

COLD READ

Written by

Andrew Thorp  
Revisions by Jeff Gandy

COLD READ

Andre Scott

INT. GOLD, INC. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

ABBY REYNOLDS (27) walks fast and focused, her Jimmy Choo's accentuating her grace. Her colorful tea length strapless is bordering on 'not business appropriate' but ABBY pulls it off, like everything else. KATE HODSON (25), hobbles in comparison two steps behind ABBY taking notes and trying to keep up. KATE's black shapeless shift dress almost looks Puritan-like next to ABBY.

ABBY

Tell Hank at GM we'll need to push back our three o'clock to later this week. If you say 'Abby looks forward to it,' he'll stutter for a couple seconds, trying to hide how touched he is.

KATE

(typing)

'Abby looks forward to it.'

ABBY

But, don't say it like that.

KATE

Got it.

ABBY

Whatever Hillary tweets today, retweet it.

KATE

What if she-

ABBY

-Anything she tweets. Trust me. What do our analytics look like on the Platinum Card campaign?

KATE fumbles with her tablet as she trips over herself. ABBY stops KATE mid-fall and helps KATE right herself.

KATE

You were right, we saw thirty per cent more interactions in the last twenty four and conversions are beating goal.

ABBY

By?

KATE

Four per cent higher than you estimated.

ABBY

Get it up to five and drinks are on me.

ABBY and KATE arrive at MR. MURPHY'S reception desk, FRANCINE (30), stern in face and attire, looks for the angle.

KATE

Abby Reynolds to see Mr. Murphy.

FRANCINE

Do you have-

ABBY

-We have an appointment, Francine. We always have an appointment and you know I have an appointment because of your little book there also called an appointment book.

FRANCINE throws shade as she coolly picks up the phone to MR. Murphy

ABBY (CONT'D)

We're still on for seven, right?

KATE

Wouldn't miss it.

ABBY

What would I do without you... or this job? I'd be eating ice cream in my pajamas yelling at some dumb romantic movie relationship I'm jealous of.

KATE

Can we do that?

ABBY

It does sound fun. Give me twenty with the 'powers that be' and meet me in my office.

KATE

Thank you.

REGINALD MURPHY (75) walks up and looks like an over-tanned Slim Jim wearing an expensive suit with too much starch..

ABBY

Reggie, you look amazing as always.

REGGIE shakes KATE'S hand as they walk to his office. ABBY signals KATE with a head nod and KATE hands ABBY a tissue, which ABBY uses to wipe off REGINALD's self-tanning orange goo from her hands. KATE and FRANCINE watch them go then shoot each other icy glares.

INT. GOLD, INC. MURPHY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and KATE turns to see an old white man and a fidgety thirty-something sitting.

ABBY

Mr. Kubio.

GARY

-Gary Kubio, CIO of this little company we call Gold Financial.

GARY (78) looks like he hasn't laughed for a decade and blames everyone else for it. GARY stands and ABBY offers her hand. GARY doesn't take it.

ABBY

It is a pleasure to finally meet you, sir. As VP of Marketing in the Credit and Equity division, I can truly say I am honored to be a member of your team.

REGINALD

That's precisely why we called this meeting, Abby. There has been some restructuring behind the scenes and unfortunately-

ABBY

-I'm happy to help with any transitions that need to be made.

(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

I've dedicated the last five years of my life to this company and am at your disposal.

GARY

We're glad you understand, because we're disposing you. Your position is no longer, well, a position.

ABBY

Excuse me?

GARY

We are terminating the 'VP of Marketing' in each division. Thank you for your time.

There's a pause as all of the color drains from ABBY's face.

ABBY

This is a joke, right?

REGINALD

I'm afraid not.

ABBY

I'm sure you've seen the numbers since I took on this *position* and I'm performing a lot better than anyone could have expected. Sir.

GARY throws REGINALD a look that says 'get this girl in order'.

REGINALD

Abby, you know as well as I-

ABBY

-Our social interaction rate is blowing Q2 out of the water, people are tagging Gold Financial in posts about their kids' baseball games. I am changing the way people -

REGINALD

-Abby, we understand your frustration, but this isn't up for debate. Mr. Kubio is aware of all the work you have done and wanted to personally congratulate you on your efforts.

KATE watches from MR. MURPHY'S office window and tries to not be noticed. FRANCINE pushes in behind her.

ABBY  
Before or after firing me?

GARY  
You were right, Reginald, she is a  
firecracker

ABBY's eyes transform from confused to ready to kill.

ABBY  
A 'firecracker', Reg? Is this Mad  
Men for geriatrics?

REGINALD  
This is Mr. Shutting, a member of  
our human resources department.

REGINALD tries passing the negative energy on to GREG SHUTTING as he motions towards the nervous man. GREG SHUTTING wears 1960's wire-framed aviators with a thick prescription and an out-of-date mustache. He tries to conceal his discomfort on the couch, hiding behind his clipboard.

SHUTTING  
G-g-g-g good day.

REGINALD  
He will walk you through your very  
generous severance offer. We expect  
you to finish out the week and  
teach your assistant Kate  
everything she needs to know as we  
reappropriate your position to the  
correct agents.

SHUTTING timidly stands and starts flipping through his papers. ABBY'S POV starts to blur as her heart rate increases. REGINALD is blabbing on about something when -

ABBY  
You have NO idea what the hell it  
means to run a company in an  
organized, compassionate manner.

REGINALD's golden perspiration doubles as GARY opens his mouth to retort.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Shut it. Do you know how hard it is to make customers think we aren't the soulless, money-sucking sinking ship we actually are? Who do you think builds the stories you hide behind every day? ME, you shriveled pricks.

ABBY throws SHUTTING a mean look and SHUTTING drops his clipboard - papers fly. OTHER EMPLOYEES have crowded in behind KATE and FRANCINE. KATE tries to block the window.

KATE

(whispering)

There's nothing to see here, people. Move along.

ABBY

While you're pissing on your disproportionate balls every morning, I'm connecting to the people that hand over their hard-earned money to you. While you're humping your gold-digger wives half your age, I'm creating the 'Gold Financial' rainbow that hides the destruction of this fucking company through your mismanagement. You made investments a ten year old would laugh at and I'm being 'disposed of'

ABBY holds back tears and instead takes off one delicate Choo. She aims it at GARY.

ABBY (CONT'D)

You can run this place into the ground, AGAIN, because I fucking QUIT!

ABBY, mid-throw, freezes in space. Looks of fear are plastered on the men's frozen faces. KATE looks confused and sad as she holds back the mob behind her.

ABBY (V.O.)

And that's why I re-hired you as my therapist, again. My parole officer also said it was in my best interest to seek immediate counseling.

CUT TO:

INT. ZEN-ITATION THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

ABBY over-smiles in moody lighting while sitting on a jumbo-sized wave of a couch. GWEN FRANK (50) looks at ABBY, no emotion evident. GWEN wears a shawl and big glasses, caressing a heart-sized stone.

GWEN

Parole officer? That's a difficult situation to find yourself in.

ABBY

Well, I found myself. I'm better now. Just two days later and I feel like I'm ready to take on the world.

GWEN

My Sri Lankan pillow would beg to disagree.

Reveal of Abby with ripped pillow still clenched in her fists. Feathers float in the air all around her, ABBY motionless.

ABBY

Sorry. Are pillows covered by my insurance?

ABBY begins crying.

CUT TO:

INT. ZEN-ITATION THERAPY OFFICE LOBBY

KATE meekly knits what looks to be a baby sweater as she steals glances at VIC (30) in the corner, sitting. We hear ABBY's muffled crying coming from the office. VIC catches KATE looking and she jumps before putting her head down to 'concentrate' on knitting again. DAISY (28) the receptionist pretends to be working as she steals glances at KATE and VIC. It's obvious DAISY has a thing for him.

VIC

Hi, I'm Vic.



KATE is surprised when VIC pops into the chair next to her. She refuses to make eye contact.

KATE

Kate.

DAISY hates KATE now.

VIC

(quietly)

You'd think Gwen would have thicker walls in there. Better than a National Enquirer.

KATE

Maybe you shouldn't listen.

VIC

Two sessions for the price of one. It's like I'm *making* money.

VIC catches DAISY listening in.

VIC (CONT'D)

(hushed)

You're friends with that blonde chick, right?

KATE

Yeah.

VIC

She likes you. I've heard her say some very nice things.

KATE

Why are you here? If you know so much about her, it's only fair we know something about you.

VIC

Sex addiction.

KATE tries to hide the instant shock on her face.

VIC (CONT'D)

That's the normal reaction that gets. Functional depression sounds less sexy.

CUT TO:

INT. ZEN-ITATION THERAPY OFFICE

ABBY now has a mountain of Kleenex by her side.

GWEN

Sometimes, when life throws us a curveball, it's hard to get back on track.

ABBY

What kind of track event can you throw curveballs?

GWEN

Shot put. I can tell you're strong, Abby. You are someone that takes the world by the balls and gets what you want. That's a great quality to have, but it also makes defeat a little harder to stomach.

ABBY

I hate that word.

GWEN

Balls?

ABBY

Defeat.

GWEN

You excelled in your studies, got a great job right out of an ivy league school and climbed the ladder almost instantly.

GWEN reveals a page she has been writing on - it's a handmade certificate saying 'Abby Reynolds - Master of Business'. ABBY leans in and the certificate is ripped in two right in front of her. GWEN hands ABBY the two sides.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Rejection is something that a lot of people face, sometimes on a daily basis. It doesn't make us bad people, dumb people, huge losers that will always fail-

ABBY cries and blots at her smeared eyeliner with a Kleenex.

ABBY

-Can you go back to the me excelling thing?

GWEN

Screw your mascara, Abby. Right now, you are feeling raw emotion. Of course it's scary and it's uncomfortable, but it's real. You can use these feelings to venture towards your next journey with a new vulnerability and sympathy for the human condition.

GWEN notices ABBY notices GWEN rubbing her stone a little too much like an animal and stops. GWEN hands the stone to ABBY. ABBY drops it, not realizing it was so heavy.

GWEN (CONT'D)

It sounds counter-intuitive, Abby, but I want you to embrace your pain and use it to help you find the essence of your self. If you listen to this deeper self, you will find out what you really want to do next.

ABBY hears GWEN and brings the stone closer to her face as if it has all the answers. GWEN grabs the rock.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Find your own stone.

GWEN cradles the stone as if it was a baby gone too long from mommy. ABBY fumbles with her purse.

GWEN (CONT'D)

That's not a gun, right?

ABBY

No! What?

GWEN

I watched Sixth Sense a decade ago and I can't get over the patient murdering the therapist.

ABBY grabs her phone, intent.

ABBY

Thank you, seriously. I heard most of what you said, but then I started thinking about how hungry all this sobbing makes me and then I realized I totally forgot to cancel my reservations at Dino's.

(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Is it Ok if I just call them real quick?

GWEN  
We're done today. Next week we'll have a chance to talk about the steps you've made to finding out who you really are. Take this.

GWEN hands ABBY a coloring book entitled 'Discovering The Woman You Were Meant To Be'.

ABBY  
Ugh, I hate coloring. Can I have my assistant help?

GWEN  
No.

ABBY dials her phone as she stands and walks to the door.

ABBY  
Thanks so much, Gwen. This was revelatory, as always. I love your shawl. Is that Kate Spade?

GWEN  
It was woven by a retired Mongolian prostitute trying to raise money for her village.

ABBY stopped listening three seconds ago as she crosses to the door.

ABBY  
Awww, Mongolian prostitutes - Hi, I had a reservation for six PM and was hoping I could push it back.

ABBY opens the door to the lobby and KATE jumps back from Vic like she's caught.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Can you squeeze me in for seven? I can be there in fifteen. Kate, let's go, we have to hurry. Great, just not by the door, please; I've been crying and didn't bring a sweater.

KATE puts away her knitting needles and jumps up to open the door for ABBY. KATE gives a small wave to VIC and they leave.

DAISY pops her head into the door frame and looks at GWEN, confused. GWEN rolls her eyes. DAISY looks to VIC, upset he was flirting with KATE.

GWEN  
Batter up, Vic.

CUT TO:

INT. DINO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

An Italian joint that's trying very hard to keep up with the modern look of trendy clubs. KATE tries to look at the menu through a moving vortex of color while ABBY talks.

ABBY  
And I was holding this stone and crying while she told me I should embrace my vulnerability and search for my deeper meaning; it was totally spiritual. Would you split some bruschetta?

KATE  
Sure. I was planning to-

ABBY  
-You look adorable today, by the way. Who was that guy you were talking to in the lobby? He's there every week and doesn't creep me out yet, which is good.

KATE  
Vic. He's nice.

ABBY  
You are totally blushing right now. Your cheeks just turned into pepperonis - I am so hungry. You like him?

KATE  
We barely spoke. He was just being friendly.

ABBY  
Well, friendly is the first step to... you know.

KATE doubles down on blushing and tries to hide behind her menu.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Back to me; I'm thinking Gwen is right. I still need time to recover spiritually before heading back to Corporate-ville. That is if anyone will hire me with a record for shoe assault. I think I might take on a hobby like managing a book shop or something. What do you think?

KATE's purse buzzes and she grabs her phone to turn it off but sees it's her mother.

KATE

It's my mom. I always think she's in trouble when she calls. I'll be right back.

ABBY

No, stay! You've never talked about your mom and how long have I known you?

KATE regretfully answers.

KATE

Hi, Mom.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEK NAILS SPA

FLORA GRAY (60) is in an expensive plush robe having her feet attended to as she lays back in an expensive spa recliner.

FLORA

Darling, I asked you never to call me that in public. It ages me and I have a reputation to uphold.

FLORA winks at the FOOT RUB MODEL.

KATE

I'm at dinner right now, Flora. Can I call you back?

FLORA

A man finally brings you out to dinner and you don't call me? He better be good-looking enough for you, K. You have a tendency to date down.

KATE  
I'm with a friend. Abby.

FLORA  
THE Abby? Your boss slash best  
friend slash only friend? Put me on  
the video chat, I want to meet her.

KATE  
I'm at a restaurant right now, so  
I'd rather not-

FLORA  
-I could die any day, darling. Do  
you really want the last thing you  
said to your mom to be 'I'd rather  
not'?

KATE  
My mom wants to say hi.

ABBY  
Of course! How's my hair?

KATE holds the phone up so ABBY and FLORA can see each other.  
They both fuss with their hair before seeing a mirror  
reflection, if mirrors reflected different ages.

FLORA  
If it isn't THE Abby of Gold, Inc.  
Pleasure to meet you.

ABBY  
And to you; Kate never told me her  
mom was so... glamorous.

FLORA  
Call me Flora, Honey. Is Kate  
keeping her nose clean at the  
office?

ABBY  
Actually, I no longer am under the  
employ of Satan, Inc.

FLORA  
Good for you.

ABBY  
I'm sure Kate is doing great on her  
own.

FLORA

I've hated that place since I took a loan out for necessary surgical operations. It should burn to the ground.

KATE

I would then be out of a job. Or dead-

FLORA

-K, you didn't tell me Abby was stunning. I should have had her in for an interview months ago.

FOOT RUB MODEL works up to FLORA's calves and she likes it.

KATE

Abby isn't a performer mom- Flora. She's a normal person just like me.

FLORA

The entertainment industry needs normal people, Kate. Abby, you come over to my office this week and let me talk you into a new career.

KATE

I don't think that's necessary -

ABBY

-You can count on it, Flora.

ABBY and KATE realize a WAITER has been snootily waiting at their table.

KATE

We gotta go. Love you, bye.

FLORA

See you soo-

KATE shuts down the phone, embarrassed by FLORA and ABBY as the whole restaurant now stares at them. The WAITER shoves a bottle forward.

WAITER

Your cabernet.

CUT TO:



INT. SLEEK NAILS SPA

FOOT RUB GUY rubs FLORA's calves sensually.

FOOT RUB GUY  
So, you're an agent?

FLORA  
Something like that.

FOOT RUB GUY  
I'm an actor.

FLORA  
If you're Shakespeare is as good as  
your hands, you might have a career  
in front of you.

INT. ZEN-ITATION THERAPY OFFICE

GWEN stares at VIC, irritated, as he crotches the rock.

GWEN  
I'll say it again and for the last  
time, I do not know who her friend  
is, Vic. Do you not see that this  
is your main underlying dysfunction  
coming to a head?

VIC  
I'm very aware of that because I  
have a great therapist.

GWEN  
Then trust your therapist when she  
says 'let's spend this hour talking  
about you, not some girl you met in  
the lobby'.

VIC  
Aren't you partially to blame for  
allowing non-patients to sit in  
your lobby and making guys like me  
fall in love?

GWEN  
You said five words to her, Vic,  
that isn't love. You have a  
tendency to put all of your  
emotions and energy into one person  
until you either lose interest or  
they break your heart. And then,  
you-

VIC

-Get really depressed and my life spirals out of control - but at least I'm feeling something, right? I'd rather take a chance than become an anti-depressant zombie that can't tell if my hair is on fire.

GWEN

That does NOT happen when people take antidepressants. Non-smokers, at least.

VIC

I just can't stop thinking about her. I'm sorry.

GWEN

I'll ask my patient to refrain from bringing friends, Vic. I'll try to make Zen-itation a safe space.

VIC

I'd rather you don't. I have to see her again.

GWEN

Give me the rock.

CUT TO:

INT. DINO'S RESTAURANT

ABBY and KATE sip on wine and share bruschetta.

KATE

I have not asked you for much, Abby, but I am asking you to please stay away from my - Flora. It's for your own good.

ABBY

But this could be it for me, Kate! It's like the stars aligned and shouted from the heavens, 'Abby, go after your dreams'!

KATE

How can it be a dream if you just came up with the idea, like five minutes ago.

ABBY

I've always wanted to be an actor, Kate. I was in all of my high school plays until I graduated a year early. Then, I spent every free minute studying or making out with boys.

KATE

And you've made it. You are a highly successful business-woman who can do anything you want. I know actors, Abby; they are either sad or drunk... and sad. I don't want to see that happen to you.

ABBY

I'm a big girl, you know. I think I can maintain a normal lifestyle as a highly successful actor slash model.

KATE

I don't know if you can.

ABBY

What did she do to you, Kate? You act like Flora punched you as a baby.

KATE

If it would have got me a well-paying gig, probably.

ABBY

Kids are the biggest critics of their parents, you know. Maybe you are being too hard on her.

KATE

I watched Mommy Dearest and thought they had it easy. Business always comes first with Flora and she'll break you down to whatever she needs to make a commission.

ABBY

Well, luckily, my MBA stands for Master of Bad Asses and I know every trick of the trade. You have to trust me on this.

KATE

It's not the life you think.

ABBY

I sacrificed five years of my twenties for that stupid company and I have nothing to show for it but some savings, a criminal record and you. I need this, Kate. I need *something*.

KATE hesitates to look for an out before -

KATE

Fine. But I am coming with you.

ABBY

You can pick me up from community service tomorrow.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLD, INC. OFFICE BREAKROOM - MONDAY

KATE eats yogurt alone, reading 'How Stella Got Her Groove Back Again'. FRANCINE enters, crosses to the fridge and notices KATE.

FRANCINE

Things aren't the same since your friend was fired, huh?

KATE thinks twice to answer and concentrates on her book.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

She had such a confident, 'look at me' way about her. I guess that's not all what it's cracked up to be, huh?

FRANCINE looks in the fridge.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

Ladies like us, the quiet ones, should stick together. Blending in seems to be the - who in the flip took my egg salad sandwich?!

CUT TO:

INT. DOG KENNEL - DAY

ABBY holds a mop while wearing a fetch romper under an extra large green vest that says 'Community Service Dept.' Others wearing similar vests stand around her. JILL DAVIS holds a clipboard steps forward to address the group.

JILL

My name is Jill and I'll be the team leader today for those of you that are new. Please raise your hand if you have trouble walking on concrete floors for more than four hours at a time.

ABBY leans to the new girl, KIM (40's) and rough-looking.

ABBY

I wouldn't raise your hand. It's a trap. They make you scrub cages on your back, don't fall for it.

Some others raise their hands.

JILL

Those with their hands up can follow Officer Hill. You'll be washing dog kennels. All others, line up behind Abby here.

ABBY

Right here, everyone. Let's make it short and sweet today, huh?

JILL shoots ABBY a look that says, 'You're not getting away with it again'.

CUT TO:

INT. DOG KENNEL - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

KIM sprays the floor with a hose as ABBY mops behind her. KIM looks annoyed as ABBY talks.

ABBY

And I told her, your mom and I can absolutely have a friendship that won't affect yours and mine. I think this is a really big opportunity for an acting career and I don't want to miss a chance, you know?

KIM says nothing.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
You're right. I've been talking  
about myself way too much. What are  
you in for?

KIM throws down her hose and stomps off.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Woah, ok. The first step is knowing  
there IS a problem, you know. Some  
people are wound so tightly.

ABBY finds a smudge that won't go away. She begins to let the  
smudge have it as JILL appears, suppressing anger.

JILL  
Kim wants a new work partner. What  
in the hell do you to people?

ABBY  
Me? I'm trying to make  
conversation, it's not my fault  
everyone is so unhappy around here.  
Talking during work, when allowed,  
can increase your work enjoyment up  
to seventy three per cent.

JILL  
One hundred per cent of your  
partners would disagree with that.  
CHARLIE, come over here. Keep the  
talking to a minimum and just clean  
the floors. This isn't an urban  
getaway, as you once called it.

ABBY  
I was just trying to make the best  
out of the situation. No harm in  
that.

JILL  
Zip. It.

CHARLIE (30) handsome but rough around the edges appears.

JILL (CONT'D)  
You're with her. Keep the chatter  
to a minimum.

ABBY and CHARLIE watch JILL stalk off. ABBY wants to start  
talking, but controls herself.

CHARLIE picks up the hose - he knows the deal. ABBY steals glances to figure this guy out. CHARLIE knows who she is.

CUT TO:

INT. KATE'S HONDA CIVIC - DAY

A soulful female alternative singer whines through the speakers. Driving, KATE looks at the address on a "City Kennel of Good Shepard" flyer and searches for a street sign outside. She is not familiar with the neighborhood, but thinks she's close.

KATE

Where in the hell is this place?

CUT TO:

INT. DOG KENNEL - MOMENTS LATER

ABBY

I mean, you don't *have* to tell me why you're here, but that means I'm just going to guess it's the worst possible reason. I know you can't be here because of a sex crime, a weapons charge or animal abuse, so those things are out.

CHARLIE

I don't judge anyone from the community service department and I just don't think you should either. Here, we're equals.

ABBY

Unless you did some crazy thing, like pissed in your bosses coffee.

CHARLIE doesn't signal anything.

ABBY (CONT'D)

It was! You pissed in her coffee?

CHARLIE

I'm not playing your game, here, you recognize.

SADMAN (50's) sulks by, very unhappy he's here.

ABBY

I don't know why everyone has to mope around this place, trying to muster up as much guilt as they can physically put on themselves. We all fucked up, end of story. Let's get over it and move on.

CHARLIE

Some people don't have it as easy as you might.

ABBY

How so?

CHARLIE

You seem like an upbeat person, with money, that can probably live a little more comfortably than most.

ABBY

How do you figure, Sherlock?

CHARLIE

Very few people wear a power suit under their community service vest, for one.

ABBY

It's a romper and I have a meeting with a talent agent after this. I think she's going to represent me. It's just lunch, but who knows.

CHARLIE

I'll cross my fingers.

CUT TO:

INT. DOG KENNEL CHECK-IN

KATE walks a narrow hall to a check-in desk. Dogs are barking and KATE is out of her element. RHONDA (50's) shoots KATE stone-cold eyes as she approaches the desk.

KATE

I'm here to pick up my friend.  
Abby. Reynolds.

RHONDA looks at a clipboard, finds Abby's name and realizes she's with 'those' volunteers.



RHONDA  
You're an hour early.

KATE  
I know, just wanted to make sure  
I'm in the right place.

RHONDA stares blankly.

KATE (CONT'D)  
And I think I am. I'll sit.

RHONDA watches as KATE finds a seat, checks her surroundings and gets out her knitting needles. Kate's phone buzzes and she jumps. It's FLORA.

KATE (CONT'D)  
(hushed)  
Hello, Flora.

INT. FLORA'S OFFICES

FLORA is dressed in a classy Prada two piece suit, standing at her desk, shuffling through headshots.

FLORA  
Hello, K. Just making sure Abby and  
I are still on for lunch.

KATE  
Yes you are and no, I'm not her  
secretary.

FLORA  
I guess the reason you are coming  
with us is because you don't trust  
me?

KATE  
What gave it away?

FLORA  
Honey, I'm an honest and lucrative  
talent agent that follows the rules  
of all the paperwork I sign. If I  
think I can get her work, she's in  
good hands.

KATE  
I don't want you pulling all of the  
usual bullshit, Mom. No telling her  
to whiten her teeth, lose a few  
pounds or rethink her hair style.

FLORA

Talent love advice from an  
objective professional, dear, you  
are just too thin-skinned. How's  
your teeth, by the way?

KATE takes the phone away, refusing to let her mom know how  
angry that comment makes her. RHONDA stares at KATE.

CUT TO:

INT. DOG KENNEL

CHARLIE hoses the floor as ABBY follows mopping. They pass  
the dog cage cleaners on their backs cleaning with  
toothbrushes.

ABBY

You stole office supplies from  
work?

CHARLIE

No.

ABBY

You tried to extort your boss for  
having an affair.

CHARLIE

No.

ABBY

You tried to save someone's life  
but ended up killing them.

CHARLIE

That's horrible, and no.

ABBY

You know my story. I threw a shoe  
at my old boss-slash-devil  
incarnate. The least you can do is  
tell me what messed up thing you  
did.

CHARLIE

Your curiosity runs deep. Maybe  
this whole acting thing will work  
out for you.

ABBY

Thanks. I hope it does.

JILL walks up, clipboard in hand. She signs something and gives it to ABBY.

JILL  
You're done with your shift, Abby Reynolds. Only twenty more hours to go.

ABBY  
You're going to miss me when I'm gone.

JILL  
Next week you're working with the actual dogs.

ABBY  
A promotion?!

JILL  
They can't asked to be reassigned.

ABBY hands the mop to JILL and takes the paper.

ABBY  
You got it, boss. Nice meeting you, you stapler thief.

ABBY walks away as JILL and CHARLIE watch.

CUT TO:

INT. DOG KENNEL CHECK IN

A close-up of KATE knitting that pans out to see a large unkempt man sleeping right next to her. KATE's uncomfortable. ABBY approaches, sans vest and looking good.

ABBY  
Another day, another dollar.

KATE  
You get paid?

ABBY  
No. Just a figure of speech. Let's go see your mom.

KATE quietly tries to gather her things and not wake the sleeping giant.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
What up, Chad!

CHAD wakes and smiles when he sees ABBY. They fist bump.

CUT TO:

INT. GALA GREENERE - DAY

A sun-filled swanky lunch spot. Everyone wears expensive suits and many sport sunglasses at the table. FLORA tells a waiter something from a long shot as ABBY and KATE are being shown FLORA's table.

KATE

Do not sign anything, do not take anything, just listen and nod and I'll tell you what everything means later.

ABBY

Stop worrying, Kate. It's just a lunch.

ABBY and KATE approach the table and FLORA stands. They all exchange Hollywood cheek kisses.

FLORA

You girls look wonderful. Right out of a catalogue.

ABBY

Hopefully right next to a James Marsden article if we're lucky.

FLORA

That man is chiseled from marble. Just as beautiful in person.

ABBY

You've met him.

KATE/FLORA

She's/I've met everyone.

FLORA

And my ray of sunshine, beautiful Kate. Sit, girls. Let's order wine before we start talking business.

KATE

No wine, Flora. Just food.

FLORA

Well, you can't stop me from drinking. Server.

FLORA motions to a server as ABBY shoots KATE a 'be nice' look. KATE shoots her a 'No way in hell glare'.

FLORA (CONT'D)  
So, let's talk about your career in  
show business, Abby.

FADE OUT.