

Yes to Me

by

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EXT. CENTRAL PARK- DUSK

An idyllic shadow dappled afternoon as the autumn sun ripples through the leaves in Central Park.

A young couple poses for a photo on the bow bridge, snuggling in tight as they use their selfie stick.

Children, giggle as they run ahead of their parents—a walking J.Crew advertisement. Pedi-cab drivers, playfully hustle tourists into their ride. Horse and carriages pass filled with lovers basking in the romance.

Muriel Levine (30s, a chaotic blend of Soho chic and disarray) intoxicated and disheveled in an Alice Temperely bridal gown, hails a horse drawn carriage.

She doesn't wait for the carriage to come to a complete stop as she hurls herself into the back. Her scarlet bouquet and flower crown match the flair and color scheme of the carriage and driver.

The DRIVER, having seen it all, is nonplussed by Muriel's entrance.

DRIVER

Where to ma'am?

MURIEL

(slurring)

Charles Street.

DRIVER

Greenwich Village?

MURIEL

(Slurring)

Greenwich fuckin' Village.

The driver looks at Muriel. She pulls out a rolled up wad of cash from her garter belt.

He nods in approval but doesn't move.

MURIEL (CONT'D)

Well, what are you waiting for?

DRIVER

The groom, Ma'am.

MURIEL

I am also the groom.

DRIVER

Ma'am?

MURIEL

Just drive!

The carriage moves. Muriel slumps down under the blankets, attempts to be discreet as she takes a flask out of her purse and takes a swig.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK ARCH - A BIT LATER

The carriage hits a pothole. Muriel is jolted awake. She looks up at the arch.

MURIEL

France?! Why did you take me to France? I just wanted to go to the village.

The Driver looks back at her confused.

EXT. NYC BROWNSTONE- LATER

Muriel is passed out again in the back.

DRIVER

Ma'am.

Muriel stirs awake.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

We're here.

MURIEL

Wha?

DRIVER

Congratulations, Sleeping Beauty.
You're home.

She pulls herself together. Tries to count the money, gives up. Hands him a wad of cash as he extends his hand to help her. She stumbles out of the carriage.

She stares into the second floor of 18 Charles Street.

MURIEL

This isn't my home.

A warm glow from the candles on the table. CHILDREN (6 and 8) bring in plates as they help set the table. HUSBAND brings in a beautiful lasagna from the kitchen, WIFE approaches with a bottle of wine, pours him a glass and kisses him on the forehead.

Muriel watches this idyllic family dinner brokenhearted. She drops her bouquet and stumbles down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - MORNING

MURIEL has spent the night in the hallway of her apartment. Her key is halfway in the lock. She sleeps slumped over near her "Oh, Hello" door mat.

The landlady, MRS. WU, (60'S) turns the corner and sees Muriel.

MRS. WU
Ms. Levine.

No response.

MRS. WU (CONT'D)
(Louder)
Ms. Levine.

Muriel stirs and MUMBLES.

MRS. WU (CONT'D)
Muriel!

Muriel startles awake revealing empty Taco Bell wrappers in the folds of her dress and her face covered in sauce.

MURIEL
What!? What? I'm up. I'm up.

Muriel looks up and sees Mrs. Wu.

MURIEL (CONT'D)
Oh Hello! Mrs. Wu.

Mrs. Wu looks Muriel up and down and TSKS in concern.

MURIEL (CONT'D)
I got married.

Muriel struggles to stand up as Mrs. Wu opens the door.

MURIEL (CONT'D)
I married myself. Isn't that
hilarious?

Muriel laughs. It quickly turns to hysterics - a mixture of
laughter and cries.

INT. MURIEL'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Muriel flops on her couch. Seeing Muriel, is safely inside,
Mrs. Wu leaves closing the door behind her.

Muriel's phone rings. It's a Facetime from her dad, HORACE
"ACE" LEVINE.

ACE
Hi dear. How was your party?

MURIEL
It was a wedding dad.

ACE
Don't be ridiculous Muriel. You
can't marry yourself.

MURIEL
Well, I did.

FLASHBACK TO YESTERDAY - CITY HALL - DAY

Muriel wears a bridal gown and an intense look. She looks at
her watch then stares at the door impatiently. Her eyes look
wild but it's unclear whether it's unbridled enthusiasm or a
touch of madness.

CLERK
(calls)
Muriel Levine.

Muriel looks at her watch again, then checks the door. She
shakes her head, distressed, and reluctantly stands and
approaches the clerk.

CUT BACK TO
PRESENT :

ACE

I do not accept that. I wasn't there to walk you down the aisle so it doesn't count. Where do you even get this cockamamy idea?

MURIEL

I've told you. From Gigi Vagine.

ACE

I swear, if I ever meet this Geenie Vagina...

Muriel scans her apartment. It is littered with wedding presents and boxes, ribbons and bows and two suitcases packed and ready to go, by the door.

MURIEL

Dad!

ACE

Why don't you just go on a date?

MURIEL

(Seething with sarcasm)
What a great! Why didn't I think of that!?

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK 2 WEEKS AGO

INT. MURIELS' HOME OFFICE - DAY

Muriel sits at her desk lost in thought. She's written the words "It only takes one" on her note pad.

Phone RINGS. The name MATCHMAKER JUSTINE appears.

MURIEL

Finally.

She picks up the phone.

MURIEL (CONT'D)
Hi. Justine, how are you?
(beat)
Me? Not great.

CUT TO:

INT. DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Muriel, still on the phone, is slumped in her chair, frustrated. She scratches out "It only takes one" and writes "If I can even get one."

MURIEL
I feel like you aren't listening to me. I am paying you. You're the matchmaker.
(beat)
Yes, I am frustrated because you told me three quality men per month when I signed up with your service.

Muriel grabs a pencil from her desk.

MURIEL (CONT'D)
Well the only one who was halfway decent was that photographer and he was visiting from Denver and he told me you picked him up in the airport!
(beat)
It's embarrassing and no, I am not moving to Denver. Yes, I understand that the other two were not interested in me. Yes, I understand that means they were not attracted to me.

Muriel twirls her pencil.

MURIEL (CONT'D)
I'm not sure why you keep repeating that.

Muriel snaps her pencil.

MURIEL (CONT'D)
I think a healthy dose of reality is good but I didn't hire you to be my reality check. You're supposed to be my own personal cheerleader!

Muriel scribbles with half her pencil.

MURIEL (CONT'D)

Fine, because it would be great to have a date to my parents' anniversary party. Tomorrow night? Where? OK, 8pm. Blue jacket. Got it.

(beat)

Yes, I understand the package I signed up for is nonrefundable. You know, I'm starting to have concerns about all this. I thought you were invested in my relationship success. Do you even care about how all this is affecting me? Hello? Hello...

Muriel hangs up. She throws her pencil in the trash.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Muriel rushes to her date. She's dressed up. You can tell she put a lot of effort into getting ready but it's raining and her hair and makeup begin to droop.

INT. LIVELY BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Muriel enters, messy. Her efforts at beautification have literally been rained on. She shakes herself off, a drowned rat, and looks around for her date.

Every man in the bar is in a navy blue sport jacket. Full of hope and anticipation she walks up to a man.

MURIEL

Ben?

He shakes his head no. She moves on to the next MAN.

MURIEL (CONT'D)

Ben?

MAN

Sorry.

Muriel heads to the bar to wait.

The bartender, GIANCARLO (fluid and fabulous), approaches. Before he can ask...

MURIEL
 (waving him away)
 I'm waiting for someone. Thanks.

GIANCARLO
 Ok, honey. You just let me know.

The door opens. A MAN IN A BLUE JACKET walks in. He stumbles up to Muriel. She smells the alcohol on his breath.

MURIEL
 Ben?

BEN
 Muriel?

MURIEL
 Yes.

Ben looks her up and down.

BEN
 No.

He shakes his head, turns around and staggers out. Muriel is at the bar in shock. Her shock turns to despair.

MURIEL
 (sotto)
 What is wrong with me?

Giancarlo overhears.

GIANCARLO
 You really want to know?

MURIEL
 No! What?
 (beat)
 Fine. Yes! Tell me.

GIANCARLO
 You reek.

She smells her pits.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)
 Not body odor, darling.
 Desperation.

MURIEL
 Excuse me?

GIANCARLO

You heard me honey. You seem desperate, and a bit sad. Is not sexy.

MURIEL

(sarcastic)

Thanks! That's exactly what I needed right now.

Muriel gets up to go.

GIANCARLO

Don't be mad at me, Sweetie. You said you wanted to know!

Muriel turns to leave.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

It's not your fault. You need Gigi Vagine.

He pulls a hot pink business card out of his tight black pants and hands it to her. Muriel reluctantly takes the card like it has cooties on it.

MURIEL

No thanks, I'm not buying any supplements or whatever.

GIANCARLO

It's not a what! It's a WHO. You never heard of Gigi Vagine?

Off Muriel's look:

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

Gigi Vagine. Listen. I used to be like you. Sad little mouse, desperate for love and approval. Then, I saw Gigi's video online.
(dramatic pause, nods)
She changed my life. I've been following her for years now.

MURIEL

Thanks but no thanks. Obviously, I'm of no interest to anyone and I'm just going to be alone forever.

GIANCARLO

(shakes his head knowingly)

Exactly. That's it right there.

(MORE)

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

Like RuPaul says, "How you gonna love someone else, when you don't love yourself first?" It's you and yourself forever. That's why you have to marry yourself.

Muriel rolls her eyes.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

Not literally with a wedding. You have to learn to love yourself the most and make a commitment to honoring your true needs and wants. Then, and only then, will you get whatever else you want.

Muriel's heard enough. She takes one more look around at all the couples on dates at the bar.

MURIEL

Yeah, I just don't have good luck with this stuff. But, I do have Netflix and ice cream waiting for me at home and they never disappoint.

Giancarlo shrugs.

GIANCARLO

Do you boo.

Muriel frowns and leaves.

INT. MURIEL'S APT - LATER THAT EVENING

Muriel drops her keys in the bowl by the entry way. Hangs up her coat.

She heads into her bedroom and changes into pajamas.

She goes to the freezer and gets a pint of Ben & Jerry's and a spoon.

She grabs her laptop.

Muriel stares at her computer screen. On it is a detailed spreadsheet of every date she has been on. What she wore, where she went, what she ate, if they hooked up, and how she felt.

She logs tonight's disaster with Ben. In the "How I Felt" column she types "pathetic."