

Assiduity Three

by J. Mykell Collinz

I'm beginning to think she's not too bright. Otherwise, I suppose, she'd be distressingly perfect. Everybody needs a flaw or two. It builds character. The young woman in my screenplay would be a lot like her yet I'm wondering if she can master the script well enough to portray someone resembling herself in the film. Perhaps it will require a more intelligent woman to act the part.

Jane, that's what she calls herself. Her given name is Uzma Gouf, which I kinda like.

I took her out to dinner the other night, and she said:

"Don't start talking to me about your movie, please. I'm not interested in becoming an actress. I don't go to the movies, I don't watch television, and I don't waste time on meaningless distractions. I'm on a mission from God."

What did she mean, mission from God, I wondered but I did not ask. I knew she wanted to tell me. She expressed her desire with greenish blue eyes widening in anticipation. Instead, I said:

"I like the way you've fixed your hair tonight. It outlines your perfectly oval face, giving your creamy white skin a reddish blond glow."

"Are you buttering me up, hoping to get laid tonight?" she said.

"That thought has crossed my mind, yes," I said: "Alas, a fleeting dream. I'm merely attempting to make you aware of how attractive you are and how photogenic."

"Love is hard to find," she replied.

Her words triggered a memory, a favorite music video, Rhiannon, performed at a concert in 1976 by Fleetwood Mac. In my mind's eye, I saw a young Stevie Nicks repeating the words, 'Love is hard to find,' a wild longing expressed in her voice. I felt her rushing passion.

"I love you," I said.

She held me in her eyes for a long moment, and then replied:

"If you loved me you would want to make a movie about me instead of that other woman in your manuscript?"

"I do want to make a movie about you," I said. "I have all the equipment setup in my bedroom ready to shoot."

She laughed, and said:

"Let's get back to the immediate objective, urban farming. That's my mission right now. After that, I don't know. I think the world is coming to an end."

I wanted to ask her what she meant; then again I didn't.

