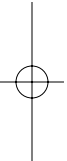
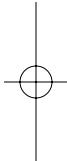






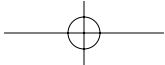
## ONE: Goman Nasi *Means “I’m Sorry” In Japanese*

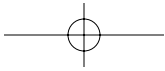
“This is take fourteen, scene six. And action!”



Suddenly I feel wind on my face and my curly, caramel-hued hair starts whipping around like I’m in a tornado. I’m holding on to the railing of what is supposed to be a huge ocean liner, with the sun dipping into the sea behind me. Call it movie magic—I’m actually standing at a fiberglass replica of a ship’s bow with a green screen behind me that will be filled in with that glorious sunset later. There is a large group of beautiful, well-dressed “passengers” milling about around me, along with a terrific violinist and the ship’s waitstaff, who are handing out drinks and hors d’oeuvres.

The scene is meant to look the picture of bliss, and I know I feel that way. How could I not? I get paid beaucoup bucks for a thirty-second commercial, I’m back home in Los Angeles after my summer on Broadway in New York, and I get to look this nice for work. I’m wearing a green satin floor-

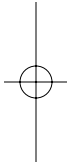




length Max Azria dress that is the exact color of my eyes with killer black tribal-beaded Jimmy Choo sandals, and my makeup is all dewy and sparkles. If that's not bliss, I don't know what is. The sound crew re-creates the ship horn, and I smile and put my arm around Sky Mackenzie, my longtime costar and sort of newish good friend. It's a big breakthrough for us. We used to want to strangle each other.

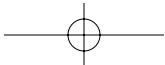
“Beautiful, girls,” our director, Preston Hartlet, coos, giving feedback via megaphone. “This is the take! I can feel it. Show me the love.”

Sky stiffly hugs me back—hugging is not usually part of her repertoire—and then it happens. The whole scene falls apart. Again.



When we hug on cue, the extras around us stop their anonymous mingling and start clapping madly as if the two of us have found a way to create peace in the Middle East. Of course, I start to giggle, which makes Sky start to giggle. This has happened every take. Preston winds up calling “Cut” and we have to start all over again. I feel terrible, but as soon as the extras start the applause, we lose it! Why would our hugging make everyone clap? We asked Preston this, but he just shrugged and said it's what Takamodo Cruise Lines, the Japanese company we are making this commercial for, wants. I guess since Takamodo is paying, it's their call, but the gesture makes me crack up. I can't help it!

On this take, Sky's brown eyes lock on mine like a bullet, willing me to stop the giggles, and it actually works. We instantly compose ourselves. I silently order my funny bone

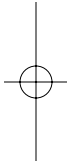


that there will be no take sixteen. The sound crew pumps in a melodramatic instrumental as the shot pulls away from the ship. After ten seconds, Sky and I say our one line: “Takamodo Cruise Lines. Tranquility is a cruise away.”

“EXCELLENT!” Preston yells exuberantly and pulls on his goatee. “Let’s set up the final close-up!”

“Yes!” Sky screams and pulls her hand back from where it was resting around my waist. “God, I love commercials!”

“Me too,” I agree, slipping my right foot out of my shoe to give it a little breather. (Gorgeous shoes, but they’re pinching my toes.) “This is like making a mini movie in half a day.”

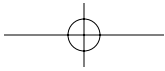


“True, but that’s not why I like making commercials,” Sky says and dances around on her gold, crystal-encrusted Gucci stilettos. “A commercial is like getting a year’s salary in four hours! And these dresses are killer.” She looks at the digital clock hanging above the soundstage exit doors. It’s only one PM. “We should be out of here in an hour, and then we’ve got to go somewhere good. We cannot waste these outfits or makeup.” She twirls around in her John Galiano, the beaded salmon skirt fanning out like an umbrella.

I stifle a laugh. “Where exactly could we wear these dresses for lunch without looking ridiculous? They’re sort of red carpet material.”

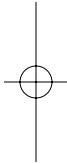
“I want to go someplace fun!” Sky pouts. “I just made easy money and got a free dress, and we have nowhere to go?”

“Would you keep your voice down?” I hush her. “I don’t want the Takamodo people to hear you. They’ll think we’re being rude.” I look over at the Japanese executives who have

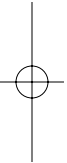


been watching the shoot. I give a little wave and Sky grabs my hand, her chunky, gold bangle cold against my wrist.

“K, you’re such a kissbutt. All Takamodo cares about are our gorgeous mugs . . .” She pauses. “My gorgeous mug and your decent mug.” I swat her arm and see a small smile starting to spread across her lips. “Fine. All Takamodo cares about is that *our* gorgeous mugs are hawking their ship. That’s all they want. I can say whatever else I please.” She looks away, but I see her side-eye me. Sky knows when she’s wrong.

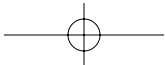


“You could at least try to be friendly,” I scold playfully. “You missed the breakfast they had for us this morning, and you haven’t said hi yet. Now, they’re heading our way. If you want that free press trip to Tokyo this hiatus, then be nice! Just say sorry about breakfast, and make some small talk. Think of your Galliano! Now you have something to wear to the Save the San Marino Sea Lions black-tie dinner this weekend.”



Sky twirls her black hair around her finger. “I guess. Okay. I’ll apologize for the breakfast snafu.” She gives me an appraising look. “You’re always thinking of others, K. God, I wish I could pretend to be like that.” I hold my tongue as Sky plays with her gold bracelet, sliding it up and down her toned, tan arm. “I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but some people think I have a sensitivity chip missing.”

My lip starts to quiver. “You? Never!” I burst out laughing and Sky nudges me again, but she’s laughing too. It feels so good to have this sort of relationship with Sky after all those years of backstabbing and jealousy on *Family Affair* (or as we



called it, *FA*), the long-running, popular TV show we starred on together from the time we were preschoolers up until a year ago.

“Watch me be like you, K,” Sky whispers and starts shaking her raven hair like she’s doing an ad for Pantene. No fair, I do *not* hair shimmy! Sky smiles at the incoming executives from across the set and bows her head at them while she talks out of the side of her mouth to me. “Namaste, right?”

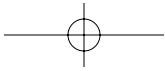
“Sky,” I groan. “That’s Hindi!”

“So?” Sky clucks her tongue at me. “Big dif.”

“They’re Japanese,” I remind her. “This isn’t yoga fusion at the gym!” I think fast. “Make nice so we can film our last shot and get you to the SunSmart Smoothie Beach House for freebies. The publicist said the house is only open till seven.”

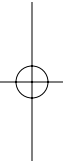
Sky slaps my airbrush-tanned arm excitedly. “I forgot about the SunSmart House! I can’t miss those Theory leggings, but we need to eat first. I’m craving steak from Boa. I’ve eaten at crafty all week, and the sugar is killing me.” She pats her tiny stomach. “Fine, I’ll say hi quickly and then we can do our last take and be off.” Sky bats her dark brown eyes and opens her perfectly plump lips (they aren’t real), which have been puckered in a wine-colored gloss. Then she freezes. “How do I say ‘I’m sorry’ again?”

I sigh. Our agents taught us several Japanese phrases to say to the executives who flew in for the Takamodo Cruise Lines shoot today. Things like *Oaidekite Koei desu*. (“It’s a pleasure to meet you!”) And *Kohi demo ikaqa desuka?* (“Would you




like a cup of coffee?”) And *Anata no fuku nante suteki!* (I’m not sure I need to know “What a gorgeous dress you’re wearing!” in Japanese, but it sure sounds cool. *Anata no fuku nante suteki!* I may start saying that all the time.)

My agent, Seth Meyers (no relation to the *SNL* comedian), says doing a Japanese commercial is like eating a tub of Sprinkles Cupcakes frosting—a pure treat. And he’s right. My treat to you is that this is the first of many new HOLLYWOOD SECRETS I’m willing to share.



HOLLYWOOD SECRET NUMBER ONE: Doing Japanese commercials is a no-brainer. Even if your star wattage is too bright to be seen hawking hair gel or cars on American TV (which some ego-crazed celebs really believe is beneath them), you’d be a fool not to do a commercial in Japan. The payoff is huge—and I don’t mean just monetary, even though, well, yeah, that’s the best part (think upward of a cool million). American stars are a big deal in Japan, so companies there pay through the roof for Hollywood royalty to shoot a thirty-second spot. Everyone from Tom Cruise to Anne Hathaway to Britney Spears has shot Japanese commercials, and it’s easy to see why. The shoot is usually short (half a day), and you don’t have to leave Los Angeles to do it. You don’t even have to learn Japanese! Most of their celebrity-featured commercials use stars’ real voices and American music. Japanese writing or a Japanese voice-over explains what the commercial is about if it’s not simple enough to make sense on its own. Our Takamodo commercial, touting their newest luxury liner, speaks for itself. Of



course, you don't want to do anything *too* crazy, or your ad will become a laughingstock on American YouTube, like Arnold Schwarzenegger's.

"Goman nasi," I say slowly to Sky.

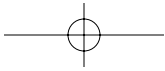
"GO-MAN NAH-SAY," Sky tries to enunciate, and I can't help but giggle. I don't sound great either, but Sky sounds terrible.

"Never mind," I say quickly as the executives approach. "Just say your line. They've been begging you to do it all day."

Sky groans. "K! Nooo! I don't do it anymore. That phrase ended when *Family Affair* went off the air. It's too embarrassing. Do you know how many people stop me on the street and ask me to say it over and OVER?"

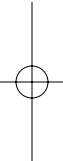
"I know, but it will go over huge," I insist, knowing the clock is ticking. The executives are so close they can hear us. I just don't know if they understand English. "Just say it one time in Japanese. Please? I know you learned how to do it for that Japanese *Family Affairs* press tour a few years back." She shrugs and I know I'm losing her. It's time to change tactics. "You're an incredible actress, Sky. I'm sure if you say the line in Japanese, they'll forget all about the fact that you missed eggs Benedict and they'll start thinking: What can we cast Sky Mackenzie in next?"

Sky's eyes widen at the thought of dollar signs. "I never thought of that, K." She takes a deep breath, and then her whole face relaxes into a bright, beautiful grin just as the executives reach us. I have to hand it to Sky. When it needs to be turned on, she can turn it on. "Onnanoko niwa Onnan-




oko no jijo ga aruno,” she says, which means “A girl’s got to do what a girl’s got to do.” It was the signature catchphrase of Sky’s conniving character, Sara, on *FA*. My goody-two-shoes character, Samantha, didn’t really have one. She just said, “That’s so sweet!” A lot. She was kind of vanilla.

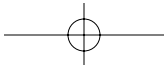
The Japanese executives stop short and look a little confused—Sky’s version probably doesn’t sound exactly like the translation should—but they must get the idea because they applaud. Sky is so pleased she actually curtsies and then starts to bow. I yank her away before she does anything she regrets. Like talk about her paycheck again.



I’m sure a lot of people are wondering why anyone in Japan cares about Sky and me. Well, it turns out our beloved former TV show—which is where Sky and I met, brawled, became frenemies, and then finally became friends post-show this past summer in New York—is syndicated there, and the ratings are HUGE. Apparently Sky and I are a bigger deal there than Richard Gere. (I know, I know—who? The Japanese love him. He was huge here a while back when he did all these rom-coms like *Pretty Woman*, which is a classic you *so* must watch if you’ve never seen it.)

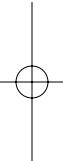


“Sky? Kaitlin?” Our director, Preston, is standing by, waiting for us. His silver Ray-Ban aviators are nestled in his heavily gelled brown hair, and his tan arm ripples with muscles as he runs a hand through his stiff locks. You can totally tell Preston was good-looking back in the day. He is in his fifties, and while he used to make major explosion, kidnapping-type action flicks, now he sticks to Japanese




commercials. He's apparently in high demand. "Think we can get this close-up done in less than five takes? I pride myself in always coming in under budget for commercial shoots. It's not all about spending money, you know." His brown eyes look at us intently.

Oh God. He heard Sky's crack about money, didn't he?

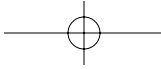


I glance back at the crowded set. The lighting guys, boom operator, production assistants, and harried hair and makeup people are scurrying around, retouching, relighting, and setting up the shot again. The catering crew is restocking the table with bagels, cold cuts, salads, cereal, and assorted fruit and candy (you can't have a catering table without gummy worms in my book). Beyond them I can see my own crew—my assistant, Nadine, and my dad, who came to watch the action and try to, um, make some connections. (He's a producer who is in between gigs right now. He hasn't worked in over a year, actually. At the moment his full-time job seems to be golfing and talking about cars, or lately, boats.)



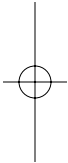
Sometimes I forget how many people it takes to make just one little actor look good. Suddenly I feel guilty about my onset of giggles. The last thing I want is for Preston to think I'm some overindulged teen actress who has no clue how the business works. I love acting, and sometimes it's easy to forget how grateful I should be for every opportunity I get, and I get a lot of them.

I give Preston my best smile and the friendliest face I can muster, hoping I look all earnest and hopeful and sweet, like

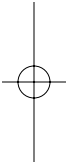


my old *FA* character. “Preston, we feel terrible about before.” I nudge Sky, who is busy scrutinizing her Galliano again to see if I’ve dislodged one of the thousands of beads on her one-of-a-kind skirt. “I’m sorry it took us so long to do that shot. This next one will be quick, I promise, and exactly what you’re looking for.”

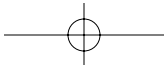
Preston smiles and looks at Sky for further clarification. It’s hard to tell if he’s okay or annoyed in this lighting. The set is so brightly lit that the behind-the-scenes area seems really dark, just like Preston’s wardrobe (worn navy tee and dark denim jeans, the director’s attire of choice). I nudge Sky, hoping she can think of something that will win Preston over.



Sky turns on her charm. “We really are sorry! It won’t happen again. Thank you for being so decent about breakfast too. I’m going to tell my agent how great this experience with you was.” Sky glances in my direction. “He said if we liked you we could probably suggest you for our future commercials and then maybe even a guest directing spot on this little show K and I are working on. Maybe you’ve heard of it? *Small Fries*?”



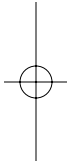
Preston’s expression is unmistakable. His whole pale face seems to shine, and his eyes are like saucers. “Of course I’ve heard of *Small Fries*! That’s why I took this commercial, you know. My kids loved the pilot and said I had to work with you two. Everyone is talking about it.” He scratches his goatee. “Guest directing, huh? You know, we all need time to warm up.” Preston looks at Sky, who pretends to be very innocent. “Don’t worry about those chuckles! I want you two



to have fun!” He laughs and slaps Sky’s bare shoulder. She gives him a dirty look, then stares down at that darn dress again to check the beading. I raise my eyebrows at her while Preston prattles on. “Wow, *Small Fries*? I, um, yeah, tell the studio to call me. Anytime. Day, night. My phone is always on vibrate.” He turns away, his clipboard in hand. “You girls take your time—when you’re ready for that last shot, I’m ready!”

“We’re ready!” I say in my best cheerleader voice.

“God, he’s a tool,” Sky mumbles when he is too far away to hear. I hit her.



“Um, the dress?” She points one long, French manicured nail at the beading. “K, I get the nice girl thing, but to everyone? It’s not Preston’s money that is being spent on overtime, and seriously, we didn’t do that many takes.” I give her a look. “Okay, maybe we did a few more than we should have, but who cares? We were having fun, weren’t we?” She sort of smiles. “We really do work well together.”

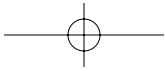
“Aww . . . Sky.” I hug her stiff frame. “I love working with you too.”

“I didn’t say *love*,” Sky clarifies.

I frown. “Do you really think we should be offering guest spots on *Small Fries* already? Yes, the pilot was huge, but . . .”

“K, I keep telling you to stop worrying. Our show is here to stay. Everyone thinks so!” Sky plays with the big, jeweled ring on her finger. “You have to play to your strengths.”

“You mean like you?” I tease. “Should I offer the cop an autograph when I’m pulled over for driving forty miles an hour in a twenty zone?”



Nadine and I carpoled with Sky this morning because Rodney, my driver and security, is doing stunt work for a commercial of his own today. Everyone in Hollywood seems to have two careers—acting, and whatever they do when they're not acting so they can pay the rent.

"Maybe you should, but first you need a license." Sky's long face is devilish.

"Nice." I blush. "I'm going for my road test in six weeks."

"You've been saying that for two months!" Sky reminds me. "K, you're totally going to pass. You've been practicing for ages. And even if you slip up and hit a road sign, you're going to get your license. The DMV won't flunk an Emmy nominee!"



"I don't want special treatment," I insist, looking down at the scuffed floor. "I want to get my license the way everyone else does."

"Yeah, yeah, real girl versus actress. I know your deal." Sky winks at me. "Save the sweet talk for your next *Seventeen* interview."

I'll fix her. "Oh, you mean my cover story for *Small Fries*?"

Sky's eyes widen and her face gets red. "I can't believe you'd do a cover for our show without me!"

"Gotcha. You're stuck with me."

"K!" Sky wails. "That was mean! Anyway, I wouldn't really call it stuck." Sky grins. "Now let's get this over with so we can go have steak! And hash browns! I'll pay for it later with my trainer." She eyes my backside skeptically. "Hmm . . . maybe you should join me too. You could use a good workout."

I don't say anything. Pick your battles, Nadine always says. I don't tell Sky that I don't mind doing more takes either. Pretending to be on an ocean liner is fun. Especially when you're with a friend.

Sky yells over her shoulder, "We're ready, Preston!"

"Great, let's go for it," Preston says and heads to his camera.

Sky and I take our marks on the ship's bow, and the extras close in around us. The violinist starts to play again, and a couple clinks wineglasses. When the wind machine hits my face, I know it's time. Big smile, perfect pose, act happy. It's not hard to do.

Preston lifts his megaphone. "And action!"

Sunday, November 1

NOTE TO SELF:

Mon./Tues. *Small Fries* calltimes: 5 AM

Must get caffeine first! And Froot Loops!

A stopping by set: Mon. 4ish

*Ellen* taping Tues.

*The View* taping Wednesday. Calltime: 9 AM

On set for *SF* following taping

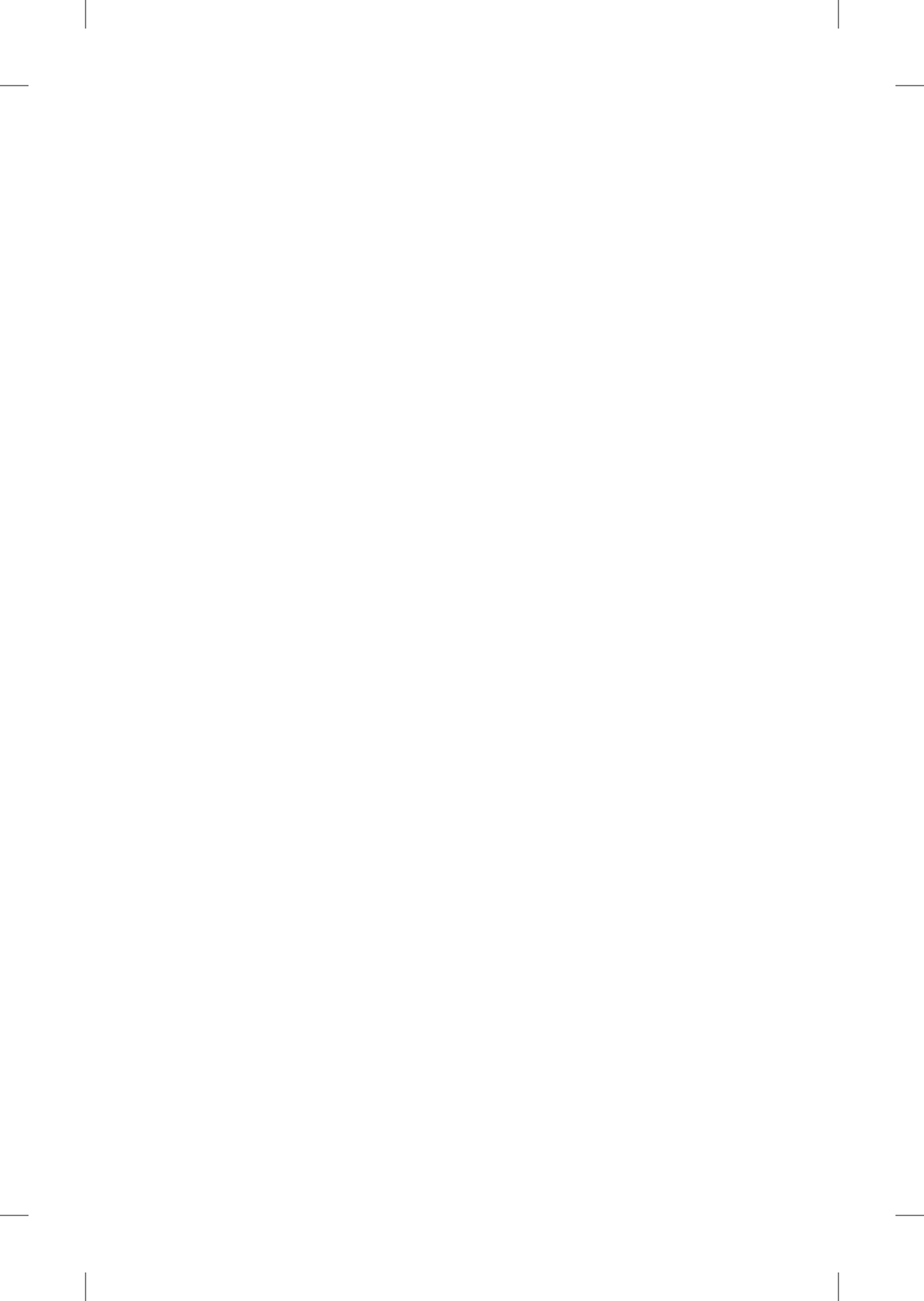
Ryan Seacrest phoner: Wed.

**SMALL FRIES PREMIERE** – Thurs. @ 8:30 PM

*SF* calltime 4 Fri.: 6 AM

Dinner w/Mom/Dad/Seth/Laney: Sunday after *EW* shoot

Homework . . . ??? Check with Nadine!



*SMALL FRIES*

SF103 "Give It the Old College Try"

SCENE:

HOPE and TAYLOR'S dorm room. It's packed with people—band members with tubas and drums, cheerleaders, the geek squad, goth kids, every cliché group there is. People are squished into the tiny, very girly dorm room like sardines, and music is playing at full volume.

HOPE opens the dorm room door and screams.

HOPE:

What is going on in here? *(covers ears to avoid the tuba blaring in her ear)*

TAYLOR:

Hey! Isn't this great? We're having a Freshman Fifteen Party.

HOPE:

Do you mean the weight gain thing? *(looks around)*  
If you're trying to set a Guinness World Record for the most weight in a room . . .

TAYLOR:

No! No! It's a play on having fifteen people in our tiny twelve-by-twelve room. Although I think there are thirty or forty people at this party. Funny, huh?

HOPE:

*(panicked. She reaches in her pocket for a very dingy, frayed, small pink blanket.)* Party? I don't do parties. I told you that.

TAYLOR:

You do now! This is our party. I figured we deserved one after a rough first week of classes. Plus, I finished all my reading for the week, so I thought we should blow off steam.

HOPE:

You finished two hundred pages in an afternoon?

TAYLOR:

I'm a fast reader.

HOPE:

*(freaks out)* Well, I didn't start reading yet, and I need quiet. *(The tuba blares in her ears again.)*

TAYLOR:

Come on, Hope! The closest you've gotten to a large gathering is probably freshman orientation, and that doesn't count. We've got to help you assimilate. You won't survive four years here if you don't try to fit in.

Dorm room door opens again and GUNTHER bounces from HOPE'S bed to the floor, dances with a few cheerleaders, and finally squeezes past two drummers before stopping in front of HOPE and TAYLOR.

GUNTHER:

Whoa, Taylor, you were right! We can up our room occupancy to sixty. We can totally fit fifteen more people in here. *(holds up the microphone around his neck)* Who's ready for Fat Fifteen Freshman karaoke?

ZOE:

I am! (*squeezes through the crowd*) Karaoke burns calories, and I only got a two-hour workout in at the gym this afternoon. The spin instructor said she wouldn't let me in a third class. Something about me being a liability.

TAYLOR:

(*mumbles*) In more ways than one. (*to GUNTHER*) So should we invite more people in?

HOPE:

NO! This is a twelve-by-twelve-foot room! I don't even think my backpack can squeeze in here. (*looks at TAYLOR pleadingly and rubs her blanket on her face*)

GUNTHER:

What's with that rag you're carrying?

HOPE:

(*scrunches it up and pushes it into the top of her jeans*) It's nothing. Nothing worth talking about. Just something I've slept with practically since I was born, but no biggie. I don't have separation issues.

ZOE:

It looks that old. Haven't you ever heard of Shout? My mom sent me here with two bottles of it.

GUNTHER:

I prefer Resolve, actually.

HOPE:

Can we get back to the point here? You've got to get

these people out of here. I know you want to burn off steam, Taylor, but if Edison gets wind of this get-together, you'll get a yellow warning slip for sure.

TAYLOR:

*(gasps)* A yellow slip? *(starts freaking out)* I thought they were green.

ZOE:

Aren't they orange? I got one of those last week.

GUNTHER:

I think that was an invite to last night's Freshman Orientation Dinner.

ZOE:

Oh.

HOPE:

Whatever! Green! Blue! Polka dots! *(to TAYLOR)* You'll get a warning. You. Miss Straight A. It will ruin your dean's list chances for sure.

TAYLOR:

*(grabs the microphone that is hanging around GUNTHER'S neck)* EVERYBODY OUT! NOW! HELLO? *(panicking and looking at HOPE)* They're not moving!

HOPE:

I'll do it. OUT! YOU MUST GO NOW! PARTY IS OVER!  
Gunther, they're not leaving!

GUNTHER:

Um, maybe they would if you turned the mic on.

HOPE:  
Gotcha. OUT! NOW!

*(Dorm door opens again and it's EDISON. He sees the crowd and drops all his books. The crowd sees him and storms the door. EDISON comically pulls himself out of the way before he gets run over. He's hanging from TAYLOR's weight-lifting bar, and the others come and stand under it.)*

EDISON:  
What was that?

TAYLOR:  
What was what? *(looks at the others)*  
I didn't see anything, did you guys?

ZOE:  
Nope. Just a few dozen people. *(HOPE nudges her.)*  
I mean lab rats. They were lab rats. We were working on our science project.

HOPE:  
It was a study group.

TAYLOR:  
A freshman study group since we freshmen have been worked to the bone our first week here and we're not . . .  
*(HOPE nudges her)* we love it here.

EDISON:  
You four, my office now.

GUNTHER:  
Yes! I've always wanted to see the R.A. lounge!