

CRAZY EX-GIRLFRIEND

Written by

Rachel Bloom and Aline Brosh McKenna

March 26, 2014

OVER BLACK WE HEAR THE STRAINS OF A SHOW TUNE

FADE IN

INT. AUDITORIUM -- SUMMER CAMP -- DAY

A summer camp theater. Hand painted sets, vintage costumes.

A row of 16-year-olds perform a song from a classic musical, something like "I'm In Love With a Wonderful Guy" from *South Pacific*. We focus on a girl in the chorus:

REBECCA BUNCH, 16, awkward, glasses, retainer. She has one line to sing. She sings it with excessive gusto, out of tune.

She scans the audience, looking from middle aged to middle aged lady... but her Mom is a no-show. The song ends. Despite her disappointment, Rebecca smiles and poses.

EXT. SUMMER CAMP -- DAY

Rebecca walks across camp, holding hands with her boyfriend JOSH CHANG, also 16, gawky, Asian. It's the last day, kids going home with their parents.

REBECCA

...it's not how many lines you have, it's what you do with the text, and in my solo, people could see how I really supported the romance between Nelly and Emil, so it's cool my Mom didn't show, because the audience got it and because you were there, you know?

He nods, not really listening.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

My mom is just pissed because I didn't do Model UN. "They're not gonna care about a summer camp play on a college application!" She wasn't even gonna let me go here at all but then I called my dad and told him I was having suicidal thoughts and bingo, here I am.

They've walked to the pickup/dropoff point.

Rebecca turns to Josh with an Ingrid Bergman smile. Begins her farewell speech, carefully crafted last night in her bunk bed.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 Josh, it's been a whirlwind these
 nine weeks, you've been my rock...

As she delivers her speech, she interrupts to hug fellow 16-year-old campers and shout out private jokes.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 (to a clearly GAY BOY)
 OMG, Cranberries forever!
 (back to Josh)
 You've awakened my sexual being for
 the first time...
 (to three IDENTICAL BLONDES)
 See ya next summer, dumb bitchez!
 (back to Josh)
 ...I didn't know two people could be
 so connected...

OVERWEIGHT GIRL
 (calls to Rebecca)
 Cabin B Forever!

REBECCA
 (excited scream)
 Ahhhhhhh!
 (back to Josh)
 It's been the best summer of my life
 and you're the main reason why.
 (going into planning mode)
 Let's talk schedule. I'll visit at
 Christmas, then for spring break...

Josh looks over at two nice-looking Asian parents.

JOSH
 Um.... my Mom and Dad are here--

REBECCA
 My mom is late, as per usual.

JOSH
 This has been a great summer, but--

She hangs on his words. At that moment, a car pulls up, a shitty red Corolla. It HONKS. Rebecca's MOM.

REBECCA
 Oh, the grand dame arrives. Be
 right there, Mom! You were saying?

JOSH
 --but with school and lacrosse...

REBECCA

What?

Her mother HONKS again.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

GOOD GOD MOTHER, ARE YOU TRYING TO
KILL ME?!

JOSH

...I just think we're just really
different. You're kind of... um,
dramatic and like, weird? I dunno,
I think we should take a break and
maybe pick it up next summer...

REBECCA

But... but I love you.

(devastated)

I put your... penis in my... mouth.

JOSH

And... thanks for that, I mean it.

HONK, HONK, HONK.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Bye, Rebecca. See you around.

He walks away. Rebecca starts to cry.

REBECCA

I'm not dramatic! I'm not!

HONK, HONK, HONK.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

SHUT UP, YOU STUPID CUNT!

A beat. She sags. Capitulates. Walks over to her mom's car.
Josh is spirited away by his normal, loving parents.

Rebecca gets in the car. Hold on her face. From out of frame:

MOM (O.S.)

Well, hope you got that out of your
system. Goddammit, is that a
hickey? Keep in mind, anything
happens, we go RIGHT to the
abortionist. Sorry I was late, your
fucking father sent you a package
from the Bahamas, probably packed
by his WHORE and who has to wait
around to sign for it?...

She continues ranting. On Rebecca's pained face, we

FADE OUT

THEN FADE QUICKLY BACK IN ON...

A floor covered with detritus. We pan slowly across, surveying the damage...

A half-eaten bowl of oatmeal with a spoon stuck in it, balled up sweatpants, a discarded bra, a self-help book covered in wine rings. A degree from Harvard Law School against the wall, waiting to be hung up. Tilt up to see where we are.

INT. BEDROOM -- NYC -- MORNING

A nice-ish apartment. But only -ish. Pre-furnished and lonely. No curtains, no wall-coverings, no one bothered.

The TV crackles in the background.

Sunrise.

Sitting in an unmade bed, facing away from us, is REBECCA BUNCH, now in her mid-20's.

Been sitting there a while. Hair a mess, sleep knots. Naked due to laziness, not sexiness.

On her night stand is the following:

Bottles of Lunesta, Celexa and Valium. An empty bag of Haribo peach gummies. A vibrator. A pack of cigarettes. Balled up tissues. An empty bottle of dessert wine.

She hears something. A PING from her laptop which is half open in bed beside her. She picks it up.

Her screen has several windows open from the night before. One by one, she closes each of the windows, which are:

A draft of an OK Cupid profile, a Web MD question: "How long can a person go without sleep?", a Pornhub page open to the search term "three way/choking," a Shopbop page open to a navy cashmere sweater, an Ebay auction for a First Edition Princess Diana Beanie Baby that says, "You won this item for \$976.34!"

*
*
*
*
*
*

Rebecca shuts the computer, ashamed.

Then, still with her back to us, she walks over to turn off the TV. On the TV, an ad. A dreamy blue sky, angelic MUSIC.

VOICEOVER

*Silky ribbons of cheese with only
90 calories an ounce...*

A giant knife spreads cream cheese on a bagel.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

*What are waiting for? Spread it...
Indulge... Ask yourself... When was
the last time you were truly happy?*

*

Rebecca stares, head to the side, like a dog that's heard a funny noise. Huh. From the next scene, a SHRIEK...

INT. SUBWAY -- DAY

Rebecca is PACKED into a crowded subway car. She has pulled herself together. Hair neat, fitted dress. She holds herself away from the crowd like she's not even there.

She looks around the subway car. Everywhere she sees happy couples. A HIPSTER COUPLE, two LESBIANS in their 50's and finally a WOMAN frenching her dog. A lot. Like, it's gross.

Rebecca sighs. Looks over. A GOOD LOOKING MAN smiles at her.

She smiles back. Then notices: he's JERKING OFF. She quickly looks up and away.

Atop the subway car, a banner, the same ad campaign: When was the last time you were truly happy?

*

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Rebecca walks to her office building, a gleaming high rise, striding forward. Before she enters, she stops, takes a deep breath. Girding herself.

INT. LAW OFFICES -- MORNING

Rebecca strides briskly across the office. She calls out to one of her fellow lawyers, BOB.

REBECCA

Hey, you gonna get me that
quarterly report or did your mom
die or something?

BOB

(laughs)

Good one. Happen to have it right here.

He hands her a file. She looks through it. Bob takes the time to slyly ogle her tits.

REBECCA

We should take out the contingencies for the Corcoran deal, those guys take ages, that'll hold up the loan approvals.

BOB

Great. Good idea.

REBECCA

Okay, thanks for the help, Bob. Next time I'll stare at YOUR tits.

She hands the file back to him, walks away. Rebecca walks over to her ASSISTANT, small, nervous, overeager, 30's.

ASSISTANT

(too wound up)

Oh there you are, Rebecca! Franklin wants to see you. *

REBECCA *

Oh, yeah? Is this about the... it's not about the Junior Partner position, they're still interviewing, right? *

ASSISTANT *

No, it isn't about that. (nodding her head "yes") *

Not that. *

REBECCA

What?

ASSISTANT

Wink. *

REBECCA

You said wink. But you didn't wink. Now I'm just confused.

ASSISTANT

(giving up)

You're getting promoted. To partner. RIGHT NOW.

Rebecca looks over at the glass walls of a conference room.
Sees TWO MEN standing there waiting for her.

REBECCA
NOW?

ASSISTANT
It's a surprise.

REBECCA
NO ONE TOLD ME.

ASSISTANT
Because SURPRISE!

REBECCA
(in a daze)
Wow. This is amazing. It's
everything I've worked for. This
job. New York. Forever and ever.
Awesome sauce.

The receptionist stares at her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
You know what? I'll be right back.

Rebecca backs up. Presses the button for the elevator.

ASSISTANT
(confused)
But...

REBECCA
Right back.

Rebecca smiles as she backs into the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR -- MORNING

The door closes. Rebecca's smile disappears.

REBECCA
This is great. This is great news.
This is amazing news. I'm so happy.
Mom's gonna be so happy. This is
what happy feels like. It's great.
Happy feels great and amazing.

EXT. BUILDING - MORNING

Rebecca races out of the building...

INT. ALLEY - MORNING

...and into the nearest alley. She runs down the alley, hiding, trying to breathe, hyperventilating.

The sounds of New York blend, a RUSHING NOISE in her ears.

She looks through her bag for her pill bottles. Her hands are shaking so badly she can't open any of them.

A beat. She closes her eyes. Folds her hands. A breath.

REBECCA

Dear God, I don't pray to you,
because I believe in science. But I
don't know what to do. Give me
guidance. Please. Amen. Ay-men? Ah-
men? Amen.

She waits. Nothing happens.

Rebecca looks up. And suddenly she sees something silhouetted against the buildings at the end of the alley:

A GIANT BILLBOARD THAT SAYS:

When was the last time you were truly happy?

*

REBECCA (CONT'D)

What a weird ad campaign.

She stares at it and notices that below the words on the billboard, an arrow points down directly to: A MAN.

Backlit, he looks like an apparition. Suddenly she realizes who it is. A handsome, jocky Asian guy in his mid-20's.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

JOSH CHANG?

Suddenly, we hear a CHORD from "I'm In Love With A Wonderful Guy," the song she was singing in her last happy moment.

Rebecca cocks an eyebrow. What was that sound?

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

Rebecca trots over to Josh.

REBECCA

JOSH!

He turns. Grown-up Josh is friendly, affable, very laid back.

JOSH

Rebecca Bunch. Oh my God.

REBECCA

Josh Fucking Chang, appearing outta nowhere after all these years.

JOSH

Yeah...

REBECCA

That is SO weird. So weird, right?
So WEIRD!

JOSH

Yeah! Haven't seen you since... you didn't come back the next summer...

REBECCA

Oh, my Mom made me do Model UN, then I got asked to do a national UN thing the summer after that so--

JOSH

You know, I always hoped I'd run into you one day. We had such a good time that summer. You probably don't even remember it...

REBECCA

I remember some... all of it.

They beam at each other.

JOSH

How ARE you? You look incredible.

REBECCA

Oh, well, I'm 112 pounds, so I should. Plus, I make a lot of money. Like, a lot. And I'm getting a big promotion at work, junior partner at a HUGE law firm, in about five minutes. They LOVE me, those guys. Like LOOOVE me.

JOSH

You sound busy, I'll let you go.

REBECCA

No, that's okay, they can wait, so... you live in New York?

JOSH
Yeah, the last five years.

REBECCA
Wow, great, we should hang out...

JOSH
Yeah, actually I'm moving.

REBECCA
Moving?

JOSH
Haven't been feeling the Big Apple
for a while, and then one day I
realized, it's so awesome back
home. So chill, so relaxed. Out
there, everyone is like... I don't
know, it's like they're....
(searches for right word)
Happy.

The word "HAPPY" reverberates in Rebecca's brain.

REBECCA
Where are you from, again?

JOSH
West Covina, California, 91791.

REBECCA
West. Covina. I remember that. It's
near the beach, right?

JOSH
Yeah, only two hours, four in
traffic. Psyched to hang, get beers
with my buds, skateboard...

REBECCA
Skateboard, fun.

JOSH
It is great to see you. Man, if I'd
known you'd turn out to be so
successful and hot...
(grins)
I let a good one get away, huh?

Just then she hears ANOTHER GORGEOUS CHORD from the song. She
cocks an eyebrow. That's weird. I keep hearing something.

REBECCA
Ha... yeah... your bad...

JOSH

Anyway, so... take care. I'll see you around, okay?

REBECCA

Sure, let's have dinner.
(realizing)
Oh, wait, we can't.

JOSH

Yeah. But hey, if you ever get out West, look me up, okay?

And now, harps and violins this time. And this time Rebecca doesn't even question it. Josh starts to walk away.

REBECCA

Yeah, um... bye...
(calling after him)
SUPER WEIRD, RIGHT?

He smiles, waves. And he's gone. As he goes, everything around him seems to glow. A penumbra of light around Josh.

The beautiful orchestra sweeeelllllls. Rebecca begins to sing along in her head. "I'm in Love With A Wonderful Guy."

In her imagination, unlike in real life, Rebecca's singing is gorgeous (not to mention, in tune.)

REBECCA (V.O.)

I'M IN LOVE...

JOSH (V.O.)

Happy... people are happy...

REBECCA (V.O.)

I'M IN LOVE...

JOSH (V.O.)

See you around... look me up...

Josh looks back one more time, waves.

REBECCA

I'M IN LOVE WITH A WONDERFUL GUY...

We push in on Rebecca's happy, glowing face. We've never seen her like this. We pull out to find we are...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

...in the conference room. The PARTNERS beam at Rebecca. The SENIOR PARTNER speaks up.

SENIOR PARTNER
Let's not beat around the bush.

*
*

REBECCA
(firm, cheerful)
Okay.

*
*
*

SENIOR PARTNER
Rebecca, you are the hardest
working young lawyer we've ever
seen. You work 24/7, have never
taken a sick day. I heard you were
in here on Christmas. We know this
job is your whole world.
(smiles)
Which is just one reason we'd like
to offer you the position of...
junior partner.

*
*

Rebecca beams at him, shakes her head, sighs. And we see a familiar look on her face. Ingrid Bergman is back.

REBECCA
Oh, Walter, that is so kind. It
means so much to me. My time here
has been... a moment in time... But
there are times when we all have to
move on to other moments in time,
and this, this is that time.

*

SENIOR PARTNER
(confused)
What?

REBECCA
Another opportunity has knocked on
my door, so I have to respectfully
decline, I'm so sorry.

SENIOR PARTNER
Is it... is it another firm?

REBECCA
It's best if we don't talk about
it. Goodbye.

SENIOR PARTNER
Wait, just tell me. Is this firm in
New York? Boston? Chicago?

REBECCA
No, Walter.

She puts her hand on his face, beatific, resolved.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
It's where dreams live.

She walks out. A beat.

SENIOR PARTNER
The fuck is she talking about?

EXT. BUILDING -- NEW YORK -- DAY

Rebecca bursts out of the office building, singing.

REBECCA
*WEST COVINAAAAAA
CALIFORNIAAAAAAAA!*

She takes a huge breath. That was a long note to hold.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
*IN MY SOUL I FEEL A FIRE/'CAUSE I'M
HEADING FOR THE PRIDE OF THE INLAND
EMPIRE./ MY LIFE'S ABOUT TO CHANGE,
OH MY GOSH/ 'CAUSE I'M HOPELESSLY,
DESPERATELY IN LOVE WITH...*

QUICK FLASH TO

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- STREET - EARLIER

To Rebecca, watching Josh walk away, then quickly BACK TO

EXT. BUILDING -- NEW YORK -- DAY

She sings out, arms in a circle.

REBECCA
WEST COVINA.....

INT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY

As musical underscoring continues, Rebecca tells her DRY CLEANER about West Covina.

REBECCA
...it's great, only two hours from
the beach, four in traffic...

EXT. HOT DOG STAND - DAY

The HOT DOG GUY half-listens while getting her a hot dog.

REBECCA
...think I could really use a
change, you know?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rebecca talks to a WOMAN who hustles change for the homeless.

REBECCA
...do you know anything about
skateboards by any chance?

CHANGE LADY
...do you have a dollar?

Rebecca hands her a dollar, then hugs her. CHANGE LADY
squirms a little. Then Rebecca sails into a cab.

INT. CAB - DAY

Rebecca looks at the DRIVER, smiles.

REBECCA
Sorry, I just had to say good-bye
to all my friends.

The cab drives away, the music swells. The cab pulls away.

EXT. WEST COVINA, CALIFORNIA - DAY

...Rebecca steps out of a different cab into WEST COVINA,
CALIFORNIA. It's the New Jersey of SoCal, a basically
unremarkable suburb.

But for Rebecca it's like Dorothy stepping into Oz.

She looks around as if it is the most magical place in the
world and begins to SING:

REBECCA
*SEE THE SPARKLE OFF THE CONCRETE
GROUND.*

She looks at the ground. It sparkles with a "Ding!"

REBECCA (CONT'D)
*HEAR THE "WHOOSH!" OF THE BUSTLING
 TOWN!*

Some BORED TEENAGERS zoom by on bikes and BORED TEENAGER #1
 knocks Rebecca to the ground. The teens HIGH-FIVE. Knocked
 over an old lady!

*
 *

As Rebecca doubles over in pain...

*

OLD WOMAN
WHAT A FEELING OF LOVE IN MY GUT.

She looks at a newspaper on the ground.

There's a picture of some kids playing in a band with the
 headline: "And The Band Did Not Play On."

REBECCA
*I'M FALLING FASTER/THAN THE MIDDLE
 SCHOOL'S MUSIC PROGRAM WAS CUT.*

EXT. APPLEBEE'S - DAY

Rebecca walks by a giant strip mall with chain restaurants.

A MOTHER waiting outside Applebee's exhales cigarette smoke
 right near her 5-year-old child's face.

REBECCA
PEOPLE DINE AT CHEZ APPLEBEE.

She passes a bus stop bench with an ad for a Cash-For-Gold
 place. In the ad, a WOMAN holds a giant wad of cash. She
 comes to life and sings backup:

CASH FOR GOLD WOMAN
AHHHH.

Rebecca looks up at a factory spewing black smoke. The smoke
 turns into a happy face.

REBECCA
AND THE SKY SEEMS TO SMILE AT ME.

She dances on another bus stop bench.

It says "Not Ready to Be a Parent?" and features a BABY. The
 baby on the ad comes to life and sings:

BABY
 AHHHHHH.

REBECCA
IT'S ALL NEW BUT I HAVE NO FEAR.

A bus passes. On the back is an ad for a Spanish-speaking law firm. The MEXICAN LAWYER comes to life and sings:

MEXICAN LAWYER
ACCIDENTES.

REBECCA
AND ALSO, BY COINCIDENCE, JOSH--

She smiles. Beat, beat.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
JUST HAPPENS TO BE HERE!

She strides over to a guy who from the back looks like Josh. She taps him on the shoulder. He turns. Not Josh. She shrugs playfully, that's okay. Onward...

INT. MALL - DAY

Rebecca walks through the West Covina mall with wonder. She walks past a costume shop.

REBECCA
WHAT A COOL LOOKING ANIME WIG!

She takes a bite of a massive pretzel.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
*AND I'VE NEVER SEEN A PRETZEL THIS
 BIG!*

She looks out of a window and sees a Crazy Girls strip club across the street.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
*IT'S MY DESTINY, THAT MUCH IS
 CLEAR.*

INT. CRAZY GIRLS STRIP CLUB - DAY

Rebecca sits at the front of the stage.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Please welcome... Destiny!

DESTINY walks out. She is a dwarf stripper. Everyone cheers.

REBECCA
*AND ALSO, THIS GUY JOSH JUST
 HAPPENS TO BE HERE.*

She looks around.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 Is he here? He's not here.

Destiny bends down for a dollar. Rebecca tucks a dollar in her cleavage.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Rebecca tours a house with a REALTOR.

REBECCA
*TO BE CLEAR, I DIDN'T MOVE HERE FOR
 JOSH I JUST NEEDED A CHANGE.*

INT. K-MART - DAY

Rebecca talks to the CHECKOUT CLERK.

REBECCA
*'CAUSE TO MOVE HERE FOR JOSH: NOW,
 THAT'D BE STRANGE...*

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Rebecca looks at the prices on cars, talks to the CAR SALESMAN. He tries to talk about cars but she interrupts.

REBECCA
*BUT DON'T GET ME WRONG: IF HE ASKED
 FOR A DATE, I WOULD TOTALLY BE
 LIKE,
 (trying too hard)
 "That sounds great!"/ DID IT SOUND
 COOL WHEN I SAID "THAT SOUNDS
 GREAT!"? HOW ABOUT NOW?
 (she puts on an even more
 desperate tone)
 "That sounds great!"*

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Rebecca has purchased a house. A HISPANIC MOVER lugs her stuff as she follows him back and forth, talking.

REBECCA
*YES, I HEARD OF WEST COVINA FROM
 JOSH.*

INT. CAR - DAY

Rebecca tests out a car. The Car Salesman in the passenger seat is clearly tired of hearing her talk.

REBECCA
*BUT I DIDN'T MOVE HERE BECAUSE OF
 JOSH.*

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Rebecca continues to talk to the mover as he closes the door on the moving truck.

REBECCA
*DO YOU GET THOSE THINGS ARE
 DIFFERENT?*

MOVER
 No hablo ingles.

REBECCA
ENTIENDES QUE SON DIFERENTES?

INT. K-MART - DAY

Rebecca turns to the people behind her in a checkout line. They clearly want her to move the fuck along.

REBECCA
*LOOK, EVERYONE, STOP GIVING ME THE
 SHAKEDOWN. I AM NOT HAVING A
 NERVOUS--*

EXT. WEST COVINA - DAY

Rebecca spins in the street, arms pinwheeling with joy.

REBECCA
WEST COVINAAAAA CALIFORNIAAAAA!!!

INT. MALL - DAY

Rebecca spins around some more.

REBECCA
WEST COVINAAAAA CALIFORNIAAAAA!

She turns a corner in the mall and everyone from the song is following her and dancing joyously a la "76 Trombones":

The car salesman, K-Mart clerk, the mover, the people from the bus ads posters, and the entire MIDDLE SCHOOL MARCHING BAND. The music turns into a Sousa-esque march.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
*HEAR THE BAND PLAYING IN MY HEART!
 MY NEW LIFE IS ABOUT TO START!
 TRUE HAPPINESS IS SO NEAR!*

As she holds a note, the music builds and the middle school band plays their hearts out. Rebecca turns to the band.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 Aw, you guys are good. Bye-bye.

PEOPLE IN SUITS walk on and brutally take the band's instruments. The kids struggle, but it's no use.

The music comes back in again, full force. Everyone goes back to being happy and sings:

REBECCA AND COMPANY
*AND ALSO, BY COINCIDENCE, SO
 RANDOM, JUST BY CHANCE, WHO'D A
 THUNK IT, SO REMARKABLE AND WEIRD,
 RIGHT? IT'S SO CRAY...*

Arms out, on her way to the finish.

REBECCA
*THAT THIS GUY JOSH..... JUST
 HAPPENS... TO BE...*

Rebecca hops on a 7 foot tall pretzel. It flies up into the air. She sits in it, like Betty Boop sitting on the moon.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
...HERE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

She takes a bite of the pretzel, covering her face in cinnamon and sugar. SONG OVER.

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

Rebecca in her new house. Very little furniture.

She is a small person in a large, empty space wearing big pajamas. She looks about eleven.

She takes out a cosmetic bag filled with pill bottles and opens each one into the disposal, emptying out the pills and grinding them to bits. She WHISTLES while she works.

Her phone rings. Mom. She picks it up.

REBECCA

Yello!

MOM

Rebecca, I just checked Facebook. You moved to California? What are you doing? I hope this isn't another stunt like your little "suicide attempt" in law school, you didn't even break your skin and you inconvenienced a lot of people, your Aunt Nancy was so upset...

Cheerfully, without saying a word, Rebecca hangs up. No time for that. She walks over, sits on the couch.

She takes a deep breath, straightens herself, her face screws up with intense concentration. She begins to text Josh. As she does, the text appears onscreen.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Hey dude! Rebecca Bunch here.
'Member you said if I was ever in SoCal I should give you a buzz?
Well, I'm here! Totes random, right? And so... Buzz! Bee emoticon.

Bee emoticon pops up.

REBECCA

Anyway, was thinking we could have dinner...
(delete delete)
Coffee...
(delete delete)
Breakfast.
(delete delete)
Whatevs. Anywho gimme me a shout...
SO WEIRD, RIGHT??? LOL.

She smiles. Good.

INT. APARTMENT -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Sitting in the same spot on the couch. Phone in her lap. She picks it up, checks it. Nothing.

INT. BATHROOM -- LATER

She brushes her teeth. Hears a sound, runs out, leaving her electric toothbrush buzzing on the sink.

INT. BEDROOM -- LATER

She runs in and checks her phone. It says: NEW DATA USAGE PLAN! SAVE 3\$/MONTH TEXT YES FOR MORE INFO!

She sits on the bed. Fuck.

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

She wakes up the next morning in the same position, clutching the phone. Looks at it. Nothing.

EXT. WEST COVINA -- DAY

Rebecca's car rides down a street in West Covina. We look through the window.

She checks her phone while driving. Nothing. She drives under a freeway overpass and parks in front of a shitty building.

EXT. LAW OFFICES -- DAY

One woman stands outside of a law office, smoking.

This is PAULA (40's, any ethnicity, still struggling to lose the baby weight from three babies). She is on Facetime with her 13-year-old SON. *

PAULA

...tell your coach if he does not start you in the game today, I'll tell everyone he tried to diddle you. Tell him that.

SON

MOM, NO--

PAULA

Hey. This is politics, this is how you play the game. You think LeBron James got where he is on talent?

SON

Yeah, I do--

She hangs up. And suddenly Paula spots something. A brand new car pulling into the parking lot. Rebecca.

Rebecca parks, checks her phone, gets out of her car, checks her phone, straightens her outfit, checks her phone. Paula watches this, curious. And from the next scene we hear:

DARRYL (O.S.)

I hope you don't mind, but I handed out copies of your resume.

INT. LAW OFFICES -- DAY

Everyone stands up to watch Rebecca and her new boss DARRYL WHITEFEATHER (50'S) walk through. Darryl is blonde, crew cut.

DARRYL

We're just so honored... and confused, frankly... to have an attorney of your caliber here.

Everyone in the office is staring at Rebecca like she's the prize pig at a fair.

REBECCA

So, Darryl WhiteFeather... That's an interesting name.

DARRYL

Yeah, I'm what they call a full one-eighth.

(off her look)

One-eighth Choctaw. That's why everyone here calls me Chief.

REBECCA

Interesting...

She checks her phone. Still nothing.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Hey, is there a problem with cell phone service in West Covina? Like some kind of mountains or... magnetic clouds?

DARRYL
No, I have Sprint. It's the bomb.

REBECCA
Okay, great.

DARRYL
Lemme show you around. *

They walk through the office.

DARRYL (CONT'D) *
So you're from New York? Spent some *
time there myself. *

REBECCA *
Oh, yeah? *

DARRYL *
Yeah, a week after college with my *
buddies. We went to ALL the best *
places. They still have that *
greaaaat pizza place downtown? De-- *
something? You know that one? *

REBECCA *
Oh, yeah, that one's... great. *

DARRYL *
We actually have some great places *
here in the 'Cov. There's a wine *
bar on Foothill, has a killer *
Reisling. And the restaurant in the *
Hilton, the chef there trained *
in... Tuscany, I believe. You ever *
heard of Branzino? *

REBECCA *
Yeah. *

DARRYL *
It's a fish. *

REBECCA *
I know. Well, I really look forward *
to everything this town has to *
offer. That's why I moved here, to *
chillax. Live the SoCal sunny *
lifestyle. *

DARRYL *
(nods)
We are only two hours away from the *
beach. Four in traffic. *

REBECCA

Exactly.

DARRYL

Feel like you and I are gonna have a lot in common. And not just the pizza and the fish.

*
*
*
*

REBECCA

(likes him)

Counting on it. So I got started, made some calls on the GenTech foreclosure in Azusa, think we can get a mediation on that by the end of the week.

*
*
*

(Darryl nods, impressed)

Also, I was wondering, what is your policy on taking breaks? I plan to take frequent breaks to go skateboarding, which I love.

DARRYL

For you? Whatever you want.

He smiles. She reaches over to a desk, grabs a few brochures for the firm.

REBECCA

...until my business cards come in, think I'll just take a few of these to show I definitely work here, in case anyone asks or is curious.

She nods, smiles. They continue through the office. Rebecca checks her texts again. Nothing.

Darryl walks Rebecca over towards Paula, who is sitting at her desk, looking at Rebecca's resume.

Paula's cubicle looks like it was decorated by a teenage girl who's going through menopause. Cutouts of Josh Hutcherson from "The Hunger Games," copies of Us Weekly and Star and a dog-eared copy of *50 Shades of Grey*.

Paula eyes Rebecca, then turns to the woman behind her. MRS. LEE (Asian, quiet. Like, really quiet.)

PAULA

I don't get it. You see this resume? What's she doing here?

Mrs. Lee shakes her head, shrugs.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Exactly. Makes no sense.

Now Rebecca reaches Paula's desk. Paula forces a smile.

DARRYL
Paula, this is Rebecca. She'll be taking Jim's old office. Paula is our head paralegal, she knows where all the bodies are buried.

REBECCA
Hello, nice to meet you.

PAULA
Yeah, ditto. Are those real
(mangling pronunciation)
Louboutins? Paula Abdul wears those. Saw her on Wendy Williams. She's gotten so skinny. Might be anorexic. You think she's anorexic, Mrs. Lee?

Mrs. Lee nods. "For sure".

PAULA (CONT'D)
Yeah. So sad. Oh, Rebecca, this is Mrs. Lee. She's our office manager.

REBECCA
Pleased to meet you.

She shakes hands with Mrs. Lee, who almost crushes her hand.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Whoa!

PAULA
Careful. She's got a strong grip. Comes from a long line of massage therapists.

DARRYL
(to Rebecca)
Let me show you to your office.

They exit. Rebecca checks her phone with her crushed hand. Paula eyeballs her, very curious.

INT. REBECCA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Rebecca's office. Everything synthetic. Fake oriental rugs, fake hunting photos. She checks her phone. Again. Nothing.

She pulls up her computer and opens it to Josh's Facebook page. On it, she sees Josh's status:

Oh, Jamba Juice, how I've missed u :)

He's tagged himself at the local Jamba Juice. A flash of inspiration. She bolts out of her chair.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

Rebecca walks quickly by Darryl.

DARRYL

We were about to have a meeting
about the--

REBECCA

Gotta run, Chief.

INT. JAMBA JUICE - DAY

Through the window we see Rebecca moving at high speed through the parking lot. She slows to a casual walk just before she enters with a hopeful, expecting-the-best face.

Looks around. Josh isn't there.

CLERK

Can I help you?

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

Dejected, Rebecca walks back into the office with a giant Jamba Juice. She goes into her office, slams the door.

INT. REBECCA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Rebecca looks on Twitter. Josh's account. 40 followers. Above a tweet like *"When you're thirsty, water is the best!! LOL"* it says, *"Hitting the mall, Cinnabon, look out!"*

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

Everyone watches Rebecca race out again.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

Rebecca walks in with a bag from Big Five, a tropical fish in a plastic bag and a Cinnabon. She walks by. Mrs. Lee gives Paula a look. "What the fuck is she doing?"

PAULA

No idea.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

Rebecca is now at the head of a conference table.

REBECCA

Claremont College is making offers
on some distressed properties--

Suddenly she sees something. Her phone, upturned on the table. A Facebook notification. JOSH CHANG IS AT BIG DREAMZ.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(rapid fire)

--so Darryl, set a conference call
with the board for Thursday, tell
them we need to discuss the lender
technicalities on foreclosed
properties and I think we're
wrapped up here, anyone else got
anything???

(no pause at all)

Okay. Gotta go. Catch you in a bit.

She springs up. On the move.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- EVENING

Huge lot, rows of minivans and SUV'S mostly. Rebecca gets out of her car. Around her, kids stream in with baseball gear.

She looks around. Where the fuck am I? She grabs a KID.

REBECCA

What is this place?

KID

It's a family sports facility.

REBECCA

What the fuck is that?

EXT. SPORTS FIELDS -- NIGHT

Rebecca looks around. Astroturf baseball diamonds everywhere. She walks around, searching. But Josh is nowhere to be seen. She stops, frustrated. Suddenly she hears something.

MUSIC from a small building in the middle of the facility.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Rebecca walks in. It's like Baby walking into the staff lounge in "Dirty Dancing." A full-blown party in progress.

MILF-Y moms and jock-y dads (all slightly past their prime) flirt, do shots and ignore their children.

Rebecca looks around. Circles the room. Josh is nowhere. Finally she flops down at the bar. Dammit. Worst day ever.

ANGLE ON:

The bartender, GREG (early 30's, handsome, an attractive bitterness behind his eyes) notices Rebecca. She looks forlorn, pretty and out of place. Irresistible. *

GREG *

You lost? The wine bar is over on Foothill. *

REBECCA *

Me? Nah, just in the mood for a little beer and a little baseball. *

GREG *

That so? Never seen you before. *

REBECCA *

Actually, I just moved to town. *

GREG *

Ah, where from? *

REBECCA *

New York City. Big Apple. *

GREG *

Seriously? That's funny. Friend of mine just moved back from New York, guy I grew up with. *

REBECCA *

Really? *

She looks closer at his face. Something familiar about it. *

Like an expert spy, she mentally scans hundreds of images, *
except they're pictures from Josh's Facebook page. *

Ding! She remembers a picture of Josh and Greg together in *
high school. Greg continues. *

GREG *
(continues) *
No way you know him, though. It's a *
big city, right? *

REBECCA *
Well, I might, you never know? *
What's his, um, name? *

GREG *
Josh Chang? *

REBECCA *
(overly fake surprised) *
What? Are you kidding? THAT'S *
CRAZY. I know him! *

GREG *
Seriously? *

REBECCA *
Yes, he's a super old friend. *

GREG *
Wow, he was JUST here. You JUST *
missed him. *

REBECCA *
HE WAS? Ahhhh, goshbedarnedit. *
(choking back frustration) *
Actually, it's a really funny *
story. What happened was, I was *
looking to relocate and was *
interested in Los Angeles because I *
love the beach, obviously. *

She couldn't be paler. He looks at her. Hmm...

REBECCA (CONT'D)
But then I was thinking Los Angeles
might be too hustle and bustle... I
mean, I've seen the movie "Blow."

He's looking at her, trying to follow.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

THEN, right after that, I run into Josh and he tells me how GREAT West Covina is and I'm like filing it away, filing it away... and then... boom... THAT SAME DAY, I get this random call from a one-eighth Choctaw who is VERY prominent in my field and he offers me a job. Here. Which is just perfect, right?

She smiles, happy with how that bullshit sounded now that she's said it out loud.

*

GREG

So you left a job in New York to live near the beach.

(she nods)

We're two hours from the beach. Four in traffic.

REBECCA

Right! And it's such an amazing place. I mean, the town motto is "Live. Work. Play."

GREG

We have a motto?

REBECCA

On the website.

GREG

We have a website?

REBECCA

Yeah, takes a few minutes to load, but very informative.

GREG

"Live, Work, Play", god, that's so West Covina. All that's missing is Shitting and Eating.

REBECCA

So I got here, reached out to Josh, but I think something's wrong with his phone or he's been in a wreck or like... maybe he lost a hand...

GREG

He probably flaked. You know Josh.

REBECCA

Yeah.

(longing, picturing Josh's
sweet, sweet face)

Yeah...

She snaps out of it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

So, anyway, do you know where he
went? Thought maybe I'd--

GREG

No, no idea. He was going out, but
didn't say where.

She looks disappointed.

GREG (CONT'D)

But, I do know where he is gonna be
tomorrow night for sure.

REBECCA

You do?

GREG

This guy Beans is throwing a big
house party, should be fun, Josh is
going, I'm going... you wanna go?

REBECCA

Sure... um, is there like a
Paperless Post that I reply to...?

GREG

Why don't we just go together?

She smiles at him, beaming.

REBECCA

I would LOVE that. Thank you.

We zoom in on Rebecca's ecstatic, smiling face.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

A party. A big party.

Greg keeps talking.

GREG

(looking at her boobs)
You have a really pretty smile....

But she's gone into her head. His voice is fading out, replaced with SEXY R&B UNDERSCORING.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

UNDERSCORING CONTINUES as

Rebecca walks into the main part of the office, still on cloud nine. She walks over to Paula's desk, grinning.

REBECCA

Hey, Paula, could you file these permits with the city?

PAULA

You're in a good mood.

REBECCA

Sometimes things just have a way of working out, right?

PAULA

Nope.

Paula looks over at Mrs. Lee who shakes her head, "Nah-ah".

REBECCA

Well, then I feel sorry for you. Have a great weekend, ladies!

She skips out. As she goes we see Paula eyeing the door to Rebecca's office. Verrrrrry curious.

PAULA

Hmm. What is she up to?

And now the SEXY MUSIC is building.

INT. REBECCA'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

Soft lighting. A late 90's style R&B song begins. Rebecca wears a kimono and sexily walks towards the bathroom.

REBECCA

Hey Josh. I wanna look good for you tonight. So now, it's time to get in touch with my feminine side.

She throws open the bathroom door.

INT. SEXY BATHROOM -- EVENING

The bathroom is softly lit, candles all over.

REBECCA

*IT'S THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.
THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.
PRIMPIN' AND PLUCKIN'
BRUSHIN' AND RUBBIN'
THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.*

INT. BACK AT THE OFFICE -- EVENING

Paula walks into Rebecca's office, trailed by Mrs. Lee who looks at her disapprovingly. "Don't snoop."

Paula gives her a look like, "Step off, Bitch."

Mrs. Lee looks at her, "Fine, I'm out." She leaves. Paula sits at Rebecca's computer. Snooping. Her eyes widen.

INT. REGULAR BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Rebecca enters the bathroom which is realistically lit with harsh, unforgiving lighting.

REBECCA (V.O.)

*FIRST I MAKE EVERYTHING SHINY AND
SMOOTH.*

BACKUP SINGERS (V.O.)

OH YEAH.

Rebecca plucks her eyebrows, wincing with each pluck. They are puffy and red.

REBECCA (V.O.)

*'CAUSE I WANT MY BODY TO BE SO SOFT
FOR YOU.*

In the bathtub, she violently exfoliates the heels of her feet. Dead skin everywhere.

BACKUP SINGERS (V.O.)

BYE-BYE, SKIN.

REBECCA (V.O.)

*AND BOY I KNOW YOU LIKE AN
HOURGLASS SILHOUETTE.*

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jump cuts:

-Rebecca puts on Spanx, trying to get rid of the natural, very slight bump of her stomach.

-She throws on tights over the Spanx. There is still a bump in her stomach.

-She duct tapes the tights over the Spanx. It still doesn't work. She looks in the mirror and SCREAMS in frustration.

BACKUP SINGERS (V.O.)
DUCT TAPE OVER SPANX.

INT. REGULAR BATHROOM -- NIGHT

REBECCA (V.O.)
*THEN THE FINISHING TOUCH TO MAKE
THIS A NIGHT YOU'LL NEVER FORGET.*

Rebecca counts to three, steels herself, then waxes her butthole. The pain is horrific.

INT. SEXY BATHROOM -- NIGHT

REBECCA
Let's see what the guys are up to!

INT. GREG'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Music cuts out. Greg eats a burger and watches TV.

INT. SEXY BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Music back in. Rebecca and BACKUP DANCERS wear Spanx and dance. One of the dancers wears Crest whitening strips, the other has bleach on her lip.

REBECCA AND GIRLS
*IT'S THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.
THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.*

The girls do a graceful dance move in which they lift their legs. Then they shave their pubes.

REBECCA AND GIRLS (CONT'D)
*FLUFFIN' AND FLOUNCIN'
GIGGLIN' AND LADY-IN'*

Under those four words, quick cuts of Rebecca:

-Putting eyeliner on her tear line by turning her lower eyelid inside out.

-Accidentally burning her neck with a curling iron.

-Rubbing Veet on her nipple hair.

-Right after the waxing shot, she puts her hand to her butthole to realize that it's bleeding profusely.

REBECCA AND GIRL
THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.

And just then a funky bass kicks in and SNOOP LION appears.

SNOOP LION
GIRL YOU KNOW I LIKE IT WHEN YOU
WEAR THAT DRESS AND...

He looks around, sees the blood, the gore, the skin.

SNOOP LION (CONT'D)
Oh God, this is what you do to get
ready, girl? This is horrifying.
Like a horror movie. This is some
nasty patriarchal bullshit... Oh
god, is that ass blood? You know
what? I gotta go, say sorry to
some bitches. Snoop Lion out.

Snoop Lion exits, forever changed from what he has just seen.
The girls go back to dancing, doing body rolls.

REBECCA AND GIRLS
IT'S THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.
THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.
IT'S THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.
BODY ROLLS ARE REALLY HARD.
THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG...

The music continues...

EXT. APARTMENT -- EVENING

...playing over a beautiful night in the Cov. Greg leans
against his Toyota waiting for Rebecca.

She walks out of her building. She looks AMAZING. Whatever
she did fucking WORKED. Greg stares at her. Music STOPS.

GREG
You look... amazing.

REBECCA
Oh, I totally just woke up from a
nap.

EXT. CAR -- NIGHT

They get in the car and pull away.

GREG (O.S.)
Is that blood?

REBECCA (O.S.)
Huh? No.

From the next scene we hear MUSIC from the party.

INT. PARTY -- NIGHT

Rebecca and Greg hold beers. He's got his arm on the wall
over her in that way guys do.

REBECCA
Great party. It's weird, I haven't
seen Josh yet...

GREG
...yeah, dunno... anyway, business
school takes a while, especially
online, but I think I'll get my
degree soon...

Rebecca's pretending to talk to him, but actually she's
scanning the room for Josh.

GREG (CONT'D)
Sorry, am I boring you?

REBECCA
(still looking around)
What? Oh, no. Tell me more about...

He surprises her by leaning in to kiss her. She's a little
startled but covers.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Let's go outside. See what's going
on there.

OUTSIDE

They kiss as Rebecca's eyes search the yard. No Josh.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I'm cold. Let's go inside.

INT. DEN -- NIGHT

Kissing and scanning. No Josh.

REBECCA
I'm hungry. You hungry?

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Kissing, scanning, kissing, scanning. No Josh. GODDAMMIT.

GREG
Is something wrong?

REBECCA
No.
("sexy")
Let's find a bedroom.

She leads him from BEDROOM #1 to BEDROOM #2 to BEDROOM #3.

At this point, she's basically slamming her mouth into his, then dragging him out of the room.

No sign of Josh, anywhere. Finally she flops down on the bed in the third bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Greg sits next to her.

GREG
This room work for you?

REBECCA
Yeah, it's fine. God, it's so weird, you said Josh might be here, have you heard from him?

GREG
No, I... oh wait, yeah, sorry, I
texted with him this morning.

Her eyes go wide.

GREG (CONT'D)

Said he couldn't make the party,
going to his girlfriend's sister's
quincinera.

She stares at him. The word "GIRLFRIEND" reverberates in her ears. The bottom of the world falling out.

REBECCA

Oh, he has a girlfriend, weird.
Facebook says he's single and his
interests include: women.

GREG

Wait. Are you guys... like, are you
into Josh? Is that the deal?
Because he and I are friends and...
(getting up)
Maybe we should just get back to
the party.

Rebecca reaches up and pulls him back, firmly. She laughs.

REBECCA

Into Josh? That's crazy. C'mere,
Crazy.

She kisses him. Pretty passionately.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Honestly, we had this really brief
thing I barely remember and it was
SO long ago...

She unbuttons Greg's shirt now, the kissing getting hotter.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

He's not my type, speaking of
types, what type's his girlfriend?

GREG

I don't know, I...

He goes to get up again, but Rebecca unzips his pants.

REBECCA

Come on, now... where you going?

She kisses him again. Then she reaches into his pants. He reacts, turned on, though a little discomfited too.

But Rebecca just keeps the "passion" going. She starts giving him a hand job. He is helpless. He responds.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Does this feel good?

GREG
Yeah, yeah...

Beat. Rebecca keeps diligently working on him.

REBECCA
So did Josh just meet this girl or--
Greg is torn. Into the handjob, yet thrown by the questions.

GREG
No, they dated in high school...
Things intensify for Greg. Rebecca keeps going, skilled, efficient.

GREG (CONT'D)
He moved... back... for... her.
Another death blow. Rebecca is DEVASTATED. Tearing up.

REBECCA
Oh, yeah? That's cool...
To cover her tears, she dips down to blow him. He tries to enjoy it, but it's bothering him. He pulls her up. *

GREG
All right, I can't believe I'm stopping you, because I need this really bad, but while I don't know much, I do know it's not a good idea to get a blowjob from a girl with tears streaming down her face. *

Rebecca surfaces, wiping away tears. *

REBECCA
What do you mean? I'm fine. *

GREG
Nah, you're not. *

He puts his hands on her shoulders, tenderly. *

GREG (CONT'D)
Whatever it is, you should go home. Get some rest. Feel better, okay? *

She nods. Okay. *

GREG (CONT'D) *
Like, maybe go right now. *

She looks at him. Why? *

GREG (CONT'D) *
Because I really need to jerk off. *

She nods. Good point. *

INT. PARTY -- NIGHT *

Rebecca walks out of the room, devastated. The merriment
around her only underscores her loneliness. *

Just then, something distracts her. Paula, making a beeline
for her. *

As she walks across the party, Paula picks her way through
the PARTY GUESTS dancing, smoking weed, kissing, humping.

Paula is horrified and titillated at the same time. Rebecca
moves, hoping Paula doesn't see her, but Paula is
surprisingly agile. Paula catches up and accosts Rebecca.

REBECCA *
What are you doing here? *

PAULA *
What am I doing here? You think you
can fool ME? *

Rebecca pulls Paula outside. *

EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT *

Rebecca and Paula walk out onto the front lawn.

REBECCA *
What the hell, Paula?!

PAULA
I know the truth, Miss SnootyShoes.

REBECCA
Huh?

PAULA
Josh. Josh josh josh josh josh.
Joshjoshjoshjoshjosh.

REBECCA

What do you know about Josh?

PAULA

I know you check his Facebook eighty times a day, you stalk his Instagram and you've been googling phrases like "do love potions work?" and "do Tauruses and Leos have compatible biorhythms?" You moved here for HIM.

REBECCA

Have you been going through my computer? I could have you fired. And it's none of your business but if you must know, Josh is an old friend. I was searching for him online because I'm new in town and he's the only person I know.

*
*
*
*
*

Paula gives her a look. Eye-rolling.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Oh, come on, what you're saying... that is crazy... you're saying I just uprooted my entire life, left behind a job that paid me 845,000 thousand dollars...

Paula gasps.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

True story. You're saying I did all that and basically lit my Harvard degrees on fire... for some boy I dated for two months when I was 16?

It starts to dawn on her. That this is, in fact, what she's done. She starts to lose her momentum, unraveling.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

That doesn't make any sense...

She looks around, for a second aware of where she is. Outside a random party in a city that until last week, she had never heard of.

And now, finally, she starts to crumble. Lip trembling, eyes overflowing. She tries to hold it together.

But without hesitation, Paula opens her arms, maternal. Rebecca can't help it. She dissolves into the hug, sobbing.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I mean, who does that...

Paula holds her tight. A rock.

PAULA
I'll tell you who. A person who
follows her heart.

They separate. Paula holds her by the shoulders. A pep talk.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Someone who knows that finding your
soul mate is more important than
worldly concerns. Someone who would
go to any lengths for true love. A
genuine romantic. That's who you
are, Rebecca Bunch. And I, for one,
admire the hell out of you.

Rebecca wipes her eyes, still not wanting to admit this.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Look, I get it, it's a secret. I
won't tell a soul. Especially not
Mrs. Lee, you know what a
BLABBERMOUTH she is. But you can
confide in me, I swear. I'll help
you. If you need me, I am DTS.
(off Rebecca's look)
Down. To. Stalk. We can win this
thing. We won't let what happened
to Justin and Selena happen to you,
I swear.

Rebecca sighs, defeated...

REBECCA
Look, even if everything you're
saying is true, it doesn't matter
because Josh has a girlfriend. A
GIRLFRIEND.

Paula recoils like she just heard she has a week to live.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
YES. And also because I texted him
46 hours ago and haven't heard
ANYTHING. AT ALL.

Paula looks at her. At the naked pain.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 So even if I did care about Josh
 Chang, it wouldn't matter, because
 clearly he doesn't care about me.

PAULA
 No. That's not true. You just have
 to believe. Can you do that?

Rebecca shakes her head. No.

PAULA (CONT'D)
 Yes, you can.
 (Rebecca shakes her head)
 Yes, you can.
 (another head shake)
 YES YOU CAN! SAY IT.

REBECCA
 I believe.

PAULA
 LOUDER.

At this, we see two PEOPLE walk by them on the lawn. At the
 two crazy bitches yelling at each other.

PAULA (CONT'D)
 SAY IT.

REBECCA
I BELIEVE!!!!

At that exact moment, a miracle. A **CHIME FROM REBECCA'S
 PHONE**. A TEXT MESSAGE. She and Paula exchange a look.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 Probably just... AT&T...

AND NOW TIME SLOWS DOWN. Paula watches Rebecca. Slowly,
 Rebecca picks up the phone. Can't bring herself to read the
 message. She flips it around to show to Paula.

SLOW MOTION STOPS.

PAULA
 (reading aloud)
Wanna grab dinner? Smiley face.

REBECCA
 IS THERE REALLY A SMILEY FACE???

PAULA
 THERE'S A SMILEY FACE.

HOLY FUCKING SHIT.

Touchdown, home run, Oscar. Rebecca and Paula jump into each other arms, ecstatic.

Finally they separate. Rebecca, joyful, begins to sing. A reprise. The West Covina song.

REBECCA
*SEE THE BLOOD RUSHING TO MY CHEEKS.
 HEAR THE SIGH AS I TRY TO SPEAK...*
 (a key up)
WEST COVINA...

She looks at Paula. Who smiles. THEN, outta nowhere Paula opens her mouth to sing.

And she blows us away. A strong, powerful, soulful voice, Broadway belter meets Aretha Franklin.

PAULA
WEST COVINA...

Rebecca's eyes widen. Can't believe it. The first real moment of friendship in Rebecca's entire life. They SOAR together.

REBECCA
CALIFORNIA...

PAULA
THAT'S WHERE WE ARE.

They sing in counterpoint:

REBECCA
*I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENS
 NEXT.
 BUT ALL ROADS POINT TO THIS
 MAGICAL TEXT.
 IT'S TIME TO KICK IT INTO
 HIGH*

PAULA
*BELLA AND EDWARD, CARRIE AND
 BIG,
 HARRY AND SALLY, JULIA
 ROBERTS AND RICHARD*

REBECCA AND PAULA
GEAR/GERE.

And from the crescendo, a quieter, sweet acapella harmony:

REBECCA AND PAULA (CONT'D)
*YES, ALSO, BY COINCIDENCE, SO
 RANDOM, JUST BY CHANCE, WHO'D A
 THUNK IT, SO REMARKABLE AND WEIRD,
 RIGHT? IT'S SO CRAY... THAT THIS
 GUY JOSH JUST HAPPENS TO BE...*

A breathless moment of union.

Suddenly Rebecca spots something in the sky. She points.
Paula looks.

They look up at the stars. Where they both see something
unmistakable. The stars have re-arranged to spell out:

JOSH.

From the stars, we reverse. We look down at the street below,
at Rebecca and Paula, arm in arm in amazement, looking at
their sign from above.

As the orchestra plays the last note, we fly further and
further away until Rebecca and Paula are just tiny specks.

Two tiny specks in a beautiful land called West Covina.

FADE OUT