

INT. TOOLS ROOM -- NIGHT

Aurora and Helen look for something long and pointed.

AURORA
Found your rapiers?

Helen comes with two brooms.

HELEN
D'you think they'll do?

AURORA
Angel, who can beat such weapons?
Sweeping out all the dirt is the most
devastating strategy.

Helen gives Aurora a broom.

HELEN
Ready?

AURORA
Just a moment.

Aurora turns on the radio. A Cool City station plays.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
Do you hate feminopas?

EDGAR (V.O.)
(surprised)
Noo, how could I? They're so inspiring.
Ever since Trixy.

Aurora and Helen glance at each other, intrigued, and

CUT TO:

INT. SHIPPING ROOM -- NIGHT

on Edgar, clean, in black shorts, exercising. The radio is on. Whenever the topic gets hot, he stops in self-indulgence.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
Rumor has it that you miss her?

EDGAR (V.O.)
Actually, yes.

Mysterious, Edgar slows down, smiles, and goes on.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
What besides passion keeps our morale
so high?

EDGAR (V.O.)

Idealism. And if we don't have a war from time to time we forget what it tastes like.

(loud)

And it tastes good, after all, doesn't it?

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

As long as we win.

EDGAR (V.O.)

Even if we lose a little, there'll be only more left to win.

(common sense)

Hey, you can only win so much at a time . . .

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

Why the title "Not The Easiest War" for your new book, general?

EDGAR (V.O.)

Wouldn't harm to have a few feminopas less. But we have the determination to re-educate them all. Look, a blissful place can only be macho, it's the natural course of existence.

Edgar nods in self-indulgence.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

What makes the war "not the easiest" since it is justifiable and morally endorsable?

He sits back and listens.

EDGAR (V.O.)

It's the experimental side of it. All the new fake prototypes . . .

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TOOLS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

At several yards from each other, Aurora and Helen pretend to engage in a duel.

As Aurora uses her broom like a conductor's baton, from the radio:

EDGAR (V.O.)

. . . the staged battles, all the blank cartridges and further disorienting tactics.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

Tod Madtape suggested a war on the
Internet . . .

Pointing at Helen,

AURORA

He should go in cahoots with Reuben.

They laugh.

From the radio:

EDGAR (V.O.)

Look, the point is that young machos
need and deserve some physical stress.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

(suspicious)

General, you aren't covering up that
Feminopolis has overtaken us in dummy
technology?

EDGAR (V.O.)

No, macho dummies are the best.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

That is very reassuring. Now --

Aurora mutes the radio.

AURORA

I'd be more reassured if we got ahold
of Trixy.

HELEN

And the violin.

INT. KNITTING MACHINES MILL -- NIGHT

As Trixy smiles, about to fall asleep:

PHOEBE

I wanna hear what junk the enemy airs.

Trixy jumps up as from the radio blasts out:

EDGAR (V.O.)

. . . again, the only thing Feminopolis
is ahead of us is their implementation
of distortions of HERSTORICAL magnitude.

Phoebe is outraged. Trixy is intrigued.

EDGAR (V.O.)

It is widely known that the first
president of our ally, the United
(MORE)

EDGAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

States, was not Georgiana Washington,
but good ole' George.

(beat)

We'd have accepted a Hilario Clinton
as a much sought-after leader of . . .
of Feminopolis. But that's as liberal
we're game to trade.

Outraged, Phoebe switches off the radio.

PHOEBE

I couldn't stand this macho fiddle-
faddle baloney tommyrot bunk any more.

TRIXY

Are you always so formal?

Confused,

PHOEBE

Formal? -- I wanna sleep a little.
Until our troops are back.

TRIXY

Okay, okay.

Phoebe makes herself comfortable in a hidden corner.

PHOEBE

We must make sure that the truth be
preserved. And their lies contained.

TRIXY

Relax.

PHOEBE

There's a moral DUTY to win this
conflict.

TRIXY

Tomorrow.

PHOEBE

You stand guard.

TRIXY

Of course. With such a sickening macho
under one roof.

PHOEBE

The arrogance! Moving in here
pretending it is all his.

Reassuring, with a smile,

TRIXY

Only for one night.

INT. SHIPPING ROOM -- NIGHT

On Edgar admiring himself in a mirror.

From the radio:

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

General, is macho liberalism a contradiction in terms?

EDGAR (V.O.)

Macho liberalism is the highest form of machismo. And machismo is the highest form of conservatism. Period.

Edgar mimics his self-righteousness.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

So what was the recent little misunderstanding all about?

EDGAR (V.O.)

The idea of the macho liberals to avoid uniforms in the army.

Finicky, Edgar combs his hair.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

But given the ease in identifying the enemy -- all women -- what uniforms do we need?

EDGAR (V.O.)

Well, that's the easy side.

On Edgar, nodding,

CUT TO:

INT. KNITTING MACHINES MILL -- NIGHT

with Phoebe sleeping. Trixy listens to the radio.

FEMINOPOLIS RADIO INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

. . . you did see Trixy with Effie Weibelich's niece Phoebe?

WOMAN FIGHTER #1 (V.O.)

For a few glimpses, yeah. Woolmagic mills. Amidst the fiercest battles. But I doubt the girl knew Trixy.

FEMINOPOLIS RADIO INTERVIEWER

How was Trixy?

WOMAN FIGHTER #1 (V.O.)
Seemed completely lost. I bet she
didn't care about her popularity, nor
that an Edgar Machowitz admires her.

FEMINOPOLIS RADIO INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
What makes you doubt --

Trixy switches off, and as she tip-toes away, self-confident,

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SHIPPING ROOM -- NIGHT

on Edgar performing some serious drills.

From the radio:

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
What makes the war not the easiest?

EDGAR (V.O.)
The potential for traitors. Never has
such a conflict happened before. With
these feminopas we are touching virgin
territory.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
Give us an example of the unforeseeable
dangers involved.

Careful, Trixy opens the door and peeks inside. He does not
notice her.

EDGAR (V.O.)
What do you do when, God forbid, a
macho and a feminopa, right during the
battle, discover a weakness for each
other. And they "ambush" in their
very own "engagement."

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
What would you say to Trixy if you
ever met her personally?

She is all ears.

EDGAR (V.O.)
I don't count on that.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
What would you say?

Trixy reveals herself well in the verge of the entrance.

Noticing her, Edgar freezes in the middle of a movement with
his arms stretched up as if he were surrendering.

EDGAR (V.O.)

No comment.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

Thank you! This was an interview with
General Edgar Machowitz.

A MUSICAL INTERMEZZO sets in.

TRIXY

No comment?

Daydreaming,

EDGAR

Heaven must be Irish.

TRIXY

What?

EDGAR

You look like an angel.

TRIXY

I'm shipping them.

Enchanted,

EDGAR

I don't believe it! So you're really
around Woolmagic?

TRIXY

Wouldn't you "ambush" in an "engagement"
with . . . Trixy?

EDGAR

You bet I will.

TRIXY

What would you say to Trixy if you
ever met her personally?

EDGAR

Let's get to the point.

INT. PRESSING ROOM -- NIGHT

Aurora and Helen approach on their roller skates and stop.

HELEN

Where could she possibly be?

AURORA

She has as much sense of orientation
as we have take-off power . . .

HELEN

Angel, would I like to have my wings.

AURORA

A smart angel works without special effects . . .

HELEN

Hmmm.

AURORA

Anyway, I advised her that whatever happens, she's not meant to leave the mill.

(gets a clue)

The shipping room!

INT. SHIPPING ROOM -- NIGHT

Side by side, Edgar and Trixy bend back and forth in the rhythm of MILITARISTIC MUSIC from the radio.

EDGAR

I'm so sorry I cannot offer you anything better. But if you like, I can have a gym moved over for you.

TRIXY

That would be nice.

Prompt, he activates his cell phone while repeating his movements.

EDGAR

General Edgar Machowitz speaking. --
Hello?

MILITARY MAN (V.O.)

Non-secure line. -- What can I do for you?

She waves at Edgar as if to calm him down.

TRIXY

No gym can substitute for YOU.

EDGAR

(into cell phone)

Wait!

(to Trixy)

But it can complement me.

(into cell phone)

I want the most macho gym in town.

TRIXY

Your thought is what counts.

EDGAR
And my presence?
(into cell phone)
Deliver to this . . . Woolmagic HQ.

TRIXY
No need.

EDGAR
(into cell phone)
No need.

MILITARY MAN (V.O.)
Order canceled?

EDGAR
Affirmative.

Edgar puts the cell phone aside, stops his exercise, and stares at Trixy.

EDGAR
Is this really you?

Going on with her exercise,

TRIXY
D'you have any doubts?

EDGAR
It's a couple of years since you
disappeared from the scene.

Wondering,

TRIXY
Is it really that long?

Excusing himself,

EDGAR
Maybe it just seemed so long to me.

TRIXY
You know, I don't remember it myself.

Shocked,

EDGAR
Amnesia? -- You should definitely move
over to our side. Cool City can offer
you so much, you won't believe.

TRIXY
That sounds tempting. But how can I
trust you guys?

EDGAR

How can you trust Feminopolis if they
left you in your amnesia?

She stops her movements.

TRIXY

I don't even remember that.

EDGAR

We've got the best specialists.

TRIXY

I just know that I like you.

She exercises again.

TRIXY

Never give up being a general.

EDGAR

Never give up playing one.

TRIXY

What?

EDGAR

Alexandra the Great. You were so
virile.

Flattered but also confused,

TRIXY

It is so exciting listening to you.

Edgar realizes that something is not quite right with her,
but he does not despair.

EDGAR

Our specialists will reactivate your
memory. The best movers and shakers
of all time must be flattered being
performed by you.

TRIXY

You're too kind.

EDGAR

A macho virtue. -- I'm sure that
somewhere, at the bottom of your heart
you must be macho too.

On Trixy, flattered,

CUT TO:

INT. KNITTING MACHINES MILL -- NIGHT

as Aurora and Helen roll past Phoebe.

MOMENTS LATER

Aurora and Helen come from the opposite direction, and roll past Phoebe again.

On Phoebe, asleep.

Aurora and Helen stop at a door. Opening it to peek inside the . . .

INT. SHIPPING ROOM

. . . Trixy and Edgar can be spotted close to one another.

TRIXY

You said that the best movers and shakers must be flattered if I play them?

EDGAR

Yes, Trixissimus.

Flattered more than ever,

TRIXY

Trixissimus.

Apologetic,

EDGAR

Trixissima. -- And I tell you more.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that Trixy is the one holding Edgar in her arms.

EDGAR

All the brass would envy me.

TRIXY

No need. My strength, my muscles belong to you only.

EDGAR

What a statement.

On Aurora and Helen, amused,

CUT TO:

INT. KNITTING MACHINES MILL -- NIGHT

as Phoebe wakes up and notices to be by herself.