

INT. "MEAL OF YOUR LIFE," BACKSTAGE AREA - LATER

TERRY (O.S.)

Thank you! And goodbye...

Terry exits the stage to tumultuous applause. Once offstage, his smile disappears. As he makes his way down the hall, the ass-kissing begins...

MAKE-UP GIRL

Great show, Terry!

ASSISTANT #1

Awesome. Just awesome.

SOUND GUY

You da the man, Terry!

Terry's anger grows with each compliment. He polishes off the last of his wine, hands the empty to a passing P.A. Terry obsessively scratches a spot on the side of his head -- it's a nervous tick that he doesn't even realize he has.

TERRY

Who prepped my duck?...

Getting no answer, Terry removes his apron and slams it on the floor. His anger is so genuine, it's almost comical.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Who the hell prepped my Peking Duck?!

SILENCE. Everyone freezes in their tracks. As Terry seethes, a shy female INTERN steps forward.

INTERN

Uh, I did, Mr. LaForrest. I, uh, took the liberty of trimming the fat so it would be leaner.

TERRY

Don't ever touch my fat! Without the fat I'm just blowing air... Without fat it ceases to be Peking duck and becomes Nagasaki duck! BOOM! Understand?

The Intern is petrified. Her eyes fill with tears.

INTERN

I'm sorry. I just...

Terry tries to control his anger. He's a fist-clenching, apoplectic mess.

TERRY

...Peking Duck. Double-Stuff Oreos.
Jonah Hill.

INTERN

I don't underst--

TERRY

Things that are monumentally better
with fat!... Okay?!

INTERN

I-I was just trying to help.

TERRY

I don't need any help! Just...
please. Don't ever touch -- do not
help me!... Thank you.

Terry continues down the hall. CO-WORKERS barely acknowledge his erratic behavior. Amazingly, the ass-kissing continues...

FOOD SERVICE GUY

Can I get you anything, Terry?

All Terry wants to do is get the hell out of there. He pushes past the Food Service Guy and bee-lines for the exit. An excited Producer Bob steps into his path.

PRODUCER BOB

There he is, T-Money! I have got
some unbelievable news. I just got
off the phone with the network.
They want a meeting A.S.A.F.P.

TERRY

I thought I told you to clear my
schedule?

PRODUCER BOB

Terry, did you hear what I just
said? Ratings are way up. This
could be the opportunity we talked
about. "Doing things in a big way!"
Big audiences. Big exposure. Big
money. What could be more important
than this?

(yelling to anyone)

Can we get Terry another glass of
red, please?

Terry rubs his throbbing temples.

TERRY

I'm going to be busy, Bob. Killing myself.

A millisecond of awkward silence. Producer Bob starts to laugh.

PRODUCER BOB

Ha! Oh, *okay*. But, uh, just wait until after the meeting? Once we get the money, you'll have really nice knives to slit your wrists with. *Ginsus*. Cut a tin can, major artery, whatever...

Producer Bob exits laughing. For Terry, it's almost surreal. He looks down, finds a fresh goblet of wine in his hand.

Terry turns. The room spins. He is surrounded by smiling Co-Workers. Even the Intern he just screamed at is smiling at him. Everyone wants a piece of Terry LaForrest, but he is truly connected to no one. He obsessively scratches the spot on the side of his head...