

# TB

CELESTE AND JESSE FOREVER

by

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MONTAGE OVER THE OPENING CREDITS TO SUNNY LEVINE'S "LOVE RHINO":

A progression of images of CELESTE and JESSE, ages 18 to 30. Visual media evolves with them throughout the years.

**POLAROIDS** of high school moments:

\*Celeste is a chronic overachiever and Jesse is sweet, goofy and funny. He makes her laugh. They are best friends but it's clear that Jesse wishes they were more.

\*Close-up of their hands crossed, making "C" and "J" shapes.

\*Celeste and her football player boyfriend, Mike, kissing. Jesse watches enviously from the sidelines, holding Mike's helmet.

**DIPOSABLE CAMERA PHOTOS:**

\*They go to college together, study together, drink together. They are still best friends.

\*Junior year, Celeste with Saleem, her hot, black militant boyfriend. They kiss passionately.

\*A moment later, Jesse poses reluctantly with Saleem and Celeste.

**SUPER 8 FOOTAGE:**

\*Senior year, Jesse draws "C AND J FOREVER" in a pristine, snowy forest with a stick; he and Celeste laugh.

\*A moment later, they kiss deeply. They are finally together.

**DIGITAL VIDEO FOOTAGE** of "Celeste and Jesse Forever":

\*On an engraved necklace, carved into a tree, written on a wet beach, and on their wedding cake.

**BLACK AND WHITE HI-RES PHOTOS** show them married:

\*Moving into their house, dancing, reading side by side, kissing. This is true, everlasting love, the real kind.

**SHUTTERFLY** album photos from friends' parties:

\*Celeste and Jesse, in silence, amongst joyful party guests.

\*Jesse telling a joke and Celeste no longer laughing.

\*Jesse and Celeste on a bench, distant.

\*The next picture, hugging.

**MACBOOK PHOTO BOOTH** snapshot:

\*Jesse asleep on Celeste's shoulder as she kisses him on the head.

**INT. TOYOTA PRIUS-DAY**

It's a bright, clear Los Angeles Saturday afternoon. Celeste and Jesse, now 30, both sing along to "Love Rhino," the song heard under the montage. Jesse drives while Celeste is on her Blackberry.

T B

Jesse, boyishly handsome, wears an old tee and a hooded sweatshirt. Celeste is wearing all black workout gear. She is always wearing all black.

JESSE

*I'm a Love Rhino...*

CELESTE

*Don't worry 'bout me, I've  
got a enough love for  
the... (her Blackberry rings)  
oh shit, I gotta take this.  
Turn it down.*

JESSE

*Dont' worry 'bout me, I've  
got enough love, for the two  
us. Oh please...*

JESSE (CONT'D)

*...I'm a Love...*

CELESTE

*Jess, turn it down, seriously!*

She playfully slaps him. He turns it down. A little.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Hello? Hi. With Jesse, running errands. (to Jesse) Turn it down. More. (back to the phone) Yeah, I can do it now. No, it'll be fast, right? (To Jesse) Hey, I have to give a quick sound byte for the New York Times, so no noise please? For a second?

JESSE

Maybe. I may have an important call coming in too, so...

They both know he has no important call coming in.

CELESTE

(on the phone) Okay. Ready? This year all trends point towards simplicity and comfort. Consumers will be less likely to go out for entertainment.

While Celeste is dictating, Jesse is getting bored. He starts looking through the middle console. He finds something. A melted tube of Chapstick. Ew. Ooh, a cigarette.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

One more line? Okay...

Jesse lights the cigarette, takes a drag. Celeste looks at Jesse and signals to him, "Can I have a drag?"

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CELESTE (CONT'D)

Uhhh, things like Netflix, casual wear and cookbooks will see a huge spike in the market.

He hands her the cigarette and she promptly chucks it out the window.

JESSE

What the shit??

CELESTE

(she whispers to Jesse) Shhh. Phone call.(back to her call) That's enough of a blurb, right?

Jesse is now checking out nose hairs in the visor mirror. He then looks at his teeth.

JESSE

Does this tooth look dark?

Celeste just glares at him.

CELESTE

Okay. Call me back if they need more.

Jesse looks at his tooth again in the rearview mirror.

JESSE

Like a little darker than the rest?

Celeste waves her hand to quiet Jesse.

CELESTE

Okay, thanks bye. (to Jesse) Can't you just sit still for two minutes? And we talked about this, no more smoking!

JESSE

I wasn't smoking, I just found it.

CELESTE

Come on.

They drive by "Urban Light," Chris Burden's installation at the entrance of LACMA. They are rows of restored street lamps. Celeste sneers.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Really? Street lamps? No. Not doin' it. That is not art.

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JESSE

I think it's beautiful.

A beat passes. Then, Jesse pulls over.

CELESTE

What are you doing? Why are you  
stopping?

JESSE

Well, your appointment is not until  
noon and this is that place with  
the deadstock vintage Italian  
fabric. I thought it would be good  
for the guest room windows.

Celeste is truly touched by the gesture.

CELESTE

Oh wow.. you are so thoughtful.

Jesse smiles, proud of himself.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Thanks, Jess.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek. Jesse's phone rings, he answers.

JESSE

Whassup, muthafucka??

Celeste rolls her eyes and gets out of the car to look at fabric.

CUT TO:

INT. TOYOTA PRIUS-10 MINUTES LATER

Celeste is getting back in the car with some fabric swatches.

CELESTE

Jess, that place is insane. They  
have tassels that were manufactured  
for Mussolini's mistress...

JESSE

(covering the phone) Sorry, I'm on  
the phone. It's important.

CELESTE

Okay then.

**TB**

Celeste sits quietly while Jesse is on his call.

JESSE

Really? I just...don't know what to say. Thank you so much for calling me.

Celeste throws her hands up in silent celebration.

CELESTE

(whispers) Did you get the job??

Jesse signals with his finger, "one minute."

JESSE

Well, sometimes things are just meant to work out.

Celeste looks at him with anticipation.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Okay, great. Great. Talk soon. Bye.

CELESTE

Was that the job? Did you get the Slate job?

JESSE

No, but Celeste...

He looks at her and grabs her hand, with tears in his eyes.

JESSE (CONT'D)

...a swell came in last night. Out of the Northeast. It's overhead and it's glassy.

CELESTE

What the fuck are you talking about?

JESSE

Malibu. The waves are peeling out there.

CELESTE

Is this about surfing? You're talking about going surfing. Unbelievable.

JESSE

No, this is best part. Skillz got a hi-def digital camera and he's gonna film me!!!

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CELESTE

Oh, god.

JESSE

And we're gonna upload it on You  
Tube!

CELESTE

I'm not...

JESSE

What? Isn't that awesome?

CELESTE

No, yeah, I just thought it was  
about the Slate job you applied  
for.

JESSE

Oh yeah. No. They haven't called  
yet. But if they can't see that I'm  
taking hip-hop journalism to the  
next level, then they're not for  
me. I have a lot to offer.

CELESTE

You absolutely do. You are a  
wonderful writer. And you will  
show the world that one  
day...right?

JESSE

Hey, can I drop you at home now?  
Because I just missed a wave.

CELESTE

Well...

JESSE

Wait! I just missed another one.

CELESTE

Yeah. Take me home, it's fine.

CUT TO:

INT. TOYOTA PRIUS-30 MINUTES LATER

Jesse is dropping Celeste at home.

CELESTE

Be back by six so you can shower.

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JESSE

Why shower?

CELESTE

Dinner with Beth and Tucker.

JESSE

Right, right.

CELESTE

Have fun shredding your glassy  
peel.

JESSE

Aw, so wrong.

CELESTE

Love you.

JESSE

Love you too.

He promptly blasts the radio and flashes their signature "C and J" hand sign. She flashes it back. He zooms off.

INT. LITTLE DOM'S-NIGHT

Celeste and Jesse are on double date with BETH, 30, petite, and full of energy and TUCKER, 31, preppy in an indy way. These are their best friends from college. They're engaged.

TUCKER

Did you end up going to see that  
band at Spaceland last week?

JESSE

Oh, My Agent Loves Your Lawyer?  
Yeah, dude. They are ri-sick-ulous.  
You know what? They should be your  
wedding band. They're loud but  
they're affordable.

CELESTE

They opened for Darcy Fudged His  
Knickers. Now they're amazing.  
You'd be lucky to book them for  
your wedding.

BETH

It's already done. We got the best  
swing band in New England.  
Sugarfoot and The Swingin' Scrod.

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TUCKER

I told you, I'm not doing it. Swing  
is so late 90's, honey.

Beth leans over and gives him a deep kiss. She knows how to work him.

BETH

I love you. We'll talk about this  
later.

Celeste looks over the menu. Celeste and Jesse's next interaction is said with heavy, really bad German accents, which is hilarious--only to them.

CELESTE

So veee ahhh gawwnna share zeh beet  
zalad and zeh bolognese,  
riiiiiight?

JESSE

Yawh. But I em murdering zeh creme  
brulee alooooone. No sharrrrring.

CELESTE

I don't vant dessert. I vill joost  
have bite oof yorrrs.

JESSE

Ve know zeh end of zat story. Yawh  
we doooooo!

CELESTE

Yawh!!!!

Celeste and Jesse giggle at their stupid inside joke for a little too long. Then, there is a deafening lull in the conversation. Beth is buttering a piece of bread. She loudly drops the knife on her plate and buries her head in her hands.

BETH

I can't do this. I just can't.

Celeste is genuinely concerned about her friend.

CELESTE

Are you okay? Oh no...

BETH

It's just not right. I can't hold  
my tongue. We can't do this  
anymore.

# TB

CELESTE

Honey, weddings are stressful, I know all about it. But you guys we'll be fine!

BETH

NO. WE are fine. What the fuck are YOU TWO doing??

Jesse and Celeste look at Beth in amazement.

CELESTE

What do you mean?

JESSE

Yeah, what do you mean?

BETH

What do I mean?? You guys are not together anymore! This is not normal! You've been separated for SIX MONTHS and you hang out every day like nothing's wrong! It's fucking weird!

TUCKER

Beth...

BETH

No, Tucker, you think it's weird too. Speak up for yourself.

TUCKER

It's weird. Let's not play charades anymore.

CELESTE

No charades. We are separated and we're friends. You guys should be happy, all we did was fight before.

JESSE

Yeah, you guys should be thrilled about this. You'll never have to pick sides.

CELESTE

Yeah, everyone's cool.

BETH

Everyone is not cool! This is not cool! It's just not working for me, I'm sorry.



Beth gets up and walks out. Celeste and Jesse sit there and stare at Tucker in silence.

JESSE

Bett iz zo angry.

CELESTE

Yah, she iz uber angry. Yahhh.

TUCKER

Yeah, you guys are weird. I can't do this. It's fucked up.

Tucker gets up and leaves. Jesse and Celeste watch him leave and sip their wine quietly.

INT. TOYOTA PRIUS-NIGHT-LATER

Celeste drives and Jesse is in the passenger seat. He has a tube of Vaseline Lip Therapy. He is stroking it rapidly as if it were a penis. This is not the first time.

JESSE

C, look...uhhhh!

Celeste looks at him. She joins in. She reaches over and pushes in on the tube. Vaseline comes out of the top. This looks a lot like a penis ejaculating.

CELESTE

Ahhhhh! Oh god!

They both erupt in laughter. Even though this is the thousandth time they've done this stupid joke, it will always be funny.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Beth and Tucker are crazy.

JESSE

Crazy.

CELESTE

It's not weird that we hang out.  
Do you think it's weird we hang out?

JESSE

No, of course not. You're my best friend.

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CELESTE

Yeah you too. I mean, we can't not hang out. The last time we didn't talk for longer than a week was in 10th grade when you went to Space Camp Canada.

JESSE

Yeah, that was 6 weeks of torture. I mean, the anti-gravity training was fresh but I missed you.

CUT TO:

EXT. CELESTE'S DRIVEWAY- 10 MINUTES LATER

Celeste and Jesse stand in the driveway of Celeste's house. There is a bit of a linger.

CELESTE

Well, I'm exhausted.

JESSE

Me too.

Celeste walks to her front door with her key and Jesse heads towards the side gate with his key. It is now obvious that he is living in her guest house.

CELESTE

Hey, it's kinda chilly tonight, how's the heat in there?

JESSE

Oh, it's fine. It's fine.

He keeps walking. He turns again to Celeste.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Hey, sorry I'm still living here. Times are tough and money's tight so you know...

CELESTE

Jesse, please, you can stay here as long as you like. It's actually really nice to have you here.

JESSE

For me too.

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CELESTE

Oh, don't forget, the contractor  
needs to get in there for  
measurements in the morning.

JESSE

Got it.

CELESTE

Night.

JESSE

Night. Love you.

CELESTE

Love you too.

## INT. CELESTE'S HOUSE-MORNING

Celeste's morning symphony is under way. She sits in front of a bowl of oatmeal, a bowl of berries, a cup of coffee, 4 neatly stacked newspapers, her laptop and the television tuned to CNN. She methodically eats, sips her coffee, reads the paper, watches TV, and surfs the internet. She is clearly a methodical culture vulture. Jesse walks by outside and does the "C and J" sign to Celeste. She does it back instinctively. Is it weird that we hang out so much? She shakes it off and chortles. She's being ridiculous; it's fine.

## INT. COFFEE BEAN- MORNING

Celeste walks in dressed impeccably. Again, in all black. She is in a rush, on her Blackberry, bombarded with a hefty pre-work crowd. People are in some semblance of a line, waiting to order. Celeste spots a man in a business suit, taking advantage of the confusion and cutting in front of a woman at the head of the line. He orders.

BUSINESS MAN

Large coffee, please.

CELESTE

Excuse me, sir?

The business man pretends to not hear her.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Sir? You?

She taps him on the arm. He turns around.

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CELESTE (CONT'D)

You do realize that you just cut in front of a lot of people.

BUSINESS MAN

Oh. Sorry, I didn't know.

CELESTE

Did you not?

BUSINESS MAN

I'm in a rush.

CELESTE

So you did know. And everyone's in a rush, so...

Other people in line are now paying attention. Celeste wants to let it go, but she can't.

BUSINESS MAN

Well, she was looking at the pastries, I didn't think she was ready to order.

CELESTE

Well, it's not just her. It's everyone behind her too. So, if you want to ask all these people if it's okay to cut in front of them because you are late, be my guest. Just don't assume that your time is more important than everyone else's.

The business man gets his coffee.

BUSINESS MAN

Have a nice day.

CELESTE

(sotto) Prick.

INT. POP FORM CONFERENCE ROOM-MORNING

Pop Form Headquarters looks like the future. No walls, just large glass slabs, separate the offices from each other.

Celeste is on camera, in the middle of conducting a live satellite interview for MSNBC.

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CELESTE

Yeah, I think buyers will gravitate towards products they need more than the ones they want. There will be a lot of home-cooked meals and DVD watching in sweat pants. "Staycations," I call them. It could be the end of aspirational shopping. For now, at least.

CUT TO:

INT. MSNBC STUDIOS

Rachel Maddow is conducting the interview in studio.

RACHEL MADDOW

Sounds cozy but depressing. How will the conglomerates deal with the loss of their faithful sheep? Will we finally see the gazillionaires shut down shop?

CELESTE

Well, no, companies will just have to find a new way to reach their target buyers, to appeal to a more acute, minimal sense of culture.

RACHEL MADDOW

Okay, thanks for being with us today. You're great, come back any time. For more on this gloomy but interesting subject, look out for trend forecaster, Celeste James' new book "Shitegeist," on bookshelves Monday.

CELESTE

Thanks so much, Rachel.

INT. CELESTE'S OFFICE-AFTERNOON

Celeste's office is impeccably clean and stark. Celeste eats a macrobiotic meal.

SCOTT, 48, Celeste's boss, gay but very straight, sharply dressed and bespectacled. He peeks his head in without knocking.

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SCOTT

I know this isn't going to be your favorite conversation but I signed Riley Banks today.

CELESTE

Oh no.

SCOTT

I know but it's a huge account. Riley is having a hard time transitioning from teen pop star to adult artist. Her futile attempt to sex herself into womanhood was, shockingly, a failure. Her last album, "I Know What I Want" was a colossal bomb.

He hands Celeste his laptop. It is streaming a music video starring Riley Banks, 19, making orgasmic faces in a wet negligee, straddling a spouting fire hydrant.

CELESTE

Subtle. She's a genius.

SCOTT

She is re-launching her clothing line and she wants us to brand it. We need to take this account.

Scott turns to go and looks back at Celeste, looking lonely, eating her meal. He studies her, and kind of feels bad for her. Then:

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Are you dating yet?

CELESTE

Dating is ridiculous. But I'm still totally on track for my 25 year plan.

SCOTT

No one has a 25 year plan. Except for my mortgage company.

CELESTE

First child at 33. Second at 35. Which means I will only be 56 at my eldest's college graduation. The bad news is that I may not be at my 4th grandchild's high school graduation. But that's okay, I guess.

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SCOTT

I'm fascinated with the mentally ill.

CELESTE

I still have two more years to meet the guy, get married and get pregnant.

SCOTT

Well, do me a favor and get your fuck on before you meet this guy.

Celeste looks at Scott in shock.

CELESTE

What are you doing?

SCOTT

Sorry, I was trying to be your saucy gay friend. It didn't feel good.

CELESTE

Yeah don't.

EXT. YOGA YURT-AFTERNOON

Jesse and SKILLZ, 32, another man-boy, in hip-hop gear, wait in a very, very long line of very, very hip people at LA's trendiest new yogurt place.

SKILLZ

The economic climate is real bad, man. And I think my business is taking the hardest hit of all. It's brutal. And no one's talking about it.

JESSE

You sell pot.

SKILLZ

Not for long, dude. Have you been to those weed pharmacies? They're killing me. I gotta branch out. Maybe start working in methamphetamines? Or maybe teach pre-school. I always wanted to do that. I love kids.

Skillz is distracted by something.

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SKILLZ (CONT'D)

Sorry, I know this is serious talky time but would you look at the fucking seat on that girl?

We see a girl's apple bottom butt stuffed into blue jeans.

SKILLZ (CONT'D)

THAT is a party.

Jesse does not laugh. He looks like he is in pain.

JESSE

I don't think it's over.

SKILLZ

What? Her butt? No, it will never be over. It goes on forever. It's like space. So great.

JESSE

No, Celeste and me. I think she's bugging right now about a bunch of stuff. But she'll come around.

SKILLZ

Uh oh. It's been a while now. I think it's over, bro. It may be time to accept that.

JESSE

How 'bout you look out for you and I'll look out for me.

SKILLZ

Okay, don't get spicy with me. I just love you and I'm trying to help.

JESSE

I know, thank you. But I know what I'm doing.

SKILLZ

Okay, but remember, you can't re-heat a souffle. And don't forget, there's Bettys everywhere. It's LA.

JESSE

(sotto) Celeste would lose her mind if I took a girl out.

They reach the front of the line.

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YOGURT GIRL  
Do you know what you want?

JESSE

Yeah, I want to not be a quitter. I don't want to start all over again. I want everything that I believed to have been true to be true. I also want a goji berry/green tea swirl with yogurt chips and Fruity Pebbles. Please.

SKILLZ

(to Yogurt Girl) Hey, you should go out on a date with my friend here.

YOGURT GIRL

Um, wait, where's your wife? You guys are here like everyday together.

JESSE

Well...we're separated.

YOGURT GIRL

Oh. Cool. I mean, bummer. But okay. I'll go.

INT. LACMA-LATE AFTERNOON

Celeste and Beth wander amidst the modern art. They stop to take in a Cindy Sherman photo.

BETH

It's so...grotesque.

CELESTE

But kind of beautiful. In a grotesque way.

BETH

Ugh, let's keep moving. Too many feelings.

Celeste and Beth wander to the wall and stare at a Damien Hirst collage.

BETH (CONT'D)

I need to say this and then I'll never bring it up again. I'm sorry I wiggled on you guys the other night but I don't know what you're doing.

(MORE)

TB

BETH (CONT'D)

I think it's stupid that you're not together. You are best friends and that's the hard part. Nothing else matters.

Celeste and Beth stand in silence. Then:

CELESTE

Beth, I love Jesse. But he's not in the forecast.

BETH

Oh god, really? No forecast.

CELESTE

Yes, forecast, Beth. The reality is I love him dearly but he doesn't have a checking account. Or dress shoes. The father of my children will have a car. But...Jesse will always be my best friend.

BETH

Well, if that's the case, you need time apart. I think hanging out with him is kind of breaking his heart. Slowly. Can I show you something?

CELESTE

Sure.

Beth suddenly pulls Celeste into a corner. With no art.

BETH

Okay. Look.

She points to her neck.

CELESTE

What am I looking at?

BETH

It's a hair. On my NECK.

CELESTE

Ewww. Will you get that thing lasered off, please? What the fuck?

BETH

I can't because it will pop up somewhere else where I can't keep my eye on it.

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CELESTE

Are you serious? That's the craziest thing I've ever heard. It's not a turnip.

BETH

Trust me, I know my body. It's a cruel land mine.

CELESTE

Okay, well at least pluck it for Chrissake.

BETH

I should, at least before my wedding, right?

CELESTE

What is wrong with you?

Celeste grabs the hair and pulls it out.

BETH

(in pain) AHHHHHHHHHHH!

A security guard heads for them.

CELESTE

Sorry sir, my friend has a really strong emotional reaction to modern art.

BETH

That was fucking rude.

CELESTE

Had to be done.

EXT. CELESTE'S HOUSE-EARLY EVENING

Celeste comes in the front door. Jesse is pasted to the couch, he's clearly been there for hours. He is watching the 2008 Beijing Olympics on Tivo. He is at the end of one of those Olympian short documentaries about Matthias Steiner, a gold medalist in weight lifting.

CELESTE

Hey...are you watching the Olympics? Again? And crying? Again?

Jesse blows his nose.

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JESSE

Yeah.

CELESTE

God, you really love that, don't you?

JESSE

Matthias' wife died in a car accident last year.

CELESTE

Well, three years ago now but...

JESSE

And he dedicated his gold medal to her. The human spirit is...unbreakable.

Jesse is choked up, can barely speak.

CELESTE

Uh huh.

Jesse turns off the television, takes a deep breath, wipes his eyes and recovers.

JESSE

Celeste, can you sit down for a minute? I have something really important to tell you.

CELESTE

Oh. Okay.

Celeste sits. Jesse sits next to her. Again, he has tears in his eyes.

JESSE

I don't know how to tell you this but...I have a date tonight. I'm gonna start dating...people.

CELESTE

A date? Really? That is so great.

JESSE

It is?

CELESTE

Yeah! Don't cry. Good for you, Jess.

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JESSE

It is? Yeah, I guess it is. It's actually the Yogurt Girl. From Yoga Yurt?

CELESTE

Really? Yogurt Girl, huh. She's cute! But so young, right?

JESSE

Yeah but I'm trying, you know, just getting...

CELESTE

No, no, no this is so good. You gotta crawl before you walk. I mean she's definitely not gonna be wifey number two, right? Ha.

She hugs him in an unconsciously patronizing way.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Big move. I'm proud of you.

Jesse looks confused and slightly hurt.

JESSE

Thanks?

CELESTE

Can I get up now?

JESSE

Huh? Yeah, sure.

Celeste gets up and is immediately fixated by his hair.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Yeah, Skillz kinda made me do it and at first I was like no way and then I...what are you looking at?

CELESTE

No, nothing. Are you gonna wear your hair like that?

JESSE

What? Oh. I don't know, is it weird?

CELESTE

Not weird, just different from how it looks best.

T B

She walks over and starts messing with his hair as he continues.

JESSE

Anyway, this is what we're doing right? We're getting divorced and we're friends and we're also dating people? That's what we're doing?

She is satisfied with her work. She steps back.

CELESTE

There. Better. You'll be great. You don't even need to be great. Just be you. Take her somewhere nice.

JESSE

Okay mom.

CELESTE

Call me after?

INT. HATFIELD'S RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Jesse is on a date with Yogurt girl. It's clear he's hasn't been doing a lot of talking.

YOGURT GIRL

So I was in school but then I dropped out because I really wanted to work in fashion but it's really hard to find a paid internship? So I went back to school and now I work at Yoga Yurt part time but I'm really looking to make money doing something I love? But I'm sure the universe is looking out for me and when the time is right, the right thing will come along, you know?

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTE'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Celeste is in bed on the computer. She hears noise from the outside. She listens more intently and hears Jesse... and a woman, giggling and talking loudly. Then, the door shuts. Is Yogurt Girl sleeping over? He wouldn't do that. Would he?

TB

EXT. CELESTE'S GARDEN- NEXT MORNING

Again, with the morning symphony. Celeste drinks coffee, eats breakfast, surfs the internet and flips through magazines. She is doing research on Riley Banks. A candid paparazzi shot of Riley leaving a club drunk, her crotch is blurred out, a gossip article with the heading "Riley in Love! Again!" with a picture of Riley furiously making out with a guy, an article on how Riley's clothing line sales have plummeted since she has become a tabloid staple.

Celeste can't stop herself from constantly looking over at the guest house to see if Yogurt Girl is still in there. Finally, a sleeping Jesse stirs for a minute and changes position. He is alone. Phew.

INT. BORDER'S BOOKS-LATER THAT DAY

Celeste, Beth, Tucker and Jesse browse as a foursome for books.

CELESTE

Where is it? They told me it would  
be in new releases...

Celeste searches frantically for her book. She peeks around a corner at a very obscured aisle with a sign reading "More New Releases." Three copies of her book, "Shitegeist" appear in the very bottom row, barely visible. She is disappointed.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

That's what I call placement.

She grabs a copy of her book and briskly walks back to the front of the store.

BETH

Well you probably shouldn't steal  
it. Even if it is yours.

Celeste marches to the Oprah's Book Club table and swiftly replaces the center display book with her own.

CELESTE

There.

BETH

But you don't have the "O" on your  
cover, you can't do that!

CELESTE

Yes I can.



Jesse and Tucker arrive and see the book.

JESSE

There you guys are...you're on  
Oprah's Book List?? That's so dope!

Celeste smiles at Beth in victory. Then:

GIRL (V.O.)

Jesse?

The four of them turn to see VERONICA, 26, stunning and European.

JESSE

Veronica?

VERONICA

Yeah, hey. How are you?

JESSE

Good, good.

There is silence, as the group stares at her. Who is this creature??

JESSE (CONT'D)

Oh sorry, Veronica, this is Beth  
and Tucker and Celeste.

Veronica notices Celeste's name on the book.

VERONICA

Oh, this is your book? I read an  
excerpt online, it's really  
compelling.

CELESTE

Wow, thank you. That is so nice.

VERONICA

Well, nice to see you, Jesse. You  
look great.

JESSE

Oh you too. Take care.

She turns and leaves.

CELESTE

She is so great. Who is that?

JESSE

That was uh...Veronica.

TB

CELESTE  
Story?

JESSE  
No story. Just this girl I met a  
while ago.

CELESTE  
I really like her.

Celeste changes focus and turns to a Border's employee to loudly and unconvincingly acts out "interested reader" for other shoppers to hear.

CELESTE (CONT'D)  
EXCUSE ME SIR? WHERE CAN I FIND  
MORE COPIES OF THIS BOOK  
"SHITEGEIST" FOR MY FRIENDS? I  
HEARD IT IS ABSOLUTELY WONDERFUL!

He looks at her like she's crazy and keeps walking. And so do her friends.

EXT. TROUBADOR THEATER-NIGHT

Jesse and Skillz are exiting a Bizmarkie concert, surrounded by older hip-hop fans and young hipsters who weren't alive when the Biz dropped his first album. They are trashed.

JESSE  
*Oh baby youuuuuuuu, you got what I  
neeeeeed...*

SKILLZ  
*And you say he's just a friend, and  
you say he's just a friend....*

JESSE SKILLZ  
Oh baby youuuuuu.... Oh baby youuuuu....

Jesse's iPhone rings. A very flirty picture of Celeste comes up.

SKILLZ (CONT'D)  
No, no, no. Ignore for sure.

JESSE  
Uh, I just need to...(picks up)  
Hey.

SKILLZ  
(whispering) Nooooo!

TB

JESSE

(talking to Celeste) Uh huh. Okay.  
 Okay. No, I'm not busy. (hangs up)  
 Uh, can you drop me off at home?

SKILLZ

Come on, after the show it's the  
 after party.

JESSE

There's an Ikea dresser that she  
 needs me to "build."

Skillz takes this in. He is impressed.

SKILLZ

Huh. Really? Are you guys...

JESSE

I told you pal, I know what I'm  
 know I'm doing. She just needed  
 time.

INT. CELESTE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Celeste is in a corner with a glass of wine and a HUGE bag of nuts and bolts. She had a fight with a dresser and the dresser won. Jesse uses his key and enters.

CELESTE

I'm in here! Fuck Sweden!

JESSE

Oh baby youuuuu....

CELESTE

It was definitely easier to build  
 the Brooklyn Bridge, I think.

JESSE

Well, how hard can it be? It's a  
 dresser, right?

TIME CUT TO:

INT. CELESTE'S HOUSE- 30 MINUTES LATER

Jesse is drunker than before and sitting where Celeste was earlier. Crying, frustrated. He's covered in sawdust and nuts and bolts.

TB

JESSE

Fuck me!!! Do you think they intentionally pick a random piece of furniture to make totally unbuildable, just to fuck with you??!

CELESTE

Thank you!

JESSE

Wait. I got it.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. CELESTE'S HOUSE- 30 MORE MINUTES LATER

We see Jesse and Celeste admire their "dresser" as they drink wine.

CELESTE

Perfect.

JESSE

Fucking lay-up.

We reveal that they are looking at a small, mangled, Swedish robot constructed from the nuts and bolts and wood panelling that was should have been the dresser. They both slide to the floor in satisfaction. They look at their "artwork." They laugh; they are pretty drunk.

CELESTE

Ruscha meets Basquiat meets Serra  
meets...

JESSE

...Corky from "Life Goes On."

CELESTE

Yeah. He's a vegan, you know.

JESSE

Cherish. That is so cute.

They share a laugh.

CELESTE

You're cute.



Celeste looks at him. She kisses him. He kisses back. It gets hotter. They fall back.

FADE TO:

CELESTE'S BEDROOM-THE NEXT MORNING

Celeste and Jesse are in bed. Celeste is asleep. Jesse wakes up and gently kisses Celeste all over her face. This wakes her up. She is hungover and confused.

CELESTE  
Hey. What are you doing?

JESSE  
I love you.

Celeste does not respond. She pops up out of bed.

CELESTE  
Okay...

JESSE  
We should talk about this.

CELESTE  
Yeah. Whoa, we were drunk. What a bad idea. I'm sorry.

JESSE  
Don't be sorry. It was nice. And I love you.

CELESTE  
Oh Jess, I don't...come on, we were drunk, and the dresser and I thought...you're dating other people!

JESSE  
Only to...make you care.

He realizes how pathetic it sounds.

CELESTE  
Oh no, I thought...

JESSE  
You thought what?

CELESTE  
Well, clearly I wasn't thinking. Or I wouldn't have let it happen.  
(MORE)

TB

CELESTE (CONT'D)  
Come on Jess, we're not getting  
back together, you didn't think...

Celeste realizes he did think...Jesse is crushed. He gets up and leaves. He turns.

JESSE  
You know, there's a guy that you can call, from Ikea, that will build you're dresser. You should call him. Hell, he'll probably fuck you too. I'm a fucking idiot.

CELESTE  
Jess! No, I didn't..Jess!

Celeste collapses back in the bed.

INT. EQUINOX GYM-MORNING

A bunch of Los Angeles hipsters file out of a yoga class. Everyone is sweaty and a little out of it. Celeste heads out as she towels off. She heads towards the shoe cubby holes.

PAUL  
Hello.

CELESTE  
What?

PAUL  
I said hello.

CELESTE  
Oh. Hi.

Celeste keeps walking briskly. Paul tries to keep up with her.

PAUL  
(a little too loud) How was your practice?

CELESTE  
My practice?? It was...wait, what?...it was fine. (who is this guy?)

PAUL  
I see you in class a lot. You have a great warrior two. Are you single?

# TB

Celeste puts on her shoes.

CELESTE

Are you really doing this right now? You're really doing this right now.

PAUL

So, what do you do?

CELESTE

Just gonna jump right into huh.  
Wow, Captain Conversation.

PAUL

Paul. Here's my card.

CELESTE

You bring cards to yoga??

PAUL

You never know who you're gonna meet.

He smiles.

CELESTE

(sotto) Wow. (she looks at the card.) A financial analyst. Cool.

PAUL

Did you tell me what you did for a living?

CELESTE

No, no I didn't.

There is a pause in conversation. Celeste continues to put her shoes on.

PAUL

Well, will you? I'd love to know.

CELESTE

I'm a trend forecaster. I forecast trends.

Paul scoffs at the notion that this is a real career.

PAUL

Trend forecaster. Really?

They have reached the parking lot. Celeste turns to him with purpose.

TB

## CELESTE

You traded in your Porsche for an Audi because the economy is tanking and you're afraid you'll lose your job soon. You bought a Samsung cell phone because you think it makes you seem more "business-oriented," unlike the iPhone which is for teenage girls. You go to yoga because you went to a sub Ivy League college, spent the last ten years working long weeks and drinking all weekend and you feel like it's time to do something "spiritual." Nice to meet you, (looks at the card) Paul.

Celeste walks away. Paul remains where he is, flummoxed.

## EXT. CELESTE'S GARDEN-LATER

Celeste enters through her side gate. She has some Chinese food takeout in her hand. She heads for the guest house. She sees that Jesse is not there. Neither is any of his shit. He's gone.

## EXT. LAX-LATER THAT NIGHT

Celeste is about to go on the road for work. She is on the phone.

## CELESTE

No, just make sure the San Fran focus group has a little more diversity than last time. It was like a rave. Without drugs. Okay.

She hangs up and pauses. Then dials again.

## CELESTE (CONT'D)

Hey, Jess, it's me. I'm getting on a plane but I'd really like to talk to you. I don't know what happened last night. Hope you're okay. Call me.

CUT TO:

## EXT. BOSTON ROOF GARDEN-SUNRISE

Celeste looks off into the city and thinks.

## TB

INT. FANEUIL HALL-DAY

We see Celeste having lunch with a group of eight teenagers. She asks questions, they share laughs, she engages with them. She is good at this. She excuses herself to make a phone call.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN L.A. DINER-LATE AFTERNOON

Jesse sits at a booth with a girl eating pie. We don't see her face but we see him genuinely happy. He's on a good old-fashioned date. He laughs and talks.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN FRANCISCO W HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Celeste watches CNN alone. She dials Jesse. She gets his voice mail.

CELESTE

Hey. It's me. Again. I miss you.  
Anyway, call me. Okay. Bye.

She hangs up, takes a breath and then, to herself:

CELESTE (CONT'D)  
We should be together. We're right  
together. Celeste and Jesse  
Forever, right?

She chuckles.

CELESTE (CONT'D)  
Of course.

EXT. STREET - WEST HOLLYWOOD-DAY

Jesse is walking.

JESSE  
(on the phone) Hey. You're back. I  
want to talk to you.

INT. CELESTE'S HOUSE-SUNDOWN

Celeste is in her home office, working on the Riley account.

TB

CELESTE

Yeah, I want to talk to you too. Where have you been?? It's been more two weeks. So much to lay down...like, did you know that pay-per-view porn is available in Spanish?

EXT. STREET-WEST HOLLYWOOD-SUNDOWN

JESSE

Like subtitles or dubbed? Wait, actually, I'm really close to your house right now. Can I come by for a minute? It's....important.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Celeste puts away groceries.

JESSE

Okay. I have to tell you something.

CELESTE

Me too. Wait, you first. Are you gay?

JESSE

No, not gay.

He takes a really deep breath.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Um, you're not gonna believe this but...

CELESTE

Oh no, did you go on another date?

JESSE

I'm having a baby.

CELESTE

I don't understand.

JESSE

I'm having a baby.

Celeste is still busy with putting away groceries. She is half-listening.

# TB

CELESTE

What do you mean?

JESSE

I am having a baby.

Celeste opens the pantry and puts away cereal.

CELESTE

With another person?

JESSE

Yes. With another person.

Celeste takes out cold cuts from the bag and opens the fridge.

CELESTE

Um. What? Sorry, I'm confused.  
Wait, what? What the fuck? With whom?

JESSE

With Veronica.

CELESTE

Veronica?? What's a Veronica?

JESSE

You actually met her. That day at the book store.

CELESTE

Huh. But that's not even physically possible, that was two weeks ago.

JESSE

Well, the truth is, I slept with Veronica three months ago. It was just a one night thing. But she's pregnant.

Celeste rearranges the fruit bowl.

CELESTE

Whoa. Okay. Shit. Didn't know about that. But that's not important right now. This is not good.

Alright. Okay. You and I are gonna deal with this. We will, we'll just have to. What do you need me to do?

# TB

JESSE

No, you don't have to do anything.

CELESTE

But you don't even know this person, right?

JESSE

Yeah I know her. I mean, I'm getting to know her. And I think I might love her.

CELESTE

Love her?? You slept with her once, how could you love her? You don't love her.

JESSE

I've actually been seeing her, well, a lot, recently. And I think I do.

CELESTE

So what you're saying is you got a girl pregnant and now you think you love her because she's pregnant? Or...I'm really confused.

JESSE

The universe is fucking weird, Celeste. I slept with her months ago and never called her after. But we started hanging recently and she told me she was pregnant with my child. I know it's crazy, but it just felt...right. It was like a this really weird retroactive gift. I don't know...

CELESTE

Can you excuse me for a second?

Celeste gets up and walks slowly to the bathroom. She gently shuts the door. She looks around, not knowing what to do with herself. She focuses on a crack in the wall, she looks closer and then grabs the wall, thinking she might faint. She silently begins to sob, mouth open, eyes shut tight. She collapses on the wall. She is in silent turmoil. Is this really happening?

CUT TO:

TB

INT. CELESTE'S LIVING ROOM- A MOMENT LATER

Jesse is sitting, waiting. He checks his cell phone. He hears the toilet flush. A moment goes by. Celeste re-enters, having pulled it together. Her face is wet with tears.

CELESTE

So sorry about that. I had something in my eye.

JESSE

Uh huh.

CELESTE

(convincing herself) Well....wow, Jesse. That's great! I just want you to be happy. I'm so happy for you!

JESSE

Well, Celeste, you don't have to be happy for me right now. I know this is weird. But I just wanted you to know that who I am, where I am now, is because of you. You taught me how to love. Thank you.

CELESTE

Wonderful.

JESSE

Sorry, I've been going on forever. You had something you wanted to tell me, right? What's up?

Celeste takes a beat.

CELESTE

It was nothing.

She forces a smile.

INT. CELESTE'S OFFICE-DAY

Celeste has put a treadmill in her office. She is currently running at a 6.6, with her Blackberry in hand, a coffee in the cup holder and the television on. Scott peeks in.

SCOTT

Hello?

TB

CELESTE

Hi!! Sorry, just trying to get some stuff done.

SCOTT

Clearly.

CELESTE

What's up??

SCOTT

I just wanted to check on you, you didn't call me back last night. How was your trip?

CELESTE

It was great. Sorry, Jesse actually came over last night.

SCOTT

Oh yeah, how is he?

CELESTE

Good, actually. He came over to tell me that he met someone and she's pregnant. Crazy, right?

SCOTT

Whoa. Wow. How did you not know he was seeing someone?

CELESTE

It's some girl he slept with once a couple of months ago. And now they're in love! Go figure!

SCOTT

I don't know what to say. I am so sorry, Celeste.

CELESTE

No need, Scott, I'm totally fine!

SCOTT

You are not.

CELESTE

Look, it was bound to happen at some point, so why not now?

TB

SCOTT

Well, it's great that you're being so understanding but it's also okay for you to have feelings about this.

Celeste, on the treadmill, pauses to consider this.

CELESTE

Well, let me see...mmmm, nope, I'm fine. No feelings. I promise. Not in love with him anymore. It kind of makes it easier.

Scott looks at Celeste as if she has four heads.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

I actually have a date tonight.

SCOTT

Um...that's great. Who's the guy?

CELESTE

The yahoo that did our taxes last quarter. He really likes me. Not the one, but it's nice to be admired.

SCOTT

I agree, go be admired. Who knows, you may actually even simulate human emotion.

INT. CELESTE HOUSE-EARLY EVENING

Celeste, still in workout clothes, is cleaning up her house maniacally. She is walking past her office. The Ikea robot she built with Jesse catches her attention for a moment. Then she keeps walking.

INT. MADEO'S RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Celeste and MAX, 38, handsome and clean cut, are sitting at dinner. They have just ordered.

CELESTE

Thank you.

She hands the menu back to the waiter.

TB

CELESTE (CONT'D)

My foot actually pronates. And my t-band is strained when I run, which really hurts. So Dr. Ozar recommended a foot specialist who made these customized orthotics for me and it's amazing how much better I feel.

MAX

Well, actually I...

CELESTE

Did you see 60 Minutes this past Sunday? There was the most incredible segment on a new machine that reads brainwaves and helps people in comas communicate...

MAX

Oh, no I didn't but that sounds...

Suddenly, Celeste catches a glimpse of Jesse, sitting at the bar, by himself, watching tv. She is not prepared for this.

CELESTE

OH MY GOD. My ex is here. Oh god, oh no, we just made eye contact. Maybe he didn't see me. Wait, he did. He's coming over. Oh god, this is so awkward, what am I supposed to say?? (to Max) You should probably leave.

MAX

Wait, what? I don't think...really?

CELESTE

Yeah, go.

Jesse is at the table.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Too late. Here he is, heyyyy.

JESSE

I just wanted to say hi. I'm Jesse.

CELESTE

Oh, this is Matt.

MAX

Max.

TB

CELESTE

Mack.

MAX

Max.

JESSE

Nice to meet you, Max.

CELESTE

We're just here. Just eating. It's a date.

JESSE

Cool. The puttanesca special is off the chain.

MAX

Good to know. I ordered that.

A moment of awkward silences passes.

CELESTE

Who are you here with?

JESSE

Oh, just here alone. Watching the Lakers.

MAX

Kobe-LeBron tonight, right?

JESSE

Yes. Epic.

MAX

So psyched I tivo'ed it.

JESSE

Nice to meet you, man. Good to see you, C.

MAX

You too.

CELESTE

You too.

MAX

He's cool.

CELESTE

Uh huh.

Celeste immediately digs into her salad which has just arrived. She's quiet.

TB

MAX

How was that? Are you okay?

CELESTE

I'm fine!

She's not.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Do you like bread?

MAX

Bread? Um, yeah, I like bread.

CELESTE

Good, good.

Silence, once again.

CUT TO:

EXT. MADEO'S RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Celeste and Max wait for their cars at the valet stand. Max's car arrives. He pays the valet.

CELESTE

This was great! I'm free next Wednesday? Sushi?

MAX

Um, I don't think we should.

CELESTE

Oh, because of the mercury poisoning? That's a myth.

MAX

No, I think you may need some time. To get over, you know, your divorce. It took me a long time to start dating after mine.

CELESTE

Thank you for your concern but I'm just fine. I guess you're just not a match for me.

MAX

Well, have a good night. Good luck.



Max gets in his car and is gone. Celeste stands there, confused and alone. She shakes him off.

CELESTE  
(sotto) Whatever.

EXT. H.D. BUTTERCUP- CULVER CITY-A COUPLE WEEKS LATER

Celeste arrives to meet Beth. She is in full marathon gear. She waves at Beth and enters, panting.

CELESTE  
Hi honey!

BETH  
Hi, wow, you are really out of breath. Did you fucking run here?? from West Hollywood??

CELESTE  
Yeah I ran. Just started. It's really fun.

BETH  
You're soaking wet. Isn't that like 12 miles??

CELESTE  
13.5 actually. I was just clearing my head, you know, keeping the endorphins up.

Celeste pants like she's about to collapse. She doubles over with her hands on her knees. She's in pain.

BETH  
Do you...want to sit down?

CELESTE  
Oh, okay! Wow, is this it? It's so nice.

Celeste flops on the couch full prostrate. A saleswoman approaches.

SALESWOMAN  
I'm so sorry but that's a one-of-a-kind piece that was handwoven by a tribe of Afghani women. So if you could maybe just sit over there?

**T**  
**B**

The saleswoman points to a metal industrial, uncomfortable looking chair.

CELESTE

Right. Sorry. Totally.

BETH

Wow, you are a sweat tsunami.

CELESTE

You should get it. It's really pretty.

Celeste gets up and there is an outline of Celeste's entire body in sunblock and sweat. They look at the wreckage.

BETH

Uh boy.

CELESTE

Don't worry. I know people who can get that out. Easily.

BETH

Okay. I guess I'm getting it.

INT. H.D. BUTTERCUP-SALES COUNTER-DAY

The saleswoman is ringing Beth up for the couch. It is basically ruined.

CELESTE

The Riley account is a handful. I've been sooooo swamped.

BETH

It's great you're staying busy...

CELESTE

(about the couch) If it doesn't come out, I can have it reupholstered.

BETH

Thanks. Have you been dating?

SALESWOMAN

Sorry, can I get your card?

BETH

Here you go.

# TB

CELESTE

Noooooo, not dating. I am too busy.

BETH

Have you talked to Jesse?

CELESTE

Nope. I ran into him. Briefly. But I've been really, really busy.

BETH

Yeah, you mentioned that. (to the saleswoman) Can I get a rush delivery on that?

CELESTE

Have you talked to Jesse?

BETH

Yeah, I have.

CELESTE

Huh. Have you hung out with...

BETH

Veronica?

CELESTE

Yeah.

BETH

Yes. I have.

Silence.

SALESWOMAN

So, my first available delivery is Monday afternoon. Does that work for you?

BETH

Yeah, that's fine. If you can you just call my cell...

CELESTE

She's dumb, right?

BETH

Huh? Oh no, not dumb. Simple.

CELESTE

Simple means dumb.

TB

BETH

No, actually, simple in a really elegant way.

CELESTE

Elegant??

The saleswoman senses awkwardness.

SALESWOMAN

Okay, so you're all set then.

CELESTE

Elegant??

BETH

Thanks a lot. (to Celeste)

They head for the exit.

BETH (CONT'D)

I thought you would be happy for him.

CELESTE

I am, I just didn't realize that Monica was "elegant."

BETH

Veronica. And you know what? You would probably really like her.

Beth studies Celeste for a moment.

BETH (CONT'D)

You're not having regrets about Jesse?

CELESTE

Not one.

BETH

Please let me drive you home. I'm afraid you'll drown.

CELESTE

Actually, I'm running to Santa Monica to do some circuit training on the beach.

BETH

Good, good.

T B

EXT. ELYSIAN WAY ECHO PARK- NEXT DAY

Celeste drives and listen to her phone on bluetooth.

JESSE V.O.

Hey, so, I'm glad I get to see you.  
4pm is good. There's this little  
place by me, Vegan Vittles on  
Elysian Way, kinda hard to find,  
call me if you get lost.

CUT TO:

INT. VEGAN VITTLES-MINUTES LATER

Celeste enters and sees Jesse sitting at a table in a small, folksy restaurant. Celeste is on the phone. She waves at Jesse and gestures "one second."

CELESTE

No, I don't want to do a video  
chat, this is our biggest client  
yet. Yeah. Just tell her she needs  
to get to L.A. tomorrow. Okay. (she  
hangs up, now on the Blackberry)  
Sorry, one second, I just have to  
send this e-mail.

Jesse sits there and wait for several seconds for her to finish her e-mail.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

There. Hi.

JESSE

Hi. What's up?

CELESTE

A lot. (to waitress) Can I get some  
coffee?

WAITRESS

We have yerba matte?

CELESTE

Um, green tea?

WAITRESS

We have decaf green tea.

CELESTE

Water's fine.

# TB

WAITRESS

K. Anything for you?

JESSE

I'll get the veganchilada with the cashew cheese sauce on the side. Oh can I look at the seaweed menu?

She hands him a tiny piece of recycled paper.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Oh. Awesome. You do have the Baltic kelp today. I'll get that. Thanks.

CELESTE

Wow.

JESSE

How are you? You look great.

CELESTE

Thanks, you too.

She notices his feet.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Are you wearing...dress shoes?

JESSE

Oh yeah, they're vegan.

Celeste could throw up.

CELESTE

You look good too.

JESSE

A lot of pilates.

CELESTE

Huh, I didn't know you did pilates.

JESSE

Yeah, well, Veronica's an instructor and has a studio in her house. And I live there now, so...

There is an uncomfortable beat.

JESSE (CONT'D)

How's work?

CELESTE

Um...work is great.

TB

JESSE

Good.

CELESTE

My book is getting great reviews. Riley Banks is a new client which is huge. Things are going really well.

JESSE

Great.

Long silence.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Listen, I know this has all been pretty weird.

CELESTE

It's only weird if you think it's weird.

JESSE

Celeste, I never wanted to hurt you.

CELESTE

Thank you. You didn't. Glad we cleared that up.

JESSE

Look, I actually wanted to see you because...apparently there's some kind of hold up on your side with the divorce papers and Veronica's actually not a citizen so..

CELESTE

What? Where's she from?

JESSE

Uh, Belgium.

CELESTE

(sotto) Huh. Belgium. Elegant.

JESSE

What?

CELESTE

Nothing.

TB

JESSE

Point is, we need to...get married.  
I'm sorry. I really need you to  
sign those papers.

CELESTE

Well, Jesse, I've been travelling,  
for work. Because some people work  
for a living. So I haven't really  
been focused on what I can do to  
help you get on with your new life.

JESSE

I'm sorry. I know.

CELESTE

What makes you think you are even  
suitable to be a dad?? You don't  
even know how to read the electric  
bill. How are you going to support  
yourself? Have you even thought  
this through?

JESSE

I guess I'll have to figure it out.

There is a long pause.

CELESTE

We never even talked about kids.

JESSE

You had reservations about having  
kids.

CELESTE

I had reservations about having  
kids with YOU.

JESSE

Well, ditto. I think Veronica will  
be a really good mother.

CELESTE

Low blow.

Celeste gets up from the table. She collects her things.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

I'll sign the fucking papers. I  
don't have time for this. You're  
ridiculous, this place is  
ridiculous. Fucking vegan kelp  
cashew bullshit.

(MORE)

TB

CELESTE (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this place anyway.  
(she addresses the restaurant) Do  
any of you have jobs?? Anyone? What  
do you do? Wait, let me guess. You  
grow pot.

Celeste looks at an innocent bespectacled patron.

RESTAURANT GUY

Um, yeah. I do.

CELESTE

Exactly. Get a real job.

Celeste exits.

INT. CELESTE'S HOUSE HALLWAY-NIGHT

Celeste is in her robe about to get in the bath. She walks to the kitchen to grab a tea and walks by her office. The Ikea Robot catches her eye. She stops and enters the office.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTE'S OFFICE-A MOMENT LATER

Celeste stares at the robot. It stares back. She hates it. She kicks it. That hurt. She violently, with all her might, rips its head off. That felt good. She picks it up and starts to thrash the robot torso all over the room as, slowly, pieces of wood flail in every direction. She's angry and out of control. She stops to catch her breath and sees what she has just done. She falls to the ground in tears.

INT. POP FORM OFFICES-AFTERNOON

People file out of the conference room. Celeste walks down the hall quickly to the bathroom.

INT. POP FORM BATHROOM

Celeste enters a stall. Then, she hears two girls enter the bathroom. Riley and SAVANNAH, 22, are chatting. Celeste goes quiet and listens.

RILEY

Ugh. My hair is so dry. It looks like straw.

TB

SAVANNAH)  
Oh please, you look amazing.

RILEY  
What are these fucking people  
doing? That presentation was lame;  
they're so old. What the fuck are  
emerging markets, who cares??

Riley looks closer at her skin and picks at it.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
I need a new skin regime.

Celeste flushes the toilet and emerges from the stall.

CELESTE  
It's regimen.

RILEY  
Excuse me? Did you say something?

CELESTE  
Sorry, did I? It just, it's  
regimen, not regime. Regime is a  
system of government.

Riley just glares at her.

CELESTE (CONT'D)  
I'm Celeste. One of the old people.  
You probably don't care what I  
think but let's be honest, you need  
help. Your image and your brand  
need a huge makeover and you can  
start with your own conduct.

RILEY  
Excuse me??

CELESTE  
Your behavior is childish. Your  
audience is more sophisticated than  
than you. Stop going out, stop  
getting drunk. Get your shit  
together. Trust me, you'll sell  
more albums and more clothes.

There is a beat of uncomfortable silence.

RILEY  
Let's go.



Riley and Savannah leave.

INT. POP FORM HALLWAY

Scott sees Riley leaving. He runs after her.

SCOTT  
Ms. Banks, where are you going?

Celeste comes out of the bathroom to see the chaos in the hallway. Scott looks at Celeste.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
What did you say to her?

CELESTE  
That girl is desperate for honesty.

SCOTT  
Oh God, Celeste. I hope you didn't just blow this.

Savannah comes running back to Scott and Celeste.

SAVANNAH  
Um, Riley wanted me to tell you she thinks you're a bitch and she loves that. Do whatever you want. She's into it.

SCOTT  
Well done, Celeste. Riley likes you.

CELESTE  
Yay. I need some air. I'm going out, I'll be back later. Or maybe I won't.

Celeste turns and goes. Scott looks at her go, she seems off.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH-DUSK

Celeste runs really hard, listening to her music on her iPhone. She stops suddenly. She dials Jesse's number unconsciously, she puts the phone up to ear. She promptly hits "end call." She starts running again with purpose.

TB

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME-NIGHT

Celeste, Beth and Tucker enter and survey the scene. Beth is in a short black dress with a long, blonde wig and Tucker looks like a punk teenager with a bowler hat. Celeste is in a white trash bag with a belt.

CELESTE

My day deserves some drinking. Who are you guys dressed as again?

TUCKER

Lindsay Lohan and Samantha Ronson.

CELESTE

Ooh, they just broke up.

BETH

Again?? When? Fuck.

CELESTE

A couple hours ago. Outside of Whole Foods. It was on Perez.

Beth and Tucker look at her, judging.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

What? I got to read that shit for my job.

Two large dudes, one dressed as Peter Pan, the other as Snow White walk by.

PETER PAN

We're doing Car Bombs in the kitchen. Wanna come?

TUCKER AND BETH

Noooo.

CELESTE

Yup.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME KITCHEN-NIGHT

Celeste is drilling Car Bombs with 5 guys. She's keeping pace.

SNOW WHITE

What are you?

# TB

CELESTE  
What? Oh, White trash.

Snow White is silent. Celeste points to her trash bag.

CELESTE (CONT'D)  
White trash?

SNOW WHITE  
(doesn't get it) Huh.

Paul (from yoga) enters to grab some ice from the freezer. He is wearing a black shirt covered in mini cereal boxes with plastic knives through them. Celeste is mid-Car Bomb and wasted.

PAUL  
Celeste?

CELESTE  
Yoga?

PAUL  
Yeah, I haven't seen you there for  
a while.

CELESTE  
I've been running a lot. Keeps you  
in better shape.

PAUL  
I can see that's important to you.  
(referring to the Car Bomb in her  
face)

Celeste is now drunk.

CELESTE  
How's your practice? (waving her  
finger in his face, laughing)

PAUL  
White trash?

CELESTE  
Uh huh. What are you?

PAUL  
Um, a cereal killer, obviously.

CELESTE  
You're "punny."

TB

PAUL

By the way, you were right.

CELESTE

About what?

PAUL

About me. All of it, the car, the phone, the yoga. Except that I did go to an Ivy League school. Cornell.

CELESTE

Barely an Ivy.

PAUL

I know.

CELESTE

Do you smoke?

PAUL

At parties.

CELESTE

Me too. Let's go.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME BACKYARD-NIGHT

Celeste and Paul sit away from the party, smoking cigarettes.

PAUL

Sorry about that day at the gym. I feel really open after yoga, I just want to connect...

CELESTE

Shhhh. Don't say open. You're costume's great. Don't ruin it.

PAUL

So what's the deal with you and me? Is this happening? Or...

CELESTE

My husband of six years wants a divorce so he can marry the woman who's carrying his child. That's the deal with you and me.

PAUL

Ooh, tough.

TB

CELESTE

He's having a baby with a girl he barely knows. He's so lost. He's just going about this all...wrong.

PAUL

So you're right. Now what?

CELESTE

What do you mean?

PAUL

Well do you want to be right or do you want to be happy?

CELESTE

Listen, Yoga, I don't WANT to be right, I AM right. People will let you down. I've accepted that fact, and unfortunately, most of the time, knowing that does keep you from being happy. But at least it's real.

PAUL

No one has ever given a more self-righteous monologue wearing only a trash bag. Except for the homeless guy outside my dry cleaners.

Beth and Tucker approach Celeste and Paul.

BETH

Time to go, drunky.

They head off.

PAUL

(yells to Celeste) Call me!

INT. CELESTE'S HOME OFFICE-DAY (SUNDAY)

Celeste is going through papers on Jesse's desk. She's cleaning house. She comes across a notebook. She flips through it. She reads a couple of sweet passages about her. She grabs the phone.

CELESTE

Hey, it's Celeste. You know, I still have a bunch of your stuff in the office. You should probably grab it at some point. Okay.

TR

She hangs up. She makes a decision. She grabs a box and starts throwing everything and anything that belongs to Jesse.

EXT. JESSE AND VERONICA'S HOUSE-ECHO PARK-DUSK

Celeste carries a box of Jesse's stuff to his front door. She drops it down. She knocks. No answer. She knocks again. Oh well. She leaves the box by the door. She decides to keep the one journal with the sweet passages for herself; she deserves it and he'll never know. She starts to walk away when she notices, it's trash day.

CUT TO:

INT. VERONICA'S VOLKSWAGON BEETLE-DUSK

Jesse drives and Veronica is in the passenger seat. They are quiet and content. They look at each other and smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. JESSE AND VERONICA'S DRIVEWAY-A MOMENT LATER

Three trash cans-green, brown, and blue-are lined up in the driveway. A huge box is protruding from the blue can. Celeste considers. So much to be learned from the trash. She slowly walks over. She peeks in at the box; it has a big picture of a fancy stroller on the side of it. Crushing.

CELESTE  
At least they recycle.

INT. VERONICA'S VOLKSWAGON BEETLE-A MOMENT LATER

Veronica looks out the window.

JESSE  
This is...so weird but I just  
realized...what's your middle name?  
I don't even know it.

They laugh a little.

VERONICA  
It's um...Godelieve.

JESSE  
Goldleaf?

TB

VERONICA

No, Goldbelieve. It means loved by  
the Gods. It's Dutch.

JESSE

Sweet. Mine's Mordechai.

VERONICA

What does it mean?

JESSE

Means I'm really Jewish.

Veronica giggles. They're getting to know each other. It's awkward...but sweet.

CUT TO:

EXT. JESSE AND VERONICA'S SIDEWALK-ANOTHER MOMENT LATER

Celeste is still digging in the trash. She looks further down.

CELESTE

Guitar Hero?? That's quite an  
extravagant purchase for a  
freelancer and his "elegant"  
Belgian bride.

She looks further down and sees empty wine bottles. Lots of them.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Good to see some things don't  
change.

Her diamond bracelet slips off her wrist and plunks to the bottom.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit shit shit.

She drops Jesse's journal to the concrete and crawls into the trash can, still reaching for the bottom, not quite getting there. The trash can falls over with her in it. Just then, Jesse's car pulls up and headlights shine on Celeste half-way in the trash can. She fumbles and then:

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Ow!!! Shit!

TB

A piece of glass from the can has sliced her face. She immediately wiggles out of the trash can, stands it back up again. She looks for a place to run. It's too late. She picks up the journal and hides behind the trash cans but Jesse and Veronica have been watching her whole opera from the car. Jesse approaches a crouching Celeste.

JESSE

Celeste?

Celeste stands up slowly as if nothing is wrong. She is also holding Jesse's journal close to her chest.

CELESTE

Hey!

JESSE

What...are you doing?

CELESTE

I just...

She looks around to make an excuse.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Um...came over to drop off some of  
your stuff.

JESSE

But why were you in the trash can?

CELESTE

I lost something.

JESSE

In the trash can?

CELESTE

My bracelet. It was a whole thing.  
It's over now.

Jesse and Veronica just stare at Celeste for a long beat.

JESSE

You've met Veronica, right?

CELESTE

Yes! Hi! Wow, you're so pregnant,  
right! I love your sweater.

VERONICA

Oh. Thanks! (beat) Are you  
bleeding?

TB

CELESTE

What? Oh (she touches her cheek),  
yeah, I guess I am.

VERONICA

Let me get you something for that.

CELESTE

NO. No, don't. It's fine, just a  
little cut.

VERONICA

Are you sure? I'm so sorry about  
this.

CELESTE

No, I'm sorry. So sorry. Well, I'm  
late for things. But so nice to see  
you guys.

VERONICA

You sure you don't want to come in  
for a drink?

CELESTE

Noooooo, no. That's very nice but  
no. So good to see you guys! Okay.

She starts to walk away with the journal.

JESSE

Is that mine?

CELESTE

Oh, yeah, that's weird. I don't  
know how...here you go.

She laughs nervously and hands him his journal.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Bye!

Celeste walks to her car.

INT. POP FORM-CELESTE'S OFFICE- NEXT DAY

Celeste listen to her work messages on speakerphone as she Instant Messenger's with Beth. Celeste writes "I went through Jesse's trash last night. Oh no." Beth writes back, "I'm coming to your office right now."

PAUL (V.O.)

Hey. Celeste. It's Paul. The cereal killer? Surprise, you got Googled. I found you. Trend forecaster? You undersold yourself, girl. You're running a mini-empire over there. Anyway, when you're not busy running the world, hit me back on the cell. 310 864-2120. Let's catch a movie and grab a bite.

EXT. POP FORM COURTYARD- 30 MINUTES LATER

Celeste and Beth eat lunch in the zen garden outside the Pop Form building. Celeste is picking at the end of her sandwich, recounting the waking nightmare of last night. The cut on her face is neatly bandaged.

BETH

You told her you liked her sweater?  
What are you, twelve?

CELESTE

It was a disaster. But you should have seen the sweater. So great.  
Beth, am I losing my mind?

BETH

Maybe. No. Please no more trash-diving. Let's focus on you now. I have someone.

CELESTE

No, no, no, no.

BETH

C, this guys just a slumbuster,  
you need that. He's really smart.  
He's like Tucker's financial  
mentor.

CELESTE

Smart means ugly.

BETH

He's really successful, really  
rich. Slightly losing his hair.

CUT TO:



INT. FOGO DE CHAO-NIGHT

Celeste sits at the Brazilian meat feasting restaurant. It's a meat fest. Celeste is texting Beth. INSERT: The text reads "Slightly?? Totally."

CUT TO:

INT. FOGO DE CHAO TABLE-A MOMENT LATER

JOSH BIRNBAUM, 40, very bald and sweaty, sits across from Celeste, organizing his pill box and swallowing pills. He's smiling and sweating.

JOSH

And this one is for lactose intolerance. Because somebody loves the mac and cheese!

CELESTE

(disgusted) Yummy.

JOSH

Is it warm in here?

Josh is flop sweating.

CELESTE

No, I'm okay.

Josh peers into his pillbox, picks up a blue pill.

JOSH

Did I take this one already?

CELESTE

Is that the lipitor?

JOSH

Yes.

CELESTE

Yup. You took that one. I think I've had enough meat.

Josh is chomping offensively on a meatball.

JOSH

Really? You didn't even try the barbecue meatballs yet. Not to be missed.



Josh offers his fork with half an eaten meatball to Celeste. He guides it toward her mouth.

CELESTE

No, I'm good.

JOSH

Excuse me, waitress? Where's my mac and cheese? Are you dumb? I ordered it twenty minutes ago.

CELESTE?

I'm just gonna use the restroom.

Celeste dives for the door and runs out.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTE'S PRIUS-NIGHT

Celeste is frantic, on the phone.

CELESTE

No, now. It's an emergency. Please.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

The door opens to reveal Skillz. He holds up a bag of weed.

CELESTE

Thank Jesus.

SKILLZ

That bad?

CELESTE

You've never met someone with more physical ailments and health restrictions.

Skillz rolls a tight joint. Celeste takes a drag.

SKILLZ

So, you know, I have this client...

CELESTE

Don't say client.

TB

SKILLZ

...this marijuana enthusiast who is kinda the shit. You know the movie "10,000 BC"? Well, he's starring in the prequel, "20,000 BC". It's supposed to be way doper than the first.

CELESTE

How could they possibly top the first?

SKILLZ

I don't know that first one was mad historical but it really spoke to me. Anyway, every girl in town wants to fuck him. He's hot. He's a dope dresser.

CELESTE

I'm not dating some 22 year-old fucking actor who...

Skills pulls up his picture from Vanity Fair on the computer. He's gorgeous.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Is that him?

Skillz nods.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Hot. How bad it could it be.

CUT TO:

INT. MULLHOLLAND DRIVE MODERN HOUSE-NEXT NIGHT

RUPERT BATES, 22, very handsome, British, wearing a leather jacket, sporting tousled actor hair is playing a hideously earnest original song on the guitar. He sings with passion. He looks up at Celeste and winks.

CUT TO:

Celeste is on the couch looking slightly mortified. She smiles weakly at him. Rupert finishes the song, closes his eyes and hangs his head. A beat of silence. Celeste musters up a short and slow round of applause.

CELESTE

That was so...good.

TB

RUPERT

I wrote that for my mum.

CELESTE

Lucky lady.

Rupert slides next to Celeste and is all of a sudden right in her face. He touches her hair. He kisses her, deeply. He pulls away and takes her in.

RUPERT

Hello, Special One.

CELESTE

Oh...hi. Oh god. (whispers) Oh no,  
I gotta go.

INT. POP FORM CONFERENCE ROOM-AFTERNOON

Pop Form employees are gathered to celebrate the finalizing of the Riley Banks campaign. The new Riley Banks logo is featured on a huge projector and people mingle. Riley Banks is also there, her hair pulled back, dressed relatively modestly, for her. She approaches Celeste and Scott with a few of her minions.

RILEY

I'm not drinking today.

CELESTE

Oh good, that's a step.

RILEY

I like the logo.

CELESTE

Well, I'm so glad.

RILEY

You should come out with us  
sometime.

CELESTE

Out? No, I don't go out, I'm old.

RILEY

Yeah you are, but you're still  
pretty. Guys would like you.

CELESTE

Thanks. That's nice.

TB

Riley shuffles away with her posse.

CELESTE (CONT'D)  
What a skilled conversationalist.

SCOTT  
I'm glad you got involved. It's gonna be huge for us. Really good.

CELESTE  
At least something is.

SCOTT  
Uh huh. How's your dating life?

CELESTE  
"Not good" doesn't even begin to describe it.

SCOTT  
I think I have someone fantastic for you.

CELESTE  
No more.

SCOTT  
One more. Trust me. He's perfect.  
Also, I love cock.

CELESTE  
You got to try a little harder to integrate the gayness, Scott.

EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT BALCONY- NIGHT

Celeste sits on the balcony with Nick Moran. He has Indy rocker hair and a Los Feliz beard. He's hip and smart in an effortless way. Celeste is feeling him. They drink wine and laugh.

CELESTE  
So you pissed in your pants?

NICK  
I waited seven hours. Three of them soaking in my own pee. But I finally got the shot of Putin.

He hands her a photograph.

TB

CELESTE

Wow. That is incredible. I think he's smiling, maybe.

NICK

He is. I think the piss stain running down my jeans made him laugh.

CELESTE

Well, the world will think you're brilliant. No one will ever know but me.

NICK

I was nominated for a Pulitzer. I didn't win.

CELESTE

Well, maybe you should have crapped your pants.

They laugh. They are connecting.

NICK

(looking at his watch) Oh my god, we missed our reservation. It was at 8:30. Should I call down and see if they can still take us?

CELESTE

How about room service?

NICK

Perfect.

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT-LIVING ROOM- LATER

Nick and Celeste are kissing. It's passionate but tender. They stop and their foreheads rest against each other's and they take a deep breath. They speak in hushed tones.

CELESTE

That was really, really nice.

NICK

Um, yeah. So, what are you doing for the rest of your life?

CELESTE

Making out with you.

They start to kiss again.

TB

CELESTE (CONT'D)

I don't remember ever feeling like  
this.

They continue to kiss. Celeste notices that she and the couch are vibrating. She looks down. Oh no. Nick is masturbating. Can he really be masturbating?

CELESTE (CONT'D)

(whisper)What are you doing?

NICK

(whisper)What do you think  
I'm doing?

CELESTE

(whisper) Why are you doing that?  
Don't do that..It was going so  
well.

NICK

Shhhhh.

Celeste pulls away slowly, shaking her head, "no." Nick keeps going. Eyes closed.

NICK (CONT'D)

Watch me. I'm almost there.

Celeste cannot believe what she is watching.

CELESTE

Almost where?? No!

Celeste quickly grabs her stuff and gets the hell out of dodge.

NICK

Ah, ah, ahhhhhhhhh!

Nick recovers from his climax and looks around to realize she's gone.

NICK (CONT'D)

Celeste?

EXT. CELESTE'S GARDEN-NIGHT

Skillz and Celeste sit in her backyard and watch the last scene from "Dirty Dancing." The image is being projected onto her garden wall. There is no sound. Instead, Bob Marley's "Kaya" plays over the speakers. Celeste is ripping an enormous bowl from a four-foot bong.

T B

Skillz is on his knees, bracing the bong, looking at Celeste with admiration. Celeste watches the movie.

CELESTE

She's so sad.

SKILLZ

Is she? I don't think so.

CELESTE

No, she's sad. I can tell. I went to dance camp.

We see Jennifer Grey elevated above Patrick Swayze, looking elated. Celeste exhales a huge billow of smoke.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

That's the first good thing that's happened to me in months.

SKILLZ

Shit'll get better.

CELESTE

Will it? You don't know that.

Celeste grabs a handful of Cheetos from an economy-sized bag.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

How could he do this to me?

SKILLZ

J-Thunder? He's not doing anything to you. You wanted a divorce.

CELESTE

But I didn't want it like this.

SKILLZ

When we are no longer able to change a situation, we are challenged to change ourselves.

CELESTE

Huh?

SKILLZ

Oh. It's Victor Frankl.

CELESTE

Huh.

Skillz gets up.

TB

SKILLZ

I gotta go before Petco closes.

CELESTE

You have a pet?

SKILLZ

No, but I gotta get a toy for this  
girl's cat, you know, so she'll  
give up the kitty.

CELESTE

Can I come?

SKILLZ

No.

CELESTE

Will you bring me some Panda  
Express?

SKILLZ

No.

CELESTE

Do you think John Edwards' wife is  
still mad at him?

SKILLZ

Yes. Enough questions. I'll pick  
you up at noon.

CELESTE

Noon?

SKILLZ

Beth and Tucker's pre-wedding BBQ?

CELESTE

Right, right.

SKILLZ

Hey, easy on the herb until then.  
That shit is powerful.

CUT TO:

EXT. BETH AND TUCKER'S BACKYARD-DAY

Celeste is sitting alone, wearing sunglasses, going to town on a HUGE plate of food: chicken wings, fries, burger, hot dog, coleslaw, egg salad and a beer. She attacks it like it's her last meal ever. She's also trashed.

T B

Celeste gets up and heads towards a group of people talking including, Beth's mom, Beth and a couple of her girlfriends.

BETH

Hi honey, you remember Eileen from...

CELESTE

Do you have any more of that ranch dressing? It's the fucking booooooomb.

Beth is embarrassed. Celeste gives Beth's mom, CAROL, 60, very large, a big sloppy hug.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Hi Carol! Beth's getting married! I was married, remember? These guys are in for a fucking dogfight, right?

Beth pulls Celeste away.

BETH

Let's get you a soda.

They get to the bar.

CELESTE

Do you guys have any tequila?

BARTENDER

We only have Mimosas and Shandys.

CELESTE

I'll have both please.

Beth pulls Celeste away from the bar and brings her into the house and plops her down on the couch.

BETH

I'm going to recommend some quiet time for you right now.

CELESTE

Can I smoke?

BETH

No.

Celeste starts weeping.

CELESTE

I don't want to be alone forever.

TB

BETH

Not forever, honey. Just until you sober up. You'll be fine.

CELESTE

Okay then, I'll just go to the other side of the pool. I promise I won't make you look bad.

CUT TO:

EXT. BETH AND TUCKER'S BACKYARD- A LITTLE LATER

There are various familial toasts going on across the pool. Celeste is smoking a cigarette alone. She is also holding a small plate of baby carrots and ranch dressing. She is still fucked up. Jesse sidles up to her.

JESSE

I looked through that journal you left. A LOT of bad poetry from me in college.

CELESTE

I liked your poetry.

JESSE

Aw, thanks.

He takes a beat.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Beth's mom gave me a mouth-kiss.  
Again.

CELESTE

I saw that. Tongue?

JESSE

I think a little bit.

We see Beth's very large mom giving a toast. She lets out an insanely unpleasant, loud laugh.

CELESTE

I bet you she's an animal in the sack.

JESSE

She might get it from me at the wedding.



Celeste picks up a baby carrot and starts to jerk it off, as Jesse did earlier and as they have done many times.

CELESTE

Oh god, tug it, Mrs. Weinberg,  
you're the best in the biz!

Jesse starts to participate. He dips his finger in the ranch dressing and puts it on the top of the carrot.

JESSE

Aw yeah! Fuck!

Jesse and Celeste are in hysterics. Just then, Veronica arrives.

VERONICA

Jesse?

JESSE

Oh. Hey.

Celeste and Jesse stop like two children who just got caught.

VERONICA

What are you doing?

JESSE

What? Nothing. We're just...

He looks at Celeste for cover. She is giddy, wasted and happy to explain.

CELESTE

Oh, Jesse and I do this thing where we find the littlest thing that resembles a penis and we just, you know...

Celeste shows Veronica what she means on the carrot. Jesse does not participate this time.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Ah, oh yeah, do it!

Celeste notices Veronica is not enjoying this. She slows down her stroke, until she finally stops.

VERONICA

I don't get it.

JESSE

It's stupid. Never mind.

TB

VERONICA

They just put out the food. (to  
Celeste) It's nice to see you.

JESSE

Oh yeah, let's eat.

They awkwardly leave Celeste, standing alone. She bites into the carrot.

EXT. BETH AND TUCKER'S POOL-LATER

Jesse and Veronica are saying goodbye to Beth. In the foreground, Celeste slowly floats into frame on a raft in the pool, passed out, face down, sunglasses half off, fully clothed. Skillz approaches Beth.

BETH

At least she's quiet now.

SKILLZ

I'm gonna get her out of here.

INT. CELESTE'S OFFICE-DAY

Celeste is extremely hung over and multitasking. She is on the Blackberry and the phone and on her computer.

CELESTE

(on the phone) Well, maybe we can do a tie-in with the CW? It just needs more exposure...shit, hold on, Scott, I have another call...

Celeste's assistant enters with a folder of graphics to show Celeste. She barely glances at it. She's listening to Riley but covers the receiver part of the phone.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

The logo is fine.

ASSISTANT

But will you just...

CELESTE

Please, I've seen it a million times, I know it's fine. Hello? Hi, thanks for getting back to me...

She waves her assistant out, like "We're done."

## TB

INT. CELESTE'S BEDROOM- EARLY EVENING-A WEEK LATER

Celeste is very hung over, again, rushing around trying to pack for Beth's wedding. She is throwing things into a bag.

BETH (V.O.)

Hi princess. I'm so nervous and stressed, but so thin, thank God. Please don't miss my wedding, please make your flight tonight. Also, I don't know how much you remember about last Saturday but if you could not dry hump my grandmother again, that would be great. Can't wait to see you. Love you.

EXT. CELESTE'S HOUSE

Celeste jumps into a cab. She is completely disheveled. She looks out the window, lost.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN-RED EYE-NIGHT

Celeste is sitting in a window seat next to a crying kid and his disinterested mom. Her phone rings. She looks at it. It's Paul. Again. She pushes "Ignore." She puts on her sound-cancelling Bose headphones and tries to tune out. She can't. This will be her next four hours.

INT. CLEVELAND INT'L AIRPORT-EARLY MORNING

Celeste is hauling ass across the terminal with a computer bag, a rolling bag, a Hudson News bag, a McDonald's bag and a large purse. She runs with no apparent pace and is clearly late for her connecting flight.

INT. CLEVELAND INT'L AIRPORT-SECURITY LINE-MORNING

The airport is heaving and the security line is absurdly long. She will miss her flight if she doesn't jump the line. But this is not an option for Celeste, that is wrong. Unless she asks everyone in line if it's okay.

CELESTE

Excuse me, I'm late for my flight.  
Do you mind if I go in front of  
you? (traveler nods) Thanks.

TB

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I'm really late for my flight. Is it ok...(another traveler nods) Thanks so much.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm sure you heard me ask the last guy but do you mind...(third traveler says "yes.") Oh thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEVELAND INT'L AIRPORT-SECURITY LINE

A wide shot of Celeste asking each and every traveler if she can cut in front of them. It looks tedious and ridiculous.

INT. BARRINGTON BREWERY-NIGHT

Lots of preppy people are gathered for the night before the wedding. It is festive. Celeste is alone in a booth, leaning on her hand and sleeping. Yes, sleeping. ANGIE, 30, wearing lots of florals and festive colors, approaches the booth.

GIRL

Celeste? Hey! Angie.

Celeste stares blankly.

ANGIE

Angie? Lead soprano of the Treble Makers? I lived in Jarvis?

Still nothing.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I played field hockey with your roommate? I was All-NESCAC?

Nope, still nothing.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(quietly)We made out at the Psi U House junior year? On a drunk dare?

CELESTE

So sorry, I have no idea who you are. I got a lot happening in here right now so...(referring to her brain)

TB

ANGIE

No worries! I am in charge of the Girl's scavenger hunt tonight and you will need to report to the front of the bar at 10pm sharp.

CELESTE

No, no reporting. Definitely not.

ANGIE

Oh come on, it'll be fun! You don't want to?

CELESTE

I would rather give a donkey a blow job. But I'm sure you'll have so much fun.

ANGIE

Okay. Nice to see you.

CELESTE

You too.

Angie walks away. Celeste notices Jesse with a group of college friends. He looks happy. Celeste slumps over the table.

INT. DELI-GREAT BARRINGTON-LATE AFTERNOON

Celeste sits at a window counter. She looks out onto a small street in the center of town. She unwraps her sandwich from noisy, wax paper. It's really quiet in the deli. She sees a group of wedding guests outside. They wave. She waves back. She is alone but for the moment, she is okay.

INT. LIBRARY- BIDDLE ESTATE IN THE BERKSHIRES-EARLY EVENING

This is Tucker's family's historic home in Great Barrington. It is enormous. The wedding is under way.

PRIEST

I now pronounce you husband and wife.

Tucker and Beth kiss deeply. Everybody explodes in applause. We see Celeste in the audience, clapping tepidly.

CUT TO:

# TB

INT. RECEPTION TENT-NIGHT

Three girls, with no stage presence, are giving a speech. They are trading off rhyming couplets.

GIRL #1

She pursued her love of Spanish men, but missed her Tucker, more than just as a friend.

GIRL #2

And our princess returned home to her loving prince, and they've been together ever since.

ALL THREE GIRLS

We love you, Bethy!!

The audience applauds. Celeste rolls her eyes.

GIRL #2

And now we're gonna hear from Celeste, Beth's best friend in the world.

A little more applause. Celeste has completely forgotten she was supposed to speak. Oh no. She gets up slowly and grabs the mike.

CELESTE

Thank you. Thanks a lot, girls, that was so...wow. There are no words. Well, this is gonna sound bad but I actually forgot that I was speaking tonight.

Beth looks at her, frozen.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

I don't where to start. Um...how do you get a nun pregnant? You fuck her?

Beth's father laughs uncontrollably. He's the only one laughing.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Thanks, Tom. Man, it is not that easy to get to Great Barrington from Los Angeles. Took the red eye to Cleveland. Best porno title ever? Then a delayed flight to Logan, then drove to the Berkshires in torrential rain.

(MORE)

TB

CELESTE (CONT'D)

I think there was a rickshaw involved somewhere. Also, stellar call on having a destination wedding the weekend before Thanksgiving. So thanks for that, Mrs. Weinberg. But the truth is, I would go anywhere for Beth. She's my best friend. And I'm so happy for her. Senior year of college, we had a tradition. Every Sunday, come rain or shine, Beth and Tucker would meet me and Jesse at the Bishop with a 12-pack of Miller High Life, the champagne of beers, and we would meet to talk about what was important in the world, you know, Heidegger's influence on hip-hop. Or the feminist duality on "Melrose Place." Life's big questions. Beth and Tucker were just friends then but there was always something there. Just an ease they had with each other. Jesse and I spent years trying to get them together, unsuccessfully. But we all remained friends as we watched Tucker date a series of slutty, vacuous and vile girls for five long years.

Tucker flinches.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Finally, he removed his head from his ass, and saw what was in front of him. And that was beautiful Beth. And none of us could be happier about it; they were perfect. At last. Love wins.

Celeste looks at Jesse in the crowd. Veronica is not there.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Um...Jesse and I are getting a divorce. So that's...yeah, our timing was not as good, I guess. Beth and Tucker, you are lucky to be best friends. Work hard and respect that. It doesn't come easily in life. Be patient, don't always think you're right. And if you are, it doesn't really matter anyway. Fight for it, everyday, I wish I had.

TB

EXT. RECEPTION TENT-AN HOUR LATER

Celeste smokes a cigarette in the freezing cold. She is in pain from the speech she just gave. She shivers and takes a drag just as Jesse walks past. He stops.

JESSE

Hey.

CELESTE

Hey.

JESSE

How are you?

CELESTE

I'm...having a hard time.

JESSE

I know. But you're Superman.  
You'll be fine. Your speech was  
great.

CELESTE

Right. Thanks. Where's Veronica?

JESSE

Oh, she's in LA. She had to work.

Just then, TREVOR, 31, a college classmate of theirs, comes up to Jesse. Trevor is hammered.

TREVOR

Dude, I just heard about your book deal! That is sweet as hell,  
congrats!

JESSE

Oh, thanks Trevor.

Trevor is gone. Celeste struggles with this information.

CELESTE

Book deal. Wow. The history of hip-hop?

JESSE

Yeah. It's crazy.

CELESTE

Yeah, it really is. You're on fire right now. Breaking up was the best thing that ever happened to you. I should break up with me.

TB

JESSE  
Celeste...

Celeste stubs out her cigarette. She looks like she's holding back a big cry.

CELESTE  
Sorry, congratulations on  
everything. I'm...cold, I'm going  
inside.

Celeste walks back in the tent.

INT. GREAT BARRINGTON INN- NEXT MORNING

Celeste's hotel room phone is ringing naggingly. Finally, she emerges from a deep sleep, just enough to pick up the phone.

SCOTT (V.O.)  
Celeste? Hello? Celeste?

CELESTE  
Yeah, I'm here.

SCOTT  
We have a massive problem on our  
hands. I need you back here. Now.

CUT TO:

INT. POP FORM OFFICES-LATE AFTERNOON

INSERT of a large, magnified version of Riley's "RB" logo. It is pretty clear what the image looks like. Scott stares at Celeste, waiting for her to freak out.

CELESTE  
I don't see anything.

SCOTT  
(referring to the logo) It's a  
penis. And a butt.

CELESTE  
What? Really? I don't see it.

SCOTT  
You can't be serious. (points to  
the logo) There's the penis.  
(MORE)

TB

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And there's the penis going into  
the butt.

CELESTE

I think it's a stretch.

SCOTT

Well, it's not a stretch, Celeste.

Scott puts a DVD into the DVD player. A reel of news clips comes on.

NEWSCASTER

Teenage girls are flocking to boutiques around the country today to buy the new clothing line from music sensation Riley Banks. They were hoping to get a little bit of the teen star's fashion magic but instead, they have been confronted with vile and pornographic imagery.

PARENT

There's homosexual butt sex in the logo. Does Riley think we're that stupid?? I will never support gay marriage.

NEWSCASTER

Neither Riley nor a representative from Pop Form-the marketing company responsible-could be reached for comment.

Scott turns it off.

SCOTT

This piece has been syndicated by several news shows. 24 stores have already cancelled the line and I have Riley Banks calling me the most obscene names I've ever heard.

Celeste picks up the magnified logo again.

CELESTE

Oh. Oh my God. Oh wow, I totally see it now. WOW. Ha. Haha.  
Hahahahaaha.

Celeste starts laughing uncontrollably. It's the funniest thing she's ever seen.

TB

CELESTE (CONT'D)

It's a cock in a butt!!!  
Hahahaahaaa!!

SCOTT

(fuming) Stop it. Stop laughing.

CELESTE

Scott, come on...

SCOTT

No, this is not a joke. Our  
company's in serious danger. How  
could you be so careless?

CELESTE

You're being dramatic.

SCOTT

Get out. I can't. With you. Right  
now. I have to deal with this. I'll  
call you soon.

Her laughter fades and she exits the conference room.

INT. CELESTE'S BEDROOM- THE NEXT DAY

Celeste is in bed. It's the afternoon. She hasn't been in bed in the afternoon in years. She flips through channels on the television faster than she can actually see what's on the screen. Nothing's registering. It's just light flickering. Her bed is covered in bowls and plates. She gets on her computer, on the Amazon Top Sellers page. Her book, "Shitegeist" is listed at #204. She hits the refresh button over and over again, wanting the rating to go up. It doesn't. She shuts the computer and puts her head in her hands.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD.-LATER THAT DAY-DUSK

Bon Iver's "Skinny Love" plays as Celeste walks slowly amongst the celebrity impersonators, tourists and drunks on the Hollywood Walk of Fame. She has never felt more alone in a city full of people. It is intercut with a montage of Super 8 footage of Celeste and Jesse in the past: At a seaside house, Jesse is reluctantly cutting a head off a fish to cook it, Celeste is repulsed but laughing. Celeste and Jesse cuddle in a sleeping bag, fighting off the cold. Celeste and Jesse take cover in a torrential New York City rain. They stand under an awning and she smiles as she runs her hand through his wet hair. Celeste is abruptly shaken out of her memories when a person in a giant Elmo costume suddenly gives her a huge hug. And then he's gone.

## TB

INT. THE WELL BAR-EARLY EVENING

We see Celeste sitting at the dive bar, seemingly waiting for another disastrous date. But this time, Jesse enters and sits next to Celeste. Celeste looks a mess but seems really happy to see him. He looks good. Better than ever.

CELESTE

Hey.

JESSE

Hey.

He sizes her up.

JESSE (CONT'D)

What are you wearing?

CELESTE

What do you mean?

JESSE

I can't tell if you're dressed like a rich European or a homeless woman.

CELESTE

(she looks at her clothes) Oh right. Thanks for meeting me.

JESSE

Of course.

CELESTE

I haven't signed the divorce papers yet.

JESSE

I know.

Celeste looks at him. Then, she looks away.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Celeste? What's up?

CELESTE

You told me that whatever it took, you would keep me forever. I know that I can be difficult and I know I set this whole thing in motion but I've been having a really hard time with all this. I made a lot of mistakes, Jess.

(MORE)

TB

CELESTE (CONT'D)

And obviously, you have this whole other situation with the baby going on and I know this sounds so crazy but I can't help but feel like we could have done more, that we can do more. And I don't want to lose you. Just tell me, and I'll never ask again, is it over with us? Is it really over with us?

Jesse can't even look at her.

JESSE

I'm sorry. I can't.

Jesse gets up and leaves.

EXT. THE WELL BAR-EVENING

Jesse walks out of the bar. He takes a deep breath and starts walking. A beat later, Celeste tears out of the bar, walking quickly after Jesse.

CELESTE

Hey! Where you going? Come back!  
Please.

Jesse pauses for a moment. He walks slowly back to her.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

I can't figure it out. You were one way and now, all of a sudden, you're another way. And you're with someone else. And you're having a baby.

JESSE

Well, Celeste, I've changed.

CELESTE

You never changed with me.

JESSE

You didn't let me.

CELESTE

Why couldn't you have just grown up for me?? I was waiting for you to grow up! All I did was root for you, I believed in you. I fucking built you! How dare you change for someone else!

# TB

JESSE

Wow. The entire world revolves around you. It always has.

CELESTE

Oh. Okay. I'm sorry I'm successful and you're not. I know that never worked for you.

JESSE

Right. And how do you define success, Celeste? Because you don't look very successful right now.

CELESTE

And you are? You get a girl pregnant and all of a sudden that makes you an adult. You have no idea what you're in for.

JESSE

What do you want, Celeste?

CELESTE

I just want you to admit that you're wrong.

JESSE

Wrong? Wrong about what? What did you want me to do? Wait for you to meet someone first? Is that how you saw it happening?

Celeste doesn't respond.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I didn't expect to meet someone so fast, but I did. And the nice thing is, Celeste? I don't disappoint Veronica.

CELESTE

You know what, Jesse? You definitely will.

Jesse takes a beat. It stings.

JESSE

I feel really sorry for you. You might be alone forever.

He starts to walk away. Celeste runs after him.

TB

CELESTE

I'll sign the fucking papers. Don't call me.

JESSE

Don't worry about it.

Jesse walks away.

INT. CELESTE HOME OFFICE-NEXT DAY

Celeste is on the phone.

CELESTE

Well, do you know when he will be back? He's not answering his cell...Okay well, tell him I called.

She dials his cell.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Hey, it's me. Again. I'm really sorry about yesterday. My life has been hilariously unmanageable and it was kind of the last straw for me. I'm probably no help to you anyway right now. But call me if you need me. Okay.

Celeste's doorbell rings. She hangs up the phone and runs to the door. She opens it and Riley is standing there, face wet with tears. She stinks of booze.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Riley? Are you okay? What are you doing here?

Riley looks at Celeste.

RILEY

I fucking hate him.

She then doubles over and vomits on Celeste's shoes.

CELESTE

Oh balls.

CUT TO:

## TB

INT. CELESTE'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Riley is asleep on the couch with a blanket over her. Next to her, Celeste is watching the Matthias Steiner Olympics documentary. Jesse's favorite. Celeste is crying. This wakes Riley up.

RILEY  
Are you crying?

Celeste turns off the television.

CELESTE  
Uh, yeah, this just reminds me of  
someone.

RILEY  
A guy?

CELESTE  
Yeah. A guy.

RILEY  
You miss him?

CELESTE  
Yeah, I do.

RILEY  
They all fucking suck.

CELESTE  
Kind of.

RILEY  
So it never gets better?

CELESTE  
No, it doesn't. But you do. You're  
gonna be fine.

INT. PHO SIAM THAI MASSAGE-NIGHT

Celeste is lying in a quiet, dark room in thai fisherman pants and a large t-shirt. She takes a deep breath.

CELESTE  
So where do you live?

We reveal that she is lying next to Paul, they are both about to get thai massages.

# TB

PAUL

Uh, I live in Westwood. In a condo.

CELESTE

Cool.

PAUL

You are gonna love this place.  
You've never felt so relaxed in  
your life.

Cherry and Lucky enter, the masseuses. They all exchange quiet hellos and head nods. Cherry and Lucky get to work. Lucky takes Celeste's leg and pushes it all the way over her head, not the most comfortable position.

CELESTE

Ahhhhh.(responding to the stretch)  
Wow, this is a unique place to take  
a date.

PAUL

Yeah, I take all my dates here.

CELESTE

I feel special.

PAUL

You shouldn't.

Paul takes a deep exhale as Cherry rams her elbow into his shoulderblade.

PAUL (CONT'D)

So how is being right about  
everything going for you?

CELESTE

Not...that well. I gave a super embarrassing speech at my best friend's wedding, I was caught going through my ex-husband's trash and my company is in shambles.

PAUL

So, that's why you called.

CELESTE

Yeah, I've been on a real winning streak, so I thought I'd call you.

PAUL

You know what? I'm happy you did.



At that moment, CRACK! Lucky has Celeste in a bear hug and it looks like she may have broken her back.

CELESTE

AHHHH! I don't know what your definition of relaxing is but...

PAUL

Just wait. Trust me, you need this right now.

EXT. PHO SIAM-NIGHT

Celeste and Paul exit. He has a huge smile on his face. She looks like she's in pain.

CELESTE

Why would you take me to a place where Asian people beat you up? That was absolute torture.

PAUL

How do you feel?

Celeste takes a beat to see how she feels.

CELESTE

I feel great, actually.

PAUL

So shut up then.

CELESTE

Where are we going now?

PAUL

Don't try to control me. You need to let go. In yoga, we call it vairyaga.

He strikes a reverse triangle yoga pose in the parking lot.

CELESTE

Oh my god, don't, with the yoga.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN CLUB-NIGHT

Celeste and Paul walk down stairs into an incredibly cool-looking speak easy. Teddy Pendegrass' "Love TKO" is playing and people are dancing, actually dancing.

T B

No one is there to be seen, there is no pretension. It's pretty much the coolest place Celeste has ever been to in LA.

CELESTE

This place is...really cool.

PAUL

You sound surprised.

CELESTE

I am, Westwood condo.

PAUL

I'll get us beers.

Celeste takes in the atmosphere for a moment. She is happy to be out and out of her element. She takes her hair down, puts her hands through it, trying to look a little better.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hey!

Paul is on the dance floor, with two beers. Celeste meets him, takes her beer, and downs a third of it. Celeste looks up and Paul has started to dance. He looks at Celeste with jocular seduction. He's actually not a bad dancer. Maybe he's good? Okay, no, he's great. Paul pulls Celeste in and they dance together. She's sort of embarrassed but she's having fun. Paul pulls away in a little spin and goes into a James Brown splits move.

CELESTE

Ohh!!

Celeste is into it now. She dances around him, other people watch them. Paul pulls Celeste in close. Celeste kisses Paul, to his surprise.

PAUL

What was that for?

CELESTE

Vairyaga, bro, let go. Not everything has to have a reason.

They smile at each other.

INT. CELESTE'S HOUSE-THE NEXT MORNING

The doorbell rings. Celeste opens the door and Beth is standing there in a state. Her face is tear-stained. Lots of crying women at the door in the past 24 hours.

TB

BETH

I'm fucked.

CELESTE

Come in. What happened?

Celeste walks Beth into the kitchen.

BETH

I slept with somebody before my wedding.

CELESTE

What? What do you mean?

BETH

I slept with Todd.

CELESTE

Work Todd?

BETH

Yes, work Todd. You know, he's been hitting on me for so long and we were drunk and in New York and I don't know. Please don't be Judge Judy right now.

CELESTE

I don't judge you. At all. Todd's been into you for a while. Also, getting married is a big deal.

BETH

It would break Tucker's heart. What do I do?

CELESTE

Honestly, I don't know what's right.

BETH

Give me a break, you always know what's right. Help me!!

CELESTE

Well, you could tell him and hope he loves you enough to look past it or you could stow it away forever, and hope that your guilt doesn't ruin your marriage. I love you and there is no right. I support you either way, whatever you do.

TB

BETH

Why are you being so balanced right now? Are you medicated?

CELESTE

I'm not.

BETH

Am I a terrible whore?

CELESTE

You're not terrible but you're a whore. A cute whore.

Beth giggles through her tears. She grabs Beth and gives her a big hug as Beth cries.

INT. TARGET-AFTERNOON

Celeste is shopping for a dresser. She is talking to a salesperson.

SALESMAN

So, it comes with directions and it's actually really easy to assemble.

CELESTE

Look, you do not know me. I do not want to assemble. Trust me, you do not want me to assemble. Bad things happen. Could I just take the floor model? I'll hook you up.

SALESMAN

Lemme go ask my manager.

CELESTE

Thanks, dude.

Celeste is browsing and spots Veronica with a shopping cart filled with baby stuff. She approaches her.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Veronica? Hey, Celeste.

VERONICA

Of course, yeah, hi! What are you doing?

CELESTE

Oh, I'm getting a dresser. You?

TB

VERONICA

Oh, you know getting...

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Baby stuff.

CELESTE

Baby stuff.

CELESTE

Right. (laughs) Well, looks like  
you're really organized.

VERONICA

Organized, terrified.

CELESTE

You'll do great.

VERONICA

Thanks. I hope so.

They share an awkward moment.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Listen, I never got a chance to  
just tell you I'm so sorry about  
all this. Trust me, I didn't  
expect...

CELESTE

No, don't. Really. There's nothing  
to apologize for. I'm the one who's  
sorry. I mean, I dug through your  
trash.

Celeste laughs.

VERONICA

Look, I don't blame you. For  
anything. This has all been so  
weird. Everything happened really  
fast.

CELESTE

Yeah, it did. But everything will  
work out. I know it.

VERONICA

Thanks.

An awkward silence.

CELESTE

Well, good luck. Nice to see you.

TB

VERONICA

You too.

They both steer their carts towards each other in opposite directions but bump right into each other.

CELESTE

Oh sorry!

VERONICA

Oh, it's okay! Bye again.

INT. PAUL'S CONDO-NIGHT

Celeste and Paul are playing scrabble and drinking wine.

PAUL

(keeping score on a notepad) So,  
that's 38 points plus 50 bonus  
points for using all my tiles so...

CELESTE

Wait, wait, wait. I think I may  
have to challenge. Zooecia?? That's  
not a word, that's my hoochie  
cousin's name!

PAUL

Are you challenging or not?

CELESTE

Yes, I am.

PAUL

Well, I will tell you that Zooecia  
is a sac secreted by a compound  
organism but here you go. (he hands  
her the Scrabble dictionary) Look  
for yourself.

Celeste finds the word, reads the definition and silently accepts defeat.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Ha ha! I go again.

CELESTE

I've never lost a game of Scrabble  
in my life.

PAUL

Well, nothing lasts forever.

## TB

INT. PAUL'S LIVING ROOM- LATER

Celeste and Paul are making out on the couch.

PAUL

I'm so sorry I beat you in  
Scrabble.

CELESTE

No you're not.

PAUL

You're right, I'm not.

The making out gets a little hotter. Celeste is aggressive.

CELESTE

Will you get a condom?

PAUL

Uh...I don't think we should...

CELESTE

No, you're using a condom.

PAUL

No, I don't think we should sleep  
together.

Celeste pulls away from him.

CELESTE

What?

PAUL

I just...I don't know.

CELESTE

Are you not into it?

PAUL

No, no believe me, I'm into it.

CELESTE

Then, what's the deal?

PAUL

I really like you.

CELESTE

So, I'm confused...why not sleep  
with me then?

# TB

PAUL

Because I think I might really like you.

CELESTE

Oh. (further realizing) Oh. Okay. Well, I like you too.

Celeste looks distant.

INT. NIGHTCLUB-VIP AREA

We see Celeste sitting in a very loud club. She is sipping champagne. She is surrounded by trendy 20-year olds, writhing and dancing in sexy clothes. One of them is Riley. Celeste looks out of place.

RILEY

I LOVE THIS SONG! THERE'S SO MANY HOT GUYS HERE!

Celeste looks out amongst the crowd. It is looking like there are a lot of hot guys. But they are definitely all gay.

CELESTE

IS THIS A GAY CLUB?

RILEY

I DON'T THINK SO! THIS IS THE HOTTEST NEW CLUB IN LA!

CELESTE

WHAT'S THE NAME OF IT?

RILEY

SWALLOW!

CELESTE

HUH.

Celeste checks her phone and sees a text from Paul that says, "Can I see you again this week? I may let you sleep with me." It makes her giggle. Just then, two beefy, waxed, tanned, well-groomed gay men walk up to Celeste.

GAY MAN

Excuse me, can you please tell your friend Riley that we worship her??

GAY MAN #2

OMG, she's so pretty!

TB

CELESTE  
I'll tell her!

Celeste notices that they are both wearing the Riley Banks t-shirts, made for pre-teens, with the cock-in-the-butt mistake in the logo. She points at it.

CELESTE (CONT'D)  
Are you aware that the logo is...

GAY MAN #2  
A dick in a butt? Yeahhh!

GAY MAN  
It's amazing. All of our friends are rocking it. It's like the gay Izod.

The gay man points to a group of his friends on the dance floor, ALL wearing Riley Banks gear, some of them have even made their own t-shirts with the cock in the butt logo magnified.

CELESTE  
Wow, so, what, you just buy the biggest size they make?

GAY MAN  
How dare you, I'm a size 10 in tween. I have a slight frame.

They walk away, offended. Celeste turns to Riley.

CELESTE  
Riley, you're not gonna believe this but it turns out...

RILEY  
Not now, C, this really hot guy is kicking some serious game my way.  
Celeste, this is Bruce.

Celeste looks at Bruce. He is wearing a Riley Banks cock in the butt tee. Bruce is gay. Celeste just smiles politely. She gets up and walks to the edge of the balcony and looks down at the dance floor. There are tons of gay men wearing the Riley Banks cock in the butt t-shirts. Wow, this is huge.

EXT. RUNYON CANYON-MORNING

Celeste is hiking alone on the phone, energized.

CELESTE

We need to take advantage now, Scott. Just be as gay as you can right now and we could change our company. Ten percent of Americans are gay. Gay Izod. Huge market.

SCOTT

I'm so glad you're back, Celeste. Wow, the cock in the butt could work.

CELESTE

The cock in the butt definitely works! The cock in the butt is huge!

Just then, a mom with two children walk by her, overhear her dirty mouth and glare at her. She waves at them self-consciously.

INT. BEVERLY NAILS-AFTERNOON

Celeste and Beth are getting pedicures and manicures.

BETH

We fucked so much last night?! I mean, we have never fucked like that. Ever. It was like Tucker was trying to fuck that other guy out of me. I swear, telling him I fucked Todd might have been the best thing I've ever fucking done. Fuck!

CELESTE

I'm so happy for you guys.

MANICURIST

Stop. With your mouth. So filthy.

BETH

Oh. Sorry. I just saved my marriage. So I'm really excited.

MANICURIST

Oh you married, huh?

BETH

Yes. Thank. The. Lord. (looks at Celeste) Oh sorry, I didn't mean...

TB

CELESTE

No, I'm good. I'm good.

BETH

So you've really not talked to  
Jesse at all? That is so weird.

CELESTE

No, it's not. It's actually better  
this way. I miss him though.

BETH

How's that guy?

CELESTE

Who? Paul?

BETH

Yeah.

CELESTE

He's funny. I like him.

INT. YUU YUU KARAOKE-LATER THAT NIGHT

Celeste and Paul are in a private karaoke room. Paul is belting his heart out, singing Boyz To Men, "On Bended Knee." Celeste is loving it. She has her own mike and pipes in once in a while with a harmony.

PAUL

*Can somebody tell me how to get  
things back the way they used to  
be...oh God give me a reason, I'm  
down on bended knee..ooohohhh oooh*

CELESTE

*Ooohh ohhh. Til you come back to  
me..*

PAUL

*I'm down on bended knee hee hee  
hee.*

They finish with a huge applause for themselves and toast with beers.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I think we're really good.

CELESTE

No, we ARE really good.

TR

Celeste punches in the numbers for the next song. It's "Islands in the Stream," made popular by Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton.

PAUL

Aw shit!

CELESTE

Get ready. You're first.

PAUL

*Baby when I met you, there was peace on earth, I set out get you with a fine tooth comb. I was soft inside. Soft inside? What the fuck?*

CELESTE

Shhh come on. Focus.

PAUL

*You do something to me, that I can't explain, hold me closer, and I feel no pain. Tender love is blind, it requires a dedication.*

Celeste and Paul sing in harmony.

CELESTE

*Honest love, we feel, needs conversation. And we ride it it together, uh huh...*

PAUL

*Honest love, we feel, needs conversation. And we ride it it together, uh huh...*

Celeste slowly drops her mike. Paul is still singing.

CELESTE

(quietly) I can't.

PAUL

*What? Come on, we're so good together. Islands in the stream, that is what we are. Get in there!! This is my favorite part!*

CELESTE

No. I can't.

PAUL

*I know I'm pitchy but I'm finding it. Sail away with me...*

CELESTE

No. This. Us. I'm sorry.

Paul slowly drops his mike.

TB

PAUL

What do you mean?

CELESTE

I just...can't.

PAUL

Are you serious? Oh no. Why?

He sits down on the couch. The music is still playing in the background.

CELESTE

I think I need to be alone. I'm not ready. I'm having fun and I feel like I'm beginning to like you and I don't think I'm ready for that.

PAUL

What? Really?

Celeste doesn't say anything.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Wow, you're breaking my heart.

CELESTE

I'm so sorry. You are so...great.  
But I'm getting divorced.

PAUL

Celeste, I know.

CELESTE

I think I need to go through this alone.

PAUL

Yeah. Yeah, okay. I respect that.  
Live by will, not by force.

CELESTE

What do you mean?

PAUL

You're only ready when you're ready, you know? Don't force it.  
It's just some yoga shit.

CELESTE

Thanks.

PAUL

But I do like you. I like you a lot. And when you are ready, if you're ready, call me.

INT. CELESTE'S PRIUS- MOMENTS LATER

Celeste sits in her car alone, with tears in her eyes. Her phone rings. It's Jesse.

EXT. LACMA-NIGHT

Celeste sits on the steps in front of "Urban Light." The street lamps are now illuminated. She sits on a step below, staring at the lights. Jesse approaches.

JESSE

Hey.

CELESTE

Hi.

JESSE

Thanks for seeing me. (referring to the lamps) I thought you hated these.

CELESTE

Yeah, well, I never saw them at night.

Jesse looks at the lamps and takes them in.

JESSE

I'm gonna talk right now and don't interrupt, don't nod your head. Don't do anything. Just listen to me.

Instinctively, Celeste starts to nod her head in acknowledgement.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Don't. You were right. I'm a fuck up. I'm a loser, I will never change. I don't know how to pay bills, I don't like waking up early, I'm scared, I'm fucked. I don't know what I'm doing.

There is a long pause.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Veronica left.

CELESTE  
Left where?

JESSE  
Left me. She wanted me to tell her everything was gonna be okay and I couldn't. I don't know why but I just...couldn't. She wants to go back to Antwerp.

Another monumental pause. Jesse's eyes start tearing up.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Okay, you can say it now. You were right, I am and will always be disappointing. Just say it.

CELESTE  
Hey...don't do that.

JESSE  
Do what?

CELESTE  
You are not a loser. You never were. You let go of me and you took a chance with someone else; I admire that. I was controlling and demanding and I never gave you room to grow. We weren't right together.

JESSE  
Do you really believe that?

CELESTE  
I do. And thank you.

JESSE  
For what?

CELESTE  
For never being the person I wanted you to be.

JESSE  
Oh, your welcome. Wait, what?

CELESTE

When we are no longer able to change the situation, we are challenged to change ourselves.

JESSE

Huh?

CELESTE

Skillz said that to me once. He's a genius.

JESSE

Don't sleep on Skillz. Back to my missing pregnant fiancee for a second...

CELESTE

Go get her.

JESSE

But I can't tell her it'll all be okay.

CELESTE

Well, who can. Do you love her?

Jesse looks at Celeste.

JESSE

So much.

CELESTE

Than it's worth fighting for.

JESSE

Okay. Okay.

Celeste smiles with tears in her eyes.

CELESTE

God, I finally understand why you fucking cry all the time. Shit is emotional.

They share a laugh. Then, they sit in silence for a beat.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

You deserve to be happy. And I wish that for you, always.

JESSE

Me too.

## TB

CELESTE  
So...I guess we were right.

JESSE  
Huh?

Celeste makes the "C and J" hand gesture from the high school photo in the opening montage. Jesse makes it back. They smile.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
I love you.

He kisses her on the lips. For the last time. And then, he's gone.

CELESTE  
I love you too.

Celeste sits awhile and looks up at the sky.

INT. CELESTE'S PRIUS- NEXT DAY

Celeste drives and dials a number on her bluetooth.

CELESTE  
Hey. So, you're probably giving  
your card to some girl in yoga  
right now. But if that doesn't work  
out for you...I think I may be  
ready. To beat you in Scrabble.

EXT. GAS STATION- A MOMENT LATER

Celeste runs in to pay for gas. She is on her Blackberry.

INT. GAS STATION MART

Celeste stands in line with some gum and water. A young man blatantly cuts in front of her with a gallon of water. Old Celeste returns for a moment.

CELESTE  
Excuse me, sir?

The young man turns around. Celeste realizes she's no longer this person. She restrains herself.

CELESTE (CONT'D)  
Nothing.

TB

Celeste takes in how she has changed. She smiles a little. The young man turns back to her.

YOUNG MAN

Hey, I'm sorry for cutting. My dog's in the car and he's really thirsty. So, thanks.

CELESTE

No problem.

She smiles again. The world feels bigger now.

FADE OUT.