



# KIM KARDASHIAN HAS A KOLD

She's literally SO sick, you guys...

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by

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INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

We open on the perimeter of a cavernous soundstage thronged with people bustling, jostling, weaving, wending, and otherwise freaking the fuck out. It's chaos; it's madness; it's *literally so crazy*, you guys. And it's all for *HER*. Kimberly Noel Kardashian-Sometimes-and-Formerly-West. We continue to HOLD on the shot, then over the din of the room we hear:

UNIDENTIFIED MAN (O.C.)

Where the fuck is she?

A young woman enters the shot: JUNIOR ASSISTANT. She looks around nervously; expectantly. She looks at her phone: nothing. She looks around again. Hmm. She looks at her phone again. Just then, another young woman materialises beside her, SENIOR ASSISTANT. She has bad, frantic, toxic LA vibes.

SENIOR ASSISTANT

So?

JUNIOR ASSISTANT

Uhh...

SENIOR ASSISTANT

(enunciating bitchily)

Do. You. Have. Her. E.T.A?

JUNIOR ASSISTANT

Uhh...

SENIOR ASSISTANT

(sighs)

So...

JUNIOR ASSISTANT

So?

SENIOR ASSISTANT

(condescendingly)

So: can you check in with someone who *does*?

JUNIOR ASSISTANT

Like...

SENIOR ASSISTANT

Like Lauren? Like Matthew? Like Hannah? Like, uhh...what's her name? With the eyebrows...

JUNIOR ASSISTANT

Caroline.

SENIOR ASSISTANT  
 Caroline. Exactly. So maybe go find  
 Caroline and ask her what's  
 happening re: the ETA?

JUNIOR ASSISTANT  
 Okay; um, sure, yeah.  
 (beat)  
 And she's the one wi-

SENIOR ASSISTANT  
 (distracted on her phone)  
 The eyebrows, yeah.

JUNIOR ASSISTANT  
 Uhh...

SENIOR ASSISTANT  
 (distracted looking  
 around)  
 Thanks babe.

After a few seconds of hesitation, Junior Assistant takes off into the crowd. Never mind that she doesn't know who the fuck Caroline is or what the fuck she looks like: she's got a job to do, and she intends to do it well.

SENIOR ASSISTANT  
 (still looking around)  
 Seriously: where the fuck is she?

Just as Junior Assistant is about to disappear from view, CAMERA plunges into the crowd and begins to TRACK her. She is our lodestar, guiding us through the chaos. Thus we:

BEGIN LONG TRACKING SHOT

After a few quick strides, Junior Assistant pauses and looks back to make sure Senior Assistant isn't watching her. She look around. Behind her, a too-slick man, MANAGER, and a hot but harried woman, AGENT are having a tête-à-tête. Junior Assistant eavesdrops while continuing to pretend to look for Caroline.

MANAGER  
 I mean: what a fucking clusterfuck.

AGENT  
 (gesturing around her)  
 Seriously.

MANAGER  
 Well yeah. But no: I meant the  
 story...

AGENT  
 Hmm?

MANAGER

Some fucking exposé alleging that she's had like, seven, you know...  
(gestures to ass)  
...procedures in Turkey?

AGENT

(sighs)  
Some teenager popping-off on TikTok isn't an expose, babe.

MANAGER

It's the *New Yorker*.

AGENT

Fuck. For real?

MANAGER

Hold on. Let me pull it up.  
(reading off phone)  
"...eventually, one finds oneself submitting to the surreality, or perhaps more aptly, the unreality of it all, and suddenly, the glaring, grotesque, impossible fakeness of it – of her – stops being a problem and starts being the point..."

AGENT

Well, she's never even been to Turkey. I mean...*the genocide*...

MANAGER

(distracted on phone)  
Fucking despicable.

AGENT

(also distracted on phone)  
Disgusting how they treat her.

MANAGER

(looking up)  
So where in the actual fuck is she?

Junior Assistant grows bored and resumes her wandering. She pauses at one end of a long craft services table and tentatively picks at some food. At the other end of the table where two square-jawed Australian men, PERSONAL TRAINER and NUTRITIONIST, are locked in a heated debate.

NUTRITIONIST

(brandishing a green-looking protein bar)  
Mate: she's Vegan!

TRAINER  
 (brandishing a package of  
 pre-cooked boiled eggs)  
 No: she's Keto!

NUTRITIONIST  
 Well that's bloody fucking news to  
 me.

TRAINER  
 Keto was last month mate. When she  
 needed to lose fat and gain muscle—

NUTRITIONIST  
 —for St. Barths...

TRAINER  
 ...right. And this month she needs  
 to lose muscle and gain fat—

NUTRITIONIST  
 (clueing in)  
 —for the procedure...fucking  
 hell...

TRAINER  
 Exactly. Hush hush by the way.

NUTRITIONIST  
 Ah, sorry mate. My bad; my bad.

TRAINER  
 Ah, no worries, mate. You're good;  
 you're good.

NUTRITIONIST  
 (looks around bountiful  
 crafts services table)  
 Absolutely nothing to fucking eat.

Trainer offers the packet of boiled eggs to Nutritionist, who  
 accepts.

TRAINER  
 (looks at watch, huffs)  
 Meanwhile, where the fuck is she?

Junior Assistant grabs a green-looking protein bar and a  
 packet of boiled eggs, puts them in her tote, and carries on  
 her way. After a few seconds she accidentally falls into  
 lockstep with LAWYER, a square-jawed, sentient Brioni suit,  
 who's having an intense Sorkin-esque walk-and-talk with an  
 extremely petite, extremely terrifying woman, PR LADY.

PR LADY  
 So we're fucked, no?

LAWYER

Not exactly...

PR LADY

But legally speaking, there's some exposure?

LAWYER

Not exposure...vulnerabilities?

PR LADY

Okay...but the bottom line is she *did* end up paying the girl's hospital bills?

LAWYER

Correct.

PR LADY

But that is in no way an admission of guilt, right?

LAWYER

Legally speaking, no. But optically...

PR LADY

...It could be better.

(beat)

Maybe we could try and get ahead of it with a whole "sitting bedside with the wretched and the damned" photo op kinda thing...

LAWYER

Could do...but just bear in mind that we can't *actually* have the two of them in the same room while litigation is ongoing.

PR LADY

Fuck. Of course. So what then?

LAWYER

Personally, I'd just let the dust settle for a bit, then consider proceeding with discussions around if, when, and/or how exactly to finesse our approach?

PR LADY

So do nothing?

LAWYER

It's more of a carefully monitored stasis?

PR LADY

Fuck.

With that, PR Lady abruptly turns on her heel and in doing so, bumps into Junior Assistant. PR Lady doesn't even register her presence, much less apologise. Junior Assistant stumbles back.

PR LADY

(intently looking around)

So where the fuck is she anyways?

Junior Assistant regains her balance then carries on her way, but after a few paces, a caravan of crates and boxes being moved blocks her and she's forced to stop beside a fabulous older woman, CASTING DIRECTOR and a slightly less fabulous younger woman DIVERSITY CONSULTANT who are both gesturing to an adjacent group of MODELS.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Obviously diversity is her top priority, so, I was thinking for the group shot, we'll have the big one, the skinny one, the wheelchair chick—

DIVERSITY CONSULTANT

—they're non-binary.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Oh, fabulous. Then in front of her—

DIVERSITY CONSULTANT

Them.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Yeah...So in front of all of *them*, we'll have skin condition, bald, and trans. Then front and centre around her: a few regular models.

Casting director points to several thin, white, conventionally beautiful models.

DIVERSITY CONSULTANT

Right. It's just that in my conversations with her team, they really stressed how she really wants to use her platform to celebrate women and women's bodies that aren't typically—

CASTING DIRECTOR

Jesus: look at this motley crew!  
What more do you want?

(MORE)



## CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

When I started out, Linda Evangelista was considered the diversity hire because she had short hair and was Canadian.

## DIVERSITY CONSULTANT

Yeah. Okay. Maybe let's just circle back on the...*balance* once she's here?

## CASTING DIRECTOR

Sure. But trust me: she's going to love what we've put together.  
(looking around)  
Meanwhile, where the hell is she?

The caravan of boxes and crates blocking Junior Assistant clears, and she continues on her way. Suddenly, she trips on a cord and falls to the ground beside two achingly stylish women. They're both CREATIVE DIRECTORS: one for Kim's BRAND, and one for KIM herself and they're locked in a tense discussion.

## CREATIVE DIRECTOR BRAND

(gesturing to her iPad)  
Right. But the thing is, this is the strategy that's been signed off on by everyone...

## CREATIVE DIRECTOR KIM

(gesturing to her iPad)  
For the *brand*, yes; but not for *her* personally.

## CREATIVE DIRECTOR BRAND

But she *is* the brand.

Junior Assistant picks herself up and dusts herself off – literally: the floor is filthy.

## CREATIVE DIRECTOR KIM

Right. But her *personal brand* sits at the top like this–  
(makes arc motion with iPad)  
–and then beneath it are all the *individual brands*.  
(punctuates air with other hand)  
It's all in the org chart that Caroline circulated the other week.

At the mention of Caroline's name, Junior Assistant tentatively motions to interject, but fails to get their attention.

## CREATIVE DIRECTOR BRAND

Right...

CREATIVE DIRECTOR KIM  
Basically, she's just concerned  
that your vision for today isn't  
quite harmonising with her—

CREATIVE DIRECTOR BRAND  
Brand?

CREATIVE DIRECTOR KIM  
Her *vibe*.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR BRAND  
Okay...so...

CREATIVE DIRECTOR KIM  
So she wants to go with the white  
thong for the shoot, but the beige  
one for social.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR BRAND  
You mean bone and clay?

CREATIVE DIRECTOR KIM  
Yeah. Exactly.  
(looking around the room)  
So, uh, do you know where she is?

Junior Assistant loses her nerve and carries on her way.  
After a few paces, she she's back to the exact spot where she  
started: no trace of Caroline. She stops, unsure of how to  
proceed. An exhausted-looking thirty-something woman, CHIEF  
OF STAFF passes by. Junior Assistant begins to motion in her  
direction, but just then, Chief of Staff's phone PINGS. She  
reads the message. Stops dead in her tracks. Blanches.

CHIEF OF STAFF  
FUCK.

Chief of Staff takes off sprinting through the crowd looking  
for someone. She locates her. It's PRODUCER. Chief of Staff  
grabs producer by the arm and holds her phone up to show her  
the message.

PRODUCER  
FUCK.

Chief of Staff and Producer sprint deeper into the crowd  
looking for DIRECTOR. They locate him on the main set, and  
show him the message.

DIRECTOR  
FUCK.

CHIEF OF STAFF  
What the fuck should we do?

DIRECTOR

What the fuck *can* we do?

(beat)

I'm thinking. No. There's no way.  
We're gonna have to—

PRODUCER

Fuck. Okay. Should I...?

DIRECTOR

(sighs)

I'll do it.

PRODUCER

Fuck.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Fuck.

Director looks around the set for a second, notices one of the large crates nearby, then clambers atop it. He then makes a piercing WHISTLE sound to call the room to silence. Within seconds, a hush falls over the room.

DIRECTOR

Hi everyone. Hi. So, yeah: if I could just have your attention for a minute. We've just received some news and unfortunately it's not great. Basically it seems that Kim is quite...uh...unwell. She's been struggling with a very serious, um...And, uh, basically what it comes down to is she has, well...

(beat)

Kim has a cold.

PRODUCER

(shouting)  
She's so sick you guys!

CHIEF OF STAFF

(shouting)  
Literally so sick!

DIRECTOR

Right. And so, out of an abundance of caution for everyone here she will, um...

(clears throat)

...not be coming to set today.

MURMURS start to ricochet around the room. The MURMURS swell to a ROAR and Director steps down from the crate. People quickly start to file out. As the room empties, some of the people we've already been introduced to pass by and we overhear their conversations. They're all on their phones.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR BRAND

...and we spent six fucking weeks planning everything in white: white set, white props, white furniture...and at the last minute she decides to go with the beige ones...

CREATIVE DIRECTOR KIM

...and I'm freaking out because apparently she got access to her account this morning and posted something where she referred to the beige ones as "skin tone"...I mean, for fuck's sake...

CASTING DIRECTOR

...so then the trans girl is getting into it with the wheelchair chick...long story short, she ends up calling her a cun...

DIVERSITY CONSULTANT

...and then I see them leap up out of their wheelchair and *literally sprint* after the other one. I dunno...some sob story shin splints or something? Just a nightmare...

PR LADY

...honestly the hit and run is the least of my problems right now...apparently she was just spotted in Istanbul and CNN's already got boots on the ground...

AGENT

...STOP. Do you *honestly* think that I wouldn't tell you if she was in Turkey getting work done? After *everything* we've been through? I mean, the fucking bodies we buried for Harvey, and *now* I'm going to stab you in the back? Are you shitting me? Right. Exactly. *Exactly...*

SENIOR ASSISTANT

...and of course Caroline's on vacation this week, so everything was already falling to shit...

(beat)

...no the one with the eyebrows...

Finally, the room is clear. CAMERA holds on the set, now empty save for one person: Junior Assistant. She looks around, realises she's alone. She notices a mark on the ground. *Kim's mark*. She walks over and positions herself atop the X that should have been occupied by the most famous woman in the world. The key light is still on. She steps into its beam. Eventually, inevitably, she pulls out her phone. *Selfie. Selfie. Selfie.* She lowers her phone and swipes through the results, visibly pleased. She taps at her phone, quickly and methodically, almost as if in a trance. *Post.*

TIKTOK ROBOT VOICE (O.S.)  
*TFW Kim bails on her own shoot but  
u still get paid n look hot as  
fuck.*

Holding the shot we:

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD: KIM KARDASHIAN HAS A KOLD

FADE TO BLACK.