

MRS. WEINERSTEIN

Written by

E.J. Zain

Based on #metoo

Address
Phone Number

MRS. WIENERSTEIN, JERRY, NAOMI, ERIN MANDY

INT. OFFICE MEETING ROOM - DAY

Three corporate women sit in a conference room. All three look like corporate Type A's.

JERRY enters, he is a handsome guy in a really nice suit. He is about to take a seat when NAOMI stops him.

NAOMI

Hey stud, you're over there.

Naomi flicks her chin over at an office chair across from where he was planning to sit. Jerry looks at Naomi with a squinty eye. Naomi pulls out a stud finder--

NAOMI (CONT'D)

I was looking all over for this.
Phew!

ERIN leans over and pulls out a seat for him; the chair has a big photo of a woman with her tongue sticking out.

JERRY

Who's on this chair?

Everyone stops, looks at him like there's something wrong with him and keeps talking amongst themselves.

NAOMI

(low voice)

It's Mrs. Wienerstein. Every Noob has to sit there for the first day. That's part of being on her team. We cover each other's asses. It's symbolic, don't worry! You're Part of the club now.

Jerry smiles. Shakes her hand.

JERRY

Thanks...I'm Jerry.

She looks him over-- up and down.

NAOMI

I'm Naomi by the way; You're gonna love it here. This is Erin, and that's Mandy...

Erin is awaiting her turn.

ERIN

Hey Jerry, so you enjoying the view from your office?

JERRY

Thanks, yeah--very spacious. I love it.

Naomi, Erin and MANDY look at him up and down and spins him around in his chair to get a good 360 view.

ERIN

Very nice indeed--

MANDY

Ch'yeah! Not too shabby...your suit fits you in all the right places. I'm Mandy...So nice to meet you!

Jerry smiles awkwardly while examining his choice of clothing, doubting himself.

JERRY

Thanks?

Mandy shakes his hand and does a "faux bro-hand shake" grasping his hand, slapping it back and forth and ultimately lands her hand on his chest. Jerry looks down and removes her groping hand.

MANDY

Oooh, sorry. I have a carpal tunnel problem. My hand gets spastic.

Mandy mouths to Erin.

MANDY (CONT'D)

So hot!

ERIN

(whispering)

Sista, he is smooookiin!

Jerry cringes a little now. Naomi thumbs over to a nonexistent entity--the "janitor" through the window of the room.

NAOMI

Our janitor MIKE--he's---smokin'--again. In the hallway...so hot!

JERRY

What did you say?

NAOMI

Huh? (beat) It's so hot in here?
Someone needs to tell Mike to fix
the thermostat.

Naomi tents her shirt.

JERRY

Yeah well, as I said, I'm excited.
I've worked so hard to get here and
then to finally get my big break!

Erin puts her heeled leg on the conference table, with her
muff square in his face.

ERIN

Yeah, you're gonna fit nicely in
here...you want some of this?

Jerry can't help but look in disbelief.

JERRY

Huh? Some of what?

Erin drags a tray of muffins in front of her crotch.

ERIN

Muff ins. Every Monday we get these
sent in...Hot and Fresh!

Jerry wheels further away trying to create some space.

JERRY

I'm good. I'm gluten free?

All the girls look at him. Erin puts her leg down and sits
down aplomb.

NAOMI

Ooh I like a challenge. That's so
hot.

Naomi leans in uncomfortably close.

JERRY

You're sitting awfully close to me.

All the ladies surround like a pack of wolves.

Mrs. WIENERSTEIN at last comes in, a female version of Harvey
Weinstein; short, gross and in a robe with slippers. The
other four women back off in deference.

Mrs. W, the boss sees Jerry.

MRS WIENERSTEIN
Well well, I see we have a new
staff "MEMBER" in our midst.

Jerry looks around just as the females in the room laugh.

MRS WIENERSTEIN (CONT'D)
Settle down ladies, let's give our
newest member --I'm sorry tell us
your name again?

JERRY
J--

Mrs. W. waves him off.

MRS WIENERSTEIN
Doesn't matter Handsome.

Jerry blinks in disbelief.

MRS WIENERSTEIN (CONT'D)
Just relax Noob--you're so uptight.

Mrs. W. comes around to his chair and starts rubbing his
shoulders.

MRS WIENERSTEIN (CONT'D)
Oooh so tense...right girls?

Mrs. W. leans over him and inhales his scent. Erin leans in
and takes a whiff and winks at her workmates.

Mrs. W. keeps massaging while groaning. Her old lady
brassiered boob comes out and lands on his shoulder. Jerry
jumps out of his seat. Mrs. W puts her hands up in defeat.

MRS WIENERSTEIN (CONT'D)
Okay, okay , just the first day
jitters --I've been told I have
"magical" hands.

Mrs. W. does sparkle cheer hands, landing them on his chest.

JERRY
Don't touch me please...

He jumps back again.

MRS WIENERSTEIN

Listen Handsome--you sought me out, bothered me for a job, kept hounding my assistants and pretty much demanded an interview...am I right?

JERRY

Well yes sort of.

MRS WIENERSTEIN

And you even sent me headshots--right--said if you were hired you'd do **anything...**

JERRY

Well I did but...but this type of behavior is highly inappropriate especially nowadays.

MRS WIENERSTEIN

Listen, my name isn't Wanda Wienerstein for nothing! I'm the best in the business. if you play nice, you can go real far...

JERRY

This is ridiculous.

MRS WIENERSTEIN

I don't want anyone to "re-dick-me less."

All the ladies laugh. Fist bumps all around. Jerry shakes his head.

He gets up to leave.

JERRY

I'm going to H.R. This is harassment!

Mrs. W. blocks the door.

MRS. W.

What department did you think you're in? What did you think was gonna happen when you're dressed like that you know women go crazy for guys in suits!

All the women jump on him.

(CONT'D)