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"You're kidding, right?" I ask, immediately dashing those plans I'd had to remain cool and unaffected. "Look, you're right next to Christina," he comments, pointing to the trailer attached to mine which does indeed have a handwritten sign that reads "Ricci" on the door. I sit down and call some friends for the sole purpose of being able to sound cool and unaffected while explaining that I'm sitting in "my" trailer "next to Christina's," but the cell phone dies (again!) before my diva-dom actually has a chance to flourish. Ah, well.

Later, when we break for "lunch" at around 8 p.m., I grab a tray of food and sit down with a friend of a friend. We seem to have so much in common and that, combined with the subdued excitement in the air, conspires to make me want to be this girl's best friend. No wonder costars are always falling in love, I realize. Movie sets seem to have that same relationships-on-speed dynamic that camp always had. Somewhere between digesting and contemplating taking up smoking again for perhaps the 55th time, I'm told that Giovanni wants to "run lines" with me.

That's how I find myself in a trailer with Giovanni and Franka, spitting out my lines with more enthusiasm than any actual entertainment reporter ever would. I'm not sure what shocks me more: that they're treating me like an actual actor or that I'm not bothering to correct them and explain that I don't really "do" this. Afterwards, Giovanni nervously asks me if I thought the way he'd said his lines was all right. His modesty and generosity overwhelm me. Later, Adam tells me that Vanni—as I now feel it is basically my duty and right to call him—is a Method actor and was probably just acting in character. Hey, it still made me feel good.

A few hours later, I'm led to the set a few blocks away: the outside of the Million Dollar movie theater on Broadway and 3rd Street, where about a hundred extras are gathered. "Hey, it really looks like a premiere," I remark to the man that hands me my



CLOSE-UP: Potente and Ribisi in *I Love Your Work*.

prop microphone. He smiles at me like I could be a special-ed student. An attractive couple is placed in front of me, and Adam tells us to improvise an interview in the background as they shoot Giovanni and Franka getting out of the limo. Though I've been on set for a good four hours by this point, my nerves are still acting up.

Cut to two hours later. I'm still standing, as my Jimmy Choo-encased feet can't seem to stop reminding me. They're still shooting Vanni and Franka getting out of the limo. I'm now a master of background improvisation and have learned so many fascinating facts about the actors that I'm "interviewing"—he owns a bar in New Orleans, she used to be married to a member of Oasis—that I've long since forgotten my reason for being here.

An hour later, I'm sitting inside the lobby of the movie theater, shoveling craft services food in my mouth in an attempt to stay awake and gazing at the seasoned actresses—who are cruising around in

their Ugg boots between takes—with nothing short of insane jealousy. When we get to our scene, I realize that exhaustion is the perfect antidote to nervousness.

"Mia, you look beautiful tonight," I tell Franka. She smiles. "You're a lucky man, Gray," I say to Giovanni. They say lines back to me. I'm so tired that I literally only remember where I am when Adam compliments my "acting." Between set-ups, Adrienne actually gets down on the floor and gives my throbbing feet a rub. I think I could get used to the diva life.

Several months later, I'm called in for "looping." I love writing the word "looping" in my Palm Pilot. The only problem, however, is that I only need to loop two lines. "What happened to the other six?" I ask Adam, genuinely perturbed. He smiles and tells me there was a point when I wasn't in the movie at all. "Ah, I'm on the cutting room floor," I say to myself, now feeling like I am a real actress.