ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

HELEN STEPHENS (mid-thirties, career-oriented, every-woman) stands beside her lawyer, TONY (African American, forties to fifty, good-natured, but a little schlumpy). As the bailiff hands the judge the verdict, the jury looks everywhere but at Helen, the defendant.

HELEN
Okay, the jury's not looking at me. But that's not necessarily a bad sign. Maybe they want to keep everyone guessing, you know, to build the suspense... Or there's a lot of glare coming from that window behind me. Or--

JUDGE
Helen Stephens, you have been found guilty of murder--

TONY
That was going to be my guess.

JUDGE
--in the second degree of your boss, Eric Bridges: owner of a thriving tile business--

INSERT: Exterior of Entirely Tiles.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Loving husband--

INSERT: A fantasy painting of warrior ERIC with his fair maiden ELAINE on a horse (like in "Queen of Versailles").

JUDGE (CONT'D)
And passionate host.

INSERT: A photo of Eric holding court with a cigar clenched in his teeth and lobsters in each hand.

HELEN
(calls out)
But I didn't do it! I'm innocent!

JUDGE
Order! I'll have order!
(then)
You are further guilty of callously disposing of his body in the very lye used to make Entirely Tiles proprietary tile polish, Eternal Shine.

INSERT: A sparkling display of *Eternal Shine* tile polish.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Except for a single finger found at the scene that his distraught widow was forced to bury in a pet coffin intended for a parakeet.

POP TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY (FLASHBACK)

"Grieving" widow Elaine Bridges (Latina, late twenties/thirty, cleavage) dabs her dry eyes as she mourns over a tiny parakeet casket. Her husband's finger rests on an embroidered satin pillow: "*Nest in Peace*."

BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

The sexy widow now sits between two beefcake assistants... Um, bodyguards? We're not really sure...

JUDGE
Helen Stephens, this court sentences you to the maximum possible term of twenty years!

TONY
That's a long time.

A stunned Helen is placed in handcuffs, and, like a baby elephant that's lost its mother, a primal, high-pitched CRY pierces the courtroom. All heads turn towards Helen's despondent co-worker, HENRY (mid-thirties/forty, Men's Warehouse shopper), who CRIES SLOPPILY. His mousy co-worker, MARY (50, chronic acid-reflux), shoots Henry a disgusted look before unleashing an angry tirade as an overwhelmed Helen is being lead out by bailiffs.

MARY
(bleeped)
String her up by her filthy tits! Not half-long enough for what that evil murdering whore did to only the <u>best boss in the whole world</u>! Mother-fucking-asshole-cunt--

LAURA (O.S.)
(calling out)
Stop!

LAURA (30) Helen's well-intentioned train-wreck of a sister enters, late as usual.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Stop! Please! She's my sister. I have to get to my sister!

HELEN
Laura?

LAURA
Helen!

HELEN
<u>Laura</u>!

Laura finally breaks free and makes her way to Helen's side. They embrace--

LAURA
I'm sorry, but my landlord turned off the power so my alarm didn't go off. Then traffic was a nightmare. And I was waiting in the wrong courtroom. But I'm here now-
(loudly)
and I'm calling the "*Innocence Project*" to review reverse this travesty!
(RE: phone, to all)
Just, anyone have a charger? I'm dead.

As Helen is being whisked away by the bailiffs.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Can I crash at your place?...

ANGLE ON: Mary, Henry, Cynthia, and a few other Entirely Tiles employees.

MARY
Should we do a drive-thru on the way back to the office?

HENRY
(pulling himself together)
I could do a sausage muffin.

EXT. CAMP BUNNY - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A corrections bus drives under a rustic timber sign that reads:

The Bunny R. Rosenthal Correctional Camp for Women
On beautiful Lake Chargoggagogg
(Scout Camp 1 mile)

INT. CAMP BUNNY - WARDEN MARGARET'S OFFICE - DAY

It's tea with Warden Margaret who hosts Helen and the other "new girls" who are now dressed in their prison togs. A guard, TIMOTHY, finishes handing out "Welcome Packets".

WARDEN MARGARET
...and I'm very proud to say we've been named to the "*Forbes Annual List of Top Prisons*" the last five years running.

Timothy claps like the warm up guy at a sitcom taping. Helen and the other girls reluctantly join in. Warden Margaret continues speaking as Helen glances at her Welcome Packet and finds inmate etiquette "do's and don'ts" illustrations. "Dorothy Don't" uses her razor to make a shiv and stab a fellow inmate in the yard. Whereas, "Daisy Do" uses her razor to shave her underarms so she looks smart when she's wearing her tank top in the yard.

WARDEN MARGARET (CONT'D)
In your Welcome Packets there's a schedule of all our fun activities. The puppetry club is always a good time. And our improv troupe, "*Capital Punishment*!" is a gas!

Timothy over does the LAUGH, trying to prompt the others to join. Nobody does.

WARDEN MARGARET (CONT'D)
And you'll find a letter from your prison pen pal.

Helen turns the page and finds her pen pal letter in a folder pocket. The letter is written on loose leaf notebook paper with frayed edges and poor penmanship. As Helen reads, Warden Margaret wanders up behind her.

WARDEN MARGARET (CONT'D)
Lucky girl. You got yourself a death row pen pal, very exciting.

HELEN
Actually, I'm not sure how comfortable I am--

WARDEN MARGARET
Nonsense. Most every girl here would kill to be in your position.

Helen looks around, no doubt many of them have...

WARDEN MARGARET (CONT'D)
But unfortunately, these days there just aren't enough to go around.

HELEN
Aren't enough...people on death row?

WARDEN MARGARET
That's right.
(then)
Lovely to have you. My door is always open. Figuratively speaking of course. It's actually locked at all times.

HELEN
Thank you, Warden Margaret. And as one professional woman to another I'd love to brainstorm with you about how I can fast-track my appeal.

Off appeal, Timothy and the Warden exchange looks.

WARDEN MARGARET
Of course dear. Anytime.

The warden gives a cold smile and moves on to another girl...

WARDEN MARGARET (CONT'D)
That window-sill sun-tea recipe can easily be made in one's cell!

INT. CAMP BUNNY - HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Helen and the other newbies take that first intimidating walk past prisoners who stare threateningly from their cells. Helen stumbles, but catches herself--making eye contact with a surprisingly normal looking inmate. Helen musters a rueful smile that's meant to say: "What are we doing here." The inmate immediately spits her gum right at Helen.

HELEN
What was that? Was that gum? Did you just spit gum in my hair?
(to other inmates)
Who does that?!

Everyone apparently, as the inmates bombard Helen and newbies with gum.

INT. CAMP BUNNY - HELEN AND CHRISTINE'S CELL - LATER

CLOSE ON: Helen's face.

HELEN
I'm completely innocent and intend to prove it. ...So to answer your question, it really doesn't matter which bunk I get.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: Helen's hair is festooned with brightly colored wads of bubble gum. She's speaking to her new cell mate CHRISTINE (30s, a sunny-but-emotionally-needy arsonist).

CHRISTINE
I can't tell you how happy I am that you're here, Helen. I've been pretty lonely. Sure, I'd light the occasional fire in the laundry room to cheer myself up. But even that is better with a friend.

HELEN
(horrified)
Wait--you're an arsonist?

CHRISTINE
Someone's into labels. If compulsively needing to light fires automatically makes you an arsonist, then okay, sure, in the most reductive way: I'm an arsonist.
(then)
I also write poetry.

As Helen checks out their cell, Christine produces a spoonful of peanut butter from... somewhere.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
I've been saving this peanut butter for the next lockdown but we could use it to get the gum out.

HELEN
That would be great. Thank you. Those women are disgusting.

Christine starts working on the gum.

CHRISTINE
It's just a bit of hazing. You'll be one of the gang in no time!
(then)
Probably the Aryans.

HELEN
Actually, I expect this whole mess will be straightened out pretty quickly and I'll be freed-- after a public apology from the, no doubt, remorse-filled jury.
(then)
Which I'll accept, graciously.
(then)
Probably on NPR's "Talk of the Nation."

As Christine works a stubborn wad of gum loose.

CHRISTINE
Look at us. I'm already grooming you like we're a couple of best-friend mountain gorillas!

Christine SNORTS and PANTS like a gorilla. And Helen realizes she got stuck with the weirdo roommate.

INT. HELEN'S CONDO BUILDING - MAILBOXES - DAY - SAME TIME

Laura stops to tie a big yellow ribbon on Helen's mailbox. And to write "**and Laura**" next to Helen's name.

INT. HELEN'S CONDO - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Laura enters, Mel, Helen's dog, tries to run out.

LAURA
Whoa, little guy. I wouldn't be a good Auntie if I let you run into the street, now would I?
(picks up Mel)
Auntie Laura is here to take care--

Mel has a frantic freak out in Laura's arms. Laura freaks out as well, Mel bites her finger. She drops him. Hard. Mel lands with a SPLAT and a WHIMPER.

LAURA (CONT'D)
That didn't sound good.

INT. CAMP BUNNY - HELEN'S CELL - LATER

Helen paces in her cell (hair back to normal). Christine paces too, *in support*. But the tight quarters can't handle two pacers. Helen, frustrated, sits. Christine sits.

HELEN
There must be something I've missed. But I've gone over it so many times in my head. I just can't...

CHRISTINE
Maybe if you talked it out. Fresh ears!

Helen looks at Christine, eager to help. Too eager. She spots her pen pal letter.

HELEN
Or *wrote* it out...

Helen sits at the little desk and begins to write:

HELEN (V.O.)
Dear Wayne, first off, thank you for your very kind letter. But I have to admit it's a little weird being pen pals with a serial killer no offense.

Helen pauses, looks up, Christine is staring at her.

HELEN (V.O.)
But I thought if I wrote out what happened, the whole story from the beginning, it might help me sort it all out. But to address a couple of things in your letter first: no I'm not single.
(MORE)

HELEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's still early days but I'm in a promising new relationship with my neighbor, Zach.

Helen looks up, Christine too is pretending to write.

HELEN (V.O.)
...Oh, and I'm sorry to say you've overshot with your guess. I'm a thirty-four "B" cup. But I've been told they're nicely shaped.

Christine's lighting her letter on fire in the toilet.

HELEN (V.O.)
From what you've described Wayne, death row sure sounds like it's a lot of waiting around, which is <u>never</u> fun. But let me tell you what <u>really</u> isn't fun, being wrongfully convicted of murdering your boss! That's not your normal, everyday career misstep! And what's really disappointing is it happened after I had <u>finally</u> been promoted to product manager.

<u>INT. ENTIRELY TILES - DAY (FLASHBACK)</u>

Helen over-waters a limp plant on her desk as she keeps one eye on Mr. Bridges' office. Mary the sentry is in her cubicle that's located right outside Mr. Bridges' door.

HELEN
As a <u>manager</u> I'd say it's pretty important that I'm able to print to the <u>color</u> printer.

REVEAL: Helen is talking to the HELP DESK GUY who is prone out under her desk, fiddling with cables. We only see the bottom half of him. <u>Mary steps away from her desk</u>. She catches Helen looking and flips her off before crossing off.

HELEN (CONT'D)
(off Mary leaving)
I'll be right back. And don't close my ticket until I'm printing <u>in</u> <u>color</u>. It took me three days to get you to come.

HELP DESK GUY
(creepy laugh)
My girlfriend doesn't complain.

HELEN
Your girlfriend doesn't exist.

Helen hurries off to Mr. Bridges office.

INT. ENTIRELY TILES - MR. BRIDGES OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Bridges sits, engrossed in his laptop. Helen sneaks in:

HELEN
Mr. Bridges, I need--

ERIC BRIDGES
(startled)
Stephens! What the hell? Are you trying to kill me?!

Mr. Bridges quickly closes his laptop.

HELEN
I'm sorry. But Mary never lets me in to see you. And it's critical I talk to you about Builders' Expo 2014.
(then)
One, as you know I was recently promoted to product manager--

ERIC BRIDGES
That reminds me, I saw your request for new business cards. Just use up the ones you have. No one cares.

HELEN
I care. A business card identifies-
(to herself)
Stick to the talking points, Helen.
(then)
Let's put a pin in the business card debate for now.
(then)
Two, even though I am now a product manager I haven't attended a single trade show. Three--

ERIC BRIDGES
Three. Aren't there more important things for you to focus on?

HELEN
Trade shows are the incubators of long-term supplier relationships!
(MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)
I realize you always take Cynthia and Mary, but I'm asking for my chance to prove myself! I'll work day and night and-

ERIC BRIDGES
Alright, Stephens. Calm down. Don't have your period. I'll give you a chance to prove yourself. We'll make it a little competition between you and Cynthia. You win you go. Cynthia wins, she goes and you quit whining.

HELEN
I accept the challenge! As long as it's professional and good-natured and--

ERIC BRIDGES
I'm thinking: twerking? See which one of you has the moves.
(off Helen)
You should see your face. You can unclench. We'll make it all P/C and boring. Whoever comes up with the best booth giveaway goes. Just a warning though, Cynthia's good. You may want to bring it.

HELEN
I <u>always</u> bring it. So <u>you</u> might want to prepare yourself to be blown--

Mr. Bridges <u>pivots his chair expectantly</u>. He's a pig.

HELEN (CONT'D)
<u>Away</u>! Blown <u>away</u>.

HELEN (V.O.)
I have to say I felt pretty confident I could come up with a better giveaway idea than Cynthia!
(then)
And for the record, Wayne, I would have crushed it twerking.

POP TO:

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Helen. Drunk. Twerks.

BACK TO:

INT. ENTIRELY TILES - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Helen clocks that Mr. Bridges waits to re-open his laptop until she starts to exit. Weird. Also, the laptop is pretty banged up. Helen pretends to leave but suddenly pivots back to peek at what's on his screen: "Smith Foundation" Mr. Bridges realizes she's looking and slams his laptop close!

MR. BRIDGES
Go away, Stephens.

Helen leaves and returns to her desk where she finds a Help Desk Post-it stuck to one of her outdated business cards: "*Found out you have to be a MANAGER to print to the COLOR PRINTER. Bummer! I closed your ticket.*"

HELEN
I am a manager you idiot!

Helen stares at the post-it, pissed. MUSIC CUE BUILDS as we transition to THREE MEMORY FLASHES: 1. Mr. B's dented laptop, 2. Computer with Smith Foundation, and 3. Help Desk post-it.

HELEN (V.O.)
Omigod!

INT. CAMP BUNNY HELEN AND CHRISTINE'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

HELEN
His computer was backed up!

CHRISTINE
What?

HELEN
No time to explain. I have to make a call right away! But I think I can finally prove I'm innocent!

Helen is off like a pistol!

INT. CAMP BUNNY PHONE BANK - A LITTLE LATER

ELEVATOR MUSIC: Helen is at the end of one of two long lines of inmates waiting to use two phones. A beat, then Helen taps the inmate in front of her on the shoulder.

HELEN
Do you mind if I cut ahead? My call is very time sensitive.

No. The other line inches forward. Helen switches lines.

HELEN (CONT'D)
It's much more efficient to have a single feed line. Like at a bank, or TSA airport security...

INT. HELEN'S CONDO HALLWAY/CONDO - DAY - SAME TIME

A HAND KNOCKS ON A DOOR. It's opened by Laura, (now wearing the sweater Helen wore in the Flashback). ZACH (30s) a super-fit guy carrying a duffle bag is there. A collapsible pilates reformer and other equipment is in front of the door across the hallway. Laura squeezes out the door to get away from frantic, barking Mel.

ZACH
You're not Helen.

Laura stares, he's hot.

LAURA
No. I'm Laura. Helen's sister. And you are?..

ZACH
Zach. I live across the hall. I've been traveling-- with Carnival Cruises as a guest fitness trainer-- and I haven't heard. The trial--

LAURA
Oh. They found Helen guilty and sent her to some grisly ladies prison!

ZACH
Wow. I never thought she'd actually be convicted.

LAURA
Why would you? My sister's innocent!
(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)
I'm so worried about her. With Helen tendency towards athlete's foot and those communal showers--
(then)
But at least she doesn't have to worry about her place. I'm looking after things here. Taking care of her dog--

O.S. FRANTIC BARKING

LAURA (CONT'D)
And I'm going to prove she's innocent!

ZACH
I bet you will!
(off Laura's smile)
You... I mean-- I'm sorry. It's just you have such a beautiful...

They find themselves lost in each other's eyes.

LAURA
Yes?..

ZACH
...sweater. That's a beautiful sweater on you.

LAURA
Thanks. I was cold. It's Helen's.

ZACH
Helen. Yes. You're Helen's sister-- I didn't expect-- ...I should go unpack. Literally and emotionally.

Zach crosses to his door.

LAURA
If you want me later I'm available... I mean if you want...me to talk to... You.

Zach nods. They're both reluctant to break eye contact. Finally, the elevator dings down the hall and breaks the moment. Laura closes the door and leans against it, in love.

INT. CAMP BUNNY - PHONE BANK - LATER

Helen's finally makes it to the grimy phone.

HELEN
Over an hour to use a phone? And gross. Anyone have antibacterial wipes? This is how colds spread.
(dials, grossed out)
There should be a dispenser.

INT. HELEN'S CONDO/CAMP BUNNY - PHONE BANK - CONTINUOUS

The sun shines through the windows as Laura sleeps soundly. Her cell phone BUZZES.

LAURA
(on phone, groggy)
Hello?

HELEN
Laura, I need- Are you sleeping? It's three in the afternoon!

LAURA
I've always had a non-conventional sleep cycle. And your bed is so comfy.

HELEN
Do you mean the flea-ridden state-issued one I'm using now? Or my natural latex mattress with the memory foam topper that's wrapped in a blend of cashmere, silk, and exotic wools that I spent a month's

LAURA
The second one. I mean, I've never been in a bed this cloud-like before and I've been in a lot of beds.

HELEN
Laura, I really need your help. And I need you to be focused. Not like when I had my gall blader surgery and you forgot to pick me up from the hospital.

LAURA
I didn't forget. My car got booted and I was going to borrow my friend Trudy's Vespa only--

HELEN
It doesn't matter. But there can't be any screwups. You have my life in your hands.

LAURA
Wow. Okay. I'm on it!

HELEN
Great, thank you. I just need you to go down to Entirely Tiles and find a file called Smith Foundations... You should write this down.

LAURA
Hold on.

Laura searches for something to write with. Finds lipstick and starts writing on the mirror.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Go.

HELEN
Mr. Bridges always handled Smith Foundations, himself. Which was in-and-of-itself pretty unusual. But on the day he was murdered, I overheard him yelling about it on the phone.

Laura steps back to look at what she's written: "SMITH FOUNDATIONS", "IN-AND-OF-ITSELF", "DAY MURDERED", "YELLING".

LAURA
That's a great shade.

HELEN
What?

LAURA
(applying lipstick)
Not to be that person, but why didn't you say anything before now?

HELEN
I did say something! But Mr. Bridges' computer disappeared the night he was murdered. And I've only just remembered that a few weeks earlier he drove off with his laptop on the roof of his car. After that, the Help Desk was supposed to back it up weekly.

LAURA
So this Smith Foundations file is in your company's network!

HELEN
Exactly. My gut tells me, we find the file, we find the real killer!
(then)
I don't know who I can trust so don't tell anyone why you're really there. Just pretend you're cleaning out my desk.

LAURA
Got it.

HELEN
Oh, and my password is "Success".

Laura writes "Success" on the mirror in lipstick.

LAURA
Easy as--

HELEN
Only the first "c" and second "s' are uppercase. And, if you make the last "s" a dollar sign, then you will have "success" logging in.

Laura tries to smear and rewrite "success". It's a mess.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Call me as soon as you find it. ...How's my Mel? You've fed and walked him?

LAURA
Uh-huh.

Laura looks about for the dog.

HELEN
He's been stressed lately. The trial. Not eating. And he hasn't had a good firm stool in weeks.

Laura stops suddenly. Looks down.

LAURA
I don't know. I'd say his stool seem's pretty firm to me.

We don't see, but we know, Laura's really stepped in it.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CAMP BUNNY - LUNCHROOM - DAY - LATER

Helen and Christine enter and grab trays.

HELEN
So how does it work? When my sister calls, will they page me? Hand deliver a note?..

CHRISTINE
Why are you in such a hurry to leave? If you just give prison and me a chance you'll love us. I know you will! The people are great...

Helen and Christine work their way down the food line. At each station, Christine makes unnecessary introductions...

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Afternoon. Have you met my friend, Helen? She's new.
(to next server)
Please allow me to introduce my best chum, Helen.
(to next server)
Helen Stephens, my dear friend.

Helen rolls her eyes and heads off. She goes to sit at an empty table but Christine wrenches her up by the arm.

HELEN
Ow. What are you doing? You really dug your nails in.

CHRISTINE
That's Top Dog's table.

HELEN
It's the only empty table, there's no "*Reserved*" sign, I'm sitting.

Helen again goes to sit and again Christine wrenches her arm.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Ow. Seriously, clip your nails.

CHRISTINE
Top Dog is the toughest, scariest, meanest inmate ever at Camp Bunny. And we've had some pretty unsavory alumnae.

HELEN
(a little unnerved)
Really?

Murmurs and nods of agreement from inmates at nearby tables.

HELEN (CONT'D)
But there's no where else to sit.

CHRISTINE
We can stand and eat! I do it all the time. The trick is to rest your tray on a recycle bin.

HELEN
Stand? I've had a very trying week. The trial... Being wrongfully convicted of murder. People spitting gum in my hair...
(then)
No more! This is it. This is where I draw the line. <u>This</u> is where I make my <u>stand</u>! ...By sitting.

With shaky bravado, Helen sits-and pulls a reluctant Christine down too. The room buzzes with Helen's temerity.

HELEN (CONT'D)
See, no big deal--

A sudden hush falls over the lunchroom. Helen turns to see TOP DOG'S POSSE: a terrifying band of ex-gang bangers, middle-age housewives, and dimwits. Helen is scared shitless! A beat, then the posse separates to reveal-- TOP DOG, a pretty sorority type with a cheerfully high pony-tail.

CHRISTINE
(frightened)
Top Dog!

HELEN
Wait--<u>that's</u> Top Dog? That's the toughest, meanest inmate at Camp Bunny? The girl right there with the high pony tail?

CHRISTINE
Helen--

HELEN
(relieved laughter)
I hate to tell you Christine, but high pony-tails are <u>not</u> scary. They're... friendly, perky even.

TOP DOG
Who's your girlfriend with the SERIOUSLY bad posture?

HELEN
(pushes shoulders back)
I'm not her girlfriend. We're cell mates.

CHRISTINE
(mishearing)
Oh, Helen, you're my soul mate too.

TOP DOG
Are you two MENTALLY SLOW? That's not a rhetorical question, I SERIOUSLY would like to know if you're dense. It's the ONLY thing that explains why your WEIRD square asses are sitting at MY table.

HELEN
That's so rude. This table doesn't belong to you. Or anyone, really...

CHRISTINE
Helen.

HELEN
I suppose technically it belongs to the taxpayers but--

CHRISTINE
Helen!

HELEN
What, Christine? I'm in the middle--

CHRISTINE
(pulling Helen aside)
A while back there was an e-mail that went viral from this potty-mouthed sorority girl. She was pretty angry with her sorority sisters and really let them have it. Co-lor-ful!

HELEN
Yeah, I saw that e-mail. Insane.

CHRISTINE
Well, did you know she later killed several of her sorority sisters and went to prison?

Christine indicates Top Dog was the sorority president who threatened to cunt punt her sorority in the viral e-mail.

TOP DOG
They acted like TOTAL FREAKS who couldn't even TALK like NORMAL PEOPLE to our match-up fraternity all HOMECOMING WEEKEND! Which is ALL ABOUT fostering relationships in the Greek community! And to top it off, they were LITERALLY CHEERING FOR THE WRONG TEAM!

Helen realizes Top Dog really is scary as she and her posse start to move in threateningly. For each step they take, Helen and Christine back up a step-until they hit a wall. Things look grim until Helen spots a guard, Timothy, at the other end of the lunchroom blowing on an inmate's soup.

HELEN
(calling out)
They're saving seats!

TIMOTHY
(hurrying over)
What's going on? Warden Margaret has a firm "no seat saving" rule. So, don't save seats. Just don't.
(then, to O.C.)
Do you need help peeling that orange? I have nails.

Timothy hurries off to check out the orange situation.

TOP DOG
You tattled?

HELEN
People's safety was at stake.

TOP DOG GANG MEMBER
Don't you know at Camp Bunny "Tattlers get Trampled?"

HELEN
I always thought the saying was "Snitches get Stitches?"

TOP DOG
They are LITERALLY not mutually exclusive statements!

INT. ENTIRELY TILES - LATER (PRESENT DAY)

Henry, walking past, glances at Helen's empty desk. He runs his finger longingly across her nameplate. With a quick look to make sure no one is watching, he gives in to his urges and straddles her chair backwards. He hugs and smells the chair-back like it's his lover! Henry spins around mid-embrace to discover Laura watching.

HENRY
Good afternoon.

LAURA
Is this Helen Stephen's desk?

HENRY
Always!

LAURA
I'm Helen's sister. Laura.

HENRY
Helen's sister. Yes! I see it now. Around the eyes and forearms. And Helen's sweater... How is Helen?

LAURA
She's a fighter. And I'm doing what I can. I'm staying at her place, taking care of her dog. Who's been walked and fed.

HENRY
I could take care of Helen's dog. I'd guard the little fellow with my life. I wouldn't eat until Helen's doggie ate. I wouldn't sleep--

LAURA
I'm just going to box up some of this stuff and I'll be on my way.

HENRY
Tell her-- no. I'll send her something to show how much I-- everyone is always thinking of her! Something spectacular! Can you get gift baskets in prison?

Elaine Bridges enters, flanked by her buff courtiers.

ELAINE
(calling out)
I'd be very curious to find out who thought it was okay to park in my dead husband's spot?

Henry surreptitiously digs out his keys and hurries off. Laura switches Helen's molested chair with one from the next cubicle. As Henry passes a leafy office plant:

MARY (O.S.)
(re: Laura)
What's her story?

Mary emerges from behind the plant.

HENRY
Helen's sister? She's here to clear out Helen's desk.

MARY
(sniffs)
I wonder... Two peas from the same annoying pod no doubt. I--

Mary pulls a tissue from her sleeve and thoroughly blows her nose. Then, a beat.

HENRY
Was there anything else? I have to move my car.

MARY
No, that's it.

Henry hurries off. Mary narrow her eyes and steps back behind the plant. To watch...

INT. CAMP BUNNY - HELEN AND CHRISTINE'S CELL

Helen returns to her letter to Wayne.

HELEN (V.O.)
Well, I'm back from my first prison lunch and all I'm going to say is, Wayne, be thankful you're in solitary confinement.

Christine looks to hide a replacement spoon of peanut butter.

HELEN (V.O.)
I've done a lot of thinking about why Mr. Bridges was so secretive about the Smith Foundations account. Was he laundering money for the mob? That would explain a lot! Or was he involved in some complicated tax evasion scheme?..
(then)
In any case, my sister is looking now and she once found a diamond earring on the beach. Well, she stepped on it and the post went into her heel. It got pretty seriously infected actually.

Christine lays the peanut butter spoon on the sill.

HELEN (V.O.)
I think it's important I finish the rest of my story since one, I don't want to leave you hanging. (Sorry, probably a bad choice of words for someone on death row.) And two, I think it'll help me get clarity on what went wrong. So the same thing doesn't happen at my next job.

INT. ENTIRELY TILES - DAY - FLASHBACK

Helen crumbles up an idea and throws it in the trash. She closes her eyes. And opens them to find Henry right next to her. Millimeters away, really.

HELEN
Harry!

HENRY
Henry. Cynthia just left for an appointment. And I have the keys to her file cabinet. Where she's keeping her giveaway ideas...

HELEN
Oh, that's not who I am. I'm not the kind of person who'd stoop to...corporate espionage to get ahead. I mean, yes, coming up with fresh giveaways is a lot harder than it looks. And true, this is my big chance to prove myself to Mr. Bridges. But we don't even know how long Cynthia will be gone...

HENRY
About an hour and a half.

INT. ENTIRELY TILES - CYNTHIA'S CUBE - DAY - FLASHBACK

CLOSE ON: Helen and Henry peer into Cynthia's file draw.

HELEN
Could I have been underestimating Cynthia all this time because she's hot? The feminist in me worries--

HENRY
Don't worry.

HELEN
But--

HENRY
(smoothing her brow)
Shhh. You'll get wrinkles.

HELEN
Thank you. ...But based on her well-executed ideas, I have to face the fact that Cynthia may attend Builders' Expo 2014 and not me.

HENRY
Unless an accident were to befall Cynthia's precious giveaways...

HELEN
What kind of accident can befall a giveaway? ...No. You know what, it doesn't matter what kind of accident. What matters is I'm a manager and it's about time I started to act like one! I'm going to beat Cynthia's--

TIMOTHY (PRE-LAP)
Hey!

INT. CAMP BUNNY - HELEN'S AND CHRISTINE'S CELL

Helen, alarmed, looks up from her letter.

TIMOTHY
Hey! You have a visitor.

INT. ENTIRELY TILES LUNCHROOM-COPIER ROOM - (PRESENT DAY)

Laura is helping herself to yogurt marked "Cynthia's" from the fridge when the copier jams. The employee who was copying violently kicks the shit out of the copier and walks off. Laura, curious, wanders over and opens the copier door.

INT. CAMP BUNNY VISITOR AREA - SAME TIME

Helen sits across from her lawyer, Tony.

HELEN
...To be honest I'm worried about trusting Laura with this. She's always been the train wreck in the family. She parties too much, falls in love in a nanosecond, usually with a guy who isn't good for her. She's never been able to keep a job. But it's probably hard for her, having me as a sister, because, you know, pedestal-

TONY
(sniffing)
Do you smell peanut butter?

Helen self-consciously sniffs her hair.

HELEN
I still can't believe this is real. I was convicted on circumstantial evidence. There was no smoking gun. There wasn't even a body!

TONY
There was a finger. I'm afraid legally speaking, a finger is part of a body.

HELEN
I should have taken the stand in my own defense.

TONY
Hindsight being twenty/twenty that might have been a slight miscalculation on my part. But you can come off as sinister. I think because you're eyes are so close--

HELEN
A miscalculation?! I'm beginning to think you botched my whole case.

An inmate passes their table--

TONY
(handing out card)
Tony Tinker, Attorney at Law. We specialize in almost everything.
(then, to Helen)
There's a reason they call it a law practice. Not a law perfect.
(then)
Well, no use crying over spilled milk. I have your appeal paperwork. In my professional opinion, it's very strong.

HELEN
Really?

TONY
(handing her the appeal)
Really. Review it tonight, sign it, and we'll get started on getting you out of here.

A scary inmate and her scarier husband sit at the table next to them. Tony places his card in front of the inmate.

TONY (CONT'D)
We give a repeat client discount.

A beat, then Tony hands a card to her scary looking husband.

TONY (CONT'D)
Family discount, also.

HELEN
(off appeal)
Thanks, Tony. You're saving my life.

TONY
That's why I do what I do.
(pats her hand, then)
And here's your updated bill, current through this visit.

He leaves, handing out cards. Helen hugs her appeal.

INT. CAMP BUNNY - YARD - LATER

CLOSE ON: Helen, very earnest.

HELEN
...and while I am of course very flattered, and under normal circumstances would just jump at the chance to join your...group.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: Helen surrounded by Aryan supremacists.

HELEN (CONT'D)
But, and I probably shouldn't be telling you this so please keep it under your hats. ...Hoods.

Helen's POV, they stare.

HELEN (CONT'D)
But every indication is that I'm going to be getting out of here very soon. So I'd hate to take a slot and then have to up and leave mid...riot. But if anything changes, then absolutely, I'm your girl.

Helen smiles unnaturally broadly.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CAMP BUNNY - SHOWERS - A LITTLE LATER

Post shower. Helen sniffs her clean hair satisfied it no longer stinks of peanut butter. Christine clips her nails. Clip...Clip...Clip. Clip. It's really bugging Helen.

HELEN
I'll meet you back at the cell.

Helen leaves. Christine clips for a beat. Then Top Dog's posse show up.

TOP DOG GANG MEMBER
Where's the tattler?

CHRISTINE
She's not here.

TOP DOG GANG MEMBER
Well, where is she? Top Dog says she needs to be taught a lesson.

CHRISTINE
Helen's new and didn't know any better. It was my idea to sit at Top Dog's table. I'm a loose cannon! So if you really need to come after someone, maybe you should come after me!

The posse exchange glances with each other.

TOP DOG GANG MEMBER
(shrugs)
Since we're here...

They attack Christine with loofer sponges, which are very rough on delicate skin...

INT. ENTIRELY TILES - LUNCHROOM/COPIER ROOM - SAME TIME (PRESENT DAY)

Laura has both hands inside the copier. She dries the sweat off her brow with her shoulder. She's been at this for a while and she's working it like an obstetrician trying to get a breach baby born.

LAURA
Come on. We're almost there. One last--- Push!

Laura reaches up and pushes the COPY button as she pulls the jammed photocopy free. A small group of employees (including Henry and Mary) watch. There's a pile of assorted items she already pulled from the copier (photocopies of people's asses, resumes, rubber bands, a bra). Mary is impressed.

MARY
(to Henry)
Poor girl. Stuck with an evil murdering hag for a sister.

The copier is fixed. Mary and others applaud. Laura BEAMS!

INT. CAMP BUNNY - HELEN AND CHRISTINE'S CELL - LATER

Timothy the guard approaches with Henry's Pick-Me-Up bouquet.

HELEN
For me? Thank you god. I knew people wouldn't forget me!

TIMOTHY
You're our Mandela.
(then)
I should confiscate the flowers because inmates are only supposed to get them on Mother's day.

HELEN
(smiles)
But you're not going to?

TIMOTHY
No. I'm confiscating them because my husband loves Gerber daisies.
(then)
And I cheated on him.

He hands Helen the florist card and walks off.

HELEN
(calling after him)
I'm going to report you--for floral thievery. Just as soon as I'm released. Which is imminent! My lawyer said my appeal is, legally speaking, "a solid bet!"

Helen checks the card, sees it's from Henry.

INT. CAMP BUNNY PHONE BANK/ENTIRELY TILES - DAY

Helen approaches. Both phone lines are long. She gets in one of the lines. After a beat,

HELEN
(indicating other line)
Braver women than me.

Nobody is paying Helen any attention.

HELEN (CONT'D)
(loudly)
Call me chicken, but if Top Dog says that phone is hers from now on, well, you won't catch me on it!

One by one the inmates from "Top Dog's" line switch lines to stand behind Helen. The inmate talking on "Top Dog's phone" notices and hastily ends her call.

INMATE #1
(rushing)
Good luck with your surgery, Nana.

She runs off. A beat, then, Helen casually bolts for the phone. She quickly scrubs it with antibacterial wipes, and dials. The waiting inmates aren't sure what's happening.

HELEN
(on phone)
Hello. I'm in a terrible hurry. I'm trying to reach Henry Keating.

LAURA
Sounds like you're having a tile emergency. Stay calm. This isn't his line but I can transfer you.

HELEN
Laura?

LAURA
Helen?

During the following, there's increasing noise and commotion on Helen's side of the call.

HELEN
What are you doing answering my office line?

LAURA
I'm doing your old job! Can you believe it?! I wasn't even looking to make a career change. Of course, it's only until you get out-

HELEN
But-- How are you qualified to do my job? You've never worked anywhere that didn't involve writing names on coffee cups or shredding lettuce.

LAURA
Maybe because the people here are focusing on my potential not what I've done or am doing. For your information, there's talk of making me a product manager next year.

HELEN
This is madness!

Helen is jostled. We don't see by whom.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I don't know how much time I have-- What about the file?

LAURA
Right, the file. I'm on it. Just things got hectic this afternoon. I've never had insurance before so I didn't know which plan to choose. Did you go with the PPO?--

HELEN
Laura, that file could be the key that finally unlocks my cell door! I need to know I can depend on you.

LAURA
You can depend on me! I'll stay all night if I have to. I'll find the Smith Foundations file, Helen!

The line goes dead. Helen holds the phone receiver in her hand. It's been ripped out of the phone. We now see guards holding back the angry inmates who realized they were duped.

BACK TO: LAURA who hangs up and starts to search. But becomes aware her new co-workers (Henry, Mary, Cynthia and a few others) are assembling near (within earshot) of her desk.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Where's everyone going?

HENRY
The Gin Mill for Happy Hour.

LAURA
Fun! God, I love happy hour.

CYNTHIA
They have free wings.

LAURA
I love free happy hour wings!

ELAINE (O.S.)
Then do join us--

Elaine and entourage have emerged from her dead husband's office (and also could have overheard her call with Helen).

ELAINE (CONT'D)
--for a welcome to the Entirely Tiles family cocktail.

LAURA
Really? Okay!

Laura jumps up to join them, forgetting about Helen's file.

INT. CAMP BUNNY - VARIOUS

Helen, in shock (phone riot she caused in b.g.) heads back to her cell. She sits at the desk and picks up her pen.

HELEN (V.O.)
I guess I didn't realize how painful it is to be pushed aside until just now...

INT. ENTIRELY TILES - (FLASHBACK)

Mr. Bridges approaches Helen's desk.

ERIC BRIDGES
Cynthia's out, you're in, Stephens.

HELEN
In? As in, I'm going to Builders' Expo 2014? Yes! You liked my giveaway better than Cynthia's!

An upset Cynthia passes.

HELEN (CONT'D)
(subdued)
A worthy opponent, Cynthia.
(then, to Mr. Bridges)
Thank you! For the opportunity and your trust. And just you watch, my Entirely Tiles tile key chain will be the hit of the Expo!

Helen holds up a tile made into a big and bulky key chain.

ERIC BRIDGES
We're not giving away your crappy key chain. I put that thing in my pocket it'd crush my balls. We're using Cynthia's ideas. You're only going because I just found out Cynthia is knocked up.

HELEN
Pretty sure you can't do that.

ERIC BRIDGES
Hey, the lady made her choice. Why should I invest in an employee who's going to be popping out kids every couple of years?
(then)
So that leaves you, Stephens.

MARY
(overhearing)
Helen is going to the Expo with us?

ERIC BRIDGES
Actually, since Stephen's offered to work "day and night", she'll take care of the logistics so you can sit this one out.

Elaine Bridges arrives, unnoticed, in time to witness:

MARY
Sit this one out? You mean, not be with you. But--I'm always with you.

Mary's love for Mr. Bridges is unmistakable.

HELEN
There's so much to do. Samples, price sheets, new bathing suit for the hotel pool...

ANGLE ON: Henry smiling at Helen's happiness from afar. Mary slithers up...

HENRY
(re: Helen)
Look at her. She's so happy.

MARY
Have you considered your little girlfriend will now be staying alone in a hotel with Mr. Bridges at the sexy, anything goes Expo?

HENRY
No. I did not.

ANGLE ON: Helen and Mr. Bridges.

ERIC BRIDGES
You might want to exercise your core before the show. Don't want people thinking you're knocked up.

Zach arrives as Eric pats Helen on the ass and strolls off.

HELEN (V.O.)
Okay, yes. I was angry enough to kill Mr. Bridges right then.
(then)
But I didn't...

Zach approaches Helen.

HELEN
Oh Zach. Right, lunch.

ZACH
Did that jerk just slap your ass?

Helen looks around the room. Isolating shots capture: Elaine arguing with her husband, Mary, Henry, Cynthia, all staring daggers at smug asshole Eric Bridges. Even Zach stares angrily. (Zach exchanges a look with Elaine. Seems they might know each other...)

HELEN (V.O.)
I guess I just assumed all this time that some stranger killed Mr. Bridges. Or, worst case, some random worker from the tile factory.
(then)
But he was a jerk and a lot of people had reasons to hate him.
(MORE)

HELEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I have to face the fact that most likely, Mr. Bridges was murdered by someone he knew.

PUSH IN ON HELEN.

HELEN (V.O.)
Someone I knew.

INT. HELEN AND CHRISTINE'S CELL - LATER

Helen applies aloe to Christine's painfully loofered face.

HELEN
I want you to know that when my appeal comes through, I won't forget what you did for me.
(then)
I never set out to make an enemy my first day of prison.
(then, re: Christine)
Or a friend.

A nice moment. Then, Christine spots a piece of leftover bubble gum stuck on Helen's shoe. She peels it off:

CHRISTINE
Just a couple of best friend gorillas grooming each other.

Christine makes her gorilla noises.

INT. HELEN AND CHRISTINE'S CELL - NIGHT

Helen sleeps with her appeal under her pillow. Christine carefully pulls it out and burns the appeal in the toilet.

INT. ENTIRELY TILES - NIGHT - (PRESENT DAY)

The Smith Foundation file is on the computer screen. A hand in a black leather glove presses the "delete" key. A message comes up on the screen:

"ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO ERASE?"

The gloved hand is sure! A beat, then the gloved hand lifts a hot wing off a Gin Mill cocktail napkin.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW