

NAN

You can get it from Dean.

(beat,)

Well... I have to get my drink now.

KENDRA

Right! I've got to go, too! It was nice running into you.

NAN

You, too.

KENDRA

Bye!

SASHA

Bye bye.

(KENDRA exits.)

NAN

Good God.

SASHA

What? Who was that?

NAN

Eleanor Gardner's old assistant. Kendra Something. Did you overlap with her?

SASHA

No, but she seemed a little aggressive...

NAN

Yes. Eleanor used to refer to as "Tiger Daughter."

SASHA

Oh no - Isn't that a little offensive?

NAN

Calling her a tiger?

SASHA

Yeah, like that whole Tiger Mom thing, or - ?

NAN

Oh! Oh right. Wow I never put that together... But Eleanor's great - She's just old. The point is that she was afraid.

(MORE)

NAN (cont'd)

I once asked Eleanor why she didn't just fire the girl and she told me she was too scared that if she fired her, Kendra would just climb the ladder somewhere else and come back to haunt her. And Eleanor would know. I mean, she's been in the business so long, she's seen every type of anybody that has ever passed through this world. And she was right. I mean, the girl just sold some book on Gloria and she wasn't even there.

SASHA

Oh that was Kendra Park!

NAN

That's right -

SASHA

How many more books about Gloria can that place take?

NAN

She sat in the cubicle right next to Dean, too.

SASHA

Poor Dean - You know, we actually tried to bid on his book -

NAN

You did?

SASHA

Yes, though they were just these sample pages from a memoir he'd been shopping around - did you ever see them?

NAN

Of course I did -

SASHA

Just terrible, right? And the whole thing was so icky with his little agent holding that auction less than a week after the shooting. But I was trying to be supportive because, of course, I knew him and I spent the whole time thinking, "It could have been me in that cubicle!" You know?

NAN

Did you know Gloria?

SASHA

Of course I knew Gloria. Didn't you?

NAN

Actually, Sasha, I barely knew the woman. Isn't that terrible? And, apparently, Gloria and I were the same exact age and we'd started around the same time. Isn't that crazy? I mean, we must have worked on something together at some point but I usually request Christine.

SHAWN

(setting out another drink,)

Skim macchiato / extra foam.

SASHA

(retrieving her drink,)

Thanks, Shawn.

NAN

Ugh - I want to talk about something else. Let's sit by the window.

(beat,)

How are things at -

(Drinks in hand, they go find a table to sit at.)

SASHA

Fine. You know: it's books. People kind of still read them. Kind of. Sorta of. Oprah fucked us. E-readers fucked us. Amazon is still fucking us. And now this new publisher's trying to push this new acquisition model, where all we try to do is get things that someone will want to option for a movie so that it will be turned into a movie so that we can get the book sales. So we make books that feel like movies. I feel so little screwed. I got into this business to make books I really cared about - that spoke to me and my generation. Now half my list is YA crossover -

(DEAN crosses in front of the window.)

NAN

Is that Dean?

(DEAN re-enters to retrieve the manuscript he left under his seat. SHAWN sees DEAN, makes a move as if to block him.)

SHAWN

Man, what are you doing?

DEAN

I left something! Relax!