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

written by

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PAGES
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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-plaintiff. 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 annnnyyy of this.

She waves her arms up and down, indicating Rebecca.

PAULA (CONT’D)
Alllllll of that.... nnnnnnnnnooo, maaaaaaaam.

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.
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 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
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.