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# Cut

by Crystal Skillman

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



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***CUT* was originally produced by  
The Management in 2011,  
New York City.**

***CUT* was originally produced as a  
ten-minute play presented by  
Special Sauce Company.**

*CUT* was first produced by Horse Trade and The Management in New York City on May 19, 2011. The performance was directed by Meg Sturiano, with sets by Kyle Dixon, costumes by Megan Hill, lighting by Grant Wilcoxon, and sound by Meg Sturiano and Joe Varca. The Production Stage Manager was Kelly Ruth Cole. The cast was as follows:

**DANNO** ..... Joe Varca  
**COLETTE** ..... Megan Hill  
**RENE** ..... Nicole Beerman

Note: The full-length version of *CUT* was commissioned/developed with The Management (based on a ten-minute version presented by Special Sauce Company).

*CUT* received its Boston premiere on March 23, 2012 at Apollinaire Theatre Company (Danielle Fauteux Jacques, Artistic Director). It was directed by A. Vincent Ularich, with Paul “Beatle” Ring as the Stage Manager, and Erica Paige Brown as the Production Stage Manager. The cast was as follows:

**DANNO** ..... Stewart Evan Smith  
**COLETTE** ..... Alyce Householter  
**RENE** ..... Elizabeth Anne Rimar

## CHARACTERS

DANNO – Editor. 29

COLETTE – Logger. 26

RENE – Planner. 31

*All three are reality TV show writers.*

## TIME

Now, Spring.

## SETTING AND NOTES

A production office in LA. A working room of reality TV show writers.

At some points they speak as if to the audience/or camera in their head (each “I believe” moment operates like the talking head interviews in reality TV shows for instance).

Whenever they do speak in the scenes where they’re in a race to finish, they’re very much in the middle of the activity they describe (cutting, logging, story planning, running down the hall, etc.) and their discoveries in many ways come out of that urgency. In these moments it’s clear their tone ranges from calming to berating themselves, bitching about others.

The set/design can be as much or as little as is desired, in general there should be a fluidity to the play so it can move from scene to scene.

There are scenes staged outside the office. In The Management’s production, the office was kept centralized, it’s huge post-it-ed storyboard covered the back wall, but where the carpet ended, on the outskirts, these non-office scenes were staged and popped out further with different lighting.

At times they are watching footage that is projected. Fun with sound is encouraged! The scenes they hear with the Ladies which they describe, can be recreated with audio, and they can listen along, discovering what they can use or gage how what they’re presenting is landing.

## FOREWORD

When Crystal Skillman first sent me a ten-minute piece she called *Cut*, I was instantly intrigued. The story was about a harrowing day in the life of three reality TV writers. As a more than casual (and often conflicted) viewer of shows featuring tiny pageant contestants and rich-bitch housewives, I loved the idea of exploring the drama—the artistry, even—behind making these types of programs. Beyond the gripping plot, I was drawn to the story’s three tightly wound and deeply wounded characters, each on the verge of a decisive moment and each with more to lose than a job. At the core of those few pages were vital themes: regret, forgiveness, love. But what attracted me most as a director to those first ten minutes was the chance to develop this profoundly human and unique play with the brilliant, quirky Crystal. Our theater company, The Management, couldn’t wait to get to work on the project, and over the course of eight exhilarating weeks, *Cut* evolved into the dynamic, elegant, and haunting play before you.

We began around the table, each evening reading through the new pages Crystal would send like clockwork each morning. Company members Nicole Beerman and Megan Hill took on the roles of Rene and Collette, respectively (though we had some fun early on experimenting with who should play which character). Joe Varca, long-time friend of The Management, tackled Danno. Through our intense rehearsals and Crystal’s keen revisions, the harried writers, charged with the task of recutting the season finale of *The Ladies of Malibu* in three hours, became multifaceted individuals. Story-editor Danno longs to successfully re-cut not only the final episode, but he also longs to edit the past, making himself the hero of the story. Rene struggles to control her own fate as masterfully as she plans the storylines of the stars of the reality show. Collette, who logs countless hours of footage (“Vomit and the Coke Party,” “Three Way at the Polo Grounds,” etc.), tries to prove her worth as both an artist and an adult and fights for a pivotal spot amongst the troubled triumvirate. Each day, the plot grew sharper and the stakes grew higher: Crystal added illuminating flashbacks, slashed entire storylines, and made simple word choices that changed everything. She also created a surprising work of unconventional form and style. The plot skips around in time; at points in the action, all characters are onstage speaking interlocking monologues from different locations; each writer delivers a talking-head type confessional. For me, getting the actors on their feet early and fumbling through dozens of different choices was the most essential step towards figuring out how this world was going to look, sound, and move.

Once we had the rules of *Cut* clearly established, we were ready to get to work on our performance venue at Under St. Mark’s—poor in square

footage but rich in character. With Crystal, we had transformed the piece. It was now time for our designers to transform the space. The centerpiece of the action is the office itself. Our inspired set designer Kyle Dixon created a room of aggressively bright white pre-fab desks against a backdrop of colored storyboard and cheerful carpet. His design highlighted both the very optimistic and the very temporary nature of their work. Grant Wilcoxon performed miracles with his lighting design, creating discrete and distinct worlds from scene to scene: the lights helped move the story seamlessly from a bustling Barnes and Noble to a trendy L.A. restaurant, from pool-side with Malibu housewife Jessica to a climactic pitch meeting. Sound was also key in establishing the milieu of each scene. Joe Varca and I contextualized the movements with stock muzak transitions (the kind you might hear on any number of reality shows), recorded footage of the haughty and naughty Ladies of Malibu themselves (voiced by not only our cast but the whole production team), and ambient soundscapes (numbing soft rock, passing traffic, ticking clocks). Costumes, designed by Megan Hill, provided insight into the writers—hoody and heels for Collette, jeans and flannel for Danno, dress pants and drape sweaters for Rene—small (and very quick) changes were integral in clarifying past and present moments. Since our beloved theater at Under St. Marks is the size of a postage stamp, we had to push ourselves to be even more economical and inventive with the way space and time worked in this continually shifting story. What we happily discovered is that *Cut*, which feels epic in so many ways, can be performed in just about any type of venue.

Working on *Cut* is like putting together a great puzzle. And Crystal generously gives you few stage directions. My advice is to start experimenting right away with the big staging and design choices and to have fun putting the pieces together. Don't be intimidated when a character begins to narrate the events of the present moment (Collette: "I'm trying to eat my fish tacos from Baja fresh"; Rene: "Running—elevator, shoving other people down, 14th Floor"; Danno: "They want someone to blame. / They want me to choose"). Explore ways to make those scenes active and immediate. Characters take turns soliloquizing next to and even shouting in the faces of others who apparently cannot hear them. Discovering how those moments work alongside the head-on clashes and the more poignant encounters will help you find the sensitive and revealing rhythms of the story. Reality TV is an easy subject to send up. While there's plenty of scandal to go around in this story—and while the writers' own antics rival those of The Ladies themselves—be sure to find the humanity in the characters. Their struggles are at the heart of what makes *Cut* so funny, sad, and true.

In the spirit of adventure and experimentation, The Management endeavored to develop and produce *Cut* with Crystal. I encourage you

to go forth in that same spirit as you embark upon telling the story of the damaged and beautiful threesome of Danno, Rene, and Colette. In scene 11—a lighter flashback that comes between an explosive fight and zero hour at the office—Danno opens up to his co-workers (though they are more than co-workers, to call them friends doesn't feel quite right either). He tells them: “working with you is a gift.” For me as a director, working on *Cut* was a gift. It was a gift for our company and to our audiences. And it is a gift to any ensemble of intrepid and imaginative artists as well.

– Meg Sturiano

Director, *Cut*

Artistic Director, The Management

To The Management for taking this leap of faith, for Megan, Nicole, Joe, and Meg who lived, breathed, and ate this play, to Fred for being there while I threw all my being into this play day and night, to Kristen Palmer for suggesting me as a match for The Management, for Chris Bannow, Jessica Rothenberg, Natalie Woolams-Torres, Special Sauce Co. and director Heidi Handlesman who hung in there to birth those first ten pages we heard at Jimmy's No. 43, and very special thanks to: Josh Beerman, Jen Schriever, Tara Giordano, Megan McQuillan, Hunter College High School, Kunal Prasad, Jenny Greenfield, Jordana Kritzer, John Wilder, Doric Wilson, and everyone who generously donated to the production. This play is dedicated to all the insane housewives, to all the writers: "real" or not – we share the heartbreak, the love, the late night revelations and may we always...

– Crystal Skillman



## 1. “SMASH, SMASH”

*(Now. Sound of roaring waves in blackout then lights  
up on:)*

**DANNO.** Blue sky.

Roaring waves.

Sand.

Dolphins.

Motherfucking nature.

Alcoholic drink in a Pineapple.

No one judging you.

Just alone.

No a girl, there's a girl.

In a bikini.

A great girl in a great red bikini.

She looks familiar the way you want her to look.

And she takes you in your hands and just tells you,  
yeah you, “You’d be so handsome if you’d stop hyper-  
ventilating in the bathroom silly.”

She says your name as if it matters:

“C’mon *Danno* I forgive you. I love you.”

“It’s gonna be okay.”

It doesn’t matter if they are waiting for you to come  
out of the bathroom.

It doesn’t matter when just moments ago your sister  
who never, ever, never calls is calling but you can’t pick  
up because your super abs big pecks boss is poking  
through your car window:

“All the other teams working on all the other  
episodes– they’ve got them down *Danno*.

All the other story editors.

DANNO. (*cont.*) In the can.

Done.

And yours.

Unacceptable.

I gave you the finale – I *trusted* you Danno (which is a lie – because *here*, in this place, trust doesn't exist).

We're behind.

You are.

AND YOU NEED TO FIX THIS.

NOW?

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

DANNO.....?

Roberts shaking his latte-rattle to underscore the urgency and your pocket is on fire and the minute Roberts goes, you check.

No message.

Click.

Just.... (*imitates silence*)

This is so stupid.

Locking myself in here.

This is so menial and small and destructive.

But *I'm* not destructive.

Fuck Rene.

Colette.

They're not your friends.

We work together– that's not even true really.

We work *around* each other.

Hey.

Hey.

Hey.

Remember *The Front Page* with the Masque and Mime players at Drama Camp?

You were so good in that play.

What happened to you?

Your Clark Gable?

Your smile?

Huh, el fucko?

You used to be so good.

You used to care.

Good acting is getting to the truth of the lie.

Get it together.

Reality's written. Reality's planned.

There's no cameras here.

Just you. And you're–.

*(He hears a banging on the door.)*

I'm not going out there.

*(COLETTE rises from her desk, taco in hand.)*

**COLETTE.** I'm trying to eat my fish tacos from Baja fresh. The ones I couldn't eat at the drive through because Rene has only been back like just a few hours after taking off for two days out of nowhere and I can't believe I even wanted her to be back when she won't even –. She doesn't listen. Care. Just making me so fuckin' nervous I have to take my tacos into the back, hide in the corner of the breakroom, shoving this shit down my throat when it hits me – my dream last night that – one of our housewives this season – the short one with the big face lift eyes and the ratty blonde hair – that lady – Jessica, the one who lives in Malibu with that big mansion, who has that porn tape going around with the 13 year-old, who is always trying to fuck the other ones' husbands, that housewife? She was trying to tell me something in my kitchen over frozen margaritas but she was like sputtering cuz someone had cut her throat, so it was bleeding, it was flapping and she kept trying to keep her head up but it kept slamming back on the table and I look down and I have a knife. The new fucking German pro cutting knife that Bobby, got me at Christmas – I've got in my hands. I've done it.  
This to her.

**COLETTE.** (*cont.*) Just woke up choking with the words I did hear her politely sputter out:

*"thank you."*

(**COLETTE** *salsas.*)

I used to salsa dance. Take adult ballet.

Those groups.

They appreciated me.

They loved me.

I used to walk into a room and they'd say, "Look at her!

Look at how Colette moves. How she sways. Her eyes.

Her ass.

I love her. I love her."

Now it's – "Colette! Rene! Team Meeting!"

(*as* **DANNO**) "They hated the cut. We have to re-cut...a whole new ending...by 6 PM–"

(*as* **RENE**) "TODAY...? That's in three hours!"

(*as* **COLETTE**) "You mean we're not going with the hair pulling and vomiting between the two sisters on the police officers in the parking lot?"

"No. We're not. *Colette.*"

"Then what, *Danno?* What it's it going to be about?"

"I don't know. You're the logger, Colette, find me something."

And if we don't...?

The faces of the crews before us.

The legends of those other loggers and story editors and planners.

(**RENE** *appears, just have banged on the door, pissed at* **DANNO.**)

**RENE.** I'm right. Totally fucking right you know I am and you can't land this shit on us and then lock yourself in the bathroom Danno! They're going to fire us. Danno? Am I right?

"I don't use that word, Rene."

What word? '*Right*'?

"It's *judgmental*. A *destructive* word."

It's in the fucking dictionary.

"Everything is going to be ok, Rene."

Fuck! Fuck you, Danno!

(RENE lets out a scream of frustration.)

COLETTE. People can be nice.

I've seen it.

Not in my house.

Not here, but I've seen it.

On the street.

Someone, somebody falling and someone stops.

"Are you alright?"

And your boyfriend picks you up, holds you. It's a beautiful thing. It's a beautiful fucking thing.

When I called *my* boyfriend, Bobby, when I told him. He should have jumped in his car, just come the fuck over, instead just:

"It's your choice if you want to have it. I'm not going to stand in the way of anything."

I get so fuckin' mad. I start screaming.

I just throw my cell phone in the street, full on traffic.

Cars just right over.

SMASH.

I'd log that: SMASH!

Squash squash Bobby.

Just like I log all the footage no one else has the time to watch:

"Vomit at the Coke Party"

"Three Way at the Polo Grounds"

"Bitch Slap at the S&M Club"

**COLETTE.** (*cont.*) Danno's always saying it's like *Our Town* but in the Ladies of Malibu everyone's rich and we narrate their lives.

I don't know what *Our Town* is.

I grew up in a "small town". New York City.

You go back – where I grew up? – and it's like:

"Here's your fucking change."

"Thank you."

"Dog Race & Nude Escort Charity" (Time: 30 minutes 5 seconds)

"Lesbian Tryst on Caribbean Cruise" (Time: 2 hours, 3.5 seconds)

(*She makes up their label:*)

"Rene Abandons Ship and Comes Back With Her Fancy London Labels on Her Luggage And What Does She Expect?! Welcome Back to the War, The Shitstorm. Population: YOU. Us...."

"Who gets someone a fuckin' knife for Christmas?"

**RENE.** Sixteen hours ago I was in London. Sixteen hours ago I was walking in Sloane Square. Past people in simple coats and accents and dogs out *running*. People with real jobs, regular smiles, just out in the world.

"One last chance." That's what he said when he called. My husband. So I hopped on a plane, found a sitter. I jumped on that plane.

Like a dog.

"Last chance."

LAX to Heathrow. Heathrow to LAX and I come back to this?

And he's still there.

My husband.

Peter.

On my desk, smiling.

Framed.

Fucking smiling like –.

Colette is dripping fish from her teeth like a seal.

“Did you see the Queen?”

“Everything *is* going to be ok, Rene.”

But we both know Danno’s lying.

Don’t.

Focus.

If they want to blame anyone for this – who’s it going to be? Who’s going to go?

Cuz if anyone’s got to go –

DANNO. If anyone’s going to go —

RENE. If it’s not going to be me.

COLETTE. Is it going to be you?

RENE. We are missing something.

*(RENE goes to the back wall, which is filled with post-its and notes.)*

Story board...my life on fucking pink cue cards....

A perfectly perfect Arc I’ve written for each lady.

Mandy.

Georgette.

Alexandrea.

Ronny Rose.

Jessica.

*Jessica.*

JESSICA.

And it’s like for the first time in so long Colette and I are both, in a flash:

COLETTE & RENE. “Hand job/Divorce Call in the Jacuzzi!”

DANNO!

DANNO. Jacuzzi?

RENE. Jessica!

COLETTE. Jessica!

DANNO. Jessica. Right. Play it! Play!

*(They look out, up at the screen. Sound: Jessica laughter, the bubbles, the call, the sobbing. They take it all in, watching. DANNO snaps into action.)*

DANNO. *(cont.)* It can work.

Colette – get me all the footage on Jessica you can, get Jessica’s assistant on the phone.

Rene – I need you to do the pick up interview.

*(They aren’t moving)*

C’mon guys. We can do this. *I believe in you.*

RENE. Colette?

COLETTE. Starting now – 2 hours, 45 minutes, 5 seconds.

DANNO. Yes!

COLETTE. If we finish in time –

DANNO. If we cut it right –

RENE. It’s about love.

## 2. "MY ALMOST FUTURE"

(DANNO'S "talking head" confessional.)

DANNO. I BELIEVE...

What happens in our lives is never chance.

I believe it's because of action.

A year ago, I get on a plane, come out here.

I audition my ass off.

But people look at me and don't see a future.

They see an almost future.

My almost future.

So as much as everyone *hates* reality TV actors – do you know – do you?

That's how that's how you become one.

You come out of an audition where you were so close.

"You remind me of someone –

not *you*, someone else – someone with –

potential talent,

perhaps,

could be,

almost.

*No.*"

So when you come out of that audition you think to yourself: This is it! I've had it and you come out looking like you've had it – desperate. So – BAM!

You get handed a flyer.

(*quoting the flyer:*) Don't fit in?

Not quite...

Wish you were...

Are you...

Emotional?

Odd looking?

Rambunctious?

**DANNO.** (*cont.*) High Energy?

Sexy?

And there's an address and you're like why not?

So you go in.

You pretend you're on an island.

You're eating bugs.

You want the gold.

You want the girl.

You backstabber.

You savior.

Bachelor.

And you can't act anything like who you really are,  
because who the fuck wants to watch that?

You get it.

Make friends with one of the producers – Roberts –  
insist on watching the rough cut and you can tell it's  
cut wrong. Because you've worked a million hours at  
your day job at the Applestore so you can cut it way  
better, yeah, sorry.

I pissed them off, yeah.

I did, I know this is obsessive but I did, I stayed up  
and re-cut it, a copy of that shitty footage, came in and  
showed them the next day.

That show went nowhere, canceled, but six weeks ago  
Roberts calls me in.

Hands me a card.

Printed with my name.

Danno Collin.

You choose who you are.

### 3. “FUCK THE KINDLE”

(*Then: Six weeks ago. COLETTE is working the booth at Barnes and Noble selling the Nookbook.*)

**COLETTE.** Motherfucker! Did you hear that old lady? That type there: with those horrible, Sally Jesse glasses –

**DANNO.** The one in her 40s —

**COLETTE.** Old, right?! Right before you came up, all snooty pootey pointing her cane, ok, she doesn't have a cane, but all shaking her finger: “It's your fault.” “It's because of you the publishing industry is in the toilet. No more books in print!” Like me. Like I am technology. I love being queen of the Nook book booth extolling the virtues of the great Nook book! Look assholes there is no glare! Our picture is bright and clear, fuck the kindle.

**DANNO.** Look, I just want to upgrade –

**COLETTE.** Of course, with the upgrade you get a free book so which one do you want...?

**DANNO.** Oh, god. *Take Back Each Day*, I guess.

**COLETTE.** The Jessica Rothen *The Ladies of Malibu* tell all book? Get out.

**DANNO.** Don't judge.

**COLETTE.** No, I love her. I love how it's such a rip off of the original housewives but even better because it's so much worse. Housewives meets Jersey shore. Disgusting. It's got guts. Honesty. What?

**DANNO.** Nothing, just seriously?

**COLETTE.** Like that woman. I want to scream FUCK YOU LADY TO HER FACE – break her Nook book in half, flip everything in this store right at her. But I don't. I shrink. Sweat. Sell. Talk to clueless customers like you when all I want to do is go home, play Wii and drink vodka.

**DANNO.** Okay well –

COLETTE. And that type? Totally one of those women who hit forty, got a kid from Guatemala, knits in traffic. And that type – totally stuffed his crotch with CDs. From the looks of the hair probably some Best of Poison. You think I don't see? I've got like eyes in the back of my head for this shit. I'm like autistic-ly detail oriented bitch.

DANNO. You really do remind me of someone.

COLETTE. I'm sorry.

*(DANNO does a little breathing thing.)*

COLETTE. What the hell is that?

DANNO. Just get nervous sometimes. Started a new job. Keep getting there too early.

COLETTE. You care?

DANNO. Why wouldn't I?

*(beat)*

COLETTE. Have you been getting your lattes all week here and staring at me because I remind you of some girl?

DANNO. *(The answer is yes but he says:)* No.

You act like my sister.

She's 13, plays violin.

COLETTE. You are weird, dude.

DANNO. Yeah.

*(hands her biz card)*

COLETTE. Get out you do not work for – the Ladies? With Jessica?

*(DANNO nods.)*

What the hell is a Story Editor?

DANNO. You really want to know?

*(COLETTE nods.)*

I cut. Cutting is choosing.

*(COLETTE stares blankly.)*

Who do you want to be: the hero or the whimper? Hero, right?

(DANNO uses his hands to frame like a camera his “re-cut” shots as he talks.)

Cut to old bitch telling off Colette. Cut to Colette breaking her Nook book. Flipping everything. The crowd. Ohhhhhhh.

COLETTE. And my dialogue we could redo it like:

FUCK YOU LADY!

I am technology!

All of you – go home, play Wii and drink vodka.

I love being Queen of the Nook book!

I’d call that episode: FUCK THE KINDLE BITCH!

DANNO. Yes!

COLETTE. Except that – my boss fired me this morning. “Colette, you have customer relations issues” – I wanted to say “fuck that” as he’s letting me go but I take it, come out here and –.

DANNO. What if I wanted to hire you?

COLETTE. I’m pretty sure you’ll regret it...Danno.

DANNO. I doubt it. Colette. Can I also get one of those bears with the chocolate?

COLETTE. Ug, why?

DANNO. It’s for Rene, the other girl we just hired. To be honest she makes me a little –

COLETTE. Which color?

DANNO. Blue?

#### 4. "MAKE IT PERSONAL"

(RENE, in the hallway.)

RENE. Running – elevator, shoving other people down,  
14th Floor.

And am I crazy or did it look like, or did it really look  
like out of spite Danno was going to ask Colette to do  
the interview and what can she do really?

I've caught her – no shit – when she doesn't realize  
I've come back early from story notes – caught her  
in the middle of the fucking day in the middle of the  
room, our office, come back to find her like dancing.

Dancing in the middle of the office, like she doesn't  
even care.

Well I care.

I fucking care.

(sound: Bing!)

I shove my hand through the door first. At the glass  
doors of the production office and receptionist, surf-  
ing, talking to some security guy who is checking out  
her ass and she is letting him.

"I need a film crew. Please."

She is not pleased. She is pissed. She grabs a list. A  
fuckload long list.

"Which day?"

Now.

She laughs. And I see my hand slamming through the  
glass and ripping off her plastic face until – Ed! ED!  
Segment producer crew cut classic 50 something Ed,  
Ipod shuffling, hasn't slept in weeks Ed, I grab him.  
Too hard, too long. Awkward.

"Pick up interview. Malibu. Jessica Rothen."

“Last chance.”

Decide.

Ed.

Please, please, please, please.

Ed silent.

The receptionist: “451 Studios. Born to churn out real entertainment for real people!”

And the clock – (*sound: ticking*)

On the wall.

Each tick that no one can hear but me.

Like a respirator but it’s pulling out the air.

Then Ed—he speaks!

“Why not?”

I love Ed. I love Ed more than anything on this earth.  
Ed is going to get the crew is going to meet me in the parking lot in 15.

Text. My sitter.

“When are you back?”

“I have class.”

“You said you’d call after the flight – try to be home after lunch for Celia.”

And – I just can’t – what would I even say when she asks...?

“When’s daddy coming home?”

I’m punching keys, sending, running:

Soon, soon, soon.

2 hours, thirty minutes.

(*RENE runs off. DANNO editing at his desk.*)

**DANNO.** Rene LEFT me here and she expects what when she comes back – a party?

Just takes the fuck off two days ago– one call from her husband – ex or separated or whatever the hell he is and she just goes?

DANNO. (*cont.*) She listens to *him*.

*He* needs her, after *he* treated her like...so she just goes...?

I wake up and I'm...I mean who does that...? It's like 2011!!!\*

And she did not ask me. She did not ask permission.

Sending a text from the airport ten seconds before you're supposed to take off is not asking permission.

It's post production people! The time that people have to cook, clean, buy spinach, leave their co-workers to go fly off to London –

WE DO NOT HAVE THAT TIME! Sleep here, because this has to air.

This has to live.

(*COLETTE on the phone.*)

COLETTE. Almost at 2 hours and twenty minutes, still on hold for Mimi, Jessica's personal assistant. Fucking Danno and Rene – he sends her off to do the interview – I've asked her to bring me like a thousand times –and Mimi – holy shit – picks up.

"Who is this?"

(*deepens her voice:*) "Colette Ryan. Ladies of Malibu, we need to film a pick up."

Oh my god why am I lowering my voice like that's going to...?

"You're not my contact. Where's Roberts?"

And I don't say Roberts is an asshole and making our lives a living hell and we don't want him to even get wind of what we're doing because if he knew, he'd try to fuck it up. Because even though he wants us to fix it – no one here ever wants anyone to succeed.

---

\*Or current year.

“They’ll call, they’ll confirm but this is important, we need – this afternoon – for the finale.”

I’m trying to signal Danno but he’s got his Bluetooth in. He wants me to think it’s the line producer but I know it’s not. Editing at the same time, waving his arms. Lost. I’m alone in this.

Mimi won’t let it go:

“Who the fuck are *you*?”

DANNO. I fucking love deleting.

Conducting.

My symphony? Two sisters fighting, vomiting, pulling hair, police officers, pick them up like dolls, fling them into the air – trash – cut and replace with:

Jessica on vacation.

Jessica breakdown at her Botox Birthday Party.

Jessica with the kid. Correction: Jessica screaming at the nanny about the kid.

Colette took like three seconds to pull up the footage because she knows where they all are by heart which is a little...

The truth is Colette sneaks out footage. She emails shit home so she can watch it, burns CDs. They know she does it – starting searching bags in the office.

She would have been let go then if Rene hadn’t –.

Don’t even think about Rene. Don’t even think she came back for you.

COLETTE. “Hellooooo... “Who the fuck are you? Who the fuck is Colette?”

(RENE *at the elevator.*)

RENE. Elevator opens.

Production crews. Christ we must have the only fat people in LA.

**RENE.** (*cont.*) And – its Roberts, fuck! – latte guzzling Roberts in his EP casual “we’re all friends here until we’re not” sweatsuit power trip and flip flops.

Right there.

Looking at me.

Like he knows.

Like Danno told him.

They’re old friends right?

Coming back from Baja Fresh — Colette going on something about “sometimes you have to make big choices” but she won’t even listen to anything you try to tell her – and there you see Roberts with Danno in the parking lot.

And in your head you can hear – and you can’t tell if it’s paranoid or real but you can hear what he’s saying to Danno.

Elevator doors closing – I can’t.

Head for the stairs. Roberts stays on, probably didn’t even see me, but in my head follows me down the hall.

“Yeah, Danno told me everything about you. How you like it. Did you like it *honey*...?”

(**RENE** *exits.*)

**COLETTE.** “Who the fuck is Colette?”

You want to see who I am?

I take the phone and smash it into my screen right into my laptop.

Everything everyone has googled from the past three weeks.

British Airways, Flights to the UK, a.k.a Rene

“Light a Stress Candle/Learn to Breathe” Hippie Bullshit, a.k.a. Danno

Abortion Pill Online brought to you now live!

(**COLETTE** *reenacts what she learned about ordering*

*the pill online. For some reason this voice she might use seems kinda ghetto/rapper-y...?)*

Yo my main bitch Colette! If you fucked up pregnant less than 63 days

1 Pack of 3 abortion pills can be fedexed your way!

We accept Credit Cards and Online Checks, bitch, so don't hold out on da monies.

That's right honey, I know you got Bobby's credit card number that you wrote down when you got the movie tickets, and uh-huh Black Swan what the fuck was that all about right? Some hot ass masturbation stabbing lesbian dancing motherfucking awesome shit!

You got wings?

You ready to spin and thrust and launch into your motherfucking future of non-pregnant perfection???

Flip that mastercard, put down that bastard bobby's stolen security code – press send and FLY MOTHER FUCKER!

But LISTEN bitch! Orders received before 4 P.M Eastern Time (U.S.) are processed and shipped that day. Orders received after 4 P.M are processed and shipped the next morning so if you ordered yesterday that is today!

*(She drops voice, becomes herself again, as:)*

You see yourself?

Opening the bottle?

Taking out a big pill.

Blue.

Down your throat and imagine!

Follow it down.

It will make you the way you were before.

Empty.

Which is funny if you think about it and what's even funnier is when you faint and Danno makes you leave to go to the doctor and the doc is so handsome, it's

**COLETTE.** (*cont.*) disturbing, like he's on one of those hospital soap shows and he's rubbing your back like you're a tiny hamster and then he's like, "When was your period?" and I'm like seriously you think I have time to figure that out and he's like pee in a cup just in case and he's like it's really good you did that.

Because you are.

I am.

**DANNO.** An argument about who's going to pay the check can be cut the same as an argument about an affair. About hate can be love.

Joy.

That's the point. Do what you have to. To get what you want.

Cut Colette from the scene.

(**COLETTE** *exits.*)

Bring Rene in.

(**RENE** *runs in.*)

What I say to her when she walks in this morning:

(*to RENE*) You can't just run off whenever you want to without – fuck!

But instead of:

**RENE.** Fuck you Danno!

**DANNO.** Replace!

**RENE.** You're right. Thank you.

**DANNO.** Cut Colette back in.

(**COLETTE** *comes back in.*)

**COLETTE.** You're the best Danno!

**DANNO.** And it's great – we finish, we give them the cut and  
THEY LOVE IT! ME!

**COLETTE.** Genius!

**RENE.** Inspired!

**COLETTE.** You've won!

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