

'Celia'

"It Already Came True"

INT. CELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

CELIA and NATALIE are hanging out. Natalie is playing a TED game on Starlet's phone while Celia tells her all about the previous night's party.

#1 →

CELIA

... Even though I didn't meet anyone in person who could help me find an agent, the party might have helped me get closer to breaking in after all, 'cause look --

She takes the phone and switches over from the game to the Hollywood Life site, which features a post by commenter "CeliaSays".

CELIA (CONT'D)

My blog about Lindsay becoming a human tiki torch was picked up by Hollywood Life. I actually broke a story on HL!

NATALIE

That's awesome!

CELIA

God, it was so cool being part of that world, and having Austin actually notice me --

NATALIE

... So He Thinks You Can Dance!

CELIA

I couldn't help it! He thought he knew me from a video shoot, and left before I could set him straight. You know -- that was the first time he's ever actually made eye contact with me? I've handed him a cup of coffee every single morning for the past three months, and this was the first time he ever directly looked at me.

NATALIE

(teasing)

Wow -- he's a real catch!

Celia laughs.

"Dial*"

1/9

2.

CELIA

I've had a crush on him since the day I met him. And now I finally have a chance to see if it could go anywhere.

NATALIE

But -- don't you think he's going to notice that you're not exactly J-Lo Junior when he starts jonesing for caffeine tomorrow and comes into Cafe Pick Me Up to get it?

CELIA

No! He only comes in in the mornings, so I'm going to switch to the afternoon shift so I won't see him there. At least until I have a chance to come clean to him about who I really am.

NATALIE

But... if you don't see him at the Cafe, you won't see him anywhere -- you don't know where to find him.

CELIA

Actually, I've figured that out too.

She opens a new window on Sterling's phone and starts typing.

CELIA (CONT'D)

I'm following Talk Talk on twitter, and it says they're going to the AFI benefit tonight. Which means Austin will probably be there too. Which means --

NATALIE

-- You want me to do your makeup again tonight.

Celia grins.

CELIA

Yes, please!

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Celia, looking hot, walks up to the bar where the AFI benefit is being held. There are PAPARAZZI outside, including BARNES the photographer, taking pictures of celebrities arriving.

2/9

"On Wednesdays, We Wear Pink!"

INT. CAFE PICK ME UP - AFTERNOON

NATALIE is leaning on the counter, her chin propped in her hands, when CELIA comes rushing in.

①Z



CELIA

Sorry I'm late -- I was at an open casting call for the "Thelma and Louise" remake.

NATALIE

How'd it go?

CELIA

I didn't even make it inside. Apparently "open" doesn't mean what I thought it did.

She hurries around behind the counter, a huge ball of energy... then joins Natalie, propping her chin in her hands.

CELIA (CONT'D)

So what'd I miss?

NATALIE

Huge excitement -- the blueberry scones got mixed in with the cranberry ones. My heart is still racing. Can I check my email?

Celia grins and hands Natalie Starlet's phone. Natalie opens her email --

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Ooh -- any interest in purchasing male enhancement pharmaceuticals online? I can forward you this email.

Celia pretends to think about it for a second -- then shakes her head: NO. Natalie shrugs.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Then I got nothing.

She starts scrolling through the various apps on Starlet's phone.



3/9

2.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Did you know Starlet has a DPS tracker on her phone that will give you the direct route to the nearest In-and-Out Burger?

CELIA

That sounds handy.

NATALIE

(still scrolling)

Pictures of her making out with Nick Carter -- guess that explains the ringtone. A dog whistle app. A polygraph --

(looking up)

Better not let Austin find out about that one.

Celia sighs.

CELIA

I don't think he's going to need a polygraph to find out I'm not the celebrity I've been pretending to be.

NATALIE

Why not?

CELIA

He asked me out for Friday.

Natalie looks at her, shocked.

NATALIE

You're going on a date with Austin?

Celia nods.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Then why aren't you jumping up and down and screaming?

CELIA

Because I have nothing to wear.

NATALIE

Oh, come on --

4/9

3.

CELIA

I'm serious! He's thinks I'm this ultra-connected dancer who would probably borrow diamonds from Harry Winston for a first date. And when I show up dressed for a fraternity kegger, he's going to know I'm not who he thinks I am! And everything will be ruined.

NATALIE

Ah, but you have the key to your salvation right here!

She holds up the phone and gives Celia a wicked smile.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Because Starlet just so happens to have a private, personal, code red, emergency alert, direct line... to one... Miss... Rachel... Zoe!

Celia's jaw drops.

CELIA

Starlet has RZ's phone number?

NATALIE

No -- you have RZ's phone number.

CELIA

Oh. My. God.

Celia reverently takes the phone and gazes at the number in awe -- then cocks an eyebrow at Natalie.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Thank god Starlet hasn't called and asked for her phone back yet.

NATALIE

You're telling me!

/end

INT. STARLET'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's girly, messy, fun. Piles of clothes and magazines, framed one-sheets from all of Starlet's movies, a full bar. And in the middle of it all, STARLET sits slumped on a red velvet couch, looking bummed.

She has a her netbook on her lap, open to facebook. Photos of parties she wasn't at. Wall posts from her friends asking where she was.

5/9

"Ditto"

INT. AUSTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CELIA, dressed to the nines, has tripped and is sprawled in the doorway to AUSTIN'S house.

Austin, in jeans and a \$125 Loden Dager tee shirt, looks down at her, amused.

#3



AUSTIN

So, I guess this is a result of all those years of professional dance training, huh?

Celia blushes -- how can she tell Austin she's not really a dancer? But she hides her dismay and smiles up at him.

CELIA

Great ceiling! Is that trompe l'oeil?

Austin looks up at the ceiling the back down at her.

AUSTIN

I think it's a water-stain, actually.

He grins and reaches a hand out to help her up.

CELIA

(flirty)

Look at that -- you can pick up girls without even leaving your house. Impressive.

AUSTIN

(checking out her dress; flirting back)

You're the impressive one. You look -- wow!

CELIA

(shrugs, modest)

Oh, I just throw on whatever's clean.

He grins.

AUSTIN

Come have a drink.



4/9

2.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A bottle of white wine is chilling in a bucket on a coffee table in front of an unlit fireplace.

AUSTIN

Here we go.

He pulls it out and hands it to Celia to see the label.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

I've been saving this bottle to drink with someone special.

CELIA

Well, I'm glad I qualify!

Austin picks up one of the wineglasses and notices --

AUSTIN

Oh, this glass is chipped. Let me go get another one.

As he starts to exit --

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

You can go ahead and open that, if you want.

CELIA

Sure.

Austin heads out to the kitchen. Celia doesn't see a traditional corkscrew, just a wine tool. She picks it up and screws it in... But can't figure out how to get the cork out.

She tugs on it to no avail. Her face gets redder as she pulls as hard as she can. Nothing. Finally sticks the bottle between her knees to hold it, grabs the corkscrew with both hands, and gives a mighty heave.

The cork comes flying out, just as Austin comes back into the room, carrying a new, unchipped glass. Celia quickly affects a totally nonchalant air.

CELIA (CONT'D)

It's open.

Austin raises an amused eyebrow.

AUSTIN

I see. Have a little trouble?



7/a

3.

CELIA
No, why?

She follows his gaze to a wet splotch on the couch where some of the wine sloshed out when she opened it.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Oh my god, I'm so sorry. Do you have any -- what is it, club soda? Is that what you're supposed to use on stains?

AUSTIN
I have a better idea --

He flips the couch cushion over so the wet spot doesn't show. Then grins at Celia.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
Ta-da! Problem solved. Now -- let's enjoy... what's left of the wine.

Celia giggles. He pours two glasses and they clink. Celia takes a sip.

CELIA
Whew! That's strong! One glass of this and I'll end up flat on my back again.

Austin waggles his eyebrows jokingly at her and tips a little more wine into her glass. She laughs. Then looks around the room.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Your house is great. Does the fireplace work?

AUSTIN
They said it did when I bought the place, but the one time I tried to light a fire, the whole house filled up with smoke.

CELIA
Oh -- the flue must not be open. I can fix that for you. Here --

She goes over to the fireplace and reaches up inside.

AUSTIN
It's okay -- you don't have to --

8/9

4.

CELIA
It's no problem. And it's a
perfect night for a fire...

She can't quite reach the flue, so she hunkers down and half-crawls into the fireplace, to get closer.

CELIA (CONT'D)
(from inside)
Oh my god, Santa!

Austin laughs.

CELIA (CONT'D)
There we go!

Celia crawls back out of the fireplace.

CELIA (CONT'D)
I was right -- the flue was shut.
But now you shouldn't have any
problem lighting a fire.

She turns to face Austin -- and we see that she's covered with SOOT from the fireplace.

AUSTIN
Oh -- you have a little --

He gestures subtly to his cheek.

CELIA
Oh, thanks --

She pulls a tissue and compact out of her purse to wipe it away, then catches sight of her dirty face. She's embarrassed.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Oh, Um, I'm going to go un-powder
my nose. Can you excuse me a
minute?

AUSTIN
Only if you promise to hurry back.

CELIA
It's a deal.

They grin at each other, flirty.

/end

9/9