

CRUSHED

By
Tina Gordon Chism

October 18, 2014

Pilot

EXT. HARVARD UNIVERSITY - DAY

The Tanner family sits front and center at the Harvard Medical School graduation ceremony. They beam with pride and expectation. The Tanners are a vision of approachable Black upward mobility in a sea of White.

DR. RUSSELL TANNER (Dad, 57) sits beside his wife, retired opera diva ELLA (Mom, 54). Middle daughter CELIA (27) tries to look as perfect as youngest daughter & Silicon Valley techie, ROSEMARY (25), but Celia doesn't measure up.

There's a disturbance in the row behind the Tanners. People contort and shift in their seats to let eldest son WILL TANNER (28) pass. Will whispers in his father's ear.

WILL

Stay calm.

Russell stays calm, but there's panic in his eyes, like he's being held up.

WILL (CONT'D)

First I want to thank you all for coming. It means a lot. You all look incredible. Mom, you're doing the most in that suit.

ELLA

Son, why aren't you in your cap and gown?

WILL

Right. So look, about that. The graduation thing isn't going to happen.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The family is in a heated argument beside a new gold Mercedes with a giant red bow on the roof.

RUSSELL

This is fraud. You are a fraud.

ELLA

Tell it Russ!

RUSSELL

And what about the money we sent you?

ELLA

All that money. For five years! What about that?

WILL

Mom please don't be Dad's hype man.
Yes I took the money. I know I'm
wrong for that, but at least I said
I got that scholarship so you
didn't have to send tuition checks.

CELIA

That was cool.

Ella shoots Celia a death stare.

ELLA

I just sat through a four hour
graduation ceremony for nothing!

WILL

I told you we could leave.

RUSSELL

How could we leave? There were only
five Black families in there.

WILL

So?

RUSSELL

So? They're watching us.

WILL

Who's watching us?

ELLA

Everybody! Everybody's watching us!

Celia looks around the empty parking lot, confused.

WILL

Look, I'm sorry. That's all I can
say. Medicine just isn't my
passion.

RUSSELL

Your passion? Your passion! Who
cares about your passion?
Medicine's not my passion either. I
wanted to own a flower shop. I have
a fucking green thumb, but Martin
Luther King didn't die so I could
grow tulips somewhere.

WILL

Degrees don't guarantee success.
I know Rosemary's life is working
out, but look at Celia.

ELLA

Celia met an amazing man in college. They're on track to be married. Celia will be fine.

CELIA

I meant to talk with you about that.

ELLA

What the fuck Celia? What the fuck?

RUSSELL

Honey please go sit in the car.

Ella mumbles and goes to their nearby rental car.

WILL

Dad think of it like this. President Obama went here. He did everything right and all he found at the end of his Harvard rainbow was a bunch of Tea Baggers blocking his progress. I'm taking control of my life. I'm blocking my own progress.

A group of rowdy graduates CHEER and run through the parking lot. A drunk graduate wraps a stethoscope around Will's neck.

GRADUATE #1

Woooooo!!!! Let's get rich motherfuckers!!!

RUSSELL

When I was your age I wanted shit. What do you want?

Will is clueless. Ella lays on the CAR HORN NONSTOP.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Let's go girls. Your Mom's red-lining.

Russell throws car keys to Will.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Take the Mercedes. You'll never own another one.

Russell heads to his car. Celia and Rosemary give their brother a hug. Will calls out to Russell.

WILL

Can't you be happy for me? I'm embarking on an adventure, a mystery.

RUSSELL

There are books written about what happens to Black men who drop out of school. It's not a fucking mystery Son.

Will screeches out of the parking lot. The red bow flies off the car and tangles at Celia's feet. The family watches as the Mercedes disappears in traffic.

"FIVE YEARS LATER, NAPA VALLEY"

EXT. SALLY'S HOUSE - DAY

The same Mercedes is now faded, rattling and missing a headlight as it creeps along a manicured stone driveway. "Farm Use" tags replace a legit license plate.

Will stops the car a safe distance from a palatial faux farmhouse. The kind of house in Restoration Hardware catalogues that costs millions to look like a barn.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

The years have not been kind to Will. He has a scruffy beard and his flabby belly peeks out of a too tight old black T-shirt. He struggles to pull a black ski mask over his now raggedy, big Afro.

EXT. SALLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Will gets out of his car, but leaves it running. He creeps past the pool and a guesthouse. He peeks inside the main house and sees a blonde housewife, SALLY (White, 50's) washing dishes. He slides open the door.

INT. SALLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Will sneaks behind Sally and grabs her around the neck. He whispers in her ear using his BEST THUG VOICE, but it's lame.

WILL

Stay calm.

SALLY

Oh my God. Are you Black?

WILL

Yes. I'm Black. I'm very, very Black.

SALLY

It's just I can't tell because of the mask.

WILL

Well I am. I'm a Black thug with a very large Black penis that I'm going to have sex with you...with.

SALLY

I thought we said sort of a Denzel Washington-ish thug.

WILL

(still in Thug character)
He's never played a thug really. Except for American Gangster and even then it was more of a thoughtful Black man with limited opportunities for legiti--

SALLY

Fuck it!

Sally wraps her legs around Will and tongues him down. Will can barely carry her out of the kitchen.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Will is working to keep up. Sex with Sally is athletic, intense, exhausting. Doggie style by the 19th C. French urn.

SALLY

Training Day! Do Training Day!

WILL

King Kong ain't got nothing on me!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

While holding on to the hind quarters of a life size Italian hand carved wooden horse.

SALLY

Malcolm X.

WILL

That's just -- no.

Sally squeezes his balls.

SALLY

Do it!

WILL
 We didn't land on Plymouth Rock.
 Plymouth Rock landed on us!

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Missionary on the Tuscan dining table.

SALLY
 Yes, yes, give it to me. Give it to
 me!

WILL
 I may have been born yesterday, but
 I stayed up all night!

SALLY
 Wiiiiiiiiiiii!

EXT. NAPA VALLEY - DAY

Sally's climatic scream echoes through the Valley.

INT. CELIA'S BMW - DAY

Celia's BMW is stuffed with designer clothes. It looks like a rush job. Some clothes are still on hangers. The rear window is obstructed with fancy shoeboxes. She's crying. Her makeup is running. She wipes tears as she sings along to Beyoncé's *Drunk in Love* while driving up Napa's Silverado Trail.

EXT. SILVERADO TRAIL, NAPA - DAY

Celia slams on the breaks and skids on the gravel road, just missing a turn. She backs up to a dilapidated property gate.

EXT. TANNER ESTATE - FRONT GATE - CONTINUOUS

Celia gets out of her car and searches for something at the property gate. She looks in overgrown bushes and along the fence. A GOOD OL' BOY stops in his pickup truck.

GOOD OL' BOY
 What you lookin' for there?

Good Ol' Boy is startled by the full-on view of Celia's make-up smeared face.

CELIA
 A call box or something. I need to
 open this gate.

GOOD OL' BOY
You know those folks? I never see
'em.

CELIA
I know them.

Ol' Boy eyes her suspiciously for a beat.

GOOD OL' BOY
Just pull open the gate. A little
elbow grease there missy.

Ol' Boy takes off, leaving Celia to cough in the dust. Celia struggles to drag open the rickety gate. The entire gate breaks off from the post and falls to the ground.

CELIA
Shit.

Celia gets back in her car and drives over the gate and up the dirt driveway. Her car dips in crater-sized potholes.

EXT. TANNER HOUSE - DAY

Celia looks at the dilapidated Victorian with a wraparound porch with mild disgust. Paint is chipped, boards and shingles are missing, and newspaper is stuffed in broken windows. The place looks abandoned with the exception of blocks of beautiful grapevines surrounding the house.

Celia cautiously walks up the rickety steps and knocks on the front door. No response. She tries the door, but it's locked. As she steps away, her stiletto slips through a hole in the rotten floorboard. She pulls out her foot, but her shoe is missing. She gets on her knees and peers down the dark hole.

CELIA
Shit!

Celia spots a fat joint in an ashtray.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Wiiiiiiillllll!

INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sally snores in bed next to Will. Will is wide-awake and ready to bolt. He looks over at Sally and squints to see if she's even slightly attractive. Nope. He takes a hit of his joint to ease the arrival of self-loathing.

INT. SALLY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Will takes some cash from a bowl on the kitchen counter and puts it in his pocket. He opens the fridge and steals a big smoked salmon platter meant for a party. He shuts the fridge and housekeeper PAULA (Mexican mid 30's) is revealed behind the door. They are in a silent stare off.

SALLY (O.S.)

Will? Come back to bed. I want you to do the 5 day forecast as Al Roker while taking me from behind. Is that weird?

Will gives Paula a pleading look.

PAULA

(yells to Sally)
It's just me here.
(whispers to Will)
Not the fish.

WILL

(whispers)
I earned the fish. You want to know what I did for this fish?

PAULA

(whispers)
Take the fish.

EXT. SALLY'S HOUSE - DAY

As Will comes off the back porch he sees a man talking to a gardener at a safe distance from the house. He doesn't see Will or his car parked in the back. Will gets in his car (still running) and quietly shuts the door.

To avoid the man, Will drives through the backyard. Will splashes through a lily pond, scratches a cherub statue, and knocks over a kid's swing set before exiting the gate.

EXT. TANNER VINEYARD - DAY

Sally's field gives way to rows and rows of grapevines. This is the backside of the dilapidated Tanner Estate vineyards. Will's car is too big to go down a row of vines but that doesn't stop him from off-roading it to his house.

Juicy grapes smash against Will's windshield. He cuts on the wipers to see past the purple smears.

EXT. TANNER ESTATE - DAY

Celia limps around aimlessly in one stiletto, holding up her cell phone, searching for a signal. Celia stops, baffled by the sight of Will's car careening down a steep hillside.

EXT. TANNER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Will parks and leaves the car running. As Will heads to the house with the fish platter, he sees Celia's car and then turns and sees his sister. He's not thrilled.

WILL
State your business.

CELIA
I can't get a cell signal out here.

WILL
There's not a signal to get. What are you doing here?

CELIA
Your car is still running.

WILL
Why am I seeing you with my eyeballs right now?

CELIA
My girlfriend and I are on a time out. I just need a little cash, a place to crash, until I get on my feet.

WILL
Does it look like I have any get-on-your-feet money? Call Puff Daddy.

CELIA
I will, I'm just, I'm trying to think of a big picture loan. Something he can believe in.

WILL
Well think about it someplace else. You can't be here.

Celia works up some tears.

CELIA
You're my brother. I barely made it here. I'm driving on fumes.

WILL

Your tears mean shit to me. Will your sister's crying give her your popsicle, your Rubik's Cube, your Hungry Hippo. I loved that Hippo. Fuck your tears.

Celia instantly stops crying.

CELIA

So you live in there?

WILL

Yep. Shit totally worked out. Mom and Dad never come. I tapped into the neighbor's electricity so I'm totally off the grid. I'm on some Thoreau shit up here. (hit from his joint). Fuck society.

Celia looks at Will's raggedy hair, belly and beard.

CELIA

Yeah you look like you fucked society. Like if QuestLove and Duck Dynasty had a baby is the vibe I'm getting. You having a party?

WILL

No why?

CELIA

You're holding what appears to be a giant fish or baby whale.

WILL

Oh. No a friend gave it to me. Like a present.

CELIA

A friend gave you a fish platter present?

WILL

For dinner.

CELIA

A present for dinner?

WILL

Yes. A present for dinner. Jesus, shut up Celia. You hungry or what?

INT. TANNER HOUSE - DAY

Celia enters the house and her jaw drops. Everything is mismatched, used, re-purposed and dusty.

WILL
This is it.

Celia tries to hide her shock at his ratty living conditions. Will picks up an old land line phone.

WILL (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Listen.

He hands the receiver to Celia.

CELIA
Someone's talking--

WILL
Ssh. I tapped into a phone line. I make free calls when they're not on. Sometimes I just listen to the shit they're saying. It's like I have cable.

Celia looks at Will like he's slipped into insanity.

INT. TANNER KITCHEN - DAY

Celia eats directly from the fish platter. The table is a board over two old wine barrels. She sits on a church pew.

CELIA
You don't have two forks or plates?

Will slides onto the pew with two Mason jars filled with red and white grape juice.

WILL (O.S.)
Yes I do but I thought we'd share a fork like it's our fucking wedding reception. White or red?

CELIA
White.

Will hands a jar of white juice to Celia and takes the fish to eat his share.

WILL
It's Chardonnay.

Celia takes a sip.

CELIA
It's grape juice.

WILL
I call it pre-wine. The Chardonnay
grapes from one of the blocks. I
smash them and make juice.

Celia takes another sip.

CELIA
It's good.

Will hands her the red glass.

WILL
Try this. This is the Zinfindel.

Celia takes a sip.

CELIA
Oh my God. This is amazing.

WILL
I know.

CELIA
It's like really really good.

WILL
I know.

CELIA
So this becomes wine?

WILL
Yes Einstein. Grape juice becomes
wine.

CELIA
I didn't know there were different
grapes for different wine is what
I'm saying asshole. Am I sitting on
a church pew?

WILL
They renovated Yountville
Presbyterian and I scored a few.

Celia can't process what's become of Will.

CELIA
What's for dessert?

WILL
Same thing that's for breakfast.

EXT. VINEYARD - DUSK

Will and Celia eat grapes from the vine.

WILL
Don't eat too many, I'm selling
them tomorrow.

CELIA
Really?

WILL
You heard of Stella Winery?

CELIA
The guy from the commercial that's
always like "A bottle of Stella on
every table" with the teeth?

WILL
He's buying all these.

CELIA
He's always standing in a field
full of grapes. What does he want
with these?

WILL
Don't know. This is the fourth year
he's bought them though.

CELIA
Is he that tan in person?

WILL
He is. It's very odd to stand next
to a White man who's technically
darker than me. It's unsettling.
Anyway, he pays enough for me to
live on all winter.

CELIA
Brotha's getting paid.

WILL
Word.

CELIA
Maybe I'll stay up here with you
for a while.

WILL
No can do. You bring the heat.
You're calling Russell tomorrow to
wire you some money and you're out.

Celia braces against the sudden cold.

CELIA
It's freezing.

Celia and Will walk to toward the house.

WILL
It's 50 degrees colder at night
than the hottest point in the day.
To the decimal. I measure it.

As Celia follows Will, she sees marijuana growing amidst the grapevines, but doesn't say anything.

WILL (CONT'D)
I have a theory actually.

CELIA
What's that?

WILL
Ripening is about enzymes. Enzymes
are activated by temperature. Heat
produces sugar. Cool produces acid.
The balanced temperature shift
probably makes a balanced grape.

CELIA
A balanced grape?

WILL
Or whatever. Who knows?

They walk in silence a few beat.

CELIA
Remember how you used to explore
your sexuality with my Pippi
Longstocking doll? I kept that
secret from Mom and Dad.

WILL
That's a lie.

CELIA
All those times I found her naked
on your disgusting velour bean bag.
And this is how you repay me? But
OK. I'll go...

INT. TANNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Celia drags in her Vuitton luggage. She sneezes as soon as she enters. Just as she is about to open a door--

WILL

Don't open that. Sleep upstairs.

Celia heads up the stairs.

WILL (CONT'D)

So you're alright? I mean with the breakup and everything?

CELIA

Oh yeah. Totally. This was just two modern women deciding on some solo time.

Celia checks to see if her bullshit is flying with Will. He nods agreement, a bit of a poker face.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Being a couple is a dying social norm anyway. I started to feel ancient.

Celia continues upstairs. Still unsure of Will's buying.

CELIA (CONT'D)

I heard that on MSNBC so...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Celia quietly sobs as she takes a bath in an antique tub that's so tiny her legs flop over the side. Then she hears it. The sweet sound of ringtones as messages and emails come through on her cell phone perched on a windowsill.

Celia wipes her tears and excitedly scrambles out of the tub. She slides across the floor to the phone, sopping wet.

ON IPHONE SCREEN: Celia clicks a Facebook e-mail alert. Celia's gorgeous Chinese ex-girlfriend PEI has posted a picture with her new girlfriend WYNTER. The exotic name makes an impression on Celia and she frowns.

CELIA

Wynter.

ON IPHONE SCREEN: In the picture the couple celebrate Wynter's gluten free bakery chain going public at the NY Stock Exchange. The caption says "My Boss Ass Bitch. Congrats, I Love You." The signal goes out. Celia bursts into tears naked in a puddle of water.

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Celia sleeps on an old twin bed bundled up with a quilt. The sound of an OWL HOOTING makes her eyes flash open. Outside her window an owl stares at her eerily. She gets out of bed.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Celia opens the fridge. Inside are white and red grapes. Homemade grape jelly and pitchers of grape juice. She looks closer at a bird of some sort. S Will enters in his boxers.

CELIA
 Seriously? There's nothing in here.
 Is that chicken?

WILL
 It's...it's a bird. Try it.

CELIA
 Yeah I get that. I see the
 feathers. Where did it come from?

WILL
 The back yard.

CELIA
 You killed it?

WILL
 This is some real farm to table
 shit I got going on here.

Celia shuts the fridge.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Fine Kate Middleton. I'll take you
 out to breakfast.

CELIA
 For real?

WILL
 Yeah, get dressed.

INT. DEAN AND DELUCA - DAY

Will fills two mini Dixie cups with coffee from a thermos on a sample table. He hands one of the tiny cups to Celia.

WILL
 Okay so the layout. Over there,
 delicious cinnamon bun samples.
 (MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)
 Get your protein over in the cheese section. They usually have some sausage samples out too. You get a signal in here?

Celia checks her phone.

CELIA
 Yeah.

WILL
 Good. Call Dad.

Will can tell from her expression that she's resistant.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Dial right now.

Celia reluctantly dials Dad.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Let me see.

Celia shows Will her phone as proof.

CELIA
 It's ringing.

WILL
 Okay. I'm not here. You're not here. Meet me at the car after.

Will walks off, snagging free morning bun samples on his way out the door. He gestures for her to give the buns a try. Celia gives a fake smile and holds the phone up like she's calling. When she sees Will is out of the store, she presses "end call" and puts the phone in her pocket.

Broke and hungry, Celia roams the store eating from the heaps of samples on display. She stabs stacks of cheese cubes with toothpicks and shoves them in her mouth.

CUSTOMER #1
 Where is the quinoa?

CELIA
 (mouth full)
 Don't know.

CUSTOMER #1
 Well find out. I've been looking for ten minutes.

CELIA
 I don't work here actually.

Customer #1 walks off, annoyed. As she eats, Celia listens to a group of winemakers gathered in the nearby wine section. They all look like versions of Ralph Lauren.

WINEMAKER #1

\$2000 a ton. Highest I've paid for grapes in a long long time, I'll tell you that. And with the rains --

WINEMAKER #2

The rains are screwing us all. They know half the weight is water, but these growers have you by the balls. What can you do?

Celia's phone rings. She almost chokes when she sees her parents on her iPhone screen attempting to FaceTime. Celia panics and looks around the store for a place to talk.

INT. DEAN AND DELUCA - FROZEN FOOD SECTION - DAY

Celia wedges herself in an open freezer door. She checks if her breath is foggy. It is. She checks the door backdrop to make sure it's frosted enough to obscure the store. Perfect. Celia swipes a baby's blanket from a distracted MOTHER's stroller. Celia wraps it around her neck like a towel and tries to look athletic when she answers FaceTime.

CELIA

Hey! Hey, you guys.

On iPhone SCREEN.

RUSSELL

Hi can you see us?

Celia tries to hide her annoyance.

CELIA

Yep I can. So who taught you how to FaceTime?

ELLA

Your sister.

CELIA

(not really great)
That's great.

RUSSELL

I saw that you called, but we must have had a bad connection.

CELIA

Mom, what are you wearing?

ELLA
I'm dressing with consciousness.

CELIA
Well you definitely look like
you're dressing with Depak Chopra.

ELLA
I'm going to the Center for Mindful
Living. Meditation, prayer, yoga.
I've been vegan for 38 days.

CELIA
And what prompted this?

RUSSELL
A judge ordered it.

ELLA
It's changed my life.

RUSSELL
There was a road rage incident.

Ella rings a bell amulet on her necklace.

ELLA
The point is my anger issues are
gone.

RUSSELL
Well...

CELIA
(angry)
What?

RUSSELL
Nothing. Yep, they're gone. So
what's up? Why did you call honey?

CELIA
Well, I didn't want to mention this
until I was sure, but since you hip
FaceTimers caught me here--

RUSSELL
Where are you?

CELIA
I'm at practice. Actually
practicing at the ice skating rink.

ELLA
Practicing what?

CELIA

Mom You remember how good I was at ice skating?

ELLA

When you were nine?

CELIA

Well I was kind of discovered.

ELLA

Discovered doing what?

CELIA

Ice skating that's what I'm saying. I was skating, you know just for fun and this trainer, an Olympic trainer --

RUSSELL

Olympic?

CELIA

Uh-huh. This Olympic trainer tells me I have real potential --

RUSSELL

Sweetheart that's fantastic.

CUSTOMER #2 waves a jar of fig jam at Celia. Celia tries to subtly brush her off.

CUSTOMER #2 (O.S.)

There's no price on this.

CELIA

Yeah and we've been working really hard together. We're about to hit the ice now in fact. He's talking Winter Games.

RUSSELL

That's exciting news baby.

Customer #2 grows annoyed.

CUSTOMER #2

How much?

Celia shakes her head "no" while trying to stay on point with her parents.

CELIA

I've never felt more alive than on the ice.

Dad doesn't really believe the story, but he tries to encourage his little princess. Mom, not so much.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Yep, I just need to pay for these lessons so that I can really dive in and commit to the training.

RUSSELL

Of course.

Customer #2 shoves the jam in Celia's face.

CUSTOMER #2

There's no price on this jam.

CELIA

I don't work here!

In pushing back Customer #2, Celia has shifted and the shelves of Ben and Jerry ice cream can now be seen.

ELLA

Do we make the check out to Ben or Jerry?

CELIA

Huh?

ELLA

I can see the Cherry Garcia behind you!

RUSSELL

It's true sweetie.

CELIA

Shit.

ELLA

Do not make me lose all my namasté up in here.

RUSSELL

Calm down Ella.

Ella rings the bell and tries to calm down.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

What's going on sweetheart? You can tell me.

CELIA

Nothing...Nothing I just...

Celia starts fake crying.

RUSSELL
Oh you're breaking my heart baby.

ELLA
Where's Pei?

CELIA
We broke up.

ELLA
Damn it Celia. What the fuck?
She was a really great girl.

CELIA
We're doing our own thing.

ELLA
But you don't do anything. That's
the problem.

Ella's words hit Celia hard.

CELIA
I'm a grown ass woman. I can take
care of myself.

ELLA
Look around. You're hustling your
parents in frozen foods!

RUSSELL
Sweetheart come home. I'll take
care of everything. Where are you?

The Stroller Mother spots her baby's blanket and decides to take it back, but in a oddly polite, slow manner. Ella and Russell strain to understand what they are seeing. The Mother's hand slowly drags the blanket from Celia's neck. Celia tries to pretend that it's not happening.

ELLA
What the fuck is going on?

RUSSELL
Where are you darling? I'm coming
to get you.

Celia hangs up.

INT. WILL'S MERCEDES - DAY

Celia gets in Will's car.

WILL
You talk to Dad?

CELIA
Uh-huh.

WILL
You tell them you're coming home?

CELIA
Uh-huh.

WILL
And they don't know you're here?

CELIA
Nope.

WILL
He wiring you some money?

CELIA
Uh-huh.

WILL
Cool.

Will drives off.

EXT. ROBERTO STELLA WINERY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Will's car sputters to a parking spot.

INT. WILL'S MERCEDES - DAY

Will takes a few hits of a joint. Celia reaches out for a puff, but he puts it out.

WILL
Stay here.

CELIA
It's 100 degrees. I'm not sitting
in this car.

EXT. ROBERTO STELLA WINERY - DAY

Will and Celia get out of the car. Will leaves it running.

CELIA
You don't think anyone will steal--

Celia really looks at the busted car.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Nothing.

Will and Celia join the throngs of honeymooners, tourists by the bus-load and wine snobs making their way to the winery. This is Cabernet Mecca, Napa Ground Zero with a perfect Disney patina. Roberto Stella's motto shines like a beacon above the winery's pearly gates, "A bottle on every table."

Celia takes it all in: The manicured vineyards for as far as the eye can see, Bocce Ball for atmosphere, Italian Opera piped into speakers that look like rocks, expensive wine pairings with hot celebrity chefs. Will cautions Celia before entering the wine production building.

WILL

Don't say a word. This is my shit.

INT. STELLA PRODUCTION BUILDING - DAY

Pictures of a leathery-faced Roberto Stella are everywhere. It's clear that Roberto is the man back at Sally's driveway that Will avoided. JOSÉ ALTURO (Mexican, mid-30's) waves from atop a 5,000-gallon fermentation tank where he tests levels.

JOSÉ

Yo Will! Como estas bro?

José puts his fingers to his lips as if smoking a joint.

WILL

I got you.

JOSÉ

Coming down.

WILL

(to Celia)
Wait here.

INT. STELLA WINE CAVE - DAY

Will and José lean against wine barrels in the dimly lit wine cave. They share a fat blunt, high as a kite.

JOSÉ

So what are you doing here, carnal?

WILL

Stella's buying up all my Zin blocks again this year. Picking up my deposit check.

José taps the oak barrel he's leaning against.

JOSÉ

You're on it right there. The Reserve. The best.

Will and José nod and smile, zoning out a bit.

WILL
Cool.

JOSE
Damn right it's cool.

WILL
Why is it cool?

JOSE
What do you mean? Stella sets aside
your blocks to make the Reserve.
He's strict about that shit. No
other grapes allowed.
(in Spanish with Subtitles)
All his other wines are a mix of
grapes from different growers. He
always says, who cares, get it
done.

WILL
My grapes?

JOSE
You didn't know?

Then a voice in the dark...

CELIA
What did he say about our grapes?

José shines his flashlight on two big brown eyes glowing in
the dark. Celia has followed them into the cave.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Something about caliente or
Ludacris? I took French in school,
so useless.

Celia questions José in pantomimed broken Spanglish.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Who likes our wine? Ludacris Bebe
our vino?

INT. STELLA PRODUCTION BUILDING - HALL - DAY

Celia is into these negotiations. She does a little dance.

CELIA
I didn't know we were rolling like
this up here.

WILL
I'm rolling.

CELIA
Right. But we're the shit.

INT. ROBERTO STELLA'S OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Celia and Will enter.

SECRETARY
Mr. Tanner, Mr. Stella will see you
now. Go right in.

CELIA
Ooooh, *go right in*. You fancy, huh?

Celia straightens Will's collar.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Stella don't know he's selling
these grapes to a P-I-M-P.

Will looks at the portrait of Roberto and his wife Sally on
the wall. He's a bit cocky.

WILL
He has no idea.

INT. ROBERTO STELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

Roberto stands from behind his desk and warmly greets Will.
Will is unaware that Celia is behind him.

ROBERTO
Welcome, welcome.

Roberto shakes Will's hand.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
And I don't think I've met you.

Will turns and sees Celia has followed him.

WILL
You don't need to meet her. She's
nobody.

ROBERTO
Oh. Well I've got the check right
here.

Roberto hands over the check to a grateful Will.

WILL

Cool.

Celia peeks at the \$500 check and HUFFS.

ROBERTO

Is something wrong?

WILL

No, we're good. Thanks.

ROBERTO

We're forecasting harvest in two days. According to Brix, the berries are looking fantastic.

CELIA

We are aware that the *berries* are fantastic. So tell Brix this price is a little shocking.

ROBERTO

Brix is a thermometer, not a person.

CELIA

Right, right. Well anyway we're going to need more than this.

ROBERTO

More what?

CELIA

Money. We're going to require three times more money than this per bushel or whatever.

ROBERTO

Grapes are sold in tons not bushels -- or whatever.

CELIA

Right. That's right. Well we want \$2000 a ton. Which I happen to know from a meeting at Dean and Deluca is the going rate.

WILL

Meeting?

CELIA

Relax. I heard about this at the cheese sample station.

WILL

What?

ROBERTO

I've made a deal with Will and that's it. Now if you'll excuse me.

WILL

See you in a few days.

Celia grabs the check, tears it into pieces and throws it up. As the check confetti falls --

CELIA

It's raining up in here. Now, I don't think you know that I know I've got you by the balls Mr. Stella.

WILL

What the fuck?

CELIA

There is no Reserve without our grapes. Boom! I said it. Now let's start these negotiations again.

ROBERTO

I'm not renegotiating with somebody that didn't even merit an introduction.

CELIA

You'll know me when I keep the grapes.

ROBERTO

Keep the grapes? You don't have a clue what to do with those grapes.

CELIA

Why? Because I'm Black?

ROBERTO

No because wine making requires an extensive knowledge of farming, viticulture and enology. Knowledge I have loaned to that vineyard -- free of charge -- for several years. Not to mention Will's property is a unique micro-climate that demands special skills to even reach harvest. That, my dear, is why you have no clue what to do with those grapes.

Celia swallows hard.

WILL
If you could just write another
check I'll be on my way.

ROBERTO
Certainly.

Roberto begins to write another check.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
And you, little anonymous lady,
with the very elaborate nails and
fancy shoes, don't appear to do
much.

Stella's words hang in the air a beat, echoing Ella's.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
So, go relax and have a glass of
Cabernet on me in the tasting room.

CELIA
First of all this (flashes nails
up) is art. Second of all, I do-do
plenty. (realizing how that sounds)
So, take that dumpy check and shove
it in your balls through your penis
hole.

ROBERTO
I don't have to take this. Get out!

WILL
But Mr. Stella the check?

ROBERTO
Go!

Will heads out. Celia follows but stops at the door when she
sees a big Roberto Stella calendar on the month *August*. She
gets an idea and turns back to Roberto with determination.

CELIA
You don't know me, Mr. Stella, but
you soon will. Remember the name
August Tanner.

Will reaches back inside the office and yanks Celia out.

INT. ROBERTO STELLA'S TASTING ROOM/GIFT SHOP - DAY

Will waits impatiently as a BARTENDER pours a glass of wine.

BARTENDER

This Cabernet is dark and seductive with a tangerine rim. The nose bursts forth with cedar and fennel then intertwines with note of --

WILL

Fill it up.

The Bartender stops at an appropriate level.

WILL (CONT'D)

Keep going.

She fills it to the rim. Will guzzles the entire glass.

WILL (CONT'D)

You ever heard of people that just leave babies and puppies by the side of the road or in an alley somewhere?

BARTENDER

Yes it's terrible.

WILL

I always wondered how desperate somebody would have to be to get rid of a living thing like that.

And with that, Will leaves the tasting room. Celia returns to the bar after checking out Stella merchandise.

CELIA

You see a guy? Tall, Black?

BARTENDER

He left. Ohhhh, you're the puppy.

EXT. ROBERTO STELLA WINERY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Celia runs, arriving just in time to see Will burn rubber out of the parking lot.

CELIA

Wiiiiilllll!

EXT. SILVERADO TRAIL ROAD - DUSK

Celia walks the dark country road back to Tanner. The sounds of nature make her nervous. The temperature is dropping and she braces against the cold.

A deer jumps in the middle of the road. Celia is frozen in fear. Bambi knows Celia is a loser and stares in her eyes a long, soul-wrenching beat before jumping into the woods. Celia is rattled as she continues home.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Celia enters the house, sweaty, exhausted and dirty from the walk. Will sits in the dark.

WILL
Tell me honestly, I've always wondered this. Are you retarded?

Will cuts on a lamp by his chair. He looks deranged.

WILL (CONT'D)
Mom always said you were special.

CELIA
By special I think she meant exceptional.

WILL
I don't think so. Anyway, I just want you to know, I'm not mad.

Will cuts the light off and sits in the dark. Celia backs away, unsure of his mental state. He cuts the light on again.

WILL (CONT'D)
At first I was. I was really mad, but then I realized you don't understand what it means to lose this deal. Because you've never worked for anything in your life. Because Mom and Dad always cover for you. Because you're retarded and they don't want their bougie friends to know it.

CELIA
It was hardly a deal. He gave you \$500.

WILL
You're a spoiled dick! It was a deposit! And it was mine! I did that! What have you ever done?

CELIA
You're no better than me. You're worse. You have a Physics Degree from MIT!

(MORE)

CELIA (CONT'D)

And this is where you are? I majored in English. It's expected that I'd be here.

WILL

I know Dad wired the money by now. Just go.

CELIA

I'm not taking his money.

WILL

Get the fuck gone Celia, I mean it.

CELIA

I have the right to hide up here just as much as you do. And if you force me to leave, I will tell Mom and Dad where you are.

WILL

Are you threatening me?

CELIA

I did. I just threatened you. And I'm still on Dad's plan so I got the minutes motherfucker.

WILL

Well do it! Do it you bitch!

Celia stomps away, pissed off.

WILL (CONT'D)

And you're not a Lesbian. You'll do anything to have somebody take care of you, including eat pussy.

CELIA

Fuck you Will! I'm a lesbian and I'm staying!

Celia goes into the room that Will told her not to enter and slams the door. This stops Will's rant. He watches in silence. Then Celia's SCREAMS are heard from inside the room. Next the sound of furniture being knocked over. Celia opens the door. Her clothes are disheveled in a remarkably short period of time. A bat is tangled in her hair and it's making her hyperventilate.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Is there something in my --

Will runs out of the house, scared of the bat. Celia follows.

EXT. TANNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Celia chases Will trying to get him to help her, but he's freaked out and running in circles.

CELIA
Will! Get it! Will!

WILL
Get away from me. Get away from me.

EXT. TANNER PORCH - LATER - NIGHT

The lowest of the low. Celia and Will sit on the porch steps overlooking the vineyards. A big chunk of Celia's curly hair has been cut out to release the bat. Celia is traumatized.

WILL
Sorry about your hair. I can't afford to fix the chimney so the bats...

Will tries to hold back tears.

WILL (CONT'D)
I can't afford to fix anything. You know why my car is always running? Because it costs \$800 to get it to start again if I cut it off.

Will SOBS like a baby. It causes Celia to be uncomfortable. It's too real.

WILL (CONT'D)
Thank God Dad got me a diesel. He was right. My life sucks. You know how I got that fish? I sold my body for that fish! I'm basically a prostitute.

Will is half complaining, half bragging.

CELIA
You sold *your* body?

WILL
Fuck you. I'm like the Idris Elba of Napa. I take the fact that White people can't tell us apart and use that for business. That's smarts.

CELIA
Sure is. Almost like magic. You're more like the David Copperfield of Napa.

That makes Will laugh.

WILL

Selling those grapes was the one thing that gave me a little hope -- a little fucking self-respect. But look at me! Look at me!

Will grabs his belly and shakes it in front of Celia's face.

WILL (CONT'D)

Look at this fucking belly!
It's because all I can afford to eat is grapes, grapes, grapes!

Will smashes bunches of grapes against the house.

WILL (CONT'D)

And who the fuck is August Tanner?

CELIA

It's me. I came up with it right in Stella's office. It's my wine-making name. It's powerful, like Blue Ivy.

WILL

We don't make wine!

CELIA

But why can't we? You said yourself it's all enzymes and cold and hot and shit.

WILL

It's not that simple Celia.

CELIA

I know in my gut -- I even know in your very large gut -- that we can do this. We can make this wine. Let's take this moment to do something.

Will is still not convinced. He drops his head in his hands.

CELIA (CONT'D)

My girlfriend dumped me. It was not mutual. It was not amicable. She said she was tired of carrying me and she met someone else -- someone apparently incredible named Wynter. Wynter with a fucking y? How cool is that?

WILL

That's stupid. It's fake.

CELIA

It is, right? My fake name is so much better.

WILL

Mother Nature doesn't sit around waiting for you to come up with a fucking business plan. We only have about two days.

CELIA

Why two days?

WILL

After that, these grapes go from ripe to rot. My man José could come by with Brix and tell us for sure. You remember Brix? The thermometer you thought was a person?

CELIA

That was a slight misstep. But Will, look at me. I don't need anybody to rescue us. This Cinderella knows exactly where my own fucking shoe is and it's right under the porch.

WILL

I have no idea what that means.

CELIA

Give me 48 hours.

Will takes a hit of his joint. He looks over the vast blocks of grapes.

WILL

That's a lot of fucking grapes.

Celia's looks at the blocks. Her eyes widen in fear. It is a lot of fucking grapes.

WILL (CONT'D)

Alright August Tanner. Let's do this shit.

Celia takes a hit of her brother's joint and coughs.

End.