.

JAYE

Yes, but now I want you to go back
in. I can't sleep with you. I
just... I don't see you that way.

FAT PAT

(going cold)

Right. You see me as the fat freak
that lives across the trailer park.

JAYE

No. That's not true. If anything
I see you as a legend. You're like
a celebrity!

FAT PAT

Yeah. And who'd want to sleep with
a celebrity?

JAYE

Pat...

FAT PAT

DON'T LOOK AT ME!

She turns away. He continues to clumsily dress:

FAT PAT (CONT'D)

You think I'm a charity case? That
it? You think you're Mother Teresa
or something?

JAYE

God no! That's not me at all. I
mean, okay, so sometimes it may
seem like I'm a baby saver or a
saint or something, but honest, I'm
really just a --

FAT PAT

Bitch.

Now she does turn to him. Her turn to be a little hurt.
He's angrily tucking in his shirt.

FAT PAT (CONT'D)

Where's the camera?

JAYE

Camera?

FAT PAT

I'm supposed to believe you didn't
get pictures of this? After you've
been hanging out your window with
your telephoto lens for six months?
Don't think I won't be checking
every Chubby Chaser site on the
internet, and if any pictures of me
turn up, even if the head's been
cropped off, expect a fat lawsuit.

(as he goes)

Evil bitch.

And he's gone. She weakly calls after him:

JAYE

Okay... so long as we're clear on
the me-not-being-a-saint thing...

Dr. Ron sits at his desk holding the Cow Creamer. He
examines it. Aaron sits across from him looking mightily
pleased with himself.

AARON

I told you she was crazy.

DR. RON

Limoges. Very nice.

AARON

Look closer. Made in China. It's
not even genuine French porcelain.
You think God's gonna be talking to
anyone through a cheap knock-off?

Aaron sits back, smug satisfaction on his face.

DR. RON

(trying to follow)

And so because it's an inexpensive reproduction you believe that's proof your sister is insane?

AARON

The fact that it's a cow creamer is proof my sister's insane. Do you even have a degree?

DR. RON

They're on the wall.

Aaron gets up and takes a look.

DR. RON (CONT'D)

So you set a trap for your sister using this cow creamer... as bait.

AARON

Totally.

DR. RON

That's cracked.

AARON

How is it "cracked" to be concerned for the welfare of a family member?

DR. RON

I mean the creamer.
(points to neck)
It's cracked.

AARON

Oh. Yeah. I broke the head off the last time it talked to her.

DR. RON

(sets creamer on desk)
And that seemed to work?

AARON

It stopped talking.

DR. RON

And you know this because...?

AARON

I took its mouth away.

(CONTINUED)

DR. RON

Do you believe you alone have the
power to silence the creamer?

Dr. Ron writes "schizophrenic?" on his note pad.

AARON

It was never not silent. You don't
have to be a theologian or an
atheist to know cow creamers...

Just then, and without anyone touching it, the Cow Creamer's head FALLS OFF. It lands on the raised end of a letter opener, which has been propped in a teeter-totter-like-fashion over an eraser. The letter opener moves on its fulcrum; the other end rises and sets into motion the clacky balls on Dr. Ron's desk. There's a PING as the last clacky ball in the chain snaps from its wire. It sails across the desk and shatters a candy dish, which serves as a makeshift bookend. Jellybeans spill across the desk. Dr. Ron reacts to the commotion as the books, no longer held in place by the candy dish, slide from their perch onto the floor. Aaron moves to collect them and stops short. The titles "Moscow Syndrome" and "Stalked by Guilt" have landed so that what WE SEE (and what Aaron sees) are the words: "COW TALK."

AARON (CONT'D)

...don't talk.

Off Aaron, shaken as he clearly gets the message...

24 EXT. HIGH AND DRY TRAILER PARK - DAY

24

Jaye, dressed for work, exits her trailer. She looks over toward Fat Pat's tilted trailer. She wants to go over and make things right. She walks over. Raises her fist to knock on the door, thinks better of it. As she loses her nerve and turns away, WE SEE the window blinds drop. He was watching.

25 INT. WONDERFALLS - DAY

25

A miserable Jaye enters the store. A CUSTOMER approaches. Jaye walks right past her.

JAYE

I'm not on the clock.

26

INT. WONDERFALLS - MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

26

Jaye comes around the corner, grabs her time card, is about to punch in, but reacts to see Mom, Dad and Sharon all there. Mom and Dad grinning, a bouquet of balloons at the ready.

DAD
Surprise!

MOM
Congratulations, sweetheart!

She looks to what they're looking at -- the photograph of her catching the baby is above the time-clock. The plaque below reads, "Employee of the Month: Jaye Tyler." Jaye absently punches her time card.

JAYE
That was an accident. This is a mistake.

ALEC (O.S.)
No mistake.

Jaye turns to see Alec has appeared behind her outside the doorway. She's trapped.

DAD
We're so proud.

SHARON
And shocked.

MOM
(tosses a look at Sharon)
With pride.

JAYE
I don't deserve this.

MOM
She's never been comfortable with praise.

Sharon eyes the balloons:

SHARON
(to Alec)
They got me the same balloon bouquet when I made partner.

(CONTINUED)

JAYE

I was just rude to a customer. I
can't be employee of the month.

ALEC

(sotto, to Jaye)

You don't have a choice. Peggy
said I can't get it anymore now
that I'm management.

Alec hands her a certificate, speaks at normal volume:

ALEC (CONT'D)

The honor comes with a certificate
and a parking space on the first
level of the structure...

JAYE

(handing it back)

I park on the street.

ALEC

...and the afternoon off.

Jaye grabs the certificate back --

JAYE

I humbly accept.

DAD

Good! We made lunch reservations.

JAYE

Really? Lunch?

MOM

You can't spend all your time
making the world a better place. A
girl's got to eat --

Fat Pat's face comes INTO FRAME. His hair's a little crazy
and his eyes are more so. He's on the brink. He frantically
bangs through empty kitchen cabinets. He rips open the
fridge and grabs the pickle jar. Empty. Desperate, he goes
for the mustard bottle, squeezes it into his mouth. No such
luck. He stops at A KNOCKING on his door. His head snaps
around, predator-like. His nostrils flare, catching the
whiff of something in the air, as --

28 EXT. FAT PAT'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS 28

Mrs. Beattle is the one knocking the door. She holds a platter of delicious looking MUFFINS.

MRS. BEATTLE
Hello? Pat, honey? It's Marianne Marie Beattle. I know you're home, you're tilted. Hello?

29 INT. THE BARREL - DAY 29

TIGHT ON two bubbling fondue pots shaped like barrels. One is filled with chocolate, one with melted cheese. Jaye, Mom, Dad, and Sharon sit around the fondue pot. Everyone has a fondue fork except for Mom, who eats a salad. Jaye's balloon bouquet is tied to the back of her chair.

DAD
Where is Aaron? We celebrate all Tyler victories as a family.

JAYE
I wouldn't call this a victory.

Sharon scrutinizes Jaye's Employee Of The Month certificate.

SHARON
This certificate's invalid. There's no signature. Oh, wait. There's a stamp.

DAD
A stamp is good enough for me.

MOM
I guarantee you this'll make the Christmas letter.

JAYE
Oh, I wish it wouldn't.

SHARON
There's Aaron.

They all look to see a very gloomy Aaron approaching.

MOM
Hi, sweetheart!

DAD

Nice you could make it. Did you see your sister's certificate?

Aaron takes the certificate, but doesn't look at it.

AARON

(low, to Jaye, as he sits)
What are you?

JAYE

Huh?

AARON

Are you like Dr. Dolittle?

MOM

Your blood sugar's low. Here, dip something.

AARON

It's not my blood sugar. There's something out there and it's laughing at us.

SHARON

(re: Jaye)
Did she do this to you?

DAD

You really think your sister's special lunch is the appropriate place for an existential crisis?

AARON

It's not an existential crisis.

MOM

It's nothing to be ashamed of, sweetheart. You're studying religion, for godsake. You're bound to have one sooner or later.

AARON

Not an existential crisis. Just the opposite. I was fine when existence had no meaning. Meaninglessness in a universe that has no meaning -- that I get. But meaninglessness in a universe with meaning? What does that mean?

(CONTINUED)

JAYE

It doesn't mean anything.

AARON

Did the cow creamer tell you that?

DAD

What has gotten into you?

MOM

I am throwing that creamer away the second we get home.

SHARON

The meaninglessness of meaning?
Are you people high?

MOM

Really, though.

JAYE

You want meaningless? This fondue is meaningless. It mocks everyone at this table.

DAD

That's your celebratory fondue.

JAYE

I didn't earn celebratory fondue. I don't deserve to be called Employee of the Month. I don't deserve this certificate. I don't deserve a parking space on P-1.
(reconsidering)
But I am taking the afternoon off.

Jaye starts to head off, stops, goes back, grabs her balloons and leaves. Aaron broods as he dips fondue. Mom and Dad are flabbergasted. Dad turns to Sharon:

DAD

Anything you'd like to share?

She looks up, a piece of gooey cheese fondue half in her mouth. She shakes her head --

SHARON

Uh-uh. No.

30

EXT. HIGH AND DRY TRAILER PARK - DAY

30

Again, Jaye trudges toward her trailer with her balloon bouquet. She stops when she spots A FEW park residents formed outside Mrs. Beattle's trailer. It's a potpourri of muscle T's, curlers, and antsy WHISPERS. Jaye approaches GWEN, a transvestite (50's/60's) in a wheelchair wearing a kimono and a turban; she talks to another resident.

GWEN

They're already sayin' how quiet he was, how he always kept to himself. Know who else was quiet and kept to himself? Jeffrey Dahmer.

JAYE

Who are you talking about?

GWEN

Number twelve. He snapped.

JAYE

Fat Pat?

GWEN

(nods)

Dragged Marianne Marie in there damn near an hour ago. Ain't nobody heard a peep since. Honey said he's off his nut. Sounds like something sent him over the edge.

Off Jaye's horror --

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

ACT FOUR

31 EXT. MRS. BEATTLE'S TRAILER - DAY

31

Jaye and Gwen approach the trailer. Jaye peeks in through the screen door.

GWEN

Smart thing to do would be to call the police.

JAYE

(calling inside)

Mrs. Beattle? Are you okay?

FAT PAT (O.S.)

Piss off ya evil bitch!

The small crowd GASPS.

GWEN

Oh, no he di'ant.

Jaye reacts, fills with resolve, and pushes her way into:

32 INT. MRS. BEATTLE'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

32

Fat Pat sits at the Formica table covered with crumbs and empty muffin cups. He's light-headed and not feeling well from eating too much. There's a rack of muffins cooling on the stove.

JAYE

Where is she?

FAT PAT

Mind your own business, saucebox.

JAYE

Did you eat all those muffins?

FAT PAT

Sure did.

(eyes her with disdain)

I said I wasn't ready. I said I needed to lose 12 more pounds. But you wouldn't listen.

JAYE

Where's Mrs. Beattle?

(CONTINUED)

Fat Pat nods toward a closed partition.

FAT PAT
She's back there.

JAYE
Mrs. Beattle?

No response. Jaye eyes Fat Pat.

FAT PAT
Know what happens when you rip a caterpillar from its cocoon before it becomes a butterfly?

JAYE
Isn't it like a worm with flippers?

FAT PAT
Yeah, smartass. I'm like a worm with flippers. Thanks a lot. You really are vile.

Mrs. Beattle emerges from behind the partition.

MRS. BEATTLE
Hey, kitten. Sorry. I was makin' a sissy. Didn't hear ya come in.

There's a DING and Mrs. Beattle pulls a steaming tray of muffins out of the oven.

MRS. BEATTLE (CONT'D)
Ready for apple-cranberry, hon?

FAT PAT
Yes, please.

JAYE
You do realize you're being held hostage? Is this Stockholm Syndrome? Are you Patty Hearst?

Mrs. Beattle grabs the muffins from the cooling rack and sets them in front of Fat Pat.

MRS. BEATTLE
What are you squawkin' about hostages for? I don't see nobody blindfolded and tied to a chair. The man just wanted some muffins.

Fat Pat digs in, savoring some bites and gulping down others.

JAYE

What about your goal weight?

FAT PAT

I'm tired of swimming up stream. I have a new goal weight. Another bite.

JAYE

You lost 300 pounds. You can't just go and gain it all back again.

MRS. BEATTLE

Well, seig heil, Miss Jenny Craig.

FAT PAT

I'm Fat Pat. That's who I'll always be. I tried to turn off my "fatdar," but I can't. Every time I go outside I'm gonna wonder, does that restaurant have a booth big enough? Does this theater have retractable arm rests? What time does that market close 'cause if I go when they're busy somebody might look in my cart. And turnstiles? Why would you do that to a person?

JAYE

I don't know.

FAT PAT

300 pounds of phantom flesh. Whether you can see it or not, I know it's there. It might as well be real. Because whatever problems I had before, being less fat didn't solve any of them.

MRS. BEATTLE

God, I'm depressed.

JAYE

You can't let this get you down. The sun'll come out and grey skies are gonna clear up, if not there'll be a silver lining I swear. Just --
 (suddenly deflated)
 Scoot over. And give me a muffin.
 (takes a bite)
 These are really good.

MRS. BEATTLE

Secret ingredient's Little Ivy's
Fruit Cocktail. Used to buy it by
the case. Got three cans left,
enough for one more batch. Then
Muffin Buffalo will be put out to
pasture.

Jaye stares at the Muffin Buffalo on Mrs. Beattle's apron.

JAYE

Marianne Marie... promise you won't
get mad?

TIME CUT TO:

32A INT. MRS. BEATTLE'S TRAILER - LATER

32A

Mrs. Beattle is counting a stack of disability checks. Fat
Pat stares at Jaye and Mrs. Beattle; he's sweating profusely.

MRS. BEATTLE

What the hell is wrong with you?
You stole an old woman's disability
checks. That violates the High and
Dry code of residential conduct,
not to mention the basic tenets of
Christianity.

JAYE

I know this doesn't really help,
but technically I wasn't stealing.
I mean, I didn't cash anything.

Fat Pat GROANS, eyes fluttering, trying to focus.

FAT PAT

Ow... I feel crampy...

32B FAT PAT'S P.O.V. - DISTORTING INTO TUNNEL VISION

32B

Jaye and Mrs. Beattle loom over him.

MRS. BEATTLE

Oh lord. His stomach must've
burst.

(CONTINUED)

JAYE
(slowing)
That can't beee goooooood...

FADE TO BLACK.

32C FAT PAT'S P.O.V. - A BLURRY WHITE HAZE

32C

It slowly starts to come into focus REVEALING a paneled ceiling. The familiar BEEP-BEEP-BEEP of hospital equipment.

REVEAL we are --

33 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

33

TIGHT ON Fat Pat as he lies in a hospital bed. His groggy eyes continue to blink awake. Jaye and Mrs. Beattle jump to their feet at the first sign of consciousness.

FAT PAT
I'm thirsty.

Jaye grabs a cup of water, puts the straw in Fat Pat's mouth.

JAYE
You're dehydrated. You lost a lot of weight... in an unusual fashion.

FAT PAT
Did something get amputated?

MRS. BEATTLE
No, nothing like that. I guess I should've warned you about my muffins... they're fat-free.

THE SCENE BEGINS TO RUN IN REVERSE. Jaye and Mrs. Beattle swallow their dialogue and sit back down. Fat Pat loses consciousness (the REVERSE of him waking up). Jaye and Mrs. Beattle stand up and walk backwards out the door.

CLOSE ON FAT PAT - FILM STILL RUNNING IN REVERSE

An oxygen mask is placed over his head (the REVERSE of it being taken off). His hospital gown whips off his body to be replaced by his street clothes and he's pulled out of FRAME leaving an empty hospital bed.

MATCH CUT TO:

33A

INT. MRS. BEATTLE'S TRAILER - REVERSE

33A

Fat Pat sits up into FRAME. He pulls muffin after muffin from his maw (the REVERSE of eating) and assembles them complete on the table in front of him. Jaye walks backward out of the trailer. Mrs. Beattle walks backward, disappearing behind the partition only to reappear walking backward into the kitchen area. CAMERA WHIPS AROUND Mrs. Beattle mixing batter in a bowl in REVERSE. ZOOM INTO: A container next to the mixing bowl that's labeled "Thinestra: Fat Substitute." The warning reads: "May cause gastrointestinal problems, cramps, fecal urgency."

BACK TO:

33B

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

33B

Fat Pat reels from the news.

FAT PAT

I overdosed on a non-caloric fat replacer?

JAYE

Un-huh. You tried to make yourself fat again and ended up reaching your goal weight.

FAT PAT

How much did I lose?

MRS. BEATTLE

Thirteen pounds. That stuff really moves business through.

FAT PAT

That's a pound over my goal weight.

JAYE

Congratulations.

FAT PAT

But I still feel fat.

MRS. BEATTLE

I don't know how to make you not feel fat, but I do know how to make you feel like you've accomplished something.

JAYE

You do?

FAT PAT

You do?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BEATTLE (CONT'D)
 I would like to make a business
 proposal. I had some time to
 organize my thoughts while you were
 in your coma...

She fishes a small stack of note cards from her purse and
 begins reading from them:

MRS. BEATTLE (CONT'D)
 After considering the accelerated
 manner in which you achieved your
 dieting goals...
 (flips card)
 ...it has occurred to me that you
 have more to offer the American
 consumer than meets the eye...
 (flips card)
 ...as someone who has experienced
 the nutritional benefits of Muffin
 Buffalo first hand you would make
 an ideal spokesperson...

As Mrs. Beattle flips another card CAMERA ROCKET ZOOMS INTO a
 gift-basket of muffins and PULLS OUT TO REVEAL:

34 CLOSE ON BILLBOARD - DAY

34

A BASKET OF MUFFINS, which graces the back of a buffalo
 wearing a headdress. It's a brightly colored billboard. In
 a sidebar circle Fat Pat is pulling out the waist of his
 pants to demonstrate how much weight he's lost. A dialogue
 bubble proclaims: "Muffin Buffalo delivered the sweets and
 took away the pounds!" A counter at the bottom of the
 billboard spins, indicating the number of muffins baked; it's
 in the billions and counting. SNAP WIDE TO REVEAL the
 billboard is in the middle of New York Times Square.

POP TO:

34A INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

34A

As before.

MRS. BEATTLE
 (flips card)
 ...if you decide to join me in this
 venture your name could become
 synonymous with healthy snackfood.

(CONTINUED)

FAT PAT

You want me... I don't know what to say. I'd be honored. Thank you.

MRS. BEATTLE

Don't thank me.

Fat Pat and Mrs. Beattle turn and look at Jaye.

JAYE

Well, you're not thanking me.

MRS. BEATTLE

Yes, I am. I am thanking you. I've been ruminating on events --

JAYE

I didn't do anything!

MRS. BEATTLE

Those disability checks you stole? More money than I've saved in my entire --

JAYE

Stop!

FAT PAT

If you hadn't --

JAYE

Stop! Stop thanking me! What is it with you people!? Gawd.

Jaye walks toward CAMERA and out the door.

MRS. BEATTLE

Good lord, woman. There's such a thing as grace.

35-37 OMITTED

35-37

37A INT. WONDERFALLS - MAGIC HOUR

37A

Jaye watches as the last customer leaves the store.

LAST CUSTOMER (O.C.)

Thanks!

After the Last Customer is gone:

(CONTINUED)

JAYE

Why are you thanking me? I didn't wait on you.

Jaye grabs the keys behind the counter just as the bell on the door jangles.

JAYE (CONT'D)

We're closed.

She looks up to see it's Eric outside. They raise their voices in order to be heard through the glass.

JAYE (CONT'D)

Oh. Hi.

ERIC

Hi.

JAYE

We're closed.

ERIC

I don't wanna buy anything.

He smiles. She smiles.

JAYE

In that case you can come in.

She opens the door for him, then locks it. She leans on the door and smiles. He smiles.

JAYE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

ERIC

Huh? Oh. You, uh, you forgot this at the restaurant.

He hands her the "Employee of the Month" certificate.

JAYE

Yeah, I sorta forgot it there on purpose. But thanks, though.

She grabs it and sets it on the counter.

ERIC

You're just gonna throw that away after I leave, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

JAYE

Yup.

ERIC

So that guy with you at the bar,
was that your... boyfriend?

JAYE

Did he say he was my boyfriend?

ERIC

He said you were obsessed with him.

JAYE

That part's true, but only 'cause
he used to be Fat Pat. Now that
he's just Pat he's not as
interesting.

ERIC

I like that he's not as interesting
to you anymore.

JAYE

I like that you like that.
(steps away from the edge)
But you got the wrong idea about
me. I'm not a baby-saver.

ERIC

Sure you are.

JAYE

I'm really not. Not unless there's
coercion and even then only if it's
convenient.

ERIC

You can't tell me that every nice
thing you've ever done was because
you were forced to do it.

JAYE

I guess I wasn't forced to be nice
to Fat Pat. Not really.

ERIC

See, you are nice.

They smile at each other for another beat, then:

JAYE

You have to leave. Get out.

(CONTINUED)

She unlocks the door and holds it open. He steps out and she locks it behind him. They talk through the glass:

JAYE (CONT'D)

And I'm not nice. I'm just highly susceptible to guilt.

ERIC

You have the wrong idea about you.

He smiles and walks away. And she watches him go.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW