

"THE LOVE ENCYCLOPEDIA"

An ironic comedy about love and relationships

A FEATURE LENGTH SCREENPLAY

BY

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from an original story

by

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Eleventh Draft

May 1998

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WGA Registration No. 534760

FADE IN:

ON BLACK we HEAR the sound of fingers working on computer keys

1. INT. COMPUTER KEY BOARD/SCREEN. NIGHT.

Fingers tap on the keys rhythmically and then pause for thought.
Opening credits fade up and down in between shots.

Now, words appear on the screen: "Love is the wisdom of the fool
and the folly of the wise"
-Samuel Johnson.

A floppy disc is selected from a pile and inserted into the disc drive. Fingertips dance across the key board with great purpose, and again pause.

Again, words appear on the screen: "Love is a romantic designation for a most
ordinary biological or chemical process.

A lot of nonsense is talked and written about it"
- Greta Garbo.

A finger clicks on a mouse. The last opening credit fades up and down.

FADE IN:

2. EXT. CITY. SUNRISE.

Dawn. The sun peaks out above the roof lines of an urban landscape. The city is waking up. A barking dog heralds the sounds of a new day.

3. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. JIMI'S BEDROOM. DAY.

The first light of day falls on a four foot IGUANA lounging on a wooden perch by the window. He blinks to let us know he's alive. On the bed, JIMI FRITZ, a 30 year old intellectual, is fast asleep. By his side is GLENDA HITE, his 28 year old girl friend. At first she appears restless, but, it becomes quickly apparent that she is masturbating under the covers. After a few moments she picks up the pace, buries her head in the pillow, and has a purely utilitarian orgasm. The iguana croaks. Jimi sleeps on. She leans over and kisses him on the cheek. Jimi's mouth hangs open in a distorted grimace. He grunts and rolls over. With resolve she swings her legs over the edge of the bed and sits with her back to him. After a moment she looks back over her shoulder.

GLENDA

Good bye, Jimi.

She quickly dresses, pulls out two large suitcases from under the bed and takes them over to the dresser. As she quietly packs, she accidentally knocks a framed photograph of Jimi and herself off the dresser. The photo shows Jimi seated at the computer, hands on keys, while Glenda stands behind the machine with something approximating a smile on her face. The glass shatters as it hits the floor. Jimi stirs. Glenda freezes.

MUSIC FREEZES. Jimi snorts, clears his throat, and sleeps on. MUSIC RESUMES.

Glenda stuffs the last of her things in the suitcases, grabs her coat and heads for the door. Before leaving she turns to have one last look. At that moment, Jimi's eyes pop open and he speaks.

JIMI

Glenda! I had a terrible dream. We were walking in a desert. You told me you were leaving me. That you didn't love me any more... Do you think it means I'm insecure about our relationship?

GLENDA

I think it means that I'm leaving you.

She turns away and heads out the door. Jimi thinks fast and bursts into action. Dressed only in his underwear, he leaps from the bed and rushes out the door after her.

4. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Jimi explodes out of the bedroom, leaps over an arm chair, crashes to the floor, recovers and dashes to the front door. Glenda is almost knocked out of the way as he rushes past her and blocks the doorway, preventing her from leaving. She sighs and lets the suitcases drop to the floor.

JIMI

(out of breath)

Glenda, you can't just throw two years down the drain. We are two intelligent human beings with enormous powers of reason. Let's at least discuss this.

GLEENDA

I'll call you sometime, Jimi.

JIMI

Where are you gonna go?

GLEENDA

To live on a lesbian commune.

JIMI

Come on, let's go back to bed. I'll do my Jack Nicholson impression for you.

GLEENDA

It's time to move on, Jimi. I'm tired of being the invisible woman. I, I want more... I want to *do* something. You've got your book, you don't need me.

JIMI

You inspired the book! You are the book!

GLEENDA

Great! I always wanted to be an inanimate object.

JIMI

You won't be complaining when we're on Oprah.

Suddenly Glenda's calm exterior snaps. All her past frustration explodes into the room.

GLEENDA

You don't get it do you! You just don't get it!

She rushes over to Jimi's computer, snatches up a pile of hand written notes, and waves them in the air.

JIMI

Ahh, Glenda! Not my notes!

GLEENDA

You see this, Jimi?! This is paper! Little pieces of fucking paper!!

Jimi rushes over to retrieve his notes but she quickly jumps behind the computer table and remains out of reach. They orbit the table as she punctuates her tirade by crumpling the pages one by one into little balls and throwing them at Jimi as hard as she can.

GLEENDA

Paper turns into dust, Jimi! It dries up and blows away! (pointing out the window) ... Out there is the real world! People made of flesh and blood! Making plans! Living and dying! (fumbling for words) ...shopping for, for,... cleaning products!

JIMI

Cleaning products?

She groans in frustration, dashes to the open window and hurls the remaining papers out into the street. Jimi rushes to the window to save his notes, but arrives in time to see them flutter to the ground. Glenda uses the distraction to regain her composure, grab her suitcases, and head for the door.

JIMI

You'll never find anyone else who loves you like I do!

She pauses in the doorway and contemplates an answer.

GLEENDA

I can live with that.

She slams the door behind her and is gone.

5. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Jimi, still in his underwear, enters the apartment having reclaimed his notes from the street. He sits down at his computer table and begins to sort the jumbled mess. Just then, his

roommate and host, a laid back law student named WEXLER, enters from another bedroom. He wanders into the room, also in his underwear, scratching his balls and yawning.

WEXLER

Ah, I love the sound of angry women in the morning. I think it might be time to hang it up, Buddy.

Jimi looks contemptuous as Wexler wanders into the bathroom. Preoccupied, Jimi dumps his notes beside the computer, boots it up, and begins to tap the keys. Jimi's face is reflected in the blue light of the COMPUTER SCREEN. On the screen, the file name reads: "THE LOVE ENCYCLOPEDIA". Scrolling through the index we catch some headings: LOVE MYTHS. FALLING IN LOVE. PUPPY LOVE. LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE (PHILOSOPHY). LOVE OF GOD (THEOSOPHY). MAKING LOVE: PART 7. He clicks on a heading called NOTES ON GLENDA. A blank screen comes up and he begins to type.

JIMI (V.O.)

A relationship is only completely over when love is gone. While a remnant of love remains, there is hope. Love can be reborn from the smallest fragment, the tiniest sliver. Entire continents can be built upon a single crumb of love.

In the reflection, Wexler's face appears over Jimi's shoulder. The toothbrush in his mouth muffles his speech.

WEXLER

Judge rules insufficient grounds for relationship. Case closed.

JIMI

So your professional advice is give her up and walk away.

WEXLER

(stepping into his pants) Correct. My learned friend seems to be picking up what I'm laying down.

JIMI

You know what the Love Encyclopedia would say about that?

WEXLER

Oh, I'm sure that it would have a lot to say about that.

JIMI

You're right. It does.

Wexler wrestles on his jacket and pulls a tie from his pocket. Jimi slumps down in his chair and looks miserable.

WEXLER

She's in another world, Jimi boy, different directions.
She's looking for some kind of...

JIMI

(Interrupting)

Everybody's looking for the same thing, Wexler.
Everyone wants to love and be loved. That's the
primary motivation for everything we do. Period.

But Wexler is distracted. He picks up a large plain brown package from a table by the door. With great interest, he rips open the package, pulls out two VHS cassettes and waves them at Jimi.

WEXLER

Ah, ha, my prime motivation tapes. A sucking and
fucking potpourri of delicious delights performed by
gifted amateurs.

JIMI

There's more to life than porno films, Wexler.

WEXLER

And there's more than one definition of love my fine
philosophical friend. You should know that by now.

Wexler unsuccessfully straightens his tie, grabs an armful of papers and books and heads for the door.

WEXLER

Be careful who you choose to love or be loved by
'cause a lot of times it's a fucking disaster area. Then
you'll be shopping for a lawyer and I don't graduate
for another three years. Don't forget to take out the
garbage. Ciao.

With that, he's out the door. Jimi stares at the computer screen for a moment. In a decisive gesture he hits the power switch and the screen dies.

6. EXT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY.

A short distance from the entrance to the apartment is a street vendor. The sign reads, "Crepes a la Cart". Serving behind the cart is the street wise RONNIE. He is short and stocky

with a battered flat cap. As Jimi exits his apartment building THREE SKINHEADS run past the cart. One of them snatches a can of Coke on the way by. Another kicks the cart. They run off jeering and cackling.

RONNIE
(screaming)
You fascist bastards! Prick sniffing cowards!

Just then Ronnie spots Jimi, and immediately switches gears.

RONNIE
Hey, Jimi, whadaya say?!

Expressionless, Jimi shuffles over to the cart. He absent-mindedly plucks a piece of asparagus from one of the metal trays and bites it's head off. Ronnie is oblivious to Jimi's dark mood.

RONNIE
So, tell me, Jimi, if your so smart. Why do we park on driveways and drive on parkways?

Jimi is far away and Ronnie now senses that something is wrong. A pregnant silence follows.

JIMI
She left me, Ronnie. She's gone.

An embarrassing silence follows. Ronnie shuffles around and looks uncomfortable while Jimi takes another bite of asparagus.

RONNIE
Did she, er, get all the stuff?

JIMI
Stuff, what stuff?

RONNIE
You know, the stuff?

JIMI
What stuff?

RONNIE
Well, usually they get all the stuff when ya split up, that's all. I'm just asking.

JIMI

I don't care about *stuff*, Ronnie. I've got more important things to think about. I have to think about what this means to my work. When love walks away, I have to think about what that means.

Ronnie thinks about it for a moment and becomes more serious.

RONNIE

Yeah, I guess I know what ya mean. I was in love once.

JIMI

You were in love?

RONNIE

Yeah, I guess I was... Anyway, everything was rosy an' we were talking kids an' happy ever after an' all that crap. (beat) ... Then she tells me she wants to be able to explore "other" relationships at the same time as me. Said it was a freedom issue.

JIMI

What does that mean?

RONNIE

You know, fuck around with other guys.

JIMI

So, what happened?

RONNIE

(magnanimously)

I told her that she was free to be anything she wanted to be.

JIMI

That's fantastic, Ronnie. That's very mature.

RONNIE

Yeah... Then I kicked her ass out the door.

7. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

The salon clock says 10:30am. The decor is trying very hard to be eclectic and hip, but fails miserably due to an obvious lack of good taste. Though kitsch and tawdry, it does manage to exude a campy attraction. DOREEN, a mousy looking woman in her mid-twenties, is busy giving a manicure to MRS. WILSON, a middle aged woman.

SALLY, a fresh faced woman in her mid-twenties, arranges cans of hair spray in the window. The labels read: "MISTE LAMOUR". ZIGGY LAMORE, a dapper thirty year old man, and the owner of the salon, is supervising the window display.

Everyone takes note as Glenda comes bursting in the front door, dragging two large suitcases. She smiles and gives a little wave to Sally, who excuses herself from Ziggy and comes over. They exchange a whisper and disappear into the back room.

8. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. BACK-ROOM. DAY.

Glenda dumps her cases on the floor and paces about. Sally sits on a chair in the corner.

GLEENDA

So, that's that. Now I'm homeless and jobless.

SALLY

You know you can stay with me until you find a place, or until Anatol gets back.

GLEENDA

Thanks, Sal... How long has it been? Eight months?

SALLY

Ten. He'll be back in seven weeks and two days.

GLEENDA

And you don't think that anything will have changed between you after all this time.

SALLY

He still loves me. He writes every two weeks. Sometimes they're late but the postal service in Bhutan isn't as good as ours.

GLEENDA

And you never thought that he was more committed to the Peace Corps. than you?

SALLY

Oh no, I think that it's a wonderful thing for Anatol to want to help other people. Next time I'd like to go with him.

The door opens and Ziggy strolls in.

ZIGGY

Hi, Glenda. How's things?

GLEENDA

Okay I guess. No doubt I'll survive.

SALLY

She left her boyfriend.

ZIGGY

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

GLEENDA

Yeah, so was he.

SALLY

She needs a job too.

ZIGGY

Is that a fact? What can you do?

SALLY

She went to art college and she's great with people.

GLEENDA

(to Sally) What are you, my agent?

SALLY

Just trying to help.

ZIGGY

So, you're artistic?

GLEENDA

Yeah. I paint to support my waitressing habit, but it seems I don't do much of either anymore.

ZIGGY

Well I may be able to salvage the day for you yet. I *am* looking for someone to help out at the front desk, sort of a hostess, taking money, answering the phone, stuff like that.

GLEENDA

Are you serious?

ZIGGY

Doesn't pay great, but it's a job. And the staff are very friendly.

GLEENDA

Just like that?

ZIGGY

Just like that.

A flustered Doreen pokes her head round the door.

DOREEN

Ziggy! Mrs. Wilson's fainted!

ZIGGY

Oh, shit.

9. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Wexler is laying on the couch with the phone at his ear. His toes are wiggling with joy as he chuckles away to himself.

WEXLER

Oh, baby, baby, baby. You *know* what I like.

Jimi comes over and stands at the end of the couch. He holds up an envelope and shows it to Wexler.

JIMI

Wexler. We've got a problem.

WEXLER

Later Jimi, I'm listening in on a couple of lesbos.
They're just getting into it.

Jimi cautiously kneels down next to Wexler and talks into his free ear.

JIMI

We've got a notice from the phone company. They
want three hundred dollars or they'll cut us off..

Wexler is too busy to be troubled with trifles. He clamps his hand over the mouthpiece.

WEXLER

Jimi! This is the finale, man. It's a command fucking
performance. Now buzz off!

Wexler goes back to the call. Jimi stands to leave, but can't let it go. He bends down and speaks into Wexler's ear again.

JIMI

What if we're cut off and a publisher calls? What if Glenda calls?

Wexler is now mad as hell.

WEXLER

Jimi! Will you take a hike before I break both ya fucking legs!

Jimi reluctantly gives up and walks away. As he rounds the end of the couch he accidentally trips on the phone chord and yanks it out of the jack. Wexler is fuming as he jumps up from the couch.

JIMI

It's okay! Don't blow a gasket. I'll plug it back in.

Jimi takes a moment to untangle the chord from his feet and quickly jams it back into the jack. Wexler checks the phone and discovers the call has been cut off. He struggles to keep his cool.

WEXLER

Okay, okay, I can appreciate that you're a little bugged out these days. But I don't quite understand why you've decided that ruining *my* life will improve yours?

JIMI

If we don't do something about this bill, the phone will be cut off.

WEXLER

So take it down and pay it if your so worried.

JIMI

You know I can't afford to pay this bill.

WEXLER

Well then, you'll just have to rely upon the generosity of your benevolent host and his rich father. Now, take it easy, Jimi, *I* didn't dump you.

JIMI

This has nothing to do with Glenda.

WEXLER

Right. You're just expressing your deep concern for the phone company.

JIMI

Okay, forget it. Forget I even mentioned it. Get back to your heavy breathing. Fuck the telephone for all I care.

WEXLER

This is the nineties, Jimi boy. Techno sex is here to stay. No muss, no fuss. No germs.

JIMI

Don't you have school work to do? How do you expect to ever graduate?

WEXLER

I'm not even sure if I want to be a lawyer. It's pretty dry stuff you know.

JIMI

Well what the fuck are you going to law school for?!

WEXLER

Ask my father, it was his idea. Anyway, it sure beats working for a living. (beat)... Maybe I should go for an English lit degree like you, then I'd *really* be in the money.

Jimi has had enough of this conversation. He grabs his coat from the back of a chair and heads for the door.

WEXLER

Have a nice day.

10. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Glenda is at the front desk sorting papers. SALLY is styling Rita's hair. RITA is a down-to-earth street hooker and a regular at the salon. Doreen is washing a YOUNG WOMAN's hair. Ziggy comes over to talk to Glenda who is sorting invoices.

ZIGGY

How are we doing?

GLEENDA

You might want to think about a better filing system.

ZIGGY

If you think you can make it work better, go right ahead.

GLEENDA

You might want to think about the decor too.

ZIGGY

What's wrong with the decor?

GLEENDA

Well, let's just say that it's a little too eclectic for most peoples taste. I could work on it. Maybe put up some of my paintings.

Just then, Jimi walks in the door. As he approaches the desk Glenda turns away, forcing Ziggy to deal with him. Sally, Doreen and Rita note Jimi's entrance.

ZIGGY

Er, good morning, can I help you?

JIMI

Yes, I'm er, in the market for a manicure.

ZIGGY

I'm afraid there's no one free at the moment. Would you like to make an appointment for tomorrow?

Glenda turns around and faces Jimi with her arms tightly folded across her chest. Jimi shoots her a quick smile.

JIMI

(To Ziggy) *This* young lady seems to be free.

ZIGGY

I'm afraid she hasn't had much experience with manicures.

JIMI

Well, I'm sure she's done her own nails, and if she needs advice she could ask one of the other girls.

Ziggy is amused at Jimi's persistence.

ZIGGY

I suppose she could.

JIMI

You see I have an extremely important job interview this afternoon and I have to look my best. Gynecological assistant. Clean nails are a must.

ZIGGY

Well, I see no reason why not. Glenda, you've watched the others, I'm sure that you can help this gentleman out. The regular price for a full treatment is thirty-five dollars but, due to the, er, unusual circumstances, we could, er, give you a discount. Say, twenty-five?

JIMI

Sounds entirely reasonable. I usually pay a lot more.

Rita has been listening and can't resist a comment.

RITA

Sounds like the deal of the week on a "full treatment"

Sally smiles and gives Rita a playful slap on the head to shut her up.

ZIGGY

(to Glenda) Glenda?

Glenda thinks for a second and decides that it's more trouble to refuse than it's worth. With her arms still folded, she marches over to a manicure table and Jimi follows. They sit down.

GLEENDA

You're wasting your time, Jimi.

JIMI

I'm here as a friend. And I really do need to take better care of my nails.

Glenda looks suspicious and plunks one of his hands in a soaking solution. Ziggy looks over and gives Glenda an encouraging smile.

GLEENDA

How did you know I was here?

JIMI

I've recently developed enormous psychic abilities.

GLEENDA

And what do you want, besides a manicure?

JIMI
How about a friendly platonic dinner tonight?

GLEENDA
Sorry. Not interested.

JIMI
How about nude jello wrestling at my place?

GLEENDA
Well, that does sound more interesting but I don't think you're ready for platonic jello wrestling. Why don't you ask someone else?

She applies the cuticle softener to his left hand and arranges a tray of orange wood sticks. Jimi's enjoying himself.

JIMI
Someone else? You mean entertain another woman?

GLEENDA
Yeah, do a song and dance routine for her.

JIMI
You have anyone in mind?

GLEENDA
I don't know. How about Doreen?

They both look over at Doreen. She is an unusual looking woman. She senses that she's being watched and turns around. On discovering that Jimi and Glenda are both staring at her, she gives a nervous smile and Jimi responds with a half-hearted finger wave.

GLEENDA
There, you see. She likes you.

Rita also spots Jimi waving and waves back with a big smile.

RITA
I'm available if it doesn't work out, honey. I'll give ya a card!

GLEENDA
Forget it, Rita. He can't afford you!

Everybody finds this funny except Jimi.

JIMI

Very funny. You *really* want me to date Doreen?

GLENDA

Sure, why not? It'll take your mind off your recent separation.

Jimi takes another look at Doreen and considers the situation. She is now whispering something in Ziggy's ear and both are looking in Jimi's direction.

JIMI

I'll do it on one condition. I'll ask Doreen out if you'll go out with me. A date for a date. Waddya say?

GLENDA

No deal.

JIMI

Glenda, you can't just shut me out. If you want to end our relationship and just be friends you have to give it a chance. A little transition time. A walk in the park. What harm could it do?

GLENDA

A walk in the park.

JIMI

Nothing more. Cross my heart.

GLENDA

One hour. Max.

JIMI

It's a deal.

GLENDA

What the hell.

To punctuate her statement, the electric nail buffer buzzes into action.

11. EXT. HARBOUR-FRONT. DAY.

A seagull takes off. Various boats are tied up along the dock. Jimi and Doreen are walking side by side along a causeway. They are both eating ice cream cones. Jimi is relaxed while Doreen is nervous and withdrawn. They walk in silence, sneaking glances at each other and smiling politely.

DOREEN

How did you meet?

JIMI

How did I meet who?

DOREEN

Glenda. How did you meet her?

JIMI

I was er, working in a book store, she came in looking for a Tom Robbins novel. It was Glenda that suggested I should write a book instead of sell them.

DOREEN

You're still in love with her, aren't you?

JIMI

Well, I, er, ...I guess I am.

DOREEN

That's nice.

JIMI

Yeah, I guess it is.

DOREEN

So, what's your book about?

JIMI

It's called "The Love Encyclopedia."

DOREEN

Oh, it's not one of *those* books is it?

JIMI

One of which books?

Doreen looks away embarrassed.

JIMI

(offended)

It's not pornographic if that's what you mean. It's a serious attempt to define love in all it's manifestations and meanings. It's an encyclopedia.

It is now Glenda's face, and not Doreen's face that looks up from the ice cream cone. She licks her lips and speaks slowly and seductively.

GLEENDA

That's a beautiful idea, Jimi. That's the thing that really moves me about you. You have vision, integrity, ...and a very, very sexy mouth.

Jimi blinks and Doreen is back.

DOREEN

How did you come up with such an idea?

Jimi gets his bearings for a moment. He begins slowly but quickly gathers momentum. His passion for this subject is obvious.

JIMI

Well, er, a couple of years ago, when I met Glenda, I looked up the dictionary definitions of "Love". They say things like, "A strong attraction to a member of the opposite sex", or "A score of zero in tennis". It struck me that "Love" has come to mean so many different things to different people that it's become meaningless. Do you realize that love is the most dominant and pervasive theme in virtually every culture on the planet? Look at our music, our films, novels, myths and legends. Our entire world is built on a foundation of what we call love. And nobody can even define the word. That's why "The Love Encyclopedia" is so important.

Jimi looks to Doreen for a reaction but she is distracted and looking down the causeway.

DOREEN

Look, there's Rita.

Jimi now spots Rita some way off. She is being approached by a BOATING TYPE client. They discuss services and rates.

DOREEN

I feel sorry for her.

JIMI

Why? She's making her own choices.

DOREEN

People sometimes make bad choices.

JIMI

I believe that people have the right to make their own choices. Even bad ones. What do you believe?

Doreen attacks her ice cream cone with vigor as she suddenly becomes inspired.

DOREEN

I believe that your book should be about Jesus, because Jesus is the son of God, and God is love, and there's no purer love than God's love.

12. EXT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. STREET. DAY.

Jimi is hiding behind a newspaper and watching the salon from across the street.

13. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

The salon is closing up for the day. Glenda is taking down a tacky black velvet painting of a sunset and replacing it with her original work. Doreen is pulling on her coat and heading out the door.

DOREEN

That's beautiful, Glenda. You have too much talent to be working in this place. I'll see you tomorrow.

GLEENDA

Thanks, Doreen... Bye.

Doreen gives Glenda a sympathetic smile and leaves.

14. EXT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. STREET. DAY.

Peering over his newspaper, Jimi sees Doreen leave. Straining his eyes, he can just make out Glenda in the salon as Ziggy approaches her. Before turning the corner, Doreen looks back at Jimi and calls out.

DOREEN

Good luck, Jimi!

Jimi looks disappointed that his cover is blown and gives a forced smile and a limp wave. Doreen waves back and then rounds the corner. Jimi looks back to the salon in time to see...

15. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Ziggy comes over to Glenda and slides his arm around her shoulder. He picks up on her somber mood.

ZIGGY

(singing)

"You've got that worried look upon your face."

GLEENDA

I'm fine, Ziggy, really.

ZIGGY

If there's anything I can do, let me know, Okay?

GLEENDA

Yeah, okay. Thanks.

Ziggy takes a moment to appreciate Glenda's painting.

ZIGGY

You know this is very good. You really are very talented.

GLEENDA

I try to keep myself amused.

ZIGGY

You want to hear some good news?

GLEENDA

What's that?

ZIGGY

My hair spray, "Miste Lamour" is about to be launched and I may be opening another salon. Deals are being made. Contracts signed. There's one or two details to work out, but er, it's basically a goer.

GLEENDA

I didn't know you were doing that well.

ZIGGY

With a little help from my friends.

GLEENDA

That's great, Ziggy. Congratulations.

She gives him a big hug.

16. EXT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. STREET. DAY.

Jimi reacts negatively to the hug and crumples his newspaper.

17. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Glenda is now replacing a plaster of Paris dog with a vase of dried flowers.

ZIGGY

I'd like to have a little celebration on Sunday if you'll help me with the arrangements?

GLEENDA

Sure. I'd love to.

ZIGGY

What about dinner tonight?

GLEENDA

Not tonight, Ziggy, but I'll take a rain check.

ZIGGY

Are you seeing Jimi?

GLEENDA

It's over with Jimi.

ZIGGY

He doesn't seem to think so.

GLEENDA

Sometimes it takes a while for the real world to catch up to Jimi.

ZIGGY

Okay. Well let me know if you want a sympathetic ear.

Glenda grabs her coat and goes to kiss Ziggy on the cheek, but Ziggy turns his head and gives her a real kiss on the mouth. Glenda takes it in her stride, smiles and leaves.

GLEENDA

See you tomorrow.

Ziggy admires her as she walks away.

18. EXT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. STREET. DAY.

Jimi ducks down behind his newspaper as Glenda appears and walks off down the street. Jimi follows, catches up to her, and falls into step.

JIMI

I guess you and Ziggy are pretty tight these days.

GLEENDA

I guess you're pretty nosy these days.

JIMI

Are you fucking him?

GLEENDA

Every chance I get. His tongue work is spectacular.

JIMI

You're trying to make me jealous?

GLEENDA

You're already jealous.

JIMI

I went out with Doreen.

GLEENDA

Good. Did you fuck her?

JIMI

No, but I've now accepted Jesus as my personal savior.

Glenda suppresses a smile.

JIMI

When do I get my hour in the park?

GLEENDA

I thought we might wait for some nicer weather. Say late summer.

JIMI

We made a deal. And people who break their deals go straight to hell. Ask Doreen.

Glenda seems to be enjoying the power she has over Jimi. Though somewhat reluctant, she decides to keep her word.

GLEENDA

Okay, I'm off tomorrow afternoon and I promised my folks I'd take Sniff for a walk.

JIMI

Good. I'll meet you there.

GLEENDA

Not a good idea. I haven't told them about us yet and I don't want to do it with you there. Let's meet at the park, at three.

JIMI

Okay. Sure.

Jimi seems satisfied and they walk on together. Glenda begins to look a little uncomfortable and stops walking.

GLEENDA

Jimi?

JIMI

What?

GLEENDA

Going somewhere?

JIMI

Oh, nowhere in particular. Just out for a stroll. Enjoying the day. Going with the flow, so to speak.

GLEENDA

I'll see you tomorrow at three.

JIMI

Oh, right. I, er,... I'll just go the other way then.

GLEENDA

Right.

Glenda walks on and Jimi reluctantly turns to walk in the opposite direction.

JIMI

Tomorrow at three then!

Glenda ignores him and walks on.

19. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Jimi is asleep on the couch with a book on his chest entitled, "Love Mapping: a guide to compatibility." Glenda's deep and sexy voice pervades his sleep.

GLEENDA

Jimi... come to me Jimi... I'm waiting for you lover man...

He slowly opens his eyes and, just beyond his feet, at the end of the couch, he sees Glenda dressed in exotic lingerie. She licks her lips and stands before him like a sex goddess.

GLEENDA

I've been waiting for you, baby. I'm hot and wet and ready for anything.

Jimi is speechless, his mouth hanging open. Glenda smiles seductively and runs her hands over her body.

GLEENDA

Would you like me to take off my bra, or touch myself?

Jimi remains paralyzed.

GLEENDA

Would you like me to take off my bra, or touch myself? (beat) Press F1 or F2.

Jimi blinks, sits up, and she is gone. He looks over at his computer table and sees Wexler hunched over the keyboard smoking a joint. Still disoriented, he gets up, goes over to Wexler and peers over his shoulder. ON THE SCREEN he can see an ANIMATED WOMAN

dressed in lingerie. Wexler punches F2 and the woman on the screen begins to rub her crotch.

COMPUTER ANIMATED WOMAN
Mmmmm, that feels soooo good.

Wexler now notices that Jimi is behind him.

WEXLER
Hey, check this out, Jimi, it's interactive. Came in the mail today.

Wexler takes a big hit off the joint. Jimi is annoyed.

JIMI
This is *my* computer, Wexler. You could at least ask.

WEXLER
(punching another button)
Okay, okay, I'll try not to come on the keyboard. Here, have a toke, man. Relax.

Jimi sighs and slumps down on a chair next to Wexler. He takes a toke and stares at the computer screen.

WEXLER
Atta boy, Jimi. Watch this...

Wexler hits F10 and the woman on the screen starts licking her lips.

COMPUTER ANIMATED WOMAN
Ooooooo, you're so big and hard.

20. EXT. ALF AND EDNA HITE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Glenda's parents live in a working class area. The house is shabby and the front yard is a dump, full of dead and dying shrubbery and an old refrigerator, Glenda walks up the path and lets herself in.

21. INT. ALF AND EDNA HITE'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

ALF HITE, a scruffy, weather-beaten man is sitting in an arm chair chatting to Jimi as Glenda enters. She is shocked and annoyed to see Jimi here, but tries to hide her reaction.

ALF

Glenda! Come on in, Jimi's been telling me about brain chemicals that make people horny!

Glenda shoots Jimi a stern look. Jimi responds with a friendly grin. Just then Glenda's mother, EDNA HITE comes into the room carrying a tray of tea cups. She is a dumpy woman wearing a worn house coat. Her hair is covered with a plastic bag tied on with a piece of string.

EDNA

Hello, dear. Just in time for a lovely cup of tea.

GLEENDA

I can't stay, Mom. I just dropped by to pick up Sniff. Jimi and I are going to the park, aren't we Jimi?

ALF

Is that what they're calling it these days?

JIMI

We have time for a cup of tea don't we?

GLEENDA

(Firmly)

I don't think so, Jimi. I've got a lot of things to do this afternoon.

EDNA

I've got some of your favorite cookies, Glen.

GLEENDA

Thanks, Mom, but we have to get going. I hadn't planned on a visit. (to Jimi) Are you coming?

She glares at Jimi, who reluctantly rises and shrugs his compliance.

ALF

No use arguing with a woman once her minds made up eh, Jimi boy.

GLEENDA

We are *not* arguing.

She sneaks a glance at Edna who begins to whistle nonchalantly as if refusing to become involved. Glenda now grabs a leash from a hook by the door.

GLEENDA

Sniff! Here boy! Walkies!

SNIFF, a large hairy brown dog, comes bounding into the room. Glenda subdues the animal and attaches the leash.

GLEENDA

We'll be off then. I'll have a cup of tea with you when I get back, Mom.

She turns and marches out of the room dragging the dog behind her.

22. EXT. ALF AND EDNA HITE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Glenda marches out of the house. Jimi follows a few seconds later with Alf and Edna close behind. Jimi catches Glenda up at the front gate. Alf and Edna stand in the doorway together and wave good-bye.

EDNA

Have a nice walk, we'll see you later!

ALF

You love birds be sure to kiss and make up now!

Without turning around, Glenda shouts back.

GLEENDA

We are *NOT* love birds!!

As Jimi and Glenda walk away, Alf has a thought. He has to shout at the top of his lungs to be heard.

ALF

Hey, Jimi! What do you get if you cross a pygmy with a hooker?

JIMI

Beats me, Alf!

ALF

A little fucker about this big!

Alf indicates the height of the pygmy hooker with his hand and bursts into raucous laughter. Glenda ignores the joke and keeps walking. Jimi smiles politely and waves good-bye. Alf and Edna stand side by side in the doorway like two china dolls, smiling and waving.

23. EXT. PARK. DAY.

VARIOUS PEOPLE are out in the park. YOUNG LOVERS, A PERSON WALKING A DOG, A MOTHER WITH A STROLLER, KIDS PLAYING. Jimi and Glenda walk side by side along a shady path. Jimi throws a stick for Sniff, the dog.

JIMI

So, how am I doing?

GLEENDA

Your stick arm has improved a little.

JIMI

No, I mean I haven't proposed once. I haven't thrown myself to the ground and begged you to reconsider your impulsive and, if I may be so bold, your somewhat erroneous and inequitable assessment of our relationship, leading to your rather hasty and ill-conceived decision to leave me.

GLEENDA

You've shown great restraint not bringing it up.

Glenda walks over to a grassy patch beneath a tree and sits down. Sniff comes over and lies down next to her. Jimi follows and sits on the other side of the dog. From her bag, Glenda takes out some nail clippers and a file and begins to give Sniff a manicure. The dog seems to enjoy it.

JIMI

I miss you like crazy.

GLEENDA

You'll get over it.

JIMI

Morrison's off his food. He won't even eat lettuce. He just sits there on his perch, staring out the window with those sick red eyes. Iguana's are very sensitive you know.

GLEENDA

I'll try and remember to send him a get well card.

JIMI

Wexler misses you.

GLENDA

Wexler's a pervert.

JIMI

If it wasn't for Wexler, I'd be sleeping under a bridge.
And he took you in too.

GLENDA

Yeah, he's a great humanitarian. Right up there with
Albert Schweitzer and Mother Theresa. Maybe I
could get a job picking up *their* underwear.

JIMI

Come on, Glenda, it wasn't that bad.

GLENDA

Whatever. It's all in the murky past now. I see myself
as a pioneer now, like a bush pilot or something, you
know, flying through the fog, on to another adventure.

JIMI

With Ziggy as co-pilot?

GLENDA

Who knows? He's got a backer for the salon. He could
do very well.

JIMI

Are you fucking him?

GLENDA

Not yet. But those lunch breaks are sooo long and
tedious. You're just jealous 'cos *you're* not getting
any.

JIMI

That's not true!

GLENDA

What? That you're not jealous, or that you're not
getting any?

JIMI

Sex has got nothing to do with it.

GLEENDA

It's always got something to do with it, Jimi.

JIMI

When did you get so cynical?

GLEENDA

Have you looked around lately at the state of relationships? If people last a couple of years these days it's a miracle. Can you think of *one* couple with a long standing relationship who are still really in love? I mean really still nuts about each other and not just making the best of it.

Jimi thinks hard but is obviously stumped.

GLEENDA

Uh, huh.

JIMI

What about Alf and Edna?! They've been together for thirty-five years.

GLEENDA

They just got used to each other. They barely even talk to each other any more. God help us all if that's the best example of true love you can come up with.

JIMI

So, what's your point? We all give up because of a low success rate?

GLEENDA

The point is, we have to get realistic about what's going on here. We had a thing, it was good for a while, and now it's time to do something else. It's not the end of the world. It's just what it is.

JIMI

And what is it?

GLEENDA

Maybe it's an opportunity to be a bush pilot.

Glenda has finished her manicure on the dog and now rubs his tummy. Jimi now absent-mindedly pets the dog and then uses the opportunity to caress Glenda's hand. She quickly grabs his hand and bites one of his fingers causing him to recoil and snatch his hand back.

GLEENDA

Warning! Physical contact may cause minor irritations and can lead to heart disease.

Glenda is smiling as Jimi sucks on his wounded finger.

JIMI

You know the trouble with you. You're impossible to talk to. You can't have a rational conversation without getting silly.

GLEENDA

I'll take that as a compliment.

JIMI

I just had this crazy idea that we could have a reasonable conversation about our relationship.

GLEENDA

Sorry. Thursday afternoons are strictly reserved for small talk and irrational outbursts. Reasonable conversation is Wednesdays, but I'm all booked up for the next six weeks.

Jimi knows Glenda well enough to know that he's wasting his time. He sticks his hands in his pockets and looks dejected. Glenda is thoroughly pleased with herself. She stuffs her things back in her purse, hooks the leash on Sniff and checks her watch.

GLEENDA

Well, looks like your hour's up. I'm glad we had this opportunity to get everything into perspective. Thank you for a wonderful time.

Glenda snaps her bag shut and jumps up. Sniff gives Jimi a sympathetic look, then his head is yanked away as Glenda strolls off, dragging the dog behind her. Jimi looks miserable and watches them go.

24. INT. HEALTH CLUB. HOT TUB. NIGHT.

Jimi and Wexler are up to their necks in a long kidney shaped hot tub. At the far end, is a YOUNG COUPLE whispering and giggling in an intimate conversation. Jimi and Wexler watch the couple and seem to be slightly spaced out from the heat.

WEXLER

Sounds like she's made up her mind to me. Best thing you can do is bow out gracefully.

JIMI

Yeah? Well I've got six hundred and twenty seven pages that say it's possible to get her back.

WEXLER

So, it's a piece of cake then. Just look it up in the book.

JIMI

I might just do that.

WEXLER

You can't change a woman's mind once it's made up.

JIMI

Bullshit. When Laura wanted to marry you, you changed her mind.

WEXLER

I didn't change her mind. It was that red head she caught me in bed with that changed her mind.

Jimi and Wexler's eyes are glued to the couple opposite, who are now deep kissing and obviously playing with each other under the water. They are oblivious to their audience.

JIMI

You know, the Trobriand Islanders have no words in their vocabulary for obscene, indecent or impure. They have no shame or embarrassment....

Jimi and Wexler are mesmerized and can't take their eyes off the young couple.

JIMI

...young love is a beautiful thing.

WEXLER

If you read your own book I think you'll find that what we have here is Darwin's reproductive imperative. It's more about sex than love.

JIMI

Love is something more meaningful. People jump off bridges for love. They kill and die for love.

They are both staring intently at the lovers who are kissing ever more passionately and are now so close together they are almost certainly "in-coitus" with little chance of "interruptus". A pair of bikini bottoms bubble to the surface and float towards Jimi and Wexler. They now speak as if in a trance.

JIMI

Kissing is unknown to the Sirioni people in South America, they bite and scratch instead.

WEXLER

Fascinating.

JIMI

The Charoti spit in each others face during intercourse.

WEXLER

Incredible.

The moaning lovers have reached the point of no return. They climax as Jimi and Wexler watch in silent awe. In the swirling water, the bikini panties bubble up between them.

WEXLER

I need a smoke.

25. INT. HEALTH CLUB. SHOWERS. NIGHT.

Jimi and Wexler are having a hot and steamy shower. They have to shout over the sound of the gushing water.

WEXLER

So, what are you gonna do, Jimi?!

JIMI

I might write a poem!

WEXLER

Yeah, that'll really turn things around!

JIMI

The ancient Japanese did all their courtship with poems before they even met each other!

WEXLER

We've certainly got a lot to learn from the Japanese!

JIMI

Never underestimate the power of a good love poem!

26. EXT. PARK. DAY.

Jimi is sitting on a park bench writing in a tiny note book. A STREET PERSON is rifling through a garbage can beside the bench.

JIMI

(quietly, to himself)

My love is like a swollen (beat)... Mango.

The street person looks disapprovingly and shakes his head.

STREET PERSON

Too corny. And too suggestive.

Jimi thinks about it for a moment, tears out the page of his note book, crumples it up in a ball, drops it on the grass beside him and starts again, reading as he writes.

JIMI

Your body shines like alabaster in my secret bed.
Your skin like... peach fuzz?

He sneaks a glance at the street person who again shakes his head.

STREET PERSON

Too physical and objective.

Jimi once again tears out the page and dumps it. The street person walks around the garbage can, picks up the discarded paper and puts it the can.

STREET PERSON

You need a metaphor. Something substantial.

Jimi tears off the page and begins again.

JIMI

If love can move a mountain, or inspire man to burn a
flame of truth ...

He glances up to the street person again and this time receives a shrug of approval.

JIMI

If love can do these things and more, then love can
move you to me.

Again he checks for a reaction. The street person nods and smiles as he continues to rummage in the garbage can. Jimi is pleased and continues to write.

JIMI (V.O.)

with all questions trampled underfoot. When doubt is
spent, then love prevails...

DISSOLVE TO:

27. INT. ZIGGY. LAMORE'S SALON. DAY.

Jimi is standing in the middle of the salon reading his poem out loud. Everyone listens in rapt silence. Sally and Doreen have stopped dead in their tracks and are listening along with their CLIENTS. Glenda is leaning on the far wall looking a little uncomfortable.

JIMI

... Cities built on love's refrain. Impervious to arrows
pain. I'll take your root and crown and gilded heart.
And cross the bridge to raptures end ...

Ziggy is making a phone call.

ZIGGY

Hello, get me the police.

DISSOLVE TO:

28. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S SALON. DAY.

Jimi is nearing the end of his poem. He reads slowly with great conviction. His audience is spellbound.

JIMI

... because when love is gone and torn and old.
When all has finally failed and come to naught.
I'll leave this world, an empty broken shell.

With heavy heart, I'll walk away.
Without you, I am nix.

A moment of stunned silence follows. Then Doreen turns to Sally.

DOREEN
(Whispering)
What does nix mean?

Sally is too emotional to answer. With tears in her eyes she begins to clap. Everyone takes her lead and joins in with heartfelt applause. Glenda is moved by Jimi's demonstration but tries not to show it. Just then, two POLICE OFFICERS arrive and the applause dies.

OFFICER ONE
Somebody called to report a disturbance?

ZIGGY
Yes, officer. I made the call. This man (pointing at Jimi) barged into my premises without my permission and has disrupted my business by, er, reading.

OFFICER TWO
Reading?

DOREEN
He read a poem.

OFFICER ONE
A poem?

OFFICER TWO
Did he threaten anyone?

SALLY
No. It was a love poem.

OFFICER ONE
A love poem?

ZIGGY
I can't see that it makes any difference what kind of poem it was.

OFFICER TWO
I can assure you, sir, that what seems inconsequential to the layman can be highly significant to the trained professional.

Ziggy looks fed up as Officer Two takes out his pad and makes a note. Jimi is looking hopefully at Glenda for a reaction. He gets one. She turns away and walks off into the back room closing the door behind her.

29. INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Glenda and Sally are just finishing a Chinese take-out meal at the kitchen table. They are in mid-conversation.

SALLY

I saw this great show on T.V. the other night.

GLEENDA

You watch too much T.V. It's bad for your brain.

SALLY

It was about these people that write the little poems in greeting cards. You know, like for birthdays and anniversaries and that.

GLEENDA

Sounds very educational.

SALLY

Anatol writes me love poems. He signs them, "The lonely banana". He's such a romantic.

GLEENDA

It takes more than a poem to make a relationship work, Sally. It's a total investment in the petty obsessions of another human being.

SALLY

That's so cynical.

30. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Jimi and Wexler are just finishing a Mexican take-out meal at the kitchen table. They are in mid-conversation.

WEXLER

You may think it's cynical, but as far as I'm concerned, romance is dead. A thing of the past.

JIMI

Just because *you've* given up dating, it doesn't mean that romance is dead for everyone.

WEXLER

Dating is a waste of time. To me, it was always just a lot of self consciousness babbling, crappy restaurants and awkward good-byes. And those are the good memories.

31. INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Glenda and Sally are finishing up the last of their meal.

GLEENDA

You have to know when a relationship is finished and face the facts. It's all part of being a grown-up person.

SALLY

I think it's time to end it when he makes you feel bad more often than good.

GLEENDA

Well I'm tired of all the game playing.

32. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Jimi and Wexler are finishing up the last of their meal.

WEXLER

I'm tired of dealing with power trips and crossed signals and hidden agendas and sexual politics. Not to mention the added bonus of killer diseases!

JIMI

So where does that lead us? Masturbating in front of a computer screen?

WEXLER

It's the ultimate safe sex.

JIMI

It's the ultimate *no sex*. (beat)... I can tell she still likes me.

33. INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Glenda and Sally are clearing the table and crushing the disposable food containers.

SALLY

You do still like him though don't you?

GLENDA

Sure. I like a lot of people.

SALLY

I wish Anatol was here.

GLENDA

I thought you were pretty tight with Bob these days?

SALLY

Oh no, it's nothing serious, he's just a transitional relationship.

GLENDA

What the hell is that?

SALLY

Well, it's male company, you know, friends. Without the commitment of a real relationship.

GLENDA

You mean no sex.

SALLY

Well,... if it's just for fun it's okay.

GLENDA

It's always fun, Sally. Trouble is, the fun runs out. Then you have to deal with the relationship and that can get pretty boring.

34. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Jimi and Wexler are clearing the table and crushing the disposable food containers.

WEXLER

Relationships are just too complicated.

JIMI

You know the Balinese have no elaborate practices of seduction whatsoever. They just ask for what they want and it's either yes or no.

WEXLER

We could learn a lot from the Balinese.

JIMI

But you sacrifice the process for the product. A dog chases a car for the thrill of it. If he ever caught the car he wouldn't know what to do with it. It's the pursuit that drives him. It's the process that makes it meaningful.

35. INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Glenda and Sally finish clearing up.

GLEENDA

What makes it meaningful to me is knowing where you want to end up. That takes direction and commitment.

SALLY

Yeah, but you can't always get what you want. Sometimes you have to take what you can get.

GLEENDA

And sometimes you have to know when to give it up.

Glenda scrunches up a disposable container and dumps it in the garbage.

36. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Jimi and Wexler finish clearing up.

JIMI

And the trick to getting what you want, my dear Wexler, is to never give up!

Jimi scrunches up a disposable container and dumps it in the garbage.

37. INT. COMPUTER SCREEN. DAY.

A file requester flashes on the screen. The title bar reads: THE LOVE ENCYCLOPEDIA. Scrolling through the file names we read: TRUE LOVE. LOVE SICKNESS. LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. I LOVE NEW YORK/MY DOG/MY CAR. LOVE STORIES/SONGS. LEGENDS OF LOVE. The cursor double clicks on a file named: NOTES ON GLENDA.

38. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Jimi is hunched over the computer, alternately typing and pausing for thought.

JIMI (V/O)

My pursuit of Glenda has now become my main focus. It consumes every waking hour. Even The Love Encyclopedia has taken second place to this new obsession. Or, perhaps it is the same obsession for like the book it is unfinished, incomplete. Perhaps some things are better left undone. I have asked myself the same questions over and over again until they become meaningless. I have sought advice from others...

39. EXT. STREET. CREPE CART. DAY.

Ronnie, the crepe man, is leaning over the counter of the cart in a conspiratory manner. His eyes check right and left for eavesdroppers. He speaks to the camera.

RONNIE

I ain't no philosopher, Jimi, but I do know one thing about women. Once they start jacking you around there ain't no end to it. If you want my advice, get rid o' the bitch.

40. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Wexler takes a big hit off a joint and blows the smoke past the camera.

WEXLER

And remember, Jimi boy, it's damn near impossible to find the *right* one, so don't go wasting all your time on the *wrong* one. Take it from a pro and let it go.

41. EXT. STREET. DAY.

Rita's on a street corner. She turns and looks at the camera.

RITA

I'll tell ya something Jimi. You take care of the old animal instincts and everything else will take care of itself. You know what I mean?. (beat) You, er, wanna buy me a cuppa coffee?

42. EXT. ALF AND EDNA HITE'S HOUSE. DOORWAY. DAY.

Alf and Edna are standing side by side at the front door. They speak to the camera.

EDNA

We didn't even know what was going on, did we Alf?

Alf is day dreaming. Edna gives him a poke.

ALF

Er, no. We didn't know a thing.

EDNA

Of course, a mother always knows when something is wrong. She might not know what it is, but she knows it's something.

ALF

That's right. Edna could sniff out a ball bearing up a skunks asshole.

EDNA

(Sadly) Parents are always the last to know...

43. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S SALON. DAY.

Doreen is at the sink. She turns and talks to the camera.

DOREEN

In a personal relationship with God, all problems can be solved. It's in our darkest moments that God loves us the most. I can't speak for everyone, but prayer has always worked for me.

44. EXT. FOREST. CLEARING. NIGHT.

From a distance, we see a small gathering of people in a forest clearing ringed with small smoky fires. An eerie mist hangs in the air and strange music drifts through the trees. A wolf calls to its mate...

JIMI (V/O)

Then one night I had a dream.....

Jimi steps into the clearing. A stone altar stands at the head of the proceedings. Behind it, a BLACK SHAMAN dressed in animal skins mumbles incantations and fiddles with unknown ingredients. He wears upon his head the antlers of a stag. The rest of the crowd are dressed in mediaeval rags. Two figures, a man and a woman, stand in front of the altar with their backs to Jimi and the congregation.

JIMI (V/O)

...I had stumbled across some sort of pagan wedding ceremony. The affair was well under way and seemed to be building to some sort of climax. Then, the woman at the altar turned her head and I could see that it was Glenda.

Glenda slowly turns her head and looks right at Jimi. She gives him a twisted smile and turns away. Jimi looks horrified and tries to call out, but his words come out muffled and unintelligible.

JIMI (V/O)

I tried to call out but she couldn't hear me. Then the crowd began to chant louder and louder...

The congregation are now on their feet swaying and chanting to the music. With a grand gesture, the Shaman smashes a gourd on the altar, sending the seeds flying through the air. Glenda now bends forward over the stone table and her groom lifts her skirt and mounts her from the rear, doggy style. This sends the crowd into a frenzy. Jimi tries desperately to get to her but is frozen to the spot. His legs are rubber and his voice useless. The crowd pushes in around him. As the groom throws back his hood, Jimi recognizes Ziggy. He is laughing like a maniac as he thrusts relentlessly into Glenda. Jimi screams and collapses.

45. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Jimi wakes in a sweat and sits bolt upright. Morrison, the iguana, is startled and tenses it's body. After a moment ,Jimi swings his legs over the side of the bed and tries to pull himself together.

JIMI (V/O)

It was then that I knew I could not walk away. I would not accept defeat so easily. And so that night, I vowed that I would not let go of love so easily.

46. INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

Sally's apartment is cheap and cheerful. Glenda's paintings and art supplies are stacked against a wall. Sally is sleeping on a fold out futon bed and Glenda is asleep on the couch. Strange music like an echoing fog horn is permeating the room. Sally wakes up, listens for a moment, and calls in a loud whisper to Glenda.

SALLY

Glenda, psst, wake up!

Glenda rouses from a deep sleep.

GLEENDA

Whah, what is it...

SALLY

Listen. That sound. It's coming from outside.

Glenda listens for a moment and recognizes the sound.

SALLY

What is it?

GLEENDA

It's a Congolese love trumpet.

Sally gets out of bed, and shuffles over to the window. Outside in the moonlight she sees Jimi cross-legged on the lawn. He is deep in concentration, blowing strange sounds from a large curved wooden horn.

SALLY

Glenda, come and see.

Glenda is not going to get out of bed but rolls over and faces Sally.

GLEENDA

I've seen it before.

SALLY

It's a beautiful instrument.

GLEENDA

Every fifteen minutes the mouth piece fills up with spit and you have to drain it out. It's disgusting.

But Sally is not listening she is fascinated by the sight of Jimi on the lawn.

SALLY

You must be one strong woman, Glenda. I'd be out there in a second. How long do you think he'll stay

GLEENDA

Until he gets some attention. Or until the back wash gags him.

Just then the music stops and is replaced by a series of obscene sounds like someone violently clearing their throat or blowing their nose with a heavy cold. Sally is thrilled.

SALLY

He's clearing the mouth piece!

After a few more moments of the "clearing" sounds, the horn, once again, begins to omit it's eerie music. Sally goes back to bed and looks over at Glenda to gauge her reaction. Glenda wraps the pillow around her head, but before she closes her eyes, she listens to the sound of the love trumpet and secretly smiles to herself.

47. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S SALON. NIGHT.

Ziggy slips a disc into the CD and romantic music fills the room. The launch party is underway. The salon's transformation from tacky to tasteful is also underway. A beautiful display of "Miste Lamour" is arranged on a table in the middle of the room. The front desk serves as a bar. Vases of fresh flowers are dotted about the room. VARIOUS PEOPLE are standing around talking with drinks in their hands. Over at the front desk/bar, Ziggy is pouring drinks for Glenda and Rita. Sally is talking to GEEKY GUY.

GEEKY GUY

Don and Moira are into S and M.

SALLY

Really!!!

GEEKY GUY

Yeah. She sleeps, he masturbates.

Doreen is chatting with a TALL WOMAN.

DOREEN

So how long have you known Ziggy?

TALL WOMAN

Oh, more years than I'd like to remember. We were at the same Catholic boys school.

DOREEN

Were you a teacher?

TALL WOMAN

No, dear, I was a boy.

She/he pulls one of his/her false breasts away from her/his chest and, with a big friendly smile, snaps it back into place. Doreen replies with a polite but somewhat nervous smile. Glenda raises her glass in a toast.

GLEENDA

To Ziggy! Congratulations and success for the future!

ZIGGY

Cheers, my dears! (to Rita) and what can I get you to drink, Rita.

RITA

How about something short and wicked.

TALL WOMAN

Sounds like an old boyfriend of mine.

As they enjoy this joke, JOE BOSTON, a serious looking man in a dark suit enters the salon and looks around the room. Ziggy looks concerned. He quickly hands Rita her drink and hurries over to greet him.

ZIGGY

Joe! Glad you could make it.

JOE

We need to talk.

ZIGGY

We will, we will, but right now we've got a little celebration underway. Come and meet the home team.

Ziggy leads him over to the hair spray display in the centre of the room.

ZIGGY

Everybody! I'd like to introduce you all to Mr. Joe Boston. Joe's helping to put together the financial package for our new venture and a man who knows a good thing when he sees it.

This produces scattered applause and raised glasses. Joe's on the spot and looks very uncomfortable at the attention.

ZIGGY

I'd also like to thank Glenda for doing such a wonderful job with the decor and arrangements. She's proving more and more to be an invaluable asset. Thank you, Glenda!

Again the crowd responds and Glenda is pleased.

ZIGGY

Unfortunately Joe can't stay. But as a token of our appreciation, take a couple of these home for your wife and daughter.

Ziggy hands him two cans of hair spray and leads him towards the door.

ZIGGY

Thanks for coming, Joe.

JOE

Ziggy. We need to talk.

ZIGGY

I'll call you tomorrow, Joe. I promise.

Ziggy hustles Joe out the door and joins the others at the bar.

GLEENDA

Joe looked a bit dour.

ZIGGY

Money's a serious business. Everyone okay for drinks?

Just then, Jimi enters and comes over. Glenda looks a little uncomfortable, but does her best to hide it. Sally and Rita, who were having an animated private conversation, now stop when they notice Jimi arrive. Ziggy moves closer to Glenda. Jimi seems to enjoy the effect he is having.

ZIGGY

Mr. Fritz. What brings you here? Written another poem?

JIMI

Actually I came to apologize for the other day. The whole thing was a mistake. I just came to wish you well in your new venture.

SALLY

It was a beautiful poem.

JIMI

Thank you.

ZIGGY

Well, ...let's not dwell on past mistakes. Today we celebrate!

JIMI

Hear, hear... but don't let me interrupt. What were we talking about?

RITA

Sally was just telling me about her sex life.

Doreen now joins the group.

ZIGGY

Oh no, let's not get onto that subject. We'll be here all night.

SALLY

I wasn't talking about sex, I was talking about love.

GLEENDA

But what came first, love or sex? And which is the strongest motivator?

Glenda flashes Jimi a smile and moves closer to Ziggy.

SALLY

Love can move mountains. But sex can make the ground move.

GLEENDA

If Darwin was right, sex came first.

JIMI

But why do we need love if it's not necessary for procreation?

DOREEN

I think that people are too preoccupied with physical pleasure.

RITA

Thank God for that.

GLEENDA

Romantic love is a privilege of the rich. Peasants fuck and the rich fall in love.

Doreen looks disapprovingly.

JIMI

But concepts of romantic love can be found in virtually every culture on the planet.

GLEENDA

There's a case to be made that romantic love was invented by fifteenth century poets.

JIMI

Romantic love began as soon as man got up on two legs, displayed his genitals, and began to make love face-to-face.

STOCK SHOT: Cranes leap flamboyantly into the air in an elaborate courtship ritual.

RITA

With one or two variations!

DOREEN

Sex is a very small part of a real relationship.

SALLY

I haven't had sex with Anatol for nearly a year and we're still in love. Love is much purer than sex.

STOCK SHOT: A frigate bird inflates an orange balloon beneath his chin.

ZIGGY

I'll drink to that.

Ziggy takes a drink and gives Glenda a warm look. She smiles, then meets Jimi's gaze.

STOCK SHOT: Two giant goats leap into the air and smash their heads together. Glenda looks from one to the other then takes a big slug of her drink.

48. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

ON THE TV SCREEN is a montage of various animals copulating. The images are accompanied by a BBC announcer's voice.

BBC ANNOUNCER (V/O)

... and so it seems that there is no end to the variety of techniques and strategies to which animals will go to win their mate. From elaborate dances and displays, to perfumes, pyrotechnics, and down right trickery. It's all just, business as usual in this, "THE KINGDOM OF THE BEAST".

As the music swells, Jimi leans forward and shuts off the TV He removes the video tape from the VCR and places it on a large stack of other tapes. Scribbling a few last notes in a notebook, he goes over to the computer, sits down and begins to type.

DISSOLVE TO:

49. EXT. STREET. DAY.

Jimi is standing on a corner. Furtively, he glances up and down the street, checks his watch, and slowly walks off.

50. EXT. STREET. DAY.

Glenda is walking at a good pace in the opposite direction.

51. EXT. STREET. SALLY'S HOUSE. DAY.

Jimi walks on for a while and slows down as he comes into view of Sally's house. Once again he looks at his watch and checks up and down the street.

52. EXT. STREET. SALLY'S HOUSE. DAY.

Glenda rounds the corner on to Sally's street. Jimi now spots Glenda on the other side of the street - two blocks down and approaching fast. He waits for her to get a little closer and begins to cross the street towards her.

JIMI

Glenda!

She looks up and sees Jimi half way across the road. She then notices a Hertz rental van approaching fast behind him.

GLEENDA

(screaming)

Jimi! Look out!!

She is too late. As the van passes him she hears a loud thud and Jimi is left lying motionless in the road. Glenda gasps as the van roars off down the street. She quickly gathers her senses and runs over to him. As she cradles his head in her arms, he opens his eyes.

JIMI

Where am I?

GLEENDA

It's okay. Don't move. I'll call an ambulance.

JIMI

No. Don't leave me. I just want to lie here for a minute.

There is a moment of tenderness as Glenda holds Jimi's limp body in the middle of the road. Now we hear the clicking of computer keys and Jimi's voice reading from, "THE LOVE ENCYCLOPEDIA".

JIMI (V/O)

To elicit the sympathy of a potential mate, the Andalusian marmoset has been known to actually feign injury. Once the female attention has been solicited the male can set about the more serious business of courtship.

53. INT. VAN. DAY.

Wexler is the van driver. He slows and stops at the corner, checks the rear view mirror, shakes his head, smiles to himself and drives off.

54. EXT. SALLY'S STREET. DAY.

Sally comes charging out of her house and rushes over to Jimi and Glenda.

SALLY
My God!, what happened? I heard you shouting.

GLEND
Jimi got hit by a van.

SALLY
I'll call an ambulance.

At that, Jimi struggles to his feet, his face twisted in pain.

JIMI
No, no, I'll be all right. I just need to rest for a bit. I
don't think anything's broken.

Glenda and Sally help him to his feet. He leans on Glenda and limps to the curb.

SALLY
Let's get him into the house.

55. INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Jimi is laying on the couch with a pillow under his head. A concerned Glenda is perched on the arm of the couch at his feet. Sally enters from the kitchen with two hot drinks. She hands one to Jimi and the other to Glenda.

SALLY
It's lucky you got hit right outside the house. Coulda'
been a lot worse.

JIMI
Yeah. I could have been lying in a muddy ditch
somewhere with my guts hanging out, bleeding to
death.

GLEND
You sure you're not injured?

JIMI

No. I'll be fine. Just a bit shaken-up. (holding up his mug) Cheers!

SALLY

Well, if you're sure you're okay, I'll be off. I'm meeting Bob at the counseling center.

JIMI

You're having relationship counseling?

SALLY

No, Bob's the janitor. We're going bowling.

Sally grabs her coat and leaves. Glenda relocates to an arm chair opposite Jimi, who looks very comfortable on the couch. She eyes him suspiciously.

GLEENDA

So.. here you are, lying on the couch, drinking tea.

Jimi takes a sip and slips into a very dubious Jack Nicholson impression.

JIMI

Just a couple of drifters thrown together by the hand of fate. Go figure this God damn, topsy-turvy world.

GLEENDA

Where were you going?

JIMI

Just passing through the neighborhood. On my way to church. You want me to leave?

GLEENDA

I thought you just got hit by a van.

JIMI

You're right. I should take a few minutes to recuperate.

Jimi rubs his neck and shoulder and a few moments of uncomfortable silence follows.

JIMI

How's your new job?

GLEENDA

It's good. Looks like we're opening another salon.

JIMI

We?

GLEENDA

Figure of speech. But lets not talk about Ziggy or I may have to explode into an uncontrollable fit of anger and throw you out. Let's talk about something else.

Glenda beams at Jimi with an expectant smile, waiting for him to say something. He realizes that the ball is in his court.

JIMI

So, er, what would you like to talk about?

GLEENDA

We could talk about a lot of things.

JIMI

Like what?

GLEENDA

I don't know, something ordinary, mundane, like, er, urban sprawl.

JIMI

Urban sprawl?

GLEENDA

Yeah, urban sprawl, or, er, traffic control.

JIMI

Traffic control?

GLEENDA

Yeah, traffic control.

JIMI

What do you know about traffic control?

GLEENDA

I might know a lot about traffic control. I've thought about traffic control.

JIMI

What have you thought about traffic control?

GLEENDA

Well, ...er.. take one way systems for instance. Do you think they work? I don't think they work.

JIMI

Why don't you think they work?

GLEENDA

Well, because I would rather wait at the lights to go where I want to go, rather than keep moving and go somewhere that I don't want to go, to get to where I do want to go.

Jimi winces with pain and rubs his neck. Glenda leans over and adjusts Jimi's head on the pillow.

GLEENDA

Here, put your head down.

JIMI

Remember that time, just after we met, and I got the Asian flu? And you mixed up that green slime that made me puke.

GLEENDA

Yeah, I remember. I didn't sleep for three days.

JIMI

We hardly ever slept in those days..... We did have our moments didn't we?

GLEENDA

More like three hour sessions as I remember.

Glenda smiles as Jimi pulls her towards him. They hug and Jimi tries to kiss her, but Glenda pulls away.

GLEENDA

Uh oh, physical contact alert! Increase distance between subject and object.

Glenda moves back to the chair opposite and pretends to wipe the sweat from her brow.

GLEENDA

Phew. That was a close one.

JIMI

Okay. How about this. I grovel for a while and whine on about how we can start all over, how I can change, how sorry I am for being such a jerk, how selfish I've been. Then I'll tell you how beautiful and smart you are, what a great artist you are. We'll kiss and make up, go out for a nice dinner, then go back to Wexler's and make love all night.

Glenda is amused by Jimi's suggestion but, before she has a chance to respond, they are interrupted by a loud knock at the door. Glenda goes to the door and opens it. Wexler, flanked by the two police officers from the salon, is standing in the doorway. Jimi slumps down on the couch to remain out of sight. The officers recognize Glenda immediately.

OFFICER ONE

Well, well, we meet again. Miss Hite I believe.

GLEENDA

What is it now? Indecent exposure?

OFFICER TWO

We had a call on a hit and run just outside your house...

OFFICER ONE

...and an alert citizen got the license plate number...

OFFICER TWO

...and we picked up this gentleman on his way back to the car rental.

GLEENDA

I see...

Glenda looks back towards the couch. Jimi, still out of sight, cringes lower and attempts to cover himself with pillows.

56. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Jimi is at the computer typing like a fiend as Wexler enters with an arm load of books.

WEXLER

Hey, Jimi. How's it going?

Jimi is glued to the screen and continues to type.

JIMI
(mumbling) It's going.

Wexler produces two floppy discs from his inside jacket pocket and holds them up.

WEXLER
Gotta couple a new discs. Wanna check 'em out?

JIMI
Not right now.

WEXLER
Whadaya doing?

Jimi stops typing for a moment and looks at Wexler with an expression of grim determination.

JIMI
I'm gonna finish the book, Wexler. I'm gonna finish
this fucking book, once and for all.

WEXLER
My God, you'll have nothing left to do with your life!

But Jimi is not listening. He is back to typing at fever pitch.

DISSOLVE TO:

57. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Later. Jimi is still typing. Wexler sticks his head out of his bedroom door with a portable phone at his ear and a joint hanging out his mouth.

WEXLER
Hey, Jimi, I've got a four way thing going on the party
line. Me and a set of triplets from Milwaukee. I need
reinforcements. You want in?

Jimi ignores the invitation and types on like a man possessed.

DISSOLVE TO:

58. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

It is early morning. The birds are singing. The sun is streaming in through the window. Wexler appears, yawning in his bedroom doorway. He is surprised to see Jimi in exactly the same place, unshaven, still typing like a machine. Wexler strolls over, surveys the situation for a moment, considers saying something, decides against it, and walks off into the kitchen.

59. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Midnight. The moon passes behind a cloud. A dog howls in the street. The only noise in the apartment is the clicking of computer keys. Jimi remains hunched over the machine, driven by forces unknown, his haggard face illuminated by the light of the screen; a glint of something akin to madness in his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

60. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

The night draws on and Jimi looks close to total collapse. Suddenly, he gets a second wind and attacks the keys with renewed vigor. With a few final flurries on the key board he slumps back in the chair exhausted. For a few moments he stares blankly at the screen, then, with a final burst of effort, he leans over to the printer and sets it in motion. As the machine begins to print at high speed, Jimi staggers over to the couch and collapses.

61. INT. COMPUTER PRINTER. NIGHT.

The title page rises from the printer. It reads: "THE LOVE ENCYCLOPEDIA". - A DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO THE INTERPRETATION AND UNDERSTANDING OF THIS THING CALLED LOVE. By JAMES D. FRITZ.

62. INT. PUBLISHER'S WAITING ROOM. DAY.

The waiting room is cold and impersonal with a stern looking SECRETARY at a desk. Looking as if he has spent the last week sleeping in ditches, Jimi sits with a very weighty manuscript in his lap. Careful to avoid making eye contact, he glances around the room to survey the competition. In the far corner is a BIG MAN wearing dark glasses. His black beard is clearly out of control and gets in the way as he sorts through a mess of papers on his lap. On another chair is a NERVOUS YOUNG MAN compulsively scribbling in a bound manuscript in a last minute re-write. Next to Jimi is a very dour older WOMAN DRESSED IN BLACK, hugging a cardboard box on her knees. As he sneaks a glance at her, she looks

back with a sour look. Jimi nods politely and looks down at the cardboard box, then back to her face. Her piercing stare makes him squirm.

JIMI
Did you, er, write it?

WOMAN IN BLACK
My son wrote it.

JIMI
First book?

WOMAN IN BLACK
First and last.

JIMI
Oh, I wouldn't say that.

WOMAN IN BLACK
I would. The day after he finished the book, he shot himself in the stomach with a .44 Magnum. It took me three days to get the blood stains out of the carpet.

JIMI
Oh, I, er, I'm sorry to hear that.

She looks at Jimi with total disgust as if he couldn't possibly comprehend the situation.

WOMAN IN BLACK
You're sorry. Well I suppose that makes everything all right then.

With that she turns away and rejects him completely. The secretary gives the big bearded man a nod. He gathers together his pile of papers and goes in.

DISSOLVE TO:

63. INT. PUBLISHER'S WAITING ROOM. DAY.

Everyone looks uncomfortable as strange sounds float through the waiting room. Only the secretary seems calm amidst the muffled crashing and banging emanating from the office. Suddenly the bearded man storms out of the door shouting at the top of his lungs.

BEARDED MAN

... and don't tell me what the wrestling crowd read!! I
am the fucking wrestling crowd!!

He stomps off, fuming. Jimi looks over to the nervous young man who now looks terrified.
The woman in black sits like a statue staring at the wall.

DISSOLVE TO:

64. INT. PUBLISHER'S WAITING ROOM. DAY.

Only Jimi and the nervous young man remain in the waiting room. Jimi looks impatient as he
looks at the clock on the wall. It says 4:57. Just then, the stone faced woman in black exits
the publisher's office. As she passes Jimi on the way out she gives him a wink.

WOMAN IN BLACK

No sweat. Eight grand. Up front.

Jimi gets up and approaches the secretary's desk. She looks up with a phony smile.

SECRETARY

Ah, Mr. Fritz, looks like we won't have time to get
you in today. Perhaps you could make an appointment
for tomorrow.

JIMI

You *said* you'd fit me in.

SECRETARY

I said I would *try* to fit you in. This gentleman is nex...

They both look over to where the nervous young man was sitting. His chair is empty. They
look over to the door just in time to see him sneak out.

SECRETARY

You're in luck. It appears we have a cancellation.

65. INT. PUBLISHERS OFFICE. DAY.

The publisher is collecting up some paperwork from his desk when Jimi enters.

JIMI

(extending a hand) James Fritz. I, er, ...I'm a writer.

The publisher looks unimpressed, ignores the handshake, and continues to straighten his
desk.

PUBLISHER

Time hurries on Mr. Fritz, and the leaves that are green turn to brown. What can I do for you?

JIMI

I'm sure you have a lot of people go through this office, but, I'm sure you'll agree, that extremely rarely, once every blue moon, a book will come along of such importance, such obvious mass appeal, that it cannot be ignored. *This*, is such a book! (holding up the manuscript) "THE LOVE ENCYCLOPEDIA!"

The publisher stares intensely at Jimi and impatiently beckons him to continue.

JIMI

Seven hundred and fifty four pages of information, facts, folklore, and international perspectives, on every conceivable aspect pertaining to the concepts and practice of what we call "Love". Complete with illustrations, diagrams, and reproductions of fine art works.

PUBLISHER

Are you aware, Mr. Fritz, that only five percent of all animals on this fair planet form monogamous relationships.

JIMI

Er, no I, I didn't know that.

PUBLISHER

Then tell me this: What makes you think that people will purchase such a book? What will inspire the masses to delve into their sweaty pockets?

JIMI

Because love is something that touches all of us. Because when we strip away the complex layers of a human being, at our most fundamental level, everyone, without exception, wants to love and be loved.

PUBLISHER

Those who have the courage to love should have the courage to suffer. Anthony Trollope said that. And I say, you have the conviction, but do you have the courage to suffer?

Jimi takes a moment to think on his feet.

JIMI

To, er, suffer the agony of loves defeat and, er, live to love again is to possess... the courage of a lion.

PUBLISHER

Who said that?

JIMI

I did. I, er, just sort of made it up.

The publisher eyes Jimi suspiciously as he casually flips through the manuscript, as if trying to make some sort of psychic connection with the document.

PUBLISHER

Leave it with me, and rest assured, Mr. Fritz, that I shall, in due time, ponder its merits.

It takes a few moments for Jimi to realize that this is a positive conclusion to the meeting. The publisher waves him away.

PUBLISHER

I will call you. On the telephone.

With a confused satisfaction Jimi leaves the room, nodding and mumbling to himself.

JIMI

Yes. Thank you. Okay. I'll wait for your call. Bye.

66. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Jimi is sitting next to the phone. He watches it like a bird of prey. A fly lands on the receiver, pauses for a moment and buzzes off. Wexler is pacing the floor, off on a tangent.

WEXLER

So it's impossible! If you open a door, or pick up a check for a woman she thinks you're taking a superior position and trying to dominate her, and if you don't,

you're a thoughtless pig. It's a lose/lose situation. It's ridiculous.

Wexler looks for a reaction but Jimi only grunts and does not take his eyes off the telephone.

WEXLER

It's women who've created this monster. We're all so busy being politically correct that we've forgotten how to listen to our real desires.

Once again he looks to Jimi for some feedback and gets none.

WEXLER

Women complain about being treated like sex objects... All my life I've wanted to be a sex object!

The phone rings and Jimi pounces.

JIMI

Hello. Yes, that's me.

He listens expressionless, punctuating the silence with little grunts. Then, with sad resignation, he hangs up.

JIMI

Well, luckily there's more than one publisher in the world.

DISSOLVE TO:

67. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

There is a knock at the door and Jimi goes to answer it. A package has been left on the floor. Jimi eyes the package suspiciously as he opens it and pulls out a letter. Carefully reading its contents, he walks back into the room. Wexler pokes his head out of the bathroom door and watches with baited breath. Jimi finishes the letter and walks into his bedroom.

68. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. JIMI'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Jimi walks over to a glue pot on the dresser. He slops glue on the back of the letter and sticks it on the wall next to several other rejections

DISSOLVE TO:

69. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. JIMI'S BEDROOM. DAY.

One third of Jimi's bedroom wall is now covered as he slaps on another rejection letter.

DISSOLVE TO:

70. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. JIMI'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Jimi's pastes up yet another rejection letter. The wall is now almost completely covered. Wexler pokes his head in the doorway.

WEXLER

Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke eh?

Jimi sits on the edge of the bed and scans the wall thoughtfully.

WEXLER

Better luck next time, eh?

JIMI

There won't be a next time, Wexler. It's over. It's finished. I know when I'm beat.

71. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Another busy day at the salon. The decor has taken yet another leap towards sophistication. Glenda's paintings now dominate the space. Sally is washing Rita's hair at the sink. Doreen is preparing her space for a WOMAN that Ziggy is showing to the waiting area.

ZIGGY

Doreen will be with you in a moment.

As they pass the window, the three skinheads are pressing their faces up against the glass, distorting their features. Ziggy and the woman client try to ignore this grotesque display but before they look away, one of the skinheads give Ziggy the finger and they run off laughing. Rita sees what has happened.

RITA

Don't take it personally, Ziggy. It's just a phase they're going through. A dangerous phase, but a phase never-the-less.

DOREEN

They should all be put on job training programs.

Ziggy looks disgusted and returns to the front desk. The phone rings and he picks it up.

ZIGGY

Hello, "Hair Today". Ziggy speaking.

72. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Jimi is slumped down in a chair with the phone to his ear.

JIMI

Ziggy, it's Jimi, I need to speak to Glenda.

73. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Ziggy looks over as Glenda emerges from the back room carrying a large cardboard box.

ZIGGY

She's busy. Can she call you back?

74. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Jimi's tone is deathly serious.

JIMI

It's really important, Ziggy. It can't wait, It'll just take a couple of minutes.

75. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Ziggy thinks about it for a second and calls over to Glenda. Having got her attention, he points to the phone in his hand and shrugs. Glenda goes over between Sally and Doreen and picks up an extension phone on the wall. Ziggy watches with interest from across the room.

GLEND A

I'm working, Jimi. I've told you not to call me here.

Sally, Doreen and Rita now know who is on the phone.

76. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Jimi speaks in a monotone.

JIMI

The Love Encyclopedia is dead. I've given up on it.

77. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Glenda realizes what this means to Jimi and now becomes a little more sympathetic.

GLEENDA

Given up. Why?

78. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Jimi takes a second to answer.

JIMI

Maybe I'm not the expert I thought I was. Maybe I've been wrong about a lot of things.

79. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Glenda catches Ziggy watching from across the room and gives him a nervous smile. Glenda is moved by Jimi's change of heart, but she can't deal with this now.

GLEENDA

I have to get back to work, Jimi, I'll call you later.

80. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

JIMI

Come over tonight, Glenda. Wexler's going out and I don't want to be alone. It's a bad time for me.

81. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Glenda thinks for a moment. She looks over at Ziggy again. He gives her another questioning shrug. The girls are all ears.

82. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

JIMI

Please, Glenda. I just need someone to talk to.
Someone who understands. Come over at eight, and
I'll fix us something to eat.

83. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

She deliberates again.

GLEENDA
Okay, okay. I'll come at eight. Yeah. Bye.

SALLY
Got yourself a date?

GLEENDA
I've never heard him sound so depressed.

DOREEN
You get points in Heaven for helping someone when
they're in trouble.

RITA
There's more than one way to cheer up a man.

DOREEN
Rita! Is that all you ever think about!

RITA
No, not at all. Sometimes I think about money.

SALLY
There's something appealing about a dejected man,
something... vulnerable.

Ziggy calls to Glenda and beckons her into the back room.

ZIGGY
Glenda! Do you have a minute.

84. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S SALON. BACK ROOM. DAY.

Ziggy walks into the back room and Glenda follows.

ZIGGY

What's the scoop, Betty Boop?

GLEENDA

It was Jimi, he just needed someone to talk to.

ZIGGY

You don't think that Mr. Fritz might be up to his old tricks?

GLEENDA

No, not this time. I can tell that he means it. I'm going over there tonight.

ZIGGY

Tonight! I'd hoped that you'd have some time to have a chat about the ad campaign. I need your finely tuned artistic sensibilities. Your creative juices. Your beautiful lips...

He takes her in his arms and kisses her. She responds and kisses him back.

GLEENDA

I'll help you tomorrow if you want.

ZIGGY

You don't *have* to go, you know.

GLEENDA

It just seems like the right thing to do.

ZIGGY

Okay, I understand. I'll tell you what. I'll pick you up at Jimi's at, say, Ten thirty, and we'll go for a quick snifter. How's that?

Glenda loosens up and gives him a smile and another kiss.

GLEENDA

Okay. You're the boss.

85. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Wexler is looking over the various plates and pots of food in the kitchen while Jimi is in the living room. He pokes something in a dish, takes a tiny piece and puts it in his mouth. He immediately cringes and spits violently into the sink.

WEXLER
(calling) Are these oysters?!

JIMI (O.S.)
What!

Wexler goes into the living room wiping his mouth.

86. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

The table is set for a romantic dinner for two. Jimi is sorting through the music tapes, enthusiastically making his choices and lining them up next to the stereo. He comes across a reject, winces, and stuffs it behind the machine. He then goes over to the dimmer switch and experiments with the light level.

JIMI
There. Perfect!

Wexler moves over to the door and begins to put his coat on.

WEXLER
Oysters are aphrodisiacs, aren't they?

JIMI
Everything on the menu tonight is an aphrodisiac.

Jimi skips off back to the kitchen. Wexler shakes his head in dismay and goes to leave. He opens the door and is face to face with Glenda.

GLEENDA
Hello, Wexler.

WEXLER
Glenda.

GLEENDA
How's Jimi?

Glenda takes off her coat, hangs it in the closet.

WEXLER

Confused. Disturbed. Obsessed. You know, same old Jimi.

GLEENDA

He sounded strange on the phone. There was something in his voice I hadn't heard before.

WEXLER

Well, let's hope you can cheer up the old crankmeister 'cos he's driving me up the wall. I gotta go. Good luck.

Wexler leaves and Glenda looks around the room. She was expecting a more somber atmosphere. Jimi enters from the kitchen and comes over.

GLEENDA

Looks like you're out of the mourning stage already.

JIMI

I just wanted you to feel comfortable, that's all. Are you hungry yet?

GLEENDA

Famished.

She sits down at the table while Jimi goes to the kitchen for the first course. He reappears with a tray of oysters, places them on the table, pours the red wine and lights the candles.

JIMI

I got them on special. You know in the French Polynesian islands the people of Tuamotu used to rub oyster paste over their entire body in a fertility ritual. Page 123. F for fertility.

GLEENDA

I thought the book was dead.

JIMI

Sorry. Old habits die hard.

Jimi serves the oysters and they sip their wine in silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

87. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Later. Jimi watches Glenda carefully as she slices a rare filet steak smothered with pine mushrooms and washes it down with a sip of red wine. Suddenly, Jimi notices Glenda's

mouth. She pouts seductively and runs her tongue round the edge of the glass. Looking intensely into his eyes she now sticks her tongue deep into the glass and tickles the surface of the wine. He blinks and the fantasy is gone.

GLEENDA

Not bad. When did you learn to cook like this?

JIMI

The history of food and love have always been intertwined. You know that a lot of recipes were developed primarily for their sensual qualities, not their nutritional value. There's a dish from Vanuatu for instance that was...

Jimi stops himself in mid-sentence and realizes that he's talking about the book again.

JIMI

Sorry. I'll put some music on.

He rises slowly and goes over to the stereo. An instrumental version of "I'm In The Mood For Love" fills the room. He smiles back at Glenda.

88. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Later. A romantic instrumental is now playing. Jimi returns from the kitchen with two plates of chocolate liqueurs. He places one in front of Glenda and glides back to his seat with the other.

GLEENDA

Do you have something a little more upbeat?

JIMI

Upbeat?

GLEENDA

The music. It's putting me to sleep. How about that African tape, with all the drums?

Jimi nods in agreement, goes to the stereo, sheepishly retrieves the rejected tape he stashed earlier and slips it into the deck. African drum music fills the room. Glenda is a little tipsy. She stuffs another chocolate in her mouth, stands, and begins to gyrate to the music. She intercepts Jimi on the way back to his seat.

GLEENDA

Wanna dance?

JIMI

You know I can't dance.

Glenda starts to poke him in the chest.

GLEENDA

Come on. It'll cheer you up. You danced at your sister's wedding.

JIMI

That was half a bottle of scotch dancing.

GLEENDA

Come on dance! It's good for the digestion.

She pokes him again. Reluctantly he begins to jig about awkwardly. He was right; he can't dance a lick. They are both feeling the effects of the music and the wine as they gyrate about. Jimi is hot and undoes all the buttons on his shirt allowing it to hang open . Bare-chested, he dances like a Zulu warrior and Glenda laughs out loud. Jimi now throws his arms around her and they sway to the music together.

JIMI

Did I ever tell you, you were a beautiful, sexy, fabulous, wonderful woman.

GLEENDA

Maybe not often enough. Look! You're learning to dance!

JIMI

Remember that time in the coffee bar?

GLEENDA

The place on Wigg Street?

JIMI

Yeah, that's it. Four o'clock in the morning, pissed as rats.

GLEENDA

And you tried to dance on the table!

JIMI

Now that's what I call dancing.

GLEENDA

It would have been. If the table had been stronger!

They both fall over each other laughing at the memory. Now their mouths find each others and they lock in a sexy kiss. Suddenly the mood is broken by a knock at the door which can just be heard above the music. Jimi wasn't expecting anyone and looks confused. He quickly decides to ignore it and continues to grope Glenda, who now pulls away from him and pulls up his shirt.

GLEND A

What time is it?

JIMI

I, er, about ten thirty. Why?

GLEND A

I think you better answer the door.

Jimi is now even more confused. He turns off the music and tentatively opens the door. Ziggy steps in and surveys the scene.

ZIGGY

Hope I'm not interrupting anything.

JIMI

Interrupting! No, no, not at all, come right in. Maybe you'd care to join us for a game of twister!

GLEND A

It's okay Jimi, I asked Ziggy to pick me up here.

JIMI

You asked him to come? Here? Tonight? What is this, a practical joke?!

Glenda is putting on her coat. Jimi is fuming.

GLEND A

We're having a business meeting, Jimi. Don't make a big deal of it.

ZIGGY

You're not married, you know.

Suddenly, Jimi is dressed like a low class gangster from the fifties. He is chewing a tooth pick and talks with a dangerous Chicago drawl.

JIMI

Ziggy. I been meaning to talk to ya about ya manners.
They stink. You know what I mean?

Ziggy is now dressed in a similar fashion and is in a serious groveling mode.

ZIGGY

Please, Jimi, I didn't do nothing. Honest.

JIMI

I hear you been bothering my woman.

ZIGGY

Honest, Jimi, it's a vicious lie. You gotta believe me. I
would rather die than live with the knowledge that I'd
offended you.

JIMI

That's good enough for me.

Devoid of emotion, Jimi pulls out a gun and blasts Ziggy three times in the chest. Glenda
screams. Ziggy's blood splattered body drops to the floor and the fantasy ends.

GLEENDA

I really think you're over reacting, Jimi.

ZIGGY

You're making too much of this, Jimi.

JIMI

Oh yeah. Well guess what!

ZIGGY

What?

Jimi is incensed and struggles to find the right words.

JIMI

... FUCK YOU!!

GLEENDA

Jimi!!

ZIGGY

I'm sure the feeling is mutual.

JIMI

You know what you are?! A fucking distraction!
Nothing more than a goddam amusing pastime! A
diversionary tactic!

Glenda looks sympathetically at Jimi. She feels guilty that she made a mistake inviting Ziggy but knows it is useless to talk to Jimi now. Instead she takes Ziggy by the arm, and leads him to the door.

GLEENDA

Come on, Ziggy let's go.

JIMI

You're nothing more than a fucking road side
attraction!!

Glenda and Ziggy close the door behind them. A defeated Jimi swaggers over to the table, picks up a chocolate and throws it as hard as he can against the wall.

89. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

It is raining. The street is deserted and the only sounds are from Ziggy and Glenda's footsteps.

ZIGGY

You know it's none of my business, Glenda, but I
think ol' Jimi boy's a bit whacked out lately.

GLEENDA

That book meant a lot to Jimi. It's hard to walk away
from something like that. Something that you pour
your heart into. Something satisfying. Do you have
anything like that, Ziggy?

ZIGGY

What, like an obsession or something?

GLEENDA

No. Something you love to do, something you can
become totally absorbed in. You know, a creative
outlet. For me it's painting. Or was.

ZIGGY

Let's see... Oh yeah, there is something. Something I
used to do as a kid. Something that...

As they pass the entrance to an alleyway, Ziggy is suddenly grabbed by the arm and pulled into the alley.

90. EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT.

Ziggy is slammed against the alley wall and the three skinheads from the salon surround him. Glenda grabs a garbage can lid and smashes it down on the skinhead pinning Ziggy against the wall. He is knocked to the ground but quickly jumps up, rubbing his head and smiling. He grabs Glenda in an arm lock and subdues her. She resists but he is too strong for her.

SKINHEAD ONE

Stick around sweetie. We just want a word with your girlfriend.

The skinhead leader now steps forward to confront Ziggy. He is the same one that gave him the finger at the salon.

SKINHEAD LEADER

Hello faggot. Wanna give me a haircut?

ZIGGY

I'm not a faggot.

SKINHEAD LEADER

Well you look like a faggot to me, and I know a faggot when I see one.

ZIGGY

Listen, I don't want any trouble, guys.

SKINHEAD LEADER

Oh, I see! (To the others) He doesn't want any trouble, guys!

SKINHEAD ONE

I'd say he was definitely looking for trouble.

Skinhead Two pushes his mug right into Ziggy's face.

SKINHEAD TWO

You've got trouble written all over your fucking faggot face.

In a flash, Skinhead Two head butts Ziggy in the face and all at once, they attack. Ziggy puts up a token resistance to no avail. Fists and boots smash into him. The beating is vicious and swift. Before fleeing, Skinhead One twists Glenda's head around and plants a kiss on her lips.

SKINHEAD ONE

Nice knowing ya, darlin'.

With a final kick, the skinheads run off into the night. Ziggy is left lying in a crumpled heap, a steady stream of blood mixing with the rain water in rivulets on the asphalt. Glenda is in shock as she staggers over to him and cradles his beaten body in her arms.

91. INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Glenda and Sally are preparing to leave for work. Glenda is putting on her shoes and finishing a cup of coffee. Sally finishes reading a letter and stares off into space.

GLEENDA

Ziggy'll be back today. I think it's still too early but he says he can't stand laying around any more. I still can't believe it happened, they didn't even take our money for God's sake. It just doesn't make any sense.

She stands, grabs her coat, and drains the coffee cup.

GLEENDA

What a world we live in. You ready, Sal?

Sally does not respond. She sits with a blank expression, stunned. She lets the letter fall to the ground.

GLEENDA

Sal, what's the matter. What's happened?

SALLY

Anatol's not coming back. He married a goat herder and signed on for another two years.

GLEENDA

Oh, Sally, I'm so sorry.

SALLY

He said I was the woman of his masturbation fantasies.

GLEENDA

You'll get over it. In a few weeks you'll...

SALLY

I always get over it! I don't want to *have* to get over it anymore! I'm so sick of broken promises! What's the point of it all?! ...A fucking *goat herder* !!

Glenda is lost for words. Sally begins to cry as Glenda puts her arms around her and resolves not to cry herself.

92. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Ziggy is back to work at the front desk. His arm is in a cast and his neck is in a brace. Bits of surgical tape are dotted about his face to protect the stitches. Doreen is tidying up her work area. The phone rings and Ziggy picks it up. He becomes instantly serious, checks on Doreen with a quick glance and lowers his voice.

ZIGGY

Yeah... Okay... I'm doing everything I can... Soon...
Okay..

He hangs up and is visibly agitated. He has to move his whole body in order to turn his head and look at the clock.

ZIGGY

Where the hell is everyone!

DOREEN

I don't know, nobody tells me anything.

ZIGGY

Great! My first day back and nobody shows up.

DOREEN

Here's Glenda!

Glenda arrives in a serious mood.

GLEENDA

Hi Ziggy. Sorry I'm late. Morning Doreen.

ZIGGY

Where's Sally?

GLEENDA

She's taking a mental health day.

Ziggy now picks up on Glenda's somber mood.

ZIGGY

What's the matter? Did somebody die?

GLEENDA

Something like that.

Ziggy's agitation turns to sympathy for Glenda.

ZIGGY

You want to tell me about it?

Glenda is reluctant so Ziggy takes the lead.

ZIGGY

Doreen. Would you please go down to the corner store and pick up some more coffee. Thanks.

Doreen complies and gives Glenda a sympathetic smile on the way out.

GLEENDA

Sally got a letter this morning from Anatol. He's not coming back. He dumped her for a goat herder.

Ziggy hides his relief that it's nothing worse.

ZIGGY

Oh, I see. I'm sorry to hear that.

GLEENDA

He wrote her love letters for a year. How could he do that? She's devastated! She'll be romantically challenged for life!

ZIGGY

Maybe she could get together with Jimi?

GLEENDA

I think she's in enough trouble as it is.

ZIGGY

A good partner is hard to find.

GLEENDA

Jesus! Are we all going to end up old and alone,
picking our noses in front of a television set
somewhere?

ZIGGY

I don't want that, do you?

GLEENDA

I don't know, Ziggy. I don't know what I want
anymore.

ZIGGY

I know what I want.

GLEENDA

What's that?

Ziggy becomes inspired and begins an impassioned plea.

ZIGGY

Glenda, listen to me. I'm crazy about you. The
business is growing now and I'm going to need help.
Someone I can trust. We'd make a great team. Equal
partners. Straight down the line. Whadaya say,
Glenda?

GLEENDA

You mean get married or something?

ZIGGY

I'm not trying to talk you into anything. Move in with
me, let's share each others lives. If it doesn't work out
we'll do something else but let's at least give it a try.

GLEENDA

You sure you know what you're getting into?

ZIGGY

Are you kidding! I'm proposing to live with a woman
I've never even slept with. I must be absolutely nuts!

GLEENDA

What if I snore really loud or drool in my sleep?

ZIGGY

I'll wear ear plugs and a wet-suit.

GLEENDA

Jesus, Ziggy, I don't know what to say.

ZIGGY

Just - Say - Yes.

Glenda is moved by the emotion of the moment but is not ready to make a commitment.

GLEENDA

I'll think about it, Ziggy. Let me think about it.

She leans forward, takes a moment to find a safe place amongst the cuts and bruises, and kisses him carefully on the side of the nose. He attempts a smile that gives him pain and ends up being more of a grimace.

93. EXT. STREET. RONNIE'S CREPE CART. DAY.

It is a cold morning. Jimi is sitting with Ronnie behind the cart. Only their heads are visible above the counter. They are both eating hot crepes as they stare into space, talking more to themselves than each other.

RONNIE

I'll never understand why phonetics is spelled with a PH? Why wouldn't it be spelled the way it sounds?

JIMI

I shoulda' thrown that hairdresser down the stairs.

RONNIE

Things were a lot simpler when ya just had to hit 'em on the head and drag 'em home.

JIMI

I gave up the book for her and she won't even talk to me now.

RONNIE

Women want men to be like women but we ain't women... we're men.

JIMI

How could she ever be happy with a guy like Ziggy? Their love maps must be on different planets.

RONNIE

You're better off paying for what ya want, or "makin' the scene with a magazine."

JIMI

She almost caved in. I was this close. (indicating with thumb and forefinger). *This* close.

RONNIE

'Course it gets lonely sometimes... but that's the price ya pay for independence and freedom. (to Jimi)
Right?

JIMI

What was that?

RONNIE

Independence and freedom.

JIMI

Right.

RONNIE

And pride.

JIMI

Yeah. Right.

Jimi gets up, gives a limp wave, and wanders off.

JIMI

I'll see ya around, Ronnie.

RONNIE

Yeah, I'll see ya... Where ya goin'?

JIMI

(looking back) To beg and plead. Maybe even crawl on my knees.

RONNIE

Right on, brother!

94. INT. ALF AND EDNA HITE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Glenda is sitting on the couch as her mother comes in with a tray of tea and biscuits. An air of seriousness pervades the room.

EDNA

Marriage is a very serious business, Glen.

GLEENDA

Well, it's not exactly marriage. I mean we're not walking up the isle or anything like that. But it's still a big commitment.

EDNA

You mean you're just "shacking up" then?

GLEENDA

Well, I wouldn't have put it quite like that. There's the business too. I'd be a partner in the business.

EDNA

Have you seen his bank book?

GLEENDA

His bank book?

EDNA

Yes, his bank book. Do you know what the balance is? How much money he has in the bank.

GLEENDA

Is that the most important thing?

EDNA

It's just as easy to fall in love with a man who's got money.

GLEENDA

Dad was poor when you married him.

EDNA

That was a long time ago, dear. Are you sure it's over with you and Jimi?

GLEENDA

Jimi doesn't think so.

EDNA
And what do you think?

GLEND
I think if I don't get something together pretty soon
I'll end up wearing corrective shoes, living with
twenty seven cats in some rat infested slum.

95. EXT. ALF AND EDNA HITE'S HOUSE. FRONT YARD. DAY.

Jimi arrives at the Hite house. Amid the squalor of the front yard, tucked away in one corner is a beautiful patch of roses. Alf is on his knees weeding around them. Jimi goes over and talks to him.

JIMI
Hi, Alf.

ALF
Ah, Jimi my boy, good to see ya. Did you make up
with Glenda yet?

JIMI
Not exactly. Doreen said she might be here?

ALF
(Whispering and pointing to the house) She's inside
with her mother.

Jimi thinks about going in but hesitates. He's not quite ready yet. He sits on the ground next to Alf and admires the roses.

JIMI
Looking good, Alf. Looking good.

Alf notices something on the stem of the plant. With surprising speed he plucks it off, examines it and pushes it under Jimi's nose causing him to jerk his head back.

JIMI
What is it?

ALF
A blood sucking bastard, that's what it is. Kill a plant
in two weeks if they get a hold. Suck the life right out
of it.

He mashes the bug between his thumb and forefinger and sets about looking for more. Jimi watches him for a few moments, then becomes thoughtful.

JIMI

Alf?

ALF

What?

JIMI

Are you and Edna happy together, are you still in love?

Alf gives it some thought and wipes the bugs off his hands.

ALF

Well, I dunno what passes for love these days. A marriage certificate used to mean something. Now it's about as useless as a one legged man at an ass kicking party.

Alf has a laugh at his joke which turns into a hacking cough. After he catches his breath, he becomes more thoughtful.

ALF

I dunno, Jimi, Edna and me have been through good times and bad, and we came through 'em together. I love her just as much today as the day we got married. Always will. These days, people have a good row and want to pack it in. Edna and me'll be buried side by side. Forever means forever in my books.

Alf cuts one of the biggest blooms from the bush and hands it to Jimi.

ALF

Give her this, Jimi. 'Ain't nothing like a flower to say you're sorry.

Jimi takes the flower and gives Alf a thumbs up. Alf thumbs him back with a big smile and goes back to his roses. As Jimi gets to the door, Glenda exits. She is surprised to see him.

GLEND A

Well, surprise, surprise. Been camping on the doorstep? (To Alf) Bye, Dad!

Alf gives a Columbo style wave. She walks off and Jimi follows.

96. EXT. STREET. DAY.

Jimi catches up to her and falls into step.

JIMI

I was hoping that you'd give me a chance to explain about the other night.

GLEENDA

There's nothing to explain. Just forget it. Don't make such a big deal about everything.

He smiles and offers her the rose.

JIMI

Peace?

She gives him a perfunctory smile, takes the rose and stuffs it in her handbag.

JIMI

I'm looking for a job.

GLEENDA

As a gynecological assistant?

JIMI

What do I have to do to get you back? Just tell me what to do and I'll do it.

Glenda stops dead. In reaction to her frustration she snaps into an assertive mode. She's had enough uncertainty and decides to make a stand once and for all.

GLEENDA

Listen, Jimi. I'm tired of sitting on the fence. It's not fair to you and it's not doing me any good. So, for better or worse, I've made a decision and I won't be able to see you for a while.

JIMI

Are you going away somewhere?

GLEENDA

I'm going to move in with Ziggy and become a partner in the business. I'm afraid you'll just have to live with that.

Jimi is visibly shaken. He shuffles his feet and looks around as if he's lost. Glenda waits for a reaction and becomes uncomfortable when none is forthcoming. With a tear in her eye and a whole lot of resolve, she finally marches off. Jimi looks up from the ground in time to watch her walk away.

97. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Wexler sits at the table doing school work with various papers and books spread about. He looks back over his shoulder and sees Jimi slumped down in the armchair looking extremely depressed. He continues to write but is distracted by Jimi's dark presence. He puts down his pen and folds his arms defiantly.

WEXLER

You know you're not the only guy in the world who got dumped for another man.

Jimi does not respond.

WEXLER

Everybody's been through this at one time or another. Sooner or later you gotta let this thing go. Look at me and Marge, that was even worse. She left me for another woman, for God's sake!

Again silence. Jimi stares into space.

WEXLER

So what happened to "love conquers all?"

JIMI

What would you know about it? You gave up on it up a long time ago.

WEXLER

Well... things change... I may be in the running again.

JIMI

What does that mean?

WEXLER

You remember the triplets from Milwaukee? Well, I, er, sort of struck up a thing with one of them. Took me by surprise... We've been calling each other quite a bit

lately. You know, just talking. Her name's Rowena. Anyway, I'm, er, planning to go down there and meet her next week. See what happens. You know, play it by ear.

Jimi looks even more depressed now.

JIMI

Congratulations.

WEXLER

I knew you'd be thrilled.

Jimi's eyes stare into the void as his mind wanders. He speaks slowly, as if in hypnosis. A concerned Wexler studies him closely.

JIMI

You know, Wexler, the universe is bigger than we can ever comprehend with our minuscule, primitive brains. Nothing we do can even put a dent in that. See that fly over there?

Wexler spots the fly crawling across the side table.

JIMI

What would it matter if that fly wasn't there? In terms of eternity it wouldn't make a scrap of difference. It would be just like it never existed. Like it had never been there at all...

Jimi stares intently at the fly. Wexler looks confused. Suddenly, Jimi snatches up the fly with lightning speed and holds it under his nose for a closer examination. Then, with calm aplomb, he pops it into his mouth and chomps it up.

WEXLER

Jesus, Jimi! Get a grip will ya! Wait here and I'll get you a drink and then we'll administer the marijuana.

Jimi sits like a zombie as Wexler heads off to the kitchen to get the drinks.

98. INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Wexler talks to Jimi in the other room as he takes a bottle of scotch out of the refrigerator and pours some into two glasses.

WEXLER

You know, Rowena says I sound a bit like Matt Dillon on the phone. She sounds like Debra Winger but she sent me a picture of her and her sisters. Course they all look the same, I mean they all look great, but Rowena's got the best personality. (More..)

WEXLER (Cont...)

I'm pretty sure I got the best one... although they've all got what it takes if you know what I mean?

He heads back into the living room with the drinks.

99. INT. JIMI'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Wexler comes through the door with a drink in each hand.

WEXLER

I wouldn't have thought it possible a couple of weeks ago but...

Wexler stops dead. The front door stands open and Jimi is gone.

100. EXT. STREET. BUILDING .DAY.

Jimi wanders alone and dejected down the street. He sees a YOUNG COUPLE on the other side of the street. They are holding hands, giggling and talking. An OLD MAN passes by, his weathered face tells the story of a long and lonely life. A MOTHER AND CHILD pass by like a Madonna with the baby Jesus. The buildings seem to close in on Jimi as he trudges on; a man with nowhere to go. He now looks up at the sky and then suddenly spots something on the roof of a nearby building. Jimi can hardly believe his eyes. Way up on the roof of the building, Glenda, dressed in white, is beckoning him to come up and join her.

101. EXT. BUILDING. ROOF TOP. DAY.

Jimi emerges from a roof top doorway and looks around for Glenda, but she is not there. He now spots something at his feet and bends to pick it up. On closer examination it turns out to be a tiny white feather. Jimi walks carefully to the edge of the roof , places the feather on the palm of his hand and blows it over the edge. He watches passively as it floats to the ground far below.

102. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Things are slow at the salon. Sally and Doreen are sitting in the waiting area having a coffee break. Glenda is at the front desk making a sign for a hair and nail special. Ziggy comes in through the front door sideways, careful not to catch his cast in the door.

GLEENDA

You just missed Joe.

Ziggy looks worried but quickly tries to hide it. Glenda picks up on his change of mood.

GLEENDA

He said he'd be back later. Is everything okay?

ZIGGY

Everything's just fine. Don't worry.

GLEENDA

Ziggy, if we're going to be partners, you can't keep things from me.

ZIGGY

I'm not keeping things from you.

GLEENDA

Then what's going on with Joe Boston?

ZIGGY

Nothing's going on, Glenda. Don't you trust me?

GLEENDA

Sure. Of course I do.

ZIGGY

Good.

Ziggy gives her a sweet kiss on the lips, turns like a robot and waddles off. Glenda watches him go with a look of concern.

103. EXT. BUILDING. ROOF TOP. DAY.

A blind woman taps her white stick along the ground. High above her, Jimi is standing at the edge of the flat roof with the wind blowing in his hair. He gazes wistfully across the roof top view of the city.

104. EXT. BUILDING. STREET. DAY.

Down below a few people are gathering. They stand in quiet reverence, eyes skyward, as if spectators at a planned event. Jimi now notices the people gathering below. A few more people pass by and look up to see what's happening. An OLD MAN cranes his neck upward. He is agitated with a wild and crazy glint in his eye. Suddenly, he is overcome with a wave of emotion.

OLD MAN

(screaming)

Jump, ya bastard!! Go ahead!! Jump!! Do it!!

Just then, the two police officers who were at the salon show up. They survey the scene. Officer One places a hand on the old man's shoulder.

OFFICER ONE

Okay, okay, sir. He'll jump when he's good and ready.

Officer Two looks calmly up at Jimi and then addresses the gathering.

OFFICER TWO

I would suggest that you all move back a little. If he comes down he'll hit the ground at about a hundred miles an hour. Make a hell of a mess.

105. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Glenda works on the sign at the front desk. Still no customers. Sally and Doreen are still sitting in the waiting area. Sally picks up the remote for the portable TV and begins to flip channels. They go by so fast that only Data from Star Trek could tell what was on. This frustrates Doreen.

DOREEN

Look at the guide and see what's on.

SALLY

(Preoccupied)

Mmmm?

DOREEN

Flip to the screen guide. You can't tell what's on like that.

Sally flips to the screen guide.

SALLY

It's all the same old crap anyways.

106. EXT. BUILDING. STREET. DAY.

Amongst the spectators, the police officers are looking up and discussing Jimi. They don't seem to be in much of a hurry.

OFFICER TWO

It's the hit and run poet.

OFFICER ONE

The who?

OFFICER TWO

The poet. The guy reading at the haircutter's place.

Officer one takes a long hard look up at Jimi.

OFFICER ONE

He looks taller from down here.

OFFICER TWO

I'm telling you it's him. Same guy. I'll bet ya lunch.

OFFICER ONE

You're on. Let's go up.

The old man is now clapping his hands together, trying to get a chant going. The rest of the throng ignore him.

OLD MAN

(chanting)

Jump! Jump! Jump! Jump!

A bright red van with, "Channel 11 - Community Television" emblazoned on the side, now screeches up. The VAN DRIVER, a scruffy looking teen jumps out and heads for the back of the van. The rear doors fly open and YOLANDA ZEEBAR, a black female reporter, wheels down a ramp in her wheelchair, ready for action. She is accompanied by a news CAMERAMAN who hoists his camera onto his shoulder and points it at Yolanda. With a microphone in one hand, she begins her intro. She has an exaggerated delivery in the form of over-emphasizing words, forced pauses, and jerking head movements.

YOLANDA

This is Yolanda Zeebar for Community Watch, reporting from The Sayward Building in the heart of downtown. High above the street a man stands teetering on the edge of oblivion, the desperate last act of a man without hope. At this point no one knows what drove him to this terrifying extreme, but this

reporter intends to find out. We take you now to an exclusive on-the-spot interview.

YOLANDA

(to cameraman) Okay cut. Grab a couple of shots of the jumper and follow me up. Make it good, this one could be our ticket to network TV

The cameraman cranks his camera skyward, while Yolanda wheels herself towards the building like a woman possessed.

107. EXT. BUILDING. ROOF TOP. DAY.

The two officers emerge from the roof top doorway and walk slowly towards Jimi. Still at the edge of the roof, Jimi turns around, startled. The officers stop.

OFFICER TWO

(whispering)

See... It *is* him.

OFFICER ONE

Okay, what do you say we talk about it, Mr. Fritz.

Jimi looks confused but just then, they are all distracted as the van driver struggles out of the roof top doorway carrying Yolanda on his back. Next comes the camera man carrying the collapsed wheelchair on one arm and his camera on the other. He sets up the wheelchair and the exhausted van driver dumps Yolanda in it like a sack of potatoes. She now barks an order to the camera man.

YOLANDA

Gimme a mike and then get the jumpers name.

108. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Doreen looks fed up as Sally is back to flipping channels. Suddenly, something catches Doreen's eye.

DOREEN

Wait! Go back. I saw something.

Sally flips back a couple of channels.

SALLY

What?

DOREEN

Try One more back. There! It's Jimi Fritz!

SALLY

Glenda! Jimi's on the TV!

Glenda comes over and looks at the screen. Yolanda is talking to the camera.

YOLANDA

This is Yolanda Zeebar reporting from a downtown roof top where local writer, James D. Fritz, author of, "The Love Encyclopedia" is teetering twixt life and death. A man on the edge, a man driven to the brink of self-destruction.

The camera pans off Yolanda to show Jimi standing at the edge of the roof looking confused and distracted by all the attention. Glenda can hardly believe her eyes.

SALLY

It's the creative ones that go mad first... but none of us are very far behind.

Ziggy now hobbles out of the back room and comes over to see what's happening.

ZIGGY

Is that *him* up there?

GLEENDA

Yes. It's *him*.

ZIGGY

You don't think he's really gonna jump, do you?

GLEENDA

(distant)

I don't know...

DOREEN

Well someone has to go and talk to him, Glenda

GLEENDA

I'll call Wexler.

ZIGGY

It's the attention he wants. If we ignore him he'll eventually get tired and hungry and come down. It's never a good idea to encourage this sort of thing.

Glenda shoots Ziggy a disapproving scowl as she picks up the phone to call Wexler.

109. EXT. BUILDING. ROOF TOP. DAY

Yolanda, keeping a safe distance, now points the microphone towards Jimi.

YOLANDA

Tell us, Mr. Fritz, is the rejection of your book the reason you've decided on this course of action today?

Jimi studies the people on the roof and then looks over the edge to the people down in the street. He finally sees through his confused fog and realizes that everyone thinks he's going to jump.

YOLANDA

Mr. Fritz! Is your book important enough to die for?

JIMI

I, er, ...a man needs a reason to live... (becoming angry) This is not about a book. This is about the real world. People don't jump off buildings because of a book. A book is just pieces of paper. They dry up and blow away.

110. EXT. RONNIE'S CREPE CART. DAY.

Ronnie sits in the cart watching the newscast on an old black and white portable television, eating junk food compulsively.

RONNIE

Atta boy, Jimi! You tell her, you crazy sonofabitch!

111. INT. ALF AND EDNA HITE'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

The television is on Channel 11 and Alf is asleep on the couch. His snoring is drowning out the sound. Edna is lost in a romance novel and oblivious to the reporter on the screen. Sniff the dog lies sleeping at her feet.

YOLANDA

(On the TV)

I see the police are on the scene so we'll see if we can get a few words from them.

112. EXT. BUILDING. ROOF TOP. DAY.

Yolanda wheels over to where the two police officers are standing. She thrusts the microphone in their faces causing them to take their hands out of their pockets.

YOLANDA

Could you tell us what the police are doing at this time?

OFFICER ONE

We are following a number of, er, standard police procedures which, er...

YOLANDA

And how do you plan to resolve the situation?

This is a tough one. The two officers look at each other for ideas. Just then, Wexler arrives on the roof and surveys the scene. Officer two is quick to intercept him.

OFFICER TWO

Hey, Sarge. I've got the poets accomplice!

Wexler sees Jimi at the edge of the roof and calls out to him.

WEXLER

Jimi! What the hell are you doing!

But Jimi looks away without speaking.

OFFICER ONE

Well, er, as you can see, at this time, we are interviewing all relevant parties.

Officer Two brings Wexler over.

WEXLER

If somebody doesn't do something soon we'll be scraping him off the sidewalk.

Yolanda spins around to face the camera.

YOLANDA

So, there we have it! This man is capable of jumping and it may be just a question of time. Perhaps all there is left to do is pray as this drama to the death plays itself out.

113. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Sally, Doreen, Glenda and Ziggy are all glued to the screen. The newscast cuts to a close up of Jimi high above the street, his hair blowing in the wind. He looks down at the crowd below with a blank stare.

DOREEN

Glenda, you have to go to him. He needs you.

ZIGGY

He won't jump. It's just another ploy to get you back.

Glenda is not so sure.

SALLY

I have a very bad feeling about this, Glenda. You'd never forgive yourself.

Glenda's confusion now turns to concern, but, just then, Joe Boston comes into the store and walks over to Ziggy. His attitude is confrontational. Ziggy is not pleased to see him.

ZIGGY

Hello, Joe.

JOE

You must think you're dealing with a fucking idiot here.

ZIGGY

I need more time, Joe. Business is bad.

JOE

You just ran out of time. I'm pulling the plug.

GLEENDA

What's going on, Ziggy?

Ziggy looks down at the floor.

JOE

Your boyfriend's a fuck-up. He makes promises he can't keep. Expensive ones.

GLEENDA

(to Ziggy) What are you mixed up in. You told me everything was fine.

JOE

You're broke, honey. This place is history.

GLEENDA

(to Ziggy) You've been lying to me. Who is this guy, some kind of gangster!?

JOE

I like to think of myself more as a financial consultant.

GLEENDA

I'll call the police!

JOE

Go ahead and you'll end up looking like this jerk.

GLEENDA

(incredulous)

(to Ziggy) He *did* this to you?

Ziggy's sheepish look tells her that it's true. Glenda's frustration now turns to anger.

GLEENDA

So is this what I've got to look forward to? Lies, deceit! Life with the mob?! I'd rather end up with corrective shoes!

Ziggy hangs his head and has nothing to say. Glenda grabs her jacket and bag and heads for the door, but before she leaves, she has to know something.

GLEENDA

Ziggy? What *was* the thing you used to do as a kid. You know, your creative outlet?

Ziggy is despondent and takes a moment to remember.

ZIGGY

(weakly)

A worm farm.

Glenda takes a second to comprehend a worm farm as a creative endeavor, but quickly gives up and heads out the door. Just then, Yolanda flashes back onto the screen and they all turn back to the television.

YOLANDA
(On TV Screen)

We've just confirmed that this is a classic case of unrequited love. Mr. Fritz has apparently been rejected by his former lover, Ms. Glenda Hite. And so the question remains. Will Glenda find it in her heart to appease this love-sick martyr, or will he be forced to leave this loveless world behind with a high dive onto solid concrete.

114. INT. SKINHEAD'S HOVEL. DAY.

The skinheads who beat up Ziggy are gathered round a TV set. All three are glued to the set with an uncharacteristic air of concern.

SKINHEAD ONE
You think he'll really jump?

SKINHEAD TWO
If she don't show up he'll jump.

SKINHEAD LEADER
She'll show up. You wait... she'll show up.

115. INT. PUBLISHERS OFFICE. DAY.

The publisher is relaxing in a high backed chair watching the broadcast with great delight. ON THE SCREEN, the camera does a dizzying swoop from Jimi to the people on the street below. The secretary comes in and sits on the edge of the desk.

PUBLISHER
Look at this marvelous spectacle. A public suicide. "Give me love or give me death". This kind of publicity can only be dealt by the hand of God.

SECRETARY
What if he jumps?

PUBLISHER
If he jumps, sales would go through the roof. "To fear love is to fear life, and those who fear life are already

three parts dead." Bertrand Russell said that. Grab a standard contract, my dear, we're going for a ride.

116. EXT. BUILDING. ROOF TOP. DAY.

Jimi is now distracted by a vision of Glenda, standing next to him. She is dressed in a long flowing white dress which catches the wind and flies up around her. Her face is calm and serene as she takes him by the hand.

GLEENDA

(breathless)

I've been waiting for you, Jimi. Come with me now and we'll be together, forever. I can teach you how to fly.

She smiles at Jimi and takes him by the hand as if to jump, but Jimi is distracted by Wexler's voice.

WEXLER

Jimi!...

He looks back over his shoulder. The vision of Glenda is gone, replaced by Wexler, standing in front of Yolanda and her crew and the two police officers. But before Wexler can speak, Yolanda pushes past him and addresses Jimi.

YOLANDA

Before you jump, Mr. Fritz, perhaps you could tell us what it is that's worth dying for?

Between the wind and the dizzying height, Jimi is having trouble concentrating. With effort, he pulls himself together and searches for the words.

JIMI

What's worth dying for? A loveless life is worth dying for. When love is dead and gone, life loses all meaning...

117. EXT. RONNIE'S CREPE CART. DAY.

The tall woman/transvestite from the salon party is watching the broadcast with Ronnie who is trying to make some polite conversation.

RONNIE

You ever wonder what Geromino shouts when he jumps out of a plane?

TRANSVESTITE

No. What does Geronimo shout when he jumps out of a plane?

RONNIE

Well, that's the question isn't it.

TRANSVESTITE

So, what's the answer?

RONNIE

There isn't an answer. It's a joke.

TRANSVESTITE

Ahh, I see. (beat) Look! It's Jimi again.

JIMI (On the TV)

...without love we are totally alone. And alone, we're without hope, set adrift in a meaningless universe.

TRANSVESTITE

That's beautiful...

RONNIE

Women love that kinda shit.

118. INT. ROOM. DAY.

Rita, dressed in lingerie, is straddled on top of a naked CLIENT laying on his back. He is puffing and blowing as she bounces up and down on him. She also has a remote in one hand and is watching Jimi's broadcast on a TV in the corner off the room. The client suddenly becomes aware that he is not the center of her attention.

CLIENT

Hey, turn the fucking TV off will ya?

RITA

It's extra without the TV!

The client seems to accept this and goes back to his groaning. Rita continues to bounce up and down, watching the broadcast.

119. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Sally watches in silence. Joe Boston stands behind them with his arms folded, trying to figure out what's going on. Glenda is gone and Ziggy is slumped in a chair resigned to a life of misery. Doreen is fiddling with a rosary and mumbling a prayer at high speed.

DOREEN

May our lady and all the saints pray for you, and the Holy Guardian Angel watch over you and keep you in their safe protection, and the blessings of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit descend upon you and remain with you always.

JOE

Who's the jumper?

SALLY

Just another romantic on his way to hell.

DOREEN

Suicides go to purgatory, Sally. But if enough people pray for them they can make it to heaven. Do you pray, Mr. Boston?

Joe shakes his head in amazement at such a ridiculous question.

JOE

(To Ziggy) That's a fucking joke, right?

Ziggy is not laughing.

JOE

Jesus, no wonder you're in trouble. You're running a fucking mad house here.

120. EXT. BUILDING. ROOF TOP. DAY.

The two police officers have their hands back in their pockets and appear to be a tad bored.

OFFICER ONE

We could be in for a long haul here.

OFFICER TWO

Yep, this guy could be here all day.

OFFICER ONE

There's a donut shop just around the corner.

They consider this for a moment, nod in agreement, and stroll off towards the roof top door. As they arrive at the doorway, Glenda pushes past them and walks towards Jimi. Wexler sees her first and alerts the others.

WEXLER

Glenda!

Yolanda wheels around to face the camera.

YOLANDA

Ladies and Gentlemen, Glenda has arrived!

121. EXT. RONNIE'S CREPE CART. DAY.

Ronnie thrusts his fist into the air sending his Cheesies flying all over the transvestite as they jump to their feet together.

RONNIE

Yeeeeee, Haaaaaa! Go Jimi! you got the class 'an she's got the ass...

122. INT. SKINHEAD'S HOVEL. DAY.

All three are still watching in quiet reverence. The leader clenches a fist.

SKINHEAD LEADER

(under his breath)

Yessss.

123. INT. ROOM. DAY.

Rita gives a cheer and a final bounce as her client reaches a groaning climax.

RITA

All right!!

124. INT. ZIGGY LAMORE'S BEAUTY SALON. DAY.

Doreen and Sally give each other a hug. Doreen has a tear in her eye.

DOREEN

It's just like Catherine and Heathcliff in Wuthering Heights.

Joe has had enough of this bullshit. He shakes his head and walks away. At the door he looks back at Ziggy.

JOE

I'll send the truck over tomorrow to pick up my stuff.

On his way out, he flips the sign on the door to closed.

125. INT. ALF AND EDNA HITE'S HOUSE. DAY.

The phone is ringing. Alf is still asleep on the couch, his head hanging over the arm rest at an impossible angle, snoring even louder than before. Edna has also dozed off. Sniff the dog looks as if he might get up but quickly decides against it, and goes back to sleep.

126. EXT. BUILDING. ROOF TOP. DAY.

Jimi now turns to face Glenda who is a few feet away. He is not sure if this is the real Glenda or another hallucination.

JIMI

Are you real?

GLEENDA

(beat) I hope so.

JIMI

(beat) It's good to see you.

GLEENDA

What are you doing?

JIMI

I was looking for you.

GLEENDA

Up here?

JIMI

Would you rather go somewhere else.

GLEENDA

Wanna go for a coffee?

JIMI

Do *you* wanna go for a coffee?

GLEENDA

Sure, you know it's Wednesday. We could have a conversation or something. We could go to that place on Wigg Street.

JIMI

Yeah, that would be nice.

GLEENDA

I'm going to start painting again.

JIMI

That's nice. I'm glad. You always get crazy when you don't paint.

A moment of awkward silence, then Glenda gets a questioning look on her face.

GLEENDA

Jimi?

JIMI

Yeah.

GLEENDA

You weren't really gonna jump, were you?

Jimi takes a moment to think about it. He looks down at the people far below and suddenly turns pale.

JIMI

I think I'm going to throw up.

For a second he loses his balance and sways dangerously towards the edge. Glenda quickly steps forward, grabs him by the arm and pulls him away from the edge. Once again, Yolanda doesn't miss a beat and quickly positions herself in front of the camera.

YOLANDA

And if you managed to keep your cookies through that one, you have a stronger stomach than this reporter. Let's go now and get a word with the happy couple.

Yolanda commentates as she rolls towards Jimi and Glenda.

YOLANDA

And here they come ladies and gentlemen! A modern day Romeo and Juliet, a Captain Smith with his Pocahantas. Proving once again that love can, indeed, conquer all!

She thrusts the mike under Jimi and Glenda's nose.

YOLANDA

Jimi! Good to have you back. How do you feel?

Jimi looks a little disoriented. He leans towards the microphone.

JIMI

I feel like I'm going to throw up.

Barely missing a beat, Yolanda wheels her chair back a little and points the microphone at Glenda.

YOLANDA

Where do we go from here, Glenda? Wedding bells? Honeymoon?

GLEND A

Well...

Glenda looks Jimi up and down with a mixture of sympathy and affection.

GLEND A

I think we'll go and get a cup of coffee...

127. EXT. BUILDING. STREET. DAY.

Wexler, Jimi, and Glenda exit the building and are met by the jubilant crowd. They are treated like celebrities. Even the old man who was chanting "jump" pushes forward and shakes Jimi's hand.

OLD MAN

I was rooting for ya, son.

WEXLER

(to Jimi and Glenda) I've got a cab over here.

As they move towards the cab, the publisher emerges from the crowd and shakes Jimi's hand.

PUBLISHER

Mr. Fritz, I'd like a word. Do you have a couple of precious minutes to spare.

JIMI

Well, I, er...

GLEENDA

Call him later, Jimi, let's go.

She takes him by the arm and points him towards the cab.

PUBLISHER

We have some interest in publishing The Love Encyclopedia, Mr. Fritz. And as Elizabeth Browning once said "Whoso loves, believeth the impossible". I have a contract right here for you're immediate inspection.

This peaks Jimi's interest. The secretary steps forward with a clip board and pen at the ready.

GLEENDA

(firmer)

Later, Jimi, we'll deal with it later.

PUBLISHER

Some things cannot wait, Mr. Fritz. The leaves are browning.

Once again, Jimi is torn between Glenda and the book. He looks from Glenda to the publisher and back again. The publisher takes the clip board and pen from his secretary and thrusts it towards Jimi.

PUBLISHER

Carpe diem, Mr. Fritz!

Jimi hesitates, then quickly grabs the clip board from the publisher. Glenda gives Jimi a hopeless look, turns away and heads for the cab. As she walks away, Jimi calls out, his hands stretched out towards her in an impassioned plea for understanding.

JIMI

Gleeendaaaaa!!

CUT TO BLACK:

MUSIC UP AND ROLL CREDITS.

THE END