

Fair Exchange®

Feature film

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©D Wayne McLaren
5/34 Springwood Ave
Springwood NSW Australia 2777
(02) 4751-7018 0402-749-352
d.waynemclaren@optusnet.com.au

Fair Exchange

Genre: modern romantic comedy

Strap line: "The truth is funny"

Inciting incident:

A retired male boomer, divorced but not embittered, resolves to simplify his life by using hookers

How the story unfolds

Simon Clearview is an incurable romantic and innocent, so he doesn't do well in the demi-monde. He's beaten up, taken for his money with no satisfaction. In a mad moment, Maureen 'Mo' Knox, a music teacher is on the rebound. In a case of mistaken identity, she pretends she's a hooker.

The encounter is so satisfying it bears repeating. And repeating. They fall in love. She continues the charade because he'll reject her if he thinks he risks another marriage.

He gets jealous at her supposedly servicing other clients. She's offended because she assumes he's regularly seeing real hookers, but he's not. They argue; split up, get back together. At length, after many misunderstandings and tribulations, they get together in the most surprising and happiest of all happy endings.

What the story's really about

Love shatters facades

Time: present day, any large city eg New York, Toronto, Sydney, London

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Outline according to scenes as they occur:

Simon Clearview, 47, lies stretched out on an operating table, in a small private hospital. He's conscious and apprehensive about exactly what will shortly happen. A surgeon, Dr Kline, leans over him and, with black pentel, marks out the area where he will perform a *gynaecomastia* - an operation to remove man boobs.

Post-operation Simon stands nude, puffed up with pride, before a mirror observing his handsome, well-built mustachioed image. The staples and stitches along the painful looking gashes on his chest, he knows, will heal. "Tomorrow the hemorrhoids" he vows.

He goes home to his large residence in a genteel neighborhood, parks his 2-year old Lexus sedan, and enters the attached garage. His son, Rick, 28, is at work repairing a classic motorcycle, with the parts spread all over. Simon displays his new chest but Rick is more interested in his work as well as a nearby photo - prominently displayed - of a young girl, Katrina, aged 2 or 3.

Simon glances at the photo and shoots Rick a questioning look meaning 'any news?' Rick shakes his head darkly. Simon shrugs sympathetically but helplessly and exits

Simon enters the main house from the garage, proceeds to the front room and tries to show his new chest to his feisty and lewd old Dad, Angus, 80. Angus hardly notices Simon's recovered masculinity since he's occupied with spying, through binoculars, on Mrs. Anderson, the young (64) neighbor who's bent over working in her garden next door.

Nothing distinguishes the place except profound untidiness and rampant display of primitive art.

Rick keeps working and addresses Katrina's portrait. In carefully chosen words, he tells Katrina that when her mother and father went away, they wanted Rick and Derek to be Katrina's new Mummy

and Daddy, but that can't happen because Derek's a boy. He promises Katrina, however, that he'll fight to make it happen.

As a project to occupy his retirement, Simon is refurbishing an old sailboat at a boatshed along with Brendan, 35, and Max, 50. Brendan congratulates Simon on retiring. Remarks with much sexual innuendo are offered to the effect that Simon will now, since his divorce, have his pick of heaps of young ladies.

Simon surprises both men by announcing that he has no such interest. Romance and especially new relationships are too costly. He's going to use hookers. "Value for money" he says. "And young!"

Simon makes to leave the two men. Max inquires whether he'll be coming to a dinner later. Simon begs off with the excuse of an infection and touches his nose - a stratagem he'll use many times later in the story.

Brendan is shocked. Using hookers! He assumes Simon is embittered by his divorce. Max, who thinks Brendan is prissy, sorts him out. Simon and his former wife are the best of friends. Max thinks it's just a guy thing. Brendan is convinced it will bring big trouble. Max only looks forward to much comedy because, having known Simon for years, he reckons Simon's view of hookers and their demi-monde is too romantic.

Simon's daughter, Florence, 29, arrives home evidently intending a short visit for a homage in honor of Angus's long and successful career as a psychiatrist. She seems a pleasant, nice girl in ordinary halter and jeans. She enters through the garage, embraces Rick, glances at the photo of Katrina and remarks that she's sorry about the situation.

Rick is scathing about religious do-gooders and the authorities who have nullified the Will of his good friends thus preventing him from adopting Katrina because he's gay. It seems as though he's blaming Florence which would surely be unfair.

Florence is about to remonstrate with him but is interrupted when Simon comes into the garage and greets her. Then Angus enters as well, so the matter is forgotten in the warmth and happiness generated by them all being together for the first time in a long while.

Simon and Florence go shopping in the local village. As they make their way along the crowded street, a particularly attractive woman, Beverly Early, 40, greets Simon. Simon wishes her good day but herds Florence rather quickly past. Beverly is perplexed at his treatment of her, but too intelligent to be insulted.

Florence studies her Dad's profile with concern. He explains he has no desire to get involved although he certainly doesn't mention his determination to use hookers. She thinks he was incredibly and unusually rude and wonders why it should be so. Her father - the most wonderful man she's ever known!

Elsewhere in the region, along a rural development of 10-acre farmlets, a sign in a driveway announces the services of Maureen 'Mo' Knox, 35, a music teacher. Her first scene occurs in her bedroom, where she's pregnant, nearly full term. She tells her reflection how good she feels as she admires her mass in a mirror and moves about, hand on hips, trying to sit etc.

She's witty and self-deprecating. On hearing the whinny of a horse OFF, she says she has no preference for a boy or girl, but not a horse, she already has two ha ha.

Her aunt Hazel, 55/60, a fit old hoofer, arrives for a visit. In view of Hazel Mo proceeds to pull some huge pillows out from under the maternity dress she's wearing. She's not pregnant at all, she just yearns desperately to be on her way to motherhood and describes the pillow trick as imitative magic.

Hazel is musical, too, and joins Mo for some fun playing a duet at her piano which has been painted blue. Later, over coffee, Hazel asks how things are going with Mo's de facto, who she refers to as Sperm Bank Bill. Mo doesn't welcome this

implied criticism and deflects it by announcing that she and Bill are on the cusp of signing a nuptial agreement. Hazel rolls her eyes. She thinks Bill is wasted time and effort.

Meanwhile, Simon plans his first visit to a brothel called *Jade Palace*. He's such a novice visitor to this world he hesitates. When he finally resolves to go in he's welcomed by Chenille, a little beauty, 18, who looks 14. Chenille introduces him to Neck, the bartender, and three other girls. They're waiting for business because it's early but Chenille, having welcomed Simon, monopolizes him.

Simon is shocked at Chenille's youth but he appreciates her seemingly pure beauty. They chat. She aims to be his favorite service provider but although she's intelligent - reads *New Scientist* - and arguably gorgeous, he's reluctant to have sex with her because she's so young - younger than his daughter, Florence.

Chenille hints that Simon is turning her on. She becomes aggressive and angles to retire where they can enjoy privacy and each other. A moral dilemma. To get out of it, Simon communicates that he'd like to proceed to sex, but he can't this visit because he has an infection.

At this point a rational man would withdraw, go to another brothel, or possibly choose one of the older ladies. But Simon has an obsessive, compulsive streak and he chooses to finish what he thinks he began. So he hangs around.

Meanwhile, Mo, has fixed a fine dinner for Bill and answers the telephone with a thermometer in her mouth. She listens patiently but her face darkens. She offers to take a cab into the city so he can slip out 'for your usual minute' and service her. Although not sarcastic, her tone indicates 'a minute' is all she expects.

At length she hangs up, locked in her disappointment and likely believing he's catting around. After a moment she remembers she still has the thermometer in her mouth. She considers it, then discards it in the garbage.

Still hurt, and not yet exhibiting anger, Mo fixes a wire support to her head that holds a harmonica, and seats herself at her blue piano. Only now does she explode with rage and launch into playing Beethoven's Fifth on both instruments

Back at the *Jade Palace*, three young Uni students arrive. They're loud, insulting, and headed out of control. Simon takes it upon himself to confront the leader, who looks as though he's going to fight.

It's Dutch courage, aided by a drink, and Simon is frightened. However, when he realizes he's managed to establish rank over the young guy, he notches the contest up by grabbing the youngster's nose and insisting he say oink. The boy/man capitulates.

Everyone, especially Chenille, is impressed as he returns all puffed up, supposedly calm and cool, to join Chenille. He's amazed that nobody can hear his heart thumping; he certainly can. It's obvious his inner voice tells him he's taken a foolish risk.

One of the boys, however, has spotted Chenille and decides he wants her. He joins her and Simon at their table. Simon can't tell whether the kid wants a fuck or a fight, or both. He wisely excuses himself and makes to leave.

Chenille sees him to the door. He excites her and presents a challenge. As an incentive for his return, she secretly removes her knickers and tucks them into his jacket pocket like a puff. Simon steps outside wondering what to do with the knickers. He spies a nearby garbage bin and drops them in. But Denny, an old tramp reclining on a nearby park bench, observes this.

Simon starts to walk away but hears the garbage bin being opened. He turns and sees Denny recovering the knickers. For some reason Simon doesn't think this is right. He goes back to the bin and snatches Chenille's knickers from the old goat.

A struggle occurs for possession. When they end up wrestling on the sidewalk, Simon gets a bruised forehead, split lip, and blood on his shirt. A police patrol car cruises to a stop. Two coppers get out and break up the confrontation.

Simon is terribly embarrassed - doubly so because one of the coppers is Rick's boyfriend, Derek. Derek assures Simon that he shouldn't be ashamed, that Rick knows his Dad is determined to enjoy his new-found freedom like a typical heterosexual.

The following morning, in the Clearview kitchen with Rick and Derek, Simon anticipates that when Florence comes down for breakfast, she will be concerned at his split lip and bruised brow. She will demand all kinds of answers. Keen to leave immediately to work on the boat, Simon sees real benefit in not being present when she appears

He discusses the matter with Rick and Derek. Derek is still in uniform because he has just come off duty. The three men jointly cook up a story that Simon was attacked the night before by three young hoods and Derek, who was on duty at the time, interceded.

Unanimously agreed that this is a fool-proof plan, Simon escapes the house leaving Derek and Rick to handle Florence.

Derek and Florence embrace like childhood friends when she comes down. The two men lay this agreed-upon fable on Florence of an attack. She immediately has a hundred questions. What neighborhood did it happen in? What was he doing in the city? Did he need to see a doctor about the injury? Shouldn't he have? Did Derek charge the boys? No? Why? Etc.

Then Rick commits a faux pas. He suggests that maybe the boys attacked Simon because they thought Simon was a homosexual, inadvertently creating a problem with Florence where none existed before. Alarm bells ring louder with Florence who is happiest when she has something to worry about. This, she feels, is a reasonable hypothesis eg Rick is gay,

therefore there must be a gay gene in the family, etc.

In the city, Chenille, in her plush pad, bored and aiming to entice Simon back for their bonk, takes a photo of herself and sends it, along with of a close-up of her beaver, by cellie to Simon.

Back at the Clearview home, preparations are underway for the homage to Angus which is due to begin in a couple of hours. Simon is shaving old Angus with a brush and lather. When Rick expresses concern Simon reveals there's no blade in the razor.

Two similar looking cellies are on a sideboard near Florence. One rings. She picks it up, sees it's from Sister Chenille, and opens it. She's so shocked at the image she turns to show it to Rick. Rick only gets angry at her and replaces the phone where it was without Simon observing. As far as he's concerned, it's Simon's private business.

Florence is so upset she hurries upstairs to her room and prays. Her concern about Simon's odd behavior grows exponentially in her mind.

Preparations for the ceremony, the purpose of which is to recognize Angus's contribution to the psychiatric profession, continue. A workman and a nun, in her habit, unload chairs from a van and place them in rows on the Clearview lawn. Rick is readying a video camera and Derek is blowing kisses at him from a simple stage. Suddenly the nun turns toward us. It's Florence. Florence is a nun.

Meanwhile old Angus searches, with great concern, in rooms throughout the house, for some item; we have no idea what. He finds nothing except we learn, by us looking along with him in Rick's boyhood room, that Rick was a motorcycle freak from boyhood.

A glance into Simon's and Florence's room as well as into the den yield nothing. Just when the old fellow seems to give up, he passes a sideboard and stops suddenly at sight of a bowl of nuts. He upends the bowl, empties the nuts and puts the bowl on his head. Not quite so crazy as it first seems; the bowl

is actually an ancient horned helmet of considerable value.

The purpose of the helmet becomes more apparent during remarks between six former male patients who are waiting for the ceremony to begin. Because the old fellow specialized solely in therapy for men, one relates how Angus stopped him going to brothels while a second is grateful Angus got him started.

The ceremony finally begins. Angus is wearing his long lost horned helmet and seated next to Simon. The MC is Dr Styrene, an old associate of Angus. Styrene makes a little speech about Angus's success as a psychiatrist in dealing with his fellow practitioners. Testimonies are offered by Simon, Rick, and Florence. Considering what she has just seen a couple of hours earlier on Simon's mobile, Florence has some difficulty expressing joy

Angus is presented with a lifetime achievement award. After some difficulty in starting, with the fear that he'll either speak gibberish or filth, he rises to the occasion and makes a witty little speech suggesting that his ideas were correct all along, namely there were never any witch doctors to deal with in the jungle, they're all over the place and he can do no more.

Meanwhile, Mo has left Bill and the countryside and moved in with Hazel. The place is in a pleasant city apartment in a well-kept 4-story building of medium density structures. Her blue piano now stands beside Hazel's white piano. Packing boxes are everywhere.

On strolling along a nearby street, in a bit of a funk (not depression!) Mo has an epiphany. She encounters a horde of children coming toward her from a primary school. One of the little boys high fives her, then another girl does the same. She ends high fiving all the kids as they stream toward her. As she turns, chuckling, to observe them disappearing around a corner with their laughter she smiles at an idea that occurs to her.

Soon she's seen distributing handbills -the same artwork as displayed on her farm gate advertising

herself as a music teacher. Except a new section in the layout advertises special lessons for kids to become *Harmonicats*.

Meanwhile she has decided to compose an oratorio on Joan of Arc with Joan working in a brothel and waiting for a sign from God. A gay friend and saxophonist, Jim, 45, joins her and Hazel in a fun rehearsal of the theme.

A few days following, in the Clearview kitchen, Angus clips a story on his celebration from the local newspaper while Simon, seated opposite, makes a minor repair to the helmet with superglue.

Angus with his glue pot, as happy as a seven-year old, smears the front of the story with fixative so that it gets glued into his scrapbook upside down.

Angus regards the result with astonishment. He looks at Simon although it was his fault. Simon had expected this.

Simon leaves off fixing the helmet, hauls out several copies of the newspaper from nearby and with good humour pushes them to Angus.

Simon decides the helmet is adequately repaired, dons the thing, crosses to the other side of the table, leans down and kisses Angus on the forehead.

Then, as though he's just noticed us, Simon adopts a pose that really has nothing to do with anything. It's as though he's saying "Here I stand. Got my helmet on. Just a guy going about my life of being a man"

Florence's concern over Simon's behavior becomes even more magnified. She goes to confession and tells the priest her father is using prostitutes. Furthermore, she adds, her brother, who's gay, knows about it and doesn't object. All the shocked priest can do is ask her to pray for them.

Simon's lip and forehead are healed. While checking the pressure of his car's tires he misses radio news the police are targeting prostitution, especially the escort business. Then he meets Max near the village train station and boasts he's on his way to keep a date in the city with a beautiful French lady.

While waiting for the train to the city a news poster announces, in huge black headlines, that police are swooping on brothels and illegal escort services. One would assume not a good time in the city to be meeting hookers, but Simon neither hears nor notices the news.

Lorraine, the escort he'd booked, is stunning with a sexy French accent. They have dinner and she obviously would class him as the potentially perfect client. Charming, fit, handsome with his moustache. The kind of man with whom she could have a true affair, sans money. Maybe too good.

She calls her office and announces she's suspicious that he might be a plain clothes detective. She therefore refuses to go up to his room where it could be argued nooky would happen. But Simon still has to pay because she claims the purpose of the date was only to act as an escort.

Thwarted for sexual action, Simon finds a particularly beautiful hooker in a bar. He insists on negotiating the fee. To persuade him she has many ways to please him she demonstrates she has false teeth. It turns him off, however, and he gives up trying for sex this evening.

But Mo is joyfully getting on with her new children's' classes. She rehearses six young kids, in particular the boy and girl who first high-fived her outside the school, and who are destined to become the *Harmonicats*.

One night Mo and Hazel plan to attend a gallery opening. Mo is melancholy because she's dead broke and has nothing in style to wear. Hazel gives her a beautiful long black cocktail dress and challenges her to create the latest style with it by cutting it short.

Mo reluctantly does so, sits most of the night cutting and sewing, and eventually ends up with a sexy little black dress that, while daring, suits her perfectly. Then, nearly simultaneously by special delivery, a lot of cash arrives that Bill owes her and has made at the Casino the night before.

So Mo has money again. Hazel won't take money for rent but Mo persuades her that they should at least go out and have a 5-star dinner - her treat - before they go to the gallery.

They plan for Mo to leave the apartment early and for Hazel to join her at seven at Enrico's. Because Mo intends to stay overnight with a friend after the gallery event, Mo has stuffed everything she'll need for tomorrow - jeans, sweater, track shoes etc - into a little back pack, and is about to exit, in her little black dress, whilst carrying the crummy back pack.

Hazel is appalled. She makes Mo empty the pack and lends her a big, expensive looking purse for her things. The items transferred, Mo takes off dressed and looking like a classy model out of *Vogue*

That same late afternoon, Simon rings his cellie from home to confirm his appointment with an escort named Dianne - who he has evidently never met. The rendezvous is to be at Enrico's, As he rings off he hears a frantic call from old Angus. Simon hurries to the den where Angus has been watching porno, but the chair has slid out from under him leaving him sprawled on the floor.

Simon puts his cellie down in order to help Angus to his feet. An old poster on the wall showing Angus as a young 40-year old wearing his helmet for the cover of a book reiterates the nature of his career as a psychiatrist specializing in male therapy.

Simon switches off the computer, turns the light out, and helps Angus to the kitchen having left the cellie behind in the darkened den.

As they reach the kitchen Rick enters. Simon turns Angus over to Rick's care and rushes off to catch his train.

On arrival at Enrico's, Mo has to use the women's' toilet and comes upon a gorgeous lady, 30, frantic with concern. She is the escort, Dianne, with whom Simon has confirmed his date. Dianne explains she has an arrangement at seven with a new client but has to leave immediately; her son is sick.

She can't cancel with the client because his phone is switched off.

On cue we see the said cellie switched off in the darkened den where Simon has left it

Mo volunteers to tell the maitre'd of the difficulty and make sure Dianne's client gets the message when he arrives. Dianne gives Mo twenty dollars to pay the maitre'd, provides Simon's reported description and his name: Simon Clearview.

As she makes ready to go, Dianne wonders, at the sight of Mo in her little black dress, whether she's a pro. Mo assures her not so, but when Dianne has left the loo Mo does a short little routine in the mirror to reprise the sight of herself playing naughty

Meanwhile, just at that moment, in the restaurant, a waiter walks out leaving Fabio, the maitre'd, short staffed. And simultaneously, a naughty senior citizen - male - pushes onto the empty dance floor with a walking frame and collapses after a few impressive steps. Fabio has to attend to him.

As Mo enters the area Fabio is busy with the old man, so there's nobody with whom to lodge the message for Simon when, and if, he arrives. Then her cellie rings. It's Hazel. She can't meet Mo for their dinner because her bathtub has flooded so Mo will have to dine alone. Then Simon walks in.

Mo recognizes him from Dianne's description. Fabio is still busy with the naughty old man. Out of politeness and her earnest promise to pass Dianne's message to Simon, Mo inquires if he's Simon Clearview. He confirms it.

In the process of Mo communicating that Dianne's son is ill, Simon assumes Mo is a replacement for Dianne. He's pleased with what he sees. He wants to eat. Where's their table?

Fabio is still busy. Mo checks the reserve list, establishes her table, and, almost like a shareholder in the venture, takes Simon to the table she reserved. While doing so she begins to explain the

amusing turn of events as the maitre 'd wheels the old man off the dance floor.

In passing the randy old bugger winks at Simon, pumps his hand to indicate Mo should be a fine bonk. Mo is secretly complimented and Simon likes her for it

The maitre'd, now rid of the old goat, finally arrives all apologetic. Wine is poured. Simon asks Mo if she's a regular with the escort group. Mo starts to explain that she isn't, but as she looks at Simon she can't help thinking how interesting and handsome he is. "No, I'm freelance" she blurts, much to her own surprise.

"Does that preclude us moving on to something intimate if we hit it off?" asks Simon. "Of course not" says Mo inwardly astounded at what she has just said, and now committed herself to do. Remember she no longer needs the money.

A romantic dinner proceeds. Mo has slipped easily into her new role and asks for cash because she's not familiar with the fact that escorts all prefer plastic.

Simon feels the evening is going well. Pretending nonchalance, he leaves to go down the street to an ATM for cash, but as soon as he gets outside he runs because he's so excited and turned on. He even gives a Bag lady a \$50 tip so he can go ahead of her at the ATM.

Mo accompanies Simon to his hotel room. He has trouble finding music she approves of because she's told him she's a part time music teacher. He's nervous and excited and awkward whereas Mo starts to play it cooler and more calmly. He asks if she'd like to get dinner sent up. She reminds him they just had dinner. He suggests they play strip poker. She knows poker and stipulates five-card draw. He ends up with most everything off and her nonchalantly informing him he doesn't have the face for poker.

He suggests she does a strip. She says she doesn't have any feathers but will try. In the bathroom she calls Hazel and tells her quickly what

has happened. She asks Hazel to tell her friend, Shirley, she won't be arriving to stay overnight with her.

Still in the bathroom Mo improvises with a colorful bedspread, orders Simon to turn down the lights, and makes an entrance. At first she's nervous but Simon is so appreciative she manages a progressively sexy performance, frees herself of inhibition, and turns him, as well as herself, on.

They have breakfast in the room. Mo has changed into shorts, cotton top, walkers etc. They agree on a set fee for possible future services and not to pry in each other's personal affairs. Simon sees her to the lift and his inner voice tells him he's a real stud as he walks back to his room

Outside, Mo walks happily down the street and tips the old bag lady a twenty dollar bill. The bag lady looks scornful. "Just that for what you made last night, honey?"

Mo reports her experience to Hazel as very enjoyable, and suitable for repeating some time. Given her creative personality, she memorably describes the high frequency of orgasm that she experienced with tantrum sex. Hazel is almost aroused herself at Mo's report.

Two days pass. On the busy downtown street, in the city's afternoon, Simon suddenly feels a tug at his sleeve. It's the glamorous Lorraine. She's apologetic at thinking Simon was a detective and now invites him to enjoy a free fuck i.e. the theoretical fuck he paid for earlier. In fact, she has in mind a threesome with her and her friend, Jean.

Their communication is complicated because Lorraine has severe laryngitis, cannot speak and must make notes. In the process, when Simon reads 'Jean' he assumes a female as beautiful as Lorraine. He accepts Lorraine's printed invitation to visit her and Jean that same evening.

So Simon goes to the address thinking he's going to have a thrilling 3-way experience with two gorgeous women. Mo is certainly far from his mind.

Lorraine lives in a huge, swank apartment. When Jean, at Lorraine's call, enters to meet Simon, however, she's no lady, but a big, black male - the consequences of Simon's understandable failure to pronounce Jean in the French manner ie as John. Had Lorraine not had laryngitis, of course there would have been no misunderstanding.

Simon begs off participation. But Jean has been looking forward to the evening and is aggro. Speaking French, he demands of Lorraine who they're going to fuck now since Simon doesn't want to participate. Lorraine and Jean get into an argument in French. Simon manages to escape.

Now uncertain of his ability to function in the big, wide modern world, Simon arranges to resume with Mo. As she waits to meet him in the city one evening, Dianne, the hooker whose place Mo took, suddenly turns up. Mo assumes Dianne is about to start a confrontation and gets ready to defend her right to go to bed with anybody she likes. But Dianne, rather than being angry, only wants to invite Mo to join her escort group.

Simon turns up during this exchange. Simon expresses his concern for Dianne's sick son, but all is well. They exchange some banter. As Simon makes to rush off with Mo, Dianne comments she wishes Mo would join her escort group, thus emphasizing Simon's impression that Mo's indeed a hooker. Mo is threatened by Dianne's allure, but Simon tells her she has far more class than Dianne.

But Simon and Mo still have to get used to each other. They go to a nightclub where Mo queries Simon why he has given her phone number to a buddy who wants a hooker. Mo is insulted and demands to know what Simon takes her for. Simon, not understanding her annoyance, says a hooker. Mo, insulted, throws a glass of water on him.

Simon sees the funny side at once and jokes that he should have said music teacher. Mo begins to see the humor now. They both crack up and they end doing a wild tango that prompts everyone in the place to applaud.

Simon, more relaxed after his episode with Lorraine and Jean, reveals he has a gay son and a daughter who's a Catholic nun. Mo points out that he'll never have grandchildren. When he asks her to reveal something of herself, she only mentions her aim in life is not to talk about herself, but to listen. He assumes this is confirmation that she is active with many men - indeed, a hooker.

One evening, while they are shackled up at his hotel, Simon proposes they go away for a weekend. Mo pretends she has to break two appointments. One requires a call to Jim, her saxophonist friend, and the second is an imaginary call to an imaginary man, Mr Prendergast (Hazel) who Mo suggests should bring his son in lieu of releasing her from the appointment. Simon is alarmed at how active she is as a hooker. Even a freebie for a client's son!

They go away for their weekend. At the boathouse Simon introduces Mo to Max. Max is envious. When Mo has to step aside to take a call on her cellie, Simon makes it clear that having to put up with sharing her services with other men is one disadvantage of seeing a top hooker.

At that same time Max takes some secret photos of Mo although she has forbidden them.

That evening Mo and Simon have very tender, loving moments together on the becalmed boat as the sun sets. We feel they really are meant for each other but are playing a game bound to end badly.

On driving away from the boatshed the following morning, Simon gets an urgent message via his car phone from Florence. She wants him to drop by the nunnery to pick up a document for Rick. Mo doesn't want to accompany him and meet Florence but he turns toward the nunnery with the promise they won't stop. Mo goes along with him against her better judgement.

They arrive at the nunnery. Florence and Mo are hastily introduced without Simon and Mo getting out of the car. The urgent package for Rick is handed over and suddenly there's an enormous CRASH! A car has backed into them. The bumpers have got hooked.

Mo escapes to the loo and wastes considerable time there in order to avoid Florence. She comes back to see two nuns, in habit, and Simon, bouncing up and down trying to loosen the locked bumpers.

Simultaneously Florence is excited and relieved at meeting an acceptable lady who can be a pleasant love interest for her father. Maybe even a candidate for marriage!

Florence has set up a tea service on a nearby picnic table and insists Mo join her for tea so they can get to know each other.

The two chat while Simon chooses to jack up one of the cars. Mo is polite but most uncomfortable in her role. Florence is thrilled to hear Mo is a musician. Mo chooses to build on a positive note and informs Florence she's writing an oratorio about St. Joan.

Florence is thrilled and asks for details. Will Mo hum the theme? Mo offers to play it on her harp. Florence thinks this is weird. A harp? The woman's purse is ridiculously huge, but a harp in it? What kind of person is her father associated with? But the harp turns out to be a harmonica, which seems doubly weird.

Mo tells Florence to imagine Joan in a chapel, the evening sun all golden as she waits for a word from her God. This is in direct contradiction to what Mo told Hazel and Jim ie: where Joan was working as a prostitute in a brothel. Does she have a quick mind? Can she improvise when called upon? You betcha.

Finally Simon and his cheering squad manage to free the cars. Florence bids them goodbye, happy at last to know her dad is neither seeing prostitutes nor becoming homosexual.

Over lunch, Florence tells the other nuns about Mo's musical endeavors and how she played the harmonica and called it a harp. Another nun explains the origin of the term harp. Mo feels all this talk about a harp, albeit a different kind of harp, was a mystical, spiritual sign of grace.

At Hazel's soon after, Mo has a lesson with Jim, the saxophonist. She sings a song she has just composed called *Lonesome Long Weekend Blues*. Jim, learning Simon was her inspiration, confesses to Mo he hates Simon whose agenda, he thinks, is to become her pimp and put her to work with other men.

One evening there's a huge storm. Simon and Mo are in bed in their regular hotel room watching a movie. Simon falls asleep. Mo, noticing the scars from the removal of his man boobs, is touched by this sudden glimpse of his vulnerability. On impulse, she gives him a quick kiss on his forehead. He sleeps on, but wakes with the peculiar, vague memory of it. She denies it.

They make plans for yet another weekend drive. This time, Mo has to only call Jim to re-negotiate the date of their lessons. Jim, Jim, Jim. She has to bonk Jim an awful lot. Simon's getting more jealous of Jim's demands on her with each day.

In the Clearview home, Simon takes delivery of the photos Max took of Mo that day at the boatshed. One photo is particularly excellent. The horizontal sun has turned Mo's opaque dress translucent revealing her long legs and perfect bum with no knickers.

Simon shows the photo to Angus. Angus thinks she's a real horny looking piece, but says it's not Margo. Simon tells him Margo and he are divorced. Angus doesn't remember.

Normally Simon wouldn't confess to anyone that he's fallen for Mo and is troubled because she's a hooker. Since Angus is temporarily out of touch with reality, however, Simon unloads how Mo drives him crazy with desire and jealousy.

Meanwhile, at the police station where he works, Derek, in uniform, is seated on a broken-down chair with a cool drink at the back of the place. Rick roars up on his bike with a huge grin, plops Florence's document down in front of Derek and announces that he's going to sue the Catholic Church.

In a coffee house, Simon and Mo accidentally meet Chenille and her boy friend, Mark. Chenille announces she and Mark have just been accepted into pre-med school, but she remembers Simon as Gary. Simon pretends he can't recall where he met Chenille. Mo senses that Chenille is more than a mere student; she's a competitor.

Simon and Mo leave after a few moments. Now it's Mo's turn to be jealous of Simon. She keeps pressuring Simon to say when, or how, or why he knows Chenille. He finally lies that she worked for one of his clients. Mo doesn't believe him.

Simon takes Mo to inspect a new apartment complex. His aim is to set Mo up on her own. She doesn't like the idea of being a kept woman. He confesses he could catch something from her as long as she's working as a hooker.

She's insulted and ready to kick him in the jollies at this suggestion, but at that instant she takes a call from Jim. Overhearing her chuckling and laughing with Jim makes Simon more annoyed. He and Mo argue more. On the street they decide they should stop seeing each other and go separate ways. It looks like a certain split.

But splits like this heal and soon one morning, when passing a musical instrument store in the CBD, Simon spies Mo inside. He enters. They're pleased to see each other and re-ignition of their affair seems likely. Just then Jim emerges from another part of the store. Mo innocently introduces them.

The men are like two dogs. They shake hands while Mo is called aside for a matter. Neither of the guys will let go. Jim seems to put Simon on his knees, but Simon recovers and makes Jim double up. They knock over a drum stand, cymbals and all, with a terrible crash. And still won't let go.

Mo, in breaking them up, sends Jim out the back way and orders Simon to wait outside at a nearby fountain. He does so. She turns up and they argue more. He maintains he could catch something from her. She insinuates she could catch something from him - like from that little hottie blondie Chenille

who Mo hasn't forgotten about. They split with even more acrimony.

Mo confesses to Hazel about the fight and as having told Simon outrageous lies about the many supposed clients she serves. She ventures that maybe she should just give Simon some freebies, let herself get preggers by him, and disappear from his life.

Hazel is shocked and warns Mo if she ever pulls anything like that she'll be removed from Hazel's Will.

One morning Simon leaves for his work detail at the boathouse. A moment after he drives off Angus runs across the property on his spindly old legs and tries to mount Mrs Anderson, but Simon doesn't witness it.

Simultaneously, unable to bear maintaining the charade, Mo goes to the boathouse. Simon finds her waiting for him when he arrives. She confesses to Simon she isn't, was never, and never intends to become a prostitute. She only maintained her masquerade because she felt she'd lose him if he thought she loved him, or wanted to trap him into marriage.

She insists Simon take back the money he's paid her. Simon won't. Since she had foreseen this reaction, she has ready a receipt to show he's donated the sum he's paid her not for her services, but to financing a trip to a music festival for her young *Harmonicats*.

Simon thinks this is a wonderful idea and offers to send her the same amount as an extra donation. The term 'send' suggests to Mo what she had feared has indeed happened. He wants to break it off. Still fighting for the man she wants, she asks why he spoke of 'sending' her more money, and why they can't see each other. He says it would become just a game.

Mo's incredulous. She's just told him she hasn't been playing a game. Yet he doesn't appreciate her honesty and, as well, the fact he no longer needs to worry about being consumed by jealousy, catching

STD's or having to deal with some raging pimp trying to add her to his stable.

At that instant Simon's cellie rings. Having given up at last, Mo is on the verge of tears and about to leave but Simon, as he listens, won't allow it. He holds her down in her chair. Sensing some unpleasant news, she stays.

Simon's face pales. He listens. He puts the phone down and announces his Dad has died. But he has to laugh at the details - the old fellow collapsed after trying to mount Mrs Anderson in her garden next door.

Mo, seeing his pain, offers to play and sing solo at the funeral. Simon accepts gratefully.

Beverly Early, who Simon and Florence met earlier in the local village, is appointed Celebrant at *The All Faith's Cathedral*, except that it's anything but a cathedral. The family might have once been Episcopalian but now Florence is a Catholic nun and neither Rick nor Simon believe anything much. The crazy events that now occur would be more in keeping with ... what? Possibly a Unitarian service.

So, ideally the scene should open with the words "*Dreamland Dance Hall*" painted over so they're barely perceptible. They then become invisible as the camera pulls back to reveal up-to-date signage saying *All Faiths Cathedral* on top of a nicely refurbished quonset hut attractively landscaped all around.

Availability is a problem, but when a group of Hindus cancel, Beverley is able to arrange rental of the pleasant venue at an ideal time between the departure of a Jewish group and arrival of the Vegan's Society.

In the evening before the funeral, Simon finds himself alone in his silent home. He day-dreams several scenes of a possible future.

One is of Mo, Hazel, Jim, Florence, Rick and Derek playing as a jazz group in the front room. Another is of Mo full-term pregnant walking to and fro about the house. The third is of twins, boy and girl, aged

about two, each on Simon's knee trying to play a harmonica.

He decides to phone Mo and confesses his own façade: beaten up, suckered and never a success as a man about town. He tells her how he thinks of her all the time. He just barely stops short of professing he loves her.

The day of the funeral arrives in the All Faiths Cathedral. Beverly Early, Celebrant, gives her brief address. Mo accompanies herself to sing a song of her own composition. People in the audience are appreciative.

Simon mounts the lectern to give his eulogy. He's wearing Angus's horned helmet and does so from now to the end of the service. He has much to say about the significance of the helmet. It may become the symbol of an entirely new religion. He moves on to complimenting Mo for her song. He talks about how good a friend she has become.

In fact he gets so enthused he enlarges on how Angus hated funerals and thought they should be happy occasions. So, in deference to the memory of his Dad, he muses on how the best antidote to a gloomy funeral would have to be a wedding. Ever impulsive, against all expectations, he proposes to Mo on the spot.

The surprise and joy among the guests is palpable.

Most women, however intelligent, might be non-plussed, but not Mo. Too much sense of occasion. Simon demands to know her answer. Mo asks him why he wants to marry her.

Simon quotes every reason he can think of. They're soul partners. They enjoy each other's company. She has a wonderful sense of humor. She's talented. She's beautiful. Superglued souls.

Mo asks for a second time "Why?"

Simon is flummoxed. Suddenly Florence stands and says "Why, Dad? Why?" People in the audience echo

the question. "Why?" "Why?" "Why?" This is not a group of fundamentalist Christians.

Simon suddenly sees the light. "Oh, you mean *that* why?" he says.

He turns to Mo and admits he wants her to marry him because he loves her. The place goes mad. Simon decides the wedding should be held there and then. Beverly infers she will close a blind eye and make it happen even without a license.

But then Mo asks to have a whisper with him. She has to inform him she'd like her folks to come, and they're in Argentina.

The service ends with Simon telling everyone about the missing parents, but everyone is invited and will be told as soon as a date is set.

After the service. People stand milling about. Simon is still wearing his helmet which has slipped a fraction making him look a bit silly. Mo surreptitiously adjusts it.

FADE OUT

Fair Exchange®

Feature film

Draft 8 - 25 June 2006

©D Wayne McLaren
5/34 Springwood Ave
Springwood NSW Australia 2777
(02) 4751-7018 0402-749-352
d.waynemclaren@optusnet.com.au

FADE IN

INT - SMALL OPERATING THEATRE - DAY

SIMON CLEARVIEW - aged 48/50, a moustache, lies conscious on his back on the operating table.

DR GEORGE KLINE leans over him with a black pentel.

Pentel lines are drawn by Kline below each nipple where incisions will be made to perform *Gynaecomastia* - ie fat reduction of man boobs.

Kline holds up the needle for a general anaesthetic.

Simon shuts his eyes and grits his teeth as though about to experience pain beyond description.

INT - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Simon stands before the mirror holding his white gown wide to study the operation's result.

The staples (or black stitches) are visible. The wounds are angry red.

He appears pleased.

SIMON
Tomorrow the hemorrhoids.

EXT - THE CLEARVIEW NEIGHBOURHOOD & HOME - DAY

A well established residential street with almost grand homes.

An old two-story place with generous lawn and garden. By no means the most imposing on the street.

INT - CLEARVIEW HOME GARAGE - DAY

Wide open with the overhead door up. Spread all over are parts of a classic motorcycle on which RICK, Simon's son, 26, is working.

On a stand where he can easily see it is a photo of KATRINA, age 2/3

EXT - DRIVEWAY OF CLEARVIEW HOME - DAY

A 3-year old Lexus sedan enters the driveway
Simon gets out with a small overnight bag

BACK INSIDE THE GARAGE

Simon enters and places his bag on the floor

Rick'S POV: Simon opens his shirt and bares his chest

Rick expresses amused ho-hum and returns to his work

Simons POV: the photo of Katrina

He shoots a silent question to Rick

Simon's POV: Rick shakes his head

Simon shrugs his sympathy but helplessness and exits

RICK
(to Katrina)
...When your Mummy and Daddy went
away...

He rolls a wheel away from his work space

RICK (cont'd)
....they wanted me and Derek to be
your Daddy and Mummy

He rolls another wheel after the first

RICK (cont'd)
...but that can't happen because
Derek's a boy...

He squats in front of the photo

RICK (cont'd)
 ...it makes me want to cry, Katrina

INT - CLEARVIEW FRONT ROOM - DAY

DR ANGUS CLEARVIEW, Simon's feisty old father, 83, is seated at a table, peering through binoculars.

Nothing distinguishes the place except a collection of primitive art and carvings - Eskimo, Australian aboriginal, and Haida Indian etc.

One generously glassed wall lined with large house plants faces toward a neighbor's property, namely MRS ANDERSON, 65, at work in her garden.

Angus's binocular POV: Mrs Anderson's backside bending over.

Simon enters still with his shirt open and places his bag down.

Simon grins, steps in front of Angus's view and opens his shirt wider.

Angus lowers his binoculars

Angus's POV: much the same as for Rick

Angus rolls his eyes at what he considers a silly matter, aims his binoculars past Simon and resumes observing Mrs Anderson.

Simon shrugs and starts doing up his shirt. Well he's happy at least

EXT - BOATSHED - DAY

An elderly sailing boat which sleeps six in dry dock.

Simon is up on deck making unseen repairs - probably installing new decking - with an electric drill.

WHINE of drill, WHINE of drill.

BRENDON HILL is scouring the encrusted hull. He's younger than Simon - say 35.

A wider shot reveals a run-down boatshed and wharf.

There's a small table and four old chairs on the wharf between the boatshed and boat.

MAX OPHULS, same age as Simon, emerges from the boatshed, places a tray of sandwiches on the table.

Brendon stops work and comes to the table.

Max reaches into an eski and pulls out three beers.

All wear shorts, T shirts and boat shoes. Max and Brendon wear old hats.

Simon - on the deck - stands with the drill held aloft and still operating.

SIMON

Power!?

Max disappears into the boatshed. The drill stops.

Simon yanks the cord from the drill and flings it onto the wharf.

Simon climbs down nimbly and begins winding up the cord.

Brendon and Max are now seated.

BRENDON

(to Simon)

Sold your practice!

Simon disappears into the shed to stowe the cord and drill...

...but his face appears at a small window.

SIMON

Might even go back to school.

BRENDON

(admiring)

Follow in your Father's footsteps?

Simon emerges from the boatshed. He nods and

stands outside the door wiping his hands.

MAX
(to Brendon)
Watch the old wolf howl.

Max cups his hands to indicate large breasts and then pumps a stiff arm.

Brendon grimaces at this crudity and carries on.

BRENDON
Those twenty somethings on campus!
You a divorcee!

SIMON
I'm going to use hookers.

The men look at each other with disbelief.

Simon's POV: Max is envious.

Simon's POV: Brendon is shocked, doesn't approve

Simon chuckles and jams a towel into his bag.

SIMON
I've got my priorities.

Max grins

SIMON (cont'd)
More value for money. And young!

Brendon just looks puzzled.

Simon closes his bag

Brendon, affronted, rolls his eyes to Max behind Simon's back.

Simon, picks up his bag to go.

MAX
See you at that dinner.

Simon shakes his head and touches his nose.

SIMON

Got an infection.

He grins and exits around the corner of the boathouse.

BRENDON

What would his old dad say?

Max grins. He knows the Clearview family well.

MAX

"Have a root for me, son!"

BRENDON

Is he that bitter?

MAX

He and Margo? Best of friends

BRENDON

So why?

MAX

His old man's son.

BRENDON

This could be major drama.

MAX

(chuckles)

Comedy. He's a romantic

INT - CLEARVIEW GARAGE- DAY

Rick working on his motorcycle - parts still strewn everywhere, but different. Photo of Katrina nearby but different spot

SOUND OFF: SLAM OF CAR DOOR

Rick's POV: His sister, FLORENCE, 28, pleasant, conservative enters briskly with suitcase through big doorway.

She crosses and he leaps to embrace her

Florence's POV over his shoulder: the photo of Katrina

Florence steps closer and studies the photo.

Florence turns to Rick. She feels sad and helpless

RICK
Your crowd! Nullifying her mother's
Will

M.O.S.

Simon enters from the kitchen

Simon and Florence embrace

Angus enters

Angus and Florence embrace.

EXT - VILLAGE STREET - DAY

A pleasant, busy village street. Florence and Simon make their way leisurely through the crowd

Florence's POV: A striking woman, BEVERLY EARLY, 35, comes the other way anticipating a conversation

BEVERLY
Hello, Mr Clearview.

Simon acknowledges her with a smile but nudges Florence along.

Beverly looks after them. She's too intelligent to look insulted, just thoroughly perplexed

Florence's POV: Simon's profile, strong, determined as they walk along.

Simon glances down at Florence and smiles.

SIMON
Don't want to get involved.

EXT - HOBBY FARM DRIVE - DAY

Narrow road in area of 5/10 acre hobby farms.

Sign on driveway post Maureen Knox
 Music & Composition
 All instruments
 Tel & e-mail

INT - KNOX MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

MAUREEN 'MO' KNOX - 30/35 - is near full term
 pregnant and sorts a heap of clothing on the bed.

The driveway is visible through the picture window

She studies herself in the full length mirror.

Mo's POV: her mirror image smiles back at her.

She puts a hand on one hip and watches herself in the
 mirror as she walks with difficulty in a little
 circle and stops before the mirror.

MO

Oh, hello! Thank you! Glowing?

She caresses the bulge.

Mo's POV: her mirror image front on, then turned
 to profile.

MO

Eight months. Yaas. Don't care.
 A boy. A girl.

SOUND OFF: WHINNY OF HORSE

MO (cont'd)

But not a horse. Already got two ha ha

She moves with great difficulty toward a chair.

MO

Oh, this heat! All I want...

Her back is turned to the picture window behind her
 when an open green Saab comes toward the house

Mo lets herself sit.

SOUND OFF: CAR DOOR SLAMMING SHUT

MO (cont'd)
...is the usual deposit

HAZEL O'TOOLE, a well preserved hooper 55/65, appears in the doorway and pauses bemused.

Mo crosses to her and they embrace.

SOUND OFF: HORSE WHINNIES

Mo pulls two huge cushions from under a maternity dress and tosses them on the bed.

Hazel smiles.

MO
Imitative magic.

INT - KNOX FRONT ROOM - DAY

Mo and Hazel are seated at a piano painted blue.

SOUND ONLY

Mo plays a passage.

Hazel plays it back.

Mo plays another passage.

ECU: pile of flyers atop the piano - same essential artwork as the sign near the road

Hazel tries to play it back, but makes a mistake.

They laugh.

Dissolve to them playing a piece - and very well - which ends with a dramatic finish.

INT - KNOX KITCHEN - DAY

Mo and Hazel are having coffee.

HAZEL

So, speaking of sperm bank Bill...

Mo doesn't want to hear Hazel's criticism of Bill.

MO

Which we weren't...

HAZEL

Is it verboten to ask?

Mo stands, goes to the cupboard and smiles

MO

We're talking about a nuptial
agreement!

Hazel pauses, arches her brows, and rolls her eyes.

EXT - BROTHEL - NIGHT

A softly illuminated green sign over the doorway of a
fine old renovated home says "Jade Palace"

A cab glides to a stop outside.

Simon gets out. Designer jeans, a long-sleeve crew
neck sweater, dark blue wool jacket.

He pauses in front of the place, walks off.

After a few paces he turns, strolls back, gathers his
courage, and enters.

INT - JADE LADY BROTHEL - NIGHT

The venue is furbished like a cocktail bar, only
slightly overdone.

Simon appears at the entrance trying to look cool

Simon's POV: CHENILLE, a hostess, age 18 but looks
14, is seated at the table nearest the door.

She looks up from reading NEW SCIENTIST

Simon's POV: She rises, bright and bubbly ...

....and comes to him with her hand out in greeting.

FLASHBACK: SCENE FROM BOATSHED

SIMON

And young!

BACK TO BROTHEL

CHENILLE

I'm Chenille.

FLASHBACK: SCENE FROM BOATSHED

SIMON

And young!

BACK TO BROTHEL

Simon remains flustered but finally recovers and even expansive. He shakes her hand.

SIMON

Hi ya, Gumdrop. I'm Gary.

Chenille puts her arm about his waist...

...and guides him toward a table.

NECK, the bartender nods to him as he passes.

MING and then ZELDA, who are seated at one table playing movie trivia, nod to him.

Chenille fairly presses him down into a seat.

CHENILLE

A drink, Gary?

SIMON

Scotch and soda, please.

CHENILLE

(to Neck)

Neck.....

Neck signals he heard.

Chenille nods and sits closer to Simon

CHENILLE

Are you from out of town, Gary?

SIMON

Sort of, gumdrop. Aim to be a regular

CHENILLE

Everybody, this is Gary.

Neck nods again.

Ming nods and crosses her legs.

Zelda licks her lips and winks.

CHENILLE

You're early, Gary. Ming and I and
Zelda are the only ones in front.

Now SAMANTHA enters and sits with Ming and Zelda

CHENILLE

Samantha, this is Gary.

Simon's POV: Samantha gives a little wave and flashes
a bit of beaver.

CHENILLE

First time to Jade Palace, Gary?

Simon's POV: the three girls.

CHENILLE

Gary? Hello.

Simon acknowledges her with a smile as Neck brings
their drinks.

SIMON

Are you the traffic manager,
Chenille?

Samantha's aggressive come-on has unsettled and
excited Simon's Mr Cool persona.

CHENILLE

I'm on active duty, Gary.

Take of Simon's surprise.

CHENILLE (cont'd)
You can have me, or Ming, or Zelda or
Samantha.

Simon's POV: each responds in a come-on manner.

CHENILLE (cont'd)
You've got a nice body, Gary

Simon looks slightly embarrassed.

CHENILLE (cont'd)
You're turning me on, aren't you?

Simon is complimented, but shakes his head.

CHENILLE (cont'd)
Yes you are

SIMON
No, no.

Simon is starting to look desperate at the way
this is heading.

Chenille squirms and makes to rise

CHENILLE
Let's get private, darling

Simon looks suddenly alarmed, searches for a reply,
then blurts out an answer

SIMON
Can't tonight, gumdrop.

She makes a particularly seductive movement.

CHENILLE
You think I'm too young

SIMON
No, no, never.

CHENILLE

Well?

SIMON

I've...I've got an infection!

If he can't bring himself to bed Chenille, or settle for an older girl, Simon should leave and try another brothel, but his obsessive compulsive streak keeps him pursuing on the spot whatever he thought he was after

INT - KNOX KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mo, thermometer in her mouth, is setting the dinner table with candles.

SOUND: RING OF LANDLINE TELEPHONE

Mo answers it sensing bad news.

She listens, disappointed

MO

I'll take a cab in. You can
slip out (pause) A doozer of
spermatoozer (pause) The usual
minute (pause)

She slaps the receiver down, takes the thermometer from her mouth, hesitates, drops it in the garbage

Follow her from the dining room to the living room to the blue piano.

She calmly but resolutely puts on a brace to play a harmonica and settles at the piano.

She finally explodes into the opening of Beethoven's Fifth on the piano, then on the harmonica, then proceeds with both instruments.

INT - JADE PALACE - NIGHT

M.O.S.

Simon and Chenille are still speaking as he digs himself into whatever bulldust he began

Noise of male voices and laughter OFF

Three young college age students enter, namely
BLACKIE, the leader, SANDY and CHUCK.

BLACKIE
Ladies! Here we are.

Blackie pulls the other three into a group, arms
around each other's shoulder.

Blackie mimes a three count and then joins the three

ALL SING
We are, we are, we are the engineers
We can, we can, we can abolish forty
Beers Drink rum, drink rum,
Rest of words to come

Simon grins. He'd finally doing what he's longed to
do for years. Be with men being men with women.

But Neck frowns at possible trouble.

Sandy, Chuck and Marv sit down with Ming and Zelda
while...

Blackie pulls Samantha to her feet, bends her back.

BLACKIE
Gonna give you a lesson in
pneumatics. Pneumatics! Fucking,
fucking, fucking!

Sandy and Chuck think this is hilarious...

Simon frowns

But Marv is not amused and is focusing his attention
on Chenille.

Simon's POV: Chenille is already behaving as
coquettishly for them as she did for him.

Blackie breaks off his mock dance and calls to Neck.

BLACKIE
Boy! A magnum of Poilly Fuse.

Neck nods but is still frowning.

Blackie, Sandy and Chuck sit down respectively with Samantha, Ming, and Zelda...

... but Marv stands, more interested in Chenille.

BLACKIE

(to Ming)

So that'll be a fuck for Sandy for you, darling...

(to Zelda)

a fuck for Chuck for you, darling...a fuck with sweet Samantha for me! And Marv's

(nodding to Chenille)

for that little teeny bopper

Simon rises calmly, winks at Neck, then crosses and leans on the table over Blackie.

Neck, startled and unable to stop Simon, continues loading a tray with the champagne and glasses

Simon's POV: Blackie's eyes dart sideways
A sudden silence descends on the room.

Neck looks apprehensive and cracks his knuckles.

Each female registers varying degrees of apprehension and/amusement.

Blackie's POV: Simon mature and so quietly confident.

SIMON

Would you watch your language, Sir?

Simon's POV: Blackie glances at his friends and seems to grow bolder.

BLACKIE

What the fuck for, Sir?

SIMON

There are ladies present.

BLACKIE

(to his mates)
He calls these cunts ladies!

Simon remains leaning on the table with one hand.
With his other hand he squeezes Blackie's nose

SIMON
Say oink, Sir.

Blackie's eyes shift side to side.

SIMON
I said "Say oink, Sir."

BLACKIE
(nasal version)
Oink.

SIMON
Say oink, oink.

BLACKIE
(nasal version cont'd)
Oink, oink.

SIMON
Good boy.

He lets go of Blackie's nose and addresses the group.

SIMON
Enjoy your evening, gentlemen.

He turns away, nods to Neck with a grin, and crosses
toward Chenille.

Simon's POV: Chenille impressed.

Simon's POV continued: each of the other females
register varying kinds of delight and admiration.

Simon sits, gazes around as though he handles
situations like this every day.

SOUND: THUMPING OF SIMON'S HEART

Simon looks down at his chest. His POV: his chest
visibly throbbing in tune with his heartbeat.

He smiles at everyone and concentrates.

SOUND: THUMPING OF HEART DWINDLES TO NORMAL

He appears to relax, drinks and looks back at the group opposite.

Samantha strokes Blackie's nose tenderly.

SAMANTHA

(to Blackie)

I got a special place to put this, darling.

Ming, Sandy, Zelda, and Chuck laugh gales.

... while Marv crosses to sit with Chenille and Simon

Simon's POV: Marv studies him with cold eyes.

Simon regards him carefully.

Marv is drunker than he seemed at first.

Simon can't judge what Marv wants. Fuck or fight?

MARV

Just leaving, hey, Grandpa?

SIMON

Considering it.

MARV

Came in to buy a pair of used knickers?

SIMON

(stands)

I'd better get along, Chenille.

Simon nods to Chenille, then to Marv.

Marv grins triumphant.

CHENILLE

(stands)

Aw, Gary...

SIMON
 (glancing at Marv)
 Hesitation is the better part of
 etcetera, Gumdrops.

CHENILLE
 (to Neck)
 That drink was on the house?

Neck nods yes.

Chenille and Simon go to the exit together.

She comes close to him again.

CHENILLE
 (whispering)
 You'll never never know if you
 never have a go, Gary.

SIMON
 Chenille, I've got a daughter
 - a nun! - older than you.
 (pause)
 And that young man's dangerous.

Glancing quickly over her shoulder to make certain
 nobody is watching..

...Chenille slips off lily white knickers.

CHENILLE
 We usually charge for this, Gary..

She folds the knickers into a stylish white puff...

...and tucks the puff into the breast pocket of Simon's
 jacket.

CHENILLE (cont'd)
 Come back?

Simon, rather non-plussed, nods agreeably and exits

EXT - STREET - EVENING

Simon exits the place, glances up and down the street, and heads directly to a garbage can.

He removes Chenille's knickers from his jacket pocket

He stares at the knickers - possibly tempted to keep them - but thinks better of it.

He lifts the garbage can lid...

SQUEAK of lid

... drops the nickers in...

SQUEAK of lid closing

... and walks off

DENNY, a grizzled old TRAMP seated on a nearby bench, has observed with interest.

Denny looks toward the entrance of the brothel, back at the garbage can, back at the brothel...

Simon stoops to tie a shoelace and hears...

...the SQUEAK, SQUEAK of the garbage bin opening and closing behind him.

Simon turns back.

Simon's POV: Denny admiring the knickers against the light

Simon goes back, snatches the nickers from Danny...

... and glares at the old fellow.

Denny grabs them back

Denny wrestles Simon to the ground.

They roll around.

Simon almost breaks loose.

But Denny grabs Simon's hair, pummels him, bangs his head face down on the concrete....

A police patrol car screeches to a stop.

SERGEANT BILL STEIN and PC DEREK KAWOLSKI get out.

The cops separate the combatants.

Simon and Derek come face to face.

DEREK
Mr Clearview!

SIMON
Derek!

The all keep tussling. Finally the Sarge gets a hold on Simon and Derek gets Denny.

SGT STEIN
What's the story?

Simon is still holding the knickers...

...but he also has a bloody scrape on his forehead, a split lip and blood on his shirt.

DENNY
Those are mine now.

SIMON
(to Denny)
I didn't dispose of them for you.

DEREK
(to the Sarge)
I can vouch for Mr Clearview.

The Sarge holds up his hand for silence.

He looks from Simon to Denny and up at the Jade Goddess logo.

He smiles slyly

His POV: Simon is well dressed.

STEIN
Who do the knickers belong to?

DENNY
(pointing)
He binned 'em.

STEIN
(to Simon)
Is that right?

SIMON
Yes, I...

STEIN
So you were through using them?

SIMON
I never used them.

STEIN
Can I see your ID, Sir?

Simon produces his ID

Denny points to the brothel and addresses himself to Derek.

DENNY
I could get twenty bucks for these.

Sarge Stein finishes checking Simon's ID and motions for Simon to step aside.

STEIN
(very quietly)
Mr Clearview, I don't care how you
got the knickers... how you used them..

SIMON
I didn't use them!

STEIN
I can't imagine you in court...

SIMON
Court?

SOUND: Simon's heart starts THUMPING again.

STEIN

Let Denny have the knickers...

SIMON

Absolutely.

SARGE STEIN (cont'd)

... and you get that bruise and cut
looked at.

SIMON

Of course. Thank you, Sergeant.
Ah, um, Derek...

The Sarge gets into the patrol car but Derek pauses.
He's uncertain how to handle this, namely his boy
friend's Dad using a brothel

SIMON

Derek, I'd appreciate...

DEREK

(interrupting)

Cool! Rick already knows, Mr
Clearview.

He gets into the patrol car, says something to Stein
and they drive off with Stein laughing

Simon stands looking foolish, his arm aloft as a cab
arrives.

INT - CAB - NIGHT

Simon's POV: receding image of Denny grinning and
holding up the knickers for Simon to see.

INT - CLEARVIEW KITCHEN - DAY

M.O.S.

Simon, with his bruise and cut lip newly visible, is
dressed to work on the boat.

He's nervously conferring with Rick and Derek, who's
in uniform and just come off shift.

Rick is eating bacon and eggs. Derek is drinking
coffee.

DEREK
Relax, Mr Clearview.

Simon glances in the direction of the stairs.

SIMON
You know what she's like

RICK
Get going.

Rick waves for Simon to escape. Simon casts one last concerned glance upstairs, nods goodbye to the fellows and exits.

The two grin and Rick marks time like a metronome.

SOUND OFF: CAR STARTING & DRIVING AWAY

RICK
One and two and three and four
and five and six and
(calling)
Florrie Bell!

The fellows exchange grins and wait a moment

THUMP, THUMP of Florence coming down stairs and then entering kitchen in mufti.

FLORENCE
Derek!

Derek stands. They embrace as old friends and he gives Florence an air kiss.

FLORENCE
(sits)
A police officer now!

DEREK
No more dressing up for parties

Florence is perplexed at this remark so Rick interrupts quickly.

RICK

Florrie, Dad had a little altercation
last night...

Florence is immediately alarmed

RICK (cont'd)
...set upon by three hoons

Florence more alarmed

DEREK
I was on duty - interceded

FLORENCE
He just left. Without telling me!

RICK
You'd have held him up hours.

Florence is annoyed by this crack.

FLORENCE
I'd like to know details

DEREK
It's nothing

Florence relaxes at this

RICK
They likely thought he was gay

Florence is really alarmed

Wrong comment! Derek, unseen by Florence, slaps his
head.

RICK (cont'd)
No wonder (BEAT) his son's gay!

Florence is really angry now

FLORENCE
(looking around)
Where'd it happen? Was it a slum
area? How come? What was he doing
there?

Rick looks for Derek to speak

DEREK
(shrugs)
Downtown. Early evening. People
all over.

Derek's POV: Florence apprehensive

DEREK (cont'd)
Don't think you should ask about it.

Florence gets to her feet again

FLORENCE
In the village, I sensed little
glances, whispers, stuff...
(to Derek)
But the truth shall make us free!

Florence's POV: Rick looks guilty for his crack

FLORENCE (cont'd)
As for you!

Florence flounces to the stairs and exits

Rick's POV: Derek waggles his finger at Rick.

SOUND OFF: THUMP, THUMP as she hurries back upstairs

Derek's POV: Rick knows he stuffed up a bit

EXT - SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Mo, clutching an attache case and looking rather glum
and serious, comes toward us.

Suddenly she halts

Mo's POV: kids aged six to eight stream from a
primary school onto the street toward her

SFX: HAPPY CHATTER, LAUGHTER

Track with the kids as they approach Mo

ECU of Mo's face breaking into a smile

Mo's POV: TIM THOMAS, age 7, in crowd smiling as he comes toward her holding his hand up to high-five her

Boy's POV: Mo smiling as Tim gets closer to her

They high five one another

The next kid, MAYA MORROW, age 7, high-fives her as she skips past

All the rest of the kids high-five her as they pass

Mo turns and watches as they disappear around a corner

SFX: FADING HAPPY SOUND

EXT - PLEASANT NEARBY STREET - DAY

Mo, still chuckling to herself, turns into a small well kept apartment block - four stories max - and enters

INT - HAZEL'S FRONT ROOM - DAY

Mo's blue piano sits alongside a white piano

Packing boxes are everywhere

Mo enters, crosses, and places a heap of newly printed handbills atop her blue piano

MO

Auntie!?

Hazel enters, Mo hands her a leaflet

Hazel's POV: the artwork from outside Mo's country place has been amended with a panel at the base

ENROL YOUR CHILD AS A HARMONICAT

Hazel, very impressed, glances at Mo

Hazel's POV: Mo stands pleased and proud

INT - CHENILLE'S APT - DAY

A modern, tastefully furnished apt with substantial glass facing out over city view, park, etc.

Chenille is wearing a blouse but nothing else.

Facing the light, she holds a digital camera in front of herself and takes shots of her face.

Then, slouched on a chair with her legs spread and her crotch facing the light...

...she takes some shots of her beaver.

INT - THE CLEARVIEW HOME - DAY

A classic old shaving brush being worked into a lather and ...

...applying the lather onto the aged face of Angus.

Reveal Simon's the barber - his bruise and cut lip now less visible

The old fellow closes his eyes and smiles sublimely

Florence, wearing jeans and T-shirt, is drying and stacking glasses on a trolley nearby.

Simon, holding an old fashioned straight razor, gently shaves downward on the old fellow's cheek.

He rinses the razor in hot water over the sink...

...and continues shaving, tenderly, carefully.

Rick enters, places a box of wine glasses on the counter and shoots a concerned glance at the process

Noting this concern, Simon grins and indicates for Rick to watch.

He presses the razor against his wrist...

...and slashes his wrist.

Rick shocked. His POV: no blood.

Simon winks and continues shaving.

RING of cellie OFF

Two cellies are on a table in a small throughway leading from the kitchen to the front room.

Florence goes to answer one, but they're exactly the same model, and both blue.

Florence's POV: the lighted phone says

Sister Chenille.

Florence presses a button to receive a text message

The text message reads

Gary darl This is
for u.

Shooting past Simon, Florence sees what we may assume is a photo of Chenille's beaver.

Florence is profoundly shocked, almost immobilized.

Florence's POV: Simon facing the other way shaving Angus.

Florence turns and holds the cellie in front of Rick.

Rick looks puzzled, then realizes what he's viewing

Rick's POV: Florence furious and confused.

Rick coolly unwraps her fingers, turns the cellie off.

Shooting past Simon, Rick secretly replaces Simon's cellie back where it was.

Florence's POV: Simon slaps a hot towel over Angus's face.

Florence turns and flees toward the stairs.

INT - FLORENCE'S ROOM - DAY

Florence prays.

EXT - CLEARVIEW HOME LAWN - DAY

A furniture van is parked at the edge of the lawn.

WALLY, the van driver/owner, dressed in a shirt and tie, unloads stacks of chairs.

A young woman, dressed in the brown habit of a Carmelite Nun, picks up a stack of three chairs...

She turns toward us, revealing she's Florence, that is, SISTER FLORENCE. Simon's daughter is a nun.

She carries them to a row of other chairs

Rick is setting up a video camera aimed at the stage where...

... Derek stands for focus and blows a kiss

INT - CLEARVIEW DEN - DAY

Old Angus enters. Slippers are incongruous against his smart slacks and dress shirt loose around his turkey neck.

He looks about, confused, then seems to remember he's searching for something.

His POV: A bound collection of the Journal of Psychiatry going back forty years.

A framed MRI brain scan.

A photograph of Angus as a young man, together with Simon as a 10-year old and six New Guinea tribesmen.

Angus wears a penis gourd like the tribesmen.

There's more native art and carving - Eskimo, Australian aboriginal, African etc.

He doesn't search in drawers, only on surfaces, then finally exits.

INT - SIMON'S MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Angus stands looking about and perplexed.

His POV: The bed unmade...

...trousers over the back of the chair...

...a family photo on the wall.

INT - FLORENCE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Angus stands looking about, still perplexed.

His POV: small suitcase open on bed, other items suggesting she is only home temporarily.

INT - SIMON'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Angus sticks his head in.

His POV: telephone, fax machine, PC, scanner etc.

INT - RICK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Two rooms, really, with the centre wall knocked out. Neat chaos. A corner so we know clearly Rick is a successful pro motorcycle racer

Eg various trophies, photos of Rick on winner's dais, ribbons won, champagne celebrations etc

A candid photo of Rick and Derek at the beach.

A photo of Simon and Florence in her habit etc.

Group of photos of Rick with little Katrina

INT - MAIN DINING ROOM - DAY

Angus enters concerned, and starts toward the other side of the room.

He suddenly stops near a sideboard...

Angus's POV: a bowl of nuts.

Delighted, he upends the bowl... dumps the nuts

...places the bowl on his head.

It's actually a horned helmet - likely of considerable antique value.

EXT - CLEARVIEW GARDEN - DAY

Match dissolve to Angus wearing his horned helmet.

He is seated on the stage next to the lecturn with Simon on his left.

The crowd is overflowing - say fifty people seated.

Among the crowd are Max and Brendon and their respective wives, MONICA and JANET.

A group of six men aged about 40/60 from disparate economic and cultural backgrounds - all former patients of Angus - are seated in a group.

...including Wally the furniture supplier and IGOR, a manager. The mood is positive.

WALLY

He stopped me going to cat houses!

IGOR

He started me!

Laughter. Both men are pleased with their new lives

WALLY

Who paid?

IGOR

The company medical plan...
... he even had a go himself.

M.O.S

Simon's POV: all of them laughing

Simon smiles - he guesses what they're laughing at

DR TIM STYRON, aged about 70, at the lecturn.

Individuals enjoying the speech.

Florence glances with concern toward Simon

Rick speaking at the lectern

Angus listening and smiling

Florence speaking, kisses Angus, leaves the lectern

Wally, the ex-patient, speaking at the lectern

Shot of attentive guests

Angus gazes across the audience. His eyes light up.

Angus's POV: Mrs Anderson in her garden next door
digging and ignoring the activity

DOC STYRON

... whereas most of us want to save
the world, you only wanted to save
men, my friend.

Rick's eyes are moist.

Florence's smile is strained because of Simon's
recent weird behavior

Two of the six former patients dab at their eyes.

DOC STYRON (cont'd)

...so I present you with this Lifetime
Achievement Award.

Simon places his hand under Angus's elbow and gets
the old man on his feet.

Doc Styron hands the plaque to Angus.

Angus nods his head as though rehearsing his
comments.

The tension rises. Maybe he'll utter some filthy
comment. Maybe he'll forget to speak entirely.

ECU: Simon crosses his fingers.

Sister Florence really is praying now.

Wally and some of the other men in the group exchange concerned glances.

Suddenly some words come..

ANGUS

The witch doctors were never in the jungle. They're all here, just the way I warned. Now it's up to you

The audience breaks into applause.

Angus smiles and nods to everyone.

EXT - SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

M.O.S.

Mo walks along Hazel's street delivering flyers.

Wide shot: a woman holding the flyer calls to her

Mo turns and smiles

Mo chats with the excited woman

INT - CLEARVIEW HOME - DAY

Simon and Angus are seated at the kitchen table.

With Angus's ceremony out of the way, the helmet has now attained more importance for Simon than he ever dreamed - a truly iconic power as he tenderly makes a small repair to the helmet with superglue.

His reverential feeling is transmitted from the helmet to Angus who's clipping newspaper story

Angus's POV: photo of himself seated in front of six former patients at the recent ceremony

Headline: Former patients pay homage to popular psychiatrist

Angus carefully trims the edges of the clipping

Simon's POV: Angus, happy as a small boy, smears glue on the front of the photo.

He pastes it down at the end of his open scrapbook

then he realizes what he has done and glances at
Simon with a mixture of anger and fear

Simon calmly produces more copies from nearby

ANGUS

You're not going to send me away,
are you, son? To that place?

Simon dons the helmet, rises, comes around the table,
and kisses Angus on the forehead.

SIMON

No, Dad. Never ever.

Simon turns toward camera and adopts a pose as though
he's saying to us "Here I stand. Got my helmet on.
Finally set free to explore and conquer the demi-
monde. Just a man going about his life being a man.

INT - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Sister Florence is being heard.

SISTER FLORENCE

My father's using prostitutes

PRIEST

How long since he's been to
confession?

SISTER FLORENCE

He's not Catholic.

PRIEST

Pray for him.

SISTER FLORENCE

My brother's covering for him.

Take of priest.

SISTER FLORENCE (cont'd)

My brother's gay.

PRIEST

Pray for him too.

INT - HAZEL'S APT - DAY

Mo, in shorts and a T-shirt, is seated at her piano wearing her harmonica holder

She plays a theme on the harmonica.

SOUND: HARMONICA THEME

She plays the theme on the piano.

SOUND: THEME ON PIANO.

She plays both instruments together.

SOUND: NOT VERY GOOD

She positions herself to try again.

TIME DISSOLVE

Mo has changed into slacks and a blouse and is at her piano again

Hazel is on her white piano and JIM CARROWAY, a long-time friend, 40, is standing ready on saxophone

MO

Night. Joan is still working in the brothel waiting for her pimp..

Mo plays the theme on the piano and harmonica.

SOUND: THEME ON BOTH INSTRUMENTS

Hazel and Jim glance at each other.

Mo stops, nods to them both, and launches into the theme again.

Hazel and Jim slide in. Everybody smiles. They manage a long moment and then Hazel hits a wrong note.

They stop and laugh.

INT - CAR - DAY

View of dashboard with speaker grille focus centre.
Beyond, in the top half of frame, Simon rises from
filling the front left tire.

ANNCR ON RADIO

Chief Phil Dexter says his crackdown
on prostitution starts tonight.

Air hose in hand, he crosses and kneels down to fill
the front right tire.

ANNCR ON RADIO(cont'd)

The escort business, which has boomed
out of proportion, is being
particularly targeted. In Hollywood...

EXT - SERVICE STATION LOT - DAY

Simon gets into the car, and drives off

EXT- TRAIN STN PARKING - DAY

Simon's lip has healed and the bruise is almost gone.

He exits his car with a trendy little back pack

MALE VOICE (OFF)

Simon!

Simon's POV: Max hurrying after him.

They greet each other with warmth.

Max squints and moves his head from angle to angle
throughout the following scene.

MAX

You missed another session.

SIMON

Off for dinner with a French lovely.

Simon reaches into his jacket pocket, looks around so
as not to be noticed, and flashes a small book

Max's POV: Book called *French for lovers*.

Simon winks, and hurries up to the train platform

EXT - TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

Simon waits on the platform.

Shooting past his legs, newspapers in the stand behind are headlined "Police Hit Sex Trade"

INT - ENRICO'S - EVE

Simon and LORRAINE LEGARE, a glamorous Escort, have just been seated

Aperitifs have just been served.

LORRAINE
Parlez vous Francais, Simon?

SIMON
My former wife did. Spanish too.

LORRAINE
Tell me about yourself, cheri.

SIMON
I want to hear your accent!

Dissolve M.O.S.

Simon's POV: Lorraine eating an olive

...licking her fingers

...smiling at him

...toasting him

...handling her knife and fork

...her lips speaking

...her eyes

...pushing a wisp of hair back

Simon is ga ga.

Two happy hours will have passed when profiteroles
with brandy alexander arrive.

LORRAINE

So, Simon, cheri. Where are we
going to ze dancing?

SIMON

(winking)

I thought we'd go back to my hotel,
have a liqueur and...

LORRAINE

I beg your pardon?

SIMON

I mean it's time to repair to my
hotel and, um, get, um ...

(winks again)

.. intimate? N'est pas?

LORRAINE

For the nooky? Avec moi?
Pourquoi?

Simon nods.

LORRAINE (cont'd)

Cheri...zat could communicate I am ze
prostitoot

SIMON

Yes, I know, but...

LORRAINE

Ze police have crack down

SIMON

Crackdown?

Lorraine's eyes narrow imperceptibly

SIMON (cont'd)

I don't know anything about a
crackdown.

Lorraine smiles and stands to excuse herself
 Simon leaps to his feet and remains standing
 Simon's POV: her body as she crosses the room
 He's pleasantly under the influence
 Simon's POV: a waiter smiling slyly at him.
 He looks abashed and sits.

INSERT - LADIE'S LAV - NIGHT

Lorraine is on her cellie

LORRAINE
 Marnie, zis guy is ze cop.

BACK TO THE TABLE

Simon stands as Lorraine returns and sits

LORRAINE
 But Simon, cheri, ze happointment was
 to escort you for ze dinner

SIMON
 Which we've had

LORRAINE
 ...zen ze concert or function.

Simon gestures offhandedly

LORRAINE (cont'd)
 We record ze calls. Many peoples
 sink we are ze prostitoot.

SIMON
 (winks)
 Good thinking

LORRAINE
 ...but if you want to do somesing
 else...

SIMON

No. I was being careful...

Lorraine is stern as though he has offended her. She may even be on the verge of tears.

SIMON

Please don't cry

Lorraine dabs at her eyes.

LORRAINE

Merde!

SIMON

I mean, aw hell... this damn city

LORRAINE

Is zis ze end of ze evening, zen?

Simon nods yes

LORRAINE

You are certainment?

He nods yes.

LORRAINE

(rallying)

I will bet you are ze good dancer, cheri. I do love dancing.

Simon looks rueful, but not angry.

Still pouting, Lorraine produces a sheaf of credit card forms from her purse.

LORRAINE

You said you would pay by ze credit card?

Simon nods

INT - BAR - NIGHT

Simon's POV: LINDA MORROW - a real beauty. It looks like she'll be a good score.

LINDA

Going rate? Let's negotiate

Cut to a tumbler of drink, no ice cubes, with a pair of false teeth in it.

LINDA VO

He broke my jaw but he adored me.

Simon regards the glass with something akin to horror

LINDA VO (cont'd)

You gotta laugh

Simon's POV: Linda turns her back a moment to put her teeth back in, turns and smiles.

LINDA

I call it my unique selling proposition.

Shooting from across the room. Simon stands, touches his nose for his old infection trick, nods goodbye and advances to camera, gloomy at having finally given up the hunt.

In the background another man slides in beside Linda.

INT - HAZEL'S - DAY

Six children - say age 8 - among them Tim and Maya - each with a harmonica, are standing ready to play.

Mo stands in front of them facing an imaginary audience.

MO

I give you the famous Harmonicats!
(turning to conduct)

A-one, two, three...

The kids hit a routine which is nearly very good.

Shot of Tim.

Shot of Maya.

Mo grinning as she conducts. Pure joy.

INT - HAZEL'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Shirts, pant suits, dresses are strewn all over the place. Mo rejects a skirt and jacket and looks distraught.

Hazel enters carrying a long black cocktail dress.

HAZEL

Shorten it.

Mo shakes her head. She loves it, but it's an expensive thing.

HAZEL (con't)

You can't not go, Mo!

M.O.S.

Mo gazes at Hazel trying to resist accepting it.

Hazel nods to urge her onward.

Mo puts the dress on, studies herself in the mirror.

Hazel makes a mark where to shorten it.

With the dress stretched flat on the floor Mo starts to cut with scissors.

Mo at sewing machine.

Mo wearing shortened dress, not happy yet.

She makes a mark indicating she's going to shorten it further.

Cutting with scissors.

At sewing machine.

Trying on dress again.

DISSOLVE

INT - HAZEL'S - DAWN

The little black dress is folded over the back of an easy chair and Mo is asleep in her nickers on the chesterfield.

SOUND: LOUD, INSISTENT POUNDING ON DOOR.

Mo jerks awake, goes to the door, opens it with the chain on and peeks out.

Hazel appears behind her pulling a dressing gown about herself.

Mo's POV: delivery man through the crack.

DELIVERY MAN

Maureen Knox?

Mo nods yes

DELIVERY MAN

Special delivery. I need ID.

Hazel pours coffee and watches as Mo opens the bag.

Mo removes a brown package with a note attached.

Mo studies the note, looks pleased, and passes it to Hazel

Hazel's POV of note:

Another nite like this at the Casino
I'll pay off in full

Xxx Bill

Mo's hands shake out several clips of bills in hundred dollar denominations.

LATER

The two are seated at the table with coffee, rolls etc.

Mo peels off several bills for Hazel, who pushes them back.

MO

Then my treat for dinner!

Hazel nods acceptance and points emphatically toward the dress.

Mo dons the dress all the while worrying that Hazel won't like it.

Hazel's POV: Mo looks terrific

Mo's POV: Hazel whistles she's impressed

Mo suddenly vamps around, wiggling her bum, really liking how the dress makes her feel naughty.

HAZEL
Horny little hooker!

MO
What?

HAZEL
I said corny little looker

INT - CLEARVIEW HOME - EVE

Simon getting ready to head out. He rings on his cellie.

SIMON
Simon Clearview, Dianne. Looking forward to finally meeting, heh heh heh.

ANGUS (OFF, URGENT)
Simon!

SIMON (cont'd)
Seven sharp, Enrico's

ANGUS (OFF, URGENT)
Simon!

Simon's switches off and, with the cellie still in his hand, hurries to the den and enters

INT - DEN - EVE

Simon's POV: Angus is sprawled on the floor trying to get up. It appears the chair has slid out from under him

Porno stuff is on the computer screen

Simon puts his cellie down beside the computer and helps Angus to his feet

On the wall in the background is a large poster showing a book with a photo of Angus, aged about forty, wearing his horned helmet.

The title of the book is HEY, MAN!

Simon switches the computer off, turns out the light and helps Angus exit

ANGUS

That was good porn

INT - CLEARVIEW KITCHEN - EVE

Simon enters assisting Angus

Simon's POV: Rick enters from the back door

Rick crosses with concern and takes Angus's arm.

SIMON

Got a train to catch!

Simon exits in a hurry...

INSERT: Simon's cellie in the darkened den

INT - HAZEL'S - EVE

Mo is ready to leave in her little black dress and with a small, tatty looking back pack.

Hazel enters from outdoors in a track suit.

Hazel mimes horror at the sight, grabs the back pack, empties it on the table...

With Hazel looming over her Mo reluctantly transfers her stuff from the back pack to a ginourmous, expensive looking purse.

Mo pauses at the door.

MO
Seven at Enrico's...

HAZEL
Gallery at nine.

INT - PUBLIC LIBRARY - EVE

Sister Florence, in mufti, is on the net.

She glances around with a guilty demeanor.

Her POV of learned paper on screen:

Erratic sexual behavior in
the elderly male

INSERT: Simon's cellie ringing in the darkened den

INT - LADIES TOILET - EVENING

Mo enters and encounters DIANNE WHITING, 25, with a cellie in her hand.

Mo's POV: Dianne frantic.

DIANNE
Are you having dinner here?

Mo nods.

DIANNE
(frantic)
I'm Dianne. Five star escort group.

Mo listens politely

DIANNE (cont'd)
Got an appointment with
a new client at seven.

Mo show listens closely

DIANNE (cont'd)
His phone's switched off. My son's
sick.

Mo is sympathetic

DIANNE (cont'd)
Would you have the maitre'd
give him a message?

Mo nods yes.

DIANNE (cont'd)
His name's Simon. Haven't met him.
All I know is fiftyish, tallish,
moustache.

Mo nods again

DIANNE (cont'd)
(she shrugs and smiles)
He'll be horny and mad but...

MO
Maureen, Mo for short.

Dianne's POV: Mo looking hookerish.

DIANNE
Mo, thanks. Hey, are you a...?

MO
A pro? No.

Dianne pulls out a twenty and gives it to Mo.

DIANNE (cont'd)
(approving)
That dress...wow.

MO
Thank you

DIANNE
You'll have to tip the maitre'd to
watch for a man...

BOTH MO & DIANNE
fiftyish, tallish, moustache.

Dianne blows a kiss at Mo and exits in a rush, then sticks her head in.

DIANNE
Forgot. Haven't met him myself.

Dianne exits again

Alone momentarily, Mo acts tartish for the mirror, then breaks off, amused, into her proper persona

INT - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

FABIO, 40, a world weary maitre'd, is at his post near the entrance.

Fabio's POV: LUCIEN, 25, a waiter comes toward him, gives Fabio the finger and disappears.

Fabio's POV: a happy elderly gentleman - MR CHAMBERS - has pushed a walker onto the empty dance floor

Fabio looks immediately concerned

Leaning on the walker, Mr Chambers tries some soft shoe to the music, collapses to his knees

Fabio sighs and leaves his post to help the oldie

Mo enters and waits

SOUND: RING OF MO'S CELLIE

She answers it.

Mo's POV whilst on the phone: Fabio leaning over and speaking to the old man.

INT - HAZEL'S APT - NIGHT

Hazel's apartment has been flooded. A plumber can be seen in the bathroom.

HAZEL
Bad news

INT - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mo on cellie.

MO

I'll go on and stay with Shirl as
planned. See you tomorrow.

She rings off as Simon appears.

Mo's POV: Simon, dressed in his jeans, jacket, open-
neck shirt etc and handsome.

Mo looks around. Really the maitre'd should attend
to this but he's busy with the old man.

Simon smiles at her.

Mo returns the smile.

Both wait in polite silence

Simon's POV: Fabio with the oldie, Mo nearby.

MO

Excuse me. Are you Simon Clearview?

Simon's POV: Mo in her little black dress.

SIMON

(approving)

Dianne!

MO

Not really...

Simon puts his hand out to shake

This is unexpected but she takes it

MO (cont'd)

I'm Maureen. Mo for short.

Simon nods appreciatively

MO (cont'd)

Dianne's little boy's sick.

SIMON

I'm sorry.

MO

She was frantic.

SIMON

But you booked?

MO

For my auntie. I should explain...

SIMON

Good. Let's order and eat!

Mo consults the reservation list and escorts him to the table.

MO

I should explain....

They sneak appreciative glances at each other.

Fabio passes the other way supporting Mr Chambers on his walker.

Mr Chambers' POV: Mo looking gorgeous.

Simon's POV: Mr Chambers winks at Simon and pumps his arm with vigour

Mo has seen this exchange and smiles

Simon grins at her because he knows she saw the exchange

Mo smiles back, naughty but not brazen

M.O.S.

Mo and Simon get seated.

Another waiter appears with trolly and champagne.

He opens the champagne and pours their glasses.

They touch glasses, smile

SIMON

So, Mo, are you a regular with the Group?

MO

Well, the truth is...

Mo's POV: Simon, handsome and paying attention.

MO (cont'd)

Actually...

Suddenly an impish smile crosses Mo's face.

MO (cont'd)

...I'm sort of freelance.

SIMON

That doesn't preclude action if we hit it off?

Mo's POV: Simon paying attention and looking naughty.

MO

What do you think?

She's surprised at herself

Simon grins and holds his glass up.

Simon's POV: Mo smiles and raises her glass to him.

DISSOLVE

MO

Six hundred to one am. A grand for the night.

Simon winces at the cost

MO (cont'd)

Breakfast activity optional. And cash, please.

SIMON

That's top dollar.

Mo looks as though she should be worth twice that.

SIMON

I'm not arguing...

MO

Well....

SIMON

I don't have that kind of cash...

MO

There's an ATM a block east.

SIMON

(rises)

Don't go away!

EXT - STREET - NIGHT

Simon exits the hotel entrance calmly, then explodes into a run down the street.

A BAG LADY is about to use an ATM

Simon rushes up to her.

SIMON

Fifty to go first!

The bag lady steps back and gestures grandly for him to proceed.

Simon collects a thousand dollars....

He peels off the promised fifty, hands it to the old lady and races back toward the hotel.

INT - SIMON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CLICK of key opening lock from outside.

Simon opens the door and enters after Mo.

They exchange nervous smiles.

Simon crouches down and fiddles with the radio.

Mo stows her bag at the foot of the bed but remains standing to approve his selection of music.

He finds something he assumes is suitably romantic eg imitation Mantovani or James Last.

MO

(makes a face)

I moonlight as a musician.

Simon keeps searching dutifully through rock, gospel, country, folk...

Mo calmly rejects a dozen stations until she signals approval. (choice to come)

Simon stands, relieved.

SIMON

Would you like a drink?

She nods yes and he opens the bar

MO

Excuse me?.

INT - THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

MO calls on her cellie

MO

If Shirl calls, I've made
other arrangements, Auntie
(pause) Tell you later

She switches off her phone, limbers up briefly, takes a breath and exits the bathroom.

BACK IN THE HOTEL ROOM PROPER

SIMON

Lets get more acquainted.
Let's, um, order up dinner!

MO

We just had dinner.

SIMON

Oh, yes. What could we?...do you play
poker?

Mo's POV: Simon, the hunk.

MO

Five Card Draw

They move a table into position and sit down.

They exchange glances in mild foreplay

DISSOLVE

Simon is down to his jocks and socks. Mo hasn't had
to remove anything.

MO

You don't have a face for poker,
Simon.

SIMON

Maybe... would you do a strip?

MO

I left my feathers...

Simon is sympathetic

MO (cont'd)

...but find some better music.

SIMON

You could strip off a fireman's
uniform

Mo removes an elaborate, thin batik bedspread and
goes into the bathroom.

IN THE BATHROOM

She pares down to her knickers and bra and
experiments with wrapping the sheet around herself.

She tries a few moves before the mirror and starts to
like herself.

IN THE ROOM PROPER

Simon disrobes completely and slides into bed.

He leans across and fiddles with the music.

IN THE BATHROOM

Mo calls out instructions re: the music.

MO

No. No. No. Oh God! No.
There, go back.

Simon has struck something suitably exotic so she
peeks out.

MO

Lights lower, Maestro!

IN THE ROOM PROPER

Simon dims the lights further.

Simon's POV: Mo slinks out of the bathroom, across
the room, turns at the foot of the bed, shows a bit
of leg.

Simon grins like a baby.

Simon's POV: Mo gets better and bolder...

...she removes her nickers, dances close and flicks
them at him...

... and now seems to be enjoying herself.

Their eyes lock as she continues stripping.

Off comes her bra.

Off comes more of the spread

Their eyes remain locked.

INT - HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Simon and Mo are having breakfast

Simon's POV: She looks up and smiles.

MO
Cellie numbers and proper
names?

Simon nods yes

MO (cont'd)
No trying to find more
about each other.

SIMON
What about a group discount?

MO stares at him, unbelieving.

MO
No way, Jose.

SIMON
I meant a volume discount.

MO
Well, we talked an introductory
offer....

SIMON
I was joking.

MO
You're sure?

SIMON
Fair exchange.

INT - HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

Mo - dressed in her shorts, etc - and Simon wait at
the lift. Each steals a shy glance at the other.

The lift arrives. She gets on and turns around.

Her POV: him standing looking happy and contented in
front of the doors.

His POV: she beams as the doors close

Simon, the stud smug, turns and strides toward his room.

EXT - STREET - DAY

Match dissolve from the lift doors to the hotel front entrance. Mo emerges and turns right.

She approaches the bag lady, seated on the pavement with a tin pot.

Mo stops, peels off a twenty, hands it grandly to her and walks on.

The bag lady looks at the bill with disdain

BAG LADY
(shouting after her)
After what you made, sweetie?

INT - HAZEL'S PLACE - NOON

Hazel is having late morning tea. Mo sits opposite looking tired but mighty pleased.

MO
He taught me tantrum sex...

Hazel smiles. She's only heard about it.

MO (cont'd)
Like a machine gun! Ratta tat tat.

Hazel registers disbelief.

MO (cont'd)
Correction. Ratta tatta tatta tatta
tatta tat!

Hazel clasps her hands together and pretends to swoon.

MO
Like classic dirty blues.
(sings)
Big Daddy, take me, invade me
Ratta tatta tatta tatta tat

HAZEL

Work on it.

EXT - DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Simon, wearing his I-pod, walks through light pedestrian traffic.

A woman grabs his arm.

His POV: the glamorous Lorraine smiling.

She makes a sound that's little more than a croak and gestures she has lost her voice.

Simon is sympathetic

She pulls him willingly into a nearby parkette...

...and pushes him into a seating position on a bench.

LORRAINE

(raspy, painful voice)

I thought you were ze detective...

The discomfort of speaking is too extreme. She gets out a note pad, places it on Simon's knee and writes.

Simon's POV of message:

You must collect your free fuck!

SIMON

When!

Lorraine makes certain they're not observed and moves the notepad up over his crotch to write.

Simon's POV of message:

Come for the threesome with my room mate, Jean.

SIMON

Tell me about Jean!

Lorraine writes again.

Simon's POV of message.

Hot for the pleasure.

SIMON

When? Where?

Lorraine writes again

Simon's POV of the message

The Penthouse
37 Marine Drive
7:30 - 8:00

SIMON

Tonight?

She nods, rips off this last note, tucks it in his shirt pocket.

Simon's POV: Lorraine licks her lips and blows a kiss at him.

She places a foot on the bench on the pretence of tightening her shoe strap which affords Simon a fine view up her thigh.

She crosses to the parkette exit, shoots him a dazzling goodbye smile, and exits.

Simon starts to rise but sits back down again because something else has come up.

EXT - MARINE DRIVE BLOCK - NIGHT

A cab stops before 37 Marine Drive - an expensive looking block of units.

Simon gets out.

INT - LIFT - NIGHT

The lift stops and opens directly into an anteroom.

MUSIC is soft and romantic.

Lorraine appears - dressed in an expensive silk gown.

Simon pretends to frame her with his hands like a cinematographer.

SIMON

Vous etes tres belle, Cheri.

She embraces Simon and leads him by the hand into the lavishly furnished apartment.

She turns the music down and rings a gold bell.
TINKLE, TINKLE, TINKLE of bell.

MAN'S VOICE (OFF)

Allo, Simons.

Simon turns and does a double take.

Simon's POV: an elegant, well-built gentleman, black and likely bi-sexual in a little pair of athletic shorts, all oiled up and a towel over his shoulder.

LORRAINE

(proudly croaking)

Ici Jean!

Simon extends his hand automatically. Jean takes it and holds Simon's elbow at the same time in the way of certain men given to over-familiarity

JEAN

You are early. I was pumping up just.

SIMON

(looking for escape)

Pumping up!

JEAN

But how good to meet you, Simons.

SIMON

Yes, well...

JEAN

I am looking forward to ze fine night
for we threes.

Lorraine pours a glass of punch from a nearby
table and thrusts it into Simon's hands.

SIMON

Aw, um, nice place.

Lorraine puts her arm around Simon and herds him
toward a little nook of three easy chairs.

Lorraine and Jean flop easily into their chairs

...but Simon sits on his edge and leans forward.

SIMON

Look, I, um...

LORRAINE

(croaking)

You look uncomfortable, cheri...

Both Jean and Simon lean forward to hear.

LORRAINE

(croaking)

Would you like to ...

JEAN

Oui! Pump up? Get ze oil on ze body?

Simon stands up again.

SIMON

There's been some mistake.

(to Lorraine)

I thought we were going to have a
threesome.

On cue Jean stands back up and proudly turns down
his shorts

JEAN

Look here what 'ave we all got to
play with, Simons.

Simon's POV: Jean beaming with pride.

Simon's eyes glance nervously down.

He looks desperately to one side, then up, then to the other side in order not to acknowledge the weapon with which he's been confronted.

He speaks to Lorraine...

SIMON
I'm sorry...I shouldn't
have come..

Jean and Lorraine look confused

SIMON (cont'd)
I feel so guilty...
I've met someone new....

Jean and Lorraine look concerned

SIMON (cont'd)
She's very straight. She
wouldn't approve...

Simon's POV: Both Jean and Lorraine are annoyed
And disappointed.

SIMON (cont'd)
It would be disloyal.

But Jean is beginning to look angry.

Lorraine addresses herself to Simon with
difficulty.

LORRAINE
(nods toward door)
Simon, cheri. I think you are ze
square. Allez! Go, cheri!

Jean grabs Simon's wrist.

JEAN (to Lorraine)
S'il s'en va, qui on va baiser ce
soir?

CAPTION

If he leaves who are we going to
fuck tonight?

(in English to Simon)

Simon's don't you want me to fuck
you?

JEAN (to Lorraine)

Je vais le baiser maintenant

CAPTION

I'm going to fuck him now.

Jean grabs Simon's arm again.

LORRAINE

Non!

She kicks Jean in the jollies.

He crumples over.

Lorraine points toward the lift for Simon to
leave.

LORRAINE

Allez! Vite!

Simon makes for the lift as Jean writhes on the
floor and scolds Lorraine.

JEAN (to Lorraine)

Tu lui ecrit un message?

CAPTION

You wrote him a note?

Lorraine nods

JEAN (to Lorraine)

Il a lu Jeen, qui est un nom de fille
ici. Bien sur!

CAPTION

He read *Jeen*, which is a woman's name
here. Bien sur!

LORRAINE

Merde.

Simon presses the down button at the lift.

SOUND: SIMON'S HEART STARTS THUMPING AGAIN

Jean and Lorraine carry on arguing.

JEAN (to Lorraine)
 Simon pensait qu'on l'avait a un
 Partouze avec deux filles
 CAPTION
 Simons thought he was invited to a
 threesome with two women.

Simon's POV: lift indicator approaching floor

LORRAINE (to Jean)
 Moi avec une autre fille et us seul
 homme? Impossible!!
 CAPTION
 Me with another woman and just one
 man? Impossible!!

JEAN (to Lorraine)
 Qui est-ce qu'on va baiser ce soir?
 CAPTION
 Who are we going to fuck tonight?

The lift arrives and Simon steps in. The door
 closes.

EXT - MARINE DRIVE BLOCK - NIGHT

Simon emerges the building in panic, hails a cab

SOUND: HEART THUMPING SUBSIDES

INSERT - SIMON'S BEDROOM - DAY

His dictionary *French for Lovers* is in
 the wastebasket.

EXT - DOWNTOWN STREET - EARLY EVE

Mo is watching one direction expecting someone.

Mo's POV: Dianne suddenly appears in front of her.

DIANNE
 Nice one, lady.

Mo, startled, is ready to fight. She points a finger at as though about to remark it's a free country.

MO

Look!

Mo's POV: Dianne placates her with a shrug

DIANNE

So you scored a new client...

Mo is mollified

DIANNE (cont'd)

...you're a good operator. Why not join our group?

SIMON (off)

Made it!

Mo's POV: Simon has appeared beside them.

Dianne smiles at Simon, then glances at Mo expecting to be introduced.

MO

Simon, Dianne. Dianne, Simon

Dianne and Simon shake hands

MO

I took Dianne's place.

SIMON

Ah! Your boy then?

DIANNE

Well, thank you.

Everyone exchanges half embarrassed glances

DIANNE (con't)

I believe you were pleased?

Simon registers agreement and takes Mo's arm to leave.

SIMON

We have a booking...

DIANNE

We'd like her to join our escort group, but can't tame a free lancer, can you"

Nodding and smiling they break up, Dianne in one direction and Mo and Simon together the opposite way

Simon maneuvers Mo through the crowd.

MO

She's a beauty, isn't she?

SIMON

Not in your class

INT - COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

Simon and Mo are having drinks. Mo is in an icy frame of mind.

MO

Got a call from Alex Landowska

SIMON

Nice man

Mo holds a glass of water and looks as though she might throw the contents at him.

MO

What do you take me for?

SIMON

(confused)

A hooker?

Mo tosses the glass of water in his face

SIMON (cont'd)

(calmly)

Ah! A music teacher!

Mo, glaring at him, slowly becomes amused by her weird logic.

Simon's POV: Mo embarrassed and amused.

Mo's POV: Simon nonchalantly wiping his face

They laugh together and it escalates higher and higher till they sound insane

Nearby diners smile

Tango MUSIC begins.

Simon rises and bows gallantly

Mo stands and Simon sweeps her into his arms.

Simon becomes more forceful and passionate.

She responds with equal intensity.

People look on with approval.

Their eyes lock. They're having fun.

Their eyes having locked, their timing improves and they become bolder. And bolder.

The number finishes. People applaud.

They return to their table and sit. Simon knows he's a good dancer.

SIMON

I learned to let myself go in
Zambia.

MO

You dance black

SIMON

(nods)

Came down with jaundice. Came
home.

Mo leans over and wipes his face dry

SIMON (cont'd)

Met my wife. Had children.

Take of Mo. She thinks he looks so sweet

SIMON (cont'd)

Now? No wife. Gay son. Daughter a Nun.

MO

You'll never have grandchildren.

SIMON

(stoically)

Became an accountant when the bank foreclosed on Dad a second time. You?

MO

My art is not to talk, but to help others talk.

SIMON

Men?

Mo nods. Simon has to accept it

EXT - BOATHOUSE - DAY

M.O.S.

Simon and Mo come from the direction of the street and round the boathouse onto the wharf.

The boat is now afloat.

Max comes out of the shed onto the wharf.

Simon introduces Max and Mo.

Simon and Mo stroll up and down to study the boat.

Max emerges from the shed with a camera.

Mo holds her hands out, palms forward, like she's trying to stop a truck. No photos!

Max, disappointed, goes back into the boatshed.

Simon and Mo go on deck

IN THE BOATSHED

Max glances out the window up to the deck

Max's POV: Mo is standing on deck peering out over the water. The late sun is at a perfect flat angle to turn her normally opaque dress translucent.

Max aims the camera at the deck.

Image in the camera: Mo shielding her eyes against the sun with one hand, the other hand on her hip and her fine, long legs and naked behind clearly visible.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK of camera.

Max sets out a bowl of nuts and three beer.

The three get seated at the table to chatter in friendly fashion.

RING of Mo's cellie.

Mo motions to be excused, rises and walks down the wharf with the phone to her ear.

Simon and Max exchange glances - 10 out of 10!

Their POV: Mo 'way down the wharf

MAX

Is she...?

Simon nods.

Max registers envy.

EXT - BOAT - EVE

The boat is becalmed and anchored in a bay

Simon and Mo, each with a huge brandy snifter, are reclining in deck chairs watching the sunset.

Neither of them speak but now and again they just look at each other happily.

INT - SIMON'S CAR - DAY

Simon's POV: the boatshed recedes in the rear view mirror.

MO
No, no, no, please

SIMON
We won't stop

Mo looks super tense

Mo's POV: a service station in passing

MO
Couldn't you drop me?
Pick me up later?

SIMON
Promise

MO
Not part of the deal!

SIMON
(blows a kiss)
Promise

MO
This is crazy

SIMON
In like Flyn, out like Trout

Mo stiffens but decides to go along

EXT - NUNNERY PARKING LOT - DAY

Simon's car pulls into the lot and stops without turning into a spot

Mo's POV: Florence, carrying a green A4 envelope, hurries toward Mo's side of the car.

Florence's POV: Mo smiling and Simon leaning across her to take the envelope.

SIMON

Florence is fussing over a tea/coffee service on a nearby picnic table.

Florence's POV: Mo returning from the toilet

FLORENCE
Tea or coffee, Maureen?

M.O.S.

Mo apprehensively changes direction toward the table.

Simon is under the car and wriggles out.

Simon raises the lid of the trunk/boot to get a small hydraulic jack.

The nuns stand observing.

Florence and Mo are seated

FLORENCE
My brother hinted Dad's been
seeing someone, Maureen.

Mo looks wary but polite

FLORENCE (cont'd)
Are you a professional person,
Maureen?

MO
Music teacher. Amateur composer.

FLORENCE
Composer?!

Mo suddenly looks more confident now that she has a fiction to talk about

MO
Working on an oratorio. On St Joan.

Florence is impressed

MO (cont'd)
It's set in a chapel. I've just
cracked the theme.

FLORENCE
The theme?

Mo
Finally

FLORENCE
How's it go? Can you hum it?

MO
I'll play it on my harp.

Florence's POV: Mo starts digging around in her big bag.

Take of Florence. Puzzled. Harp in a bag?..

Mo rummages and finally hauls out a harmonica.

Take of Florence. What a strange woman!

Mo gives the harpoon a couple of blows, then knocks it and prepares to play.

MO
The chapel. Evening. Joan stands in a beam of golden sunlight...

Florence squints off to imagine the scene

MO (cont'd over)
.....to receive a message from her Lord.

Florence clasps her hands together. She's hooked

MO (cont'd)
Thirty piece orchestra.

Mo plays her theme

Take of Florence - impressed.

SOUND: Applause from OFF

Mo and Florence's POV: Simon scrambles out from under the unlocked cars as the onlookers applaud.

M.O.S.

Wide shot.

Simon and Mo ready to get into car. Florence and Mo shake hands.

Mo's POV from the passenger's seat: Florence with a big smile, waving, and growing smaller

INT - CAR - DAY

Mo turns to Simon, heaves a huge sigh of relief.

INT - NUNNERY COMMON ROOM - DAY

Florence, excited, is speaking to two other nuns.

FLORENCE

...then she said she'd play the
theme on her harp...

One nun puts a hand to her ear and leans forward

FLORENCE (cont'd)

...she dug in her purse, pulled out a
harmonica!

YOUNGER NUN

A harmonica is called a harpoon.
Harpoon, harp.

FLORENCE

A harp! It's a sign!

INT - HAZEL'S - DAY

Mo on piano, is giving Jim a lesson on his saxophone.

Short MUSIC passage - eight bars

MO

Again, two, three...

They repeat the passage.

MO

Again, two, three...

They repeat the passage.

They finish the piece with gusto and collapse.

SHORT TIME LATER

Mo is at the piano while Jim packs up his sax.

MO SINGS

Sometimes they add on a Monday
Sometimes they add on a Friday...

Jim is rapt

MO SINGS (cont'd)

But sometimes they add on the two
Oh Gawd, got those long long
weekend blues
Those long, long, long, long
long weekend blues...
Oh Gawd, got those long long
weekend blues
Those long, long, long, long
long weekend blues!!

JIM

Inspired by your hot Himbo?

Mo nods maybe yes, maybe no.

At the door to leave Jim wags his finger at her.

JIM

Erotic hypnosis!!!

Jim's POV: Mo looks puzzled.

JIM (cont'd)

That's how pimps get control of their
women.

Mo holds her cheek toward him for an air kiss.

JIM (cont'd)

I hate his guts.

Mo pushes him out the door.

EXT - THE CITY - NIGHT

A MIGHTY STORM is taking place.

The WIND SHREIKS

LIGHTNING lights up the city skyline.

THUNDER is heard.

A restaurant sandwich board skitters across the street before the WIND

INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Simon and Mo are in bed together watching a classic romantic comedy.

DISSOLVE TO LATER

They're still in bed but now watching something like *Sleepless in Seattle*.

DISSOLVE TO LATER

The movie is nearing the end but Simon sleeps sprawled out on his back.

Mo's POV: the scars from the removal of Simon's man boobs.

Mo smiles. The boy in the man made vulnerable.

Mo suddenly gives him a quick kiss on his head and looks embarrassed.

MORNING - STILL IN THE HOTEL

SOUND: Mo SINGING in the bathroom.

Simon, studying the room service menu, calls out.

SIMON

Did you kiss me while I was sleeping?

Mo peers out the bathroom door.

MO

I like your sense of humour.

Simon shakes his head - surprised he even mentioned the possibility. He studies the menu again.

SIMON

(suddenly calling)

How about next weekend up the coast?

Mo comes from the bathroom

MO

If I can arrange it, nice.

(needing privacy)

Did you say you're going to shower?

Simon goes in the bathroom to grant her privacy

IN THE BATHROOM

Simon turns the shower on but...

...instead of getting in he listens at the door which he has left slightly ajar

IN THE HOTEL ROOM PROPER

Mo has her back to Simon as she calls.

MO

(on cellie)

I'll give you an extra fifteen minutes free, Jim

Simon frowns.

She rings another number.

Simon is more annoyed. Another client!

MO

Mr Prendergast? It's Maureen.

INSERT: Mo's finger on End

MO (cont'd)

Could you switch Saturday for Monday?

Simon listens closely

INSERT: Mo's finger on End

MO (cont'd)

Bring your son along. Call it a father
and son special.

Simon is shocked.

Mo puts down the cellie, rises and turns toward the
bathroom

IN THE BATHROOM

Simon jumps into the shower...

... as Mo pushes open the door and peers in.

MO

We're on!

INT - SIMON'S HOME - DAY

Angus is seated at the table looking at a thick
scrapbook, dog eared and worn.

Simon enters with the mail and sits nearby.

He selects one big envelope.

He opens the big envelope, withdraws three A4 colour
photographs and is gobsmacked.

Simon's POV: photo of Mo standing on the boat gazing
off across the water, hand on hip and the sun shining
through her dress, no knickers.

He places the special photo with her translucent
dress in front of old Angus.

ANGUS

That's not Margo.

SIMON

Margo's been gone four months. We're
divorced.

ANGUS

You should have told me.

SIMON

I'm seeing her. She's a hooker.

ANGUS

Hot stuff!

SIMON

You don't understand.

ANGUS

Legs up to her ass!

SIMON

Dad, she's a hooker. She collects
with a credit card

ANGUS

Good!

Since Angus is not alert today, Simon is able to
express feelings

Simon's POV: photo not of Mo's behind, but her face

SIMON

I've never known anyone like her.

ANGUS

Good!

SIMON

Her servicing other men!

Angus shrugs and turns the album toward Simon.

It's a large photo of himself, aged about 40, and
Simon, aged about 10 with five tribesmen in Papua New
Guinea.

Angus is dressed like the tribesmen i.e. wearing a
PENIS GOURD.

Angus raps the photo.

ANGUS

Penis gourds!

Simon buries his head in his hands and laughs.

EXT - POLICE STATION - DAY

Derek, in uniform, is on a break at a little table at the back of the station.

SOUND: Motorcycle OFF

Rick rides his bike into frame, cuts the motor.

He's ebullient. He tosses the green envelope Florence sent him onto the table and sits.

RICK

Gonna sue the church!

INT - COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Mo and Simon have had coffee and are getting ready to leave.

Chenille and MARK, 20, enter and sit down behind them with Chenille and Simon are seated back to back.

CHENILLE

(turning to Simon)

Excuse me, could you please..

Oh! Gary!

SIMON

Oh, aw, I don't, um...

CHENILLE

Nancy

Mo's POV: Chenille vamping Simon

SIMON

Nancy, yes...

CHENILLE

We just got accepted into pre-Med!

Mark cuddles Chenille/Nancy

SIMON
 Congratulations

Mo is thoroughly bemused.

CHENILLE/NANCY
 Congratulations to you too, Gary,
 and...??

SIMON
 My friend, Mo.

CHENILLE/NANCY
 Hiya, Mo.

Mo's POV: Chenille sexy and looking innocent

MO
 Medicine! Wonderful.

Simon and Mo nod goodbye and head toward the exit...

EXT - STREET - DAY

MO
 Gary? Is that your second name?

SIMON
 I don't remember where I met her.

MO
 She'll have a good bedside manner as
 a doctor
 (pause)
 Especially handsome older guys, Gary.

Mo hits on Gary.

SIMON
 Why that tone?

MO
 That girl's a walking, talking
 clitoris.

SIMON
 How do you know?

MO

I know.

SIMON

I remember now. She works for a client.

Mo raises her eyebrows

But Simon doesn't notice. He's excited. He urges her along past a lot of construction work.

Cacophony of JACKHAMMERS, WHISTLES, TRUCKS etc

A hard hat WHISTLES at Mo.

Simon shoots a proprietary smile at the guy.

They approach the front of a new hi-rise apt block and turn toward it.

INT - THE LIFT - DAY

Very slight tension, both staring directly ahead.

MO glances sideways at Simon but returns to studying the lift doors.

Simon sneaks a look at Mo

INT - APT CORRIDOR - DAY

They emerge from the lift and Simon guides her down the corridor to a door

Simon pushes open the unlocked door, motions for Mo to enter and he follows.

They are in a brand new, unfurnished apt.

Mo does a polite inspection of the place. She wonders why the visit? A proposal perhaps?

The modern kitchen.

The balcony and view.

The bedroom and linen cupboards.

She finally communicates she's impressed, but why?

SIMON

Your present digs leave a bit to be desired. Right?

Simon draws her toward him. She neither resists nor forces a clinch - just remains politely puzzled

SIMON (cont'd)

I thought you might consider me putting you up here.

MO

Me? Moi? A kept woman?

Simon nods

MO

(amused)

Drop around whenever you feel like it? Own me?

SIMON

I wouldn't put it that way.

MO

(laughing)

A kept woman!

SIMON

An exclusive relationship.

Mo disengages and turns away to think.

MO

Seinfeld says relationships don't work.

Simon looks puzzled

MO (cont'd)

Only refrigerators and fire extinguishers work.

Simon doesn't smile. This is too serious

SIMON

I'd like you not seeing
other um, so-called clients.

Mo is starting not to like it.

MO

I don't warm to it, Gary,

Mo has stressed GARY.

SIMON

What's with Gary?

MO

That little hottie in the coffee
shop

RING of Mo's cellie

Mo answers, then gestures to Simon that she'd
appreciate privacy

He makes for the balcony, but the door is sticky and
he can't help hearing Mo behind him.

MO

Sure, Jim. Of course, yes, yes...

EXT - BALCONY - DAY

Simon manages to unstick the door and steps out onto
the balcony.

He pretends to gaze at the view, but keeps watching
Mo from the corner of his eye.

SIMON THINKING

Jimbo, Jimbo. Bloody Jimbo

Mo is smiling and chatting animatedly.

He looks away, frowns looks back.

Simon's POV: she smiles and gives him a little wave.

He smiles back gamely.

She comes out onto the balcony.

MO
Thanks, but no.

SIMON
Think of the benefits.

MO
But Mo means no.

SIMON
(looking unhappy)
Let's go then.

INT - LIFT - DAY

Simon stares straight ahead.

Mo will not give way.

EXT - STREET - DAY

They emerge from the building and stop to speak, but avoid each other's eyes.

MO
So?

SIMON
So what?

MO
What now?

SIMON
We've uncovered a difference.

They're both amazed to find themselves saying these things. But they can't stop themselves.

MO
You've uncovered it. So smother it

SIMON
Should we stop seeing each other for awhile?

MO

If that's what you want.

SIMON

Fine.

MO

Okay then.

They walk off in different directions.

Mo turns to look after him...

Her POV: his back turned as he strides away

Then Simon turns and takes a couple of paces backwards to look after her...

His POV: she turns a corner leaving the empty street.

EXT - ANOTHER CITY STREET - DAY

Simon walking alongside strip of middle to up-market shops

As he passes a large musical instrument shop something attracts his attention.

He backs up two paces and peers in

His POV: Mo inside speaking to BERNARD, a clerk.

INT - SHOP - DAY

DAZZLE of instruments

Simon enters, moves into her viewing range, grins and waves to her.

The clerk turns away as Mo smiles and goes toward Simon.

SIMON

I've never been in this part of Town...

Simon's POV: Mo looking happy

SIMON (cont'd)
...so this must be a sign

Jim suddenly appears from the direction of another department.

He halts on seeing Simon but can't escape

MO
(embarrassed)
Jim, Simon. Simon, Jim.

But Bernard is waving a purchase order aloft and trying to attract Mo's attention.

Mo turns toward Bernard.

Meanwhile Simon and Jim are like two aggro dogs

SIMON
Jimbo

JIM
Simon

They shake hands but it turns into a contest.

Jim prevails and pushes Simon back a step.

But Simon rallies and forces Jim back two steps.

Mo is still speaking to Bernard, her back to the guys.

Bernard's eyes grow wide because he can see the possible violence erupting

The stand-off continues.

Mo keeps chatting to Bernard about the purchase order.

The two men knock over an entire drum stand.

CRASH of cymbals and THUMP of drums falling.

Mo turns, astounded

MO

You guys!

Bernard rushes to erect the fallen drum stand...

...but the guys remain determined to beat each other, and don't even acknowledge Mo's presence.

Mo flails at the guys' clenched hands.

SIMON

Jimbo started it.

JIM

My name's not goddam Jimbo.

Jim surges forward knocking the cymbals over again.

CRASH of cymbals

MO

On the count of three, okay?

Both nod yes.

MO

One. Two! Three!

The break looking equally pleased.

None of this has appealed to Mo's usual good humour

MO

(pointing for Simon)

Outside and wait by the fountain.

Simon squares his shoulders and exits

MO

(directing Jim)

Apologize to Bernard and go out the back door.

EXT - STREET - DAY

Simon, looking sheepish but still angry, is standing at a nearby fountain.

Mo emerges from the music shop.

She stomps to the fountain and confronts Simon.

MO

What was that all about?

SIMON

One of your many clients, right?

MO

He's a friend and what business is it of yours?

SIMON

Seeing guys like you do, I could catch something.

MO

And I could catch something from you, Gary.

MO stresses Gary.

SIMON

Gary?

(suddenly realizing)

Well she didn't call me Gary because of what you think.

MO

What do I think?

Mo's POV of Simon lost for words

MO (cont'd)

For variety you humped little
Blondie Bombshell?

SIMON

I don't know what to do with you, Mo.

Simon's POV: Mo intransigent

SIMON (cont'd)

I've asked you to stop seeing other
guys...

(waves his hands)

Offered to set you up on your own...

MO
Big deal, McNeil.

They lower their voices for a passer by.

SIMON
It would be better than what you're
up to now.

MO
Up to what? Let me tell you about me
Simon can't escape

MO (cont'd)
I have guys who adore me....

M.O.S.

They argue passionately to and fro...

...then turn and stomp off in opposite directions.

INT - HAZEL'S APT - DAY

Mo slouches in an easy chair while Hazel exercises

HAZEL
You told him what?!

MO
One client takes a half hour to lick
my stockings off.

HAZEL
A half hour?

MO
It's worse.

HAZEL
Three minutes max.

MO
Another guy sends a courier. Two
hundred cash. Fresh knickers.

Hazel giggles generously.

MO

I really thought sperm bank Bill was it. Now it's all Simon.

HAZEL

Oh, Mo, oh Mo...

MO

I've a mind to reduce my fee. Get preggers. Have a kid on my own.

HAZEL

Pull anything like that, doll, my Will, out!

Mo shrugs.

HAZEL (cont'd)

I'm getting a picture of a guy who'd want to know if he had a kid.

MO

I'm just a hooker to him. He doesn't want obligations.

INT - SIMON'S HOME - DAY

In the front room. Old Angus is dressed in baggy shorts and a big long-sleeve shirt.

He's half creeping to and fro behind the several large house plants adjacent to the living room window which looks onto Mrs Anderson's garden.

Angus's POV: Mrs Anderson, blue hair, wearing a pink mumu working in her garden

Simon enters dressed for work on the boat

SIMON

Dad, do you remember?

Angus shushes him, holds a finger aloft for silence, but doesn't remove his focus on Mrs Anderson.

ANGUS

(whispering)
When the female comes into estrus,

SIMON
Dad...

ANGUS (cont'd)

she presents herself to the alpha
male.

SOUND of motorcycle arriving OFF

RING of doorbell.

SIMON
(calling)
Come in, Derek.

Angus remains on the alert as Derek enters

SIMON
Dad...you remember Rick's friend Derek?

ANGUS
Derek, Derek, oil derek. Are you
the nurse with the hearse? I'm busy.

Simon looks fondly at Angus hunching down and hiding
behind the plants.

SIMON
(to Derek)
If he doesn't answer to Dr Clearview,
try Captain Viagra.

He dons a small back pack and exits the front door.

EXT - SIMON'S HOME - DAY

Simon emerges from the house and heads for his car.
Derek's motorcycle is parked nearby.

He gets in the car.

He glances in his rear view mirror as he turns

His POV: in the mirror Mrs Anderson is on her knees working in her garden...

...with her back toward where old Angus was

The image of Mrs Anderson goes out of frame as he drives off

Wide shot of car driving off as Angus emerges from the house without his shorts and hurries on his spindly old legs aiming to mount Mrs Anderson.

EXT - BOATSHED - DAY

Mo is seated at the little table, unusually prim, sober and contemplative.

Simon appears from around the corner and halts, surprised.

Simon's POV: Mo stands

MO

Got a confession, Mr Clearview

DISSOLVE

Simon and Mo are seated together, each with a beer, each looking sober.

MO

I'm not a hooker.

Simon, startled and puzzled, waits.

MO (cont'd)

I've been acting like
a hooker...taking your money.

Simon nods, as if to say the statement is true and it has been worth every cent

DISSOLVE - changed positions imperceptibly.

MO (cont'd)

My de-facto Bill used hookers.

DISSOLVE- changed positions imperceptibly.

MO (cont'd)

You were, um, you are the only one.

Simon's POV: she looks so smashing in the light!

Mo's mischievous nature reasserts itself.

MO

You'll want your money back

Simon waves the issue away.

MO (cont'd)

I want you to want it back.

She removes a bank cheque from her wallet and hands it to him.

Simon rips it up without a glance.

So Mo produces a receipt.

MO (VO)

Then this receipt shows your money's going to send...

Simon studies the receipt

MO (cont'd)

...my Harmonicats to a Music Festival

Simon is excited by the thought

SIMON

What a beautiful thought!

Mo nods

SIMON (cont'd)

I'll send you a cheque for the same amount!

MO

Send?

SIMON

In case we don't see each other.

MO
Can't we still be friends?

SIMON
It would become just a game.

MO
(incredulous)
Game!?

RING of Simon's cellie

He answers. His face turns somber. Mo observes with concern.

Mo, seeing it's personal, makes to move away...

...but Simon puts a hand on her shoulder to hold her near

SIMON (cont'd)
He did? He did? He did!?

Simon switches off and starts laughing and laughing

SIMON
Dad just died.

Mo comforts him as the laughter turns to tears

EXT - ALL FAITH'S - DAY

Beverly Early, celebrant, is picking up itsy bitsy bits of litter as she speaks on her cellie

Words *Dreamland Dance Hall* on top of a quonset hut are faded and painted over...

BEVERLY (OVER)
Rick, your grandfather's funeral

...but the old words disappear as we pull back to reveal up-to-date signage saying *All Faiths Cathedral*

BEVERLEY (cont'd)
The Hindus have had to cancel

Beverly in foreground, a refurbished quonset hut with *All Faiths Cathedral* sign beyond, attractively presented and landscaped

BEVERLY (cont'd)
It's a quonset hut.

Beverly pulls the phone away from her ear on hearing an expletive but laughs

BEVERLY (cont'd)
No, they need a safe hour and a half to clear the Jews out. (Pause) Okay...

Another spot, another angle

BEVERLY (cont'd)
...we've got to be out by five.
They've got a bunch of Vegans at seven. Okay. It's locked in

INT - CLEARVIEW HOME - NIGHT

Simon cracks a can of beer, switches off the lights and sits in the moonlight.

DING, DING of grandfather clock.

Silence - only SOUNDS from out doors BIRD CALLS, DOG BARKING a half block away, car HORN

MUSIC suddenly fades up.

Simon's POV: a small jazz combo. Mo on piano, Jim on sax, Max drums, Rick and Derek on guitars.

Simon sees himself carrying Mo, laughing, across the threshold.

Mo gone full term pregnant labours across the room

He sees himself bouncing twin 2-year old children - boy and girl - on his knee, each with a harmonica

The fantasy ends, so he rings his cell phone

SIMON
My turn for confession, Mo

He goes to the cupboard for a bowl of nuts

SIMON (cont'd)

...I had a compulsion. Avoid all
romantic entanglement. Use hookers.

He steps out onto the patio

SIMON (cont'd)

I got beaten up. Apart from one slip
early, you were the only woman I was
seeing.

He strolls elsewhere in the garden and stands
grinning and chuckling and talking to her in the
moonlight.

INT - CHURCH - DAY

Match image to light streaming through window of the
All Faiths Quonset Hut Cathedral.

The service, with a closed casket, is in progress.

Simon, with the horned helmet on his lap, is seated
at the front along with Rick and Florence.

Mrs Anderson, with her blue hair, is in the second
row looking dignified.

Elsewhere are Dr Styron, Wally the van driver, Hazel

BEVERLY

...so we gather to celebrate the
life and service of Angus Herzog
Clearview...

Mo is seated at the piano/organ.

BEVERLY (cont'd)

and set gloriously aloft Angus's spirit
through loving witness.

Beverly nods to Mo

MO'S SONG

People register their approval

Florence whispers to the person next to her

FLORENCE

She's writing a mass on St Joan

Simon and Mo exchange smiles as she ends song

Simon rises with the horned helmet at his side....

...and makes his way to the lectern

A wistful smile from Beverly as she remembers how
attracted she was to him

SIMON

Dad once said you inherit the helmet,
son."

Simon places the helmet on his head taking time to
adjust it.

SIMON(cont'd)

In a couple thousand years this might
symbolize a powerful new religion...

Celebrant Beverly looks fascinated

SIMON(cont'd)

...course there'd be improvements -
colourful vestments, sash, staff.

People are attentive, becoming amused

SIMON (cont'd)

The helmet would have gone gold and
people would complain all the
meaning was lost.

Beverly grins at him, mimes "Right on!"

Most everyone is amused. This is not your crowd of
Christian fundamentalists

Simon addresses himself to the casket and muses.

SIMON (cont'd)
 The start of a huge religion. Who
 knows, Dad? Rick has financing for a
 doco about you...

Rick slouches down in his seat with embarrassment.

SIMON (cont'd)
 Florrie's going to merge us with the
 Jesuits

Florence smiles, makes a pistol of her thumb and
 forefinger, and aims at Simon.

SIMON (cont'd)
 Also, since I'm unlikely to
 become a grandfather ...

Rick and Sister Florence demonstrate regret.

SIMON (cont'd)
 ..maybe I should create my own.

He glances toward Mo.

SIMON (cont'd)
 The soloist today is my dear
 new friend Maureen Knox...

Hazel reaches for a tissue

Mo nods shyly.

SIMON
 (speaks to casket)
 ..the one I told you about, Dad

Florence nods Rick as if to say their dad's not gay

Rick looks wise, sensing a coming demonstration of
 Simon's obsessive, compulsive nature

SIMON (cont'd)
 You said "Don't wait, Son, so...
 (turns to Mo again)
 Maureen, Mo, will you marry me?

Hazel gasps, almost not believing

Rick smiles and nods. He was right

Mo places her hand over her heart

Beverly, wistful, thinks everything's wonderful

Other reactions among the congregation are shock, encouragement, amusement, but mostly the thrill of witnessing the maturation of a fine romance.

MO

(suddenly mischievous)

Why?

SIMON

Why? (Pause) Why, because you're quality. Superglued souls

Florence grimaces. Corny!

Mo grins, senses the congregation isn't satisfied.

MO

But why?

SIMON

(befuddled)

Why???

Florence stands.

FLORENCE

Why, Dad. Why?

SIMON

(looks around)

Why?

AUDIENCE ALL

Why? Why? Why? Why?

The person beside Hazel hands her a whole big box of tissue

The answer begins to dawn on Simon.

SIMON

Why? Oh, why? Yes, that why.

He turns to Mo, swallows bravely

SIMON (cont'd)
Because I love you, Mo.

The assemblage, which has turned into something more like a town meeting, is rocked with near pandemonium,

Florence clasps her hands joyfully.

SIMON
What do I hear, Mo?

Mo is startled, shocked, amused, ecstatic and mostly flustered.

Suddenly she brightens with an idea.

Her showlady nature takes over. Raising her hands to suggest the audience settle down, she attacks the piano with the first bars of "Here comes the bride"

SIMON
Does that mean I hear yes, darling?

MO
Yes, darling.

SIMON
(to the assemblage)
You're all invited

General amusement and appreciation

Simon is about to step down, but glances at Angus's coffin and hesitates

He looks around at Mo.

Mo smiles at him.

Simon steps back up to the lecturn.

SIMON
Dad said funerals should be happy occasions.

Florence glances at Rick

Rick guesses something else weird is coming

SIMON (cont'd)
 Let's honour him one last time.
 Let's have the wedding now!
 (turning to Mo)
 Darling Mo? How about now?

The assemblage goes go-ga

Simon looks to Beverly

She mimes it would be okay with her

Mo motions she needs to speak to Simon urgently

Simon crosses for a whispered conversation.

MO
 I'd like my folks to come from
 Argentina.

SIMON
 Argentina! You never told me.

People wait, keen to learn what's going on now.

MO
 You never asked.

Simon returns to the lecturn.

SIMON (cont'd)
 Her folks are stationed in Argentina

Guests are disappointed but accepting

SIMON (cont'd)
 But you're all invited when we can
 arrange it, hey Mo?

Mo nods yes.

Congregation members APPLAUD.

EXT - OUTSIDE THE CATHREDRAL - DAY

All mill around joyfully. Florence and Beverly are talking. Rick is speaking to Wally. Simon's helmet has tipped a tiny bit making him look slightly silly from certain angles. The photographer takes various photos of people. Simon and Mo pose together. Mo reaches up and corrects the tilt of Simon's helmet

CREDITS ROLL OVER

FADE OUT

Postscript

While I still own this property, I make the following proviso.

The term *Melting pot* was first and almost exclusively used to describe America from the nineteenth century. But it now refers to almost the entire world. I hold, therefore, the casting of Maureen 'Mo' should reflect this fact, and that she should be broadly Eurasian or Afro-Asian.

As well, I don't think any effort should be made to indicate, through accent, dress, furnishings etc her supposed ethnic background. She's perfectly socialized in whatever modern English-speaking metropolis she lives in.

For example, if she's cast as Afro-Asian, her comment to Simon, after their tango dance, that he "dances black" is a cliché and should be cut or changed.

Millions of people around the secular world now get on with life without being defined by such details. The home of two of my best friends gives no hint they're Uruguayan. Only the smell of curry will tell you two other good friends are Indian.

Also...

You may like *Bluebirds of Happiness* - a comedy set in Toronto in which two eastern bluebirds establish a nest in the back yard of a mad, keen birder - great news because eastern bluebirds are virtually extinct in southern Ontario. Then two people move in next door with eight cats. The script is complete and I just haven't gotten around to putting it on the market. Of course there's a love interest.

PS Any telephone calls please allow for time differences. I live in Sydney and would prefer calls via landline from noon to ten PM Sydney time

Thanks, Wayne McLaren