

TB

CELESTE AND JESSE FOREVER

By

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08.04.09

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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 the couple, holding up a "Black Power" fist, weakly.

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.

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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 bite 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.

Celeste is momentarily distracted by a bad driver in front of them.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
Jess, just go around him! (To the phone) Sorry. 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.

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A melted tube of Chapstick. Ew. Ooh, a cigarette. Jesse lights the cigarette, takes a drag. Celeste looks at Jesse and signals to him, "Can I have a drag?"

CELESTE (CONT'D)

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

He hands her the cigarette and she promptly chuck's 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.

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CELESTE (CONT'D)

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

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.

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CELESTE

Okay then.

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.

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JESSE

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

CELESTE

Oh, god.

JESSE

And we're gonna upload it on You Tube!

CELESTE

I'm not...

JESSE

What? Is that not awesome?

CELESTE

No, yeah, I just thought it was about the Slate job you interviewed 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:

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INT. TOYOTA PRIUS-30 MINUTES LATER

Jesse is dropping Celeste at home.

CELESTE

Be back by six so you can shower.

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.

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CELESTE (CONT'D)

You'd be lucky to book them for your wedding. Or you should see if Emergency Breakthrough is available. The horn section is tight.

BETH

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

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, riiiiight?

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.

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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.

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.

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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. To them.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Beth and Tucker are crazy.

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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.

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.

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JESSE (CONT'D)

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.

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 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.

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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.

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.

TB

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.

CELESTE

American culture is dying. We have an unrelenting appetite for processed junk food, talentless pop stars like Riley Banks and recycled movie franchises like Transformers. The more we consume crap, the more we want crap.

CUT TO:

INT. MSNBC STUDIOS

Rachel Maddow is conducting the interview in studio.

RACHEL MADDOW
Sounds utterly hopeless. Is there an upshot?

CELESTE

I think there will be a groundswell movement towards simplicity. People will start to listen to their most rudimentary needs-- they will crave mental, spiritual and physical nourishment. It's back to basics.

RACHEL MADDOW
Wow, a lot to chew on. Well, 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 Martin's new book "Shitegeist," on bookshelves Monday.

CELESTE
Thanks so much, Rachel.

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INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE-AFTERNOON

SCOTT, 40, Celeste's partner, gay but very straight, sharply dressed and bespectacled, sits at his desk. Celeste enters.

CELESTE

So I had dinner with the drama club last night.

SCOTT

Who's that?

CELESTE

Tucker and Beth. They're such dicks. They left in protest because they think Jesse and I are being "unhealthy." So judgy, right? We're fine.

SCOTT

You're only done when you're done.

CELESTE

Spare me the spiritual platitudes, Scotty. If we were gay, (she motions to Scott) no one would even question us being friends!

SCOTT

You and Jesse are clearly not ready to let each other go. And there's nothing wrong with that.

CELESTE

Yeah there's nothing wrong with that. I mean, what do you think?

SCOTT

Well, to be honest...

Celeste looks at an e-mail on her blackberry and interrupts.

CELESTE

Wait, we're signing Riley Banks?? When were you going to tell me?? I just trashed her on Rachel Maddow. Great.

SCOTT

Yeah, that's why I wanted you to come in. It's a huge account..

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CELESTE

Scott, you and I built this company so we wouldn't have to take an account like Riley Banks.

SCOTT

Well, you and I may not have a company if we don't take Riley Banks. Recession, remember?

CELESTE

She's like a...soul-less hologram.

SCOTT

She is releasing a new album. She wants us to do the branding and merchandising. We need to take this account.

CELESTE

Ok. Fine. I'm gonna go eat lunch.

Celeste starts to heads out.

SCOTT

If you are looking for my opinion, I do think you should start dating.

CELESTE

I don't do dating. The right guy will show up. And I'm still 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.

SCOTT

I'm fascinated with the mentally ill.

CELESTE

I've got time. I'm not worried.

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SCOTT

Well, do me a favor and get your fuck on before you meet the next 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.

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.

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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 and move on. Call that dime Veronica.

Jesse looks uncomfortable.

JESSE
That was a one time thing, a couple months after Celeste and I broke up. Celeste does not know about that. And we will keep it that way.

SKILLZ
Didn't know that was a hit and run. Sounded like you liked her.

JESSE
Well, she's not Celeste. It's always been Celeste. I'm not ready to give up.

SKILLZ
Okay, but remember, you can't re-heat a souffle.

JESSE
Huh?

SKILLZ
Also, there's Bettys everywhere. It's LA. Maybe it's good to remind Celeste that you can pull wool. Make her sweat a little bit.

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JESSE

It definitely wouldn't hurt to...go out with somebody.

They reach the front of the line.

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 wigged on you guys the other night but I don't know what you're doing. 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, the reality is I love Jesse 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

Okay fine. I've said my peace. It's your life. But I definitely don't think he should be living in your guest house. I think you're kind of breaking his heart. Slowly.

CELESTE

Jesse is fine.

BETH

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?

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BETH

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

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 fist-deep in a huge bag of Cheetos and he's watching the 2008 Beijing Olympics on Tivo. He is watching a short feature about Olympian Matthias Steiner, a gold medalist in weight lifting.

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CELESTE

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

Jesse blows his nose.

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. Hey, did you finish that
copy for the Pop Form website?

JESSE

Huh? Oh yeah, I'm almost done. I'm
working on it.

CELESTE

Because I needed it yesterday,
so...

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. Does it have something to
do with the work you owe me?

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

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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? You don't...

CELESTE

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

JESSE

That doesn't bother you? Wow, okay. Well, it's actually the Yogurt Girl. From Yoga Yurt?

CELESTE

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

JESSE

Super young. Crazy body. It's got its own sound system.

CELESTE

Okay, no need for that. But this is good! You gotta crawl before you walk. I mean she's definitely not gonna be wifey number two, right? Ha.

JESSE

Well, it's just a date.

She hugs him in an unconsciously patronizing way.

CELESTE

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.

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Celeste gets up and is immediately fixated by his hair.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Yeah, Skillz kinda made me do it
and from the get go, she was way
into...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.

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?

(MORE)

YOGURT GIRL (CONT'D)

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?

EXT. CELESTE'S GARDEN- NEXT MORNING

Again, with the morning symphony. Celeste drinks coffee, eats breakfast, surfs the internet and flips through magazines. This time, she's also listening to a song from Riley Banks' new album. It's exactly what she thought it would be. Overproduced, auto-tuned and meaningless. She nods her head, "yeah, I get it." She turns it off.

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.

TB

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!

Something catches Celeste's eye.

CELESTE

Some people are browsing my book.
Guys, come with me to eavesdrop ...

Celeste, Tucker and Beth head off. Then:

GIRL (V.O.)

Jesse?

Jesse turns to see VERONICA, 26, stunning and European.

JESSE

Veronica?

VERONICA

Yeah, hey. How are you?

JESSE

Good, good. You look great.

VERONICA

Thanks, you too. How's your book going?

JESSE

Slowly, but it's going.

TB

VERONICA

Well, don't give up. It's a great idea.

JESSE

Thanks. I had so much fun...that night. I'm so sorry I didn't call you. My life is just...

VERONICA

I had a lot of fun too.

There is silence, as Beth, Celeste and Tucker arrive and stare at her. Who is this creature??

JESSE

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

Oh you too. Take care.

She turns and leaves.

CELESTE

What is that?

JESSE

That was uh...Veronica.

CELESTE

Story?

JESSE

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

CELESTE

Huh. She's pretty.

TB

Celeste changes focus again and turns to a Border's employee to loudly and unconvincingly act 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 youuuuuuuuu, you got what I
neeeeeed...*

SKILLZ

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

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

SKILLZ (CONT'D)

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

SKILLZ
(whispering) Nooooo!

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

SKILLS

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, cowboy? 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.

JESSE

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

TB

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 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:

TB

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...god, I'm so stupid.

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. 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.

TB

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, 35, short but handsome, 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?

Celeste puts on her shoes.

CELESTE

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

TB

Paul realizes that his game is wack. Oh well.

PAUL

Yeah, I can't believe it either. I don't do this, it's just happening, I can't stop...it...what do you do?

CELESTE

Just gonna jump right in there.
Wow, Captain Conversation.

PAUL

Paul. Here's my card.

CELESTE

You bring cards to yoga??

PAUL

Look, you're really pretty. I'm not good at this. Help.

He smiles nervously.

CELESTE

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

PAUL

Not really. It's not cool. Did you ever 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? Huh.

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 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.

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. SAN FRANCISCO W HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Celeste watches CNN alone. She dials Jesse. It rings.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN L.A. DINER-LATE AFTERNOON

Jesse is mid-laugh and looks at his phone to see Celeste is calling. He presses "Ignore." We see that he is sitting with a woman. We reveal that it is: Veronica.

VERONICA
I'm glad you called.

Jesse smiles big.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN FRANCISCO W HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

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)
I love you. I'm so sorry. I've
always loved you.

She chuckles.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
Of course. Stupid.

EXT. STREET - WEST HOLLYWOOD-DAY

Jesse is walking.

TB

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.

CELESTE

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

EXT. STREET-WEST HOLLYWOOD-SUNDOWN

JESSE

Really? 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

(playfully) Oh no, did you go on another date?

TB

JESSE

I'm having a baby.

CELESTE

I don't understand.

JESSE

I'm having a baby.

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

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.

TB

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?

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 really want to make it work with her.

CELESTE

Make it work?? You slept with her once! What are you talking about?

JESSE

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

CELESTE

So what you're saying is you got a girl pregnant and now you think you like 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 feels...right. It was like 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.

TB

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:

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. But her face is still wet with tears.

CELESTE

Sorry about that. I had something in my eye.

JESSE

Right. Look, I know this is so sudden. And so weird. I've been holding on to us, this idea of us, for so long. And I know you've wanted me to let go. So I'm sorry. You were right, we're friends. We will always be friends. And I need that now.

CELESTE

Of course.

JESSE

Thank you. Love you.

Jesse gives Celeste a big, long hug.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Wait, you had something to tell me too. Sorry...

Celeste takes a beat.

CELESTE

It was nothing.

She forces a smile.

INT. CELESTE'S OFFICE-DAY

Celeste is on the computer. She drinks coffee. Scott peeks in.

TB

SCOTT

Hello?

CELESTE

Hey.

Celeste lets out a guffaw.

SCOTT

What are you doing?

CELESTE

I'm just following Diddy Twitty.

SCOTT

I don't...know what that means.

CELESTE

It's P Diddy's Twitter page.
There's also a singing competition
on television. It's called American
Idol? Keep up.

SCOTT

Okay saucy. You don't have to be so
saucy.

CELESTE

Well, just part of our job,
so...ready for breaking news? Jesse
is having a baby with some girl.
Crazy.

SCOTT

Whoa. Wow. Did you even know he was
seeing someone?

CELESTE

It's this girl he slept with once a
couple of months ago. And now he's
"making it work" with her. Plane
crash.

SCOTT

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

CELESTE

No need, Scott, I'm totally fine.

SCOTT

Are you?

TB

CELESTE

Look, I wasn't going to have his baby. So, good for him.

SCOTT

Well, it's great that you're so resolved about this but it's also okay for you to have feelings. It's very sudden.

Celeste pauses to consider this.

CELESTE

Right. Well, let me see...mmmm, nope, I'm fine. I promise. Not in love with him anymore. It kind of makes it easier.

Scott is not convinced. Celeste is still distracted by the computer.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, Diddy's snowboarding for the first time in Mammoth! Amazing. I actually have a date tonight.

SCOTT

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

CELESTE

The yahoo who did Pop Form's taxes last quarter. He's been asking me out forever. Not the one, but it'll be nice to be admired.

SCOTT

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

INT. CELESTE'S HOUSE-EARLY EVENING

Celeste, 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. She keeps walking.

INT. MADEO'S RESTAURANT-NIGHT

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

TB

CELESTE

Thank you.

She hands the menu back to the waiter.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

My foot actually pronates. And my I.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...

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.(to Max) You should probably leave.

MAX

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

CELESTE

Yeah, just 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.

CELESTE

Mack.

MAX

Max.

TB

JESSE

Nice to meet you, Max.

CELESTE

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

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 scarfs down her salad which has just arrived. She's quiet.

MAX

How was that? Are you okay?

CELESTE

I'm fine!

TB

Celeste stares at Jesse at the bar.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
He always loved the meatballs here.

MAX
What?

CELESTE
Nothing. Do you like bread?

MAX
Bread? Um, yeah, I like bread.

CELESTE
Cool, cool.

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 mercury poisoning? I
think that's a myth. I go to this
acupuncturist that...

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. LA CIENEGA BLVD.

Celeste is running...hard. It is a cacophony of street sounds around her: traffic, honking, speeding, Celeste listens to the Dirty Projectors "Stillness is the Move" on her iPod and joyfully runs across the street.

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.

TB

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?

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. How's dating?

T B

SALESWOMAN

Sorry, can I get your card?

BETH

Here you go.

CELESTE

Great. Dating's really great.

BETH

Have you talked to Jesse?

CELESTE

No, but I actually ran into him last night. I think he's getting a little fat.

BETH

I think he's been looking pretty fit lately. (to the saleswoman) Can I get a rush delivery on that?

CELESTE

So you've seen 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?

TB

BETH

Huh? Oh no, not dumb. Simple.

CELESTE

Simple means dumb.

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

Sure. I have a date tonight so I should probably shower before then.

TB

Beth looks at a sopping Celeste.

BETH

Yes. Shower. Who's the date?

CELESTE

Rupert Bates.

BETH

Rupert Bates? The Gap model?? Oh my god, he's so hot but he's like 15.

CELESTE

22. Skillz set me up. He's about to be a huge star. He's filming "20,000 B.C.?" It's the prequel to "10,000 B.C."

BETH

Fuck, I LOVED that movie.

SALESWOMAN

I loved that movie too! It really spoke to me.

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, on the couch, looking slightly mortified. She smiles tepidly 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.

RUPERT

I wrote that for my mum.

CELESTE

Lucky lady. So how do you know Skillz?

RUPERT

He provides me with the happy smoky green treats.

TB

CELESTE
(sotto) Ew.

Celeste cringes. What a dork. 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, no, no I gotta go.

INT. POP FORM OFFICES-NEXT DAY-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, 19 and SAVANNAH, 22, are chatting and primping. Celeste goes quiet and listens.

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

Savannah quickly pops a pill. Then offers one to Riley.

SAVANNAH
Here. Do you want an Adderall?

RILEY
No, that shit makes me feel like a robot. Speaking of robot, who the hell designed this place? It's like Spock and his eyebrows are about to walk around the corner.

Celeste takes this opportunity to flush and come out of the stall.

CELESTE
Hi Riley, I'm Celeste, I'm a partner at Pop Form.

RILEY
Hey. Wow, you're so pretty.

TB

Riley looks closer at her skin and picks at it.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Why am I breaking out?

SAVANNAH
Too much sugar? Coffee? Alcohol?

RILEY
Ugh, maybe it's my skin regime.

CELESTE
Um...it's actually regimen?

RILEY
Sorry?

CELESTE
Regime is a system of government.
It's a "skin regimen."

Riley and Savannah glare at Celeste.

RILEY
Thanks, Scrabble. Nice to meet you.

They leave.

CELESTE
Charming.

CUT TO:

POP FORM CONFERENCE ROOM-AN HOUR LATER

The Riley Banks branding strategy meeting is under way. Slides are being shown, Scott is giving a presentation on design ideas. Celeste is distracted and on her Blackberry. We see an INSERT of Celeste's Blackberry on Dictionary.com, looking up "regime: a mode or system of rule or government."

SCOTT
Celeste has some ideas for the logo
which are looking really great.

He looks to Celeste who is not paying attention. She is busy learning that she was right and Riley was wrong. Celeste looks up and shoots a patronizing smile at Riley. Riley catches her and looks away uncomfortably.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Celeste? Do you wanna...

TB

CELESTE

Right. Yes. Sorry. So we are going for an industrial feel with the artwork...

INT. CELESTE'S OFFICE-AN HOUR LATER

Scott enters.

SCOTT

Hello, Special One.

CELESTE

Ugh, you got my IM.

SCOTT

Sounds so awful.

CELESTE

Where are the guys who don't wear makeup for a living? And maybe a little intellect? A little intellect wouldn't hurt anybody.

Scott has an idea.

SCOTT

Wait, wait. You've never met Nick, right? Nick Moran?

CELESTE

The photographer? You know him?

SCOTT

Yeah, we went to school together. This could be perfect.

CELESTE

(she sings, like she's in a musical) I'm uncomfortable with daaaaaating. I don't like any of iiiiiit.

SCOTT

(he sings back) Trust meeeee. You will liiiiiike hiiiiim. Also, I love cooo-ooock.

CELESTE

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

TB

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 Ahmadinejad.

He hands her a photograph.

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, the guy who won shit his pants, so...

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.

TB

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.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

I don't remember it 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.

TB

NICK

Ah, ah, ahhhhhhhhh!

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

NICK (CONT'D)

Celeste?

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH-NEXT MORNING

Celeste runs really hard, listening to her Sunny Levine's "Glass Jaw" on her iPhone. She stops suddenly. She sees Jesse's number, she hits "Ignore." She starts running again with purpose.

EXT. ELYSIAN WAY ECHO PARK- NEXT DAY

Celeste drives and listen to her phone on bluetooth.

JESSE V.O.

Hey, so, I'm glad you can meet up.
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.

CELESTE
Vegan Vittles.

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. 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.

TB

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.

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.

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.

TB

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 at our
house, so...

There is an uncomfortable beat.

JESSE (CONT'D)

How's work?

CELESTE

Um...work is great.

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.

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 busy with 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.

TB

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. 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.

TB

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.

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 and white Ray Bans. Celeste is in a white trash bag with a belt.

CELESTE

Jesse's a fucking vegan??

TUCKER

A vegan who's soon to be published.

CELESTE

He sold his book?? What? When??
 Don't tell me, actually...to whom??
 Like a major publisher?? I don't
 know want to know...god, he's on
 fire right now. Breaking up with me
 was the best thing that ever
 happened to Jesse. I should break
 up with me.

BETH

Now, now. Someone else's success
 is not your demise.

CELESTE

Shut up. Unless it's Jesse's. 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

That's so sad.

TB

CELESTE

I need to fucking drink.

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

YES.

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?

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.

TB

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."

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.

TB

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME BACKYARD-NIGHT

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

PAUL

(Playful) Sorry about that day at the gym. I feel really open after yoga....

CELESTE

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

PAUL

I'm kidding. I only go to yoga to meet girls. Speaking of, 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

I'm sorry, that sounds tough.

CELESTE

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

PAUL

And 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, but unfortunately, most of the time, knowing that does keep you from being happy. But at least it's real.

TB

PAUL

No one has ever given a more self-righteous monologue wearing only a trash bag. Except for maybe 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 her desk. She's cleaning house. She sees the envelope from the divorce lawyer. She quickly tosses it aside. Then she comes across one of Jesse's old notebooks. She flips through it. She reads a couple of sweet passages about her, it makes her smile. 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.

She hangs up. She makes a decision. She grabs a box and starts throwing everything and anything in it 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 doesn't knock. She leaves the box by the door. But 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. After a beat:

TB

VERONICA

You're going to be a really good dad.

JESSE

What? Why did you say that?

Veronica studies Jesse's face.

VERONICA

I don't know, I just know it.

JESSE

No one's ever said that to me.

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?

VERONICA

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

JESSE

Sweet. Mine's Mordechai.

TB

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 freelance writer and his "elegant" Belgian bride.

All of a sudden, 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!

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!

TB

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?

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.

TB

CELESTE

No, I'm sorry. So sorry. Well, I'm late for things. Have a good afternight.

VERONICA

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

CELESTE

Nooooo, no. That's very nice but no. Great to see you guys! Okay.

She starts to walk away with the journal.

JESSE

Is that mine?

CELESTE

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

She laughs nervously and hands him his journal. 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? There's this yoga retreat in Tulum that I just got an e-mail about...uh, that's not why I'm really calling. I just like you. Call me back if you want to drink some cold beer with me. 310 864-2120.

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?

TB

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.

CELESTE

This guys Paul keeps calling me but I don't know...

BETH

C, you never know. Just go out with him. It doesn't have to be perfect...

CELESTE

I met him at the gym. I'm not meeting my husband at the gym.

BETH

Just go. Nothing to lose.

CUT TO:

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.

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.

TB

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 are. They all are.

Celeste giggles. 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'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

But how do you feel?

TB

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. No one is there to be seen, there is no pretension.

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. 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.

TB

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 quickly, 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.

CUT TO:

ECU OF

Jesse, Skillz and Tucker with their arms up, cheering loudly.

INT. FAIRFAX HIGH- BASKETBALL GYM-NIGHT

Jesse, Skillz and Tucker are taking in a rowdy high school basketball game. This is not your average high school game. It's the best party ever: DJ, mini-Kanyes everywhere and teenage girls with the greatest moves.

SKILLZ

Get back on D, Anton!!

Jesse is look at his iPhone. He is looking at "Veronica and Jesse Baby Registry"

JESSE

What the fuck is a Baby Bjorn?

SKILLZ

It's a very, very tiny Swedish man.

TUCKER

It's a baby carrier that allows your child to benefit from parental intimacy without the confinement of a stroller. Duh.

TB

JESSE

Why do you know that.

TUCKER

Beth. We go to a lot of baby showers.

SKILLZ

I put a lot of babies in the ladies.

A parent in front of them looks at Skillz with derision. Jesse is still going through the registry list.

JESSE

Birthing towels, breast pump, Diaper genie? Fuck, I'm definitely having a baby. (beat) How's Celeste?

SKILLZ

She's...oh-kay. I'm fine-tuning her cannibus levels right now, just trying to find the right balance.

JESSE

Celeste doesn't smoke pot.

SKILLZ

She does now. She loves it.

Jesse takes this in. Tucker changes the subject.

TUCKER

How's Veronica? She's so sweet.

JESSE

Yeah, less sweet pregnant but it's probably just hormones.

TUCKER

But are you into it?

JESSE

Yeah, I really like her. She seems great. For someone that I don't really know that's having my baby.

"California Love" by Tupac comes on during a time out.

SKILLZ

MY JAM!

T B

Skillz stands up and starts breaking it down. He's not that good. Committed though. Jesse and Tucker continue to talk.

TUCKER

Are you scared?

JESSE

A little. Yes.

TUCKER

That's great. You should be. Just keep saying "yes." I'm really proud of you.

Skillz sits down and looks at his cell phone. He shows Jesse a text from Celeste that reads, "I need green. Now."

SKILLZ

She's like my top client now.

INT. CELESTE'S HOUSE-LATE NIGHT

Celeste is home from her date with Paul and is now obsessing on Jesse's Facebook page. His status reads "in a relationship." She's drunk and this makes her sad. Oh, there's a video. It's of Jesse and Veronica. Jesse presents Veronica with a cake, she laughs and blows out the candles. They kiss. Crushing. Confusing. Her doorbell rings.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTE'S HOUSE-A COUPLE MINUTES LATER

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

SKILLZ

Step out of the shadows and into the light. Are you crying?

CELESTE

I don't know what I'm doing. Dating is stupid and all of a sudden, my ex-husband bakes cakes? It's probably fucking gluten-free.

SKILLZ

What?

CELESTE

Nothing. Can you just roll a joint please?

TB

Skillz rolls a tight joint.

SKILLZ

Day by day, C. You need not trip.

Celeste takes a drag.

CELESTE

What are they like together?

SKILLZ

Who? Jesse and Veronica?

CELESTE

Yeah.

SKILLZ

You know, they're oh-kay. Jesse is trying. It's not all rainbows and unicorns but...

CELESTE

So he's not happy.

SKILLZ

I didn't say that.

INT. POP FORM CONFERENCE ROOM-NEXT DAY

Pop Form employees file out of a Riley Banks meeting. Riley approaches Celeste.

RILEY

I really like the logo.

CELESTE

Oh, thank you. Yeah, I think it's perfect.

RILEY

The I.M. Pei influence is pretty cool.

CELESTE

Wow, yeah, there is a little of that happening. I.M. Pei. Huh.

RILEY

Are you mocking me?

CELESTE

No, I'm just impressed that you know anything about architecture.

TB

RILEY

Why, because I'm a pop star? You know what your thing is? Contempt prior to investigation.

CELESTE

I'm sorry?

RILEY

You're convinced you're smarter than everyone and THAT is your dark little prison.

CELESTE

Are you...?? How dare...

Riley smiles at Celeste, turns and leaves.

INT. CELESTE'S PRIUS-LATER

Celeste is still reeling from Riley's verbal undressing.

CELESTE

Dark little prison?? Bitch, what does she know. You know what's a dark little prison?? Having to wear midriffs for a living. What does she...

Celeste is pulling into her driveway and notices...Jesse, sitting on her porch, smoking a cigarette.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

What the fuck.

EXT. CELESTE'S HOUSE-A MOMENT LATER

Celeste cautiously walks up to her front door. Before she can speak, Jesse does.

JESSE

I started smoking again.

CELESTE

I can see that. That must go well with your pilates.

Jesse looks sad and confused.

TB

JESSE

I don't know what the rules are and
 I'm sure I'm breaking them
 but...god, I really miss you.

Celeste tries to digest this.

CELESTE

You want to come in?

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTE'S HOUSE-AN HOUR LATER

They are in her living room on the couch, have a drink.

JESSE

I got a tiny advance but I don't
 know, my publisher seems to think
 the book could be massive.

CELESTE

Jesse, that's great. I'm so happy
 for you.

JESSE

Yeah, yeah. It's great.

Why doesn't he seem happier? He knocks back the rest of the drink.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I should probably get home.

CELESTE

Yeah. It's really nice to see you.

He hugs her. Tight. They breathe together. They hug tighter. He pulls away, looks at her and kisses her for one second, very tenderly. She pulls away.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

You should go.

JESSE

Can we just...lay here for a bit?

Celeste lays down and Jesse spoons behind her on the couch. They hold each other. There's a long drag of silence.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I can't believe I'm having a
 baby...and it's not with you.

TB

We see Celeste's face but Jesse doesn't. She's crying.

INT. CELESTE'S LIVING ROOM- THE NEXT MORNING

The phone rings. It's early. Celeste, still in her clothes from the night before, wakes up. Jesse is gone. She fumbles for the phone.

CELESTE

Yeah.

SCOTT

We have a massive problem on our hands. I need you in the office. Now.

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. 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

...teenagers were hoping to get a little bit of the teen star's fashion magic but instead, they have been surprised by what they saw.

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

Celeste, what did you do. How could be so careless?

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.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

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

SCOTT

(fuming)Stop it. Stop laughing.

CELESTE

Scott, come on...

SCOTT

No, this is not a joke. Our company's in serious danger.

CELESTE

You're being dramatic.

TB

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.

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. 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 by a giant Chewbacca hugging her before she has a chance to stop him.

CELESTE

No...okay.

INT. THE WELL BAR-EARLY EVENING

We see Jesse sitting at the dive bar. Celeste enters and sits next to Jesse. She is happy to see him.

JESSE

Hey.

CELESTE

Hey.

JESSE

We gotta talk.

CELESTE

I know. That's why I called.

JESSE

Celeste...

CELESTE

Wait, let me say something. I don't know what happened last night. I don't know what's happening with your other situation. But I need to say this. For the record, I fucked up.

(MORE)

TB

CELESTE (CONT'D)

I was cavalier about you. I took us for granted. And I know this may sound crazy but I'd be remiss if I didn't...if you were open to it...I think that I could do better. With you. With us. If there's a chance still...I'd like to know.

Jesse can't even look at her.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Jesse?

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!

Jesse pauses for a moment. He turns.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Why did you come to my house last night?

JESSE

I don't know.

CELESTE

Oh no, I think you do.

JESSE

I made a mistake.

CELESTE

And?

JESSE

I shouldn't have come.

CELESTE

You're a fucking coward.

TB

JESSE

I'm just trying to do the right thing with Veronica. I'm trying to change.

CELESTE

Well, you never changed for me.

Jesse pauses.

JESSE

To be honest, you didn't really let me.

CELESTE

Wow. All I did was wait for you to grow up! I rooted for you, I fucking paid for everything, I did everything for you!

JESSE

Yeah, and I was never your equal. And you know what? I think you preferred it that way.

CELESTE

Right. Well, I know my success was never easy for you.

JESSE

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

CELESTE

And you are? Pretending to be a father? Pretending to be an adult?

JESSE

What do you want?

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.

TB

JESSE (CONT'D)

I didn't expect to meet someone so fast, but I did. And I think we have a chance to be happy together. I don't want to blow that.

CELESTE

You know what, Jesse? You definitely will blow it.

Jesse takes a beat. It stings.

JESSE

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

He starts to walk away. Celeste call after him.

CELESTE

Don't ever call me.

JESSE

Don't worry about it.

Jesse walks away.

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. 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.

TB

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.

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?

TB

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, and uncharacteristically colorful clothes that don't match. Like a crazy lady jumpsuit. She is 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. 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?

(MORE)

TB

CELESTE (CONT'D)

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.

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:

T B

EXT. BETH AND TUCKER'S POOL-LATER

Jesse and Veronica are talking 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. BETH'S DUPLEX- HANCOCK PARK- NEXT DAY

Beth has tons of Barneys New York bags and is trying on clothes for her rehearsal dinner. Celeste is in the fetal position, hungover on Beth's bed.

CELESTE
(on the phone) Hey Riley, it's Celeste. I just want to talk to you about this "error" in your logo. I'm so, so sorry, I will fix this...call me.

BETH
I just think it's corny to wear white two nights in a row. I want to rock a pattern, or maybe something in pastel...

She turns to Celeste in a dress.

BETH (CONT'D)
How's this? C! Wake up! I'm leaving in an hour and I have to make a decision now. You owe me. You humped my grandmother yesterday.

Celeste is comatose.

BETH (CONT'D)
Oh no, are you okay?

CELESTE
What the fuck does Riley Banks know.

BETH
Um...nothing. She's a tart.

TB

CELESTE

Yeah dude! She's fucking moderately talented, blessed with a good face and has maybe 5 more years left of stardom. Who is she to tell ME what...

Celeste looks at her blackberry and realizes she never hung up on Riley. Oh shit. She hangs up quick and throws the blackberry across the bed.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

I never hung up, I never hung up!
Fuck! Do you think she...

Her blackberry rings. It's Riley. She takes a deep breath. She picks, all casual.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Hey Riley, what's up?

RILEY

I need to talk to you. Come to my house. Now.

CELESTE

Oh boy.

CUT TO:

INT. RILEY'S HOUSE- HOLLYWOOD HILLS-AFTERNOON

Celeste bursts in with all types of nervous energy.

CELESTE

The thing is, I have been having a really hard time in my life, everything is sort of falling apart and when you said that thing about contempt and investigation, it just sort of hit a nerve and...

RILEY

Just, shut up for a minute.

Riley is in tears.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I just found out my boyfriend cheated on me.

TB

CELESTE

Oh. God, I'm sorry. I didn't even know you had a boyfriend.

RILEY

Nobody knew. He didn't want anybody to know. Fucking ass hole. And now, my career might be over because you put a penis in my logo. Thank you for that.

Riley is clearly destroyed.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I didn't know who to call.

Celeste gives Riley a big hug.

CELESTE

So you called the smartest person you know.

Riley smiles through her tears.

CUT TO:

INT. RILEY'S HOUSE- HOLLYWOOD HILLS-LATER THAT NIGHT

Riley is asleep on the couch with a blanket over her. Celeste is up, watching "Great Sports Moments of 2008" on ESPN Classic.

It is a recap of Matthias Steiner's Olympic weight lifting triumph after his wife died. Jesse's favorite. Celeste is crying. This wakes Riley up.

RILEY

Are you crying?

Celeste turns off the television.

CELESTE

Oh, yeah, this just reminds me of someone.

RILEY

A guy?

CELESTE

Yeah. A guy.

RILEY

You miss him?

TB

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. 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.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

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

TB

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. 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.

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. Everybody explodes in applause. We see Celeste in the audience, clapping.

CUT TO:

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!!

TB

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. 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.

Wedding guests look uncomfortable.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

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.

(MORE)

TB

CELESTE (CONT'D)

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 and watched as Tucker dated the most slutty, vacuous and vile girls on the planet. 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.

Wedding guests clap. They think it's over. It's not. Celeste looks at Jesse in the crowd. Veronica is next to him.

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. Be patient, don't always think you're right. And if you are, it doesn't fucking matter anyway. Fight for it, everyday, I wish I had.

EXT. RECEPTION TENT-AN HOUR LATER

Celeste is holding a small plate of food. Jesse sidles up to her.

TB

JESSE

I know this may not be the best time
to talk about this...but...at some
point, we will have to talk about
Tucker's dance moves.

INSERT of Tucker dancing on the dance floor. It's
unexplainable. It's shocking how terrible it is.

CELESTE

He is so special. Not as special as
that poem. That those girls did?

JESSE

Wow.

CELESTE

Wow.

He takes a beat.

JESSE

Your speech was really...beautiful.
Thank you.

CELESTE

I meant it.

JESSE

I know.

CELESTE

You know what else is beautiful?

Celeste picks up a baby gerkin from her plate and starts to
jerk it off, as she and Jesse did earlier and as they have
done many times.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Oh god, tug it.

Jesse starts to participate. He dips his finger in the creme
fraiche and puts it on the top of the gerkin.

JESSE

Aw yeah! Fuck!

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

VERONICA

Jesse?

JESSE

Hey.

TB

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 and Jesse demonstrate for Veronica. Celeste looks up and realizes how dumb this must seem.

VERONICA
I don't get it.

Celeste and Jesse stop.

CELESTE
It's stupid.

Veronica is looking at Celeste's food.

VERONICA
Oh the foods out. (to Celeste) See you on the dance floor? Watch out for Tucker though.

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

INT. WEDDING TENT-LATER

We see a raucous wedding dance floor. Everyone's dancing: Beth, Tucker, their families, their friends, Jesse, Veronica, Scott, etc. They are doing wedding dances. Celeste sits at her table, watching with a smile. It is bittersweet for her. She drinks a martini. Alone.

INT. PAUL'S CONDO-NIGHT

Celeste and Paul are playing scrabble and drinking wine.

TB

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 definitely 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.

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.

TB

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

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

PAUL

Because I think I might really like you.

CELESTE

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

Celeste looks distant.

INT. L.A. NIGHTCLUB-NIGHT

Celeste is at a loud, trendy club. She sits next to Riley. They have to shout to be heard.

TB

RILEY

THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE MOST
EMBARRASSING SPEECH EVER! HOW WILL
SHOW YOUR FACE TO YOUR FRIENDS EVER
AGAIN?

CELESTE

ACTUALLY, WEIRDLY, I'M KINDA HAPPY
I DID IT. I FEEL BETTER SOMEHOW.

RILEY

WELL GOOD FOR YOU THEN.

Celeste looks around at lots of men, grinding each other with whistles in their mouth and drinks in their hands.

CELESTE

THE GAYS REALLY KNOW HOW TO PARTY,
HUH?

RILEY

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

Celeste just looks at her like, "Oh you poor, sheltered Disney princess. Are you serious?"

CELESTE

THIS IS A GAY CLUB.

RILEY

IT'S OPENING NIGHT HERE. IT DOESN'T
KNOW WHAT IT IS YET.

Still nothing from Riley.

CELESTE

RILEY, THE CLUB IS CALLED SWALLOW.

Riley looks around and takes it in. Aha, right. Celeste looks out amongst the crowd. 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!

CELESTE

Sure...

TB

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)

Wait, 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. She is being adored by gay men.

RILEY

I LOVE IT HERE!!

Celeste has a big idea.

EXT. RUNYON CANYON-MORNING

Celeste is hiking alone on the phone, energized.

CELESTE

Tweens don't want her anymore. And
the gays do! Ten percent of
Americans are gay, Scott. You're
gay, start thinking gay. Gay Izod.
She could be Lady Gaga by the end
of the year. Huge market.

SCOTT

Wow, you might have just turned the
cock in the butt around.

CELESTE

We WILL make the cock in the butt
work for us. The cock in the butt
will be huge!

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

MONTAGE OVER SHUGGIE OTIS' "INSPIRATION INFORMATION":

SHOT of Celeste, Paul, Beth and Tucker eating dinner at Loteria Mexican Restaurant. Paul is telling a story-he is animated and confident. Celeste looks at him, slightly embarrassed. A moment later, Beth and Tucker erupt in laughter. Celeste smiles.

SHOT of JESSE AND VERONICA waiting in the doctor's office, looking nervous. Jesse offers Veronica an Altoid. She smiles.

SHOT of Celeste, Riley and Scott at a t-shirt signing at "A Friend of Dorothy's," a gay store in West Hollywood.

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.

TB

VERONICA

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

CELESTE

Oh, I'm getting a dresser. You?

VERONICA

Oh, you know getting...

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Baby stuff.

CELESTE

Baby stuff.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Beth is uh...throwing me a baby shower? So I have to register.

CELESTE

She is?

Celeste swallows this.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

That's uh...really nice.

VERONICA

Very. And so helpful right now.

CELESTE

Of course. (laughs nervously) 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. Jesse's book is coming out...

VERONICA

He's so talented.

A beat.

CELESTE

Yeah, he is.

An awkward silence.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Well, good luck. Nice to see you.

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. ROSEN KARAOKE-KOREATOWN- LATER THAT NIGHT

Celeste and Paul are in a private karaoke room. Paul is belting his heart out, singing Boyz II 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..ooohohhhh ooooh*

TB

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.

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.

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 just 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.

TB

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?

PAUL

You're only ready when you're ready, you know? Don't force it. It's just some 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. STEIN, WEINBERG, STEINBERG & JIMENEZ LAW FIRM- AFTERNOON

Celeste and Jesse sit across from each other with their respective lawyers. They are both dressed very well. The atmosphere is formal, tense. There is not a lot of talking but there is a lot of loud paper shuffling and ball point pens. CELESTE'S LAWYER, male, 40, speaks:

CELESTE'S LAWYER

Sign here. And here. And here.

Celeste looks up, makes eye contact with Jesse and smiles uncomfortably.

CELESTE'S LAWYER (CONT'D)

And here. Here. Yup. Aaaaaand here. Here. Couple more. Here...

Celeste is still signing. She looks at Jesse again, who is straightening his tie.

CELESTE

I like that tie.

JESSE

Oh, thank you.

TB

CELESTE'S LAWYER
One more here.

CELESTE
Is it made out of organic mung
beans?

Jesse nods and chuckles.

JESSE
No, I actually found it digging
through your trash.

CELESTE
Ohhh, I see. All right.

They've broken the tension. But it's still silent. Then Jesse chortles. It sounds like a baby pig. It makes Celeste laugh. Now, both Celeste and Jesse are silently cracking up, doubled over as their lawyers sit there, watching them, perplexed.

EXT. STEIN, WEINBERG, STEINBERG & JIMENEZ LAW FIRM- A LITTLE LATER

Celeste and Jesse walk out of the building.

JESSE
So...we're divorced!

They high five. What are you supposed to do when you get divorced.

CELESTE
We did it.

JESSE
You wanna walk for a couple minutes?

CELESTE
Sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. LACMA- SUNDOWN

Celeste and Jesse are now approaching the front of "Urban Light," the installation from the beginning of the movie. The street lamps are now illuminated. She takes a seat on a step. Jesse sits next to her. She refers to the lamps:

TB

CELESTE

These are beautiful.

JESSE

I thought you hated them.

CELESTE

Yeah, well, I've never seen them at night.

Jesse looks at the lamps and takes them in. He looks pretty sad.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

What's up with you? I know we just got divorced but no one died, right?

JESSE

I'm just feeling like maybe you were right. I am a fuck up. I don't know what I'm doing. If I did, my girlfriend wouldn't have left.

There is a long pause.

CELESTE

What? Veronica? 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 blew it. Just say it.

CELESTE

Hey...don't do that.

JESSE

Do what?

CELESTE

You are not a loser. You never were. You took a chance. I admire that and I believe in you.

JESSE

You do?

CELESTE

I do. And I want to thank you.

JESSE

For what?

CELESTE

For never being the person I wanted
you to be.

JESSE

Oh, you're welcome.

CELESTE

Go get her.

JESSE

But I don't know if everything is
gonna be all right.

CELESTE

Well, who does, man? Do you love
her?

Jesse looks at Celeste.

JESSE

I do.

CELESTE

Then 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.