

The Trouble With Paul Feig

How being TV's go-to geek
means you're always

**SORT OF
A LOSER.**

BY JOHN BOWE

I'D KNOWN PAUL FEIG for about four, four and a half minutes when I asked him that most routine of Hollywood icebreakers: "What projects are you working on?" We were in his shiny silver Mini Cooper, leaving the Burbank house he shares with his wife, Laurie, to drive south to the Comic Con convention in San Diego, in which Feig was scheduled to participate. He lurched without bravado into a litany of film pitches, a young-adult book series, a handful of TV shows at various stages of development and his new gig as co-executive producer of NBC's No. 1 comedy hit, "The Office." Hunched over the Mini's tiny steering wheel, at more than six feet in a Ralph Lauren Black Label suit, Feig paused, as if maybe nine projects weren't enough. He mentioned one more little idea in the works. It sailed forth in a torrent, which, I later realized, represents the problem with Paul Feig.

"There's an adult novel I have an idea for that I'm in love with," he began. "It could possibly be a really weird, quirky indie movie, but I think it's going to be funnier as a book. It's just really dumb.

"It's called 'Three Wishes for a Fat Guy,'" he went on. "And it's basically about this fat guy who's a

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