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INT. MUNITIONS BUILDING - HALLWAY - EVENING

Lauren and Ellen walk down a long hallway. The sounds of female voices and typewriters clacking echoes through the concrete block walls.

START

Ellen is in mid-cigarette and mid-story.

ELLEN

You should have seen his face. I did this --

She demonstrates a flirty wave.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

-- and I thought he was going to faint. Good Lord, I was there with a date. What was I going to do, run up and introduce myself to that blue nosed wife of his?

LAUREN

I wouldn't put it past you.

ELLEN

Neither would I.

That actually earns her a laugh. Lauren's first in a while.

LAUREN

Okay, enough stalling. What are we doing here?

Ellen takes a drag on her cigarette. Uncharacteristically hesitant.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

What is it, Ellen? Is something wrong?

Ellen stops, turns back to Lauren.

ELLEN

Remember that doctor I was seeing? The one who turned out to have three other girlfriends and a wife?

LAUREN

You aren't seeing him again, are you? Ellen, he's --

ELLEN

No, no. I am not THAT dizzy a dame.

She takes another drag.

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ELLEN (CONT'D)
 But I got to be pals with one of the
 girlfriends, Cherry Delaney.
 (beat)
 She works here, at the war department.
 If there's something to know about the
 Pacific theater... Cherry knows it.

Lauren jumps straight to the right conclusion.

LAUREN
 Even...
 (off Ellen's nod)
 I thought George's file was marked top
 secret.

ELLEN
 Cherry has Top Secret clearance.

Lauren sucks in a breath, suddenly shaky. Ellen clocks it.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
 Are you sure you want to hear this,
 Lauren? You don't have to, you know.

Lauren isn't sure. Not even a little bit. But...

LAUREN
 I don't want to. I need to.

ELLEN
 Then there's no time like the present.

-STOP

INT. MUNITIONS BUILDING - TELEGRAPH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lauren and Ellen step into a wide, low room. It's a sea of
 young women in bulky headphones, hammering at typewriters.

These GOVERNMENT GIRLS are young, single and smart... imagine
 the cast of GOSSIP GIRL with the fate of WWII literally at
 their fingertips and you've got the right idea.

A tiny redhead walks the room like a drill sergeant. This is
 CHERRY DELANEY. Ellen waves her over.

CHERRY DELANEY
 Ellen! Doll!

ELLEN
 Hello, dear.
 (re: Lauren)
 Remember that friend of mine who
 wanted to talk to you?

Cherry looks at Lauren. Shrugs.