

JIGGLES TIENE DOS MAMÁS

by

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FADE IN:

JIGGLES and WIGGLES, a pair of singing puppets, are as bouncy as the chords of their child-friendly theme song.

JIGGLES  
(sings)  
The sun is out!

WIGGLES  
(sings)  
The street is clear!

JIGGLES  
(sings)  
The time for learning..

WIGGLES  
(sings)  
Now is here!

The puppets laugh boisterously. The music playback fades.

JIGGLES  
(brightly fluent)  
¡Hola! ¡Hola mi amigo Wiggles!  
¿Cómo estás?

WIGGLES  
(stumbling  
phonetically)  
Eye-gwal kay see-em-pray, uh-mee-  
go Jiggles. Why too?

JIGGLES  
It's... "ee-well" not "eye-gwal"

WIGGLES  
What?

JIGGLES

(a slow, precise  
teaching cadence)

Igual que siempre, amigo Jiggles.  
¿Y tú?

(faster, more  
relaxed)

Igual que siempre, amigo Jiggles.  
¿Y tú?

As WAYNE lowers his extended arm, Wiggles sinks below the frame, out of sight of a camera on a tripod facing the performers. Wayne aims the puppet at a script on a music stand next to a monitor in front of him.

WAYNE

(his regular voice)

The hell is this?

JESSICA lowers her puppet, Jiggles, but cradles it more carefully.

JESSICA

(her regular voice)

What?

WAYNE

*This.*

JESSICA

It's Spanish. Official language  
of Señor Salsa. You remember,  
don't you Wayne?

WAYNE

(pronounces every  
single consonant)

Aztec Burger. Volcano Quesadilla.  
¿Cuántos años tiene? That right  
there is the extent of my Spanish,  
okay? Can we please start the  
show the regular way?

JESSICA

Hang on. Why are we talking about this now? How come you didn't know this was coming? Have you not read the script?

WAYNE

I may have glanced at it.

JESSICA

"Glanced." Okay, but... have you read it?

WAYNE

Not even a little bit.

JESSICA

Then how can you - ?

WAYNE

It's a puppet show, Jessica. If I wanted to read scripts and memorize shit, I'd be an actor. Maybe in a short movie or something.

They both pause, break the fourth wall with a look, turn back to each other, and continue.

JESSICA

You didn't look at my script.

WAYNE

I believe professional musicians call it "sight reading." Don't make this hard. Can we just start again?

Wayne reaches for the camera on a tripod facing the performers.

CUT TO BLACK

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JIGGLES  
It's so good to see you, Wiggles!

WIGGLES  
It's so good to see you, Jiggles!

JIGGLES  
Can I tell you a secret, Wiggles?

WIGGLES  
Let's hear it!

JIGGLES  
I start school next week.

WIGGLES  
C'mon, buddy! *That's* no secret!  
We *both* start school next week.

JIGGLES  
I know. But the secret is... I'm  
worried I won't make new friends.

WIGGLES

You're gonna make *plenty* of new friends, Jiggles!

JIGGLES

But what if I don't? What if the other kids are... What if they're mean to me?

WIGGLES

Why would they be mean, Jiggles?

JIGGLES

I don't know. I'm not used to making new friends. When my mummies first came here from Colombia they said that -

WIGGLES

(in Wayne's normal voice)

Whoah, whoah, whoah. Stop. Hold the phone.

Again, Wiggles sinks below the stage. Wayne makes the referees' "time out" signal without removing the puppet from his hand.

WAYNE

"Mommies?" As in... *two*?

JESSICA

Could be, I guess. It's plural, anyway. Doesn't really specify.

Jessica grins, perhaps too innocently coquettish.

WAYNE

From... Colombia?

JESSICA

It's a country. In South America.

Wayne simmers, his jaw stiffening.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

It's right next to Venezuela.

WAYNE

Are you for-realin' me right now?

JESSICA

You didn't read the script.

WAYNE

And *you* didn't read the contract.

JESSICA

I may have glanced at it.

WAYNE

Well, how 'bout you glance again, okay? And change it to "parents." From Delaware. Or Narnia or Oz or something. I don't care.

JESSICA

You don't care. Just as long as they're not real people from real places.

WAYNE

Whaddya mean, "real people?" They're *puppets*.

JESSICA

Sssh. They'll hear you.

WAYNE

And Delaware's a real place. Wait. Isn't Delaware a real place? Doesn't matter.

JESSICA

I can't just swap it out, Wayne. It's gonna need a pretty big re-write.

WAYNE

Well whose fault is that, *Jessicuh?*

JESSICA

There has to be some motivation for kids to be —

WAYNE

Nope. Nuh-uh. Some kids are mean  
and some kids are cowards.  
Doesn't have to be a reason.  
Doesn't need some deep, social  
message.

JESSICA

I'm not, like, hardcore explaining  
immigration or homophobia to five-  
year olds. Those are just..  
they're things that happen  
sometimes and I don't know why we  
can't talk about them.

WAYNE

Nuclear. Family. Says so. Right  
on the contract, Jess. Right  
above all the zeros and the dollar  
signs. We wave our hands around.  
Jiggles realizes she can be brave.  
And we pay our rent. How does  
that sound?

Wayne reaches for the camera on a tripod facing the  
performers.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

Jiggles and Wiggles, a pair of singing puppets, are as  
bouncy as a deflated basketball. Could be their theme song  
is a little off-key, a bit slower than usual.

JIGGLES

(sings wanly)

The sun is out!

WIGGLES

(sings  
apathetically)

The street is clear!

JIGGLES

(sings)

The time for learning...



WIGGLES  
(sings)  
Now is here!

The puppets chuckle half-heartedly. The music playback fades.

JIGGLES  
It's so good to see you, Wiggles!

WIGGLES  
It's so good to see you, Jiggles!

JIGGLES  
Can I tell you a secret, Wiggles?

WIGGLES  
Let's hear it!

JIGGLES  
Well, Wiggles... today I've been fighting with my asshole coworker about the importance of honest representation in media!

WIGGLES  
(Wayne's voice)  
Seriously? I need to start writing the scripts if you're going to act like this.

JIGGLES  
You see, kids, our funding decides the things we can say and the people we can talk to!

WIGGLES  
(Wayne's voice)  
Should I just leave until you get your shit together?

JIGGLES  
Is this okay with you, Wayne?

Again the puppets sink from their world into this one. Jessica abandons Jiggles's voice. Perhaps this is also the moment she abandons other, more important things.

JESSICA

I mean... is this... it? Selling out.  
Bowling to the corporate gods?  
Hiding our dreams and ourselves  
just so we don't have to work in  
some shitty restaurant?

WAYNE

(playfully)

Not all restaurants are shitty,  
Jess. Or have you forgotten?  
It's *Thursday*.

JESSICA

Oh, god. No. Señor Salsa. The  
Thursday special.

WAYNE

Pardon me, ma'am. Would you care  
for a chili powder garnish on your  
South of the Border Spaghetti?

Jessica shakes her head, trying to decide between despair,  
nausea, and laughter. Wayne snickers then settles.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I'm going for a walk, okay? Fresh  
air. Touch grass. I dunno.

Wayne lays Wiggles aside. He turns off the camera's  
monitor.

JESSICA

Can I come? Clear my head, maybe?  
Before we make any... big moves?

WAYNE

Does it have to be... can it just be  
a walk?

JESSICA

Yeah. We can do that.

Jessica puts Jiggles down. She reaches for the camera on a  
tripod facing the performers.

CUT TO BLACK

CREDITS ROLL OVER A MEXICAN VERSION OF THE WIGGLES AND  
JIGGLES THEME.