

January 29, 2020

**THE FIT**  
**A Play about Money and Tribalism**

**By Carey Perloff**

**Contact: Leah Hamos**  
**Gersh Agency**  
**212 634-8153**  
**lhamos@gersh.com**

Copyright 2020 © CAREY PERLOFF  
All rights reserved.

January 29, 2020

## **CHARACTERS**

**PAUL MANDEL**      *The Managing Partner of a major venture capital firm in Palo Alto. Mid-50's.*

**JEREMY LEE**      *A young partner at Paul's VC firm, Chinese-American, late 20's or early 30's*

**SAKINA BANERJEE**      *A new associate at Paul's VC firm, Indian-American, roughly the same age as Jeremy*

**MARCIA MANDEL**      *Paul's wife, a high-powered harassment lawyer, 50's*

**CHING ARCENAS**      *A cleaner at Paul's VC firm, Filipina, 50's. CHING speaks perfect English but puts on a Tagalog accent when she's cleaning at the office*

## **PLACE**

*A successful venture capital firm on Sand Hill Road in Palo Alto, California.*

## **TIME**

*The present*

## **SCENE BREAKDOWN**

*THE FIT moves fluidly between various locations at Paul's venture capital firm, including Paul's office, Jeremy and Sakina's office, the hallways where Ching cleans, and the ladies' room.*

Scene One

*PAUL'S office. Friday morning. PAUL is at his desk, leafing through a deck. CHING enters with her cart.*

CHING           Happy Friday, boss!

PAUL            *(without looking up)* What's happy about it?

CHING           I have a surprise!

PAUL            Oh yeah? Let me guess.... chocolate room spray?

*Ching produces a bottle of the firm's new craft beer, "Port City".*

CHING           Look what just came!

PAUL            *(looking up)* Port City! It's about fucking time! *(delighted, he grabs the bottle from Ching)*

CHING           Exciting, di ba? Want me to open it?

PAUL            At 9 a.m.? *(he grins)* Not yet. Let me just stare at it for a while! *(he does. Smiles)*  
Listen! Can't you hear the revenue pouring in, Ching? *(Ching leans close to the bottle and listens. Jeremy enters)*

JEREMY          Hey Paul!

PAUL            Jeremy! *(holding up the bottle)* Check it out! Our new investment has arrived!

JEREMY          I know! John's drinking it for breakfast.

PAUL            Really? Then what are we waiting for? *(he holds the bottle out to Ching, who opens it)* Cheers!

*PAUL swigs. The phone rings. Paul answers it.*

PAUL            Katie! Happy Friday! *(Beat. Correcting himself with amusement)* Kathy, right! *(he grins. Jeremy laughs)* A bad time? No, as a matter of fact, this is a good time, a very good time! What can I do for you? *(Beat. Annoyed)* I'm sorry? *(beat)* My wife? *(Beat)* Of course I'm happy she won her breastfeeding case, she's my wife! Hold on. *(he switches to another call)* What? No way! No inspections till the food coloring thing is solved, you know that! *(he swigs his beer)*  
Then we pay them to go away! Fucking FDA! *(he returns to his call with Kathy)* Sorry, busy day!

You bet. I support people's right to lactate whenever they choose. The *food space* is where it's at, even if it means breast milk. (*beat*) Uh huh. Listen-- I'm working on a new fake meat company that will make you weep! (*She demurs. He listens*) What do you mean? Those other companies are bullshit! Fake *burgers* are so yesterday—I want you to think *spare ribs*! Pork chops! *Brisket*, like you mother made it! I'm talking Michelin star quality meat made from-- (*she responds. She has to go*) Fine. I'll do that. You too. And when you get a *real* job-- like the *Wall Street Journal*—you be sure to let me know. (*He disconnects*) Moron!

JEREMY        That was TechCrunch?

PAUL            No. Mashable! Some idiot rookie, totally breathless about Marcia's breast-feeding case and would I like to comment on the changing status of *women* in tech!

JEREMY        Unbelievable!

PAUL            Okay, let's talk money. Tell me about your micro-loan idea.

JEREMY        The company's called Flip.

PAUL            What if it flops? (*he smiles*) Kidding. Go on.

JEREMY        It's about making small loans to individual street vendors to maximize their earning potential. (*CHING's ears perk up. She listens carefully*) It's going to launch in Southeast Asia-- they already have a huge pushcart network, right, Ching?

CHING          You bet, Mr. Jeremy.

PAUL            (*looking at the deck*) Flip. It's a good name. (*Ching listens*)

JEREMY        Easy to remember and sounds fun, right? The CEO's super smart--

PAUL            That kid Harvey?

JEREMY        (*correcting him*) Howard.

PAUL            Howard, whatever. His Executive Summary looked good. Even if he can't string two words together.

JEREMY        Be nice, Paul! As engineers go, he's not so bad. At least when he tries to talk to people, he looks at *their* shoes instead of his own.

PAUL            Right.

JEREMY        It'll scale up well—these pushcart guys never default, so you make your money back incredibly fast.

PAUL            Fast money—that's what we like to hear! That's smart. They all have huge families so the word will get out immediately—a few WhatsApp messages and every cousin is on board. Okay. We'll work through the numbers at Monday's meeting. *(he swigs)* God, this beer is good! Organic hops—who knew! Thanks, Ching.

CHING          I've got your back, Bossing! *(She smiles to herself and exits)*

PAUL            So. What about Miss M.I.T.? Anything happening there?

JEREMY        She's got an interesting company to present. Might be good.

PAUL            Might be? *Better* be. This is her third strike.

JEREMY        Give her a chance—she's trying.

PAUL            What is this, Girl Scouts? You don't get participation points for *trying*! Did you know she went to HR last week? To ask about how we *assess investments*?! What's up with *that*?

JEREMY        I think she wanted in on the ski trip.

PAUL            She told me she doesn't ski! Why should we let her in on the ski trip if she doesn't ski?

JEREMY        Because that's where we make deals.

PAUL            *(smiling)* So tell her to take a few ski lessons!

JEREMY        Right. *(beat)* Any news on the meat company?

PAUL            We're fighting the FDA again – some stupid food coloring issue—but what else is new. This brand is genius, Jeremy. The magic ingredient is called "heme". I was in the lab yesterday while they were testing it. They've solved fake *blood* and the smell of *charcoal*, now they need *texture* that feels like muscle! Then we can pull off ribs and stuff. The product is so close to beef you can almost hear it *moo*.

JEREMY        Amazing. Who would've imagined—

PAUL            Who would've imagined? *(he grins)* Me!

*Blackout.*

**Scene Two**

SAKINA and JEREMY in their office. Later that morning. They sit at adjacent desks, or maybe they just have laptops at a common table.

JEREMY        (*eager*) So on a scale of one to ten, how was last night?

SAKINA        The food was a two.

JEREMY        (*stung*) What?! It was a Thursday Thrill on Thrillist!

SAKINA        But the tequila wasn't bad.

JEREMY        (*seductively*) And the rest...?

SAKINA        Thanks for letting me rehearse my presentation.

JEREMY        Of course!

SAKINA        Have you heard anything? From the team?

JEREMY        (*Quickly*)        Everyone's busy. Be patient.

SAKINA        I feel like I'm invisible around here!

JEREMY        How could you be invisible? You're beautiful *and* smart! Who gets that lucky?!

SAKINA        It's not *luck*. I'm an electrical engineer from M.I.T!

JEREMY        As you remind me *constantly*...

SAKINA        Maybe it's my *name*. What do you think? Maybe if I were named Carly...

JEREMY        *Carly*? That's the most loathed name in the Valley!

SAKINA        So what. She's rich. Incredibly rich.

JEREMY        You're *Indian*, why should you be named Carly?

SAKINA        You're Chinese, why should you be named *Jeremy*?

JEREMY        My parents thought it would make me employable.

SAKINA        Jeremy?!

JEREMY        (*Proudly*)        It's British.

SAKINA        They don't like me.

JEREMY        My parents? They've never met you.

SAKINA        Paul. Paul and his henchmen. I wish I could stand at the urinal and hear what they really talk about.

JEREMY        You don't want to know.

SAKINA        I need them to pay *attention!* I'm about to offer them something tremendous.

JEREMY        Don't worry... I'll work with you before you present!

SAKINA        Really? Can you do it now?

JEREMY        *Now?*

SAKINA        (*interrupting*) I'll be fast. Really fast. Help me, Jeremy.

JEREMY        (*closing his laptop*) Okay. Ten minutes.

SAKINA        (*teasing*) And this time you have to *listen*. Not flirt and get drunk and... you know...

JEREMY        (*blushing*) I wasn't drunk!

SAKINA        Yeah, right. (*deep breath*) Okay. This is background information on a visionary new company called... Shivatech.

JEREMY        (*he pretends to push a buzzer*) Bzzzz! Terrible name! I told you so last night! What does it even mean?

SAKINA        You know. *Shiva*. God of everlasting change. (*JEREMY looks blank*) Wow, Jeremy, didn't they teach you anything at UCLA? Shiva is the god of many disguises, responsible for the creation, upkeep and destruction of the world.

JEREMY Uh huh. You'll need to tell the founder to pick something else. Good start-up names have four letters and *punch*. Like Uber. Etsy.

SAKINA I find "Shivatech" very suggestive.

JEREMY It sounds like what Jews do when they mourn the dead. Okay, what's the problem it's trying to solve?

SAKINA The problem is not knowing what's happening in our own bodies. Shivatech is developing a device that gathers real information in real time. Not what we *say*, but what we *feel*—

JEREMY *(Making a buzzer sound to shut her up)* Never say "feel", it sounds squishy.

SAKINA You mean it sounds *female*.

JEREMY Yeah. *(he reaches for a pill bottle)* Want a nootropic to get you going? They're great for stimulating cognitive function!

SAKINA *(reading the label)* "Alphabrain"? That's pathetic, Jeremy.

JEREMY Why? It works!

SAKINA There's nothing wrong with my cognitive function! I'm talking about what a nightmare it is if you have to constantly monitor your heart rate to check your stress level—

JEREMY *(interrupting)* I love my stress level! I count on my stress level! Make your point. You get five minutes plus questions.

SAKINA *(With visionary zeal)* What if, woven into your clothes, you had bio-sensitive sensors that could gather that information for you? What if you could measure your exertion, your glucose levels, your stress, whatever, just by wearing a certain pair of shorts!

JEREMY *Shorts? (beat)* You're pitching us *shorts*?

SAKINA Did you not hear me say that last night?

JEREMY *(smiling)* I was distracted...

SAKINA It's all in the Executive Summary! Wearable technology that will make thousands of lives more livable.

JEREMY Does it work?

SAKINA           It will. The hard part is figuring out what's going on under the skin.

JEREMY           Like?

SAKINA           Like in the blood.

JEREMY           Watch out for blood—look what happened to that creepy Theranos woman!

SAKINA           Trust me. This company has “unicorn” potential, (*British accent*) *Jeremy*.

JEREMY           Who's the founder?

SAKINA           A total genius!

JEREMY           (*worried*) You don't have a thing for him, do you?

SAKINA           How do you know it's a *him*?!

JEREMY           (*relieved*) Oh good, it's a *her*?

SAKINA           No. It's not. (*beat*) But ... you shouldn't *assume*--

JEREMY           Of course not. Never assume. (*beat. Worried again*) So do you? Have a thing for him?

SAKINA           Relax, Jeremy. He's almost my *father's* age.

JEREMY           Is he Indian? Don't tell me—(*jealous, teasing*) he talks softly and drinks chai and sits on the floor in a lotus position...

SAKINA           Yes! His work space is full of beautiful art and real books that people have actually *read*—and everywhere you turn, you hear the sound of a gurgling *fountain* ...

JEREMY           You're so tribal.

SAKINA           We're all tribal! Wouldn't you like to be with a Chinese-American woman if you could?

JEREMY           No!

SAKINA           (*teasing*) Come on! As long as she sent pork buns on Saturday like your mother, you'd be good to go!

JEREMY           Get over the pork buns! Would it make you happy if my mother sent papadams instead?

SAKINA           Nope, sorry. Papadams have gluten. Anyway, I'm trying to make a point here! I'm looking for people who have *vision*.

JEREMY           Take it easy. You don't have to change the world your first few times out! Remember that asshole with the artisanal *messenger bags* who said he was "making the world a better place, one bag at a time"?

SAKINA           *(laughing)* Idiot.

JEREMY           Okay. The pitch sounds good. When you make your power point, use "Prezi". That's the platform they like—it's got wild colors and great graphics—it works every time. If you distract them with what's on the screen, you won't have to look them in the eye so much. And don't get cute—no jokes, no anecdotes, just the facts. Okay?

SAKINA           No jokes?

JEREMY           *Sakina--*

SAKINA           Even my stupid Indian accent? *(she does a kind of parody Indian accent)* It's very good for loosening the sphincters of uptight white assholes at early morning meetings.

JEREMY           Stop it! Why do you always do that? It's so demeaning!

SAKINA           It's what they're thinking anyway! That I'm some clueless Indian girl with an axe to grind.

JEREMY           So don't give them more ammunition!

SAKINA           Why not? Let them know we *know!* It's fun. I love watching them squirm. *(Indian accent)* I will start by telling them the good news: "reincarnation is making a comeback".

JEREMY           *Sakina--*

SAKINA           *(still using her Indian accent)* And then we might discuss a new Indian ice hockey team: the "Toronto Maple Sikhs". *(back to business)* Do me a favor, though. Go to the gym with Bill this afternoon.

JEREMY           *Me?*

SAKINA Find out what the buzz is—what they’re saying about me. Have they read my Executive Summary? *Any of them?*

JEREMY I have three pitches to vet! And I never go to the gym.

SAKINA (*teasing*) You could use it.

JEREMY (*Stung*) You think so?

SAKINA (*sexy Indian accent*) Help me, my friend. Good dharma brings good karma.

JEREMY You don’t think I’m fit?

SAKINA I think I’m *screwed* if I don’t land this one! This is my *third* investment pitch, Jeremy!

JEREMY Then *you* go to the gym!

SAKINA Have you *ever* seen a woman in that gym? Except the cleaning staff? In fact, the last time I went in, two guys thought I *was* the cleaning staff!

JEREMY (*sighing*) Okay. For you, I’ll go to the gym. For you, I’ll do anything! I smelled Patchouli the day you walked through the door and immediately fell under your spell!

SAKINA Chanel.

JEREMY What?

SAKINA It’s not patchouli, it’s Chanel. You fetishize exotic women, you know that?

JEREMY “Fetishize”? What does *that* mean?

SAKINA (*laughing*) Are you kidding me?

JEREMY I’m hot for you! Can I help that? I’m hooked!

SAKINA Hooked enough to promote my pitch Monday?

JEREMY Will you be wearing the shorts?

SAKINA Jeremy!

JEREMY That would totally push your presentation over the edge! Trust me...

*He leans over, kisses her. CHING enters.*

CHING        Passing through!

SAKINA        *(Startled. Pulls away from JEREMY)* Jesus!

JEREMY        *(Laughing)* She won't tell! Will you, Ching? *(CHING sprays Citrus Surprise everywhere)* What is that shit you're always spraying?

CHING        Citrus Surprise!

SAKINA        What?

CHING        It has a big lemon on the can.

JEREMY        That's a lemon?

CHING        Surprise! Tomorrow, Mystic Mint! You need anything else? I have lots of stuff.

JEREMY        What're you offering?

SAKINA        How about a little seed funding for a great new venture?

CHING        Seeds? What kind of seeds you want?

SAKINA        Never mind.

CHING        Red Bull? Kleenex? Soap? Philz Coffee?

SAKINA        Where'd you get Philz Coffee?

JEREMY        You steal it from the board room. Ching tells you when it's stocked.

SAKINA        Wow. *(beat)* I can't do coffee these days—my sleep's terrible.

JEREMY        I *live* on this shit—I bring a stash home every week, right Ching?

CHING        Of course, Mr. Jeremy. *(to SAKINA)* You need a pill?

SAKINA        Is it Alphabrain?

CHING            Aleve—better for hangovers. (*CHING produces a pill bottle and hands it to SAKINA*)

SAKINA            (*blushing*) How did you know?

CHING            Big presentation Monday means big hangovers the Friday before.

JEREMY            That's true!

CHING (*to SAKINA*) You need help, you let me know. (*CHING grabs her cart and trundles off*)

JEREMY            See you, Ching!            (*CHING is gone. SAKINA swallows a pill*)

SAKINA            How'd you get so chummy with the cleaning staff?

JEREMY            (*Conspiratorially*)        I think she sleeps here.

SAKINA            I hope not! All that room spray—she'd have lung poisoning.

JEREMY            I mean it. Last week I left after midnight and she was brushing her teeth in the ladies' room.

SAKINA            You went into the ladies' room?

JEREMY            The door was open. I saw her.

SAKINA            That's so sad.

JEREMY            I know.

SAKINA            Well, if my pitch doesn't land, Ching and I will be sleeping here together!

JEREMY            (*hopefully*) Unless you change you mind and sleep at my place...

SAKINA            (*ignoring this*) So you promise you'll back me? At the Monday meeting?

JEREMY            If you're nice. (*he smiles*)

SAKINA            Me? (*smiling back, flirtatiously*) I'm always nice, Jeremy! *Crossfade.*

## Scene Three

*Sunday night, late. CHING, in slippers, trundles down the hall with her cart. She stops, unzips her cosmetic bag, gets out her toothbrush and sticks it in her mouth. Fishes around for her toothpaste. Suddenly SAKINA, in sweats, re-enters, carrying a yoga mat. She's startled to see CHING there, so late at night.*

SAKINA        Oh! (beat) Hey Ching!

CHING        *(quickly hiding her toothbrush)* Huy! What are you *doing* here? It's Sunday!

SAKINA        *(showing her the mat)* Yoga. To calm my brain before tomorrow. I've been practicing my pitch. *(beat. Curious)* What are you doing here?

CHING        *(thinking fast)* I didn't finish cleaning Friday. *(beat. CHING grabs a big bottle of hand soap and some empty small bottles)* Soap. They have to be filled. The little bottles. Every day. Little holes. From big bottle.

SAKINA        *(Enthusiastically)* I love doing stuff like that. When I was a waitress in college, my favorite job was salt cellars. Let me try. *(She stops exercising and, panting, takes a small bottle, opens the lid, and carefully pours the soap in. Abruptly, looking at CHING)* Do you sleep here?

CHING        Sleep?

SAKINA        You know, do you... spend the night... sometimes... in the office?

CHING        Do you?

SAKINA        Do I? No. No I don't. *(Beat)* Do I *look* like someone who sleeps at the office? *(Ching shrugs)* What, do I smell?

CHING        Have some room spray! Mystic Mint! *(she sprays)*

SAKINA        Look, if you're sleeping here, it's okay. I mean it's not okay, it's awful—for you—but I won't tell.

CHING        And I won't tell them you were kissing that bakla in the office.

SAKINA        *(Startled)* What?

CHING        That gay boy who's always brushing his teeth, di ba?

SAKINA        Jeremy's not -- *(She pauses, brought up short. Laughs)* What makes you think he's gay?

CHING        *(Shrugging)* He looks like my son.

SAKINA        *(surprised)* Really? *(working on the bottles, spilling a lot of soap)* Oops, shit, too much. *(beat)* Jesus, Ching, why is it so hard?

CHING        The openings are too small.

SAKINA        No, I mean *life!* It's exhausting.

CHING        Yeah.

SAKINA        Where do you come from?

CHING        *(Quickly, very defensive)* I'm legal! You think I'm not legal?

SAKINA        No, actually, I didn't mean—

CHING        *(interrupting)* Don't get me fired! Filipinos have been coming here for a hundred years. *We live* here, bruja!

SAKINA        Relax! So do we. What's your last name?

CHING        Arcenas. Ching Arcenas.

SAKINA        Sakina Banerjee. *(putting on her silly Indian accent)* One of the thousands of smiling subservient ready-made Indian workers on H1b visas, here to service the tech industry!

CHING        You're on a visa?

SAKINA        Yup. How about you?

CHING        None of your business!

SAKINA        I wonder what would happen to their disruptive bullshit if we were all sent back home?

CHING        You think we're getting sent back home?

SAKINA        It's possible. With the orange asshole, anything's possible.

CHING            (*outraged*) They'll never survive without us! That's why I spray the office. To remind them they *need* us. You should start recording what they say—just in case!

SAKINA           In case what?

CHING           In case they screw you! Like that other girl they got rid of.

SAKINA           What other girl?

CHING           You didn't know? Wake up, hija! I have *plans*. I'm gonna beat these fuckers at their own game! You finished?

SAKINA           (*Holding up bottles*) How did I do?

CHING           Not so good. What a mess. (*There's soap all over the table. Ching grabs the bottles and cleans up Sakina's mess*) Don't tell them I sleep here!

SAKINA           Of course not. Why would I do that? I'm on your side!

CHING           You have money I could use?

SAKINA           Me? No!

CHING           Then you're not on my side.

SAKINA           (*Gathering her things*) I should go home. Try to get some sleep before tomorrow! Thanks for the conversation, Ching. (*Ching stares at her*) You staying here?

CHING           (*as she cleans up Sakina's mess!*) I'm working.

SAKINA           Right. Sorry about the mess. (*She rises. Gathers her things*) Good night, then.

CHING           See you tomorrow, Banerjee!

SAKINA           (*putting out her hand*) Sakina. Call me Sakina.

CHING           (*staring at her*) I'll think about it.

*SAKINA heads down the hall. CHING watches her go. Then, slowly, she pushes the cart to one side, pulls out a cosmetic bag from underneath, gets out toothbrush, toothpaste, cold cream.*

*She sits, opens the cold cream, slowly applies it to her face. Pulls a quilt out from under the cart and spreads it on the couch. Looks around, pulls out her phone and places a video call.*

CHING ( *looking at the video screen on her phone, softly*) Hoy pogi! Kumusta na? (“*Hey handsome! How are you?*”) Can you see me? (*beat*) Sa office. (“*At the office*”) (*beat*) Ewan ko, midnight? (“*I don’t know, midnight?*”) Maybe one o’clock. Uy, did you get what I sent? (*Beat. She listens. Smiles*) It smells good, di ba? Which do you like better, the lemon or the mint? (*smiles. Nods*) Next time, coconut. Of course! (*beat*) Grabe, (“*goodness*”), it’s crazy here, right now. The firm. They have a new girl. Tsismosa! (“*She’s a gossip*”) Very nosy. Sobra siya. (“*She’s too much!*”) She does too much exercise. Even on Sunday! I can’t get any sleep. But I got the spread sheets from the boss’s desk. Sent them to Esperanza for the App. Smart, di ba? It’s almost ready to launch! We got enough stuff to stock about a hundred pushcarts. Tito Baby is getting cheap phones for all the drivers—they can pick them up at Tito Orville’s house on Saturday and download da App if they get a coupon from Esperanza. Got it? (*beat. She listens*) Okay, I have to sleep na. Kiss tatay for me. Here we go! (*she hangs up. Grabs her toothbrush. Heads down the hall to brush her teeth.*)  
*Blackout.*

**Scene Four**

*Monday morning. A screen drops in. SAKINA is at the head of the table, in the middle of her presentation. She is facing her “Prezi” on the screen-- large, colorful graphics and bar charts. PAUL has failed to show up and this is obviously upsetting to her—she keeps turning around to see if he’s coming.*

SAKINA As you can see on the left, the green bar indicates the growing number of insulin takers in the United States, set against the pink bar ...*(correcting)* I’m sorry, the *gray* bar, showing number of self-administered shots per day. If the device this company is proposing were used for the diabetic market alone, its potential market share would be huge, as you can see if you multiply the blue axis by the brown one. But as the yellow and orange bubbles over here show, there are dozens of other potential applications for this product—

*(PAUL saunters in as if right on time. SAKINA turns and sees him).*

SAKINA Paul! So glad you made it!

PAUL Morning, team.

*(SAKINA is uncertain how to respond)*

JEREMY *(eagerly)* Hey, boss!

PAUL *(He slips into a chair. Looks at the screen)* Wow, that’s some aggressive color for eight in the morning! I’ll keep my shades on, if you don’t mind. *(he does)*

SAKINA Shall I start again?

PAUL Nope! I’m a smart guy, I’ll catch up!

JEREMY Go on, Sakina. You’re doing great!

SAKINA *(trying to regroup)* This is—uh—my presentation is focused on a new bio-metric technology being developed in order to monitor—

PAUL *(interrupting)* Yeah, yeah I got that—what problem is it trying to solve?

SAKINA *(trying to stay on course)* I’m about to get to that. The company is called... Shivatech!

Paul What?

SAKINA As in *Shiva*-- Hindu god of contradiction!  
JEREMY Stay with the product, Sakina.

SAKINA Right. Shivatech has devised a sensor that is so predictive, it can transmit data about a person's somatic functions to any designated recipient.

PAUL So what? What's the obtainable market?

SAKINA Everyone! If your mother is having heart failure or your daughter is diabetic, you could know in real time what's happening in her body, in time to intervene. *That's* the problem it's trying to solve!

PAUL Intervene how?

SAKINA (*taken aback*) Well... that depends entirely upon the protocol of the physician.

PAUL Never trust doctors! Where's the *money*?

SAKINA (*soldiering forward*) As these graphics show, the device could penetrate the burgeoning market of wearable technology, by weaving tiny sensors into *fabric*—

PAUL Wearable? (*turning to the whole room*) Excuse me. This firm does not invest in *fashion*.

JEREMY Paul! You *know* that's not what she means!

PAUL (*to JEREMY, smiling*) She's new-- I'm helping her out! (*To SAKINA*) We're looking for growth and *revenue*, Sabrina.

JEREMY Sakina.

SAKINA Absolutely. As I'm sure you're aware, wearable medical technology is already a multi-million dollar industry! Witness the Fitbit—

PAUL (*witheringly*) The Fitbit! Stupidest invention in this history of the planet. Who gives a fuck how many *steps* people take? Besides, if your product is so great, why doesn't Fitbit offer it as a feature on their own device?

SAKINA This product is much more precise. We'd be crazy to pass it up.

PAUL (*getting more and more annoyed*) I beg to differ!

SAKINA        (*plowing forward*) Where Fitbits capture a narrow panel of results, the amazing sensor developed by this company, embedded in fabric that can be worn like shorts, has the potential to--

PAUL         (*interrupting*) Shorts?! (*beat. The room goes quiet*) Excuse me. Perhaps I misheard. Are you actually asking this firm to invest in a company whose product is medical shorts?

JEREMY        Shorts are just the *delivery mechanism*, Paul!

PAUL         Oh really? Are we talking boy shorts or thongs?

JEREMY        Whatever works! They're gonna be very sexy!

SAKINA        (*outraged*) Jeremy!

PAUL         It's just a Fitbit for asses! Why the fuck are you wasting our time with this?

SAKINA        Just let me finish! *Please!*

PAUL         Some of us have work to do!

SAKINA        (*advancing the Prezi*) Here are the results from recent fabric experiments in Mumbai—

PAUL         Mumbai? It's 8 a.m. and we're being asked to invest in *underpants from Mumbai!* What is this, some kind of joke? I nearly smashed my Tesla to get to this meeting!

(*PAUL picks up the deck lying on the table in front of him and tosses it across the room*)

JEREMY        Paul! Take it easy!

PAUL         Enough already. This firm needs a *unicorn*, not lingerie! Stop contradicting me, and spare us the purple bar charts and ancient wisdom! Life is too fucking short! What else have we got, Jeremy? Who's got a pitch?

JEREMY        Roger!

PAUL         What is it? A design-your-own bra company?

JEREMY        He's got a personal assistant app for teen-agers!

PAUL         Now that sounds useful...

JEREMY       Yup-- they're all the rage right now. The name of the company is "JustCallKitty"!

PAUL           Great name! I'm in!

SAKINA        *(shocked) What?!*

PAUL           *(rising)* Listen, team. Let's start all over and pretend this day never happened! I'm gonna get a beer. We'll re-group in my office in ten minutes!

*Paul heads out the door. Jeremy throws Sakina an apologetic glance, and then follows Paul. Sakina watches after them, dumbfounded. She stands for a moment in the empty room, wondering what to do next. Then she grabs her purse and her laptop, and exits.*

*Crossfade:*

**Scene Five**

*PAUL and JEREMY walk into PAUL'S office, immediately following SAKINA's presentation, both carrying beers.*

PAUL           Send her back where she came from! How dare she challenge me in front of the team? And who told her to do a fucking Prezi, anyway? Pink graphics and green bubbles do not substitute for *ideas!*

JEREMY        I thought you loved that platform!

PAUL           It was like *kindergarten!* She never even looked us in the eye!

JEREMY        *(Trying to stay calm)* She was nervous, I know. But she thinks we have a chance to make a game-changing investment in basic health.

PAUL           Basic is right. That was *embarrassing!* It's vaporware, Jeremy! She failed to address the simplest questions.

JEREMY        Just read the Executive Summary! *(he puts it on Paul's desk)*

PAUL           It could take *generations* to develop a decent prototype for that kind of device. And then there's the *FDA!* I told you, the wait time is killing our fake meat company-- medical shit takes *forever* in this country!

JEREMY        We're not McDonald's.

PAUL           I'm sorry?

JEREMY        It's about the *future!* You're the one who always says—it's not about how many burgers we flip, it's about how long and fast we can hold on to a great idea.

PAUL           PayPal was a great idea. Instagram was a great idea. Her product looks like some high schooler's science project. Is anyone else backing this thing?

JEREMY        We're investigating that. You missed the first part of the presentation.

PAUL           I was bribing Cindy to eat breakfast.

JEREMY        Why won't she eat breakfast?

**[End of Excerpt]**