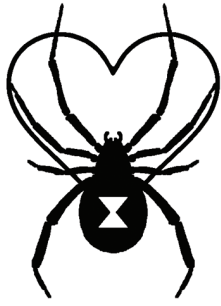
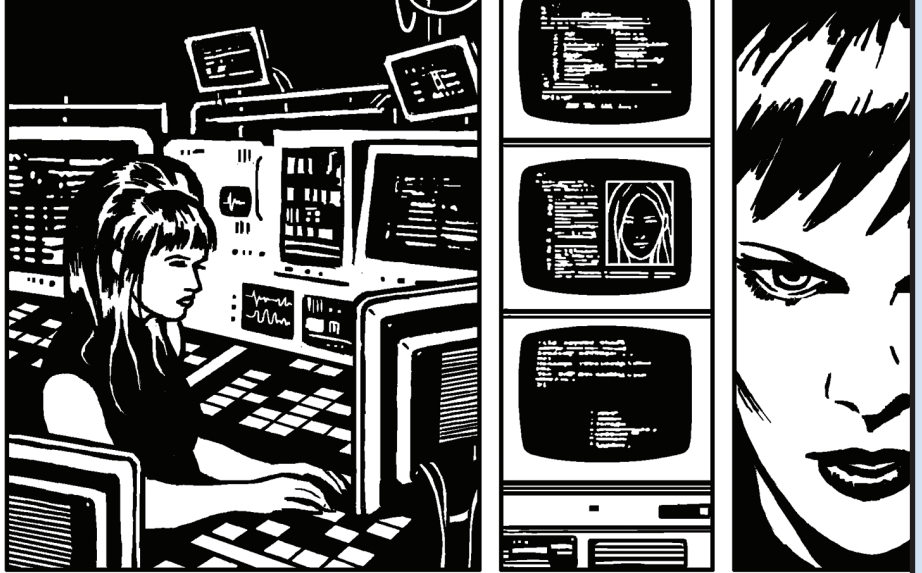


*Natasha*



*The Work Wife*



3.4 MOMENTS LATER. We watch as the grey and black crowd of commuters hustles past the clock centerpiece of Grand Central; the bright red of CHERRY popping, as it were, against them as she heads towards a sign that points, saying LOWER PLATFORMS. The TIME reads 8:48.

There is ONE OTHER MOMENT OF RED here – NATASHA’S HAIR. SHE stands in the direction that CHERRY heads towards, unseen. CAP (PORTER, OP) “Train leaves at NINE from track 26.”

3.5 NATASHA stares AT US, arms folded across her chest, not taking any shit from anyone.

NO DIALOGUE

3.6 CHERRY moves through the crowd, head down, hoping not to be noticed.

NO DIALOGUE

