

Feb. 14, 83

Stuart -

I think I've got it.

God bless you, Captain, for
your support. I needed all
the music, the money, the

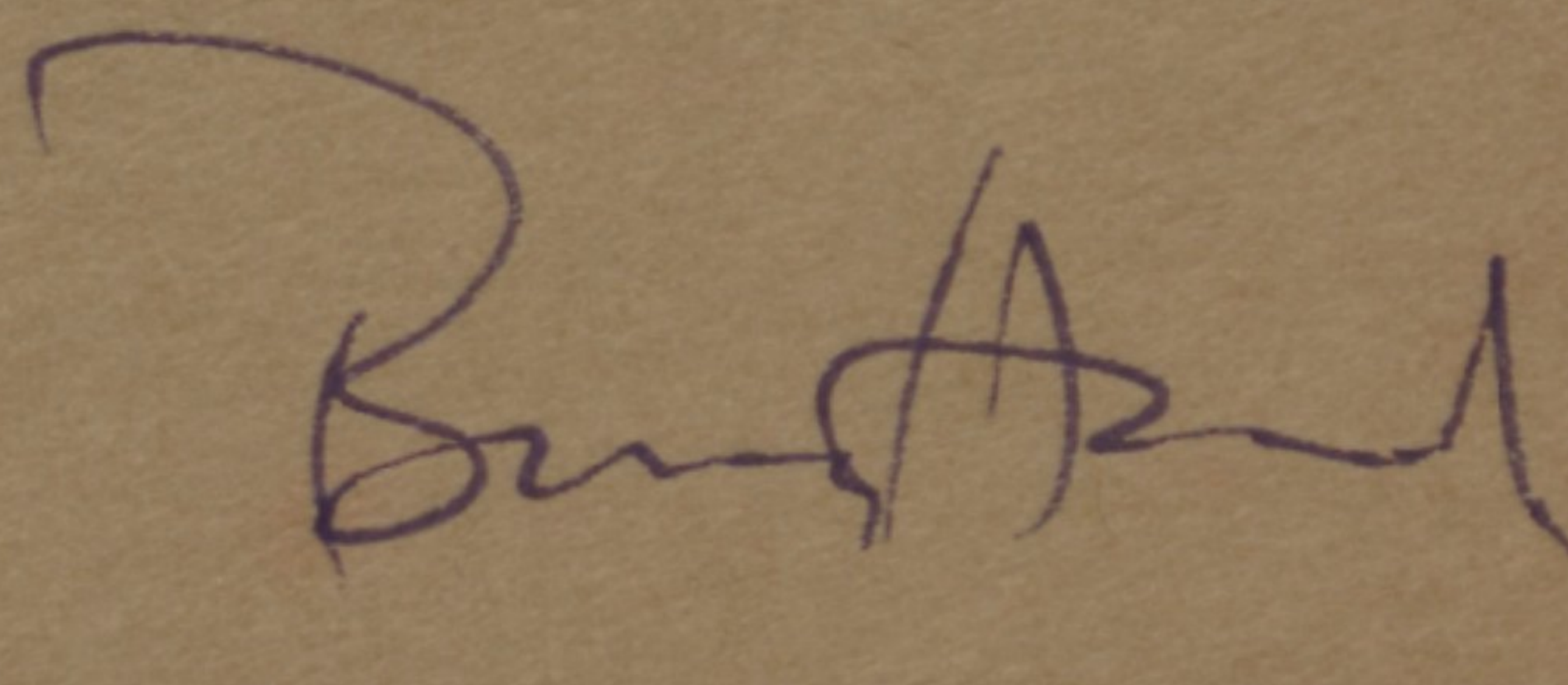
telephone messages.

I told you I was the biggest
baby in the South, warned
you!

Saw how it should be done
when I went over Seattle
itself two nights ago.

It's okay, and I hope
you're okay.

Print.

Cand. 

rec'd w/
letter dated
Feb. 14, 1983

strange grown daughter.

"I frankly don't mind her at all. Polly," (a great concession) "it's all right if you.... You two... the two of you...are different and have found your nest. Maybe to rise in our cities as a woman there is a difference... a great difference. You rise high enough, you have to change."

"What you think is I'm a lesbian. I'm not. She's only my fat, great wonderful friend," says Polly.

Mr. Buck is startled, but then he's very happy. "You're not?"

He starts giggling, even slaps his thigh. This father from Idaho is delighted.

Polly's mother is in the background, talking to Larry Lynn. The two of them are getting on well, now the man's not there. Polly and Mr Buck regard them. They have quiet smiles on their faces. Polly looks like the lovely gladiator that she is.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Jimi Hendrix plays the guitar, a very young lad with a cheap guitar plugged into a flaky amplifier.

Polly climbs a light pole to his amateurish licks. There is a great lightning storm and Polly is working with her

big screwdriver. The ocean is heaving up and the lightning is flashing against her. A piece of lightning hits her helmet and her helmet flies off. She keeps working, she keeps working, she keeps working.

In the harbor her boat is wrecked. It heaves up and crashes on the dock.

The man with the bulldog is hanging around the corner being cynical, Nazi and remote, and he's hit directly by lightning. The bulldog flies off like a white small fat angel.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The morning is soft and calm, a sort of calm steam is in the air of Seattle.

Polly Buck climbs down the pole, her rough boots coming down on the spikes.

The brown-handed man in his leather jacket is there to catch her as she jumps down. She's repaired the electricity of Seattle and he's there to catch her.

She looks at him familiarly.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

"POWER AND LIGHT," a heaving romantic tune, a little rock, a little classical, takes us through the last scene.

Ruth comes to land in the beautiful F-14.

The last frame is grainy, running with water.

End.

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