

## ***GUESS WHO?***

### **BACKSTORY**

Sal is a Hollywood gossip columnist, eager to take down Marty, a corrupt, sleazy producer. Marty has been recorded at a lunch meeting saying horrible things about major celebrities. Sal has acquired the tape, and begins to write the story, which is on the computer and ready to be sent to the magazine.

### **PREVIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES**

Sal is at his/her desk, looking at the text of the story, ready to hit the “send” button. First, Sal is eager to speak to Marty directly and dials Marty’s number. Marty picks up, apparently while driving down the PCH near Malibu.

### **SAL**

Hey Marty, guess who? I’m preparing a story and I wanted to run a few things by you. Or would you rather I talk to the waitress at Mozza again. I guess she was pretty excited about the hundred grand she made over lunch. *[Pause - Sal listens as Marty curses loudly]* Are you okay? Maybe you should pull over. Anyway, here’s what we have you saying on tape: “Will Smith can suck my dick.” “Brad Pitt is starting to look weird.” “Who wants to see Meryl Streep fucking anybody.” It’s all going into the article - I’m looking for a good picture of you but the only one I can find is from the “Titanic” premiere and that was over 25 years ago. *[Pause - Sal listens as Marty begs]* If it were me, I wouldn’t fire you for that. I’d fire you because you’re a pathetic douche bag who fucks assistants and then replaces them ... a lying pussy who hogs the spotlight and takes credit for everybody else’s hard work. But most of all, I’d fire you because you’re a sycophantic ass-wipe who works for maybe the worst person in this entire fucking cesspool. But it’s not up to me. All I can try to do is tell the truth. *[Sal hangs up - then hits SEND]*

### **EMOTIONAL FLEXIBILITY EXERCISE**

- 1) Emotional/sense memory of a time when you took your power.
- 2) Personalization: someone who you would love to see squirm.
- 3) Sensory condition: overall of a soothing, warm bath.