

CRAZY EX-GIRLFRIEND

Pilot Episode

"West Covina"

Written by

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CW Rewrite

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ACT 1

OVER BLACK WE HEAR THE STRAINS OF A SHOW TUNE

FADE IN

INT. AUDITORIUM -- CAMP CANYON GROVE -- DAY

The theater of a summer camp. Hand painted sets, vintage costumes.

A row of 16-year-olds perform "I'm In Love With A Wonderful Guy" from *South Pacific*.

CAMP CHORUS

*FLATLY I'LL STAND ON MY LITTLE FLAT
FEET AND SAY/ LOVE IS A GRAND AND A
BEAUTIFUL THING!/ I'M NOT ASHAMED
TO REVEAL/ THE WORLD FAMOUS FEELIN'
I FEEL...*

We focus on a girl in the chorus: REBECCA BUNCH, 16, awkward, not quite grown into her skin. She is very enthusiastic about her small role.

Rebecca throws a look into the wings.

ANGLE ON: A jocky Asian teenager working backstage. This is JOSH CHAN, also 16.

Rebecca winks. Josh gives a half-smile and a little bro wave.

CAMP CHORUS (CONT'D)

*...I'M AS CORNY AS KANSAS IN
AUGUST/HIGH AS A FLAG ON THE FOURTH
OF JULY...*

Rebecca looks for someone else, this time in the audience.

We move across a row of eager parents snapping photos to find one woman, arms folded, judgmental, annoyed to be there.

This is Rebecca's mother, JANICE BUNCH, 30's, ex-housewife, now divorced, living in an apartment, keeps busy by being bitter.

Rebecca makes eye contact with her. Smiles. Janice's expression does not change.

GIRL PLAYING NELLIE

*IF YOU'LL EXCUSE AN EXPRESSION I
USE/I'M IN LOVE/ I'M IN LOVE, I'M
IN LOVE (etc)...*

Finally, Rebecca has a line. She sings with excessive gusto, out of tune. Janice flinches.

REBECCA
SHE'S IN LOVE!

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

INT. AUDITORIUM -- LATER

Rebecca emerges from backstage, out of costume, looking even younger and more vulnerable.

She looks around eagerly until she spots Josh, standing with his friendly-faced parents who are dotting on him.

Rebecca walks over, beaming.

REBECCA
You must be Mr. and Mrs. Chan, so wonderful to finally meet you.

She hooks her arm through Josh's.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I have to tell you, Josh has been a dynamo this summer. Color war champion, Tidiest Bunk three weeks in a row and then slinging the props back stage. You know, technical theater is so important. I always say if it weren't for the the people behind the scenes, we talent would be on stage, naked, in the dark. I always say that.

Josh looks at his parents, completely confused. They speak English, but not whatever language Rebecca just spoke in.

JOSH
(to his parents)
I'll explain all of that later.
(to Rebecca)
Can I talk to you for a sec?

REBECCA
Sure.
(looking around)
Where is my Mom? I wonder if she has flowers. Do you think she knows it's customary to give flowers after a performance?

JOSH

I don't know, So, um, Rebecca,
since this is the last day of camp--

At this, Rebecca turns to Josh with an Ingrid Bergman smile.

REBECCA

Yes. Yes, it is. Where does the
time go?

(sighs)

Oh, Josh Chan, Josh Chan, my lil'
Josh Chan, Session B has been a
whirlwind and you... you've been my
rock. And you've awakened my sexual
being for the first time.

JOSH

It has been a great summer, but--

Just then Rebecca spots her mother. No flowers. Her mother
taps her watch. Time to go.

Rebecca holds up a finger. ONE MINUTE.

REBECCA

So let's talk schedule. I can use
my dad's frequent flyer miles to
visit you during Yom Kippur break--

JOSH

--what I was gonna say was, um, I
got a lot of commitments coming up.
Fall soccer, lacrosse, baseball,
spring soccer.

She nods, not getting the gist of this at all.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Also, I just think we're really
different. You're like... um,
really dramatic and like, weird?
Maybe we should take a break...

REBECCA

But... but I love you.

(whispering)

I put it in my mouth.

Just then Janice walks over to her, really annoyed.

JANICE

What's going on? Time to go. I'm
not going to just wait around like
I'm your chauffeur, Miss Daisy.

REBECCA

Mother, hold on. Conversation in progress.

JOSH

That's okay, I gotta go.

REBECCA

No, no. You don't gotta go. SHE gotta go.

JOSH

You're a great kid. Take care.

He walks away. She stands there, stunned.

REBECCA

What? What is he talking about--
(shouts after him)
I'm not a kid. WE'RE THE SAME
@#%\$%ING AGE! Josh! Wait!

She stands there a moment, blown to bits. Looks over. Her mother is staring at her.

JANICE

Did you have sex with that boy?

REBECCA

What? No.

JANICE

Because I'm going to check your underwear when we get home.

REBECCA

OH MY GOD. Ew. Can we just go?

They start to walk away.

JANICE

...well, I hope you got this whole thing out of your system. I never got to do things like this as a kid, in the summers I worked, in a shoe store, touching feet. This was your father's gift to you because he feels guilty about leaving us for that whore, but next year, it's all about Model UN.

They exit, passing the Chans on their way out, happily ensconced with Josh. Mr. and Mrs. Chan wave goodbye. Rebecca waves wanly, looking at them with longing.

JANICE (CONT'D)

We need to think about your future.
Your real future. I made a lot of
sacrifices for you and it wasn't
for this baloney...

As Janice continues ranting, we push in on Rebecca's face.
MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- NYC -- MORNING

REBECCA'S FACE. Tired, staring into space. Janice's voice
continues.

JANICE

...anyway, did you win the Corcoran
case? You want that promotion, it's
very important, it's what we've
been working so hard for. I've said
that a MILLION times...

Rebecca opens her mouth, pulls out her retainer. Title up:
TEN YEARS LATER.

JANICE (CONT'D)

..but I guess you don't care what I
think. I'm sure you told your
father and the WHORE at Tucker's
7th birthday party, anyway, I gotta
go. Today the dermatologist is
telling me if it's cancer. Bye.

INSERT: an iPhone. The screen says: MOM. The call is on
speaker. Rebecca's hand reaches into screen and hangs up.

We widen to see grown up Rebecca's apartment. Pre-furnished
and lonely. No curtains, no wall-coverings, no one bothered.
The TV crackles in the background. Rebecca is in an unmade
bed, facing away from us.

On Rebecca's night stand is a vibrator, an empty bottle of
dessert wine and a row of prescription meds.

In the bed is: a half-eaten pastrami sandwich, a stretched
out bra and her computer, nestled where a person might go.

She looks over at the computer which is open to a dating
profile with a forced smile photo of Rebecca, the rest of it
blank. She closes the page, revealing a medical site: "How
long can a person go without sleep?"

Then she hears angelic music, looks over at the television.
On the screen, an ad. A dreamy blue sky.

VOICEOVER
*Silky ribbons of butter with only
 90 calories an ounce...*

A giant knife spreads butter on a bagel.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)
*What are you waiting for? Spread
 it... Indulge... Ask yourself...
When was the last time you were
 truly happy?*

Rebecca stares at the ad, head to the side, like a dog that's heard a funny noise. And from the next scene we hear:

REBECCA (O.S.)
 Thank you for meeting me so
 early...

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

A Midtown diner near Rebecca's office. She has pulled herself together. Hair neat, fitted dress, very professional look.

REBECCA
 ...I know breakfast is weird for a
 date, my schedule is just--

Rebecca is sitting across from a Tinder DATE, late 20's, pleasant-looking. They have just finished breakfast.

DATE
 Hey. I'm just happy you look like
 your photo.

REBECCA
 --oh I know, a rarity on Tinder. I
 had a date with a guy who posted a
 picture of a panda and then he was
 most assuredly NOT a panda.

DATE
 Oh, that's funny. That's a funny
 story. You're funny.

REBECCA
 Thanks!

He looks at her with a romantic spark in his eye.

DATE

You know what, this was great, why don't we just blow off work today, rent a Zipcar, go to, I don't know, Six Flags--

REBECCA

Oh, wow, that sounds really fun... but I can't. I have work to do. And this WAS great, so let's do this again soon.

He crosses his arms, glowering. Beat.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

So, what else you got going on today?

He says nothing.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Look, I'm really sorry--

DATE

No, it's fine, I just carved my heart out and put it on the table, and you were just like, "Waiter, I didn't order this gross heart."

REBECCA

I can't blow off work--

He takes cash out of his wallet, drops it on the table.

DATE

Here. I am nothing if not a gentleman.

(exits, turns back)

Oh, and a word of advice? If you're gonna be such a bitch to guys, lose a little weight.

He walks out. Rebecca picks up the money.

REBECCA

This is two dollars.

INT. LAW OFFICES -- MORNING

Rebecca strides briskly into the office towards her ASSISTANT, nervous, overeager, 30's. They walk through the office together.

REBECCA
 Morning. Have the guys from
 Corcoran called back about the loan
 approval yet?

No answer. Rebecca looks up. Her assistant is beaming.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 What? What's wrong?

ASSISTANT
 (too wound up)
 Laura wants to see you.

REBECCA
 Oh God, why?

ASSISTANT
 (giving up)
 You're getting promoted. To
 partner. RIGHT NOW.

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

REBECCA
 NOW?

ASSISTANT
 It's a surprise.

REBECCA
 Wow! This is so great! This is
 fantastic, RIGHT? I mean, this is
 just objectively fantastic-- Like,
 on paper fantastic, right?

All of a sudden she freezes. Seeing an ad on the back of the
 magazine the assistant was reading.

When was the last time you were truly happy?

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. I just need to get a
 smoothie.

ASSISTANT
 Where are you--

REBECCA
 Didn't eat breakfast. Need a little
 quick protein--

EXT. BUILDING -- MORNING

Rebecca strides away from the building...

REBECCA

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

She runs into the nearest alley, hiding, trying to breathe. The sounds of New York blend, a RUSHING NOISE in her ears.

She takes a pill bottle out of her jacket. Her hands are shaking so badly she can't open any of them. She stops. Takes a deep breath.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

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. Please!

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. Below the billboard is an old sign that says "Outdoor" with an arrow.

The sign loosens and falls. The arrow now 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 CHAN?

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 Chan, appearing outta nowhere after ten years.

JOSH

Wow...

REBECCA

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

JOSH

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

REBECCA

I remember some... all of it. I remember all of it. Of course I do!

They beam at each other. From the next scene we hear Josh.

JOSH (O.S.)

Are you sure you have time for coffee?

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

The same Midtown diner she was at earlier. Rebecca fires off an email, thumbs flying at the speed of light.

REBECCA

Oh yeah, yeah. I am just telling my assistant to chill out, I'll get there when I get there.

We see the text: SO SORRY!!!! RACING OVER.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

So great to see you. How are you?
How are your parents? They were so
adorable.

JOSH

Oh they're great. The same.

REBECCA

Mine too, my mother is still awful,
though she might have cancer so--

She puts up her hands, fingers crossed.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

So... you live in New York?

JOSH

Yeah, for the last year or so.

REBECCA

I can't believe that. I had no idea
you were here, we could have been
hanging out...

Now her phone RINGS. She presses ignore.

JOSH

Yeah, we totally could've been.

REBECCA

So let's carpe that diem. The firm
gave me tickets to the premiere of
Rigoletto on Thursday--

JOSH

Oh, man, I love plays but I'm...
this is kinda weird, I'm actually
moving, like, this week.

REBECCA

New apartment, cool--

She gets another TEXT. Ignores it.

JOSH

No, I'm actually moving back home.

REBECCA

What?

JOSH

Yeah, I have been trying to make it work here in the Big Apple and it's been so tough, then one day I realized, why get stuck in a rat race. I mean, what's the point, right?

We see this land on her. And now another text and another. She finally turns off the phone completely.

REBECCA

I'm sorry, ignore that. You were saying--

JOSH

Thing is, 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

Happy... 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 kick back, get beers with my buds, skateboard...

REBECCA

Skating on boards, fun.

JOSH

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

She stares at him.

JOSH (CONT'D)

We really did have a lot of fun that summer, didn't we?

REBECCA

Yeah, I was so... what's the word...

They are smiling at each other. And just then she hears a pounding. She looks up.

Her ASSISTANT is standing in the window, frantic, gesturing. LET'S GO, GOTTA GO.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

All right, I guess I gotta go, but let's get a drink one night.

JOSH

Yeah!
(realizes)
Oh, wait, I'm moving.

REBECCA

Oh, right.

JOSH

But if you ever get out West, look me up, okay? Here's my number.

He grabs her phone, types it in.

REBECCA

Yeah, yeah, I'll do that... that would be great.

He stands up, smiles at her. A beat. And then he walks out of her life. She watches him go. Now the world seems to change. It's glowing.

The orchestra sweeeelllllls. We hear the camp chorus singing.

CAMP CHORUS (V.O.)

I'M IN LOVE...

JOSH (V.O.)

Happy... people are happy...

CAMP CHORUS (V.O.)

I'M IN LOVE...

JOSH (V.O.)

Look me up, okay...

In the window, Josh looks back in at her, waves.

CAMP CHORUS

I'M IN LOVE WITH A WONDERFUL...

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.

SENIOR PARTNER

Rebecca, you are the hardest working young lawyer we've ever seen. You work 24/7, have never taken a sick day. We know this job is your whole world.

(smiles)

These are just some of the reasons we'd like to offer you the position of... Junior Partner.

Rebecca beams at the Senior Partner, shakes her head, sighs. We see a familiar look on her face. Ingrid Bergman is back.

REBECCA

Laura, you are so kind. Thank you. You know, time is a funny thing... Sometimes time itself tells you it's time to move on to other moments in time... And when that time arrives you can't really predict it or explain it, you just have to obey the ticking clock that is destiny. And I think that this is that time.

SENIOR PARTNER

What?

REBECCA

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

PARTNER #1

Is it another firm?

REBECCA

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

SENIOR PARTNER

Wait, just tell me. Is it Cromwell?

REBECCA

No, it's not in New York.

SENIOR PARTNER
Boston? Chicago?

REBECCA
No, Laura.

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

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

She walks out. A beat.

SENIOR PARTNER
The BLEEP 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. She begins striding down the street. She takes off her blazer and hands it to a PASSERBY.

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/*

She stands in front of a sign that says "Goulash," blocking out the middle part so it reads, "Gosh". She continues.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
*'CAUSE I'M HOPELESSLY, DESPERATELY
IN LOVE WITH...*

She stops. A sign above her reads: Jo's Fish, but Rebecca is blocking the letters so they read: "Josh". Rebecca shakes the Josh out of her head and continues.

She sings out, arms in a circle.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
WEST COVINA.....

EXT. WEST COVINA, CALIFORNIA -- DAY

Rebecca steps out of a 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.

As Rebecca doubles over in pain...

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

EXT. MALL -- DAY

Rebecca walks through the outdoor mall.

REBECCA
PEOPLE DINE AT CHEZ APPLEBEE.

She passes an ad for a Cash-For-Gold place. In the ad, a WOMAN holds a giant wad of cash. She sings.

CASH-FOR-GOLD WOMAN
AHHHH.

REBECCA
AND THE SKY SEEMS TO SMILE AT ME.

She passes another poster: "Not Ready to Be a Parent?". It features a BABY which comes to life and sings:

BABY
AHHHHHH.

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

Now she sees an ad for a Spanish-speaking law firm on the side of the bus. 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 primps herself, walks over, taps him on the shoulder. He turns. Not Josh.

She sags a moment, then shrugs it off playfully, that's okay. Onward...

EXT. MALL -- ANIME WIG KIOSK -- DAY

Rebecca glides through the outdoor mall with wonder with a WOMAN wearing an anime wig.

REBECCA
WHAT A COOL LOOKING ANIME WIG!

A GUY holds a massive pretzel.

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

She looks over and sees a sign indicating a STRIP CLUB.

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

INT. STRIP CLUB -- DAY

Rebecca sits at the front of the stage.

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

DESTINY walks out. She is a 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.

INT. TOWNHOUSE -- DAY

Rebecca tours a townhouse with a REALTOR.

REBECCA
*TO BE CLEAR, I DIDN'T MOVE HERE FOR
JOSH I JUST NEEDED A CHANGE/' CAUSE
TO MOVE HERE FOR JOSH: NOW, THAT'D
BE STRANGE...*

EXT. MALL -- PRETZEL STAND KIOSK -- DAY

Rebecca is talking to the PRETZEL KIOSK OWNER.

REBECCA
*BUT DON'T GET ME WRONG: IF HE ASKED
FOR A DATE, I WOULD TOTALLY BE
LIKE,
(trying too hard)
"That sounds great!"*

INT. STRIP CLUB -- DAY

Rebecca asks the STRIPPER for advice.

REBECCA
*DID IT SOUND COOL WHEN I SAID "THAT
SOUNDS GREAT!"? HOW ABOUT NOW?*

EXT. MALL -- ANIME WIG KIOSK -- DAY

Rebecca is now wearing the anime wig.

REBECCA
HOW ABOUT NOW?
 (she puts on an even more
 desperate tone)
 "That sounds great!"

INT. STRIP CLUB -- DAY

Destiny bends down for a dollar. Rebecca tucks a dollar into Destiny's cleavage.

REBECCA
YES, I HEARD OF WEST COVINA FROM
JOSH

INT. TOWNHOUSE -- DAY

Rebecca moves in. A HISPANIC MOVER lugs her stuff as she follows him back and forth, talking.

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

Rebecca continues to talk to the mover who ignores her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
DO YOU GET THOSE THINGS ARE
DIFFERENT?

MOVER
 No hablo ingles.

REBECCA
ENTIENDES QUE SON DIFERENTES?

EXT. MALL -- PRETZEL STAND KIOSK -- DAY

Rebecca continues talking to the PRETZEL VENDOR. There's a line of people behind her.

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

EXT. MALL -- DAY

Rebecca in front of the mall, arms pinwheeling with joy.

REBECCA
WEST COVINAAAAA CALIFORNIAAAAA!!!

As she continues to spin, everyone from the song bursts out of the mall -- the stripper, the wig kiosk owner, pretzel vendor, the realtor, the people from the ad posters, and the entire MIDDLE SCHOOL MARCHING BAND.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
WEST COVINAAAAA CALIFORNIAAAAA!

Now everyone joins together and forms a line. Everyone from the song is dancing joyously a la "76 Trombones":

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!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
 (spoken)
 Only two hours from the beach!

SONG OVER.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

Rebecca in her new place. Very little furniture. She is a small person in a large 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 in the kitchen area, grinding them to bits. She WHISTLES while she works.

Her phone rings. Mom. She picks it up.

REBECCA

Yello!

JANICE (O.S.)

Rebecca, I just checked the 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...

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... Buzz! Bee emoticon.
 (bee emoticon pops up)
 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. BATHROOM -- LATER

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

INT. TOWNHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

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 couch. Fuck.

INT. TOWNHOUSE -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Laying on the couch. Phone in her lap. She picks it up, checks it. Nothing.

THE NEXT MORNING

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

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. WHITEFEATHER LAW OFFICES -- MORNING

The offices of Whitefeather and Associates. Everyone is staring at Rebecca, who is standing with DARRYL WHITEFEATHER.

DARRYL
We're just so honored... and
confused, frankly... to have an
attorney of your caliber here...
Stephanie, your emotional support
cat got out again.

Distant MEOW sound. Meanwhile, 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
Oh, I'm what they call a full one-
eighth.

(MORE)

DARRYL (CONT'D)

(off her look)

One-eighth Chippewa. That's why everyone around here calls me "Chief."

REBECCA

Oh, got it. Hey, I have a question. Is there a problem with cell phone service in West Covina? Like some kind of mountains or... magnetic clouds?

DARRYL

I've got Sprint and it's "da BOMB." Sorry, I've got kids.

REBECCA

Right--

DARRYL

But I am divorced.

REBECCA

Oh, sorry.

DARRYL

(overly touched)

Thank you. I don't like to talk about it.

REBECCA

Okay, we don't have to.

DARRYL

It's been very painful.

REBECCA

Sorry.

DARRYL

Thank you for that.

An ASSISTANT comes over with a clipboard.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Just a few things for you to sign. Make it official. Sign your life away.

REBECCA

That's what being a lawyer is, right?

DARRYL
Or being married.

REBECCA
Aww.

DARRYL
I don't wanna talk about it.
Anyway, you're from New York, huh?
Spent a little time there myself.

REBECCA
Oh, yeah?

DARRYL
Yeah, a week after college with my
buddies. They still have that great
pizza place?

REBECCA
There's a few...

DARRYL
Thin crust.

REBECCA
Yes. Yes, they have it.

DARRYL
Something tells me you and I are
gonna have a lot in common.

REBECCA
Law. Our love for law.

DARRYL
Let me show you around.

ANGLE ON: Paula, who is at her desk, looking at Rebecca's
resume.

Paula's cubicle is decorated with a mix of angry cubicle art,
puppy and kitten photos, sexy vampires and office-themed
cartoons.

PAULA
I don't get it. You see this
resume? Harvard, Yale, special
skills: Mandarin? She get this out
of a resume book? What the hell is
she doing here?

Mrs. Hernandez shakes her head, shrugs.

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

Rebecca and Darryl pass Paula's desk. They stop.

DARRYL
Rebecca, this is Paula.

REBECCA
Oh, great, hi. Are you my
assistant? I'm gonna need a ton of
help getting my computer set up,
I'm a total spaz about that.

She notices Paula is glaring. And Darryl is afraid.

DARRYL
Actually, Paula is our head
paralegal.

REBECCA
Oh, I'm so sorry.

She extends her hand. Paula shakes it.

PAULA
Two years of training, six months
of night school, fifteen years of
experience, but never mind.
(checks out Rebecca)
Those are some good knockoff
(in "French")
Louboutins. I know how to say it.

REBECCA
Oh, thanks! Actually, they're real,
but I got them on sale.

PAULA
Lindsey Lohan wears those. She's
been to jail six times and has fake
hair. Did you know that? Everyone
knows that. Right, Mrs. Hernandez?

Mrs. Hernandez nods. "For sure."

DARRYL
Oh, sorry, this is Mrs. Hernandez.
She is our communications director.

REBECCA
Pleased to meet you.

She shakes hands with Mrs. Hernandez, who crushes her hand.

PAULA

Careful there. She went to a "Women in Business" seminar a couple of years ago, came back with that death grip. So, what brings you to our lovely West Covina?

REBECCA

Just looking for a change.

PAULA

Oh, I see. Well welcome aboard.

DARRYL

(to Rebecca)

Let me show you to your office.

They walk away. Paula turns to Mrs. Hernandez.

PAULA

(imitates Rebecca)

"They're real, got them on sale."
Who is that person?

She eyes Rebecca who walks into her office with Darryl.

INT. REBECCA'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Darryl waves Rebecca into a chair.

DARRYL

Listen, I didn't want to say anything out there because, you know how offices are, so gossipy -- but I'm in the middle of a divorce--

REBECCA

Yeah, you hinted at that.

DARRYL

And my wife, she's got this real pitbull lawyer, he's amazing, one of those real smart Jewish guys--

REBECCA

Oh, you know, I'm Jewish--

DARRYL

(excited)

Really? I had no idea... that's a very small nose.

REBECCA
 (conflicted)
 Thank you.

DARRYL
 So you see, I'm in a bind because,
 well--

He starts weeping. Like, weeping. She sits for a moment,
 looking around.

REBECCA
 This decor is very nice. This is
 like a Santa Fe type of thing...

DARRYL
 (crying)
 I can't live without her. I can't.

REBECCA
 Darryl, come on. There's other fish
 in the sea who are... age
 appropriate. Don't fixate on one
 person. That's not healthy.

DARRYL
 What? I'm not talking about my
 wife, it's my daughter. She's
 trying to take her away from me, so
 I'm wondering if you'd represent me
 in my case, because I really need
 to bring in the big guns.
 (looks at her boobs)
 I don't mean those.

REBECCA
 Darryl, I do real estate law. You
 know that. I'm not qualified--

DARRYL
 Oh I would just love to see her
 face. Because her Jewish lawyer
 went to CSU LONG BEACH. My Jewish
 lawyer went to Harvard and Yale.

REBECCA
 I really am not sure--

DARRYL
 (sincere)
 I'll die without her. You have to
 help me.

REBECCA

I'll think about it. Because I can see that you're a great dad. She's lucky to have you. Some people have dads who only communicate with them via Edible Arrangements. See, this is one of the things I like about West Covina. Fathers who care. I care too and I promise you, whether I take this case or not, I'll be here for you--

Suddenly she hears an alert. Glances at her phone. She sees that Josh has checked in at: "Home Base, West Covina." She looks up, smiles at Darryl.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

--but right now I gotta thing. So let's touch base later, yeah? And when we do, let's circle back on the Jew thing, that's a conversation--

She gives him a thumbs up, strides towards the door.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Establishing.

EXT. HOME BASE SPORTS FACILITY -- DAY

Rebecca looks around. Astroturf baseball diamonds everywhere. She sees a sign that says: **Home Base Sports Facility**. She stares at it. WTF? Then she hears MUSIC from a small building in the middle of the facility.

INT. HOME BASE BAR AND GRILL - DAY

Rebecca walks in. To her surprise, she finds a full-blown party in progress. MILF-Y moms and jock-y dads flirt, drink booze and ignore their children. She passes a kid, asleep on his baseball bat as his mother does a shot. Rebecca circles the room. No sign of Josh.

ANGLE ON:

The bartender, GREG SERRANO, notices Rebecca. She looks forlorn, pretty and out of place. Irresistible.

GREG

You lost? The wine bar is over on Foothill.

She sits, but is looking around, ignoring him.

REBECCA

I'm just here for some baseball.

GREG

Sounds good, what can I get you?

REBECCA

Beer. Any kind.

As he gets her a beer...

GREG

You from around here? Never seen you before.

REBECCA

I actually just moved to town From New York.

GREG
 (impressed)
 Seriously? I love New York. What
 brings you here?

REBECCA
 Work and... I'm actually here
 because I'm meeting a friend, but I
 don't see him...

GREG
 Great, maybe I know him. Is he 8-
 years-old? Or an alcoholic? Cause
 that's what we got here.
 (she's not listening)
 You're a good listener.

REBECCA
 (not listening at all)
 Hmmm?

GREG
 Exactly. You know, a buddy of mine
 just moved back from New York, guy
 I grew up with.

And NOW she's interested. Head pivots over to him.

REBECCA
Really?

GREG
 Yeah. But there's no way you know
 him. It's a big city, right?

REBECCA
 I might. What's his name?

GREG
 Josh Chan?

REBECCA
 Oh my God? Are you kidding? THAT'S
 CRAZY. I know him!

GREG
 Seriously? That's crazy. He was
 JUST here. You JUST missed him.
 That's his beer.

REBECCA
 Ahhhh, goshbedarnedit.
 (choking back frustration,
 then, very fast)
 (MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's actually a funny story. I was living in New York, looking to relocate to Los Angeles cause I'm a beach gal, run into Chan, he tells me how GREAT West Covina is, I file it away... then, boom, THAT SAME DAY, I get a rando call from a one-eighth Chippewa who is VERY prominent in my field asking me to start a position. Here. Crazy, right?

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

GREG

Wait, so you left a job in New York to live near the beach?

(she nods)

We're four hours from the beach. People say two, but that's bullshit. Those people are dumb.

REBECCA

Yeah, but it's such a great place. I mean, the town motto is live, work, play.

GREG

We have a motto?

REBECCA

Yes, on the website.

GREG

We have a website?

REBECCA

It takes a few minutes to load, but it's very informative.

GREG

Live, work, play. Wow. All they left out was "shitting" and "eating." This is where I live. Yay for me.

REBECCA

(ignores this)

--so do you know where he went by any chance?

GREG

No, no idea. He said he was going out, but didn't say where. But I do know where he's gonna be tomorrow night.

REBECCA

Yeah?

GREG

Yeah, this guy Beans -- we call him Beans, he's Mexican, sounds racist, but he named himself that and makes us call him that -- he's throwing a house party, should be fun, Josh is going, I'm going... you wanna go?

REBECCA

Great, so like, you'll come to me in a car?

GREG

Yeah, like a date. Cause you're pretty and you're smart and you're ignoring me, so obviously you're my type--

She's already lost in fantasy about the Josh party.

REBECCA

I'm sorry, what were you saying?

GREG

Perfect.

REBECCA

Party, a big party...

And now she's done with him and his voice is fading out, replaced with SEXY R&B UNDERSCORING.

EXT. WEST COVINA, CALIFORNIA -- ESTABLISHING

Morning in the 'Cov. A new day dawns.

INT. WHITEFEATHER LAW OFFICES -- DAY

UNDERSCORING CONTINUES as we see Rebecca sashaying through the office, still on cloud nine. She moves her hips a little, matching the beat of the song.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

The music fades down but Rebecca keeps humming, doing a little dance.

When she turns around something is RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER, like a creature appearing in a horror movie.

Paula, arms crossed, staring at her.

REBECCA

Wow, you were RIGHT behind me.

Rebecca laughs, rooting through the kitchen looking for something, still humming.

PAULA

(suspicious)

You're in a good mood today.

REBECCA

Yeah... ever just have a great day?

PAULA

No.

REBECCA

Awwwww.

Rebecca picks out a tea bag, smells it, inhaling deeply.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

This is incredible. What is this, Chai?

PAULA

Are you stoned?

REBECCA

Nah, I'm just high on life, as the kids say -- in 1982.

She gets hot water from the Arrowhead, starts making tea.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Want one?

PAULA

Nah, tea is coffee's gimp cousin, but knock yourself out.

Rebecca shrugs, makes her tea. Paula studies her, like a snake contemplating a mouse for breakfast.

PAULA (CONT'D)

So, I've been meaning to ask you...
what brings you here to our lovely
little burg of West Covina?

REBECCA

Me? Here? Why am I here?... Just
was looking for a change.

PAULA

So, you don't have any friends or
family here, that's intriguing...

REBECCA

Nope, don't know a soul, just came
for the job. What about you? Are
you a California native?

PAULA

Hell, no. Grew up in Buffalo, so
did my husband Artie. We're from a
real place, with weather and
depression.

Just then Paula's phone rings. She holds up a finger.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Don't move. I'm not done with you.

(into phone)

No, you listen to me, Tyler... I
got that text and you can't cancel
speech therapy today, I paid for a
package, and you still sound like
Elmer Fudd... And tell Brendan I
refilled his prescription and I'll
bring it home tonight and there is
NO screen time until he takes his
anti-psychotics.

(hangs up)

Sorry, my kids are garbage.

REBECCA

Oh, I'm sure they are wonderful.
They have a smart, sassy mom who
clearly is the real boss of this
office--

PAULA

Okay, okay, enough with the blowie.
Let me put this on the table:
Something's off about all of this,
this whole thing--

(she indicates ALL of Rebecca)

(MORE)

PAULA (CONT'D)

And it's gonna drive me crazy until I find out what it is... it's like when you can't remember... the name of the guy who played Chachi.

REBECCA

I can google that.

PAULA

That's not the point, it's a metaphor, follow along. One day I'm gonna look at you and say, BAM, I got you figured out, Scott Baio.

REBECCA

Okay, I didn't follow all of that, but I also look forward to learning more about you, Paula. You and Artie, Tyler and--

She hesitates, but only barely. Paula's eyes widen. She is NOT going to remember all those names.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Briiiiiaaaa... Brendan. It's Brendan. Whoo! Now I gotta run, but you have a great weekend, okay, Boss Lady?

She starts singing and dancing again. The underscoring resumes. Paula stares at Rebecca as she leaves.

The SEXY MUSIC builds.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Rebecca walks to her car, doing a little sexy sashay as the MUSIC CONTINUES.

INT. REGULAR BATHROOM -- NIGHT

A late 90's style R&B song begins. Rebecca wears a kimono and sexily saunters into the bathroom.

REBECCA

Hey Josh. I wanna look good for you tonight. So I'm gonna get in touch with my feminine side.

INT. SEXY BATHROOM -- NIGHT

The bathroom is softly lit, candles all over.

REBECCA
IT'S THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.
THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.

Four BACKUP DANCERS appear behind her. They pose.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
PRIMPIN' AND PLUCKIN'
BRUSHIN' AND RUBBIN'
THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.

INT. BACK AT THE OFFICE -- NIGHT

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

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

Mrs. Hernandez 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.

INT. SEXY BATHROOM -- NIGHT

The backup dancers pose near the fantasy bathtub.

BACKUP SINGERS
OH YEAH.

INT. REGULAR BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Rebecca plucks her eyebrows, wincing with each pluck.

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.

INT. SEXY BATHROOM -- NIGHT

BACKUP SINGERS
BYE-BYE, SKIN.

INT. REGULAR BATHROOM -- NIGHT

REBECCA (V.O.)
*I WANNA MAKE THIS A NIGHT YOU'LL
NEVER FORGET.*

Rebecca steels herself, then waxes her butthole. The pain is horrific. She looks at the wax strip, horrified. Then reaches her other hand back and looks. There's blood on her hand.

INT. SEXY BATHROOM -- NIGHT

BACKUP SINGERS
ASS BLOOD!

INT. REGULAR BATHROOM -- NIGHT

REBECCA (V.O.)
*AND BOY I KNOW YOU LIKE AN
HOURGLASS SILHOUETTE.*

Jump cuts as Rebecca tries to pull on some Spanx but it's too difficult. Finally one of the backup dancers walks into the regular bathroom and helps jerk it up.

Rebecca looks at the camera.

REBECCA
Let's see how the guys get ready!

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Music cuts out. Greg is lying in his apartment, asleep on the couch, TV on, half eaten burger on his lap.

INT. SEXY BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Music back in. Rebecca rejoins the BACKUP DANCERS. They are all wearing Spanx.

One dancer has bleach on her lip, another has her hair in hot rollers, another has a green mask and the last one has Bioré nose strips.

REBECCA AND GIRLS
IT'S THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.
THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.
FLUFFIN' AND FLOUNCIN'
GIGGLIN' AND LADY-IN'

INT. REGULAR BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Quick cuts of Rebecca:

1. Putting eyeliner on her tear line by turning her lower eyelid inside out.
2. Using a Clarisonic-type face scrubber.
3. Accidentally burning her neck with a curling iron.

REBECCA AND GIRLS
THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.

Just then a funky bass kicks in and a RAPPER appears.

RAPPER
HOP ON MY BLEEP WITH THAT TIGHT
LITTLE DRESS AND...

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

RAPPER (CONT'D)
 Oh God, this is what you do to get ready, girl? This is horrifying. Like a scary movie or somethin'. This is some nasty-ass patriarchal BLEEP... You know what? I gotta go apologize to some bitches. I am forever changed by what I have just seen.

The rapper exits.

INT. SEXY BATHROOM -- NIGHT

The girls dance, doing body rolls. Individual close-ups of Rebecca singing into a curling iron, a dancer fanning herself with wax strips and another using tweezers as castanets.

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.

(MORE)

REBECCA AND GIRLS (CONT'D)
*THE SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG. THE
SEXY GETTIN' READY SONG.*

EXT. TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

A beautiful night in the 'Cov. Greg leans against his Toyota waiting for Rebecca. She walks out of her building. Whatever she did fucking WORKED. Greg stares at her.

GREG

You look... amazing.

REBECCA

Oh, I totally just woke up from a nap.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

INT. BEANS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

Rebecca and Greg hold beers.

GREG

...so I had gotten accepted to business school at Emory, but then my dad got sick and my parents are divorced so...

REBECCA

Oh, mine are divorced too. Like, really divorced.

GREG

Huh. That makes us peas in a pod.
(raises his beer)
To broken people.

REBECCA

To broken people!

They laugh, clink. A nice moment, but she can't help it--

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You know, it's so weird. I haven't seen Josh yet--

GREG

What's the deal with you and Josh, because we've been talking about him A LOT--

REBECCA

What? Come on. I told you, he's an old friend. I just want to see him and surprise him.

GREG

Are you sure, because if you were into him, I would totally get it. He is a good-looking guy... he speaks Mandarin, he knows magic...

And suddenly she leans in, kisses him.

GREG (CONT'D)

Okay, I will shut up about that.

They make out for a couple more seconds. She scans the room while they're kissing.

REBECCA
Hey, wanna go outside?

EXT. BEANS' HOUSE -- BACKYARD -- NIGHT

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

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

INT. BEANS' HOUSE -- DEN -- NIGHT

Kissing and scanning. No Josh.

REBECCA
I'm hungry. You hungry?

INT. BEANS' HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

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

GREG
Is something wrong?

REBECCA
No.
("sexy")
Wanna find a bedroom?

GREG
No, not at all. Yes.

INT. BEANS' HOUSE -- BEDROOM #3 -- NIGHT

She finds a bedroom.

GREG
This room work for you?

REBECCA
Yeah, it's fine.

GREG
Is it okay that Josh isn't in here?

REBECCA
Yeah, it's fine...

They sit down on the bed, Greg pulls his phone out of his back pocket, glances at it.

GREG

Speak of the handsome devil
himself, Chan just texted. Not
gonna come tonight. His
girlfriend's making him go to her
sister's quincieñera.

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

REBECCA

Oh, that's weird that Josh has a
girlfriend because his Facebook
says he's single.

GREG

Okay, I'm getting the Josh vibe
from you again. Maybe we should
just go back to the party.

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

REBECCA

No. That's crazy. C'mere, Crazy.

She kisses him. Pretty passionately.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

If you must know, Josh is not my
type. But what type's his
girlfriend? I'm just curious.

GREG

Yeah, I should go...

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

REBECCA

Come on, now...
(babytalking)
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 rubbing up against him. He is helpless. He responds.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Does this feel good?

GREG

Yes, of course...

Beat. Rebecca keeps diligently working on him.

REBECCA

While I'm doing this, I like to talk, I hope that's okay, just keeps me in the moment...

GREG

Do what you gotta do...

REBECCA

So Beans' house is really cool... Beans' house is awesome...

GREG

Yeah, it was his grandma's house...

REBECCA

(keeps going)

Cool, good to know. Does she still live here or is she out for the night?

GREG

She died last week...

REBECCA

Oh my God. How's he feeling? How's he holding up?

GREG

Uh... what?

REBECCA

Just to circle back to Josh, how'd he meet his girlfriend...

Things intensify for Greg.

GREG

Um, they dated all through high school. He moved... back... to be with... her.

A death blow. Rebecca is DEVASTATED. Tearing up.

REBECCA

Oh? He moved back for her... good to know.

To cover her tears, she dips down out of frame. Able to enjoy for a millisecond, loses the inner argument with himself.

GREG

All right, I can't believe I'm doing this, because I really need this, but while I don't know much, I know it's not a good idea to hook up with a crying girl.

REBECCA

I'm not crying. I'm fine.

GREG

Nah, you're not. Whatever it is, I don't think you should be here. Come on.

They get up and walk out.

END OF ACT 4

ACT 5

EXT. BEANS' HOUSE -- BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Rebecca walks out of the house with Greg, devastated. Something distracts her. Paula, picking her way through the PARTY GUESTS who are dancing, smoking weed, kissing, humping. Paula is excited. She even dances a little. Then she spots Rebecca and Greg, walks over.

REBECCA

What are you doing here?

PAULA

Just stopped by to chat with you.

GREG

Who are you?

REBECCA

Paula, Greg. Greg, Paula.

PAULA

Hi there... you half Italian?

GREG

Um... yeah?

PAULA

I can always tell.

REBECCA

All right, come with me.

(to Greg)

I'm sorry. I'll iChat you or something.

Rebecca pulls Paula with her.

GREG

No, I'll just wait here.

EXT. BEANS' HOUSE -- FRONT LAWN -- NIGHT (N4)

Rebecca and Paula walk out onto the front lawn.

PAULA

Is this far enough from the house?

REBECCA

What are you doing here?

PAULA

You think you are so much better than me. Harvard, Yale... I'm just as smart as you, Miss SnootyShoes...

REBECCA

What are you TALKING about?

PAULA

I'm talking about Josh. Chan? Joooooosh Chaaaaaaan?

REBECCA

What? What do you know about Josh?

PAULA

Let's see, well, I know he lives in town, which is weird because you told me you didn't know anyone here. And clearly you know him, you checked his Facebook 63 TIMES today. And his Instagram, 18 times.

REBECCA

Have you been going through my computer?

PAULA

Yes. Yes, I have.

REBECCA

I could have you fired.

PAULA

You lied to me--

REBECCA

Lied to you? I didn't lie to you! No one shoved a bible under my hand.

PAULA

--and you lied because whoever this Josh Chan is, you're OBSESSED with him--

REBECCA

WHAT?

PAULA

You're in love with him. Look at you. Look at those love eyeballs.

REBECCA

Oh, "love eyeballs", yeah.

PAULA

You love him. You moved here for him. And you won't admit it! Why?

REBECCA

In love with him? That's ridiculous. I barely know him. I dated him for a summer when I was 16. Okay, what are you saying? Let's unpack it. You're saying I uprooted my entire life, left behind a job that paid me 545 thousand dollars... for some random boy I haven't seen in ten years who likes to skateboard and thinks "whatever" is two separate words? That makes no sense. Look, it's simple.

We see this hit Paula. Ten years?

REBECCA (CONT'D)

What happened was, I was in New York and I saw him and he made me feel all warm, like glitter was exploding inside me, and now I'm here. But I didn't move here FOR him because that would be crazy. And I'm not crazy.

(dawning)

Am I... crazy?

(starting to panic)

Ohmygod OhmyGod. Is that what I am?

PAULA

Okay, stop. Stop it. Right now.

Rebecca looks at her. Terrified.

PAULA (CONT'D)

You're not crazy, you hear me? You're in love. That's different.

REBECCA

I can't be in love with him. That would mean I'm stupid.

PAULA

You're not stupid. You're following your heart. That's not stupid. You just shoulda told me, that's all--

REBECCA

No, no, I am, I'm stupid and emotional and irrational, I'm every rotten thing my mother says I am...

PAULA

STOP IT. STOP IT RIGHT NOW. Don't you ever talk like that about my friend again, you hear me?

This lands on Rebecca. Hard. Been a long time since anyone said that to her.

REBECCA

We're... friends?

PAULA

I'd be proud to be your friend. Now that I know the truth? What you did for love? The sacrifices? You're brave. Wish I'd been that brave at your age. Plus, you remembered my kids' names, I can't remember their names half the time. Look, I get it, it's a secret. I won't tell a soul. But I'm here now. You're not alone anymore. We are going to win this, you hear me? We won't let what happened to Justin and Selena happen to you, I promise.

REBECCA

You don't understand. It doesn't matter anymore. Josh has a girlfriend. Yeah, A GIRLFRIEND. Also, I texted him 46 hours ago and haven't heard ANYTHING. So clearly all he cares about is his girlfriend. And not about me.

PAULA

Oh, bullshit. I don't believe that. His Facebook status is SINGLE. If he was into her, would it say that?

REBECCA

That's what I said!

PAULA

So maybe he doesn't realize his true feelings right now, but if we play this right, one day he will.

(MORE)

PAULA (CONT'D)
 One day it's gonna hit him like a
 ton of bricks and when that
 happens, HE WILL TEXT.

At that exact moment, a miracle. A **CHIME FROM REBECCA'S
 PHONE**. A TEXT MESSAGE. Rebecca gasps.

REBECCA
 Are you a witch?

AND NOW TIME SLOWS DOWN. Slowly, Rebecca picks up the phone.
 Reads. Flips it around to show Paula.

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

REBECCA
 IS THERE REALLY A SMILEY FACE???

PAULA
 THERE'S A SMILEY FACE.

HOLY FUCKING SHIT. Rebecca and Paula are blown away. Rebecca
 begins to sing. A reprise. The West Covina song.

REBECCA
*SEE THE BLOOD RUSHING TO MY
 CHEEKS/HEAR ME SHOUT WHEN I TRY TO
 SPEAK...*

Then, Paula opens her mouth to sing. A strong, powerful,
 soulful voice, Broadway belter meets Aretha Franklin.

PAULA
ALL OUR CARES WILL DISAPPEAR...

REBECCA
 (a key up)
WEST COVINA...

PAULA
WEST COVINA...

Rebecca's eyes widen as she smiles at Paula. The first moment
 of friendship in Rebecca's entire life. They SOAR together.

REBECCA
CALIFORNIA...

PAULA
THAT'S WHERE WE ARE.

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 (CONT'D)
 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 a capella harmony:

REBECCA AND PAULA (CONT'D)
 YES, ALSO, BY COINCIDENCE, SO
 RANDOM, JUST BY CHANCE...

And while they sing, we flash to:

DARRYL, in his office, late at night, looking at a picture of himself with his daughter. Rebecca's resume is on the desk next to him. We see in his eyes: Rebecca is his last hope.

REBECCA AND PAULA (CONT'D)
 WHO'D A THUNK IT, SO REMARKABLE AND
 WEIRD, RIGHT? IT'S SO CRAY...

GREG, in bed, in his apartment, in bed, trying to sleep. He stares at the ceiling. What a weird night. A beat, then he reaches into a drawer and grabs some lotion.

REBECCA AND PAULA (CONT'D)
 THAT THIS GUY JOSH...

JOSH, with his parents at a diner. Checking his phone to see if Rebecca texted back. We see the ID PICTURE on his phone for Rebecca -- a photo of her when she was 16, smiling sweetly at the camera, back when things were simpler...

REBECCA AND PAULA (CONT'D)
 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 which now spell out: JOSH.

We reverse. Look down at Rebecca and Paula and then fly further away until they are just tiny specks. Two tiny specks in a beautiful land called West Covina.

PAULA (O.S.)
 Wanna go drive by his house!?

REBECCA (O.S.)
You found out where he LIVES?

PAULA (O.S.)
Oh, this is gonna be so much fun.

BLACK OUT

FADE OUT.

*

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