

INT. CULTURAL FILM LIBRARY ARCHIVES - FAIRFAX - DAY

A film depository and photo archive. Kris works here with an intellectual grifter named JEFF. He's got a crazed mop of red hair, and sharp, hungry features. Jeff is fast, perhaps pharmaceutically fast. You wouldn't turn your back on him.

He taps intently at a computer. Jeff is brilliant, but every whim and desire is right there on the surface, festering.

THE COMPUTER MONITOR

It's a stock ticker. He watches, ready to hit a button as Kris walks by with a box of old photos.

KRIS

Did you realize the storage room hasn't been dusted... in days?

JEFF

Before I met you, I thought the phrase "anal retentive" was erotic.

KRIS

Perhaps I'm just shooting for the moon here, but would it be too much trouble to ask for some minor bit of *help*?

JEFF

If you didn't need the upper body work, I'd be right there.

He gives her a moue of the lips, then turns to his monitor.

JEFF (CONT.)

Fuck a duck, I missed the bump.

A flurry of key taps, then he looks up angrily as Kris heads over to Arthur, who sits reading microfiche.

KRIS DROPS HER LOAD ONTO A TABLE

then stands behind Arthur, arms akimbo.

In the background, Jeff creeps up to look.

ARTHUR

I know you're disgruntled.
And it's just the way you're *breathing*.

KRIS

I got you in here to look up Jack Kane.
Not to flip out on... *Oh*, the Vatican?!

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ARTHUR
It's branched out.

Defensive, Arthur turns to her. He's looking up old *LA Times*.

ARTHUR (AIR QUOTES)
I need an angle. A little more bite than
"celebrity journalism."

KRIS (AIR QUOTES)
So you're going to "make-shit-up?"

ARTHUR
This is Hollywood, give me a break.

Art turns back to his work as Kris gestures to his pad full of notes.

KRIS
I don't care if you lie: you're a writer.
Just don't be too creative.

ARTHUR
Which I appreciate. Look, the same day as
Kane's obituary...

Arthur pans the microfiche down to the bottom of the page.

ARTHUR
We got a story on the Vatican, we got
some Indonesians looking for... some
thing. I just tie it all together.

KRIS
Why?

ARTHUR
There has to be some connection.
Contemporaneous events don't just happen
coincidentally.

KRIS
By definition, that's what coincidence
IS.

Annoyance dissolves to sympathy on Kris' face.

Behind her, Jeff HISSES for attention and Kris comes over.

JEFF
That guy you met at the so-called Jiffy
Lube is here.

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He points with his elbow, pretending to be discrete. Kris turns to see a TALL GUY in a motorcycle jacket.

KRIS
Are all men idiots?! I told Bobby TWO-thirty!

JEFF
They always come too quick, huh.

KRIS
I'll fend him off, could you get rid of Arthur? But gently.

Jeff is surprised.

JEFF
That's weird Arthur? You said you broke up.

KRIS
Emotionally, yes.

JEFF
But you can't give up the cock!

KRIS
Can we not talk about my problems?

JEFF
He must have a nice one. Is it long? It's long or it's wide.

KRIS
It's a 'B'

JEFF
B+?

KRIS
If he doesn't drink, which is never.

ARTHUR'S AT THE MICROFICHE, OBLIVIOUSLY TAKING NOTES.