

man in the world. Don't
out the wig?
ed the bangs.

d.
Do you want me to do

if you're busy.
on George's head and pins

s Valentina. She would
seeing her would have
dresses?" (*As George.*) "I
them one at a time."

i didn't name names.
y hearings. My darling,
y know who I am. They
ity lessons, and writing
mplimented my column
d read it and was most
er of fact, *my wife helped*

down. We could lose the
what?

e Judge.
Rita is still glaring.) Oh,
he Chevalier d'Eon. You
don't let that bother you.
we'll be in prison long
lap.) Trust me, all will
lotte will make her big
at's coming we'll hit her
ve farewell and return,
Good plan?

ve an even sillier woman.
idge.

ble.

Scene 3

Front porch. Gloria leads Charlotte and their luggage up and on. Charlotte is breathless, but that doesn't stop her ...

*Belinda ✓
L.R. ↑
Gloria (x)
followed by
Charlotte - entr (11)*

CHARLOTTE. ... Women have fashion, bubble baths, daytime dramas, bridge clubs, and weddings. What do men get? Work, war, and oil changes. It's the curse of the Y chromosome and it's punishable by death. A male would have to be certifiable not to want to be female at least part-time.

GLORIA. Are you all right? Catch your breath. It's the altitude:

turn to (c)

CHARLOTTE. The mountain air is delightful after the choke
of D.C. Isn't this charming?

*slip
into room*

GLORIA. Charming is a coat of paint away. I'd call it rustic. Do you always travel as Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE. The Sorority has me seeing more than my share of airports. There are certain advantages afforded a lady traveling alone doors opened, luggage carried. The conundrum is the use of facilities. Airplanes have one restroom for all. But I'd risk arrest using the ladies room in an airport. And Charlotte in the gents' is not an option.

GLORIA. So you...?

CHARLOTTE. Limit liquids. Thank you again for volunteering to fetch me from the airport. I can't imagine finding my way on my own.

GLORIA. Seems strange you've never been here before, with Valentina writing for your magazine.

CHARLOTTE. Three thousand miles, even in this age of jet propulsion, defines detachment. But Val and I do share a happy parity of purpose, wouldn't you say?

GLORIA. Peas in a pod.

CHARLOTTE. And listen to me prattle on while standing on the very threshold of the promised land. I host almost monthly parties at my California home, where dozens of girls can while away an afternoon far into the evening in feminine bliss. But what's that compared to this encampment, where we are free to be ourselves, undisturbed, all day and night for days on end. I am expecting nothing short of heaven.

GLORIA. We regulars believe it to be the closest we'll ever come.

CHARLOTTE. Don't be so parochial. All God's children are welcome in Our Father's mansion. We may not all be afforded the same accommodations, but we're all welcome. You are not a believer?

GLORIA. In God?

CHARLOTTE. In the movement. Don't you want to see us accepted in open society?

GLORIA. I don't want or need a lot.

CHARLOTTE. That's the problem with you younger girls born into a world where the hard work's been done for you. I've gone to jail so that you don't have to. I've bared my soul on the battlement, dodged arrows of judgement to shield you. Not to toot my own horn, but there's a Christlike element to my journey. Yes, my dear Gloria, thanks to me, they may not like us, but they know who we are. I have won the beach for you. And now will take the hills with salesmanship. (*Lifting her bags.*) Shall we? (*Marches into the house.*)

exit 7