

JUST THE TEN OF US

"J.R. and Wendy's Bogus Journey"

written by

James Larry Sanders Jr.

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CAST

GRAHAM LUBBOCK.....BILL KIRCHENBAUER
ELIZABETH LUBBOCK.....DEBORAH HARMON
MARIE LUBBOCK.....HEATHER LANGENKAMP
CINDY LUBBOCK.....JAMIE LUNER
WENDY LUBBOCK.....BROOKE THEISS
CONNIE LUBBOCK.....JO ANN WILLETTE
J.R. LUBBOCK.....MATT SHAKMAN
SHERRY LUBBOCK.....HEIDI ZEIGLER

GUEST CAST

CHET.....GAILLARD SARTAIN
JOHNNY.....BILL BYRGE
DAVID HOROWITZ.....HIMSELF

ACT I

INT. LUBBOCK GIRLS' ROOM - MORNING

CINDY, CONNIE, MARIE, AND WENDY ARE GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Hurry up, girls! Breakfast is almost
ready!

MARIE

I'll be right down! Come on, don't
keep Mom waiting!

WENDY

Geez, Marie. Keep your top on!

MARIE STARTS HER WAY DOWNSTAIRS. WENDY OPENS HER DRESSER.
INSIDE IS WHAT APPEARS TO BE A PARTICULARLY MADE-UP MANNEQUIN
HEAD; SUPPOSEDLY MADE TO LOOK LIKE THE SEVERED HEAD OF A
WOMAN, BUT ALTOGETHER UNCONVINCING, AS IT STILL LOOKS LIKE A
MANNEQUIN.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I'm still trying to find something
that's warm, but won't make me look
like a Soviet babushka.

CONNIE

Wendy, there is no more Soviet Union.
Haven't you been watching the news?

WENDY

Hey, if they ever replace Tom Brokaw
with Jason Priestley, then I might
actually pay attention.

CINDY

Hey, that's a good idea, Wendy!

CONNIE

Whatever. Come on, let's get
downstairs before Dad starts yell...

GRAHAM (O.S.)
(yelling)

Would you lugnuts get down here
already!

CONNIE

Too late.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

GRAHAM, ELIZABETH, J.R., SHERRY, HARVEY AND MELISSA ARE AT
THE KITCHEN TABLE

GRAHAM

Geez, Louise. Those girls seem to take
longer and longer every morning.

SHERRY

Don't worry about me, Dad. When I grow
up, I won't need makeup to impress the
world. I'll be a natural beauty.

J.R.

Are you kidding? You need makeup more
than anybody.

SHERRY

The Ratboy doth protest too much,
methinks.

ELIZABETH

Hey, be nice, you two. By the way,
Graham, Father Hargis came by
yesterday.

GRAHAM
(concerned)

Uh oh. What did he want?

ELIZABETH

He came by because he forgot to give
you your holiday bonus.

GRAHAM
(excited)

Holiday bonus?! Gimme! Gimme! Gimme!

GRAHAM LEAPS FROM HIS CHAIR AND RUNS TO ELIZABETH. SHE HANDS
HIM THE SLIP OF PAPER THAT MAKES UP HIS BONUS, AND GRAHAM
INSPECTS IT.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
(disappointed)

One month of free movies at the Eureka
Drive-In. Oh, boy. I'm sure the phone
company would gladly accept this as
payment.

ELIZABETH

Graham. Show some gratitude.

GRAHAM

We don't go there nearly enough for
this to help us, and look at this fine
print! No special engagements. No
double features.

GRAHAM SUDDENLY GETS EXCITED

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Oh wow! Unlimited free Shasta! Hey,
kids! We're going to the drive-in,
tonight!

THE FOUR OLDEST LUBBOCK SISTERS WALK IN

CINDY

What's this about the drive-in?

ELIZABETH

Oh, your dad got free movie tickets
for the month as a holiday bonus.

GRAHAM

And free soda! I haven't had an orange
soda since the Nixon administration!

CONNIE

Wow. Free soda. We can finally pay off
the car loan.

GRAHAM

Come on. Show some gratitude.

ELIZABETH

Wait a minute. Wendy...

WENDY

(annoyed)

What is it, Mom?

ELIZABETH

Aren't you forgetting something?

WENDY

Oh, yeah...

WENDY TAKES THE MANNEQUIN HEAD THAT WAS IN HER DRESSER, AND LIFTS IT BY THE HAIR FOR ALL TOO SEE

WENDY (CONT'D)

J.R. You forgot your head.

ELIZABETH LOOKS ANNOYED AT J.R.

ELIZABETH

J.R.!

MARIE

Gross!

SHERRY

I know. This is your weakest effort yet, J.R.! I remember when "Made in America" meant something.

GRAHAM

I don't have time for this. We better get going.

ELIZABETH

Yeah, look at the time. Girls, just take some strips of bacon and eat while you're walking. And don't forget your books, Wendy.

WENDY

Okay, Mom.

MOST OF THE FAMILY LEAVES, WHILE WENDY STAYS BEHIND BRIEFLY. SHE LOOKS AT THE MANNEQUIN HEAD, AND THEN BECKONS J.R.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Hey, J.R., come here a second.

J.R. COMES BACK

J.R.
(annoyed)

What?!

WENDY

The lipstick you used on this head.

J.R.

Yeah, what about it?

WENDY

It's...gorgeous.

J.R.

Oh, it's just a blend I made up. It makes the rest of the face really pop.

WENDY

Wait, you made this lipstick?!

J.R.

You're not going to tell the boys at school, are you?

WENDY

Not if you tell me how you made this.

J.R. PULLS OUT A TUBE OF LIPSTICK

J.R.

It's just something I whipped up as an experiment.

WENDY

J.R. We could make a fortune. This is the reddest red on the face of the earth.

J.R.
(gleeful)

Even redder than a baboon's butt?

WENDY

Leave it to you to take something
beautiful and make it gross.

J.R.
(annoyed)

Whatever. I'm going to school.

WENDY

Wait a minute! I could sell this to
somebody, and make us a lot of money.

J.R.

Really?!

WENDY

Just give me the ingredients, and I'll
do the rest.

J.R.

Okay. Here's the formula.

J.R. HANDS WENDY AN INDEX CARD

WENDY

Great! Bye-ee!

WENDY RUNS OFF, J.R. SOON FOLLOWS

FADE TO:

EXT. LUBBOCK HOUSE - DUSK

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

GRAHAM IS AT THE OPEN FRONT DOOR, CALLING OUT TO THE FAMILY.
WENDY IS ON THE COUCH.

GRAHAM

Hey, hold your horses! I'll be right there!...Wendy, Are you sure you don't want to go to the drive-in?

WENDY

Yeah, Dad. I'm just going to catch up on some reading.

GRAHAM

(suspicious)

Reading?

WENDY

Yeah. Nothing like a good book.

GRAHAM

(still suspicious)

When I get back, I better not smell any adolescent testosterone.

GRAHAM LEAVES.

WENDY

Finally.

WENDY TURNS ON THE TV

WENDY (CONT'D)

(amorous)

Nothing like watching Nine-Oh-Two-One-Oh by yourself.

SOMEONE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR

WENDY (CONT'D)

Who could be knocking at this hour?

WENDY OPENS THE DOOR TO FIND TWO SALESMEN: CHET, AN ENTHUSIASTIC, HEAVY-SET MAN WITH A DRAWLING VOICE; AND JOHNNY, A SKINNY, OLDER GENTLEMAN WITH A PROMINENT CHIN, AN EVEN THICKER DRAWL, AND A PENCHANT FOR MONOSYLLABIC WORDS.

CHET

Hello, good lady. Are you the woman of the household?

WENDY

Uh...yeah. I guess I am.

CHET

Well, allow us to introduce ourselves. I'm Chet, and this is my cousin, Johnny; and have we got some exciting deals for you. Now, you're already a striking, young woman; but what if I told you could look even better than you do now. Take for example...

JOHNNY HOLDS UP A NON-DESCRIPT TUBE

CHET (CONT'D)

...this tube of Labiophage. Guaranteed to give you, within one week, fuller, more sultry lips.

JOHNNY POINTS TO HIS LIPS

JOHNNY

Lips.

CHET

Or maybe this...

JOHNNY PULLS OUT A THIGH MASTER-TYPE DEVICE

CHET (CONT'D)

...the Hippomatic! Sure to strengthen
and tone even the most toned of hips.

JOHNNY POINTS TO HIS HIPS

JOHNNY

Hips.

CHET

Yes, ma'am, we have everything a lady
could need to look better and feel
better. Not to mention everything a
woman could need to make the male sex
putty in their hands. With our help,
you could get anything and everything
you'd ever want from a man.

JOHNNY

Tips.

CHET

Uh, right, Johnny. Buy and use any one
of our products, and no man will ever
stiff you for a gratuity, again.

WENDY

Um, I don't really have any trouble
getting what I want from men. So, I
think I'm going to pass.

CHET

Oh, well, sorry for bothering you,
ma'am.

CHET AND JOHNNY BEGIN TO LEAVE, BUT WENDY ASKS THEM TO STAY,
AND THEY TURN BACK TOWARDS HER

WENDY

Hey, wait a minute. You're in the
beauty business, right? What would you
say about me selling something to you?

CHET

Uh, I can't say I've ever been
propositioned like that before; but I
guess I could listen to your offer.

WENDY

Well, my brother just made this new
kind of lipstick.

CHET

Your brother?!

WENDY

He's a weird kid.

WENDY PULLS OUT THE LIPSTICK

WENDY (CONT'D)

But take a look at the color on this
thing.

WENDY PUSHES THE LIPSTICK UP AND SHOWS IT TO CHET AND JOHNNY

CHET

(stunned)

Great googly moogly! I've never seen
anything so...red.

JOHNNY LOOKS ON WITH FASCINATION

CHET (CONT'D)

How does fifty-thousand, sound?

WENDY
(gobsmacked)

Fifty thousand dollars?

CHET

Absolutely! You got the formula?

WENDY HANDS CHET THE FORMULA

WENDY

Right here!

CHET

Oh, I can see it now! What's your
name, again?

WENDY

Wendy.

CHET

Yeah. Wendy. Wendy's...Wonder Colors!
With a name like that, this'll fly off
the shelves. I'll have a contract
printed in no time. Pleasure doing
business with you, young lady.

CHET AND JOHNNY TURN AND WALK AWAY

CHET (CONT'D)

Woo-hoo!

WENDY CLOSES THE DOOR

WENDY

Who knew business could be this easy?!

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CAPTION: "TWO WEEKS LATER"

WENDY IS ON THE PHONE, J.R. IS WATCHING TV

WENDY
(into the phone)

Yeah, I'm so excited. They say they've
already got a regional distribution
deal, and they're already talking
about going national!

J.R. IS STUNNED BY WHAT HE SEES ON THE SCREEN

J.R.

Wendy! I think you'd better come over
here!

WENDY

Quiet! I'm talking to Owen!

J.R.

Call him back! David Horowitz is
talking about your lipstick!

WENDY

What?!

WENDY ENDS HER PHONE CONVERSATION

WENDY (CONT'D)
(into the phone)

I'll call you right back.

WENDY RUNS TO THE COUCH AS THE PROGRAM BEGINS

DAVID

(on TV)

Every day, we get all kinds of new products sent to us by confident companies who want us to put their products to the test. But one particular product caught our eye, recently.

DAVID HOLDS UP AN AD WITH WENDY'S PICTURE

DAVID (CONT'D)

This is an ad for Wendy's Wonder Colors, that's Wendy right there on the ad, she seems pretty happy with the way it makes her look. Well, we decided to try it for ourselves and see if looks as good as it does in the ad.

WENDY

Wow. I can't believe we're getting this kind of publicity, this soon!

DAVID BRINGS OUT A MANNEQUIN HEAD

DAVID

Now, I've got a mannequin here. We've already put some of Wendy's lipstick on it. Let's put on a little more on her lips, there. Yeah.

DAVID SETS THE MANNEQUIN DOWN

DAVID (CONT'D)

Looks pretty good to me.

DAVID PAUSES BRIEFLY WHEN THE MANNEQUIN HEAD SUDDENLY EXPLODES WITH A LOUD, CRACKING BANG. WENDY AND J.R. LOOK ON IN HORROR, WHILE DAVID IS ON THE TV LOOKING NONPLUSSED. THE MANNEQUIN, OR THE REMNANTS OF IT, CONTINUE TO BURN.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(on TV)

I've heard of smoldering good looks, before, but this is ridiculous. So remember: stay aware and informed, and fight back, and don't let anyone blow you up.

WENDY TURNS OFF THE TV, GETS UP, AND STARTS PACING IN A COLD SWEAT PANIC

WENDY

Oh no no no no no no no. This isn't happening! This isn't happening!!!

J.R.

I know. That's the cheapest mannequin head I've ever seen.

WENDY TURNS TO J.R IN A FURY

WENDY

You! You did this!

J.R.

Me?! How did I know they were going to blow that thing up?!

WENDY

They didn't blow it up, Ratboy; your lipstick did! You put nitroglycerin in there or something!

J.R.

No, I didn't! It's just beeswax and pigment!

WENDY

So what are you saying, that he blew it up himself?! Last time I checked, David Horowitz is not a prop comic!!!

J.R.

What do you want me to do about it?! I just came up with the formula.

WENDY

Well, where is the formula?

J.R.

How should I know? I gave it to you!

WENDY

And then I gave it to those two guys.

J.R.

Wait. What two guys?

WENDY

The two guys who came to the door.

J.R.

You just gave the formula to some random people who showed up at the door?!

WENDY

They said they'd pay us fifty grand.

J.R.

Well, now we're looking at fifty years. And that's on top of whatever Dad does to us. If only we could get the formula back so we can clear our name, but it's probably at their factory.

WENDY

Yeah. If only there was a way to get in there.

WENDY STARTS LOOKING LONG AND HARD AT J.R.

J.R.

Hey, why are you looking at me like that?

WENDY

As far as I'm concerned, you got us into this mess.

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

So I think you'd better figure out a way to get into that factory, because if you think I'm going to defend you when the feds come knocking about your explosive formula, you're sorely mistaken.

J.R.

Fine! If it'll prove my innocence, but I'm going to need some rope, a ladder, and a ball-peen hammer.

WENDY

Why do you need that stuff?!

J.R.

Because they don't sell battering rams at K-Mart!

END OF ACT I

ACT II

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

THE FACTORY LOOMS LARGE IN THE DARK. IT'S A BRICK WAREHOUSE WITH WINDOWS LINING THE SECOND LEVEL. J.R. AND WENDY SHOW UP ON FOOT IN BLACK CAMOUFLAGE LIKE TWO CAT BURGLARS. WENDY'S SKI CAP STRUGGLES TO COVER HER LONG, CURLY HAIR. J.R. CARRIES A LADDER, WHILE WENDY CARRIES A LARGE COIL OF ROPE.

J.R.

Wendy, Mom is going to kill us for dying our good sweaters black.

WENDY

She's going to kill us even more painfully if she finds out we're selling high explosives as lipstick. Are you sure this is where they're manufacturing the stuff?

J.R.

There are only two factories in the whole county, and the other one's a slaughterhouse.

WENDY

So how are we getting in?

J.R.

Well, the doors are all locked, but those windows up there might give us an in. The ladder will get us halfway up, but to get the rest of the way, I'm going to have to lasso the rope around something.

WENDY POINTS UP

WENDY

Look, there's a lamppost up there
above the window.

J.R.

Yeah! It might not be strong enough to
carry Dad, but it should carry me with
no problem.

WENDY

Well, what are you waiting for?

SUDDENLY, A VEHICLE IS HEARD APPROACHING AND HEADLIGHTS
SLOWLY GROW BRIGHTER

WENDY (CONT'D)

Oh, crap! Someone's coming!

J.R.

Think of something, quick!

THE CAR, WITH TWO MEN INSIDE, APPROACHES J.R. AND WENDY AND
STOPS

MAN IN CAR

Hey? What are these kids doing here?

WENDY AND J.R. STAND STILL IN THE HEADLIGHTS, BEFORE THEY
START DANCING GLEEFULLY AND BEGIN SINGING TOGETHER

J.R./WENDY

(singing)

Why look so awfully tragic?

Put on a happy face

Smiling can work like magic

Put on a happy face

Take off the gloomy mask of tragedy

(MORE)

J.R./WENDY (CONT'D)

*It's not your style
You'll look so good that you'll be
glad you decided to smile*

WENDY

*Pick out a pleasant outlook
Stick out that noble chin*

J.R.

*Wipe off that full of doubt look
Slap on a happy grin*

J.R./WENDY

*And spread sunshine all over the place
Just put on a happy face!*

J.R. AND WENDY FALL TO THEIR KNEES AND PUT THEIR HANDS UP IN A FINAL FLOURISH FOR SHOW. THE TWO MEN APPLAUD FROM THE COMFORT OF THEIR VEHICLE.

OTHER MAN IN CAR

Oh, I love show tunes!

MAN IN CAR

Come on, let's leave these two
songbirds be.

THE CAR DRIVES OFF THE FACTORY LOT. J.R. AND WENDY WIPE THE SWEAT FROM THEIR BROW.

J.R./WENDY

Whew!

J.R.

That was too close!

WENDY

Tell me about it.

J.R. GETS A SUDDEN LOOK OF PANIC IN HIS EYES

J.R.

Oh no! Mom and Dad are probably
getting back from the drive-in now!
They're going to know we're gone!

WENDY

Don't worry. I knew you'd forget about
that, so I had a plan of my own.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A TAPE RECORDER BEGINS PLAYING IN AN INCONSPICUOUS PLACE

WENDY (O.S.)
(from a tape)

Hold still, Ratboy! I'm not done
putting on your mascara!

J.R. (O.S.)
(from a tape)

Stop it, you bimbo!

GRAHAM, ELIZABETH, CINDY, CONNIE, MARIE, AND SHERRY WALK IN
WITH HARVEY AND MELISSA IN TOW.

GRAHAM

Wendy! We're home!

CINDY

You won't believe what we saw! The
Jewish mouse went West!

CONNIE

His name is Fievel, Cindy.

CINDY

Oh, come on, Connie. Who would name a mouse that?

MARIE

Hey, where's Wendy and J.R.?

WENDY (O.S.)

Stop crying, J.R.! Your eyeliner's starting to run! You look like Tammy Faye Bakker.

J.R. (O.S.)

Mom! Make her stop!

ELIZABETH

Wendy! Stop teasing your brother!

SHERRY HOLDS UP HER HAND

SHERRY

Wait a minute. Don't Wendy and J.R. sound a little...pre-recorded to you?

GRAHAM

No more than usual. I'm going to get a beer.

GRAHAM BEE-LINES TO THE KITCHEN. SHERRY SHAKES HER HEAD IN DISAPPROVAL.

FADE TO:

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

J.R. RAPPELS UP THE FACTORY WALL WHILE WENDY WAITS BELOW

WENDY

Can you see inside, yet?

J.R.

Almost.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY

J.R. RAPPELS THE LAST FEW FEET TO THE THRESHOLD OF AN ALREADY
BROKEN WINDOW

J.R.

Looks like all that rope climbing in
phys-ed is finally paying off.

J.R. PEERS INSIDE

J.R. (CONT'D)

Jackpot.

WENDY

What is it?

J.R.

This is perfect. The window's already
broken. There's a catwalk just
beneath, and it has a staircase to the
factory floor.

J.R. CLIMBS OFF THE ROPE AND THROUGH THE WINDOW, STEPPING
ONTO THE CATWALK. J.R. THEN BECKONS TO WENDY OUT THE WINDOW.

J.R. (CONT'D)

Okay, your turn.

WENDY

My turn?! You didn't say anything
about me climbing up there!

J.R.

Hey, it's your makeup line we're trying to salvage, here! Besides, if the two of us split up to look for the formula, we'll get out of here a lot faster.

WENDY

Ugh! Fine!

WENDY STARTS CLIMBING THE LADDER

WENDY (CONT'D)

But if I chip a nail, you're going to pay.

J.R. TURNS TO SURVEY THE FACTORY FLOOR

J.R.

Wow! This is impressive. They could probably turn out ten thousand units a day. Shame they're all combustible.

J.R. PAUSES FOR A COUPLE OF SECOND AS HE SURVEYS THE ASSEMBLY LINE

WENDY

J.R.! Help!

WENDY STRUGGLES TO HOLD ONTO THE ROPE

J.R.

Wendy! Climb up!

WENDY

I can't.

J.R.

But you do great in phys-ed. You're not strong enough to pull yourself up?!

WENDY

I'm not strong, I'm just fast.

J.R.

Tell me something I don't know.

WENDY

J.R.!

J.R.

Fine! Geez, do I have to do everything?!

J.R. STARTS PULLING THE ROPE, AND WENDY, UPWARDS

J.R. (CONT'D)

Wendy, you weigh a ton.

WENDY

Hey! Never talk about a lady's weight!

J.R.

You talk smack about Cindy's weight all the time. You've got to...

J.R. STRUGGLES TO PULL WENDY UP

J.R. (CONT'D)

...weigh at least as much as her.

WENDY

Keep going, I'm almost there.

J.R.
(to himself)

I swear I've heard Mom say that to Dad
before.

WENDY GRABS THE SILL OF THE WINDOW

WENDY

Grab my hand, J.R.!

J.R. GRABS WENDY'S HAND AND HELPS HER UP. WENDY CLIMBS
THROUGH THE WINDOW.

WENDY (CONT'D)

God! That was scary.

WENDY LOOKS DOWN ON THE FACTORY FLOOR

WENDY (CONT'D)

So this is it...Well, come on, let's
find that formula.

WENDY AND J.R. MAKE THEIR WAY DOWNSTAIRS

J.R.

Okay, you take a look through that
filing cabinet over there. I'll search
the assembly line.

WENDY

Got it.

J.R. BREAKS OFF WHILE WENDY RIFLES THROUGH THE FILING
CABINET, STARTING WITH THE TOP DRAWER

WENDY (CONT'D)

Nothing in here but old vacation
photos of those two guys.

WENDY CLOSSES THE TOP DRAWER IN A PANIC.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Whoa! I did not need to see that!

SHE MOVES TO THE NEXT DRAWER.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Taxes and finances. No.

WENDY MOVES TO THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Here we go. Formulas. Formula for ear

shrinking serum. Formula for nose

shortening balm. Oh, here it is!

Wendy's Wonder Colors.

WENDY PULLS OUT AN INDEX CARD

WENDY (CONT'D)

Lanolin. Beeswax. Pigment. This is the

formula, and nothing explosive to

speak of...J.R. was right. For once,

he was right.

J.R.

Wendy! You'd better come see this!

WENDY RUNS OVER TO WHERE J.R. IS. HE IS STANDING NEXT TO A
LARGE VAT LABELED "NITROGLYCERIN".

WENDY

Good gravy.

J.R.

They have been putting explosives in

your lipstick.

WENDY

But why?!

J.R.

I'd say Dick Clark is getting really dark with his bloopers and practical jokes.

SUDDENLY, FOOTSTEPS CAN BE HEARD APPROACHING

WENDY

Oh geez, someone's coming! Quick take a picture!

J.R. GRABS A CAMERA OUT OF HIS POCKET AND SNAPS A PHOTO OF THE VAT

J.R.

There. Let's scram!

WENDY AND J.R. RUN OFF. SOON AFTER, AN OCTOGENARIAN SECURITY GUARD WALKS IN.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey! I heard something. What's going on here?...Consarnit! The vat didn't explode! I wanted to see some destruction.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CINDY, CONNIE, AND MARIE ARE WATCHING TV ON THE COUCH

ANNOUNCER

(on TV)

Coming up next: Twin Peaks. Can you figure it out? Because we sure can't!

J.R. AND WENDY WALK INTO THE HOUSE, STILL IN THEIR ALL-BLACK SPY GARB

WENDY

Hi.

CINDY

Where have you two been?

J.R.

Uh, nowhere special.

CONNIE

Do people typically go to "nowhere special" dressed like the bandits from Home Alone?

WENDY

Sure, it's the latest thing! Well, good night.

MARIE GETS UP TO CONFRONT THE TWO

MARIE

Now, wait a minute! I think you two have been up to no good. If you don't want me telling Mom and Dad that you've been...cat burgling, I want a good explanation.

WENDY

Well, me and J.R. were on...a mission from God.

MARIE

A mission from God?!

WENDY

Yeah. He spoke to me and said
"Gwendolyn Lubbock, I need you to take
your brother out for some quality
family time."

MARIE

Dressed like night stalkers?!

WENDY

Well, Marie; God works in mysterious
ways. We mere mortals can't possibly
understand his plan for each of us.

WENDY AND J.R. ATTEMPT TO GO UPSTAIRS

MARIE

Stop!

WENDY AND J.R. STOP ON THE STAIRCASE

MARIE (CONT'D)

Did God say anything about me?

WENDY

Uh, yeah. He said that it's okay for
you to show some ankle from time to
time, and for you to stop borrowing
your sister's pumps.

MARIE

God said that?!

J.R.

Yeah, so you'd better listen or
else...

J.R. MAKES DEVIL HORNS WITH HIS HANDS ON HIS HEAD

J.R. (CONT'D)
(sinister)

Mwah hah hah hah hah!

WENDY AND J.R. FINALLY ASCEND THE STAIRS. MARIE LOOKS A BIT CONCERNED.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

CAPTION: "ONE WEEK LATER"

WENDY AND J.R. ARE WATCHING TV

DAVID HOROWITZ (O.S.)
(on TV)

And now an update on a story we did
last week.

FOCUS TURNS TO THE TV

DAVID

We told you about a line of lipstick
that turned out to be highly
combustible. Well, in a rare case of a
product's endorser holding their own
product accountable, Wendy Lubbock and
her brother J.R. revealed that the
manufacturer was substituting lanolin
for nitroglycerin!

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

When asked why, the manufacturer simply said, and I quote: "Johnny misread the recipe." Luckily, the product was recalled before it could reach store shelves, the two people running the manufacturer have been arrested, and the product was carefully destroyed in a massive fireball that could be seen from space. So, kudos to Wendy and J.R. Lubbock for fighting back, and for saving countless lives.

WENDY

Well, I may not be getting rich, but at least I'm not going to jail either. I'd say I learned a valuable lesson, here.

WENDY GETS UP, BUT J.R. INTERJECTS

J.R.

Ahem.

WENDY

What now?

J.R.

Aren't you forgetting something?

WENDY

No.

J.R.

Hey, who was it that found a way into
the factory?

WENDY
(annoyed and whiny)

Oh, don't do this.

J.R.

And who was it that made that formula
in the first place; the formula that
could have made you millions if you
didn't fork it over to the first
swindler who came to the door.

WENDY HUFFS AND FOLDS HER ARMS

J.R. (CONT'D)
(smug)

Admit it, Wendy. You needed me.

WENDY MOANS IN DEFEAT

J.R. (CONT'D)

Come on, Wendy. Say it...

WENDY STAYS SILENT

J.R. (CONT'D)

If you don't say it, I'll tell Dad
about the time I saw you puffing on
one of Blitz's "magic cigarettes".

WENDY
(under her breath)

Thank you, J.R.

J.R.

I can't hear you.

WENDY

I said it. It's not my fault you can't hear...

J.R.
(raising his voice)

Oh, Dad!

WENDY
(annoyed)

Fine! Thank you, J.R.

J.R.
You're welcome, Wendy.

WENDY
(disgusted)

I need to take a shower. I feel so dirty.

WENDY WALKS OFF

J.R.
Of all the things you've done, saying thank you is what makes you feel dirty?

WENDY (O.S.)
Shut up, Ratboy!

J.R. SITS ON THE COUCH, GRINNING EAR TO EAR, FULL OF SATISFACTION.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT II