

POSTCARDS FROM AMOR

Screenplay draft outline
for development.(17 pages)

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FADE FROM BLACK.

CHYRON TITLES: POSTCARDS FROM AMOR.

INTRO: FROM SPACE. C.U OF EARTH.

Several comets heading into various countries and locations.

INT. APT. NIGHTTIME. Victoria, B.C. August 1987.

(Camera pulls back to reveal a framed picture hanging on an apt wall. We pan living room and settle on a blank t.v screen. A young couple live here. But we never see their faces).

NANCY'S VOICE.

Honeyy !

(Camera continues its journey around apt. Newspapers on an empty couch. It's a messy friendly typical suburban apt)..

HARRY'S VOICE.

Coming dear.

We see wife's backside and legs blocking out the t.v.).

NANCY

It's starting any minute.

HARRY.

Yes dear.

(There has been a messy accident with a large carton of dip. Now on the floor by the fridge. Nancy's shapely legs and backside walking into kitchen).

NANCY.

Oh. Harry. Let's clean that up later. The program is on.

(Four legs and shoes in kitchen. She comes walking out, he follows. She picks up remote and hits button).

NANCY. (cont.)

You've got to watch this.

(Low camera over back of sofa. (Two of them sit down. O.S Back of heads and shoulders in front of t.v.). Slow zoom into t.v screen titles: 'The Ross Murdoch Investigation News Hour').

(V.O. ANNOUNCER AND STATION I.D.).

DISSOLVE: EXT. PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

(Busy traffic at the inner harbour with the parliament buildings in background).Meet
Ross Murdoch Investigative reporter for CKYN. Television)

ROSS MURDOCH:

Recently, something happened that shook the community of this beautiful island city and will no doubt, be a subject of controversy for some time to come. You are going to meet people who bear witness to an incredible series of events. Years after his demise, Amor De Cosmos, an eccentric and controversial local personality has suddenly resurfaced. What cannot be explained is that this once influential citizen died over a hundred years ago. A practical joke ? A bizarre conspiracy ? Or, perhaps, a genuine supernatural event ?

FADE TO BLACK. SOUND OF A PARTING TRAIN).

FADE UP TO RE-ENACTMENT* SEQUENCE 1.

(The Arrival of Amor).

EXT. RAILROAD. ESQUIMALT. DAYTIME

Smoke clearing to reveal a pair of remarkably shiny black patent shoes by the railroad tracks. Shoes begin to step over track accompanied by ornate walking stick. A tall distinguished bearded man, impeccably dressed in formal grab circa 1860.

Stepping across the tracks of the Esquimalt Railroad. He crosses street, ignoring traffic. Heads for 'Barney's' Cafe.

(C.U. hand turning door latch. Amor enters fade end re-enactment sequence 1).

ROSS MURDOCH:

Here is where the owner/ operator of Barney's, a pit-stop popular with blue collar workers and serving greasy spoon breakfasts encountered our visitor from the past.,

FADE INTO RE-ENACTMENT SEQUENCE 2.

Meeting between Barney Tyler and AMOR.

INT. BARNEY'S CAFE. DAYTIME.

Busy lunch-time crowd.

BARNEY TYLER: (V.O.).

Well it was near the end of our lunch-time when I saw

this strange looking character crossing the railroad tracks. Our last customer had just left when he marched in the door. I thought he was straight out of one of these costume events, like he was dressed for Halloween a little early, if you ask me. So I said, 'What can I do for you ?. We're just closing.' ...I don't think he heard me or at least he didn't seem to, he just nodded, smiled, and said, 'Pleased to make your acquaintance. My name is Amor de Cosmos'. He looked back out of the window at the railroad tracks and said, 'How gratifying to see one's work still running smoothly after all this time.'

EXT. ESQUIMALT . AFTERNOON

Children playing near railroad tracks. We hear Barney continue telling about the meeting (v.o.)

DISSOLVE BACK TO LIVE INTERVIEW.

BARNEY TYLER:

He told me my grandfather, Sosthenes Driard sent regards. Happy to see me carry on the family business. 'Contented stomachs start no wars and resist attacks.'. At first, I thought 'this one's fresh from the nut factory'. Said he had known my grandfather very well. They'd been friends 150 years ago ...well, I never knew my grandparents, or even my parents because I was left on the doorstep when I was about 2 weeks old. It was kind of spooky because he looked at me and it was like he knew what I was thinking. Then he turned and walked out the door. I watched him disappear over the tracks. Then I found this on the counter.

C.U. ON POSTCARD SHOWING AMOR AND BARNEY MEETING.

BARNEY TYLER (V.O. CONT).

And let me tell you, I don't believe in ghost stories, they only happen in the movies. But this character was larger than life and definitely worth the price of admission.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. ALHAMBRA PUB. LATE AFTERNOON.

Glenda Farrell 35 year old barmaid with a great body is at work. Business is slow.

LIVE INTERVIEW GLENDA FARRELL.

GLENDA FARRELL

Just finishing my shift and this weird dude comes in the door. The place is almost empty. So he sits at that table overthere and starts banging his walking stick on the floor.

FADE INTO RE-ENACTMENT SEQUENCE 3. (MEETING BETWEEN GLENDA AND AMOR).

(GLENDA'S V.O. Cont.).

I shot him a 'screw you' look, but he just smiled and called me over. Then he asked me to sit down.....

(more)

Started talking about my grandmother. Can you believe Lulu Sweet? She also had friends with names like Loretta LaRoc and Liverpool Jack. Quite the times and she was quite a girl. My family always told me I looked like her. And I do remember seeing an old photo once. But this guy claimed he knew her.

DISSOLVE BACK TO LIVE VIDEO INTERVIEW.

...Said she had worked for a good friend of his as a barmaid at the local hotel, in 1860. Now I get to meet a lot of wackos in this job but whatever anyone else tells you, I can let you know this. He might have been crazy. But as far as he was concerned, it was the truth. I got up to buy him a beer. Turned around and he was gone. I found this on the table. But I never saw him or anyone else take the picture.

C.U POSTCARD OF GLENDA AND AMOR TALKING. EXT.

ALHAMBRA HOTEL. EARLY EVENING

Ross Murdoch continues reporting outside the Alhambra pub on Government St).

ROSS MURDOCH;

We later found out, Sosthenes Driard, Lulu Sweet and Amor de Cosmos, were indeed contemporaries. Sosthenes owned the Driard Hotel, the building you see behind me. He was a corpulent Frenchman of renown. A superb chef with a taste for celebrating life. And his hotel, 'The Colony' once stood on this spot and served as the popular meeting spot for gossip and relaxation. Lulu Sweet by all accounts was never far from his side. This was a rough and ready town.

(Archive pictures)

ROSS MURDOCH; (cont)

Full of opportunistic dreamers and disillusioned gold miners. Amor became a popular figure. A lively mind with a quicksilver tongue. He had started 'The Colonist' a newspaper that loved to poke fun and ridicule the establishment whenever it could, which meant, every issue. It was avidly read among the working class, splattered with anecdotes and

advertisements for outrageous remedies and tonics, always took the side of the underdog and promoted union with the mainland and the rest of Canada.

INT. PARLIAMENT BUILDING, MORNING.

Charles Helmcken, a young aspiring politician from an established local family, is seated in a well furnished study recalling stories he had been told as a kid.

CHARLES
HELMECKEN

He was a constant pain according to my great uncle Sebastian. An ambitious egotistical maniac. Able to promote his opinions with an entertaining and clever tongue. He couldn't resist any occasion to use it. James Douglas, Confederation and the audacity of the Americans were his favourite topics. Douglas and the Hudson Bay Company, in particular, became the target of his scorn. When he sold the Daily Colonist to enter politics, that was his unravelling. The newspaper was later to fall into the hands of the Douglas camp and Amor found himself on the other end of the stick. His popularity among the people turned out to be a fair weather friend. He ended up a lonely and pathetic figure wandering the streets, randomly attacking people for little reason. He soon became subject of ridicule, half crazy and always drunk. But say what you will, he was a leader of Confederation in the truest sense. A man of vision, who fought for his beliefs.

(Archive photos)

However, when the appointed Fathers of Confederation got on the train to Ottawa, he wasn't on board. Uncle Sebastian offered to step down in recognition of Amor and his contribution. But Sir James wouldn't hear of it. Bitter enemies taste sweet revenge.. Just that passing glance brought back all the stories I heard as a child. I am sure it was him.

FADE INTO RE-ENACTMENT SEQUENCE 3.
(The meeting between Amor and Helmcken).

INT. THE HALLS OF PARLIAMENT BLDG.

Walking down hallway in legislature building we see Charles Helmecken and figure approaching from the opposite direction.).

(They pass closely) CUT:

(NOD TO NOD) CUT: (EYE

TO EYE).

C.U. (HELMECKEN'S REACTION.).

BACK TO LIVE INTERVIEW

CHARLES HELMCKEN:

When I realised, I turned around. He'd disappeared. I went back along the hall to catch up with him but not a trace. But I found this postcard on the ground, picked it up and saw his signature on the back of it.

C.U. POSTCARD

DISSOLVE BACK TO ROSS MURDOCH.

He is standing in the halls of the legislature near wall plaque commemorating Amor's term in office.

ROSS MURDOCH:

Amor was quite a politician in his day. He was to become 2nd premier of the province, never appointed to any office by his peers, he was always elected or defeated by the popular vote. Still his eccentric attitude and arrogant opinions kept a lively activity going on in political matters. He is known for the longest speech in history of the legislature. There are tales of drunken eloquence, speeches delivered from makeshift platforms on token subjects, tears of passionate conviction, pathos and rage. He was thrown off bridges, beaten up in the streets. Laughed at for 'blackening' his hair with boot polish and later - wild eyed and demented, hair dyed bright green, he would babble at people on the street until finally they certified him. He was put in the care of his brother, Charles McKay and Dr J. Sebastian Helmcken.

DISSOLVE TO RE-ENACTMENT. ELIZABETH ROBINSON (V.O.)

(Liz Robertson 18 years old, aspiring actress, rock star, poet and dreamer; her hair is brightly dyed purple and orange)

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

I was walking along the beach blasting iggy pop on my walkman watching the crows and seagulls picking mussels out of shells.. I started walking up these long stairs from the beach and there he was sitting on the rock, smiling at me. The first thing he said was he liked the way I looked. Nobody over 30 has ever said that to me. I asked him where he was from. He said this was his favorite part of this particular world. But being a time-traveller meant he could be anywhere he chose within certain limitations. So not the average person you meet around here. And obviously a little cuckoo. Talked about having been down to California and back that morning because he'd lived there over 150 years ago. Apparently that's where he'd decided to

change his name from Bill Smith to Amor de Cosmos. Lover Of The Universe. One word Latin, one word French, one word Greek. From Bill Smith to Lover Of The Universe. Can you imagine walking around with a name like that 150 years ago ? Might be neat. I think I'll change mine from Elizabeth Robinson to Collette Piaf... and then just time-travel to Paris. And he left me this as a souvenir.

C.U POSTCARD SELFIE AMOR AND ELIZABETH.

V.O. of Elizabeth continues over freeze frame).

He knew more than I did about my older relatives. Said he had seen them in performance often, they were billed as the 'funniest act on the Pacific Coast.' He brought them from Portland to Victoria and said nice things about them in his newspaper. It made me check out the clippings and scrapbooks about my great grand parents and he was right. Either I'm going to be an actress or a rock star. I've written lots of songs with rock band. Guess it does run in the family.

DISSOLVE. EXT. GONZALES WEATHER STATION

Standing in the grounds of Gonzales Weather Station.

ROSS MURDOCH:

Amor de Cosmos , as he claimed to be, did not stop there. During the next few days he was to have conversations with several other members in this community. Molly Ridpath was quietly reading a magazine, drinking tea, when, as she tells it;

DISSOLVE TO RE-ENACTMENT SEQUENCE 6.

(The meeting between Amor and Molly Ridpath.

EXT. AN IDYLIC GARDEN HOUSE. DAYTIME

We are overlooking the roofs of houses and beach. This is owned by Molly Ridpath. Molly is a woman in her 70's. Smart and energetic).

CUT TO:

(Molly picking up large flower hat. walking down the steps of the weather station, across the lawn and meeting with Amor).

DISSOLVE BETWEEN RE-ENACTMENT AND LIVE VIDEO INTERVIEW.
SUBJECT 6. MOLLY RIDPATH

MOLLY RIDPATH (V.O)

I was reading, when I heard heard my name called from the garden. I got up from the table and walked over to the window. There he was, standing in the

garden looking up, smiling and waving for me to come down. Besides the way he was dressed, the other strange thing was, he held a white rabbit in his arms and was stroking it. These were the eyes of a man that saw straight through you. When I introduced myself, he nodded and told me his name. I was taken aback.

(Re-enactment sequence continues).

MOLLY RIDPATH.

My grandfather had told me stories about him. Our family was from England. Ellen Ridpath a young and beautiful girl, had come from Plymouth, almost as a mail order bride for Charles Mckay, Amor's brother. She died in childbirth when she was only 28. Richard, her only child, lived until 1954. He was the last living relative that Amor de Cosmos had, as far as I know. But Amor resented the child to the day he died. Richard ran away from home and would never say one word for or against his strange uncle. Before he left Amor handed me the white rabbit) saying "Do you know the males often eat their offspring?... This on the table when I got back to the house.

C.U. POSTCARD PIC OF MOLLY AND AMOR.

CUT: LETUCIA (THE RABBIT) NIBBLING AT THE GRASS

DISSOLVE BACK TO ROSS MURDOCH. (HE IS STANDING BY AMOR'S GRAVE IN ROSS BAY CEMETERY).

ROSS MURDOCH:

So what else can we say about Amor ?
As a young man, after leaving Halifax, he crossed the United States, partly by train, partly by wagon, and the rest of the way on horseback. The Mormon movement was taking place in Salt Lake City. Some say he was converted. Others tell of him as a gun slinging vigilante. What is known for a fact, and in view of events, probably more significant, is that he purchased a daguerrotype camera and tripod in Kansas City, strapped it to his saddle and set out across the desert for California. He almost died from drinking infected water, survived hostile Indian attacks and arrived in Sacramento in 1853. He did not join the rush for gold, but as he put it, 'made money from mining the miners', by photographing their claims. He then invested in real estate, changed his name at a hearing of the California Legislature and arrived in Victoria in 1858. Now, none of this might mean very much or be worth making a fuss about.

ROSS MURDOCH: (cont)

A guy in formal period costume wandering around on a sunny holiday pretending to be a colorful personality from a bygone era. But as events turned out you might

realise as I did, the only thing missing in this story is a U.F.O.. Because nobody can possibly explain what followed.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. B.C. PROVINCIAL MUSEUM

The Gold Rush Exhibit inside museum, Circa 1850's

ROSS MURDOCH

Following the track of these meetings the postcards led us here. We decided to authenticate these 'visitations' by talking to Chief Archivist, Gerald Sproat but discovered our visitor had beaten us to it.

DISSOLVE TO RE-ENACTMENT SEQUENCE 7.

GERALD SPROAT

It was early in the morning before the museum is open to the public. I was cataloguing information for an exhibit and someone behind me said 'I could probably help you'. I turned around and there he was. He guided me through the diorama, told me what I needed to know, gave me opinions that were undeniably qualified, with detail only an individual of great expertise would be able to comment on. It occurred to me that he was probably working with an exhibit elsewhere in the museum that required the period costume he wore. Just as I was about to ask him, he interrupted me, saying he had to leave for an urgent appointment and that, soon, a news crew would arrive asking questions about him. I was to tell them to go to Trounce Alley Shoe Shine and talk to Morton Bonaparte.

(more)

GERALD SPROAT (Cont'd)

This postcard was waiting for me in my office. But I never saw him take the picture.

C.U. POSTCARD PIC AMOR AND GERALD SPROAT.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BRICK WALL SIGN: TROUNCE ALLEY

Ross Murdoch stands outside a small store in an alleyway of shops.

ROSS MURDOCH:

So it was here that we started to get closer to meeting our evasive quarry. Morton Bonaparte and his wife Jeannie proved to be the gatekeepers to our time travelling visitor.

INT. THE KINKY BOOTS SHOP.

Morton and Jenny Bonaparte are 'little people' who run a shoe & shine parlour in the alley shop, downtown.

MORTON BONAPARTE:

Most of my customers are regulars. In the summer of course the tourists come peeking down the alley, curious about the sign and when they see who is running the business they wanna take photos that include us. But we have a lot of customers. Mostly business people with time between appointments. I mean at first they come in because they've heard about a couple of little people who shine their shoes and sell kinky boots.

And word gets around and they recommend new customers. At first I thought he was a new client, that's all. I didn't hear the bell ring in the shop and when I came out of the kitchen he was sitting there. We exchanged a friendly greeting and then I noticed....

(DISSOLVE TO A PERFECTLY SHINED PAIR OF BLACK LEATHER SHOES).
DISSOLVE BETWEEN RE-ENACTMENT AND VIDEO INTERVIEW MORTON & AMOR

...His shoes were perfectly clean. Like mirrors. Spotless. He saw my look and said, 'do them anyway'. You can earn some money and I need a message passed on". So I started to work, making pleasant conversation. I asked him if he was dressed as a player in some costume pageant.

Then out of the blue, he said 'Your great grandfather used to live in my house and look after me. He would arrange for my clean clothes. I met him as soon as I got off the boat in this city. Some ruffians were mocking him and when he retaliated, one of them knocked him down in the mud.

(Re-Enactment of PAST INCIDENT).

AMOR'S VOICE

I took my stick to him. After the skirmish your grandfather Jackson piled my luggage on his handcart, brought me to the Driard Hotel and later worked for me'. I finished the shine, he got up and then asked me if I would pass on a message for him.

DISSOLVE FROM RE-ENACTMENT BACK TO LIVE INTERVIEW.

MORTON BONAPARTE (Cont.).

I had no doubt it was him. When you live in a big world as a small person, you stick together and try to stay out of trouble. Family stories and experiences get passed on. You learn from them.. I

had no doubt this was Amor de Cosmos. No doubt at all. But talk to my wife, she'll tell you. "Hey Jeannie" ...

Jenny Bonaparte walks from back into the shop area. She looks like a beautiful miniature angel.

DISSOLVE BETWEEN LIVE INTERVIEW / RE-ENACTMENT SUBJECT 8(A).
JENNY BONAPARTE. Eating lunch.

JENNY BONAPARTE.

Well he was such a perfect gentleman. Took my hand and kissed it. He told me about Morton's grandfather, Jackson, saying what a good friend he'd been and how happy he would be to see Morton with a lovely wife. Jackson, he said, was keeping an eye on us, even though it was in the spirit. He told me to watch out for Morton and his gambling. That's funny because Morton and I met in Las Vegas. I was part of a bump and grind show. They used to stick me on the back of a donkey and it would walk around stage picking up the strippers peelings. One night Morton was in the audience. He'd come in on the \$199 weekender to gamble and look for a 6ft. redhead, as he put it. Anyway we were married within 24 hrs. I always felt I would like to meet grandpa Jackson. And seeing as I just met someone he worked for over a century ago, nothing is impossible, is it?. Oh...and he left this for you.

(Jenny hands Ross a ribboned key with note attached to a postcard).

C.U. POSTCARD AMOR, MORTON AND JENNY..

EXT. WHARF ST. EARLY EVENING.

Ross Murdoch is standing outside warehouse on Wharf St. with Johnson St. Bridge in background.

ROSS MURDOCH:

The note named a time, place and some conditions for our meeting. I was to come alone and the key would open the door. There were to be no hidden cameras or people. The location was this warehouse. Amor's old headquarters.

(MORE)

ROSS MURDOCH: (CONT'D)

Now a large empty warehouse with a high ceiling and no light fixtures...

FADE TO BLACK.

PART TWO :THE ENCOUNTER.

INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE ON STORE ST. NIGHT

The meeting between Ross Murdoch and Amor. Facing one another across a wooden table like shadow boxers in the dark.

MURDOCH;

You are Amor De Cosmos, correct ? (Amor nods).

MURDOCH:

Why the visit and how did you get here ?

AMOR;

Being 'dead' doesn't stop you getting into the spirit of things. It's just that you can see me now, that's all.

MURDOCH.

You don't speak in the tongue of your past

AMOR DE COSMOS:

(notable voice change i'quotes').

'The representatives of the people are the servants of the people. The people are the masters. The masters want to know what is going on. What are our servants doing' ?

MURDOCH

Why Amor de Cosmos ?

AMOR:

'I adopted the name Amor de Cosmos not because it smacks of a foreign title , but because it is an unusual name and its meaning tells what I love most, viz: order, beauty, the world, the universe.'

MURDOCH

The accusations of your vast egotism, albeit, laced with genuine concern and brilliant flare, continue to haunt your historical person

AMOR

Are you trying to convince me of the honour of being a journalist. Who cares or believes anymore? You can accuse me of egotism and an emotional breakdown. Being on drugs and drunkenness too. I was also a journalist, photographer, publisher and premier of this province for gods sake. It was political revenge. I sold the newspaper I created. It was a huge mistake. I never claimed to be a carpenter.

MURDOCH:

Are you re-visiting intending to re- kindle a political career?

AMOR:

Last time around I was a Reformist looking to become a Canadian. This time I have a different overview, a Universal Reformer, you might say.

MURDOCH

The difference being?

AMOR

A different set of skills with new responsibilities. For instance; a qualified Reformer is able to take impressions, memorize them perfectly, develop them instantly and print them on any surface he wishes.

MURDOCH:

You make trick postcards for a living Mr De Cosmos?

AMOR

Postcards are for fun to send when you're on vacation., Mr Murdoch.

MURDOCH:

You claim to be a time traveller.

(Beat)

AMOR:

My Recollection, Reformation and Re-entry were successful. So now I can time travel. You find that preposterous ?

MURDOCH

Not for a publicity stunt.

AMOR:

It might be fun to create an illusion and fabricate the truth but soon, time travel won't seem to be such an unusual phenomenon..

MURDOCH

Tell me about your experience with madness Mr De Cosmos.

AMOR:

Passion pursues madness on the wings of a vision and fallen angels often perform miracles.

MURDOCH:

What does that mean ?

AMOR:

A mission accomplished.

MURDOCH:

Why not explain your mission in a television interview?

AMOR:

I don't like the lighting.

MURDOCH:

What is the purpose of your visitation ?

AMOR:

To prepare you. Reformators are arriving daily.
All over the world. I just happen to be your local west coast representative. And I must add, having been brought up to date, with an eye on the future? People are in for a big surprise.

AMOR: (cont)

Because I know there are a large number of very outstanding Reformers already Returned and many others perfectly Recollected and just about to ReEnter.

MURDOCH:

Any names you care to mention ?

AMOR:

Edith Piaf, Alexander the Great, Winston Churchill, Erik Satie, Picasso, Marilyn Monroe T- Jim Morrison? a distant relative of some friends of mine- Napoleon Bonaparte. Oh, and Julius Caesar, is on his way back, along with the Gershwin Bros, apparently. Just to name a few. Feel free to join in.

MURDOCH:

Could you arrange a group interview for me? Say, Hitler, Pontius Pilate and Marie Antoinette? I don't work for the National Enquirer, Mr de Cosmos. What are you telling me, that you're some kind of hologram?

AMOR:

The body you see is perfectly real for the time and place. Holograms. Reformators are not Holograms. Holograms are Reflections of Reformators.

ROSS:

So you want us to believe a large number of Reformed personalities are about to converge on the planet visiting their old ancestral stomping grounds. Are they going to be giving concerts?

AMOR:

If they have successfully Recollected, they will arrive on target. Though I've heard of rush jobs that have had disturbing results.

MURDOCH:

Such as

AMOR:

Mahatma Gandhi wandering around a shopping mall in Dallas without his nose..

MURDOCH.

So briefly as I understand it, there is now a re-visitation process in place involving people of celebrity who were famous or infamous, long since dead, are Recollecting and Reforming themselves into a body once more, and Re-Entering into participation of global activities.?

AMOR

The Last Days are upon us. So it will soon become a commonplace event.

ROSS MURDOCH;

The Last of Days?

AMOR;

Welcome to The Age of Miracles, Mr Murdoch.

ROSS MURDOCH:

Tell me Mr De Cosmos, beyond this magic and illusion show you are staging, how do you intend to Reproduce ?

AMOR:

Your time is up.

MURDOCH:

Who were the women in your life ?

AMOR:

Goodbye.

MURDOCH:

What about Ellen Ridpath and her son, Richard ?

AMOR gets up from the table and walks slowly from the warehouse to the exit door. Just before he opens the door., he turns, stands and stares at Ross.

C.U. ROSS MURDOCH'S FACE.

Superimpose face of Amor on Ross Murdoch. door is open. Amor has vanished. flash white. fade to black slowly.

INT. CKNY TELEVISION STUDIOS.

ROSS MURDOCH: He is broadcasting from the studios ofCKNY television newsroom).

ROSS MURDOCH:

Copies of the postcards are now being re-produced, circulating the city and are fast becoming collectors items and a viral phenomena. When Amor left the warehouse, I looked for a postcard. There wasn't one. Arriving back at the newsroom there was a surprise for me. The man calling himself Amor De Cosmos, somehow evading our security, delivered my postcard.

Well, not a postcard exactly but this. (He holds recording chip. It contains our encounter and the visits he made to those people we interviewed in this program. Plus a final twist.

DISSOLVE TO LIVE INTERVIEW SUBJECT: MONIQUE LEGAULT.

(A very attractive career woman, late 20's).

MONIQUE

LEGAULT.

We were conducting a live interview for 'City Showcase', when this tall distinguished man, with full beard and period costume, strode across the camera range, while on air. He walked up to me, h and announced he was going to be part of 'The Ross Murdoch News Magazine' that evening. At first I thought it was an off-the-wall telegram. By the time, I realised who he claimed to be, he'd gone. And though he'd been on camera, none of our viewers saw the incident. Apparently the broadcast signal was scrambled during that time.
We're all still waiting to see what he does next.

DISSOLVE TO FINAL RE-ENACTMENT SEQUENCE.

T.V, broadcast crew assembled to broadcast frozen like statues

FADE TO BLACK.

ROSS MURDOCH:

So that wraps up our News magazine for this week. In search of our elusive time traveler, we would like to say, if anyone out there has met or heard of his whereabouts, please keep us informed. This is Ross Murdoch signing off with..'Amor De Cosmos, Miracle or Hoax'?

INT. APT LIVING ROOM. EVENING

(T.V screen starts crackling static. The face of Amor de Cosmos appears on screen smiling. super-imposed over Ross Murdoch).

AMOR DE COSMOS:

We welcome all viewers to the Age of The Great Reformation,

(Camera pulls back to slowly to reveal living room in opening scene. Harry and Nancy on couch, making love, completely ignoring the t.v. Continue pull back over bodies and legs on sofa).

(Amor on screen smiling).

FADE TO BLACK. Fini./ The end.

CREDITS;

MUSIC:

SONG.