

INT. W.O.M.B. MEETING - RADISSON HOTEL - EVENING

A hanging placard says 'Welcome W.O.M.B!'—WOMEN from all stratas of society amble past. A large meeting goes on nearby and a strip of kiosks sell female-oriented products.

Arthur and Jeff walk into the hall, and immediately stop.

JEFF

I've died and gone to hell.

ARTHUR (READING)

It's the Women's Organization of
Mythopoetic Bonding.

Arthur scans the room, eyeing the kiosks. He lifts the photo in his hand and compares it to a WOMAN behind the counter.

Jeff is freaked. He tags close to Arthur, starting to sweat, darting glances back and forth like a nervous Chihuahua.

WIMMIN OF THE MYST, SHAMPOO KIOSK

LENA BRAND, artificially tanned, blond, and thick-lipped, glances up from her teen magazine as they approach. She looks like the hardbody edition of Barbie's friend, Skipper.

LENA

The pipe and tobacco conference is on the
mezzanine.

ARTHUR

I'm here for you. If you're Lena Brand?

She crosses her arms, standing.

LENA

Is this about the rental car? Because it
was blue when I picked it up...

ARTHUR

No, I want to ask...

Apropos of nothing, Jeff suddenly interrupts:

JEFF

—it's okay. I'm gay.

He's trembling like a wind-up toy in his tight orange t-shirt and shorts. Lena and Arthur pull a double-take.

LENA

Which kind of gay?

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JEFF

I... how many kinds you got?

LENA

Well, there's the heterosexual roll model gay, which we call Patriarch-i-phia. Then there's the even-gendered culturally significant kind.

JEFF

Which you call?

LENA

Homa-sexuo-panity.

JEFF

How about drag queens?

LENA

Maso-chauven-ilia.

JEFF

Man, I'm just queer and confused. I think I need a drink.

He waves himself off to the bar.

LENA

Are you guys feature writers? I'm really good for local color.

ARTHUR

I'm here about Jack Kane.

LENA

Kane?

Her face drops. WE SPIN AROUND LENA BRIEFLY, SEEING HER ODYSSEY FROM UNDERAGED PARTY GIRL, TO HARD-BODY GIRLFRIEND, TO HARDENED SALESWOMAN... Not much of a journey, really.

ARTHUR

What I want to do is give you a chance to clear yourself, before the police get involved.

He pulls out the photo of Lena and Jack.

LENA

I did a hack actor 10 years ago? If that was a crime half of LA would be in jail.

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ARTHUR

Brennie Kane is dead. Your name came up.

She stares daggers.

LENA

I haven't seen her in 15 years. How'd she die? No, I don't even care. You're lousing up my business.

ARTHUR

You can talk to the LAPD later...

She follows his gaze to her breasts, then meets his eyes.

LENA

Keep dreaming.

ARTHUR

I can stand here all day. You know a cute guy like me ought to draw in the chix.

No response.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Do you really want people to find out you used to be a groupie for a guy who starred in a sitcom about a German concentration camp?

She glares. Finally she pushes a card across the counter.

LENA

You're lucky I like pushy men. Meet me upstairs in fifteen minutes during the Food Issues Conference.

ARTHUR

Food issues?

LENA

Every woman has food issues. It'll be a ghost town down here.