Hotebody" - Story Conference Draft 4/3/212 3.

JULES
Okay, I'll try. Sorry.

MADISON

And that word. Under no circumstances are you to apologize for asking to be paid what you deserve. No matter what: Do. Not. Say. Sorry. Got it?

INT. WOÖM - CELESTE'S OFFICE - DAY (D5)

15

Siene I Jules stands in an office made ENTIRELY OF GLASS- glass WALLS, glass DESK, glass PICTURE FRAMES, even a glass ROLLING CHAIR, which faces AWAY from Jules as she speaks to her boss's BACK.

JULES

I really appreciate you taking the time to meet with me Ms. Oslow.

CELESTE

(as she spins around)
Oh please, call me Celeste.

Reveal CELESTE OSLOW, wearing a large GLASS HELMET containing several SALAMANDERS, one of which clings onto her FOREHEAD. Celeste is basically a glass of HUMAN CHAMPAGNE-- bubbly, fun, and incredibly expensive.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

I'm trying this new amphibian facial for our summer skin care list-- it's unbelievably hydrating. Willow?

Her personal assistant, WILLOW, steps in, carefully lifts the helmet off, and places it on the desk, creating a sort of SALAMANDER TERRARIUM.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Speaking of, your skin is luminous. What are you using, placenta?

JULES

Soap, mostly, but there's also water. I'd say water, soap, water is the whole routine.

CELESTE

Huh, we haven't tried that yet.

Willow places a GLASS of GREEN LIQUID in front of Jules.

16

Sides by Breakdown Services - Actors Access

CELESTE (CONT'D)
Habanero green juice?

Jules takes a sip and COUGHS.

JULES

Sorry-- Nope, that coughing was a reasonable reaction to pepper juice and I stand by it. I'm Jules, by the way. From the web design team.

CELESTE

I love putting a face to a name around here. Jules. Jules. Jewels. Emerald. Garnet. Birth Stones. Birth. Nesting. Birds. Robins. Blue Jays. Jay. Jules... I got it.

JULES

Right. Anyway, the reason I asked to sit down with you was-- well, I've been here a few years now and--

Jules notices Celeste LEAN BACK in her chair. Jules tries to remember what Madison said - strong, assertive, lean-in.

JULES (CONT'D)

(sitting up, boldly)
The simple fact is that I deserve--

Jules assertively sets her glass down, but the "set" is more a *
"SLAM" and the entire desk SHATTERS. EVERYTHING falls onto a
HUGE pile of BROKEN GLASS-- the desktop computer, the picture
frames, the vase of flowers, the SALAMANDERS.

JULES (CONT'D)

Celeste, I am so... I mean I'm not--That is to say this was generally regrettable... by me.

A salamander clings to a hanging SHARD OF GI its grip and falls.

16 OMITTED

16

17 OMITTED

18

17

INT. WOOM - MAIN OFFICE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS (D5)

18

Jules stands at her cubicle as a PISSED JANITOR walks by glaring at her. His HANDS are BANDAGED as he wheels a GARBAGE CAN of BROKEN GLASS.

