

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

A maid, ESMERALDA, leads Gary into the home office of his lawyer, TOM, who sits behind a big oak desk, busy on a computer. There's a large oil painting of himself on the wall. Several boxes of FAT BLAST samples are stacked in a corner.

ESMERALDA
Mr. Tom, Mr. Gary is here.

TOM
Hey, Gary. Have a seat.
Esmeralda, can you bring us some coffee?

ESMERALDA
Yes, Mr. Tom.

Gary watches Esmeralda leave the room, then sits.

GARY
Don't you ever get worried?

TOM
What? What are you talking about?

GARY
You know...that your slaves might revolt.

TOM
Get the fuck out of here. Those are paid servants.

GARY
A total stranger lives in your house, cooks your meals, does your chores, and raises your kids. I think you could call that a slave.

TOM
You're trying to get me to feel guilty and it's not gonna happen. Look at this.

Tom hands Gary a colorful Fat Blast ad with a photo of Gary.

TOM (CONT'D)
That campaign is gonna run on billboards in ten states across the midwest. They had to use a stock photo. You know why?

Gary doesn't know.

TOM (CONT'D)

None of your recent photos would fit on the fucking billboards.

GARY

I've gained a couple pounds.

TOM

If you don't lose some weight, Fat Blast isn't going to renew. Not with you and not with me. They don't want a fat ass selling this shit.

GARY

(genuinely hurt)

I'm not a fat ass.

Tom leans back in his chair.

TOM

I'm sorry. Seriously, Gary. It was out of line and it was mean. We're in this together. Look, do me a favor and go get me that box of samples, would you? They're yours, but they sent the goddamn things here.

Gary gets out of his chair to pick up a box of Fat Blast samples from the corner. He bends over and unveils a wide expanse of carpenter crack. Tom quickly snaps a photo with his cell phone. Gary returns and Tom slides the phone across the desk to him, nodding conclusively as Gary stares at the photo.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'll email that to you for motivation. The company's got a commercial shoot lined up in two weeks. They want lean Gary, hard Gary, buff Gary. They don't want...you.

GARY

I'll lose the weight.

Esmeralda returns with the coffee.

TOM

Thank you, Esmeralda.

Esmeralda is about to leave.

TOM (CONT'D)

Esmeralda...

ESMERALDA

Yes, Mr. Tom?

TOM

Gary here just said you were a slave. Do you think of yourself as a slave?

ESMERALDA

No, Mr. Tom.

TOM

Do you like working here?

ESMERALDA

Yes, Mr. Tom.

TOM

(to Gary)

See? Thanks Esmeralda, you can go back to whatever it was you were doing. Oh, and Esmeralda, I left the Benz in the driveway. I wonder if you could wash it for me after lunch.

ESMERALDA

Yes, Mr. Tom.

Gary shakes his head as Esmeralda exits.

TOM

What??