

LOVE IS CRAZY

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“LOVE IS CRAZY”

FADE IN:

JEANIE, sexy and twenty-something-ish, stands at center holding a bright red man's athletic cup (throwback, a la Lawrence Blackman of the 80's funk group "Cameo").

JEANIE

Let me explain—

INT. UNIVERSITY STORE - DAY

*In a **flashback** several years prior, Jeanie's seen as a pimply-face college girl wearing a logo T-shirt and sweats. She moves self-consciously around the store's athletic department eyeing the merchandise.*

Jeanie's trailed by her best friend, RITA.

(Jeanie narrates the flashback.)

JEANIE (V.O.)

(continuing) That's me with ponytail *and the zit smack dab' in the middle of my forehead!* The girl behind me? That's my girl Rita. We were best friends even then.

The young Jeanie in the scene spies the athletic supporter.

JEANIE (V.O.)

(continuing) Watch. There I go!

As she prepares to snatch the cup, she turns visibly anxious fidgeting wildly with her hands.

After grabbing it, and stashing it temporarily under her armpit, she breathes a deep, nearly orgasmic sigh of relief.

Stunned, Rita rushes over.

RITA

Jeanie, what the hell are you doing?

The young Jeanie in the scene holds a finger to her mouth to "shush" Rita.

Uncertain of what to do with the cup, Jeanie gets the crazy idea to stick it in her pants. (Like a real jock, she stuffs it in her crotch.)

Rita slaps her palm against her forehead in utter exasperation.

Jeanie waddles through the store with her legs crossed trying with her hands to conceal the cup that's protruding prominently from her front.

Startled customers stare, point, giggle, and gasp.

BACK TO JEANIE AT CENTER

JEANIE

(continuing) Yeah, it made no sense, and don't ask me why. All I can tell you is that I was having a very bad year that year. My Grandma Ester died, which left my Grandpa Lou, like, totally depressed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

In a *flashback*, LOU sits on a couch despondent. He holds an untouched plate of food, his head hanging low.

JEANIE AT CENTER

JEANIE

(continuing) Moms ran off with the secretary.

EXT. CRUISELINER - DAY

Assuming the role traditionally reserved for men, Jeanie's middle-age mom stands arm-in-arm with her leggy secretary (another woman) aboard a luxury cruiseliner. They throw broad "bon voyage" kisses to waving well-wishers on the dock.

JEANIE AT CENTER

JEANIE

(continuing) Pops, obviously distraught, went off to discover his "deeper masculinity," "the wild man within," or you know something like that.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Jeanie's father sits around a roaring fire amid a group of other middle age men howling at the moon. Their faces are covered with war paint, yet they wear gray flannel suits.

JEANIE AT CENTER

JEANIE

(continuing) And things just kept getting worse. My little escapade got me kicked out of college. It also started me on a major crime wave that I haven't been able to control since. Just been little things really: a "Cuisinart" here, a few, you know, those "Chia Pets" things, nothing anyone would miss. I've tried everything to quit: psychoanalysis, drugs, one guy even wanted to put me on electroshock therapy, but I said "no way" afraid that I'd end-up looking like Flava Flav. The worst thing, though, is what it's done to my love life. Take it from me, man, if you steal a guy's stuff, you're not getting any. Anyway, you'll be happy to know that I've decided all on my own to do something about my little problem.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

Rita shoves a stock-still Jeanie from behind.

JEANIE (V.O)

So maybe it wasn't all my idea, but I did agree to go. That must count for something.

In the scene, Jeanie tries to make a run for it.

Rita catches and spins her around.

RITA

No you don't, sweetheart. You're going this time.

Jeanie tries to bargain with her.

JEANIE

Rita, SENOR-Rita. Rita-fo-fita. I have a little problem. A teeny, eeny, weeny problem. Come on, be a pal.

Again, Jeanie tries to give Rita the slip.

Fed-up, Rita collars Jeanie.

RITA

You, Jeanie, meenie, miney, Curly, and Moe, have a big problem, a huge problem, a humungous problem! Open your bag.

JEANIE

My bag?

RITA

Your purse.

JEANIE

My purse?

RITA

Open it!

Sulking, Jeanie removes her shoulder bag and holds it out reluctantly for Rita to inspect.

Rita pulls out a salt & pepper shaker set.

She holds them up as proof of Jeanie's huge problem.

RITA

From lunch.

(Jeanie plays it cool.)

JEANIE

They must have fallen in there.

Next, Rita pulls out a "Statue of Liberty" replica, a small souvenir from a Fifth Avenue gift shop.

RITA

Do you have receipt for this?

Jeanie sticks out her tongue at Rita.

Next, Rita removes her own "Black Power" Afro-comb.

RITA

Mine.

JEANIE

This a hair thing?

RITA

Look, kiddo, we go back a long way, but you're going way overboard now.

JEANIE

I know, but you have to admit that I have been trying. I tried taking those pills, but they made me just too wonderful. And how about those "K.A." meetings, Kleptos-Anonymous? They made all of us come empty-handed so we wouldn't steal from each other, so we ended-up swiping each other's confessions. Anyway, you have to admit that I've gotten a lot better.

Rita gives her the stone-face.

JEANIE

(continuing) A little better?

Jeanie flashes her a winning smile.

RITA

I'm really serious, Jeanie. If you don't get some help this time, our friendship is over.

A serious expression overtakes Jeanie's face as she realizes that Rita really means it this time. (In response Rita breaks down.)

RITA

I'm sorry, but I can't take this anymore: run out of restaurants, chased by cops, stalked by store detectives. The security guards at Macy's keep snapshots of you in their wallets!

JEANIE

That's because I'm cute.

RITA

(deadpan) You're not!

Jeanie tries to win over Rita with her charm.

JEANIE

(seductively) Come on.

RITA

No!

Before Jeanie can continue working her charm, Rita suddenly spots something else hidden in her bag. She reaches in haughtily and pulls out her missing tampon.

RITA

Hey, I was looking for this.

JEANIE

Well, I use them, too.

RITA

Yours was last week!

Aced, Jeanie starts off for the therapist without saying another word to Rita, who stands fatigued and exasperated.

Continuing ahead, Jeanie unleashes a "hot" roll of toilet paper from her bag and tosses it over her shoulder leaving an unraveling trail that ends at Rita's feet.

Rita grimaces and shakes her head in dismay before trailing after Jeanie.

RITA

I'm serious.

INT. INSTITUTE FOR COMPULSIVE DISORDERS (I.C.D.) - DAY

ARVIN ARNETT JR. stands at the glass door facing the "I.C.D." institute logo.

He's also twenty-something-ish and handsome despite nerdish glasses and a typical gray flannel suit.

He adjusts his tie and clears his throat before entering.

INSIDE THE WAITING ROOM

When Arvin enters, a fierce-looking man glares at him. (The man has multiple facial piercings and dark tattoos spread across his bulging arms.)

A bag lady shoots Arvin a sly wink.

(The bag lady clings to several shopping bags overflowing with her personal items.)

Shielding himself with his briefcase, Arvin takes a brave step forward in the direction opposite the man.

He sits next to an end table cluttered with magazines.

His eyes shift between his fellow patients and the messy end table. (The man and bag lady continue to stare.)

The messy table disturbs Arvin deeply since he suffers from "Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder." He fidgets and squirms in his seat trying desperately to ignore his inner demons, which are seducing him into straightening up the magazines.

Once again, he glances at his fellow patients whose eyes remain glued.

He attempts to allay their concerns, as well as silence his own inner voices, by burying his face in a magazine. He can't resist a peek at the table, however.

Then, suddenly, he cracks.

With a burst of energy, he leaps to arrange the disorderly pile into a perfect accordion design. (*Like Jeanie previously, the satisfaction he receives in committing this act is nearly orgasmic.*) Yet before he can reclaim his seat to bask in the glow of conquest, he notices that the fierce-looking man's chair is slightly crooked.

Again, he can't resist. Energized, he approaches the man.

ARVIN

Do you mind?

After a moment, the confused man "gets the hint" to clear out of Arvin's way. After he stands, Arvin adjusts his chair.

A moment afterwards, when the man makes a move to retake his seat, Arvin stops him. He retrieves his trusted pink featherduster from his briefcase and gives the chair a good once-over before allowing the man to sit. Afterwards, he graciously offers the man the seat.

ARVIN

Thank you.

Shaken by Arvin, the man keeps his distance. He appears relieved when his therapist arrives and leads him down the hall to begin their session. He backs out of the waiting room keeping a nervous eye on Arvin.

Impressed by his sense of order, the bag lady gives Arvin the thumbs-up. But when she notices him eyeing her disorderly bags, she clasps them even more tightly.

Relieved for the moment, Arvin smiles sweetly at her and simply reclaims his seat. He crosses his legs and brushes a fleck of dust from his jazzy two-toned shoes, which stand out against his conservative style.

LATER

Jeanie and Rita tussle outside of the waiting room. Arvin and the bag lady can see their reflections through the glass door. (Their loud voices can also be heard inside the room.)

JEANIE

I've changed my mind. That's all.

RITA

You stole an empty soda can from a homeless man on the subway.

JEANIE

I left him a nickel.

RITA

What's next, pencils from the blind guy
with the can?

JEANIE

Been there! Done that!

Disgusted, Rita yanks the door open and shoves Jeanie in slamming it behind her.

INSIDE THE WAITING ROOM

Arvin and the Bag Lady immediately turn to Jeanie who appears lost. Feeling their eyes upon her, she points back in the direction of the door to implicate Rita.

JEANIE

(exasperated) That girl has a real problem.

(Heading towards a seat, she talks to herself in defense.)

JEANIE

Me? I'm fine. "Yes-sir-ree, Bob, I'm on
top of the world!"

(She sits directly across from Arvin on the opposite side of the end table.)

She attempts to escape their anxious stares by browsing through the magazines.

Hiding behind a PEOPLE MAGAZINE, she catches sight of Arvin who's still spying her.

JEANIE

Hello.

Clutching his briefcase, Arvin responds timidly.

ARVIN

Hello.

After giving him an interested once-over, she's pleasantly surprised by his shoes.

JEANIE

Nice shoes.

Her sudden burst startles Arvin.

ARVIN

Yes!

Jeanie doesn't know what to make of Arvin. She turns back to the magazines and continues browsing. This causes Arvin and the bag lady to move to the edges of their seats in anxious anticipation.

Oblivious to Arvin's problem, she flips recklessly through the magazines. She nonchalantly tosses aside those that don't hold her interest destroying his accordion masterpiece in the process.

She catches sight of the bag lady, who tries to stop her by shaking her head "no."

Having just tossed aside a copy of TIME MAGAZINE in favor of THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER, Jeanie takes the advice the wrong way. She assumes that the "nosey old lady" is referring to her magazine choice.

JEANIE

Well, I just happen to want to know if there's life on Venus if that's okay with you...?

Just then, the bag lady's therapist arrives at the door.

While keeping a careful eye on Jeanie, the bag lady shoots Arvin a "that's the breaks" look. She gathers her belongings and follows her therapist down the hall.

JEANIE

Did that lady seem a little weird to you?

(Still in shock over his ruined masterpiece, Arvin's slow to respond. He's also a little angry.)

ARVIN

She didn't seem any weirder than anyone else in this room.

JEANIE

Touché!

Jeanie continues browsing through the magazines.

Trembling with anxiety, Arvin continues to stare causing her to respond.

JEANIE

What?!

He looks away quickly.

ARVIN

Nothing.

Unable to resist, he now stands and begins to re-do the magazine arrangement as fast as she can screw it up.

Intrigued by his fastidiousness, she starts pulling magazines at random to see how he'll react.

As soon as she moves the first one, he sets it back immediately within the design.

Curiously amused, she does it again.

She does it a third and fourth time "toying" with him.

ARVIN

Do you mind?

(Jeanie flashes him a fake smile in response.)

Now holding a NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, she instinctively starts to stick it in her purse.

ARVIN

What are you doing?

JEANIE

I'm minding my own big-eyed business!

He grabs for the magazine, but she holds it at bay.

ARVIN

Put that back.

JEANIE

Why?

ARVIN

It doesn't belong to you.

JEANIE

It doesn't belong to you either.

He takes another desperate stab at it. Amused and a little surprised by his persistent efforts, she keeps it behind her back.

ARVIN

Are you going to give that to me?

JEANIE

I don't think so.

Exasperated, he returns to his arranging. Observing him in his busybody fury, she appears to have a sudden a change of heart.

JEANIE

Okay. Take it.

She flashes him another one of her fake smiles before extending the magazine.

He reaches for it tentatively.

JEANIE

Go ahead. It's yours. I'm sorry.

When he reaches for it this time, she snatches it away quickly.

JEANIE

Psyche!

He becomes furious.

ARVIN

Give that to me.

JEANIE

Okay.

He remains suspicious.

JEANIE

I was just flirting. *(smiles)*

(Her confession elicits no discernible reaction from Arvin.)

JEANIE
(disappointed) Here's your magazine.

Pouting, Arvin takes hold of the magazine.

ARVIN
(sulky) It's not my magazine. It belongs to
 the institute.

When he tries to pull it away, she refuses to let go on her end causing him further duress.

(They play tug-of-war with the magazine.)

ARVIN
 Let go.

JEANIE
 Why?

ARVIN
 It needs to go in its proper place.

JEANIE
 Why?

ARVIN
 Because everything belongs in its proper
 place.

JEANIE
 Says who?

ARVIN
 Says me! Says God! Says the whole
 freaking universe!

JEANIE
 Do you have a proper place?

ARVIN
 That would be anywhere you are not.

Hurt, Jeanie let's go of the magazine and sends Arvin sailing.

At the same time, Jeanie's therapist WILLOW arrives at the door.

INT. WILLOW'S OFFICE - SAME

Dressed in ethnic garb and Birkenstocks with thick wool socks, Jeanie's therapist Willow has that "earth mama" look downpat.

She sits in an African-style wooden throne furiously taking notes while Jeanie is slumped down in a plastic beanbag squirming around in a futile attempt to make herself comfortable. New Age music plays softly in the background.

WILLOW

Would you like to discuss it?

JEANIE

That guy out there was having a major wedgie.

Willow appears perplexed.

JEANIE

(continuing) You know, like when your drawers get stuck up your butt...?

(Jeanie points to that area on her backside where wedgies form. She doesn't get why Willow is taking a note on her comment.)

Willow puts aside her note pad.

WILLOW

So, what would you like to talk about today, Jeanie?

JEANIE

I don't know? What would you like me to talk about today, WILLOW?

WILLOW

What brings you here today?

JEANIE
(nonchalantly) Just killing a little time.

Willow notes Jeanie's response.

JEANIE
 What are you writing there?

WILLOW
 I hope you don't mind, but I'll be taking a note from time to time.

JEANIE
 What did you just write about me?

WILLOW
 Normally I wouldn't discuss it, but since this is our first session I wrote that you seem a bit hostile.

Jeanie continues to squirm in the chair. She is clearly frustrated as she cannot get comfortable.

JEANIE
 Me? I'm as happy as a lark. *(A lark?)*

WILLOW
 And what makes you so happy today?

(Jeanie's still squirming.)

JEANIE
 I'm here with you in this *(looks around the office)* interesting office of yours, and I'm about to be cured of my problem.

WILLOW
 And what problem do you have, Jeanie?

JEANIE
 Well, Willow, I'm...a...I've got a...Oh, I'm all screwed up!

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

As Arvin continues his dusting, the current waiting room patient, a suburban-looking family of four, keep a wary eye on him from a distant corner. When their therapist arrives, they scurry out. At the same time, Jeanie enters the room, her session just completed.

After seeing Arvin there, she makes a quick move toward the exit door.

He sees her and nonchalantly continues his dusting.

ARVIN

Thank you.

Jeanie turns and faces him.

JEANIE

For what?

ARVIN

Before you said that my shoes were "nice," and I said, "yes" instead of thank you. That was rude of me.

JEANIE

Yes!

She goes for the door.

ARVIN

The leader of my band gave them to me. He said they'd jazz me up a little.

JEANIE

They do. You look just like "jazz guy."
(snaps her fingers mocking)

(She dashes out leaving him a tailspin.)

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

As Jeanie struts down the busy Midtown streets, jaywalking and cutting corners New Yorker style, Arvin follows her. He, however, walks with military precision. (One of his hang-ups due to his illness is that he always stays within the squares of the sidewalk

avoiding lines and cracks at all costs. Also, unlike every other New Yorker, he always waits for the "green light" before crossing, checking anxiously in each direction.)

(Despite his caution, he manages to stay within eye distance of Jeanie.)

Ahead of him, Jeanie stops at a fruit stand and begins poaching a few pieces of small fruit. She gets a wild notion to try for a cantaloupe but quickly discovers that it's too large to fit in her purse. She tosses it back a little annoyed.

Meanwhile, Arvin stops at a nearby newsstand.

When Jeanie notices the storeowner at a distance pointing her out to the local beat cop, she tries to give them the slip. She weaves through pedestrians and scampers off. A block or so a way, however, while taking a breather, she receives an unexpected tap on the shoulder.

She raises her hands in surrender.

JEANIE

Okay. You got me.

She turns slowly and is startled to discover Arvin there.

ARVIN

I should say I do. For you.

Arvin tries to hand Jeanie the copy of the magazine that she had been tempted to steal earlier at the institute, but she remains frozen.

ARVIN

(continuing) It's the magazine you wanted.

JEANIE

Oh, that? I didn't really want that.

ARVIN

No? I thought that you did?

He appears disappointed.

JEANIE

Either way, it was sweet of you to get it for me.

With a curt smile, she accepts the magazine.

ARVIN

It was the least I could do. I was way out of line back there.

Jeanie then notices the cop approaching and suddenly embraces Arvin to conceal herself.

JEANIE

Thank you. Thank you so much.

ARVIN

(surprised) I have to remember to give presents more often.

After a long embrace, Jeanie checks to see if the coast is clear and then faces Arvin.

JEANIE

(to Arvin) What? Yeah, that's a good idea.

The stand staring deeply into each other's eyes before letting go.

JEANIE

(holds up the magazine) Well, thanks again.

She starts to walk off. A few steps away, she turns back and waves to Arvin who is still watching her in a trance-like state. Suddenly, he's hit with a disturbing thought, which causes a look of concern to overtake his face.

ARVIN

Charlotte!

INT. OFFICE OF FEDERICO ALIGHERI - SAME

At the same time: Arvin's fiancée, CHARLOTTE, sits waiting very uncomfortably in the office of FEDERICO ALIGHERI, a renown wedding coordinator, however, possessing the demeanor of "*Sopranos*" thug. Under his glare, Charlotte smiles sheepishly.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

In the lounge of his upscale retirement home, Jeanie's grandfather, SWEET LOU, holds the ace in a tense game of five-card-stud played by a motley crew of seniors. He flashes a winning smile and slams his ace on the table before breaking out with KC and the Sunshine Band.

SWEET LOU

*"That's the way, uh-huh, uh-huh, I like it..."
(Uh-huh, uh-huh!)*

The other players get up and walk away sore as Lou gathers his winnings; an assortment of their personal items including (quite literally) the shirt off another man's back. The chubby fellow skulks off in a strap t.

Two senior women players stamp off in their socks.

SENIOR WOMAN PLAYER 1

I hate him!

Jeanie passes the disgruntled players on her way in the room.

Still gloating, Lou examines his winnings by trying on his new Hawaiian-style shirt.

SWEET LOU

Baby doll, whattayathink?

JEANIE

Lou, that's Mr. Parker's favorite shirt!

SWEET LOU

(boastfully) What's my name?

JEANIE

Look "Sweet Lou" you know UTE's gonna make you give it back.

SWEET LOU

I know, I know. That one's a real ball-breaker. Anyway, come over here and give your grandpa a hug.

Unable to resist his charms, Jeanie gives in.

SWEET LOU

How are you?

(Jeanie sits. She appears a bit dejected.)

JEANIE

Okay, I guess. You?

SWEET LOU

Great!

Lou offers her a container of applesauce, part of his winnings.

SWEET LOU

Sauce?

JEANIE

No, thanks.

He GULPS a spoonful.

SWEET LOU

So, did I tell you about the new assistant director here at the complex?

She looks at him suspiciously.

SWEET LOU

What?

JEANIE

I'm still recovering from the situation with the male nurse.

Still enjoying his applesauce, Sweet Lou bursts into laughter.

SWEET LOU

Don't that beat all? A male nurse who actually was gay. In this day and age, you just don't expect that kind of thing.

JEANIE

The nylons, Grandpa, might have tipped you off.

SWEET LOU

Joke if you want, sweetheart, but you're not gonna have those great stems of yours forever. By fifty, your grandmother (God bless her soul) had legs like SpaghettiOs.

Jeanie merely shakes her head.

SWEET LOU

What, now? I'm just trying to hook you up.

JEANIE

I wish you'd have a little confidence in me, that's all. I mean, I'll find a guy, or maybe he'll find me.

SWEET LOU

Okay, okay. Don't get all funny.

To make amends, he offers her one of the pairs of slippers that he's won off the old ladies.

LOU

A gift for you.

At the same time, UTE (pronounced OOH-TAH), a towering female attendant, appears at the doorway with the angry poker players (including the chubby fellow and the women) clamoring behind. They want their things back.

Lou sinks low in his chair.

INT. MONEYCORP - DAY

At Jeanie and Rita's place of employment, a money lending corporation, Rita approaches BONNIE, the trusted old secretary, at her desk. (Bonnie is a school-marmish eccentric who moonlights as an inventor of useless and sometimes already-invented gadgets. She is so engrossed in the creation of her latest contraption that she hardly hears Rita.)

RITA

Bonnie, are there any more Post-Its? Since the HOSTILE TAKEOVER, you can't find anything around here.

Bonnie doesn't look up; she simply tosses Rita a pack.

BONNIE

From my private stock!

RITA

(notices Bonnie's work) What are you doing there?

Bonnie displays her latest invention, a mirror that hangs in front of the viewer's face supported by two wires hooked over the ears and a third on the chest. Bonnie puts it on.

BONNIE

For the working girl on the move.

RITA

(suspiciously) What is it?

BONNIE

Ordinarily, a lady would have to use one hand to hold her compact and the other to put on her make-up or check her teeth after lunch. With this, she can always keep at least one hand free and attend to her work at the same time.

RITA

Sweet!

BONNIE

Thanks.

RITA

You sure are taking everything in stride? I'd thought you'd be the one most upset about this merger? How long have you been here, twenty years?

BONNIE

(sharply) Thirty! And the one thing that I've learned in all that time is that the more things change, the more they stay the same.

RITA

Yeah, but what about our new boss, Mr. Danby? What a pest. If he asks me if Jeanie's come back from lunch again, I'm gonna tell him to ask Joe.

BONNIE

Joe?

RITA

Joe Mama! *(checks her watch)* Where is that girl anyway?

BONNIE

Slipped in through the emergency exit about ten minutes ago.

RITA

(smiles) You don't miss a thing around here, do you Bonnie?

BONNIE

Not in thirty years.

Rita hurries off, as Bonnie (still wearing her mirror) takes a call.

INT. JEANIE'S OFFICE - SAME

Sitting at her desk, Jeanie quietly admires a stylish pen monogrammed "GHD," the initials of George Howard Danby. (She is startled by Rita.)

RITA

Where have you been all afternoon?

JEANIE

(startled) Huh? I stopped to see Sweet Lou on my way back.

RITA

I thought they had you committed or something.

Jeanie is preoccupied by the pen and still appears a bit dejected.

RITA

Are you okay?

(Jeanie places the pen casually on her desk.)

JEANIE

Me? Oh, yeah. There was just this guy at the clinic.

RITA

What a minute? You're picking up guys at therapy now?

JEANIE

No, it's just that I thought we might have had something, but I'll probably never see him again.

RITA

Let me give you some advice, kiddo. Anyone that you meet at that clinic is probably as crazy as you are!

JEANIE

That's what I liked about him.

Rita suddenly spots DANBY heading towards them.

RITA

(slightly panicked) Here comes the new boss. He's been asking about you all afternoon.

Danby approaches. He acknowledges Rita coldly. (There is obvious tension between them.)

DANBY

Rita. *(Rita smiles curtly)* Jeanie, the meeting will begin in ten minutes.

JEANIE

Meeting? Oh, do we have a meeting today, Mr. Danby?

DANBY

Yes. I mentioned it to you yesterday as well as the day before. It was also in the memo I sent.

RITA

Sounds urgent.

Danby cuts his eye at Rita.

DANBY
It is.

JEANIE
(concerned) Yeah?

DANBY
Yeah.

He leaves.

Seeing the concern on Jeanie's face, Rita begins to mock Danby by singing and playing her "air guitar."

RITA
"Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!"

Danby suddenly reappears at the door.

JEANIE
(trying to alert Rita) Is there something else, Mr. Danby?

He looks contemptuously at Rita who wears a wry smile.

DANBY
I seemed to have misplaced my lucky fountain pen? Have you by any chance seen it?

Slyly, Jeanie's covers his pen (which is on her desk) with her hand.

JEANIE
A fountain pen?

DANBY
Bing-O! It was a present from my parents when I graduated Harvard. It bears the initials "GHD" for George Howard Danby.

RITA
Your middle name's Howie?

In that moment, Jeanie fakes a cough and swipes the pen on to the floor.

RITA

(continuing) All your parents gave you for graduating from Harvard was a pen? Dag, Howie!

Danby ignores Rita's remarks and turns back to Jeanie.

JEANIE

(innocently) I can't say that I've seen it.

Rita notices the pen by her foot and steps on it to cover it.

JEANIE

(continuing) Have you, Rita?

RITA

I can't say that either.

Danby gives them a suspicious once-over. He suddenly catches sight of Jeanie's souvenir cup (the red athletic supporter from the opening) on her desk and gives her a last, curious once-over before leaving.

Rita turns to Jeanie.

JEANIE

I know.

Rita shoves the pen at Jeanie

RITA

One of these days, Jeanie.

JEANIE

I know.

Jeanie opens her desk drawer and drops the pen on a mountain of loot (in the form of petty supplies) that she has stolen from the office.

RITA

(exasperated) Man!

JEANIE

I know.

INT. DANBY'S OFFICE - SAME

Before Jeanie can muster the courage to knock on Danby's office door, it is suddenly yanked open by a private dick named TAFFY.

DETECTIVE TAFFY

Come in, Missy.

Jeanie steps inside warily.

Taffy steps aside and stands poring over a list of the stolen items.

Meanwhile, Jeanie approaches Danby, who is sitting calmly at his desk.

JEANIE

You wanted to see me, Mr. Danby?

DANBY

Yes, Jeanie. Sit down.

She glances at Taffy before sitting.

JEANIE

Is there a problem?

TAFFY

You bet your sweet bottom there is!

After shooting Jeanie a suspicious look, Taffy flips over to the second page of his list. *(He nearly rips off the first page in doing so.)*

Jeanie turns to Danby ready to confess.

JEANIE

If this is about your pen, Mr. Danby, I can explain.

She starts fishing around nervously in her purse. As a result, her stash of stolen items there spills onto the floor.

She smiles sheepishly while casually stuffing them back in.

(Danby proceeds as if not noticing.)

DANBY

We've asked you here to discuss a serious matter, Jeanie. Private Detective Taffy will explain.

While Taffy speaks, he searches the office for bugs. He begins with the windows and curtains, but before you know it, he's checking everywhere.

TAFFY

There has been a rash of thefts at the company of late.

JEANIE

A rash?

TAFFY

Lots!

(Continuing his search, Taffy checks out the walls.)

TAFFY

First it was small stuff.

JEANIE

(casually) Paper clips, manila envelopes, mailing labels.

TAFFY

Precisely.

He does a double-take on his list. Those are, indeed, the missing items.

He turns to Danby.

DANBY

I told you that she would be of assistance to us.

Taffy nods affirmatively.

TAFFY

We feel, I know, that this is just a ploy to throw us off the track.

JEANIE

The track?

TAFFY

The track!

He unscrews the burning hot light bulb in Danby's desk lamp to examine it for bugs. He derives a sexual-like satisfaction from holding it, which amazes Jeanie and appears to excite Danby.

TAFFY

I suspect it's something big.

He re-screws the bulb.

JEANIE

(sarcastically) Tissue paper from the Ladies Room?

(Taffy checks his list for tissue paper before responding.)

TAFFY

Industrial espionage.

JEANIE

Oh? *(certain that she's off the hook, she starts to get up)* Okay, well, if there is anything I can do just let me know.

Sensing that someone is at the door, Taffy shushes Jeanie and then gestures to cause to her to freeze. He eases close to the door and (as with Jeanie before) jerks it open. Standing there is Arvin holding tightly to his briefcase.

TAFFY

(to Arvin) Come in.

Startled by Taffy's strange behavior, it takes Arvin a moment to gather himself. When he and Jeanie see each other, they stand stock-still.

Danby introduces them.

DANBY

Mr. Arnett, please come in and sit down.

He sits tentatively next to Jeanie.

DANBY

This is Jeanie. She manages our inventory and will be assisting you during your audit.

Jeanie smiles nervously to confirm.

ARVIN

(to Danby) Usually, I work alone.

DANBY

Believe me, Jeanie will be a great help to you. She has a hand in everything that goes on around here.

Jeanie nods sheepishly (catching the irony of his remark).

Arvin looks at her and forces a smile.