

6. FACING THE MUSIC

With six successful pictures behind her, Jenna Davis is somewhat of an institution in the film industry. She demands eight figure deals. Her reputation seems unassailable.

Under advice from her manager, she finds the appropriate husband to suit her new station in life. Darling advises her, "You can't keep collecting lovers like rings on your fingers."

"I'm not all that partial to rings anyway," is her flippant answer. But she obliges Darling anyway.

Tobin Barnes is hardly leading man material. And Jenna isn't casting for a movie anyway. But he's the sort who is unlikely to stray under the most extreme of circumstances. It's not that he's desperate. He has his own fortune and then some. It's like keeping it in the family

Despite all of her success, there is something lacking in her experience. Her life plays too much like one of her movies. The drama is all there on screen. But the real life is full of gaps, a pleasant amnesia. Try as she may, she can't fill in for the silence. She knows that the cacophony is going on somewhere else. From her vantage point, there is only isolation.

She has a world of adoring fans. Young girls model their life path off of the Jenna Davis story. They dance their dolls around a playhouse that hides the all the secrets of acting success. The years of lines learned. The body punished into submission.

Older women relive their delights by reading about the exotic locale where Jenna acts out her latest dramas, real or imagined. They have lived off the Vic and Jenna gossip. They have even observed the upstart Sammy Greer never achieving the star to truly outshine their favorite Jenna.

Men of all ages are ready to fall at her feet. They aspire after that exquisite moment when their princess next door turns into the Cleopatra of the bedroom. If they can stare at her picture long enough, she just might come to life before their very eyes.

None of the adoration really touches her. That only sustains Jenna the product. The real woman has hardly developed in those leaps and bounds. In a way, she takes her success for granted. It enables her to have the ease for which she so often hoped. She is a consummate worker when it comes to mastering a new part. She has even learned how to play the sax for one role. But none of it really taxes her resources the way working at Macy's and attending college did. She can coast along in her present lifestyle.

"Honey, you have it too good."

"Where are you going?" she asks.

"I'm meeting some buddies for poker." He finds most of his entertainment without her. But that is OK.

She tells him, "First you hear the jokes, then they're walking around you." she says.

"Are you talking about me? I don't get it."

She tells him, "No, silly. Stardom just attracts all these crazies like flies to corn syrup."

"That sounds sticky and nasty," he answers back.

She laughs. His head is in the clouds. Where did Darling discover this guy? She can barely bring herself to kiss him. His biggest role seems to be Jenna Davis. Maybe Darling could send by the script for that one.

It hardly feels that different after he leaves. The house always has that hollowness. She's

not sure if she's supposed to stop dreaming about her future. What more is going to happen? Maybe she just needs some drama.

In an upcoming film, Jenna's character stakes out a restaurant in the hopes of again seeing a boy that she likes. No doubt her fans attempt to monitor such regularities in her behavior. But this is something that she can hardly try on her own. She can't go anywhere without being recognized. It has made her somewhat of a recluse. When she gets particularly daring, she'll sport a baseball hat and a baggy coat in the hopes that no one know that it's she.. All this makes it difficult to run out for vodka when she runs low on a lonely night.

In a way her life isn't that different than those days in Birmingham when she first got her own apartment. Sure, she doesn't have to do all the work. But she is still as fundamentally alone as she was then. She thinks fondly of how Clayton fawned over her. She couldn't give him the time of day. Jenna Davis lived for bigger dreams. In a sense, that girl didn't know how to live. She was saving herself for that glorious future. Now she has the future of her dreams. And she misses her past.

Her caring husband, Louis, is out with his poker buddies. He'd prefer to gamble out than stay with a sure thing at home. These are the trials of a loving wife. She could settle for someone more flamboyant. But such a guy would no doubt be hunting for other women on a stark night like tonight.

Jenna can rest easy. It seems that she has little to worry about. Even though her new movie is not as ambitious as the last, it is sure of a worthy success. She has stopped taking real risks for her career. But she has also avoided clinker scripts. She has her art to protect. No goofy comedies or ill-advised remakes. All pictures of modest quality.

She thinks that she has become too comfortable. She is barely thirty. Other girls are trying to woo her audience away from her. None of yet shown the staying power. But there will be a day. She has to stay on her guard. One stupid move and the avalanche of bad publicity could overwhelm her.

In the back of her mind, she is lost in the unlit section of that restaurant. Sure she has her life. She has her Louis. But she has no idea. He could be the one: that same guy who she saw there a week ago. She's not sure how she'll survive here another night. She can only drink so much coffee and stay sane. If it keeps her awake, while she waits, it will only bring her home to a sleepless night.

She barely knows this boy. Only by sight. But she is living out the same illusion that feeds her career. Millions think that they know Jenna Davis. They have only seeing her on screen. Or if they are lucky, they have caught a glimpse of her from a distance at a public appearance. Or the lucky few have managed to squeeze their way to the front of the line at an autograph session.

"Miss Davis, Jenna..."

Or she gets the story of the girl who tells her how they talked in Omaha about shades of lipstick. Or the guy who took improv classes with her when she first came West. Or the man who talked for a total of fifteen minutes about the lighting in her first picture.

Then there are those who hope that she can perform miracles. The scripts that she's got in the mail. The proposals over the internet. All the "sick" hoping for a miraculous hospital

visit.

And then there is Jenna Davis trying to live out a scene from her own movie. And that might be her if she was willing to subject herself to all those sleepless nights. Or if she was willing to subject herself to all that frustration.

But she is not! Even if she had noticed someone at the restaurant, she would never believe that he had miraculous powers for her. She hates to admit it, but she has stopped believing in miracles.

And if Jenna Davis did believe, she would send someone else, an assistant, to do the dirty work for her.

She tells herself, "It's not the dirty work. That's what love is really about! That's what dreams are made of." Dreams, that feeling of anticipation as he finally comes in and sits down. Will she get up the nerve to say something. Or will she be a silly Sally just waiting there for the perfect intro to her mystery guy.

Fortunately, she doesn't have to care. She just falls asleep watching a movie.

The next day she gets a rather frantic call from her manager.

"It's me, Darling. There's some guy contacting the office. He told me that he knew you in Birmingham."

"So you got rid of him?" she asks.

"He was really insistent. He said that he lived with you. That he has a marriage license. You don't know anything about this."

"Did he give his name?"

"Aaron Silver."

The name sends shivers down her spine. She imagines a dark night where he fell down a flight of stairs. In her nightmares, she imagines pushing him. She thinks about it. There never was any license. Although she did take a blood test with him, and they made an appointment for a ceremony.

She thought that she has gotten rid of him once and for all. And here he is back to inflict more damage. She feels immune from this sort of crap. Maybe Darling should deal with it. Just keep all the BS away from her. Really, what can he do to get to her. If he tries to hard, she can always take it up with the police. She already has bodyguards to deal with this kind of creep.

She changes her mind. She agrees to see him. Maybe she can send him on his way once and for all. Even though she agrees to a meeting, she wants a pre-screening by Darling and her head of security. Darling calls back the next day.

"I met with him. He wants money. He claims to have photos that he's going to sell to Playboy."

Jenna inquires, "Even if he has photos, he has no rights to them. We can sue the hell out of him if he tries to print."

"That's what we said when we met him. But he claims that he's got permission and everything. He is so full of it."

Jenna offers her outlook, "I want to meet with him anyway. I need to set my mind straight. He's like the bogey man who always hides in the corner waiting to strike. I want to take him down once and for all." Aaron marks one of the worst episodes in her life. And she is glad that is a memory. If he had succeeded, he would have completely robbed her of her identity.

Eventually, he would have even taken away her life.

At that time, she didn't understand the power of sex. She didn't grasp how she could be attracted to a man who degraded her. She thought it OK to stay with him. She didn't give it a second thought to go back to him. That had been her life.

When she broke from Aaron Silver, she barely had a life. Now she feels that there is nothing about him that can touch her. She is so far removed from that past. She is sure that there are no real traces that can link her to that moment. But she wants to be sure. That is why she has agreed to the meeting.

For Aaron Silver, this is his fifteen minutes of fame. He is certain that he can leverage this thin opening into an eternity in the limelight. There is something psychotic about his vision. Worse, he has carried this plan with him until the right moment that he could spring it on her. He is sure that nothing will stand in his way. Little does he know that he barely stands a chance.

Aaron Silver has always endured the shadows. And he pulls the unsuspecting into the shadows. There he works his evil spells. He has been so good at seducing the innocent. He knows how to get in their minds. He makes them feel needed and wanted. All the while, he convinces them that he is their only savior.

His path is one of constant degradation. Jenna had felt her self slowly eroding. But she was always so desperate. It was as if she was looking for a monster like this to compensate for her sheltered existence. And the terror emerged from the shadows.

Everything that he was for her was something that she created. She allowed him to get close until the point that she begged for his company. It is so ugly just to reflect on these moments. But Jenna needs to prepare herself for the meeting.

When she sees Aaron in her manager's office, he is hardly the formidable creature that has haunted her nightmares. She almost breathes easier before he says a thing. More than ever, she realizes what she needs to do about this.

Darling has agreed to wait outside so the meeting is only the two of them. Of course, security is not far away.

"I've got these photos of you from our days together."

Jenna is very matter of fact. "Really. I don't remember them."

"Let me show them to you." His hands are shaking. He hardly seems the threatening guy of old. It is clear that the years have caught up with him. Nights of constant drunkenness have done little to keep him whole.

When she finally sees the incriminating shots, she feels like laughing. They are all blurred. You can hardly make out a face in any of them.

"I can't even tell if they are really me," she says. She continues, "And Playboy wants to pay for them."

"They haven't actually offered me money yet."

"Have they even seen them?" she asks firmly.

He shakes his head.

"This is a joke," she asserts. "There's nothing here. No one is going to publish them except for some cheap tabloid. Even then, you'll only get a couple of hundred dollars if you're lucky."

"Do you miss me?" he asks.

She doesn't say a thing. She doesn't know this creature. He's not a ghost from the past. Even at the worst, it is Jenna Davis who is haunting his dreams.

"Leave them with me. Leave me the photographs," she tells him. "I want them for old time sake."

He has been completely reduced to nothing. He slithers out of the office never to be heard from again.

Darling comes back into the office.

"There's going to be no Playboy. No nothing."

When Jenna gets home, Louis is not there. She pours herself a cognac and takes out the magnificent 8 by 10's. She holds them in her hand and tries to remember those horrific times. Then she takes a flame to the photos and watches them burn.

For the past few years, the intent has been to convey a calm surface. Even if there is turmoil swirling around Jenna's life, her manager works to portray a picture of tranquility. She selectively filters out the disastrous impact of scandals and out of control admirers. The more effort that has been expended on creating this image, the more Jenna has become accustomed to this vision of perfection. While storms brew around her, she subsists in a world untouched by heartache. This is no longer an imposition on her part. It is her reality through and through.

In order to maintain the cool surface, Jenna and her manager must play a constant game of damage control. Given Jenna's overall environment, the dramatic impact of this match of wits is hardly greater than a video game. Jenna uses these incidents as target practice for her sharpened intellect. The stress level for Jenna is virtually non-existent. Even in the midst of supposedly irritating situations, she is as cool as a cucumber.

Norman Amberson writes a script for Jenna. He knows a friend of her publicist and is able to get it directly into her hands. In a sense, that still isn't good enough as the script is terrible. Jenna barely remembers even reading it. In fact, she probably would have forgotten completely about the script if her manager wasn't contacted by Norman's wife Tammy. Tammy has a series of emails between Jenna and Norman that purport to show that the two of them were having an affair. In fact, Tammy alleges that Jenna tricked Norman into having the affair with the explicit purpose of stealing the script.

The allegation hardly addresses the execrable quality of the script itself. Jenna would have no reason to steal the script. But the emails provide evidence that would support Tammy's contention.

"Darling, this is a pack of lies."

"I don't even believe it myself. But she has those emails."

"They're forgeries. At best, I may have emailed him to say that I was going to pass on the script. I remember quite distinctly that I offered no judgement about its worth. I simply indicated my lack of interest. I have no doubt that they created the forgery based on that initial communication."

Darling offers her interpretation, "I think that the two of them are hoping to blackmail with these letters. They're going to ask for money on a threat to sue."

"There is no way that I am going to settle with that loser." She is enraged. She is also emboldened after her confrontation with Aaron.

"This is clearly a legal matter. I don't advise you to meet with her. Your attorney can

handle it.”

Jenna is adamant about her own strategy, “No, I think she is bluffing. They both are. We have to face them head on!”

“Are you sure that you want to do that?” Darling is trying to dissuade her to no avail. Jenna has made up her mind.

“Bring her in. I’ll make the time.”

By the time that the meeting finally occurs, Tammy is still holding to her version of the events. But she hasn’t gone face to face with Jenna. That will be the hard part.

Tammy is a little nervous. Being face to face with a major star is intimidation in itself.

“Ms. Davis, I love all your pictures. I wish that I didn’t have to trouble you the way that I do.”

For Jenna, the solution is too easy. She can drag her fat ass out of her manager’s office.

“Mrs. Amberson,” Jenna pauses. “Do you mind if I call you Tammy?”

“Of course not.” That of course is a major mistake. She is being set up for the knock out punch.

“Tammy, my dear. I’m sure that you must have been devastated when you saw these emails. You never suspected that he was capable of betraying you.”

Tammy doesn’t make sense of what is going on. She expresses dismay, “It was rather a surprise. I mean a shock. He hurt me.”

“Any woman would feel terrible after learning such news. I’m sure that you must have hated him.”

Her words are halting, “I love Norman. I mean I couldn’t imagine..” She can’t finish her sentence. Jenna is up in her face. But she has that sweet angelic look.

“You wanted to blame me. That’s what you’re trying to say, isn’t it, Mrs. Amberson? I mean Tammy.”

“I don’t know.”

“You were angry at him for what he did. And you didn’t know what to do. So you wrote these emails yourself.”

“Not myself. Not all myself.”

“He helped you?” asks Jenna.

She nods. Then she realizes what she is admitting. “No, he didn’t help me.”

“You wrote them all yourself.”

Tammy is crying. Jenna puts her arm around her. It seems that this is the last that she will hear about the email hoax. But Norman realizes that he has been outwitted. He has chosen his wife as his stand-in, and she has been dominated by superior reasoning.

Norman has few options left. But he knows that Jenna has read his script, and he still hopes to capitalize on this fact. He makes a valiant effort to go the legal route. Jack Shelby is Jenna’s attorney. He meets with her and Darling in the manager’s office.

Jack tell them both, “There is no way that his case will stand up in a court of law. He’s hoping to scare us into quickly settling before this gets out in the public.”

Jenna comes out swinging. She will take no prisoners! “Don’t we have a case of extortion?”

He answers, “Jenna, you’re technically correct. I think that we could easily get a

conviction. But it may be time consuming.”

Jenna has more to say on the subject, “He doesn’t know that it will take time. If he thinks that he might go to jail, then he’s going to just fold up his tent. He’s a lightweight. Look what he did. He sent his wife.”

The plan is twofold. Jack is going to contact the attorney about the possible criminal action. At the same time, Jenna is going to have her manager issue a public statement. To avoid any legal ramifications, nothing will be said about the Ambersons. But there will be a report that indicates someone has tried to threaten Jenna Davis in hopes of getting some money from her. The public reaction will be enough to muffle Norman Anderson.

A few months later, Tammy Anderson takes out a bill of divorcement against her husband Norman. Norman has to move from Los Angeles. Not only is he a failed script writer, but he is completely disgraced

Jenna receives loads of sympathetic mail. She completely preempted Norman’s scenario. Not only is he weak at portraying dramatic situations, he has no understanding of human motivation. He completely miscalculated with regards to Jenna Davis.

Jenna feels that she is on a roll. Her new picture paints her in such a friendly light. In the film, she seems so harmless in her search for love. Little does her public know that a wild tiger cat wanders the halls of her mansions. Watch out!

When Louis hears about all the hullabaloo, he feels that it is duty to hide. Jenna still hasn’t sunk her teeth into her prey, and he is the closest around. Maybe, he has something to be fearful of. Her eyes are wide open.

The two incidents almost make Jenna think that someone is behind all these calamities. In her mind, it could only be Sammy. Of course, it is evident that Norman and Aaron have nothing to do with Sammy. But it is tempting to consider that Sammy is part of a massive conspiracy against Jenna.

Jenna wonders what her fellow Alabaman is up to. She needs to do some detective work before she can set her mind at ease. It’s not as if Sammy has really done anything to upset Jenna. And she is hardly obsessed with the illustrious past of her compatriot. She just senses the little mosquito buzzing around now and then.

After her last picture with Vic did not become the expected hit, Sammy tried unsuccessfully to land a role in television. Producers complained that tests showed that she was not able to convey a wholesome image for viewers. Of course, Jenna has learned the actual nature of such images. The world could be falling apart around you. The trick is to convey to the public an utterly demure face.

Samantha was offered a soap opera. This would have meant adjusting the trajectory for her career. It would be questionable if she could make it back to major motion pictures. She has long since been abandoned by Vic. When he realized that she was no longer the rising star, he ran back to his wife for another round of tug of war.

Samantha has been able to survive on a host of minor roles. But she realizes that her career is teetering on the edge. What a better time to play the Jenna card. Although, what can Sammy dredge up at this moment. Jenna’s scandals are fast becoming a thing of the past. But somewhere faintly on Jenna’s horizon, Sammy still looms ready to do her nefarious deeds when the time comes.

For the past few days, Louis has been getting the weirdest phone calls. In fact, the woman on the line reminds Jenna so much of Sammy. It is highly unlikely that her new husband has had anything to do with Sammy. But this girl has all the false bravado and misplaced zealotry that were hallmarks of Sammy's character.

Jenna wonders why someone would be bothering her husband at home. The girl is bold. She hung up the first few times that she called. Jenna is sure of that. But then she started asking for Louis. She not only asked. She seemed to know exactly what Louis was doing. It's a mystery if she was so informed that she wasn't calling his cell.

When Louis gets home that evening, Jenna asks him about her.

"That's Monica Nelson. I met her while doing a design project. I think that she wants my help getting into pictures."

"She wants to be an actress."

Louis informs Jenna, "I don't know really what she wants. She's more of a pest. She's studied film in school when she did her work in graphic design. She has a couple of scripts.

Jenna inquires, "Is she trying to get to me through you?"

"No. I don't think so." Jenna listens to his story, but she knows that he's not telling all.

Louis never knew Jenna when she first came to California. But he has followed her career from the beginning. He was impressed with that purity that she seemed first to bring to the screen. And he has tried to tap into that original feeling that he associated with her personality. But in the year of their marriage, he has never passed beyond that surface. Jenna is even more controlled with him than she is with her public. And he has done everything that he can to burst through the shell. Now he has simply given up.

He has replaced his fascination with Jenna by more down to earth fancy. When he first sees Monica Nelson, he feels as if a falling star has just traveled in his midst. She has the spark that he imagined Jenna must have inspired in her early days. He is afraid to disturb such pristine wonder.

One day he helps her with a bunch of boxes that she has to take to the care. As he moves the final box into her trunk, he is barely a heaven's breath away from her lips. Louis is a dashing man only a few years older than Jenna. He could easily be a stand in for one of her elegant co-stars. So Monica feels the electricity from that distance.

Louis can hardly contain himself as he drives home. Jenna is out on a publicity appearance. When she returns, she is her usual passionless self. At this moment, he wishes that he could ignite the fire that he has seen burn on the screen. But he must console himself with the echoing whispers of Ms. Nelson. And they reverberate across the corridors of this lonely mansion.

Louis has been careful to hide his affection for Monica from his wife. And he has done his utmost to provide little evidence for Monica how he really feels about her. Nevertheless, she has discovered what seems like the ideal opening. Louis has hardly achieved any satisfaction from her. And already she is becoming a pest.

For Jenna's part, she has paid so little attention to Louis, that this flare up seems an inopportune time to let her emotions have their field day. Even if she is attracted to him, she is not going to let her jealousy be the source of her passion for him. Better to maintain proper appearances. This is so like her years in Birmingham.

If Jenna is going to be the model of perfection, that only creates the vacuum for another Sammy. And Monica fits that bill ideally. Louis is only a kiss away from losing any pretense at composure. Unfortunately. Monica may have crumbed the play with her insistent phone calls.

Jenna can expend no more energy on this matter. She has her own disaster brewing. She has her agent working on landing a coveted role in a new independent movie. As a bribe for his work, her agent is asking to have his daughter cast in the picture. Jenna could usually find some role as an extra for such a newcomer. But this is a small ensemble piece. There is really no place for a squeaky wheel.

Jenna has seen the girl's reel, and she is not impressed. She has agreed to a meeting and a possible reading. Terry is just out of UCLA. She has all the spunk that Jenna had when she started in pictures. But there is none of that unspeakable elegance. This is something that can hardly be taught. Jenna will not play the nursemaid to this girl. However, she feels obligated to do something.

"Paul, your daughter needs work. I have a great drama coach. He helped me ten years ago."

"I don't think that she needs more coaching. She just finished school. She needs real experience."

Jenna is not going to buckle. "You know that you can't get her a role in a major. So you're trying to work me for a favor."

"Jenna, I know that she's ready."

"Paul, you may have invested all that money in UCLA, but I'm not the one who's going to make it all pay off for you."

"Jenna, I've been your boy time and time again. You've got a problem, I'm the go-to-guy."

Jenna will not spare any feelings, "You're the go-to-guy. And you need to take care of it. I don't know what they taught her at UCLA. But it's not going to work in this picture."

He challenges her, "Are you going to fudge the deal just to stand up to me?"

She reminds him, "You're working for me. This has never been about doing favors for the family. I'm willing to do what I can to get her into shape. But she is not going to be signed up for this picture."

This minor irritation grows into a full-blown situation after Paul sneaks her into the deal. The pickle has soaked too long in the brine. There is simply no way that Jenna is going to countenance this. She considers dumping Paul as an agent. But he has done everything for her. She may be cold as ice, but she is loyal!

She realizes her quandary. For once, Paul has acted like a prick. She can't let him walk away unscathed. She has to mete out swift justice

Jenna is on the phone to Darling, "I could make it so bad for Terry that she'd just want to quit."

"Jenna, don't become the bitch that we love to hate. Do what your public expects."

She wonders to herself what that would be. Terry may never show the promise needed to carry a picture. To let her slide now would only be detrimental to her career. It would give her the false impression, which allows someone to succeed in Hollywood. Jenna can hardly compromise at this point.

She knows that her only recourse is the drama teacher.

She calls up Paul, "I'll accept your sneaky little move, but your kid is going to George Marsh whether you like it or not."

Marsh ends up being the perfect remedy. He exposes her weaknesses right off. As much as she tries, she cannot overcome her deficiencies as an actress. She commits herself to the classes. At the same time, she quickly realizes the rigors of the role are over her head. Jenna makes this abundantly clear by her own performance. Allowed to spread out in this indie context, she shows a mastery of technique that is just too overwhelming for Terry. If she found George's sessions exhausting, her time on the set with Jenna sends her into fits. She is touching parts of herself that are still too frightening to bear.

The situation actually backfires for Paul. The formerly appreciative daughter turns into the ambassador from hell. She condemns her parents for a life of empty materialism. Her emotional numbness has been exposed by the experience. She will have to flail around until she rediscovers her personality.

Jenna finally has her wish. Terry withdraws from the film and commits to George's tutelage. It is a relationship that can only benefit her in the end.

If only Monica Braverman could submit to such a court of public scrutiny. She continues to hear her cue. She is beginning to wonder if Louis has become deaf to her entreaties. It is not as if Jenna has discovered marital bliss. He just has resorted to his usual defenses. He's off for long afternoons on the golf course or evenings at the poker table. This doesn't mean that he doesn't suffer in the ordeal. But he again realizes the added benefits of remaining married to Jenna Davis.

Jenna is not so easily assuaged. Monica's very presence has opened up her former paranoia. If it's not Monica, it's Terry. Jenna feels that she is being assailed by all kinds of newcomers for her throne. It's not as if she can share her fears with Louis. He is almost a deadweight dragging her down into these minor skirmishes.

She almost feels like sitting down with Darling and discussing the relative pluses and minuses of her marriage.

She can hear herself talking, "Darling, it's like any investment. You need to sell it off when it's outlived its usefulness."

As an alternative, she could scout around for her own plaything. She is becoming quite embarrassed by her own desires. Is this what success has engendered?

Her new director is an appealing guy. But she is feeling too experienced to run off with another phantom in the night. She is hardly ready for pasture. But she's not going to play the home wrecker again. Where are the Vic Haygoods when she needs them?

She recognizes the game that you have to keep playing to survive. She's watched her colleagues live on that edge. There's always a new thrill to sustain their palates. And when the cheering stops, the gig is done. No wonder they all need more grief than one heart can take.

As a palliative, Jenna decides to drive out to Vegas. She can toss her fate to the wind. Due to construction and her bad timing, she gets caught in traffic jam. The cars sit in the desert for hours. When she finally makes it to her hotel room, she wonders why did she even bother. Here she is ensconced in the penthouse just as isolated as she is in Los Angeles. Is this what her getaway is about?

Louis comes home to an empty house and doesn't know what is going on. Jenna dismissed the housekeeper and didn't even call.

"If I can't do something on a whim, what am I?"

Of course, she doesn't include the fact that her whim means scoring the penthouse at once of the best hotels in the city.

"The casino is yours, Ms. Davis!" The words still ring for her as she takes a luxurious bath. She considers heading for bed afterwards. The drive has been arduous. But what a waste not to take advantage of the city that never sleeps.

She can hardly imagine spending the rest of the night haunting gambling tables. She wants some real entertainment. As she lies on the bed mulling her options, she can feel her eyes getting heavy. Maybe a short rest will do the trick.

By the time she finally wakes up, the sun is already peeking through her window. Jenna hardly relishes the drive back. She thinks about hopping a planes. Then she admits how spoiled she has become. The drive will be good for her.

She chooses automatic checkout. As the valet brings Jenna the car, he offers the final goodbye, "I hope that your stay has been pleasant in Vegas."

She says to herself, "Oh that's where I am."

Not for long. She mysteriously reappears back at her house. When Louis sees her, he asks where she's been.

"I picked up some guy at the supermarket and went back to his place and made passionate love."

"Oh!" he says without blinking an eye. It really is tough being Jenna Davis.