

~~OWNER  
Good for what?~~

~~JULES  
A celebration. New job.~~

~~OWNER  
Is it paying six figures?~~

~~JULES  
No.~~

~~OWNER  
Good enough.~~

## START

Resigned, she hands the bottle to the store owner -- if only "good enough" were good enough.

A WOMAN'S VOICE  
Julie Jacobson?

Jules turns to see a very stylish and attractive WOMAN, late 30's, immaculately coiffed and svelte.

WOMAN  
You don't recognize me? Maybe if I were mixing a couple of Vodka and Tangs?

Jules tenses at the sudden realization that it's CATHY KIPLINGER; a ghost that's haunted her for years.

JULES  
(awkwardly)  
Oh my God. Cathy. I didn't...  
wow. You look great.

CATHY  
(coldly)  
Thank you. I guess I'm just  
blessed with good genes.

She notices Jules glancing at her chest.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
Oh, I trimmed those mailbags down when I was dancing with Paul Taylor's company. Didn't make the big difference I was hoping for though. I'm in finance now, but I don't miss them, although he might.

She indicates a very good-looking guy, expensive business suit, obviously uber-successful.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
 (off his look)  
 My big tits.

He laughs, rolls his eyes.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
 This is Julie Jacobson. We were  
 at camp together.  
 (pointedly)  
 She was part of that group.

HANDSOME GUY  
 Huh.

Jules's discomfort is growing at a rapid rate.

CATHY  
 So you and Ash are still best  
 buds.

JULES  
 (taken aback)  
 I don't know about that. We still  
 speak occasionally.

CATHY  
 According to Ethan it's more than  
 occasionally.  
 (off Jules's surprise)  
 He calls me every now and then.

Jules looks at her, shocked by this little piece of information.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
 It's been a few years, but... at  
 least one of you had the decency  
 to care.

JULES  
 (guilt-ridden)  
 It was a very complicated time.

CATHY  
 Bullshit. But then it must be  
 very hard to see clearly with  
 your lips glued to Ash's ass.

JULES  
 I'm sorry you feel that way.

CATHY  
 No, you're not. You don't give a  
 shit how I feel.

Jules knows it's pointless to protest.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
So no one's ever heard from  
Goodman?

JULES  
(awkwardly)  
I don't think so, no.

CATHY  
(not buying it)  
Amazing, huh? He just  
disappeared. No body found, he's  
never made contact with anyone...  
not even his nearest and dearest.

JULES  
I guess not.

CATHY  
Hmm. Well... doesn't mean he  
won't, does it? I know you were  
all goo-goo over him. Maybe he'll  
show up one day and carry you off  
into the sunset. Or maybe he'll  
just fuck up your life like he  
did mine.

HANDSOME GUY  
You ready, hon?

CATHY  
Yeah, let's get outta here.

Jules sees he's just purchased a bottle of Crystal.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
(rubbing it in)  
We're celebrating my big  
promotion. First woman Senior  
V.P. at Cantor-Fitzgerald.  
Crashing through the proverbial  
glass ceiling.

JULES  
(genuinely impressed)  
Wow, doesn't sound like you're  
too fucked up to me.

CATHY  
(with deep disdain)  
You never did understand, did  
you? Or maybe you'll just never  
have the guts to think for  
yourself.

Cathy takes her husband's arm and leaves. Off Jules, overwhelmed  
by guilt and self-loathing.

**END**