

JUST THE TEN OF US

"On Purpose"

written by

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<http://www.thelostepisodes.com/>

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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

JIM.....JAMES KAREN  
MR. PRUITT.....BILL ERWIN  
WAITRESS FROM DANNY'S.....DEE DEE RESCHER

COLD OPEN

INT. LUBBOCK GIRLS' ROOM - DAY

MARIE IS GIVING A CHANTING PRAYER IN HER CORNER OF THE ROOM.

MARIE

*Ave Maria*

*Gratia plena*

*Maria*

*Gratia plena*

CINDY, CONNIE, AND WENDY WALK INTO THE ROOM.

WENDY

Marie, what kind of jibber-jabber are you chanting about, now?

CONNIE

Wendy, she's praying.

CINDY

Really? I usually just cross myself and be done with it.

CINDY CROSSES HERSELF, ON HER MIDSECTION.

MARIE

Do you three mind? I'm in deep spiritual contemplation, here.

WENDY

Marie, you're always in deep spiritual contemplation. Either that or contemplating which nerd from TV you want to marry.

MARIE

Don't be silly, Wendy. Nuns can't get married.

CONNIE

Nuns?! Marie, I thought you gave up on being a nun.

MARIE

I did. But over the past year or so, I've found that the world is too full of temptation for someone to be truly close to God without making a firm commitment to serve him, and only him.

WENDY PICKS UP A MAGAZINE NEAR MARIE'S BED.

WENDY

Does serving God entail a subscription to Rippling Pectorals Weekly?

MARIE ANGRILY GRABS THE MAGAZINE OUT OF WENDY'S HAND.

MARIE

At least I have a purpose in life. Your life is just wiggling at boys for fabulous prizes.

WENDY

Who's to say that's not my purpose?

MARIE

Figures a heathen such as yourself would consider that a noble pursuit.

WENDY

Hey, I never said it was noble. But last time I checked, nobody ever got a bottle of Exclamation from a life of chastity.

MARIE

Shouldn't you at least consider a more fulfilling life purpose..like Connie.

CONNIE

Like me?

MARIE

Yes! You are a peaceful warrior; using not a sword, but a pen to right the injustices of the world.

CONNIE

I do?

MARIE

You sent Mayor Lombardo up the river when you caught him taking bribes! Come on, Connie, that was just a couple of months ago.

CONNIE

Yeah, but he was acquitted on a quote-unquote "technicality". That was just a couple of weeks ago!

MARIE

So that's why the school's property taxes went up.

CINDY

Hey, Marie, what's my life purpose?

MARIE

You don't know your life's purpose?!

CINDY

I never really thought about it until now.

MARIE

Well, what do you want to be known for when you die? What do you want to leave on the earth?

CINDY

I left something on the earth last week on our camping trip, but I don't really want to be known for that.

CONNIE

No, Cindy, she's talking about your legacy. What do you want your legacy to be?

CINDY

I don't know. I always thought I'd have a legacy like Mom. Get married, have a bunch of kids, that kind of stuff.

WENDY

Oh please, Cindy, that's not a legacy.  
A legacy is going up to the  
headquarters of big corporation,  
starting in the mailroom, catching the  
eye of the president of the company  
and being promoted to his secretary  
the very same day. Then, after a few,  
long arduous months; you both get  
married, he dies, and you inherit his  
massive fortune. That's a legacy.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Girls! Dinner's ready!

MARIE

Don't listen to her, Cindy! That's not  
the kind of legacy God wants us to  
leave. Be strong, resist the  
temptation!

CONNIE, MARIE, AND WENDY GO DOWNSTAIRS.

CINDY

God doesn't want me to eat dinner?  
What, was ten commandments not  
enough?!

ROLL OPEN

ACT I

INT. GROCERY STORE - AISLE - DAY

CINDY IS PERUSING THE AISLE'S SHELVES.

CINDY

What did Mom want again? Sage?  
Rosemary? Thyme?! If Mom wants more  
time, she should get one of those day  
planners.

JUST THEN, AN KINDLY OLDER GENTLEMAN WALKS UP TOWARDS CINDY.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Oh, why did Mom send me to the store?  
What does "it's your turn" even mean,  
anyway?

JIM

Can I help you find something, young  
lady?

CINDY

Yes, you can! My mom wants some kind  
of spice, but I can't remember what  
she wanted.

JIM

Well, why don't you buy them all?

CINDY

Huh?

JIM STARTS PUTTING CONTAINERS OF SPICES IN CINDY'S BASKET.



JIM

Yes, spices are on sale this week.

Four for just a dollar.

CINDY

Wow, even we can afford that!

CINDY STARTS PUTTING SPICES IN HER BASKET, HERSELF.

JIM

Hey, you've got some great technique there.

CINDY

I do?

JIM

Yes, the smooth, fluid way you pick each container off the shelf. Do you think you might be able to do that, but in the other direction?

CINDY STARTS PUTTING THE SPICES BACK ON THE SHELF.

CINDY

I thought you wanted me to buy these, but okay.

JIM

Oh, you can still buy them. I was just wondering if you'd like to be my new stock girl.

CINDY

Stock girl?

JIM

I don't know if you've noticed, but I don't really have a lot of people around here.

CINDY

I thought it was because of the rancid deli meats.

JIM

Oh, don't be ridiculous. We don't have a deli. We also don't have a lot of help, which means we don't have a lot of customers, which means we can't afford to pay much, which means we don't have a lot of help. It's what we in the business call a vicious cycle.

CINDY

Wow, you supermarket people have a name for everything.

JIM

And just think, this will be just the beginning. You'll be working in every department, you'll get to know the store from the front to the back. This store will become your calling. Your purpose.

CINDY

My...purpose?

JIM

Yes. So, what do you say?

CINDY

I don't know. When will I have time  
for school?

JIM

Come in after school. We'll be here.

CINDY

Really?

JIM

Twenty-four hours a day!

CINDY

In a row?

FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - TWILIGHT

ELIZABETH LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW OVER THE SINK. GRAHAM WALKS  
IN.

GRAHAM

(whiny)

Elizabeth! When's dinner?!

ELIZABETH

As soon as Cindy gets back from the  
store.

GRAHAM

You sent Cindy to the store?!

ELIZABETH

It was her turn.

GRAHAM

Elizabeth, do you remember what happened the last time it was Cindy's turn?

ELIZABETH

Not off the top of my head.

GRAHAM

The last time we sent Cindy to the store, she didn't get back until after nine!

ELIZABETH

Oh my gosh!

GRAHAM

Yeah, she missed the entire first half of Murphy Brown!

ELIZABETH

Do you remember if she got what we needed?

GRAHAM

Not off the top of my head.

CINDY WALKS IN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR WITH A GROCERY BAG.

CINDY

Hiyee!

ELIZABETH

Oh, Cindy! I was worried about you. Did you get what I asked for?

CINDY LAYS THE GROCERY BAG ON THE COUNTER.

CINDY

It's bound to be in there somewhere. I made sure to cover my bases this time.

ELIZABETH LOOKS THROUGH THE BAG.

ELIZABETH

No, Cindy, I told you to get Crisco! You know I can't make my fried chicken without it!

GRAHAM STARTS LOOKING THROUGH THE BAG.

CINDY

Ohhhh, I should have known this would happen. If I can't even pick out the right thing, how am I supposed to be the new stock girl?

GRAHAM

Well, you did come home with all of the spices in China. Maybe I could make my chili, instead.

ELIZABETH

What did you just say?!

GRAHAM

Hey, if you can't handle my chili, Elizabeth, you can always have some crackers...

ELIZABETH

(interrupting)

Not you, Graham! I'm talking to Cindy!

CINDY

Talking to me about what?

ELIZABETH

About you being the new stock girl.

GRAHAM

Yeah, you're not being pilloried for public drunkenness, are you?

CINDY

No, I got a job at the grocery store.

ELIZABETH

You got a job?!

ELIZABETH HUGS CINDY.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm so proud of you!

GRAHAM

Yeah, way to go! What'll you be wearing?

CINDY

An apron, Daddy.

GRAHAM

(mad)

You'll only be wearing an apron?!

ELIZABETH

Graham! She's going to work at the supermarket, not the Snake Pit.

GRAHAM

Oh, right.

CONNIE WALKS IN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR.

ELIZABETH

Hey, Connie. Where's Marie and Wendy?

CONNIE

They're having another one of their  
"who's sexier" arguments, again.

GRAHAM

Who were they arguing over this time?  
Robert Downey Junior and Ted Koppel?

CONNIE EYES WIDEN IN SHOCK. SHE TURNS TO ELIZABETH.

CONNIE

How can Dad hear them from that far  
away?!

ELIZABETH

Cindy, why don't you tell Connie about  
your new job.

CINDY

I'm going to be the new stock girl at  
the grocery store.

CONNIE

Why? Did J.R. put you up to this?

CINDY

No. I was looking around, and the  
manager walked up to me and offered me  
the position.

CONNIE

But what possessed you to work there?  
That store doesn't even have scanners  
at the checkout.

CINDY

Well, I thought about the conversation  
we had last night; about finding my  
life's purpose. And lo and behold, I  
found my purpose!

CONNIE

That's your life's purpose, Cindy? To  
stock cans of Alpo?

SHERRY WALKS IN.

SHERRY

Mom, when's dinner?

ELIZABETH

Oh, Cindy got a bit tripped up at the  
store, so we're having to change  
plans.

CINDY

But it's okay, soon I'm going to be  
working there.

SHERRY

Cindy got a job at the supermarket?!  
Now we have to switch to Albertsons.



GRAHAM

Geez, Sherry, how much money do you think I make?

SHERRY

Enough to shop at a store that actually has a bakery. A store that doesn't just say "food" on the front. A store that doesn't just hire anybody off the street.

CINDY

Wow! Wendy's going to be working there, too?!

FADE TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET

CINDY WALKS DOWN THE AISLE PUTTING HER APRON ON, RIGHT AS JIM WALKS IN PUSHING A CART STACKED WITH BOXES.

JIM

Oh, just who I was looking for!

CINDY

Wow, me too!

JIM

I have your first assignment.

CINDY

Great! What is it?

JIM

Right here. A whole pallet of raisin bran.

CINDY

Oh. What do I do with it?

JIM

Take 'em out and stack 'em high. We've got to get ready for our big dried fruit sale. A pound of prunes, just one dollar!

CINDY

Why are you selling them that cheap?

JIM

To get back at the sewer department, mostly. Hey, take a look at this.

JIM PULLS OUT A CIRCULAR BONE SAW.

CINDY

Aaaaaah! Listen, Jim, sir, I just wasn't looking where I was going. I swear I didn't know that stack of pickled herring jars was there.

JIM

What pickled herring jars?

CINDY

Oh, I mean...I don't know what you're talking about.

JIM

Well, do you know what this is?

CINDY

Whatever it is, I sure hope I never see it at the dentist.

JIM

No, it's a bone saw. We use it in the meat department.

CINDY

Oh. So, why are you showing it to me?

JIM

Because once you're done with this pallet, you can get to work on those sides of beef we just got in.

CINDY

Well, I thought I was just supposed to be the stock girl.

JIM

Hey, beef is part of our stock. And pork, and poultry, and parts of all kinds. Hey, handling a side of beef is just like handling a big pallet of cereal; just instead of cutting shrink wrap and cardboard, you're cutting ribs and tendons.

JIM STARTS WALKING AWAY.

CINDY

But, I don't think I'll have time to do all this.

JIM

You've got all of time you'll need.

CINDY

How much time?

JIM

Twenty-four hours a day!

JIM DISAPPEARS, AS CINDY IS LEFT HEMMING AND HAWING OVER HER NEW ASSIGNMENTS.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CINDY WALKS INTO THE HOUSE, EXHAUSTED, WHILE J.R. SITS ON THE COUCH ALONE WATCHING TV.

CINDY

Hiiyeee...

J.R.

Oh, hey.

CINDY

Where is everybody?

J.R.

They went bowling.

CINDY

Bumper bowling?!

J.R.

The bumpiest.

CINDY

(whimpering)

Awwwwww.

CINDY PLUNKS HERSELF ON THE COUCH IN DEFEAT.

J.R.

Rough day at the rat race, huh?

CINDY

Rat race?

J.R.

Yeah, that's what the paper calls the store you're working at.

CINDY

Ugh, what did I get myself into?!

J.R.

What are they making you do there?

CINDY

Everything! I had cut a pig into spare ribs, today.

J.R.

What was that like?

CINDY

I think I'm a vegetarian, now.

J.R.

Hey, maybe you can ask Connie if she has any meat cutting pointers.

CINDY

J.R., can I ask you a deep question?

J.R.

Forty-two.

CINDY

Forty-two what?

J.R.

Oh, I thought you were asking how many licks it took to get to the center of a Tootsie Pop. I didn't think you'd ask anything deeper than that.

CINDY

Nooo, I want to know what your purpose  
in life is.

J.R.

Easy, to scare people.

CINDY

Even you have a life purpose?!

J.R.

Sure, doesn't everyone?

CINDY

Not me.

J.R.

So, what do you want me to do about  
it?

CINDY

Well, I thought this job at the store  
would be my life purpose, but it's so  
hard! I'm more confused than ever.

J.R.

Oh. That sucks.

CINDY GRABS J.R.'S TORSO AND STARTS SHAKING HIM.

CINDY

Oh, J.R.!

J.R.

Hey, cut it out!

CINDY

Please help me!

J.R.

I will if you let go of me!

CINDY STOPS SHAKING J.R.

J.R. (CONT'D)

God, you're strong. What do you want  
to know?

CINDY

Why is scaring people your life  
purpose?

J.R.

I don't know. It's fun.

CINDY

That's it?

J.R.

Yeah, pretty much.

CINDY

But why is it fun?

J.R.

I can't quite explain it. Something  
about making girls scream.

CINDY

Oh, like Michael Jackson does when  
girls see him?

J.R.

(increasingly sinister)

No.

(MORE)



J.R. (CONT'D)

I mean something like making the women of the world watch a young man as he slowly morphs, little by little, into an unrecognizable ghost of a creature. His skin turned pale, his hair turned oily...

J.R. LEANS IN TOWARDS CINDY'S EAR.

J.R. (CONT'D)

His nose turned into a nothing more than a fleshy, shriveled pyre with nostrils.

J.R. SITS BACK DOWN.

J.R. (CONT'D)  
(matter-of-fact)

So, yeah, Michael Jackson.

FADE TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - AISLE

CINDY IS ON THE FLOOR, NEXT TO A BIG STACK OF SALE-PRICED CEREAL, EXAMINING TWO SIMILAR BOXES.

CINDY

Kellogg's Raisin Bran. Post Raisin Bran. Kellogg's Raisin Bran. Post Raisin Bran.

AS CINDY RISES FROM THE FLOOR, JIM BRISKLY WALKS IN, WITH A LOOK OF ENTHUSIASM ON HIS FACE.

JIM

Guess what, Cindy? I just got a whole side of milk-fed veal, straight from the abattoir. Guaranteed to have never seen sunlight. Think you could turn her into cutlets?

CINDY

Uh, Mister Jim, sir, I need to talk to you about something.

JIM

Oh sure, Cindy, what's on your mind?

CINDY

Well, I don't want you to take this the wrong way; but I've been thinking that, if I'm going to be doing this, all while I'm still going to go to school, on top of all of the other things I do, that maybe I should...cut my hours back a little bit.

JIM

(dejected)

Oh.

CINDY

I just need a little more time for myself, you know; I can still work forty, fifty hours a week.

JIM

This always happens.

CINDY

What do you mean?

JIM

Every time I think I finally get some help around here, they always run off.

CINDY  
(concerned)

Awww.

JIM

It's so hard running a supermarket by myself at my age, what with my arthritis and all.

CINDY  
(whimpering)

Awwwwwww.

JIM

This was so much easier when I was young, like you. You actually remind me of my wife, she made this store tick like nobody else, that is until she died.

CINDY

Awwwwwwwww.

JIM

So, as you can see, I need all of the help I can possibly get.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

I know it's a lot of work, but it would help me out so much. Besides, you're really good at it.

CINDY

Good at what?

JIM

The grocery business, Cindy. It really is your life purpose.

CINDY BEAMS WITH ACCOMPLISHMENT.

JIM (CONT'D)

So, do you think you can keep your current schedule?

CINDY

Of course, Mister Jim. Anything for you.

JIM

That's wonderful! Maybe you can even start working the checkout, now.

CINDY

Really?!

JIM

Sure...

JIM HANDS CINDY A MEAT CLEAVER.

JIM (CONT'D)

As soon as you're done with cutting the veal. Be careful, infant cows are real delicate.

JIM LEAVES, AS CINDY LOOKS AT THE CLEAVER WITH CONCERN OUT OF WHAT SHE'S AGREED TO.

FADE TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - CHECKOUT

A LONG LINE OF CUSTOMERS WAIT IN LINE AT THE LONE OPEN CHECKOUT LINE, STAFFED BY CINDY. MR. PRUITT IS STANDING AT THE REGISTER NEXT TO CINDY AS SHE STRUGGLES TO PUNCH IN EACH ITEM'S PRICE.

CINDY  
(concentrating)

Two...nine...

THE CASH REGISTER PRINTS THE TRANSACTION.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Two...nine...

THE CASH REGISTER PRINTS ANOTHER TRANSACTION.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Two...nine...

AS THE CASH REGISTER PRINTS ANOTHER TRANSACTION, MR. PRUITT INTERJECTS.

MR. PRUITT

How much longer is this going to take?! At my age, I could be dead within the hour.

CINDY

I'm going as fast as I can. What are you doing with all this, anyway?

MR. PRUITT

A date.

CINDY

What kind of date involves fifty cans  
of tapioca pudding?

MR. PRUITT

A hot date!

CINDY PRINTS OUT THE RECEIPT AND GIVES IT TO MR. PRUITT.

CINDY

Here you go.

MR. PRUITT

This receipt says I owe you fourteen-  
hundred and fifty dollars.

MR. PRUITT THROWS THE RECEIPT AT CINDY.

MR. PRUITT (CONT'D)

You forgot the decimal point, you  
dummy!

CINDY

Ohhhhh...

CINDY PUSHES THE CANS OF TAPIOCA BACK ONTO THE CONVEYER BELT  
IN FRUSTRATION.

CINDY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'll start over for you.

THE OTHER CUSTOMERS KVETCH AT HAVING THEIR WAIT EXTENDED  
FURTHER.

WAITRESS FROM DANNY'S

Honey, I think it's great you've found  
a fallback position for your singing  
career, 'cause lord knows you needed  
one, but we have places to be.

CINDY

I'll go as fast as I can.

CINDY STARTS FRANTICALLY PUNCHING IN THE PUDDING CAN PRICES.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Two, nine...

THE REGISTER PRINTS.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Two...oh no, the sticker fell off!

CINDY TALKS INTO A MICROPHONE.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Price check on register one.

WAITRESS FROM DANNY'S

Price check?! It's the same price as  
all of the others!

CINDY

I don't know that!

MR. PRUITT

You probably don't even know how to  
wipe your own nose!

CINDY

Please, just give me a second.

MR. PRUITT

I hope you're not planning on making  
this your life's work, 'cause you're  
really bad at this.

CINDY'S EXPRESSION TURNS SUDDENLY FROM FRUSTRATION TO  
SADNESS, HER VOICE STARTS TO QUIVER.

CINDY

Well, if I'm so bad at this; then you  
can do it yourself!

CINDY RUNS OFF AS TEARS START TO WELL UP IN HER EYES. SHE  
TAKES HER APRON OFF AS FAST AS SHE CAN, THROWING IT ON THE  
SUPERMARKET FLOOR. THERE IS NOBODY ELSE AROUND TO CHECK OUT  
THE LINE OF CUSTOMERS.

MR. PRUITT

Fine, I will.

MR. PRUITT PUTS ON THE APRON THAT CINDY JUST THREW ON THE  
FLOOR, AND STEPS UP TO THE REGISTER.

MR. PRUITT (CONT'D)

Two, nine...fifty percent senior  
discount...

THE REGISTER PRINTS.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CINDY BRISKLY OPENS THE DOOR, WHIMPERING AS SHE SLAMS IT  
BEHIND HER.

CINDY

Mommy?! Mommy, where are you?!

SHERRY IS ON THE COUCH WATCHING TV.

SHERRY

They all went out for pizza.

CINDY

What?! But I really need to talk to  
her!

SHERRY

Well, you better hope Dad gets full  
quick, or they might be out a while.



CINDY STARTS CRYING AS SHE FALLS ONTO THE COUCH.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

Come on, Cindy. I know Step by Step might not be the most original show on T-V, but it's nothing to cry about.

CINDY CONTINUES SOBBING, MUCH TO SHERRY'S FRUSTRATION.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

Fine! Let's see what's on C-B-S!

CINDY'S CRYING DOES NOT LET UP. SHERRY TURNS THE TV OFF, AND LETS OUT A BIG SIGH.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

Okay. What's wrong, Cindy?

CINDY

Oh, you're too young to understand.

SHERRY

So what, are you just going to sit there sobbing all night?

CINDY SNIFFS AS SHE TRIES TO COMPOSE HERSELF.

CINDY

I might take a break to put my mascara back on.

SHERRY GETS UP.

SHERRY

Fine, don't say I never offered to help; not that a little kid like me would know what I'm talking about.

CINDY

Sherry, don't go.

SHERRY

I knew you'd come crawling back.

SHERRY SITS BACK DOWN.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

Okay, tell me what's on your mind.

CINDY

Well, everyone seems to have a purpose in life, except for me. I thought this job would be my life's purpose, but it was so hard! If I'm that bad at what's supposed to be my life's work, why am I even here?

SHERRY

Cindy, do you have any idea how dumb you sound, right now?

CINDY

No more than usual.

SHERRY

Cindy, a life's purpose isn't just an odd job or something. It's the thing one finds most fulfilling. The thing that makes us want to get up in the morning, when we'd otherwise want to just stay in bed until Santa Barbara comes on.

CINDY

So, what does that mean for me?

SHERRY

Well, what do you want out of life?

CINDY

I told you, to have a purpose.

SHERRY

Ugh, you're not getting it. You don't go and try to find a purpose, your purpose finds you! The word 'purpose' is just a word we use to talk about the thing we're most passionate about. Like Marie and being a nun, or Connie and being a writer, or Wendy and...well, I don't know. Mom hasn't had "the talk" with me yet.

CINDY'S MOOD STARTS TO BRIGHTEN.

CINDY

Oh, I get it. I don't know how to describe it, but I get it.

CINDY'S MOOD TURNS DOWNBEAT, AGAIN.

CINDY (CONT'D)

I still don't know what my purpose is, though.

SHERRY

Don't worry about it! Your life purpose might just be...getting married, having a bunch of kids, that kind of stuff.

CINDY

Is that my purpose?

SHERRY SHRUGS.

SHERRY

I don't know.

CINDY

Wow. You know, Sherry, you're really mature for your age.

SHERRY

One of us has to be.

CINDY

I have a question, though. What's your life purpose?

SHERRY

How should I know?! I'm not even thirteen, yet! Geez, give me a break.

CINDY GIGGLES AS HER MOOD IMPROVES FOR GOOD.

CINDY

Yeah. Gimme a break!

SHERRY

So, what do you want to do now?

CINDY

I don't know.

SHERRY

Hey, how about we sneak out and catch the late show downtown.

CINDY

Sherry! You don't go out at night by yourself at your age, do you?!

SHERRY

Not without a chaperone.

CINDY AND SHERRY RUN TO THE DOOR.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

I hope Scorsese has something new out.

CINDY

I hope the Ninja Turtles have something new out!

CINDY AND SHERRY RUN OUT THE DOOR.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT II