

A group of people are sitting around a large table. KENDRA is expounding on what's wrong with the world and who and what she hates about it. Most of her complaints stem from how perfect everyone at the table is. The restaurant is fairly crowded and the other guests are starting to pay attention to her tirade. As her voice reaches a peak, every eye is on her.

KENDRA

You... Just look at you all skinny  
and pretty...

She points at the person directly across from her.

KENDRA (cont'd) (CONT'D)

And don't you dare say a word.  
You're not sitting around on the  
weekend with nothing to do. If you  
got any damn younger, I'd have to  
breast feed you... Hey, you...  
you... What's your name?

She points to the man sitting next to her.

KENDRA (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Mr. Perfect over there. How much  
did you pay to have those teeth,  
straightened?... Oh, that's right,  
you have perfect teeth.

(Talking out loud to  
yourself)

This has to be the last time I go  
out with you people. I'm so mad I  
could spit.

She snaps her fingers to get the waiter's attention.

KENDRA (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Hey, where are the drinks? You  
can't expect me to deal with this  
crowd without help.

Kendra throws her napkin at KIRK and NICOLE.

KENDRA (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Will the two of you knock it off?  
We all know you're in love with  
each other. I need Insulin!  
(Mocking)

Kendra rolls her eyes, then turns to NATHAN.

KENDRA (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
 (Dry but almost pleasant)  
 I think I hate you most of all.

NATHAN  
 Then you shouldn't have married me.

Nathan takes a bite of his french toast and chews. Kendra has a blank stare on her face.

KENDRA  
 The restaurant is still in stunned  
 silence as the two continue to eat.

CUT TO:

**INT. KENDRA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

KENDRA is asleep at her desk, a pile of six Oreos and a glass of milk next to her. She is startled awake when her assistant ELLA knocks at the door, and continues chewing the Oreo in her mouth.

ELLA (V.O.)  
 That guy is here... but he doesn't  
 look like a doctor.

KENDRA  
 OK...

Kendra pops another Oreo in her mouth as Ella walks away.

KENDRA (cont'd)  
 (Mouth full)  
 Give me a minute.

She ritualistically dips each Oreo in milk for a few seconds, eats it, then takes a sip of milk. When she hears the door start to open, she looks up guiltily, throws the remaining cookies and the glass of milk into her drawer, and slams it shut. NATHAN enters, wearing a business suit.

NATHAN  
 Hello, I'm Nathan Johnstone.

He stares at her, awaiting a response, as she finishes chewing her Oreo.

KENDRA  
 ...Hello, Nathan, I'm Kendra  
 Gutierrez.

She stands to shake his hand.

KENDRA (cont'd)  
 You come highly recommended by  
 Chase.

NATHAN  
 Chase is too kind.

He notices the crumbs on her face.

NATHAN (cont'd)  
 You also come highly recommended.

KENDRA  
 I assume you've looked over the  
 project. I'll show you where I can  
 use you.

She shoves a note pad and pen at him.

KENDRA (cont'd)  
 You can take notes.

She passes Nathan and sits behind her desk.

KENDRA (cont'd)  
 We have three months to complete  
 this film, and we are four months  
 behind. 1) JORDAN our director  
 struggles to find a balance between  
 form and function. The line  
 producer, Richard, doesn't really  
 know-

\*  
 \*

NATHAN  
 Who is -

KENDRA  
 The crew has found ever more  
 creative ways to disrupt the  
 process. They're a good crew! They  
 just have bad habits... Kraft  
 services never have what we ask  
 for.

NATHAN  
 Like Oreos?

KENDRA  
 What?

Nathan motions for Kendra to wipe off her cheek.

KENDRA (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
 And the actors...  
 Nathan giggles.

KENDRA (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
 I don't see anything that is funny  
 about this situation.

NATHAN  
 No you're screwed.

Nathan crosses to the desk and throws his note pad down.

NATHAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
 The Oreo imprint on your face. \*

KENDRA  
 Excuse me?!

Kendra grabs a compact out of her purse to take a look.

KENDRA (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
 Oh fuck.

Nathan just smiles. Kendra puts down her compact and picks up  
 the note pad.

KENDRA (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
 You didn't take any notes.

Nathan pulls out his Palm Pilot, points it at her lap top,  
 and syncs them.

NATHAN  
 I got your last production notes  
 from Ella. \*

KENDRA  
 (Bitingly)  
 Ella sent you my notes?

ELLA  
 You called me?

KENDRA  
 Did you send Nathan my production  
 notes?

ELLA  
 Well, you told me to give the  
 doctor anything he needed, and I  
 called the doctor, and he said  
 production notes, so I sent him  
 production notes.

Ella turns to Nathan.

ELLA (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
You got them?

NATHAN  
Yes. \*

ELLA  
OK, can I go on break now?

Kendra gives her a dirty look. Ella grabs the pack of Oreos from the drawer, and takes them out with her. \*

KENDRA  
So, Nathan, you need a few days on set? We can start tomorrow.

NATHAN  
Fine.

KENDRA  
Let me show you out.

NATHAN  
OK, Kendra, it -

KENDRA  
Ms. Gutierrez.

#### **INT. HALLWAY**

Nathan and Kendra enter the hallway into the sound stage.

KENDRA  
Now, we're just taking a tour today. You can get a feel for the situation on set, and we can talk about it afterwards.

Nathan and Kendra walk onto the set of her film "The Tales of Brave Ulysses" The set is a morgue, and ACTRESS PROSTITUTE and ACTOR PIMP are on their respective gurneys. The crew is all in place, and the director, JORDAN, taps his foot impatiently as he looks at the set.

JORDAN  
Cut!!!

Jordan starts looking around the set and slightly adjusting the angles of things. Jordan moves the boom operator's stool so it is off the set and on top of a crate.

He opens each of the body drawers, until he comes across one where the body is loaded head first. He gasps. He looks around for a way to move the body, and pulls a gurney over next to the drawer. He pulls the body out of the drawer onto the gurney. He looks into the drawer and notices some fluid in it.

JORDAN (cont'd) \*

Bob!

Bob runs back onto the set. His mouth is full, and he has half a donut in his hand.

JORDAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
What is this? You know metal is  
weakened by water.

Bob looks into the drawer and gags. \*

JORDAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
I need it off my set.

BOB  
Um, Jor-

JORDAN  
Just fix it.

Jordan spins the body around on the gurney a little too fast, and it bangs into a wall, breaking a finger off.

JORDAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Shit.

Jordan puts the finger into his pocket. Bob returns with a garbage can, a spray bottle, and some paper towels. Jordan shoves the finger at Bob.

JORDAN (cont'd) (CONT'D) \*

The dummy's finger broke off. I'll  
need that fixed before the next  
shot.

BOB  
No.

JORDAN  
What is your problem? Glue it back  
on!

BOB

You need to pray to Vishnu, Buddha,  
or the or whoever you're praying to  
this week to miracle that finger  
back on.

JORDAN

What do you mean?

Bob shoves the finger back at Jordan.

BOB

The finger you have in your hand is  
real. The water in the drawer is  
not. That would be embalming fluid.

Jordan starts to step back in horror.

BOB (cont'd)

Let's see, You disturbed the dead,  
you removed a body part from the  
dead, and now you have put them in  
the wrong position for final  
burial. That's gotta be worth at  
least fifty lashes...

Jordan is now sitting curled up and rocking in his director's  
chair. Nathan and Kendra are looking on.

NATHAN

Nice.

Bob looks at DANIEL, the cinematographer. Daniel shakes his  
head no.

BOB

You've got to. I can't lift it  
myself.

\*

DANIEL

I'm not the grave robber.

Kendra approaches them.

KENDRA

(Whispering scream)  
Are we going to shoot anything  
today?

DANIEL

Yeah, as soon as Siddhartha stops  
rocking.

Kendra turns to see BEN, the driver, talking to Nathan.

BEN  
 (Drunk and swaying)  
 So like I was saying to you  
 yesterday, people in this country  
 can not drive.

Kendra hurries over to stop the conversation. \*

NATHAN  
 You know this problem about the  
 other drivers can be solved.

BEN  
 And how's that?

NATHAN  
 First step is to demand to speak  
 with the producer.

BEN  
 Where is that she-devil?

KENDRA  
 She's right here!

Ben turns and ends up looking at Nathan again.

BEN  
 I must be hearing things. I thought  
 I heard that...that... she-devil  
 again!

Nathan unfolds his arms and points over Ben's shoulder at  
 Kendra.

BEN (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
 Thank you! Me, you, drinks,  
 anytime.

Ben whips around to face Kendra who is glaring at him.

BEN (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
 (In a proper very British  
 accent)  
 Madam, there are a few things I  
 feel it is my duty to discuss with  
 you.

KENDRA  
 Just go.

BEN  
But, Madam, I-

KENDRA  
(Screaming)  
Go!!!!!!!

Kendra puts herself back together and looks as if nothing is wrong.

KENDRA (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
So this is our crew. Well, I think  
we've seen enough for today.

Nathan stands, arms still folded, just smiling at her.

**INT. BOXING RING - EVENING**  
*Crunch Gym*

Nathan and JAMAHLE are standing in the ring. Jamahle is wearing boxing pads and shouting instructions to Nathan as they move all around the ring. There are a few people working out on machines near by.

JAMAHLE  
Move, move. That's it: one, two,  
slide.

Jamahle claps the pads together and picks up the pace around the ring. Nathan grunts and breathes heavily as he makes contact with the pads and slides away from Jamahle's hands.

JAMAHLE (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
That's what I mean. Move, baby,  
move.

Nathan keeps hitting the pads and following and sliding.

JAMAHLE (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Now put me down... For real.

Nathan grins through his mouth piece and moves forward to Jamahle. He throws several combinations at Jamahle's moving hand.

JAMAHLE (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Yeah baby!

Nathan no longer slides but moves around the pads coming at him, hitting them from all angles. In a last-second flurry, a bell rings from the side.

CRUNCH TRAINER  
Time! Three-minute stretch.

Jamahle takes the pads off and looks at Nathan as they pace back and forth staring at each other.

JAMAHLE  
So how's the new production?

NATHAN  
She wants me to call her Ms.  
Gutierrez.

JAMAHLE  
OK.

Nathan and Jamahle stop pacing. Nathan bends over and puts his hands on his knees.

NATHAN  
The crew, that's a hot mess.

JAMAHLE  
Is there anyone who knows what they  
are doing?

Nathan stands up, taking in a full breath of air and shaking his head no.

NATHAN  
That's what I wanted to talk to you  
about.

Nathan takes another large breath and leans back onto the ropes.

JAMAHLE  
Then why are you still working for  
her? You don't need the money. Do  
you?

NATHAN  
Not really, but I could always use  
a little more.

JAMAHLE  
What exactly about the crew?

NATHAN  
They're a lot like the crew we had  
in school the last year. So I know  
the crew can be fixed.

JAMAHLE

Literally.

NATHAN

It couldn't hurt. Nah. It's Kendra.

JAMAHLE

What about her?

NATHAN

Check this out. She takes her shoes off and starts rubbing them.

JAMAHLE

So.

NATHAN

Then she opens up this turkey and cheese sandwich and starts eating it. No soap, no water, no Purel, nothing. Just her bare feet.

JAMAHLE

She opened her sandwich with her feet?

Nathan stops hitting the pads and looks at Jamahle.

JAMAHLE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

What? That's what you said.

Nathan continues to hit the pads as Jamahle holds back his laughter.

NATHAN

No, Ass. It might as well have been her feet. Then she starts to eat these Pringles. It sounded like a herd of elephants chewing and walking at the same time. If I had the brick, it would have been a done deal.

JAMAHLE

I thought the brick was for women you are sleeping with?

Nathan again stops and looks at Jamahle. Jamahle shrugs his shoulders and mouths the word "what." Nathan regains his fighting pose and starts hitting again.

NATHAN

I have no idea what school this candied yam came from.

(MORE)

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Her choice of director? Yeah, space cadet. I send him messages to space and I get the machine. "Hi, I'm not in. Please leave a message."

JAMAHLE

That makes no sense.

NATHAN

Neither does he!

Nathan stops what he is doing.

NATHAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Ms. Gutierrez. Who does she think she is? Ms. Gutierrez. You know how many people are looking for my services?

JAMAHLE

Yeah!

Nathan is hitting the pads harder every time he mentions her name.

NATHAN

When I met her for the first time, she had Oreo on her face. That shit is nasty. You know she fell asleep in her food.

JAMAHLE

I thought you liked Oreos.

NATHAN

And her choice in the crew. I'm telling you, her hiring me is almost an insult.

JAMAHLE

You should be insulted.

NATHAN

I'm sorry, on the top she might look like's she got it all together. But man, Ms. Gutierrez needs a hobby and a hug. And she's so high and mighty.

JAMAHLE

I knew a guy like that in college.