

JAIMA

Yup. And it isn't.

JAZZ

Yup. And it ain't. And it is and it ain't. Do you think we ever really belonged here?

JAIMA

[shakes her head and grins] You rich girl, me pre-grad knock-up. Jane. We get in tree with ostracizes. Outsiders to the soul.

The music begins to play on the car stereo. Jazz turns it up.

JAIMA (CON'T)

Tell me who wrote that.

JAZZ

Probably some faceless scribbler in New York.

JAIMA

Local boy.

JAZZ

B.S.

JAIMA

How much? And I'll bet yo daddy, that old cougar leaping from rock to rock knows it.

JAZZ

[with an uncertain look] Ten and ten.

JAIMA

[gazing again]. On.

JAZZ

What happened after UBC?

JAIMA

You started stooging for North Shore Studios. It was obvious that we were never going to make it. I took a hike to make some money after the divorce. Bill got Tami...I'm supposed to have access, but....

JAZZ

I heard.

JAIMA

I didn't want anything to remind me of Squamish...not even you...maybe especially you...didn't want to remember the good parts...after losing Tami...I could have done without your mother's snoot about my getting knocked up...did she think it was contagious?

JAZZ

Listen...to this day, there is nothing Chara regrets more, except maybe remarrying. But Quinn's rich. As rich as they come and as snooty as they come. They had some heavy disagreements...

JAIMA

Yeah...who doesn't have caca to regret... I feel like a drink.

JAZZ

[looks straight at her] It shows. How are things really going?

JAIMA

Just marvy. Swell. How about you?

JAZZ

[with look of fathomless irony] Fine. Just fine. Finer than frog-hair. I'm happy as a zoo animal pacing pleasantly around a cage.

JAIMA

Something has to happen...

JAZZ

Something...