

WHERE'S MY MONEY

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INT. FRENCH CAFÉ

CELESTE:

I feel like running something by
you.

NATALIE:

What?

CELESTE:

Maybe not.

NATALIE:

All right.

CELESTE:

I'm having an affair.

NATALIE:

Oh wow. Who?

CELESTE:

Six months now.

NATALIE:

Does Kenny know?

CELESTE:

Who knows what Kenny knows.

NATALIE:

And this guy your having this...

CELESTE:

He knows what I want, and he makes
me do it. Get this. He gave me a
gun. How sexy is that? I know.
Sick.

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NATALIE:

Not necessarily. But what's the deal exactly. He's married.

CELESTE:

Yeah. I don't care. There's an atmosphere with this guy - of murder. He wouldn't murder me - that's not what I'm saying but it's there. Like an aroma. He was introducin' himself, sayin' hello, bein' nice. I remember thinking, he's going to rape me. And right like that, right out of that, I gave him my phone number. A week later, we meet up. I'm alone with him for the first time. It's in his office. I walk in his office. He closes the door. "Click." And I feel this weight come over my arms and legs. And then his hands and my whole anatomy went to this other world and we did things without words. What we were saying was like we were one bunch of people in one room, but what we were doing was we were another bunch of people in a very different room. A room without words. We had a secret from ourselves. Do you know what I'm talking about? You do kinda, don't you?

NATALIE:

I don't like this whole freaking thing! What are you doing?

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CELESTE:
I know.

NATALIE:
I don't see you for two years...

CELESTE:
But you know what I'm talking
about, don't you? In some way?

NATALIE:
No.

CELESTE:
God, I really thought in some way
you would... I haven't told anyone.
I thought you...

NATALIE:
You were mistaken.

CELESTE:
I guess we never knew each other
that well.

NATALIE:
No.

CELESTE:
But you were more like me...
before.

NATALIE:
Maybe. Maybe I was turned on by
dangerous, stupid shit when I was
younger.

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CELESTE:

Okay. But I am a little bummed out that we can't talk. I need to talk to somebody. I can be pretty hard on myself.

NATALIE:

I think you're inviting a conversation you don't wanna have.

CELESTE:

But I do want to have it. Look, I'm in trouble.

NATALIE:

You're in some underworld.

CELESTE:

Yes, I am. That's true.

NATALIE:

But you wanna see it as positive, and I can't help you with that. It's not positive. You've got it wrong.

CELESTE:

Then straighten me out.

NATALIE:

Are you sure?

CELESTE:

Yeah. I'm inviting it. I want a reaction.

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NATALIE:

All right, I'll just lay it out for you. You're a whore.

CELESTE:

What?

NATALIE:

Don't tell me you haven't thought about the fact that you're a whore. A stupid whore.

CELESTE:

Natalie!

NATALIE:

I'll break it down for you. First thing. The count. Let's do the count. You're 31. Next year you'll be guess what? 23? No, 32. And it goes on from there. Older, older, older. Have you ever tried to sell a pumpkin the day after Halloween? That's what you are facing. Are you ready. I don't think so. Is it just? Pick a fight with God. See where you get. Next. You gotta face the facts. You've got a birth defect. You've got a limp. How many parts are there for limping girls?

CELESTE:

Laura in "The Glass Menagerie."

NATALIE:

And that's it! Have there been any productions of that play?

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CELESTE:

Yes.

NATALIE:

And did you get the part?

CELESTE:

No.

NATALIE:

Then it's time for you to stop office-temping and doing Romeo's girlfriend in acting class and get a bona-fide-fucking job. Next issue. Kenny. This may sound tough, but I'm going to say it anyway. Kenny's your best bet.

CELESTE:

No way!

NATALIE:

Yes, he's a loser. But what are you at this point? Maybe together you can pull your car out of the ditch and make some miles down the road. I know where you're at Celeste. You don't want to look at your story, so you just close your eyes and tell yourself a fuckin' fairy tale. 'Cause you want the lie. The truth of your life is a bad magazine. Boring story, lousy pictures. Which brings me to your mysterious, exciting cheeseball stud. A married violent scumbag who slips you a Saturday night special for what? Valentine's Day? You're a

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NATALIE: (Cont)
pushover.

CELESTE:
I can't believe you called me a
whore. You have no right to call me
what you called me.

NATALIE:
I have the right.

CELESTE:
How do you figure that?

NATALIE:
Because I was a whore, too. A
sloppy, stupid whore. But then I
made a choice.

CELESTE:
To what?

NATALIE:
Not be.

CELESTE:
What about following your soul?

NATALIE:
What if you have a damned soul? Are
you gonna follow it down to the
burning shitheaps of hell?

CELESTE:
Maybe.

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NATALIE:

You don't get it do you? How about this, I wouldn't even introduce you to my husband. How about that?

CELESTE:

Why not?

NATALIE:

What if your soul told you to fuck him?

CELESTE:

What do you think I am?

NATALIE:

I already told you what I think you are. And what every woman like me thinks every woman like you would do if she got the chance.

CELESTE:

But off what basis do you say such a thing?

NATALIE:

You like it to be wrong. To be a secret. A married man is the perfect thing.

CELESTE:

You have no romantic feelings!

NATALIE:

What I have and what I do are two separate things.

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CELESTE:

You said you were a whore.

NATALIE:

And I was.

CELESTE:

So you were with a married man?

NATALIE:

No. But it was bad anyway.

CELESTE:

How?

NATALIE:

He wasn't a serious contestant. He was uneducated, he had a dead-end job, health problems. He was rough with me. My feelings about him were cheap.

CELESTE:

Romantic.

NATALIE:

Same thing.

CELESTE:

All right. Look. I know you have a point but the only thing that makes me get up in the morning is this guy. Everything else is lousy. I have to have something to look forward to.

NATALIE:

Give him up. Marry Kenny.

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CELESTE:

What if what was right for you
isn't right for me? We're very
different people.

NATALIE:

We're different because I got on
with my life, and you didn't. There
is no one right person for you,
Celeste. This isn't about destiny.
It's about making decisions with
your head instead of your ass.

CELESTE:

But what about my needs?

NATALIE:

You need a roof over your head. You
need an orthopedic surgeon.

CELESTE:

I need other things more than that.
And if I don't get those things, I
don't get being alive.

NATALIE:

Enough. Bite the bullet, make the
changes.

CELESTE:

I don't wanna live an idea instead
of a life.

NATALIE:

Are you saying that's what I'm
doing?

CELESTE: You tell me.