

Crazy Ex-Girlfriend  
Episode #101  
"Josh Just Happens to Live Here!"

written by

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SELECT SCENES

DARRYL (O.S.)

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

**INT. WHITEFEATHER LAW OFFICES -- MORNING (D3)**

The offices of Whitefeather and Associates. Everyone stands up to watch Rebecca and her new boss DARRYL WHITEFEATHER (50'S) walk through.

DARRYL

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

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 Chippewa. 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. I'm sorry, I have kids.

REBECCA

Oh.

DARRYL

But I am getting divorced.

REBECCA

Oh, I'm sorry.

DARRYL

I'm not! Hey-o! Let me 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 Riesling. 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.

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.

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 grandma with that  
stuff.

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. Know anyone in town or have relatives?

REBECCA

Um... nope.

PAULA

Oh, I see. Well welcome aboard.

They walk away. Paula turns to Mrs. Hernandez.

PAULA (CONT'D)

(imitates Rebecca)

"They're real, got them on sale."

(beat)

Who is that person?

She eyes Rebecca who walks into Darryl's office.

**INT. DARRYL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS (D3)**

Darryl waves Rebecca into a chair.

REBECCA

Wow, I love all the wolf imagery.

DARRYL

Yeah, I went to a swap meet in Gardena and the guy was going out of business. I keep the pelts at home.

REBECCA

Okay...

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

I like the wolf with the bandana...

DARRYL

(crying)

I can't live without her. I can't.

REBECCA

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

DARRYL

What? I'm not talking about my wife, it's my daughter. My ex-wife is trying to take Madison away from me.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

I want you to represent me in my case, because I really need to bring in the big guns.

(looks at her boobs)

I don't mean those. I'm sorry. That was inappropriate.

REBECCA

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

DARRYL

I would love to see my wife's face. Because her Jew went to CSU LONG BEACH. My Jew, Harvard and Yale.

REBECCA

I really am not sure--

DARRYL

(sincere)

My daughter is all I have left. 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

**INT. KITCHEN -- DAY (D4)**

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, holding a file, staring at her.

REBECCA

Wow, you were RIGHT behind me.

PAULA

Yeah, about the Ramirez case, I wanted to get back to you. The judge refused to grant the stay and we'll have to present our arguments on Wednesday.

REBECCA

Great! I love arguing. I don't want the judge they gave us in the case. I read all of his opinions and he's too pro-plantiff. I want Judge Egan. File a petition. We get Judge Egan, we will crush that illegal water park.

Rebecca is merry, dancing through the kitchen, making tea.

PAULA

(suspicious)

You're in a good mood today.

REBECCA

Yeah... ever just have a great day?

PAULA

No.

REBECCA

Awwwww.

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

PAULA

So, you mentioned you didn't know anyone in town.

REBECCA

Nyope. Not a soul, living or dead.

PAULA

So you just picked this town for the smog and the minimalls. Cuz you know, most people who live here, they kinda have to.

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

PAULA (CONT'D)

No, you listen to me, Tommy... you can't cancel speech therapy today.. And tell Brendan 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 great mom who clearly is the real boss of this office--

Paula folds her arms and looks at her.

PAULA

No. Something's wrong. I don't buy annnyyy of this.

She waves her arms up and down, indicating Rebecca.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Alllllll of that.... nnnnnnnnnoooo, maaaa'aaaam.

REBECCA

Look, Darryl made me an offer and it was too good to refuse--

PAULA

It's okay. Don't tell me. In fact, thank you for not telling me. I will figure it out. Now I got something fun to do.

REBECCA

You are most welcome, Madame. Oops, I gotta run.

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

The SEXY MUSIC builds.

## ACT 4

## INT. BEANS' HOUSE -- NIGHT (N4)

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 (N4)**

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 (N4)**

Kissing and scanning. No Josh.

REBECCA  
I'm hungry. You hungry?

**INT. BEANS' HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT (N4)**

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 -- NIGHT (N4)**

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, Chan just texted me. Not gonna come tonight. His girlfriend's making him go to her sister's quinciñeara.

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

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, speaking of types, what type's his girlfriend?

GREG

Yeah, I should go...

He goes to get up again, but Rebecca pulls him back down.

REBECCA

Come on, now...  
(babytalking)  
Where you going?

She kisses him again and now starts kissing his neck. He reacts, turned on, though a little discomfited too. But Rebecca just keeps the "passion" going.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Does this feel good?

GREG

Yes, of course...

REBECCA

So this is a cool party...  
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Beans' house is cool...

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

REBECCA  
Circling back to Josh for just a quick second...

Below screen, she unzips his pants.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
How long has he had this girlfriend...

GREG  
Um, they dated in high school. He moved... back... to be with... her.

A death blow. Rebecca is DEVASTATED. Tearing up.

REBECCA  
Oh, yeah? That's cool...

To cover her tears, she tries to dip down, but Greg stops her.

GREG  
All right, I can't believe I'm stopping you, because I need this really bad, but while I may not know much, I do know it's not a good idea to hook up with a crying girl.

REBECCA  
What do you mean? I'm fine.

GREG  
Nah, you're not. Whatever it is, you shouldn't be here. Come on, I'll drive you home.

END OF ACT 4

**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 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. 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

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. 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.