

WOMEN IN UNIFORM

INT. WALK-IN CLINIC - DOC OFFICE

Jackie, attractive, sexy kinda, 49, sits alone, holding a pamphlet about The Benefits of B12, waiting for the doctor to come in. She takes a pen off the desk and writes "call me" on the brochure.

SID (V.O.)

That's my best friend Jackie. She's at a walk-in clinic for the 3rd time this month. Not because she's sick or anything--she's just newly divorced. She hasn't figured out how to use the Tinder app yet. The only thing she knows how to swipe right is her credit card. Jackie's an odd bird. One of those, *to know her is to love her*, types. She's been known to rub people the wrong way. Then again, she's rubbed a few the right way, too, if you know what I mean.

A drop-dead, handsome, Egyptian, 30-ish year old DOCTOR walks in carrying a FOLDER. He takes a seat.

SID (V.O.)

Today, she's just here to pick up the doctor.

JACKIE

So, being single again, I guess it's probably time for an IUD?

The doc can't help but guffaw at the thought.

DOCTOR

Ha, that's like saddling a horse to take it to the glue factory. No, what I mean is, based on your... biological time line, it would be more prudent for a woman of your...vintage, to simply keep an eye out for uterine fibroids, cloudy discharge, thinning hair, cystitis, vaginal lowering, shingles, night sweats, hot flashes-

As he continues, a deflated Jackie slowly crumples the brochure with "call me" on it.

INT. SID'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN

Sid, full figured with a touch of matronly charm, 48, wipes an ISLAND COUNTERTOP, and then wipes it again.

JACKIE (V.O.)

That's Sid. She thinks she's my best friend. Okay, she is. Oh surprise, she's cleaning again! I'm amazed there's any countertop left. Now that her kids have grown and moved out, she has a lot of time on her hands and not enough house to clean. It's just her and her hubby Gabe now.

GABE, Sid's husband, 50, African American, walks in, grabs a COOKIE from a JAR, kisses her cheek, pats her bum, and leaves.

Sid smiles and wipes a cookie crumb from the countertop.

JACKIE (V.O.)

Twenty-seven years they've been together. They'd be considered one of the lucky ones. These days, she's more into giving Gabe odd jobs than blow jobs. I mean, who would want to suck the same dick for three decades? Too far? Ok, fine, but the irony is that nobody who's married is giving blow jobs anyway. At least not to their spouses.

Sid opens her LAPTOP on the counter and plunks herself down. She pulls up her RESUME and sighs.

JACKIE (V.O.)

She has a nice life but she's bored out of her skull. What she needs is a job so she can give the house, and Gabe, a chance to get dirty.

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - DAY

Sid and Jackie exit the WALMART. Sid scans the RECEIPT.

Jackie rushes to her car that's just been ticketed.

JACKIE

Seriously? Why?!

SID
I don't see the TV on here.

Jackie snatches the TICKET from the windshield.

JACKIE
Oh. It's a handicap.

SID
It's not here. I think we might
have walked out without paying for
this.

Jackie pops the TRUNK and starts loading stuff in.

JACKIE
I doubt they would have missed it.
It's our biggest item.

SID
And most expensive.

JACKIE
If they missed it, it's not our
problem.

SID
But we'll know.

JACKIE
How many things get returned or
damaged and they just get thrown
away as spillage.

SID
It's not beer at a local bar. Fine,
what about karma?

The CART bumps Jackie's heel.

JACKIE
Ouch. We didn't steal it, they just
didn't charge us. Maybe this is the
universe giving back to the little
guy.

A DWARF walks by.

SID
Y'know, I've never won anything.

JACKIE
Karma is life's great equalizer.

They both grab an end of the TV BOX and load it into the trunk. They get in the car and pull out of the spot.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
They really should make parking signs bigger.

As the car pulls out, revealing a large handicap LOGO painted on the spot.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - IN TRAFFIC

JACKIE
Woohoo! We just stuck it to the man!

Sid's still looking at the receipt.

They stop at a light and a POLICE CAR pulls up beside them.

SID
Oh my god it's the karma police. I knew it. This is theft over a thousand dollars. We're going to jail.

JACKIE
You only have to worry about theft over \$5000. We're fine.

Jackie turns and smiles at the COP. Sid turtles.

SID
He knows.

The cop punches his LIGHTS and SIREN. Sid and Jackie gasp and freeze. The cop tosses a wink at Jackie and drives away.

They exhale.

JACKIE
OK, gimme that.

Jackie takes the receipt and scans it. She looks at an anxious Sid.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Where are your glasses?

SID
I don't know. Oh, they're on my
head.

Sid puts her glasses on. Jackie hands her the receipt. She reads it.

SID (CONT'D)
Oh.

JACKIE
Y'know, I was just about to take it
back.

SID
Yeah.

INT. JACKIE'S CONDO - DAY

Jackie and Sid are trying to mount the TV SCREEN to the wall.

Jackie's 17-year-old, lanky son, BEN walks by eating a SANDWICH.

BEN
Nice screen.

They stand with the TV in their hands and watch him walk away.

SID
(calls out, sarcasm)
Thanks for the help, Ben!

JACKIE
We need a drill.

SID
Maybe I should call Gabe.

JACKIE
No. These are simple life skills.

SID
You have those?

JACKIE
Maybe.

SID
I don't think I have any hire-able
ones.

JACKIE
You have some mad skills as a home
maker and child rearer...rer.

SID
Are you having a stroke?

Jackie gets frustrated with holding the TV.

JACKIE
If it's caused by manual labour
then maybe.

SID
I'm just a bit depressed again. Not
enough to worry, but enough to
care.

Jackie moves in and hugs Sid.

JACKIE
Aw, you're my sunshine. Even when
you're behind a cloud.

SID
Gross.

JACKIE
I know.

They release.

SID
I eat too much, I drink too much.
I'm lost.

JACKIE
You're two days into an empty nest
which is like "emptiness". You've
lost your purpose. Maybe you should
get a job.

SID
What the fuck are you talking
about?

JACKIE
I'm talking about feeling relevant
again.

SID
I didn't say I'm not relevant--

JACKIE
No but it was implied.

Sid pouts.

SID
Seriously though, I've been out of
the workforce since '92.

JACKIE
Any woman who stays at home to
raise her family should come out of
it with a goddamn PhD.

SID
And a cheque if you successfully
fulfilled your job description.

JACKIE
And hey, our kids turned out
amazing.

SID
Well....except for one.

They grimace, shake it off, and move on.

Jackie's PHONE PINGS. She let's go of the TV to check it,
leaving Sid with the full weight. Jackie whips her finger
across her phone.

JACKIE
Oh my god, shit, I just swiped
right.

SID
Did you mean to swipe left?

Jackie scrolls.

JACKIE
After serving seven years of
attempted marriage, I panicked.

SID
It wasn't jail.

JACKIE
Felt like it.

There's a knock at the door. Jackie is immersed in her phone.

SID
I got it.

Sid puts the TV down and leaves to answer it. After a moment, she returns.

SID (CONT'D)
Courier. I signed for you.

JACKIE
Envelope. Law firm? Can't be divorce papers. I've completely divorced all three, right?

SID
You're clear.

Jackie opens it and reads. Her expression lands on confusion.

JACKIE
Hm. It says my deadbeat dad--

SID
Wait. The one when you were five you thought was actually named Deadbeat?

JACKIE
Cause that was the only name my mother ever called him? Yeah. Turns out *now* he's just plain dead.

SID
Any emotion needed here?

JACKIE
Nope.

SID
Ok.

JACKIE
Turns out he left me his business.

SID
What was his business?

JACKIE
Making *his* life none of mine.

SID
Ouch. So what's the consolation prize?

JACKIE
(like a game show host)
A completely useless Security
Management Company.

SID
I don't even know what that is.

JACKIE
You know, like security, like
guards.

SID
Like police with no authority.

JACKIE
Like mall cop.

SID
Do you get to carry a taser?

JACKIE
Closest I've ever come to a taser
is when I had my nipples zapped by
a battery tester.

Sid raises an eyebrow.

JACKIE(CONT'D)
It wasn't that big a deal. Really.

SID
Hm. I was held at gunpoint during a
bank robbery and single handedly
disarmed the guy.

JACKIE
You never told me that.

SID
Actually he fell and I just sat on
him.

JACKIE
Still a win.

SID
Ok, fine, it was a kid with a water
gun. His mother was a bit pissed
about the sitting part.

JACKI

He sounds like a brat and she raised him so you did what needed to be done.

SID

Exactly. So what are you going to do?

Jackie looks for the name of the company on the document.

JACKIE

Easy. I'm going to sell "Titan Security", and use whatever spare change some loser is willing to pay me for it, to buy a few luxuries to get me back into this single life thing.

SID

Win-win.

JACKIE

We need a trip to the mall. You're going to get a job and I need a new sexy bra.

SID

She's going back in.

JACKIE

Let's get this TV on the wall and head to the mall. I need a bra from this decade and you need a job from this century.

SID

Sounds productive. Maybe we need to slow things down a bit.

JACKIE

It's been 20 years.

INT. MALL -- VICTORIA'S SECRET

Jackie and Sid stand outside Victoria's Secret. Sid holds a file folder.

INT. MALL -- VALERIE'S SECRET

Sid and Jackie walk into the store. Sid pulls a RESUME from her folder.

SID
Okay, this is it.

JACKIE
You can do this. Just be
interesting.

SID
Thanks.

Jackie notices the two WOMEN behind the cash.

JACKIE
Hey, they're watching. Pretend
you're helping me. You'll look like
a natural.

Jackie grabs a BRA off a RACK and holds it up to her chest.
Sid assesses.

SID
(winging it)
Uuuh, I think you need a smaller
cup size.

JACKIE
Okay, you're not helping yourself.
Go.

Sid smooths out her blouse and approaches the cash counter.
Jackie takes the bra to the change room.

INT. VICTORIA SECRET -- CASH COUNTER

The SALES MANAGER, JEN, is behind the counter.

SID
Hi there. I'm here to apply for the
job.

JEN
Okay. It's part time.

SID
Perfect. Here's my resume.

JEN
I can't take that.

SID
Oh, so there's an application?

JEN
No.

SID
Interview?

JEN
No. You have to apply online.

SID
And then what?

JEN
Submit your resume.

SID
But this is ridiculous. I'm here now. Just take it.

JEN
I can't.

SID
Take it.

JEN
No.

INT. FITTING ROOM

Jackie, feeling confident and enthusiastic tries on the bra. It's too big. She motions to a SALES GIRL.

JACKIE
Excuse me. Can I please get a smaller cup size?

The sales girl smiles and leaves. Jackie checks herself out in the mirror and assuming she's alone, bounces and twirls her boobs.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get my groooooove on tonight!

A YOUNGER WOMAN, 20, has just come out of her fitting room wearing a lingere set and looking young and amazing.

Jackie smiles at her and in a vulnerable, half naked moment, chooses to stand confidently.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Gaze upon your future.

The younger woman is creeped out, quickly grabs her things and leaves.

The sales girl comes back with a SMALLER BRA. Jackie puts it on, trying to create some lift and likes it.

Jackie hears LOUD VOICES from out in the store. She peeks through the CURTAIN and sees Sid arguing with the woman behind the counter.

Jackie quickly grabs her purse and rushes out.

INT. VICTORIA'S SECRET -- CASH AREA

Sid shoves her resume at Jen. Jen shoves it back at her. Things escalates...quickly.

SID
Take it.

JEN
I won't!

SID
Just take it.

JEN
No!!!

Sid's temper peaks as she attempts to mount the cash counter. Jackie charges in and pulls her away.

JEN (CONT'D)
Security!

Jackie, still in the bra, and Sid, holding a decimated resume in her hand, run out of the store.

SID
Run!!

INT. MALL

They look back over their shoulders and see two MALL SECURITY GUARDS in hot pursuit.

Sid and Jackie don't stop. They dodge SHOPPERS, pushing one or two out of the way. Sid gets winded fast and loses ground. Jackie stops to admire an OUTFIT on a MANNEQUIN beside a giant 70% off SALE SIGN.

Sid catches up and grabs Jackie away. They continue to run, but the guards are closing in.

Jackie shifts into high gear and pulls ahead fast but Sid has reached her fitness threshold. The security guards get her.

Jackie looks back and sees Sid's capture. She slows. Conflicted, she looks ahead to freedom and back toward her BFF.

One of the guards, a 50 year old, East Indian, grey haired, tough-looking female, BARB, scans the vicinity for Jackie.

Sid catches her eye and mouths, "Save yourself". Jackie quickly moves to make her get-away but hesitates when she sees the second guard, a young, good looking male, ROGER, step out from behind Sid.

JACKIE
(to herself)
Hello.

Jackie notices the MALL FOUNTAIN beside her. She quickly leans over and flicks WATER on her face. Sufficiently dewy, she runs to Sid and the guards.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
If you're taking her then you're
taking me, too.

Sid looks at Jackie. She's too wet. Sid rolls her eyes. Jackie winks at Sid.

ROGER
You ladies will come with us to
mall security.

JACKIE
(flirtatious)
So polite.

SID
Oh, dry up.

INT. MALL SECURITY ROOM

A SMALL, STARK room with a DESK, FILING CABINET, a PHONE, and THREE CHAIRS. Sid and Jackie are alone.

JACKIE
What the hell happened back there?

SID

Where?

JACKIE

Where?! At the store!

SID

Oh, I thought you meant when you went all "girls gone wild" and threw yourself at the handsome security guard.

JACKIE

What? I came back for you.

SID

Oh, really?

JACKIE

I did. And hang on a sec, you told me to "save myself".

SID

I was being dramatic!! I definitely didn't tell you to have a shower first.

JACKIE

I was working it.

SID

Working it or twerking it?

JACKIE

Oh, now that's not fair. Twerking is so 2013. I was trying--

The guards, ROGER and BARB, come in.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

--trying to apply for a job--

SID

And then she just lunged at me--

JACKIE

For no reason--

ROGER

Ladies.

Jackie feigns surprise.

JACKIE
Ah! I just jumped out of my skin.

ROGER
It appears you're still in it.

Jackie laughs, flirtatiously.

JACKIE
There's a bit of a chill in here.

She demonstrates a chill. Sid's eyes roll hard.

ROGER
You should have thought of that
before you ran away from your
shirt.

JACKIE
It wasn't a shirt, it was my
favorite tapered bralette blouse.

ROGER
(indicating the bra)
And all that's left is stolen
property.

JACKIE
Maybe I should take it off so you
can return it and we can go home.

Jackie starts to remove the bra.

ROGER
Wait wait wait wait--

Roger picks up a LOST and FOUND BOX from behind the desk.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Nobody wants to see those.

Roger tosses her a tshirt from the box.

Jackie is once again, like, "wtf?" but takes the shirt
anyway.

Barb sits on the corner of the desk, rubbing her arm and jaw.
Roger sits behind the desk.

BARB
Do you ladies know why you're here?

JACKIE
Public disruption, attempted
assault, resisting capture...

Sid kicks her.

ROGER
You ran. That doesn't look good.

JACKIE
It's all looks looks looks with
you. Not everything is how it
looks.

SID
We understand how it looks and I
can explain. I was applying for a
job and the sales manager--

JACKIE
Snapped. You don't expect that from
a lingerie model. But I figured she
probably hadn't eaten in a while,
so my instincts said, get your
friend outta there.

SID
And in our panic we just ran.

ROGER
Alright. Start at the beginning.

Sid and Jackie look at each other.

SID
It started with the TV.

Jackie kicks Sid.

ROGER
What about the TV?

SID
It wasn't premeditated--

JACKIE
Because that would be a miracle
considering I can't even find the
time to just meditate, let alone
premeditate. That is a time
commitment I do not have.

ROGER
You stole a TV?

JACKIE
Ha! No. what she means is--

SID
(flustered)
Can I have a glass of water...or
food...

Jackie fans Sid. Barb pours Sid a paper CUP OF WATER at the water cooler.

JACKIE
Hey, how many Gingko's are you up
to now?

SID
Six a day? I can't remember.

JACKIE
They're Gingko. The whole point is
to remember.

Sid finishes her water, a bit revived.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
You know my friend here was a
cleaner at a nursing home when she
was 17. Worked her butt off.
Graduated from college and worked
as a bank teller until her first
baby was born.

SID
I've been a stay at home ever since
and I'm beginning to question my
life choices.

JACKIE
Speak for yourself.

SID
Have you ever used one of those
triple magnification mirrors.

JACKIE
I do not recommend.

SID
They're the only way I can see my
chin hairs without my glasses.

JACKIE
Or your boob pubes.

ROGER
Your what?

JACKIE
It's like the hair of a goat on
there.

SID
(indicating Jackie)
No shame, this one.

JACKIE
Hey, just to prepare for this
potential swipe right, I massacred
a family pack of razors today.

SID
Potentially incriminating.

JACKIE
But proud to say, I am now
amphibian.

ROGER
Come again?

JACKIE
I have skin where I didn't know I
had skin. There is nothing left on
me that can create friction.

SID
She shaved.

JACKIE
Everything.

SID
Everything?

JACKIE
Ev-er-y-thing. The kids are doing
it.

ROGER
You're not a kid.

JACKIE
Well of course not. But, it's
hip...youthful--

BARB
The guy might think you're easy.

Jackie considers.

JACKIE

I'm pretty sure I am.

BARB

This could be the best time of your life. You get to go out there and have "casual sex".

JACKIE

Depends what you mean by casual.

BARB

Like...easy going...?

Sid types on her phone.

SID

Urban dictionary. *Casual*; relaxed, informal, showing little interest, occurring by chance.

JACKIE

Well, there it is. I was having casual sex the whole time I was married. Cause casual sex is track pants on the couch, Game of Thrones marathon, scotch 'em down, slip it in, turn on the dishwasher, I'm going to bed. That's casual sex. Married sex *is* casual sex.

Sid nods and raises an eyebrow.

SID

That's me and Gabe.

Jackie nods.

JACKIE

I know.

SID

All I want is a little validation.

JACKIE

Don't forget passion and purpose. Thanks a lot, Oprah.

SID

Yeah, no pressure. I've been married 27 years. It's a solid fact that passion comes and goes.

JACKIE
Like water retention and yeast
infections.

SID
Truth.

JACKIE
It'd be nice to be taken care of.
Wait. Did I just set Feminism back
a century?

SID
No, you just want it all. So do I.

BARB
We all do.

ROGER
Maybe you all just need a gag
order?

JACKIE
Are you allowed to say that? Is
there a code of conduct pamphlet
around here?

ROGER
There are plenty of codes in
prison.

Sid breaks into tears. Jackie is caught off guard. Barb
tosses Roger a warning look.

ROGER (CONT'D)
I was kidding.

SID
I just came here to apply for my
first job in twenty years and it's
not going very well.

BARB
Take a deep breath. That's a brave
thing you're doing. What's your
skillset?

Sid quivers and cries harder.

JACKIE
Composure. Ha, just kidding. She is
loaded with skill.
(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

For starters, you don't get through parenthood without maintaining composure under major sleep deprivation--

SID

And hostage negotiations.

JACKIE

From 13 years old, my son had a forehead full of acne and a room full of kleenex. Not exactly The Wonder Years.

SID

You learn to not see what you see.

JACKIE

You become a human lie detector.

SID

Not sure how many regular day jobs require this kind of list.

JACKIE

Add to that, three un-amicable divorces.

SID

And thirty years no cardio until BAM, my husband wants to take salsa classes, drumming workshops, doubles tennis.

JACKIE

How about a doctor who thinks you're too old for birth control.

SID

Really?

JACKIE

He didn't even bother grabbing the clamps to do a pap.

BARB

I think we're a bit off topic--

A VOICE comes over Roger and Barb's WALKIE-TALKIES.

VOICE

Security requested. Convenience Plus. Attempted theft. White male, possibly intoxicated.

Roger gets up quickly.

ROGER
Saved by the perp.

BARB
You two stay put till we get back.

Roger and Barb leave. The room is silent.

SID
I feel like a Guantanamo detainee.

JACKIE
Nice fake cry.

SID
Wasn't fake.

Jackie takes Sid's hand and offers her a determined look.

JACKIE
Listen, we came to this mall to get things done. Not to be told to wait and be good.

Sid's stomach rumbles. They both look down at it and back at each other. Sid's got the eye of the tiger.

SID
It's woke.

Jackie smiles.

JACKIE
We're outta here.

They try the door. It's locked from the outside.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
It's a trap.

SID
It's a fire hazard.

JACKIE
There's got to be a way out.

Sid looks up and sees a CEILING VENT. She locks eyes with Jackie and points up.

Jackie rushes over and swipes everything off the desk. Sid heaves herself onto the desk. Jackie climbs onto Sid's back and reaches for the vent.

Just then, Roger flies into the room with the help of a SCRUFFY, DRUNK DUDE, holding a SWITCHBLADE to Roger's neck.

Sid and Jackie freeze.

Dude sees them.

DUDE
What's with Cirque de Soleil?

Barb rushes in, out of breath. She catches a confused glimpse of Jackie and Sid, but shrugs and turns to the Dude.

BARB
Put the blade down.

DUDE
Open the safe!

ROGER
There is no safe!

DUDE
Then show me what you got!

Jackie slides the Lost and Found Box across the desk.

Confused, Dude shuffles over and quickly rifles through the box with one angry hand, still pressing the blade on Roger with the other. He takes out a TOQUE and puts it on.

DUDE (CONT'D)
I don't want this stupid junk!

He moves away, crazy-eyed, bringing Roger down to his knees.

Barb makes a move toward the DUDE, but stops suddenly and gasps. She looks like she wants to say something.

DUDE (CONT'D)
What? What?

Barb rubs her jaw, and begins to breathe heavily.

DUDE (CONT'D)
What? What's she doing?

ROGER
I don't know.

Jackie slides off Sid's back.

JACKIE
(quietly to Sid)
I see what she's doing.

Sid gives a questioning look but Jackie motions to follow her lead.

Jackie breathes heavily, somewhat menacingly while she stares at the Dude. Sid follows. All three women are staring him down and acting rabid.

DUDE
Stop it. That's weird. You're
freakin me out.

He starts to release his grip on Roger and pull away just as Barb keels over and falls to the floor.

Everybody pauses in a second of confusion.

Sid, concerned for Barb, moves to help her.

DUDE (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, hey!!! Don't move. Or
you'll see blood!

He pushes the blade closer to Roger's neck. Roger and Jackie exchange a look. Sid ignites, and her sarcasm and mood escalate quickly.

SID
Blood? Oh no! The horror.

Sid stands breathing heavily.

SID (CONT'D)
After giving birth to twins and
composting my own placenta.

She begins to slowly close in on the Dude.

SID (CONT'D)
Not blood. How would I handle it
after the 450 monthly menstruations-
-Wait

Sid makes an abrupt stop.

SID (CONT'D)
451...if you're counting now!!

Dude's eyes dart from Sid to Jackie.

JACKIE
She's really good at math.

Sid begins to flail around the room, knocking everything in her path.

DUDE
Stop. Calm down!

JACKIE
Dude! You never tell a woman to calm down.

DUDE
What's the matter with her?

JACKIE
She's hungry. She hasn't snacked since breakfast and I can't control her when she gets like this.

Dude rummages around his coat pockets, trying to keep a firm hold of Roger who's assessing everything. Dude pulls a SNICKERS BAR out of his pocket.

DUDE
Here! Here! Take it. Eat.

Jackie grabs it and tosses it to Sid who tosses it back to Dude. He catches it with two hands and accidentally releases Roger.

Roger falls back, headfirst into the desk. Sid lunges forward, tackling the dude. Roger passes out.

Jackie rushes over to Barb.

Dude tries to escape but Sid sits on him. He's pinned.

Jackie calls for an ambulance.

Dude attempts one last feeble swipe at Sid.

Jackie and Sid make eye contact. Jackie reaches into Barb's jacket and pulls out her taser and does some sort of ninja move over Roger to zap the Dude.

DUDE (CONT'D)
AAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

Dude passes out. It's quiet. Jackie spins around to face Sid and their situation sets in.

SID/JACKIE
 AAAAAAAHHHHH!!

SID
 We just--

JACKIE
 Kicked bad guy butt!!

They run toward each other and whoop it up like a couple of kids.

The door flies open. TWO PARAMEDICS, slightly confused, watch Sid and Jackie's happy dance over three splayed bodies.

TITLE CARD" 1 MONTH LATER

EXT. LARGE SUBURBAN HOUSE

INT. RICH KID'S HOUSE - SPACIOUS KITCHEN - BDAY PARTY

A dozen TWELVE YEAR OLDS and some random PARENTS, fill the room covered in BALLOONS and STREAMERS, as well as a BUFFET TABLE covered with FOOD and a GIANT CAKE

Sid and Jackie standby with watchful eyes. They're in UNIFORM. Sid is eating a SNICKERS. Jackie winks at someone who is obviously one of the kid's fathers.

JACKIE
 We actually did it.

SID
 Barb knew what she was talking about.

JACKIE
 Freelance security. The possibilities are endless.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 How's she doing?

SID
 Successful quadruple by-pass.

JACKIE

Those things are so routine you can practically do them at home.

SID

Like removing skin tags.

JACKIE

Yep, a second chance at life.
That's what it's all about.

Jackie notices a KID collapse.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Kid down.

Chaos ensues as the kid's DAD calls out from the CROWD.

DAD

Help! He's allergic to nuts!

Jackie sees Sid discreetly cram the rest of the Snickers into her mouth. Score one for the nuts.

JACKIE

Call 911. I got this.

Jackie runs in to save the kid.

Sid dials 9-1-1 with a mouthful of Snickers.

Jackie grips the kid in front of her, and steadies him for the Heimlich.

JACKIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Everybody make room. I'm fully trained in life saving situations.

A woman from the crowd steps forward.

WOMAN

Aren't you just a security guard?

Jackie stops mid procedure and faces Woman.

JACKIE

Not just a security guard, Mumsie.
Do you want this child saved or are you willing to take responsibility for a different outcome. I'll tell you this much, I wouldn't want--

Sid calls out.

SID
Jackie. Paramedics on the way.

Jackie turns to Woman.

JACKIE
We good?

WOMAN
We good.

Woman steps back. Jackie smiles at the Dad.

JACKIE
You stay close.

Sid rolls her eyes. Jackie assumes the Heimlich position behind the kid, and hauls. A hot dog flies toward camera.

Sirens in the distance.

The End.