

**"The Things A Girl Has To Do"**

**By**

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**Based on a short story of the same name**

**By**

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1 INT. OFFICE — LATE AFTERNOON

1

NATASHA, dressed in young, smart office attire, talks on the phone to the boss.

NATASHA

Yes Max, I'm leaving for the airport now. I'll see you in Melbourne.

Looking irritated she makes rude hand gestures to the phone and then starts to pack up.

NATASHA

I'd love to have dinner. I want to go through the presentation with you anyway... OK, yep, see ya.

She puts down the phone and gives it the finger. PATSY, an older looking lady in office attire walks up to desk.

PATSY

Please be careful with that lecherous old bastard Natasha.

NATASHA

Of course Pats, thanks for the warning but I can take care of myself.

PATSY

Rumour has it that he's got a bet going.

NATASHA

Get out! A bet? Don't tell me...

PATSY

Yes and remember the fat old shit has got away with this before.

NATASHA

That creepy little rotund retard has a bet does he...

PATSY

Look I know you want the promotion but it isn't worth it, just be...

Natasha cuts Patsy's conversation short. She is fuming with rage, angrily throwing papers into her briefcase.

NATASHA

Pats, please, give it a break. This is me you're talking to. I'm on top of it.

Natasha walks to the exit, past Patsy, in a hurry.

PATSY  
(shouts after Natasha)  
That's what I'm afraid of.

NATASHA  
(shouting back)  
Very funny Pats, very bloody funny...

**2 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT – LATE EVENING**

**2**

MAX and NATASHA are sitting around a dinner table. Natasha has a nearly full glass of wine; Max finishes his glass and pours himself another. He's obviously had a few.

MAX  
You've hardly had a mouthful.

NATASHA  
I need to keep a good head. It's an important meeting tomorrow.

MAX  
Ah yes, good head. Play your cards right and that promotion is in the sack.

NATASHA  
Don't you mean 'in the bag'?

MAX  
I'm looking forward to having you, on my staff.

NATASHA  
Well I think I'm ready for a more challenging position.

MAX  
I can just imagine what might be achieved with you working directly, underneath me.

Max leans closer into Natasha's personal space. Natasha instinctively moves away but corrects herself. She smiles at him and lets out a small forced giggle.

MAX

(looking at Natasha's breasts)  
You'll bring some wonderful, assets to the team.

NATASHA

Thanks Max. Now my presentation, I would appreciate your, input, before tomorrow's meeting?

MAX

I'd be more than *happy* to give you some input, after, massaging your figures a little, eh?

Max starts to move his hand over Natasha's when JASMIN, a drop dead gorgeous bombshell of a girl, taps him on the shoulder.

JASMIN

Max? Max Meisel! How are you? I thought it was you but I wasn't sure.

MAX

(disinterested, still looking at Natasha)  
Sorry, do I know you?

Max slowly moves his head away from the direction of Natasha's breasts, his eyes now making direct contact with the more exposed breasts of Jasmin.

JASMIN

(putting on a fake sad face)  
Oh Maxie, don't tell me you've forgotten me?  
Jasmin, remember? The Australian sales conference in Alice Springs?

MAX

(confused)  
Jasmin? Alice Springs?

JASMIN

You won Sales Manager of the Year. We had a few drinks, you said you'd teach me a thing or two. Remember?

Jasmin squeezes Max's nose in a sign of familiarity.

MAX

(leaning away from Natasha)  
Alice Springs. That was a conference all right!  
Bit of a blur. Hell of a night, I think...

Jasmin now places a hand on Max's shoulder and leans forward as to whisper in his ear.

JASMIN

I do believe we have some unfinished business Maxie. You promised to show me how to, massage my figures, remember?

MAX

(looking at Natasha)  
Ah, well, umm...

NATASHA

That's OK Max. I'll see you down here at 8 for breakfast? You can look at my figures then.

MAX

(shrugging his shoulders)  
Sorry Nats, when something comes up, can't be helped.

NATASHA

Remember we need to leave half 8 latest.

MAX

You can count on me Natasha.

NATASHA

(under her breath)  
Oh yes I can.

**3 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT — MORNING**

**3**

NATASHA is sitting at a breakfast table sipping tea, going through her presentation. She looks at her watch, 8:30am. She calls over the WAITER.

NATASHA

Has Mr Meisel been down yet? Room 96?

WAITER

No Miss. I just past that room and there's a 'Do Not Disturb' sign on the door. Not surprising, he ordered champagne at 2am!

NATASHA

(grinning)  
OK, thanks. Can you call a cab for me please, oh and can I leave this for Jasmin D'Flowers in room 88.

Natasha finishes writing a cheque, places it in an envelope and hands it to the Waiter. He nods.

**4. INT. MEETING ROOM – DAY**

**4**

The Chief Executive, BOB, is flipping through some PowerPoint slides on screen detailing business growth state by state. NATASHA enters the room.

BOB  
Good morning Natasha.

Other members of the MEETING GROUP echo greetings.

NATASHA  
Good morning Bob. I'll be ready to start in just a second.

BOB  
No rush. Where's Max?

NATASHA  
I'm not sure. He didn't show up for breakfast so I thought he was already here?

BOB  
No, not here. Anyone seen him?

Other members of the MEETING GROUP shake heads and mumble negatively.

BOB  
We'll give him a few minutes.

Natasha puts down her briefcase and organises the laptop with her presentation on it. She is very quickly ready to start and her slides look amazing – in vivid contrast to those of the Director.

BOB  
(to his secretary, JANICE)  
Janice, give Max a quick call can you. I hate late starts.

Janice nods and reaches for her phone.

BOB  
(irritated)  
I'm keen to see Natasha's presentation. Find out how far away he is.

Janice dials on mobile phone, walks to the far end of the room looking out of the window. She waits then speaks.

JANICE

Max it's Janice. Where the hell are you? We're about to start. Get here quick or call with a bloody good excuse.

Janice turns and walks back towards Bob.

JANICE

It's going straight to voicemail Bob. I left a message that we are about to start.

BOB

It's just not good enough, it's expensive to fly him out *not* to turn up to the bloody meeting.

Other members of the MEETING GROUP shake heads in agreement.

BOB

Right then, let's make a start shall we. I'll have word with Max when he gets here.

Natasha begins her presentation, detailing the Adelaide sales figures and views on growth and future prospects. She is confident and clearly un-phased by Max's absence. The Director looks at his watch and gives disapproving glances to Executive Assistant and other members of the group.

## 5. INT. HOTEL BEDROOM – DAY

5

We see a dimly lit hotel room – the TV is playing and can be heard in the background. Quentin Tarantino's "DEATHPROOF" is playing: Kurt Russell is begging for forgiveness from the women he has terrorised – we hear his dialogue "I DIDN'T MEAN IT [sobs]."

We see JASMIN, dressed as she was the night before. She picks up her handbag.

JASMIN

Sorry I didn't let you, well, you know...

She shrugs her shoulders indicating MAX didn't get what he wanted.

JASMIN

Client instructions darling. Just business,  
that's all. Anyway thanks for the champagne,  
maybe I'll see you at the next sales conference?

As the camera moves we see Max, half naked, handcuffed to  
the bed with rubber ball gag in mouth. Clothes and empty  
champagne bottles are strewn around the room. Max is  
wearing lipstick and eye shadow. He has the word 'DIRTY  
BASTARD' written on his forehead. He is struggling and  
trying to shout at Jasmin as she waves and leaves.

**6. INT MEETING ROOM – DAY**

**6**

NATASHA wraps up presentation to great applause. BOB is  
again visibly very pleased with the presentation.

BOB

Thank you Natasha that was excellent. I am more  
than impressed that you were able to stand in on  
behalf of your absent manager at the last moment.

Other members of the MEETING GROUP shake heads in  
agreement.

BOB

(looks at JANICE)

And I think its pretty poor form that he didn't  
even have the courtesy to call and explain.

JANICE

(shrugs her shoulders)

Sorry Bob, still no reply. I think it's a repeat  
of what he did in Alice Springs, remember?

BOB

Bloody no show to my morning presentation, I do  
remember. But I'll deal with that later.

Other members of the MEETING GROUP look down at the  
papers in front of them, worried looks.

BOB

(looking at Natasha)

We need to have a serious talk about your future.  
We can't have your obvious talents wasting away  
back in Adelaide. Considering what happened today  
with Max I think we are looking at the new state  
manager.

NATASHA

Maybe he's tied up elsewhere?

BOB  
Your too kind making excuses for him. With immediate effect you are now the new state manager.

Other members of the MEETING GROUP applaud and murmurs congratulations can be heard.

NATASHA  
Well thank you Bob, thank you.

The group begins to pack up. Bob is still beaming at the presentation. Natasha looks pleased with herself as she too begins to pack up.

**7. INT. HOTEL BEDROOM – DAY**

**7**

We see a hotel room with a 'DO NOT DISTURB' sign on the door. A hotel MAID knocks on the door and waits for an answer. After waiting she gingerly opens the door with her key and pushes her cleaning trolley inside. The TV is playing. Again we see MAX tied up on the bed, trying to wriggle towards the telephone.

MAID  
(trying not to laugh)  
I'm not interrupting anything am I, *sir*?

MAX  
Hmnmngghghghghg (muffled complaints)

Maid bursts out laughing.

**8. INT MEETING ROOM – DAY**

**8**

Everyone else has left. NATASHA is just finishing packing up. Suddenly she feels a hand on her arm.

NATASHA  
(gasps and turns)

BOB smiles back at her gleefully.

BOB  
I hope you don't have to rush back to Adelaide Natasha. I was hoping we might have a drink tonight and celebrate your promotion.

NATASHA

Well actually I...

BOB

I am so looking forward to having you on my staff.

Natasha smiles uneasily.

**9 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT — LATE EVENING**

**9**

ONE YEAR LATER...

BOB and NATASHA are sitting around a dinner table. Natasha has a nearly full glass of wine; Bob finishes his glass and pours himself another. He's obviously had a few.

BOB

You've hardly had a drop.

NATASHA

I need to keep a good head. It's an important meeting tomorrow.

BOB

Ah yes, good head. You play your cards right and you'll have this promotion in the...

JASMIN comes over to the table and taps Bob on the shoulder.

JASMIN

Bob? Bob Burton! How are you? I thought it was you but I wasn't sure.

**FADE OUT**