Rick drops the board. Sharon walks to Sandy and reclaims her child. The two women holding children hang behind the ERA Today women who walk toward the Skirts, guns raised. Penny leads the group and Mabel follows her closely, growling. Patricia grabs Rick from Christine, causing her granny glasses to slip off her nose and hang by one ear. Patricia backs towards the car dragging Rick with her.

**PATRICIA**
Christine, get in the car. You come near us and he dies.

Christine and Sherry get in the car.

**PENNY**
(slowly moving forward)
So?

Sandy pushes through the ERA Today, running to save Rick. As she gets alongside Penny, Larry grabs her from behind and holds her back. Patricia glares at Larry in contempt. Penny notices the glare and looks quickly back to Larry. Larry does not notice either woman’s attention as he drags Sandy backwards. Sandy struggles to break free.

**SANDY**
(screaming)
They’ll kill him. Just let them go.

**PENNY**
(coldly)
He’s not one of us.

Larry pulls Sandy back to where the mothers hold their children. Christine is in the front seat, aiming out the window.

**PATRICIA**
(looks back to where Larry stands, sarcastically)
But you do allow certain men? Don’t you dear?

Patricia pulls Rick into the back seat with her. Rick struggles to get free. He kicks his legs causing his skirt to flap and the wig to slip awkwardly over his face.

**PENNY**
(paranoid)
What do you mean by that?

Patricia’s evil laughter is her only response as she pulls Rick into the station wagon.

**RICK**
(panicking)
Don't let them take me.

The station wagon speeds out of the parking lot and ERA Today keeps its aim. Rick
sticks his head out the window of the fleeing car.

RICK
(screams as his wig blows off)
I'm not a fag.

PENNY
(drops her aim)
Hold your fire. Let's move. We re-group at Larry's warehouse. It's
on 32nd. The reporter goes with me.

Penny watches suspiciously as Larry shoves Sandy in the back seat of a car. The cars
begin leaving the parking lot. Penny gets in the drivers seat of the car that carries
Larry and Sandy and drives away. The building smolders, but burns little.

INT - THE JUNGLE BAR - SAME NIGHT
The bar is empty and Chelsey sits at the bar smoking a cigarette. Freddy wipes the
bar in front of her. Chelsey looks at her watch.

FREDDY
It's late?

Chelsey nods.

FREDDY
How about a dance, with the old Freddy.

Freddy walks to jukebox and makes a selection. He walks back to Chelsey as "The
Monkeys" theme song comes on. Freddy helps her off the stool and they slow dance.

INT - WAREHOUSE OFFICE - SAME NIGHT
Venetian blinds, yellow with age and dust, hang in the windows. Dented metal file
cabinets stand in the corner, half open with papers stuffed in an unorganized manner.
Papers are on the top of the file cabinet and spill onto the tile floor. The small wooden
desk is cluttered as well. A chin-up bar is nailed to the studs of the unfinished ceiling.
Penny sits at the desk, feet up, watching "Terminator II" on a small television nestled in
the paper stacks. The television blares loudly and Penny is absorbed in the show.
Betsy and Mabel escort Sandy in.

MABEL
(shouting over the television)
Penny... Penny. The reporter.
PENNY
(turns off the television and looks up)
Oh. Didn't hear you come in.

SANDY
What's going on here? You can't hold me like this. I helped you.

PENNY
(pleased with her authority)
I can do what I want. As for you, why did you help us?

SANDY
I couldn't let you just burn up in that building.

MABEL
I told you she was a Sister.

PENNY
Mabel, please. I'm supposed to be in charge. Remember?

MABEL
(sulks to Betsy)
I know she's a Sister. Don't you think so?

Both Mabel and Betsy stand near the door. Betsy stares stoically forward, not saying a word.

MABEL
(reacts as if Betsy had said, "yes")
I thought so.

PENNY
(eying Sandy's costume)
So, how did you know they were coming? You say you're one of us, but you look more like one of them.

SANDY
(sits on the couch, attempting to sit properly in the skirt)
I hate skirts.

PENNY
Just what do you know about the Skirts?

SANDY
(sulking)
If you wear one, you have to drive a station wagon, and not very well either. The more people you hit, the better. They hang out at this church, The Incarnate Word. It's on Walnut.

PENNY
And the guy in drag?

SANDY
Some slime-ball I work with that always hits on me. I told him I'd go out with him so I could use his station wagon.

I see.

SANDY
(remembering Rick)
They got Rick. What will they do with him?

PENNY
Patricia hates us, but she hates men even more. I don't think she'll be very nice to him.

SANDY
I've got to get him back.

PENNY
Get him back? After you got his station wagon? Looks like you're set up. I'd leave him with the Skirts. They'll love him.

SANDY
I can't just leave him.

PENNY
Sorry Sister, you can't afford to risk it. The Skirts have you on their hit list.

SANDY
(shocked)
I'm going to be killed by Cindy Brady.

MABEL
(stops sulking and sits on the couch next to Sandy)
That's O.K. I'm sure I'm on their list and they haven't got me yet. I'll show you what you need to know to live on the lam.

PENNY
What did you expect? It's bad enough that you run around dressed like them and ruin their plans, but then you bring a cross-dresser too. That just won't score well with them. You should of backed off if you didn't know what you're doing.

SANDY
I know what I'm doing.

PENNY
Really?

MABEL
She did help us.

SANDY
I will get this story out.

Mabel realizes that she is being ignored. To gain attention, she jumps on Penny's chin-up bar while Penny and Sandy converse. She attempts to do chin-ups with little success. Frustrated, she begins to swing her body back and forth as she hangs by her hands.

PENNY
Story? Wait a minute honey, this is no time for writing. Quit pushing your pen long enough to look up and see what's going on here. The government's going to take our bodies and those Skirts are standing in the front of the crowd selling themselves. We're a nation of whores, doing whatever they tell us. This is a crucial moment and you're just going to sit around and write about it. We need you on the line. I know you understand what I'm talking about. I bet your boss gave you a raise after the story you wrote about Alysha.

SANDY
Yeah, the company car too. Look, I listen to the jokes, put up with Rick hitting on me all the time, and Henderson telling me I'm an idiot and the two guys standing in the corner, laughing as I go by. I have to walk by and act like I don't hear them, so don't tell me about fighting.

PENNY
That's just fighting with yourself. How long are you going to put up with it? Until you get tired and quit? That'll just prove their point even more.
SANDY
I won't quit.

MABEL
(swings off the chin-up bar towards the desk)
Then join us. We need your help and you can get your story.

PENNY
(angry at Mabel's insubordination)
Mabel.

MABEL
Come on, Penny. Lighten up. She saved us last night. That proves she's a Sister.

PENNY
Or that she's working for them and is just setting us up.

MABEL
Sandy? A spy? That's an insult. She's not a Skirt any more than I am. Let her stay and prove herself. I'll keep an eye on her and show her the ropes. Get her ready for tomorrow. We need her help.

PENNY
(reluctant)
We do need the help.

MABEL
(jumping around the room)
Rock-n-Roll. You're in, Sister.

SANDY
What about Rick?

PENNY
Leave him. It's not like it's a great loss.

INT - CHURCH GARAGE - SAME NIGHT
The garage is lit with lamps from the "Goodwill" donations. It is cluttered with stacks of clothes, furniture, cooking utensils, appliances, toys, a lawn mower, etc. Rick, still dressed in plaid skirt and knee socks crumpled down in his loafers, is wound up in several jump ropes, all tied together. He sits awkwardly in an old Lazy Boy chair. Two women dressed in Skirt uniforms stand behind him as guards. Patricia stands over him, holding a large knitting needle.
PATRICIA
(in overly maternal tone)
Who's your snitch?

RICK
My what? You know, I can't help noticing that skirt you're wearing. Makes you look great.

PATRICIA
(pokes him with the needle)
How did you know we were going to hit the VFW Hall?

RICK
Easy there honey, I didn't.

PATRICIA
Then why were you in the backseat of my car wearing that?

RICK
(sheepishly)
It was a date. But I'm through with her. She was just using me for my wagon.

PATRICIA
(stabs him)
Are you some kind of sicko? Dressing like that for a date?

RICK
 seriou sly)
I didn't want to, but she made me. Look, I don't know what's going on here. Just let me go. It's a woman thing, I can tell. You get a little testy around that time of the month and you whip out the old needles. My wife gets the same way.

GUARD 1
 (cringing)
Shouldn't of said that.

PATRICIA
(jabbing Rick)
Your wife? Your wife? You were dating and you're married.

Rick squirms at the attack. Fearful that he will say something else to anger Patricia, he does not say anything.

PATRICIA
(jabbing Rick)
You're as bad as those Homewreckers, running around in pants, acting like they don't know why men chase after them. If they just acted like ladies and you men like gentlemen, we wouldn't be plagued with divorce and illegitimate children. (jabs Rick viciously)
And you, not respecting the sanctity of your marriage. Can you tell me what's so bad about staying home with your wife? You married her, didn't you?

RICK
(unsteadily)
Can I be frank with you.

PATRICIA
You better be. So help me, or I'll poke you so hard you'll...

RICK
She's a real bitch.

PATRICIA
Well it's no wonder with a husband like you. I know what it's like. Believe me. I was married to a man like you. Running around with all kinds of women, acting like I didn't know. Well I did know. I put up with it for the sake of our children. They're all grown now and I won't take it anymore. You hear me? (jabs Rick) No more.
(walks towards door) We'll keep him and see if that Homewrecker comes back for him. They always do, you know.

RICK
(awkwardly looking over his shoulders at the guards)
Ladies. Dolls. Great skirts. They really bring out the woman in you.

INT - CHURCH KITCHEN - SAME NIGHT
The small kitchen is located across from the office. A sink and stove are the only appliances in the room. Jennifer pours a bag of chocolate chips into a large mixing bowl. Patricia's voice is heard booming through the meeting hall and echoes into the kitchen.

PATRICIA
(voice over)
Jennifer. Jennifer. Where the hell are you?

Patricia stomps into the kitchen.

JENNIFER
Please don't yell, Patricia dear.
PATRICIA
Yell? Yell? I have to yell. Do you know what you've done? I'll tell you what, dear. Know that big discount you got on our equipment from that Larry?

JENNIFER
Larry's a very polite man. I like him.

PATRICIA
Like him? Oh for goodness sakes, Jennifer dear. He was at the operation tonight. Only he was working for those Homewreckers.

JENNIFER
(unconcerned)
I only bought guns from him. What does it matter who he works for?

PATRICIA
(sputtering)
You Jesus loving fool. I will explain it to you. And simply, too. If he works for those Homewreckers, he's a double agent. That means that he's setting us up. He'll sabotaged our equipment. Or lead those Plaid-Lovers right to us. You cancel that order the first chance you get and find some other supplier.

JENNIFER
We might not get our deposit back. All of the women trusted me with our accounts. I don't think it's a good idea.

PATRICIA
God damn it. We could be taken prisoner by the enemy and all you're worried about is your God damn treasurer's report.

JENNIFER
(dropping cookie dough on cookie sheets)
Don't take the Lord's name in vain. And you have no right to judge people either. Larry's a nice man. He always gives me a discount because we're a church organization.

PATRICIA
(raving)
That's the only reason you like him. You're so cheap you squeak.

Patricia storms out of the kitchen. Jennifer continues making cookies.
JENNIFER
May the Lord help her.

INT - WAREHOUSE - SAME NIGHT
Sandy and Marcie stand behind an open crate of uniforms. Sandy exchanges her Skirt uniform for an ERA Today uniform. A light is on in the office which is elevated and overlooks the warehouse.

MABEL
So you’re going to become one of us. Welcome aboard.

SANDY
(faintly smiles as she takes off her skirt)
Be glad to get rid of this thing.

MABEL
I can see what you mean. Around here, we have a saying. It goes: “Plaid Sucks.”

SANDY
(slips the uniform on)
Catchy. What else do I need to know around here?

MABEL
(hands Sandy boots and a holster)
Just stay tough. You hang with me and you’ll be all right.

SANDY
(laces the boots and hands the holster back)
I don’t think I need this.

MABEL
(shocked)
Don’t need it. What is the matter with you guys. You get to the best part and you get squeamish. (takes the gun out of its holster) This is what it’s all about. This is what gets things done.

SANDY
I don’t even know how to hold a gun.

MABEL
(twirls the gun around her finger and puts in holster)
Well it’s time we introduce you to it.

INT - WAREHOUSE OFFICE - SAME NIGHT
Penny sits at her desk with her feet up. She has the uniform jacket off and wears a
black tang top. Letticia sits on the couch.

LETTICIA
You said this was going to be a purely business relationship.

PENNY
(protesting)
It is. But did you see the way she looked at Larry? And then that comment?

LETTICIA
(laughing)
So you think Larry's doing Patricia? I hardly think she's his type.

PENNY
(angry)
No. I don't think he's doing Patricia. All I'm saying is that there's something going on between those two. I can't just ask him what's up. He'd deny everything. Don't think he's changed that much.

LETTICIA
(getting up to leave)
I'm not going to sit around here and listen to "Larry treated me wrong" stories. It's been over for a long time. Just let it drop. We can't afford to lose his help.

PENNY
(hysterical)
This is not jealousy here. This is a conspiracy. And I'm the only one who smart enough to see it. Don't you get it? He sells illegal arms. He lies for a living. He's slime.

LETTICIA
(joking)
Yeah. And you dated him.

PENNY
(flipping paperwork off the desk and onto the floor)
He's doing something with those Skirts. I know it.

LETTICIA
(backing slowly out of the office)
I can't take any more of this. I'm outta here. We'll get this thing worked out in the morning. O.K.? Why don't you get some rest?

PENNY
I'm just asking you to keep an eye on him. That's all. Can you just do that for me?

LETTICIA
(gives in)
All right. I'll watch him. Just calm down. You're making a big deal out of nothing.

Letticia leaves the office and Penny jumps on the chin-up bar. Penny does chin-ups as she brews about Larry.

PENNY
It better be nothing. If he even so much as talks to that Skirt bitch, I'll rip his lungs out.

INT - CHURCH OFFICE - SAME NIGHT
Marcie checks on the children who sleep in the corner on a cot surrounded by chairs in a makeshift crib. She picks toys up and puts them in a toy box. Patricia enters and sits on the desk. She glances quickly up towards the Hit Board where the obituary has been stapled. She decides not to comment upon the clipping.

PATRICIA
(maternal tone)
So Marcie dear, saw a little action tonight. What'd you think?

MARCIE
(in a hushed voice)
Don't wake the children.

PATRICIA
See what we do why you sit around babysitting and writing your silly little newsletters?

MARCIE
(finishes and turns to Patricia)
I should of stayed here. It was stupid to leave the kids alone.

PATRICIA
(dramatically)
You still don't get it. I thought you'd understand after you came with us and felt the heat of the conflict.

MARCIE
(organizing paperwork around Patricia)
No I don't understand your silly little game.

PATRICIA
(sneaking around the desk as if she was back at the VFW Hall)
The rush as we moved in and out without them knowing it. And then as the building was ablaze and they have us covered, we pull back and then Vrooom. We speed away.

MARCIE
Ablaze? Smoldering was more like it.

PATRICIA
You'll never understand.

Patricia leaves the office.

INT - CHURCH MEETING HALL
Jennifer sits at the table, pricing bake sale donations. As she sees Patricia enter, she jumps up, aiming a gun at her.

PATRICIA
(talking to herself as she enters the meeting hall)
You try to teach them and all they do is... (sees Jennifer and screams) What are you doing with that gun dear?

JENNIFER
You. Why did you do it?

PATRICIA
(slowly backing up)
Do what, dear?

JENNIFER
You know what I mean?

PATRICIA
(rambling)
I swear I don't know what you're talking about. It's not like you to act this way. If you're angry because I called you cheap, well, I'm sorry. It's just I have to look out for us. Trying to keep you dears in line is almost impossible sometimes...

JENNIFER
(enunciating each word slowly)
The cake. The God damn angel food cake.
PATRICIA
(stuttering)
What.... but... I didn't...

JENNIFER
(sharply)
I know you did. I heard you slip up. And besides,

Jennifer picks the smashed cake off the floor and walks towards Patricia who is frozen with fear.

JENNIFER
The cake finally broke down and told me. Seems an angel food cake isn't any better under pressure than it is at a bake sale.

Patricia shakes and cowers in the corner.

INT - WAREHOUSE - MORNING
Located in the front corner of the building by the large automatic door, an area has been sectioned off as a shooting range. Many different weapons hang on the wall as samples for Larry's customers. At the end of the range, a paper cut-out of a Skirt is tacked on the wall as a target. Mabel puts Sandy's skirt over the target and then moves behind the table where Sandy stands.

MABEL
Makes it more like the real thing.

Sandy aims at the target, concentrating. She begins to fire. Most of the shots hit the target in the chest.

MABEL
Hot damn. You got it Sister. And it didn't take you long either. (salutes her) You're definitely one of us now. Don't worry about Penny. She's just worried about the operation. But with the way you shoot, she won't bother you anymore. (whispering) Not many of the others can shoot worth a hoot.

SANDY
That was pretty good, wasn't it?

MABEL
You bet. Now how about a little shut eye before we move out, (jabs Sandy with her elbow) Sister?

SANDY
No. You go ahead. I want to practice a little more.
MABEL

(nods)
Right on.

Mabel leaves and Sandy begins firing again. She empties the clip, puts the gun down, and sits on the table.

SANDY
(talking to herself)
From plaid to hit man. I'd say it's been a pretty productive evening.
(looks at her watch) I guess it's time to hang up my cape and disguise myself as an innocent newspaper reporter.

She puts a new clip in her gun and leaves the shooting range. She looks up the stairs to the office.

INT - WAREHOUSE OFFICE
Patricia, in uniform without the jacket and only a black tank top, does chin-ups and watches television. "Aliens" blares out of the television.

INT - WAREHOUSE
Sandy walks to a service door by the large automatic door and quietly opens it and leaves.

EXT - WAREHOUSE
The warehouse is located at a deserted industrial park. The city stands a couple miles in the distance.

SANDY
(talking to herself)
Disguised as Superman, Clark Kent flies at super speed to save this fair city from the evil plaid infiltration.

Sandy jumps in the air, arms stretched forward, feinting flight. She then begins jogging towards town.

SANDY
Yeah. Right.

INT - CHURCH KITCHEN
Jennifer holds Patricia at gunpoint, making her bake chocolate chip cookies.

JENNIFER
Now add the chips.
PATRICIA
(pours a bag of chocolate chips in the bowl)
All right.

JENNIFER
(sharply)
Don't be skimpy Patricia dear. People like lots of chips. Put two bags in. Hurry, the oven's almost preheated.

Patricia adds another bag of chips and quickly stirs them in the dough.

EXT - VFW HALL - MORNING
Sandy slowly jogs towards Rick's station wagon that is still parked on the side of the road. She is obviously winded and collapses on the hood of the station wagon.

SANDY
(gasping)
Oh look, a station wagon. Just what I've always wanted. Now I'll be able to make a daring rescue in this trusty wagon.

She gets in the wagon and drives away past the VFW Hall which stands in its entirety. The walls are scorched and the bushes charred.

INT - WAREHOUSE OFFICE - SAME MORNING
Penny paces around the office while Letticia lies sleepily on the couch.

LETTICIA
(yawning)
What's up? Better yet, why am I up?

Penny motions for Letticia to be quiet. Penny then opens the door a crack and peer out.

INT - WAREHOUSE - SAME MORNING
Larry walks through the warehouse towards the service door. He puts on an army green T-shirt as he is walking.

INT - WAREHOUSE OFFICE
Penny quietly closes the door.

PENNY
(whispering)
He's leaving now. Follow him.

LETTICIA
(groaning)
I'm not going to follow him. He's going jogging. He always jogs in the morning.

PENNY
No. He only says he's going jogging. How do we know where he goes? The man's a liar. Remember the time he said he was flying to Central America to deliver a shipment. And I found him in the back of his plane with that butch army chick? He didn't even have the decency to fly the plane somewhere. They did it right there on the runway.

LETTICIA
Just because he has lots of girlfriends doesn't mean he's doing Patricia. I mean, let's just look at the woman. She wears plaid and knee socks for God's sakes.

PENNY
(begging on her knees)
Please. You have to follow him. If not for me, for the other women. We need to know if he's working for them.

LETTICIA
(whining)
I don't run. It makes me puke.

PENNY
Just this once. You'd be saving us all from disaster.

LETTICIA
If I do this and find out that he only went jogging, will you believe me?

PENNY
(looks up gratefully)
Yes. Yes. I will. I promise.

LETTICIA
And you'll stop this groveling and concentrate on our mission.

PENNY
I promise. Not another word about it.

LETTICIA
All right then, I'll run. But this is the only time. Got it?
PENNY

INT - WAREHOUSE - SAME MORNING
Letticia walks out of the office and stands at the top of the steps attempting to psyche herself up for physical activity. Larry is doing push-ups on the floor. Letticia takes a deep breath and descends the stairs.

LETTICIA
Hey Larry. Mind if I join you this morning.

LARRY
(stops doing push-ups and walks towards Letticia)
You? What ever happened to, “If I run, I puke.”

LETTICIA
(attempting to be convincing)
Anything wrong with” turning over a new leaf” as they say. Besides, I can’t sleep and I thought this might take my mind off of things.

LARRY
(shrugs)
Sure. I don’t mind the company.

Larry walks to the service door. Letticia follows hesitantly.

INT - CHURCH KITCHEN - SAME MORNING
Jennifer sits on the counter near the sink, still holding a gun on Patricia who stands by the oven.

JENNIFER
(sharply)
Take them out before they burn.

PATRICIA
But the timer hasn’t even gone off.

JENNIFER
I don’t care. I don’t want burned cookies. They sell even worse than angel food cake.

PATRICIA
(nervously)
All right. All right. I’ll take them out.

Patricia puts on large hot mitts and takes the pans of cookies out of the oven.
JENNIFER
Don't think I don't know about your plans to sabotage my bake sale. If you burn them, we'll just start again.

EXT - CHURCH - SAME MORNING
Rick's station wagon is parked on the street alongside the parking lot at the back of the church. Sandy hides behind the "Goodwill" drop-off bins. She peeks around the bins at the garage and then sneaks over to the garage door and peeks in the window.

INT - CHURCH GARAGE
Rick sleeps in the Lazy Boy, still wound in the jump ropes. The two guards sit on chairs on opposite sides of Rick, talking. They hold handguns on their laps.

EXT - CHURCH

SANDY
I think some reinforcements are in order.

Sandy slips back behind the "Goodwill" bins and then runs to the car.

INT - STATION WAGON

SANDY
Driving her trusty station wagon, our young superhero now speeds back to the "Daily Planet."

INT - CHURCH KITCHEN
Jennifer still sits on the counter holding a gun on Patricia who takes the cookies off of cookie sheets with a spatula and stacks them on a paper plate.

JENNIFER
Good. Now start another batch.

PATRICIA
What? Look dear, this has gone far enough.

JENNIFER
(screaming)
Just make some God damn chocolate chip cookies.

Patricia grabs a bowl and frantically begins measuring the ingredients. Jennifer takes a cookie off the paper plate and carefully inspects it for chip content before she takes a bite.

JENNIFER
And use more chips.

EXT - DESERTED STREET
Larry's warehouse stands about a half a mile in the distance. Larry stands at the side of the road, stretching his legs. Letticia is on her knees vomiting in the grass. Larry stands a short distance from her. He calls back to her.

LARRY
We can go back if you want.

LETTICIA
No. No. Do what you usually do. Don't let me slow you down.

INT - "THE MORNING STAR" GENERAL REPORTERS' OFFICE - SAME MORNING
The office is filled with a typical day's noise and bustle. Sandy enters wearing the ERA Today uniform, gun in holster and hair in disarray. Some co-workers notice her appearance, but do not respond as she deliberately walks through the office, picks up a copy of the morning's paper off a desk, and flips through it. Not finding what she was looking for, she stombs into Henderson's office.

INT - HENDERSON'S OFFICE
Sandy knocks and then enters without waiting for an invitation. She deliberately walks to where Henderson sits smoking at his desk. She shoves the paper in his face.

SANDY
Where's my story?

HENDERSON
(pleased with Sandy's reaction)
I didn't print it.

SANDY
(demanding)
Why not?

HENDERSON
Because you made a simple, boring story about graffiti into a woman's issue. This is a newspaper, not a lit magazine. I don't want any more of your fairy tales. I thought I made myself clear the first time. But, just for fun, could you tell me how everything you see is a conspiracy?

SANDY
Everything I see isn't a conspiracy. Just this one. If you'd just look for once, you'd see that it's all related.
HENDERSON
(pointing with his cigarette)
Don't test me. I was not joking about the obituaries. I'm moving Rick up to your old job today. He can cover the bitch session at the Senate today.

SANDY
I don't think you can do that.

HENDERSON
You don't? Well let me tell you something, honey. Sammuels works for me. He can't protect you.

Henderson storms to the office door and yells out.

HENDERSON
Sammuels. Get Rick in here now. (turns back to Sandy) Don't test me sugar. You'll just get hurt.

SANDY
Never dream of it, sir.

SAMMUELS, 40's, conservatively dressed in white shirt and tie, pokes his head in the office.

SAMMUELS
Rick's not here today.

HENDERSON
Out on assignment, huh? Good man.

SAMMUELS
No. I didn't give him a story. He didn't come in.

Sammuels moves busily on through the general reporters' office. Henderson slams his cigarette into the ash tray, flipping it over, and spraying its contents on the floor and desk.

HENDERSON
Where the hell is he then?

SANDY
(getting up)
I don't have time for this. I've got to get Rick back and get to the Senate.
HENDERSON
Oh no you don't. The obituaries, remember?

SANDY
(stops at the door and turns to Henderson)
Yeah, I remember.

HENDERSON
Last chance. Don't test me.

Sandy leaves the office. Henderson walks to the door and yells out again.

HENDERSON
Sammuels. Where are you? You've got a story to cover.

INT - GENERAL REPORTERS' OFFICE
Sandy walks to Chelsey's office, talking to herself.

SANDY
Clark Kent never had to put up with this kind of abuse. His story's were always printed. Oh sure, Lois usually got the praise, but he just plodded along saving the world and nobody hassled him.

INT - CHELSEY'S OFFICE

CHELSEY
(verbalizing her responses as she types them)
So when your child throws his mashed potatoes at you, don't punish him. Just smear some on him. Turn this potentially upsetting situation into a story to be cherished through the years.

SANDY
(enters without knocking)
I need your help.

CHELSEY
What happened to you last night? You were supposed to call when you got home.

SANDY
I just got back now. Rick's still on the inside and we need to get him back.

CHELSEY
Get him back? What on earth for? After you just got rid of him. I kind of like the thought of Rick missing in action. Perhaps it is a bit
too noble of a fate for him, but if he's gone, I'm happy. Oh, that reminds me. I've been working on a plan for Henderson. We just slip some acid in his coffee so he flips out in the office. An embarrassing scene like that would need what, two, maybe three weeks of vacation?

SANDY
Chelsey, this is serious. They might kill him.

CHELSEY
Oh, all right. You don't know how to have any fun anymore. What do you need me to do?

SANDY
Let's get Freddy and we'll work on the plan on the way.

CHELSEY
(getting up to leave)
You don't have a plan? Every rescue mission has to have a plan. How do you expect to get anywhere without a plan?

INT - CHURCH MEETING HALL
Marcie, wearing a white sweater pinned over her shoulders and carrying papers, enters the meeting hall. Hearing voices in the kitchen, she quietly peers in.

INT - CHURCH KITCHEN
Patricia stacks cookies on a paper plate while Jennifer stands guard. The counter is now covered with plates of chocolate chip cookies.

JENNIFER
Patricia dear, tell me something. How do you feel about angel food cakes now?

Patricia draws back in fear, causing the cookie to fall off the spatula. She screams and drops to the floor and snatches the cookie. Holding it in two hands, she carefully blows the dust off of it.

INT - CHURCH MEETING HALL
Marcie watches and then walks quietly towards the office.

EXT - CHURCH - SAME MORNING
Chelsey and Freddy park Rick's station wagon by Patricia's and Marcie's station wagons. The cars are parked near the garage.

INT - STATION WAGON
Sandy, still in uniform, hides in the back seat. Chelsey parks the car and gets out.
CHELSEY
Let's do some shopping, shall we?

INT - CHURCH GARAGE
The two guards sit in the donated furniture with guns in hand. Rick remains tied and in the Lazy Boy with a sock stuffed in his mouth. Hearing the station wagon, Guard 1 gets up and looks out the garage door window.

GUARD 1
Somebody's here.

GUARD 2
One of ours or theirs?

GUARD 1
They're in a station wagon, but it's not one of ours. They're coming to the door. Look like customers.

GUARD 2
(throws an old flowered curtain from the donations over Rick)
Get rid of them.

EXT - CHURCH GARAGE
Freddy tries to open the service door and finds it locked. He moves to the windows in the garage door and looks in.

INT - CHURCH GARAGE
The two guards stick their guns in the waist bands of their skirts behind their backs.

EXT - CHURCH GARAGE
Freddy knocks on the window as Chelsey points at items through the window as if window shopping.

GUARD 1
(yelling through the window)
We're closed.

CHELSEY
(pointing at an old chair)
Wouldn't that be perfect for the living room?

FREDDY
(knocks at the window)
Right on. Can we scope out that chair, dude?
GUARD 1
We’re closed.

FREDDY
(knocking on the window)
What? We can’t hear you.

GUARD 1
We’re closed. You know, not open.

FREDDY
(putting his hand to his ear and shaking his head)
What?

Guard 1 motions to the service door and Freddy walks to the door followed by Chelsey. The guard opens the door just a crack.

GUARD 1
We’re closed. Besides, this is just the drop off point. The store’s on Johnson Street.

FREDDY
(pushes in the door, not heeding her commands)
Yeah baby, this is what we need. (points to an old chair) We can put this in the corner next to the window with the flowered curtains.

INT - CHURCH GARAGE

CHELSEY
(follows Freddy in)
That would be just great. Oh my goodness, Mother’s birthday is this week. What should we get her?

The guards stand looking at each other, unsure of what to do. Freddy digs in a stack of clothes, pulls out a gaudy flowered dress, and holds it up for Chelsey’s inspection.

FREDDY
Check this baby out. It’d make your mother one hot babe.

CHELSEY
(laughing)
Oh no. Mom would never wear anything that chic.

EXT - CHURCH GARAGE
Sandy gets out of the car and sneaks to the service door. She pulls her gun out and peeks into the garage.
INT - CHURCH GARAGE
Guard 2 walks in front of Freddy.

GUARD 2
This is not a store. You must leave now.

Rick squirms under his cover. He tries to yell, but his voice is muffled by the sock and the cover. Freddy and Chelsey act as if they don’t see or hear Rick. The guards look anxiously at Rick in quick glances.

FREDDY
(pushes past the guard to get to a lawn mower)
Hey, does this work?

GUARD 1
No. I will call the police.

FREDDY
(pulls the cord of the lawn mower)
Let me check it out. Wicked.

The lawn mower starts and Freddy pushes the running mower around the garage as if he were mowing a lawn. Stray clothing, dust, and papers blow around the garage.

Guard 2 pushes Chelsey towards the door as Guard 1 follows Freddy around. Guard 1 animatedly threatens Freddy, but nothing is heard over the noise of the engine.

Sandy enters, aiming her gun at Guard 2.

SANDY
Stop right their.

Chelsey takes the gun from Guard 2's skirt and leaves the garage to start the car. Freddy, seeing Sandy enter, turns and chases Guard 1 around with the lawn mower. As he moves by Rick, Freddy pushes the lawn mower at Guard 1. She runs from the mower and dives in a pile of clothes. Freddy picks Rick up and throws him over his shoulder. Rick squirms under the cover. Sandy holds a gun at Guard 2 as Freddy leaves.

EXT - CHURCH GARAGE
Freddy throws Rick in the back seat and gets in after him. The lawn mower's engine can be heard outside the garage. Sandy rides shotgun and Chelsey speeds away. The two guards do not come out of the garage.

INT - CHURCH GARAGE
Guard 2 kicks the lawn mower to turn it off and then stomps off to the meeting hall. Guard 1 still flounders in the clothes pile.
INT - CHURCH MEETING HALL
Guard 2 enters the meeting hall, yelling.

GUARD 2
Patricia. Where the hell were you? You promised me back up.
Patricia?

Marcie runs out of the office.

MARCIE
Shhhhhh. You'll wake the children.

GUARD 2
Where is she?

MARCIE
I think she's in the kitchen with Jennifer.

Guard 2, followed by Marcie, walks to the kitchen.

GUARD 2
What? I have to stand guard over that slimeball all night only to get attacked by hippies and she's making cookies. Patricia...

INT - CHURCH KITCHEN
Patricia looks up gratefully as Guard 2 and Marcie enter. Jennifer sits on the counter surrounded by stacks of cookies. Patricia is scooping dough and dropping raw cookies on cookie sheets. Her hair sticks out of its bun. Cookie ingredients are smeared on her glasses and face.

GUARD 2
What are you doing?

PATRICIA
(mumbling in a daze)
Three cups of flour... two sticks of margarine... sugar... and chocolate chips. Lots and lots of chocolate chips... everyone loves lots of chocolate chips.

Jennifer smugly watches Patricia. Her gun lays at her side among the plates of cookies so the others cannot see it.

EXT - EDGE OF INDUSTRIAL PARK
Chelsey slows the car, pulls off the road, and stops the station wagon. The warehouse in which ERA Today hides is a short distance down the road.
INT - RICK'S STATION WAGON
Freddy finishes unwinding the jump ropes from Rick.

SANDY
I've got to get back before they notice I'm gone.

RICK
You are working for them. I knew it. Being a reporter was just your cover.

SANDY
No, I'm not. I'm just sort of an honorary member. Anyway, if I want to get this story, I have to get back. I need you three to watch the Skirts. Follow them everywhere, but don't let them see you.

RICK
The Skirts. Oh no. I'm not getting near them ever again. They're crazy. And they've got these needles.

FREDDY
Needles. Really? What kind?

SANDY
They'll be at the Senate sometime today. See if you can find out what they're up to.

CHELSEY
How are we going to contact you?

SANDY
I'll find you there. Gotta go.

Sandy gets out of the car and jogs towards the ERA Today hideout. Chelsey turns the car around and drives back to the city.

RICK
(protesting)
Needles. Did I tell you they have these big needles?

INT - CHURCH KITCHEN

JENNIFER
Marcie, you have everyone's number. Call them all in for a special meeting.
MARCIE
What happened to her?

JENNIFER
Only the Lord knows. I came in early and found her here. She's been making chocolate chip cookies for hours.

GUARD 2
Unbelievable.

GUARD 1
(running in from the garage, stops and stares when she enters)
Patricia. Your not going to like what just happened. I've never seen so many cookies. Where'd they all come from?

PATRICIA
Three cups of flour...two sticks of margarine... and lots of chocolate chips... lots and lots.

EXT - WAREHOUSE - SAME MORNING
Sandy jogs towards the warehouse. She is tired and moves at a slow pace. As she nears the building, Larry, followed by Lettica, jog around the side of the building. Lettica drags behind, exhausted.

SANDY
Looks like this Superhero's run into a snag.

Larry runs up to Sandy and the two stop jogging and walk the remainder of the way to the warehouse. Lettica stops and falls to the ground, spread-eagle.

LARRY
Seems like everyone's into fitness this morning.

SANDY
(winded, but trying to sound convincing)
Yeah. I like to jog when I can. It clears my head.

LARRY
(under his breath)
Just what we need. Another empty head around here.

SANDY
What's that?

LARRY
(turns to Lettica)
You O.K. back there?

Letticia sits up and acts as if she is stretching.

LETTICIA
Fine. Fine. Just like to stretch out after a work out.

LARRY
(shakes his head)
Good idea.

INT - WAREHOUSE - SAME MORNING
Mabel paces before the shooting range.

MABEL
She's a Sister. I know she's a Sister. It's not like there is any place she could of run off to.

Mabel opens the service door and looks out.

EXT - WAREHOUSE
Mabel walks towards Sandy and Larry. She grabs Sandy by the arm and pulls her ahead of Larry. Sandy has to jog to keep up with Mabel's rapid pace.

MABEL
There you are.

SANDY
(panting)
Always like to run in the morning. Keeps me in shape.

MABEL
(smiles and adjusts her shades)
Know what you mean. You're all right, Sister. We've got to hurry and get the jeeps ready for this afternoon.

Mabel drags Sandy towards the back of the warehouse. Larry and Letticia then enter. Letticia walks stiffly aside Larry, trying to act as if she feels fine.

LETTICIA
Well, thanks for the run. I don't really feel that bad.

LARRY
You sure?

LETTICIA
(walks towards office)
Now that I've puked, I feel great. Well, I guess I'll go up and see what Penny's up to.

LARRY
(not interested)
All right.

Letticia waits until Larry has walked behind an aisle of shipping crates and then she slowly drags herself up the stairs.

INT - WAREHOUSE OFFICE
Penny jumps off the chin-up bar as Letticia drags herself in the offices.

PENNY
Well? What happened?

LETTICIA
(flops on the couch)
I puked. I told you I puke whenever I run. You never listen to me.

PENNY
What about Larry. Where did he go?

LETTICIA
(groaning)
We jogged down the road about a two miles and then came back.

PENNY
We? We? You went with him. You were just supposed to follow him. Of course he wouldn't do anything if you were with him.

LETTICIA
How could I follow him if he went jogging?

PENNY
You'll just have to think of something for tomorrow morning.

LETTICIA
No way. Just one day. That was the deal. From now on, I don't run for anybody.

PENNY
Just one more day.

LETTICIA
No. Why don’t you ask the reporter chick. I bet she’d do it.

PENNY
(exremely interested)
What do you mean?

LETTICIA
As I was dragging myself back home, we came across her. She was out jogging too.

PENNY
(feels this is valuable evidence)
And?

LETTICIA
(annoyed)
And she and Larry walked in the warehouse while I died in the parking lot.

PENNY
(enraged)
Together? Together?

LETTICIA
(massaging her legs)
Yes. Together.

PENNY
I knew it. This proves it. And you thought I was just being paranoid.

LETTICIA
It only proves that they are both crazy because they jog.

PENNY
(distant)
Yes. But there’s got to be more. Sandy and Larry jog. Sandy was wearing a plaid skirt, so that means that Larry... (stops in fear) I don’t know what it means, but I’ll find out.

EXT - CHURCH
Chelsey parks Rick’s station wagon on the street a little way back from the church.

INT - RICK’S STATION WAGON

RICK
Can’t I at least go home and get some new clothes?
Freddy grabs him by the hand and pulls him out of the car.

EXT - CHURCH
The three sneak to the “Goodwill” bins and hide behind them. Freddy holds Rick’s hand and pulls him along. Patricia’s and Marcie’s station wagons are parked near the bins.

FREDDY
We could get in the garage and hide in all those clothes.

RICK
Oh no. This is as close as I get. They’ve got needles you know.

Freddy looks down the street where two station wagons are driving towards the church. He grabs Rick and tosses him in the “Goodwill” bin.

FREDDY
We’ve got to get out of sight.

Freddy helps Chelsey into the other bin. He then jumps up and grabs onto the top of the hopper, pulls himself up skillfully, and slide into the bin where Rick hides, legs first.

FREDDY
(swinging)
Yeah, the monkey really is in me.

The two station wagons approach and park near the bins. The remaining Skirts pour out of the wagons and scurry towards the church. All are wearing their uniforms accept for Christine who wears jeans and a T-shirt.

INT - CHURCH KITCHEN
Jennifer pries the spatula out of Patricia’s hand.

JENNIFER
Now, you will tell them that we will set up a bake sale booth at the Senate this afternoon.

PATRICIA
(msmerized)
A bake sale booth at the Senate. What a good idea. We can sell the cookies there today. They have lots and lots of chips you know.

JENNIFER
Yes, I know.
EXT - CHURCH
Freddy's and Chelsey's head stick out from the chutes of the bins. Rick cannot be seen. A rumbling noise can be heard from within Freddy's bin.

FREDDY
Chill dude. We're supposed to be hiding. They might hear you.

RICK
(his sullen voice is heard from the bottom of the bin)
I think I found some pants that will fit me.

FREDDY
Quiet man, they're starting to come out.

Freddy's and Chelsey's heads sink into the bins and out of sight. The garage door slides up and Patricia leads the women out in single file. Each woman holds a cardboard box filled with plates of chocolate chip cookies. They load them into the back of the station wagons. Sherry still wears the plaid skirt over her head to hide her scarlet painted hair. Jennifer stands in the open garage door as the line of women moves past her.

JENNIFER
Goodness gracious. Just look at all those cookies.

The women get in the station wagons and drive away. Freddy pops up and slides out of the bin and then helps Chelsey out. Rick struggles to get out of the bin. Freddy grabs his arms and pulls him out. Under his plaid skirt, he now wears a pair of ugly plaid bell bottom pants. He looks down at his new outfit.

RICK
(whining)
Plaid sucks.

Rick rips the skirt off and throws it in the bin. The three run towards Rick's station wagon parked on the street.

EXT - SENATE - EARLY AFTERNOON
The lawn is covered with spectators and demonstrators. Signs of support and opposition to the anti-abortion bill are sprinkled through the crowd. People shout and chant their opinions. Sammuels walks through the crowd, stenopad open, covering the incident.

INT - WAREHOUSE - SAME AFTERNOON
Five military jeeps are parked in a line headed for the large automatic door. The women move about in last minute preparation before they leave. They get weapons and ammunition from Larry who stands over two open shipping crates. The women
then report to their assigned jeeps. Letticia walks stiffly down the office stairs, holding on to the rail for support. Penny stands at the top of the office stairs and shouts to the women below to rally them for their mission.

PENNY
Remember, the only good Skirt is a dead Skirt. What about this one? Plaid sucks.

Letticia flops in the second jeep behind Mabel who rides shotgun. Sharon sits in the back of the last jeep, holding her child. Mandy drives the last jeep and Maxine rides shotgun. Larry opens the automatic door by pulling a lever located on the wall near the door. The women are all seated in their jeeps. The front jeep is driven by Betsy. Sandy sits behind her.

PENNY
Women, we're ready to move out. (jumps off the stairs into the shotgun seat of the front jeep) Jeronimo.

The jeeps leave the garage.

EXT - WAREHOUSE
Larry runs under the closing automatic door and to the front of the convoy. He gets in the front jeep and sits behind Penny. Penny stands up in the jeep and motions the convoy forward. Betsy drives the jeep forward, throwing Penny back in her seat and the convoy moves out.

EXT - SENATE - SAME AFTERNOON
Rick's station wagon drives past the Senate. It moves slowly as protesters walk in front of the car and people crowd the street. In the park located on the opposite side of the street from the Senate, the Skirts have assembled a massive bake sale. Four long tables are lined adjacent to the sidewalk. The tables are covered with plates of chocolate chip cookies. A banner saying "Save America's Children" is stretched behind the table. The Skirts work behind the table, serving cookies to the sizable line of customers. At one end, Marcie stands behind the table, watching the children. Marcie also keeps an eye on Patricia who stands next to her. Patricia is still mesmerized and babbles about chocolate chip cookies. At the opposite end from Marcie, Jennifer talks to the customers who are waiting to be served.

JENNIFER
That is why we must support the bill. Children are like chocolate chips... you can never have enough.

PATRICIA
(standing behind the table, not helping)
They have lots and lots of chips. Just take three cups of flour...
INT - RICK'S STATION WAGON
Chelsey drives, Freddy rides shotgun, and Rick cowers in the back seat.

FREDDY
(pointing out the window)
Bingo. Skirts at large. Starboard. (points to the left and then the right) I think that's right.

CHELSEY
What's going on there?

FREDDY
.seriously
I think we've stumbled on the world's largest cookie sale.

Rick slouches in the back seat. He puts his hands gingerly forward and then pulls them quickly back as if he has been pricked by a needle.

RICK
(occupied with his new-found psychic abilities)
It's just a front. They've got needles there. I can feel them. Get out of here before they see us.

EXT - SENATE
Chelsey drives past the bake sale. A couple blocks back from the Senate, the ERA Today convoy slowly makes its passage through the traffic and the people. The women in the jeeps look intently forward. Mabel, riding shotgun in the second jeep, growls to the people that walk alongside the jeep.

EXT - PARK
Jennifer continues to talk to the customers as the rest serve cookies and collect money. Marcie looks to see if Jennifer is looking, then ducks under the table and brings an angel food cake up and puts it among the chocolate chip cookies.

INT - RICK'S STATION WAGON
Chelsey turns down the next block and double parks the car.

CHELSEY
Now what?

FREDDY
We check out the cookie sales.

RICK
(gingerly extending his hands and pulls them back from the imaginary needles)
Not me. They know I'm here already. I can't get any closer. I'll stay here.

FREDDY
(in warning)
You better not ditch us?

RICK
(defensively)
I won't. I promise. Just as long as I don't have to see those needle worshipers any longer. I'll be the get-away driver. O.K.?

INT - FRONT JEEP
Penny stands up in the jeep and points at the bake sale up ahead.

PENNY
(talking into a walkie-talkie)
There they are. Skirts dead ahead.

EXT - SENATE
Freddy and Chelsey push along the sidewalk before the Senate.

CHELSEY
What do we tell Sandy if we see her?

FREDDY
(excited)
That it's a bake sale.

EXT - STREET
The jeeps approach the line of customers where Jennifer stands talking.

INT - FRONT JEEP

PENNY
(talking into a walkie-talkie)
The Skirts are coming up on the right. Take your mark.

INT - SECOND JEEP
Marcie growls as she takes aim. Letticia feebly holds her gun up and tries to keep her hands from shaking.

INT - LAST JEEP
Maxine bangs the walkie-talkie on the dash board of the jeep. Static and feedback are the only sounds coming out of it.
MAXINE
This piece of junk doesn’t work.

MANDY
(reaching her hand out for the walkie-talkie)
Maybe you’re not using it right. Let me have it for a second.

MAXINE
(pulls the walkie-talkie away from Mandy defensively)
I know how to use a walkie-talkie. You’re supposed to be driving.

MANDY
(reaching for the walkie-talkie)
How can I drive if I don’t know what’s going on? Give it to me.

MAXINE
No.

MANDY
I’ll give it right back.

Mandy and Maxine wrestles over the walkie-talkie. Sharon, in the back seat, holds a Mickey Mouse doll in front of her child, making it dance to entertain him.

EXT - PARK
Jennifer notices Larry and starts waving to him.

INT - FRONT JEEP

PENNY
(turns to Larry)
You know her?

LARRY
Who?

PENNY
(points in anger)
Her.

EXT - PARK

JENNIFER
(waving)
You who. Larry. Over here. We want to cancel that last order. Patricia thinks your a spy. She says you might sabotage the
equipment because you work for them. I just want you to know that I never thought you'd do such a thing. You're always so polite. Oh, by the way, do you think I could get my deposit back?

INT - FRONT JEEP

PENNY
(angered)
Stop the jeep. Now

Betsy slams on the brakes and the convoy stops.

PENNY
You've been selling equipment to them? To the Skirts?

LARRY
(unmoved)
Looks that way. Nothing in our agreement that said I couldn't carry out my business as usual.

PENNY
(sputtering)
I can't believe you did that. You took Skirt money.

Penny stands in the shotgun seat of the jeep facing Larry. She aims a gun at him. Larry is not threatened.

PENNY
Why? Why them?

LARRY
Business is business. They're good customers.

PENNY
And how much did you get for selling us out?

Sandy slides out of the jeep in hopes of escaping unnoticed. Betsy remains in the driver's seat, silently awaiting further orders.

LARRY
(still calm)
I only sell hardware. You know that.

PENNY
(notices Sandy attempting to sneak away and aims at her)
Hold it right there, you Skirt.
Sandy stops and turns to face Penny, not saying anything.

**PENNY**
(attempting to cover both Sandy and Larry)
Don't think I don't know about you and Larry.

Sandy, giving up on the idea of making anyone understand her, says nothing.

**INT - SECOND JEEP**
Mabel watches the scene in the jeep in front of her. She turns to Letticia who is slumped in the back seat.

**MABEL**
Looks like trouble. We better check it out.

**LETTICIA**
(exhausted)
You go. I hurt too much.

**MABEL**
Come on. You know that procedure demands back up in this situation.

**LETTICIA**
Procedure? We don't have any procedures. Just go without me. Please.

Mabel gets out of the jeep and grabs Letticia and pulls her along.

**MABEL**
Come on. Penny needs us.

**INT - FIRST JEEP**

**PENNY**
Well? What have you got to say for yourself?

Sandy does not respond.

**PENNY**
I ought to off you both.

**LARRY**
(sarcastically)
And leave the Skirts run free. Way to carry out the mission,
Commander. (lights a cigarette)

PENNY

(angrily)
I'll get those Skirts. Don't you worry. But I'll get you two first. Skirts in my own outfit. You disgust me.

Mabel approaches Penny, with her gun raised. Letticia lumbers halfheartedly after her. Penny notices them approach and aims at them.

PENNY

(frantic)
You two. Don't come any closer.

MABEL

(defensively)
Just thought you'd might need some backup.

PENNY

(to Mabel)
I don't want any help from your kind, you Skirt sympathizer.

MABEL

(deeply offended)
You take that back.

PENNY

(to Letticia)
And you. Just let the reporter follow him when he jogs. I know your in on this too. On your knees you Plaid-Lovers.

Letticia flops on the ground, glad to be sitting down. Mabel stares at her in contempt.

MABEL

I've never worn plaid in my life.

INT - LAST JEEP
Mandy and Maxine still wrestle in the front seat over the walkie-talkie.

MAXINE

I'll bet you even have a plaid nightgown.

MANDY

Get away from me, you tramp.

Sharon tires of watching the two fight. She notices the bakes sale, takes her child, and
walks towards it.

EXT- FIRST JEEP
Penny switches her aim to Larry and then to Sandy in a frantic attempt to cover them all. She then turns back to Mabel. Penny pants heavily and her face is flustered.

PENNY
(motioning at Larry and Sandy)
You’re working with them aren’t you?

MABEL
(confused)
Yeah. Aren’t we all are...

PENNY
(finding Mabel’s comment a point of conviction)
Precisely.

MABEL
I don’t know what you’re up to, but I’m a red-blooded Sister. Through and through.

PENNY
How about I check and see.

EXT- PARK
Sharon, holding her child, walks past Mabel and Penny towards the bake sale.

SHARON
(crooning to her child)
We’ll get you a nice cookie. Would you like that?

INT - FIRST JEEP
Penny watches her pass in disbelief.

PENNY
Where the hell does she think she’s going?

Penny watches Sharon go to the bake sale table. The line disappeared when Penny pulled out her gun. Sharon looks at the plates of cookies, not concerned that it is a Skirt operation. Penny jumps out of the jeep.

EXT- PARK
Penny goes over to Sharon, screaming hysterically after her. Jennifer sees Penny coming and ducks under the table.
PENNY
What the hell are you doing? You just don't walk out and buy cookies. You're another God damn Skirt sympathizer. I'm going to shoot you all.

Jennifer gasps at Penny's profanity. Penny hears this and sees Jennifer on the ground and aims at her.

PENNY
(in great disgust)
Oh. It's you. Get up. Get up right now.

Jennifer gets slowly up. She crosses herself before Penny.

PENNY
You are the biggest Plaid-Lover of them all. You're slime. You're slimier than slime. You're the slime on pig snouts. I'm going to get rid of you all.

Penny aims the gun at Jennifer, then Sharon, Marcie and Letticia. She spins around, aiming and threatening to shoot everyone. The Skirts and ERA Today both watch Penny, unsure of what to do. Sandy remains beside the jeep on the opposite side of Penny. She crouches down behind jeep, peering around the bumper to watch the scene. Patricia stands babbling at the opposite end of the tables. She is unaware of the confrontation.

EXT - STREET
Freddy and Chelsey run towards Sandy.

FREDDY
(call to Sandy)
It's a bake sale. They've got chocolate chip.

EXT - PARK
Penny jumps and turns to cover Freddy and Chelsey. Freddy and Chelsey stop before her. They watch Penny's hysterics somewhat sympathetically.

PENNY
(screams)
Skirts. Skirts. They're everywhere. It's plaid, all plaid.

FREDDY
(looks around confused, then points to the Skirts)
They're the only one's wearing skirts. I don't see any others.

PENNY
Well of course not. I'm the only one who can ever see them.

Penny spins around again attempting to cover everyone that she suspects as a Skirt. Guard 2 recognizes Freddy and Chelsey. She inches quietly over to Patricia and whispers to her.

GUARD 2
Patricia. Those are the two who sprung the drag queen.

PATRICIA
(looks towards Guard 2 and sees the angel food cake and screams)
Angel food cake. Get it. Get the cake.

Patricia lunges to the cake and smashes it with her fist several times. Patricia grabs cookies in both hands and throws them in the air and at nearby people.

PATRICIA
Don't look at the cake. Here, have a chocolate chip cookie. They've got lots of chips. Cookies are better than kids.

Patricia grabs the flattened cake and plate and flips it like a frisbee into the street. The plate hits Penny in the temple and she falls to the ground. Patricia throws her glasses in the street and crumbles chocolate chip cookies in her hand and then smears them on her face.

INT - RICK'S STATION WAGON
Rick sits staring out the front windshield. He rests his elbows on the steering wheel and his head on his hands. He massages his temples with his fingers. Suddenly he becomes alert, jumps up, and looks around. He puts his hand forward and draws it back from an imaginary needle.

RICK
Needles. They're getting closer. Ouch. They're everywhere. Figures, a station wagon is the first place they'd look for me. (starts to get out of the car and then abruptly sits back) They're out there too.

Rick frantically starts the car and drives back towards the Senate.

EXT - PARK
Marcie is the only one who moves towards Penny. She approaches cautiously with her gun raised and gently kicks her in the stomach. Penny remains still.

MARCIE
Marcie checks for a pulse. Finding none, she kicks her in the stomach, this time hard enough to make her body move with the force of the blow. Patricia throws cookies at Penny.

PATRICIA
(singing)
Skirt. Skirt. She's a God damn Skirt.

Freddy moves to Sandy and grabs her arm.

FREDDY
Let's cruise.

Freddy, Sandy, and Chelsey slip away from the scene. They move down the street towards where Rick's car was parked. Patricia's face is smeared with chocolate and crumbs.

PATRICIA
(in maternal tone)
Chips. Chocolate chips.

GUARD 2
Let's get those Homewreckers.

Guard 2, Guard 1, and Roxanne run towards Sandy, Freddy, and Chelsey. Rick's station wagon squeals down the road, swerving to avoid the pedestrians in the street. He stops abruptly alongside of Chelsey, Sandy and Freddy.

INT - RICK'S STATION WAGON

RICK
(frantic)
Good God. It's the needle woman.

Sandy gets in the front seat, Chelsey and Freddy in the back. Rick pulls away.

EXT - PARK
Guard 2 runs in the street in front of the station wagon.

INT - RICK'S STATION WAGON

RICK
(screams in fear)
Stand back needle worshipers.

**EXT - STREET**
Rick aims for Guard 2. She jumps out of the way as he speeds by.

**GUARD 2**
(yells after Rick)
Drag queen.

Rick drives past the stopped convoy.

**EXT - STREET**
Rick drives past the jeep convoy and continues on his way away from the scene.

**EXT - PARK**
Mabel stops kicking Penny and goes to Sharon who walks away from the bake sale with a plate of cookies.

**MABEL**
Stop right there. You Skirt Cookie Buyer.

**SHARON**
(walking away from her)
Give it up Mabel. It's over. Your all crazy.

**MABEL**
You will listen to me. Stop. I command you.

Mabel follows after Sharon, screaming at her. Maxine and Mandy now approach the scene holding the battered and broken walkie-talkie.

**MANDY**
You tell her that its broken. It's your fault.

**MAXINE**
It's your walkie-talkie.

Mandy and Maxine stop as they see Penny on the ground.

**MAXINE**
Shit. Guess it doesn’t matter anymore.

Sherry, still wearing the plaid skirt on her head, notices Maxine. Sherry confronts her.

**SHERRY**
It's you. I'll get you back.
Sherry digs in her purse for her spray paint. Maxine is quicker to the draw and starts painting Sherry.

MAXINE
(laughing)
You'll never get me. Plaid-Lovers are so slow.

Maxine stops painting and shoves Sherry to the ground. Roxanne grabs the spray paint from Sherry and starts painting Maxine. Mabel runs back from following Sharon, dives and tackles Roxanne. Mabel wrestles with Roxanne over the spray paint.

MABEL
Plaid sucks.

ROXANNE
Oh yeah.

Roxanne yanks her hand free and sprays Mabel's face.

ROXANNE
No. Plaid is beautiful. Homewreckers suck.

The remainder of the women join the fight. They push and shove each other in front of the bake sale. Patricia continues throwing chocolate chip cookies. Larry offers Betsy a cigarette and she accepts. Larry lights hers and lights one for himself. They both remain in the jeep, watching the episode.

**INT - GENERAL REPORTERS' OFFICE - SAME DAY**
Sandy, Freddy, Chelsey, and Rick all enter the office. The other employees stop and watch their entrance.

CHELSEY
(looking at her watch)
Tomorrow's column is due in an hour.

Chelsey scurries towards her office followed by Freddy. Freddy skips along, acting as if he were a monkey. Sandy walks to her desk followed by Rick who reaches his hands forward, checking the area for needles.

RICK
-seriously-

Henderson storms out of his office. He points his finger at Sandy as he walks towards her.
HENDERSON
You. I don’t know where you’ve been all day. (looks at Rick) And I
don’t care to know either. I want those obituaries in one hour. Got
it?

SANDY
(not resisting Henderson)
Yeah. I got it.

HENDERSON
(confused by Sandy’s compliance)
Good.

Henderson looks at Rick one more time and decides not to ask what he is doing. Rick
stands by Sandy, checking the air for needles. Henderson storms back toward his
office, yelling.

HENDERSON
Sammuels. Where are you? Got that story on the rally at the
Senate done yet?

Henderson looks back to Sandy to see if his comment has enraged her. Sandy does
not appear to have heard him. She sits at her desk and flips on the computer. She
stares at it for awhile, then she smiles, and starts typing. Rick sits by her, feeling for
imaginary needles.

INT - CHURCH OFFICE - NEXT MORNING
Marcie sits at her desk typing. Beside her sits a copy of “The Morning Star.” The
headline reads: “Women March on Senate, Vote Postponed.” The by-line reads J.
Sammuels. Patricia sleeps in the make-shift crib. None of the children are in the
office. Patricia wakes up, groaning and holding her head.

PATRICIA
Oh my goodness. My head. Stop that typing now. Now,
for heaven’s sake. This is worse than any hangover I’ve ever had.

MARCIE
(stops typing)
What do you know about hangovers?

PATRICIA
(whimpering)
Never mind. Just stop talking. Please.

Marcie continues typing. Jennifer smugly enters, carrying a cup of coffee. She walks
to Patricia.

JENNIFER
So. How are you feeling?

PATRICIA
(attempting to recollect yesterday's events)
Not so good.

JENNIFER
That's too bad. Maybe I could get you something.

PATRICIA
(holding her head)
That'd be great, dear. How about some aspirin?

JENNIFER
(glaring at her)
How about some angel food cake?

PATRICIA
(in fear)
Angel food cake.

Patricia writhes on the cot, trying to fight off the mesmerizing power of the words. Marcie looks back in fear and then gets up to leave. She gathers some of her paperwork, finds her purse, and hurries toward the door.

MARCIE
I quit.

PATRICIA
No. It won't work. I'm stronger.

JENNIFER
(jumping up and down)
Angel food cake. Angel food cake. Angel food cake. God bless angel food cake.

PATRICIA
No. No. You won't get me.

Patricia breaks free of the trance and jumps up and chases after Jennifer who runs screaming out of the office. Patricia shouts out the office door.

PATRICIA
You better pray that I never see you again. Remember, I've killed with angel food cake.

Patricia composes herself and walks to the desk. She looks at the Hit Board, grabs the can of spray paint off Marcie's desk, and sprays a black "X" over Penny's face. She sits down and picks up the paper. She skims Sammuels' story about the rally and finds nothing offensive in it. She then flips quickly to the obituaries. The entry reads as follows:

**PINKERTON**

A memorial service for Penny Pinkerton, 33, President of ERA Today, is planned for Aug. 29 at the **Incarnate Word**, 129 S. Walnut.

Ms. Pinkerton died at yesterday's demonstration held before the Senate when an air-born angel food cake and platter soared at her head. The impact was fatal.

Pinkerton lead her Pro-choice followers to the demonstration to wage war on their rival group, the Skirts.

The Skirts, led by Patricia Willright, were responsible for the murder of Alysha Thomas, Pinkerton's predecessor, at a Pro-choice rally on Wed., according to Pinkerton.

Both groups along with many others approached the Senate all week to voice opinions on the pending abortion bill.

Patricia reads the article quickly and drops the paper on the desk.

**PATRICIA**

Oh my God. Everything's there. In the obituaries.

Patricia picks up the paper and rips through it.

**PATRICIA**


Patricia throws the paper on the desk and picks up the phone and dials information.

**PATRICIA**

The editor of "The Morning Star." I will find out who this is once and for all.

Patricia scribbles the number on a sheet of paper, hangs up, and dials.

**PATRICIA**

(angry)

The obituaries please. Yes, I'll hold.
Patricia cuts the obituary out of the paper while she waits. She walks to the Hit Board, phone resting on her shoulder, and staples it next to Penny's picture.

**INT - SANDY'S DESK**
Sandy's phone rings and she answers it.

**SANDY**
Obituaries. This is Sandy. How may I help you?

**INT - CHURCH OFFICE**
Patricia smiles, utters her evil laugh, and hangs up the phone.