

We did have, at least, the first act here for you to read while you took the bus to work. But then general debilitating paranoia set in that we were "giving away the milk for free" as Mrs. Higgenbottom, the arthritic hag from across the street, used to intone hoarsely as we necked in Dad's car late at night.

So now, as we get hardened and cynical and overly suspicious of everybody's motives in the film industry- except yours, of course, Dear Reader- if ya wanna eyeball the full script, ya gotta get in touch with us personally.

And that's OK. We're nice. Try us.

Our contacts are, weird huh, on the contact page of the website.