

7. TIME IS RUNNING OUT

Jenna becomes even more adept at donning her mask that shuts out the world. She needs it as the dominoes start to fall around her. Her pretend husband is even worse as a liar than he is as a husband. His tentative stabs with Monica turn into a full-blown affair. And he isn't too good at hiding it. Jenna has to do everything that she can to keep it out of the tabloids. A whiff of embezzlement and the fear of prison time are the only things that finally shake Master Louis from her clutches, and he crawls back under the rock where she first found him. There is no award received for a role played with such sharp strokes. His permanent retirement is a welcome sight.

Jenna needs to forget about the unfortunate incident. She decides to go East to see her parents. She is only in Tampa for a few days. She can only bear so long playing the daughter. Instead, she rents a place in the Keys for some thorough relaxation.

In the daylight she lets the tropical sun burn the poisons out of her. Her sweat is clean. In the evening, she takes long walks on the deserted beach. She is impressed by a world that runs on without her. She tries to catch it while she can. She loves the sand beneath her feet. She relishes the air free from smog. After almost a month away, she decides to go back to California.

On the way back, she misses her connecting flight in Atlanta. She is surprised when she sees Clayton waiting for the same flight as she is. It is even more of a coincidence when he is sitting next to her in first class. He is going out to LA on business.

For years he has sustained a fantasy about her in glorious color until the light from the projector just flickered out. In his twenties, he had been the star of his company leaping over other employees twice his age. Then his star just faded, and he sputtered on the runway. He never fulfilled that early promise. Maybe it was all for the best. He put aside ambition to marry at twenty-eight. He has been devoted to Aileen all these years.

As he sits next to Jenna, there is something in him that wants to relive their whirlwind.

"I felt terrible about it. For so long you had been everything to me. And then that part just dried up and died. And from that point on, you were no longer part of me. I felt as if something inside me died."

He continues his tale, "I never really said anything about you to my wife. She knew that we were friends in Birmingham. But that's as far as it went. In a way that's just what I had become. I could no longer bring myself to think about it

Clayton is an envoy from the world where marital bliss is more than an abstraction served daily as the pabulum concocted by jaded studio executives

"I've been very happily married for seven years now. I don't think my marriage can yet rival the luster of your career. But I am doing very well for myself."

She doesn't want to rain on his parade, but he seems to smug. He confesses, "I remember that I spent years living my life based on the nightly reflection from your window. I can still see that view as if I am looking at it right now. It is etched deep in my soul."

"I was a wild girl back then. It took me a while to settle down."

"You don't say," he comments. "I closed the book on that part of my life. Now I can feel the cover bending back for a second look."

She smiles as the attendant brings her a drink. "Is that what this is? A second look."

He moves his hand so it almost touches hers.

“You know that we never really broke up,” he tells her. “I just went away.” He hesitates. “What would happen if it all started up again?”

His lips are close to hers. She pulls back and sips from her champagne.

“You’re married Clayton.”

He gets that practical look, “Yes, I am.”

“It has been a long time,” she notes.

He edges forward in his seat, “What if we just kissed for old time’s sake.”

Jenna moves away so that she is now much closer to the window. “I think that it’s the champagne talking.”

He looks back at her, “Indeed, it is.” He becomes more reflective. “I love Aileen. There’s nothing that I love more. But there are times when I wish that my life took another path. Do you ever have those kind of regrets?”

“I don’t think that I can. I have too many other things to occupy my time.”

He wants to know more. She feels a little hesitant to say anything the way that things have been going. Thirty thousand feet in the air, she can hardly stand up and walk away.

Jenna closes her eyes for a few moments. If only she has her manager here so that Clayton could be ushered out of her dressing room. Session over.

She turns to him, “Do you have a picture of your wife?”

He reaches in his wallet and hands the photo to Jenna.

“She’s a very striking woman. You’re a lucky guy. Clayton.”

He nods back, “Thanks.”

There’s almost something familiar about her, but she can’t place it. As Jenna talks to Clayton, she remembers the betrayal with Sammy. She feels that she never really trusted him after that. She just couldn’t. Things just go too haphazard after that. Even Jenna’s affair with Vic had its roots in that event.

What would it be like if she kissed him? Not that much different than if she kissed the guy on the other side of her seat. She stopped carrying a torch for Clayton long ago.

“I remember when we first met in the Chick-Filet. You were with that friend of yours.”

He strategically does not name her. But he’s said enough already. He is a little too obvious. His liaison with Sammy was simply a piece of revenge on his part. He has always lived his attraction for her in his head.

“I think that I was immensely hurt when you turned me down that first time. You were the world to me.”

Jenna isn’t sure what to say to him. She can tell that he is trying desperately to relive their time together. She is not taking the bait.

“I was just a silly girl now,” she states succinctly. He isn’t sure what she really means. Is she telling him that she missed out on the true love of her life? That’s what he wants to hear. He almost feels that he has been called to the podium from the back of the room for the award of a lifetime.

He stares at her and asks her point blank, “Do you still miss me?”

She does not mince her words, “If I was the same person, I might. There has been so much that has happened in my life since then. It’s not just about you. Things that have nothing

at all to do with my life in Alabama.”

She wonders what her legacy would be if the plane went down at this moment. It is a chilling thought. She feels more or less at peace. But Clayton is trying to bring up a time where there was none of that serenity.

He tries his play again, “And if we just kissed for old-time’s sake.”

“Clayton, that’s not my life anymore. If it was, I probably would have gone insane with all the disasters that have happened since. It’s like trying to teach someone acting. The real lessons come in actually doing the roles. All the teaching is only a preparation. And you eventually just put away things that you learned if they don’t apply.” She realizes that she has been speaking quite a bit. But she clearly changes the subject from his hoped-for kiss.

It is becoming clear what his game is. And he really is a naughty boy. There may have been a time when Jenna may have meant the world to him. Now, all that has changed. It is obvious that he does this kind of thing all the time. He tricks unsuspecting women into that first kiss. A little alcohol and overwhelming guilt is always the perfect cocktail to encourage these women to throw caution to the wind. He is the perfect story for every occasion.

“Do you ever feel any shame?” asks Jenna. She is gambling. She still has to sit with him for another hour and a half.

“Shame, how?”

“That catting around has become your only source of any real achievement in your life.”

He becomes a little anxious. “What are you talking about?”

“What you’re doing with me right now. The kiss me cause I’m bad routine. I’m not a teenager anymore. You can’t make me guilty about sex. You’re just not that appealing anymore.”

“What are you saying, Jenna?” He is not believing what he is hearing.

“You must really hate your life. Because mature women don’t really find this kind of thing appealing.”

“Explain.” He has egg all over his face.

“What’s really sexy, Clayton, is a man of true character.” He feels the blood rushing to his head as if he is going to be punished.

“I have character.”

“You have a wife at home who probably loves you with all her heart. Here you are trying to get a former flame into bed. I’m not going to be compromised like that. She shouldn’t either. As for you, there’s not much that can be done for you.”

He empties his glass. He is visibly shaken. He wants to insult her. He is at a loss for words.

“Clayton, I’ve done so many movies that I’ve got really good at scripts. Maybe I could give you some lines.”

He is still flabbergasted, “You really didn’t say that?”

She laughs. “Or course. I did!”

He is doing his best to recover the romantic pose. He has never been as thoroughly humiliated. Now he realizes how much he has overshot the mark. He wonders how he can survive the rest of the ride. He tries to be as diplomatic as possible.

“Maybe we just got off on the wrong foot. I’m sorry if I’ve been a little forward.”

“Regret is a most ideal aphrodisiac. I’m simply not buying it.”

Clayton is miffed, “You won’t even accept my apology.”

She is playing the lawyer with him, “When you say that you’re sorry you have to really mean it. Offer some token to represent your commitment for future reparations.”

“Flowers. You want flowers.”

“Clayton, you’re trying to engage me in a mind game again. That’s what got you in this whole mess.”

“I don’t get it. You’re just too smart for me.” He mocks her.

“You’re a little twit! You always were a twit. I didn’t know any better. I was just an ornament for you. Something that you could own. And when it got too real for you, you ran.”

He objects, “You had all these other guys around.”

“What would you have done if I hadn’t had them? You would have just tried to tell me what to do. It doesn’t work that way!”

He becomes incensed, “I just did what I could. You barely gave me a chance.”

“I couldn’t fit your ideal image. I couldn’t be what any of you guys wanted. I had my own life to live. And that’s what I did.”

Her confrontation is more extreme than she thought it would be. But she feels much better about it all. He slumps in his chair; she settles back and enjoys the rest of the flight.

“I’ll have another glass of champagne.”

Maybe Jenna did lead Clayton on when she was younger. But he has learned to live off that hurt for his own advantage. For once, he has hit a wall with that compact strategy that he has developed.

He gets off the plane before she does. She takes her time. He doesn’t even look back to say good bye.

As she drives home, Jenna realizes that there is no one in the world that is waiting for her to return. It gives her a deep sense of regret. She doesn’t want a quick fix from the Claytons in the world. That would only mean more heartache. But it is tough coming back to an empty house. Even Louis held out some promise for a while.

She has achieved her success by becoming a fantasy for so many of her fans. That has only helped her live more of a real life for herself. She is ready to accept that challenge.

In talking with Clayton, Jenna real fear was remembering the potent hold that Sammy had held in those early years. Sammy was never afraid to explore. Her experimental side often meant damn the consequences. Jenna always felt the fall out from Sammy’s escapades. In the back of her mind, she almost believed that there was Sammy planning another way that she could mess with Jenna’s life.

Now she is immune from Sammy even more than Clayton. Jenna feels that she has one more hurdle to overcome. She wants to direct her own film. She’s noted other actors who have directed their own film. And there have been a slew of directors who have played characters in their own works. She just needs a good script to make it happen.

Paul catches wind of her plans to direct, “Are you crazy, girl? I’ve got you set to star in a Mason Rhodes picture.”

Jenna doesn’t want to give in, “You can put that on hold for now. I’ve got my heart set on directing.”

“The film’s in pre-production. It’s going to be a blockbuster.”

Jenna considers postponing the idea of directing. But there will always be some other pressing commitment. She hasn’t even signed a contract for Mason Rhodes. If he can’t wait, then just let him get someone else. She’s worked up to this point for just the opportunity to direct.

Paul asks, “Do you even have the money for your film?”

“I’ve been arranging investors for the last six month.” She is hiding the fact that she has nothing in stone. She’s has some interest in her project, but nothing has firmed up. She’s going to need a lot more in writing if she’s ever going to fend off the offer from Rhodes.

She figures the selling point of her picture is the script. It’s a psychological horror film about a woman who thinks that her ex-lover is trying to kill her. She’s cast Terry in the role of the woman. The hapless girl has finally attained the requisite skills to carry a picture on her own. Just to be sure, Matt Simcoe has been enlisted as the detective in the tale. Simcoe’s presence is sufficient to guarantee a return on the quite modest investment.

Paul eventually agrees to go along. It doesn’t hurt that Terry has been cast in the film. “I’m not going to stand in your way. But don’t blame me that this doesn’t work out.”

She has her work cut out for her. First she has to get her investors to finally agree to do the picture. Then she has all the pre-production. She has brought on an old friend, Jay Masters to help produce the film. Jenna will get Executive Production credit. Jay will make sure that the film as a whole will be a success.

As the film gets closer to actual shooting, Terry starts to get cold feet.

“What if I’m not good enough?”

Jenna starts to question her own judgement about Terry. She gets a little haughty. “I should have cast myself,” is what she tells herself.

She actually says to Terry, “You’re a natural. I’ve know that you’ve had it from the beginning.”

Of course, she’s always thought the opposite. It has only been only hard work that has transformed Terry into the actress that Jenna now needs to make her movie a success.

Midway during shooting it seems that they may not finish the picture. One of the investors has had some economic problems, and he might have to pull out. Shooting is put on hold for three weeks until he recovers solvency During that period Jenna questions why she even undertook the project in the first place. The Mason Rhodes picture would have created none of this stress.

When they get going again, Jenna’s fears dissipate. In a critical scene in the picture, the detective realizes that the lover is dead and the girl is persecuting herself. He has fallen for her and is unable to maintain his professional distance. Terry is perfect at conveying her character’s confusion.

When the film debuts, Jenna avoids reading the reviews. When she first started acting, she would buy every newspaper or magazine that even mentioned her name. But now she feels that her identity is really riding on this project. It’s not just about ego.

Jenna has a meeting with her manager, Darling, at her office. After she is finished, she walks through the hallway to the elevator. The hallway is not that well lit, an old building. She seems to recognize someone coming out of the shadows.

The person yells at Jenna, "You always needed me, didn't you?"

"What do you mean?" asks Jenna.

"I was your compass. You needed me to succeed. I made you. I made you impossible to love!"

"Who the hell are you?"

She comes closer. It is none other than Samantha Greer.

"From that first day, that you thought good and hard about boys, you needed my guidance." Samantha is smiling. She comes closer to Jenna. "Give your old friend a hug."

Jenna moves back.

"There's no going back, Samantha."

"It's me, honey. I'm the one who's always been there for you. I heard about that little run in with Clayton on the plane. He's always been a prick as far as I was concerned,. That's why I took him down just like I brought down Beau. I wanted to leave no illusions for you."

"I've always thought that was a shitty thing to do. But then there's never been much recommending you."

"What did you say?" Sammy perks up.

"I call them like I see them. You've always been pretty much of a bitch towards me. How else could I call it?"

"I'm your friend, Jenna."

Jenna answers back, "With friends like you, I don't need an executioner."

"I'm here to help."

Jenna wonder why she is in the building, "Are you following me?"

"No, Jenna. The world doesn't revolve around you. I've just come from my therapist. I am trying to get my life in order just like you. You know the whole deal, getting rid of excess baggage".

Jenna wants to be sympathetic. But the therapy doesn't seem to be working. Sammy seems to be more incorrigible.

Jenna inquires, "I haven't heard about you in a while. Have you been OK?"

"Things haven't been perfect. But I'm still alive. And I'm not in the poor house. And I've never been in rehab. So I guess things are hunky dory."

"Are you working in pictures?"

"Now and then. I'm doing a biopic of the great Jenna Davis."

"No you're not!"

"Yeah, I am. You're going to love it."

Samantha is so obnoxious. She'll do anything that she can to get under Jenna's skin.

"Are you alone now?"

Sammy cuts close as is her style, "I hear that your man left you for his secretary."

Jenna doesn't let it phase her, "She was actually sort of a tramp like you."

"Is that any way to treat a friend from way back?" Sammy makes a hurt face.

"You've always been dirt to me. I just call them like I see them. Sammy, you haven't changed You've just learned bigger words to hurt the way that you used to."

"You could help me. What should I tell my shrink that might have an effect on me?"

"You could cut out your tongue to start." Jenna gets a big smile on her face.

“I thought that this might be a friendly meeting.”

Jenna answers, “You have been following me!”

“No. This is merely coincidental. It’s just that I’ve been thinking about this moment for years. Planning what I would say to you.” Sammy waves her hands in the air as she talks.

“Really to be honest with you, nothing that you’re telling me has very much insight. If you were going to plan something to say, you should have done a better job,” Jenna is firm with her.

She has a comeback, “How did you like my entrance from the shadows?”

“I thought this was a coincidental meeting.”

“It is.”

Jenna asks, “I still can’t figure out about Clayton. Where did you run into Clayton?”

“I didn’t say anything about running into Clayton? You ran into him,” Samantha reiterates.

“But how do you know that?”

“What do you mean, Jenna?”

“How could you know that? Sammy, how could you know that?” Jenna keeps repeating the same thing over and over again. Jenna is feeling dizzy. She is trying to reach for Sammy, but she can’t get up. She can’t move a muscle.

Jenna is slowly waking up. She had trouble falling to sleep. It is strange waking up to Sammy. Jenna rubs the dream from her eyes.

Sammy’s return as a character from a horror film takes Jenna aback. Jenna could have used this technique in her own film. Jenna always felt haunted by Sammy. But Sammy was never able to focus her weirdness as authoritatively as she did in the dream.

Jenna realizes that it was much easier to dismiss Clayton from her experience. Sammy has been hanging around in the back of her mind waiting for that moment to resurface. She probably would have tried something in real life if Jenna wasn’t so much bigger now. Sammy would have trouble just getting close to Jenna. But the Sammy ghost is still haunts the halls of Jenna’s house. If Jenna headed back to Birmingham, would Sammy be waiting on some familiar corner for a final rumble?

Coincidentally, she does run into Sammy at premiere. She looks nothing like the superhero in Jenna’s dream. She wears glasses and dresses in a very reserved fashion. Tight collars and bulky layers.

“Great to see you, Jenna. I’m glad that you’re doing so well.” Sammy gives her a big hug. She is no longer showing off.

Jenna questions her, “What are you doing with your life?”

“I’m married. I’ve got a small boy, Diggs. He’s with his father right now. And I teach acting classes. It’s not the wild life that I might have hoped for, but it’s good for me.”

“You look great.”

“Talk about looking great. You look stupendous. I read all about the film that you directed. I’m really looking forward to it. All my students know that we grew up together. I’d love to have you come talk to them sometime.” Sammy hands Jenna her card. She hugs her again. They say their goodbyes and part.

Sammy is not the same person. She is genuinely contrite. Her years have given her a

maturity. She hasn't lived her life with any resentment of Jenna.

Jenna almost wishes for the bully of her childhood. It might have offered a way out of the malaise that Jenna continues to experience. But there is little that Samantha can do to make sense of Jenna's world. There is no one-on-one showdown to bring it all into perspective to overcome out there. Jenna has to face the phantoms that wander her own own corridors. The echoes are deep and long.

Already Terry is receiving acclaim for Jenna's film. She has the makings of a real career.

"What should I do now?" she asks. She has done another indie film since Jenna's finished post.

"You're doing the right thing. Take it slow. Build a career. Don't worry about blockbusters. Make your father work for you. You need the right scripts."

Terry is eager. She can taste her success. She wants to act out her adolescent crushes.

Jenna advises her, "The reality is never as good as your imagination. It leaves you open to letting some guy take advantage of you. Take my advice, dear. You've got all the tools of the trade. Develop. You see how much work you had to do getting ready for our picture."

"I want to work with you again, Jenna."

Jenna feels as if she is counseling her own daughter. "You'll just get typed if you keep working with me."

"No, we can do something really good."

Jenna thinks about Terry's proposal for a long time. Jenna wants to get back to acting. It has been tough making the transition to director. But Terry's proposal is attractive. Jenna settles on a compromise. She will do both.

In her latest picture, she and Terry will play two sisters. The younger sister feels in the shadow of her older sibling. She does everything that she can to sabotage the career of her older mentor. Jenna's character has always cherished her sister. She does not want to believe that this is happening to her. The film is just this side of horror as the drama moves into very threatening psychological territory. Terry's character is clearly on the edge.

For this film, Jenna has brought on board a well known cinematographer. The film is going to be very moody, and Jenna wants to do her best to communicate this feeling. Sven Rabin is partial to soft lighting. It will give an ethereal, almost dream-like quality to the picture.

Jenna is starting to take an active role in Terry's life. It again makes her think that she wants children. Even talking to Sammy has reminded her of that desire. But she can't think about that too much while she is the midst of directing a picture. She puts off resolving the issue until another time.

Jenna is directing a crucial scene between her and Terry. It is a scene where the identities of the two sisters dissolve into each other. There is something about the drama of the moment that is too much for Jenna. She gropes in the darkness for some sense to the scene. She draws a blank. Her AD calls for a cut. Jenna stands silent before the entire crew.

"I don't know what's come over me."

After a couple of more takes, she can't get back into character. She calls it quits for the day.

Jenna feels that she is losing her drive. A vague hollowness is affecting her. She's had moments like this before. But nothing so intense. She feels that she is almost two people. And

she can feel that other personality refusing to do the role. It's not as if she's feeling overshadowed by Terry. But she does sense that her personality is like a star that is losing its potency. She is trying to shine with more brilliance. It is hardly a resplendent night for her.

There is part of her that doesn't want to return to the set. She thinks about all the people depending on her. She dismisses it all as silly incident.

In the morning, she barely has the motivation to go back. She fears a replay of the night before. She realizes how Darling might coax her back into the routine. But she doesn't want to go down that road.

She is on the set before everyone except the AD. She pulls her AD aside. Trevor doesn't think that the fears are worthy of much concern.

"You don't know how hard it was to sleep last night."

"It happens to me on every picture that I do. It's just fatigue. You can't get your mind outside of the same walls day after day. It's all the more difficult when you have to act the part. You just become something else."

She wonders how Trevor ever discovered this about the actor. Simply experience. She is not going to leave the set. She has never pulled a tantrum while working. Her morning coffee perks her up a bit.

When they finally do the scene, no one remembers what happened the day before. No one recognizes her fear. She transfers all her trepidation to the character. It is played with such understanding.

Once shooting is complete, she still has months of work to do just to get the picture ready for the festivals. And then there are the appearances. She knows that she is going to be exhausted. But even with the eventual success of her second attempt at directing, she knows that she finally needs some time off. This time a month or so will not cut it. She is going to take a year away from the business.. She wants to go somewhere that knows nothing about Jenna Davis.

Darling helps her find a place in the Mediterranean. She senses that she is going back to her primeval roots. This is where the voices of tragedy originate in the nighttime breezes. Temptation waits on the shifting temperature as the psyche burns hot and cold!

If Jenna Davis had felt disoriented on the set, now she is forced to give in to a greater sense of alienation. She realizes that the problem is not her feeling, but the desire to make sense of it all. She learns a new kind of being living on the island. It is elemental, stripped to the basics.

She learns to respond to the extremes of hot and cold. She walks in the rain until it soaks through all her pores. She embraces the strong wind. She walks barefoot on the sharp rocks. She becomes a spirit.

After six months, she is almost unrecognizable. She has her hair cut short. Her muscles pull taught against the bones. She has cast off all the waste from her years of living in the city. She is reborn, alive in a new way.

With her new vision, she can hardly think about running back to do movies. It has already been three months alone here. She refuses to go back. Offers are coming in right and left. They want her to direct. They want her to star.

Instead, Jenna wants to write. She is writing her story. It begins as a journal. But then it

becomes more than that. It is sheer poetry. It is her life.

She is learning to use language again. This time it is no longer her mother tongue. It is the babble spoken by the gods. And she understands in new ways. She writes so the pen etches its form onto the page. The words are something concrete like stones along the wayside. She picks them up and arranges them to point to way of her journey.

In the morning she reads aloud what she has written the night before. It is ritual. It is her mass. She communes with the dead. She live through their exploits.

A storm comes and batters the island. Inside she can feel herself battling the demon.

When she finally returns to America, it is not entirely a welcome return. Her journey of recovery is only beginning.

Darling remarks when she sees her, "You look so thin."

And she does.

Jenna doesn't want to deal with the press. She wants to go home and hide. Whatever possessed her to come back. Sure, her time away was only temporary.

To put her back in the right frame of mind, she decides to view her recent film. She hasn't looked at it since the festivals and her departure for Europe.

Two girls race in a field few of daffodils. When they finally stop, the younger one asks, "Why don't you ever let me catch up to you?"

"The only way that I can let you catch up is if I slow down. But if I slow down, I can never catch the person that I am chasing."

The younger one doesn't understand, "I don't see anyone in front of you."

"Exactly, she has run so fast that we can't see her anymore."

"I never saw her."

"That is because you don't believe."

Jenna falls asleep before the film is over. And her dreams start to blend with the movie. She is again confronted by Sammy. Not the reformed Sammy, the vicious Samantha of old.

"So you're back to change the world. Another actor who thinks that she's found spiritual enlightenment."

Jenna maintains, "My life has changed."

"It's not as if you were a deep philosopher who came to understand some mystery of life. It wouldn't have been much different if you had gone to Cabo and came back with a sun tan."

"Sammy, why are you making fun of me?"

"You're laughable. Now you're playing a religious mystic. What's it going to be next? Goddess? You're a joke."

"I'm just trying to be myself for all that it's worth."

"You sound like an ad for a health club."

She is a little silly. But she is not going to give up to Sammy. Once, it become clear that it is a dream, Jenna is able to beat back the mythical Samantha. However, the experience gives her pause for thought. She hardly wants to go at like Monroe or Mansfield.

"I don't want to be the next Greta Garbo," she tells herself. But it's not as if she can just go out in public without being mobbed. She may have come to a new realization about herself. But the world has yet to catch up.

She is afraid of becoming a *Norma Desmond* holed up in her mansion watching her old

movies. She wants to live.

Fortunately, Jenna completes her book. She has to prepare for book tours now. The book is a great success. Critics highlight the spiritual side of the work. They compare it to a work of philosophy. It is a journey inside the self.

When she is in Detroit at a book store, a young girl approaches. She's about twelve or thirteen.

"I read your book, Ms. Davis. I loved it. I have a younger sister. And it just reminded me of her. She follows me everywhere I go. I can't have my own friends. I can barely get any privacy."

So the story continues. There is a whole new generation that is even more devoted to Jenna. She is no longer just an actress. She is way more than a celebrity or a personality. She is closing in on that special *Pantheon*.

When she gets back to Los Angeles, she finally realizes how far she has traveled from her first days in the city. She is barely recognizable from those early days. The spirit has finally taken possession of those frail bones. She is strong. Now there is nothing that she won't try.

She thinks back to that one role where she became proficient at--playing the sax. Now she has assumed all the attributes as a seer. She still faces the agony that her brand of enlightenment may only be a pose. Sammy's warning echoes back to her. There is no one walking behind her to reassure her. The ghosts have all vanished in thin air.

Jenna reflects on the images from her last film. She really did appear ghostly. When she looks in the mirror, she checks to see the blood flow. She can't possibly be as pale as in those images.

She is a little dizzy. She braces herself in her chair. All this will pass. Jenna Davis will take to the screen again.