

BRIDGEHAMPTON

Written by

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INT. EZRA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

EZRA GREEN (30s, currently defeated by the world) sits on his West Elm sofa. Head in his hands. MEL (30s) rolls luggage out of the bedroom. Ezra's eyes sheepishly rise up to her.

EZRA

Mel, are we really doing this?

Mel collects her final belongings. Phone. Wallet. Keys.

EZRA (CONT'D)

Look, I know last night was bad, I know. But, I mean, it was a fight. We have fights. I'm not willing to throw away the last four years.

She keeps ignoring him, about to leave. Ezra stands.

EZRA (CONT'D)

Mel. Can we just act like adults for a second? ... Mel? ... Mel, can you say something, please?

MEL

Some people are broken, and they're not worth fixing.

The door SLAMS SHUT as Mel leaves. Her words ring in Ezra's ears. His shock soon gives way to hurt, followed by a tear.

INT. STELLA'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

STELLA (30s, attacks life with power suit poise) and BROOKS (30s, won't always speak up if he's cut in line) get ready for Wall Street jobs: pack briefcases, blend shakes, etc.

BROOKS

Stella, you don't see how an outside perspective might benefit us?

STELLA

I'm not into it. That's how I see it.

BROOKS

A lot of people swear by it.

STELLA

I don't want to go to a couple's therapist, Brooks. I don't see the point.

BROOKS  
A couple's therapist?

Stella stops, abruptly. Turns to her husband.

STELLA  
Wait, are you telling me to see my  
own, personal therapist?

Brooks' face drops. He's a terrible liar.

BROOKS  
No.

EXT./ESTAB. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE - DAY

A gorgeous beachfront property, modern and sleek.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

MARCIE (70s, tells strangers she doesn't like their outfits)  
shades in a banner at the table. Her flip phone BUZZES.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Marcie holds the phone in one hand, lifts her shirt with the  
other and snaps a topless mirror pic. She composes a text.

MARCIE  
(under her breath)  
Last one, bub.

INT. ADVERTISING AGENCY, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ezra, looking worse-for-wear, sits with other JUNIOR  
CREATIVES (all younger than him). Their overly cheery boss  
MIKE (Ezra's age) leads a brainstorm. Ezra barely listens.

MIKE  
Ezra, what do you have for us  
today?

EZRA  
Uh, nothing. I got nothing.

MIKE  
Ezra, everyone has to share. You  
know the "creative share" rules.

EZRA

Yeah, Mike, I am aware of the rules but I'm also kind of in full despair mode today, where my life feels a little like it's completely falling apart. And not in a good way, if that's what you're thinking. I know your bullshit optimism sometimes gets in the way of rational thought. So, yeah, not really into the "rules" or sharing or doing anything that doesn't have to do with my own personal misery. Maybe we just move on to Emily and allow me to wallow here in peace.

Blank faces around the room. Dumbfounded judgment from Mike.

MIKE

You think my optimism is bullshit?

INT. STELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

A corner office with a stellar view of the city. Stella works at her desk. Her ASSISTANT timidly enters with a coffee.

ASSISTANT

Americano with an extra shot of espresso, light oat milk and they were out of sugar-free caramel so I just put in some Stevia.

Stella just looks at her. The assistant freezes with fear.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

(tossing the cup)

Ya know what? I'll just go make some sugar-free caramel.

INT. SUBWAY CAR STOPPED AT A STATION - DAY

HARPER (30s, lost her ability to give a shit) exits the train carrying a tote bag with new paints and brushes. She passes a GUY reading *Pride and Prejudice* and hands him a Post-It from a pad where each note has her number scribbled on it.

The guy gives the Post-It a confused glance. Through the windows, Harper flashes a "call me" sign from the platform.

INT. HARPER'S APARTMENT - DAY

An artist's loft with canvases, easels, paintings, racks of designer clothes and a mattress on the floor. That's it.

Music HUMS from a vintage record player as Harper paints a broken vase on a canvas. Passion palpable.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, PRIMARY BEDROOM - EVENING

Marcie sits on the edge of the bed on the landline phone. She twirls the cord, speaks into the receiver.

MARCIE

... you got the pic? Good... I  
haven't spoken to him, but this  
is... No, I know. Okay, we'll see.

INT. EZRA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ezra sits on the couch in the dark. Only wearing boxers. Eating Doritos. His phone BUZZES. He ignores the call.

It starts BUZZING again. This time, Ezra frustratedly wipes his fingers on his underwear and answers.

EZRA

Why do you keep calling me?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STELLA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Stella has her phone to her ear at her desk.

STELLA

Yeah, hello to you, too. Mom wants  
to know if you're driving or taking  
the train out to the house.

EZRA

Why doesn't she just call me?

STELLA

I don't know. Because she's Mom.

EZRA

I'm gonna rent a car.

STELLA

So, driving?

EZRA

No, I'm renting a car so I can take the train.

STELLA

Right. I was gonna ask how you're holding up, but I think your tone has already answered that.

EZRA

(sighs)

I've been sitting in my underwear in the dark eating Doritos for the past four hours. I'm a picture of positive mental health.

Stella's gaze suddenly softens with sympathy.

STELLA

You and me. Fiddlesticks. In an hour.

EZRA

Stella, look, I don't need you to-

STELLA

Not a question. Put on some pants.

Stella hangs up. Ezra SIGHS.

INT. FIDDLESTICKS - NIGHT

A grungy dive bar. Ezra and Stella, still in her work clothes, sit at a secluded table in the back with two pints.

STELLA

Are you done, done or just done?

EZRA

Explain the difference to me.

STELLA

Done like I can say whatever I want. Or done in the sense that she'll be at my apartment in a week and it'll be awkward if I say something bad about her.

EZRA

Do you have something bad to say?

STELLA

I think you have to answer my question first.

EZRA

Leaving seems pretty final, no?

STELLA

She kinda did a number on you, huh?

EZRA

(sarcastically)

My girlfriend moving out? Yeah, it kinda did a number on me. If the finance career doesn't work out you'd make an excellent therapist.

STELLA

The Hamptons will be a nice break.

Ezra raises his eyebrows, unsure. Sips his beer.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Look, you need to go out there and find a girl with low self-esteem and even lower morals and just...

Stella makes a non-sex-related gesture (but she means sex).

STELLA (CONT'D)

Nothing serious, casual sex.

EZRA

Have you met me? I'm the least casual person there ever was.

INT. LIVELY BAR - NIGHT

PEOPLE dance around an unmoving Ezra holding a full drink. He doesn't want to be here and it shows.

INT. EZRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ezra comes back home, alone and consumed by self-pity.

INT. EZRA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ezra opens the medicine cabinet, sees TWO TOOTHBRUSHES.

His eyes well up as he brushes. He angrily chuck's the second toothbrush into the toilet.

INT. STELLA'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - LATE THAT NIGHT

Stella drops her bag on the marble island, snacks on leftovers from the fridge. Brooks saunters into the doorway.

BROOKS

Where were you?

STELLA

Drinks with Ezra.

BROOKS

That was hours ago. It's one AM.

STELLA

Yeah.

BROOKS

You guys only ever grab a drink or two, max.

STELLA

And?

BROOKS

So where were you after that?

Stella gives him a searing look.

STELLA

Goodnight, Brooks.

Stella drops the food on the counter and leaves.

EXT. CHELSEA PIERS - DAY

Ezra runs on the boardwalk overlooking the Hudson. His headphones play a SAD SONG (not your typical running music).

HIS FACE -- a mixture of pain and regret. Thoughts visibly racing through his mind. This is his meditation.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

BARISTAS race to keep up with the morning rush. Ezra, still in his workout gear, waits for his drink in subdued defeat.

BARISTA

Medium Almond Mocha Latte, shot of espresso, extra hot, with maple, cinnamon, two sugars and nutmeg.

As Ezra goes for the drink, so does Harper. Their eyes meet.

EZRA  
Go for it, I'll grab the next one.

HARPER  
Yeah, I didn't order that.

Ezra blinks, confused, hesitantly takes the cup.

HARPER (CONT'D)  
I just felt the urge to see the  
person who did. Is that your real  
drink order, man?

EZRA  
Yeah, it really is.

Harper nods and makes a face as if to say, "Well, okay then."

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Ezra sips his drink at a small wire-frame table. Harper exits  
with a simple coffee, approaches him.

HARPER  
Cool if I take the table next to  
you, complicated-drink-order-guy?

EZRA  
Sure. Ezra.

HARPER  
You're very brave, Ezra.

EZRA  
Oh, yeah? Why's that?

HARPER  
Ordering a drink like that? In a  
room full of people? Takes guts.

EZRA  
Not as much guts as openly making  
fun of the stranger who graciously  
allowed you to sit next to them.

HARPER  
You don't own the seats out here. I  
was asking to be polite.

EZRA

Yeah, you strike me as anything but polite. You actually come across as kind of rude, if I'm being honest.

Harper starts COUGHING, hard. Ezra awkwardly watches her.

EZRA (CONT'D)

You okay?

HARPER

This isn't in reaction to you calling me rude if that's what you're asking.

EZRA

(shaking his head)

Wasn't.

Harper gives him an intrigued look.

HARPER

You have sad eyes.

EZRA

And you have no filter.

HARPER

You wanna go out sometime?

EZRA

What part of this conversation led to that question?

HARPER

I don't know. I find your whole brooding, "I hate the world" thing kind of attractive. You just get dumped or something?

Ezra's face gives him away. Harper catches it.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Say yes before I change my mind.

EZRA

Maybe.

HARPER

Are you any good in bed?

EZRA

I'm perfectly adequate.

HARPER

Perfectly adequate is my bread and butter. Let's meet at your place.

Harper fishes around her bag, pulls a Post-It off the pad of notes that all have her number written on them.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Text me the address.

Harper sticks the Post-it to Ezra's chest, walks away.

EZRA

I don't know your name.

HARPER

(without looking back)

You'll learn it tonight.

A perplexed Ezra peels the sticky note off his chest.

EZRA

(to himself)

What the fuck was that?

INT. EZRA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Ezra fiddles with Harper's Post-it, toying with the idea. He finally takes out his phone.

INT. EZRA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A KNOCK at the door. Ezra opens it to Harper.

HARPER

Look at you, following through,  
taking a chance.

A momentary standoff between the two of them. Then... Ezra leans and kisses Harper. An intense make-out ensues.

INT. EZRA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ezra pulls back from making out with Harper on the bed.

EZRA

I did just get dumped.

HARPER

What?

EZRA

I just got dumped. You called it at the coffee shop. My girlfriend just left me.

HARPER

Ezra.

EZRA

Yeah?

HARPER

Stop talking.

Harper slips off her shirt. They get under the comforter.

JUMP TO:

INT. EZRA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Ezra lies awake, staring at the ceiling, lost in thought. Harper slowly wakes next to him with a groggy smile.

HARPER

Morning.

EZRA

Hey.

After a long, pensive beat.

EZRA (CONT'D)

Do you want to come on a trip with me and my family?

Harper is instantly wide awake.

HARPER

Was the sex really that good?

INT. EZRA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

Harper turns on the faucet, places a weekly pill organizer on the sink. Opens "Thursday," fills her hand with capsules.

EZRA (O.S.)

It's just a small weekend trip.

HARPER

(confused)

What?

INT. EZRA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - DAY

Ezra leans against the bathroom door.

EZRA

I'm just saying, it's just a long  
beach weekend. Nothing crazy.

INTERCUT SCENES:

HARPER

Cool... Could we maybe talk about  
this when I'm not in the bathroom?

EZRA

Yeah, of course.

Ezra walks away. Harper swallows the pills with sink water.

INT. EZRA'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

Harper crunches on crispy bacon at the small kitchen island.  
Ezra scrambles eggs at the stove.

EZRA

I just need someone to take some of  
the heat off the fact that my now-  
ex-girlfriend isn't coming.

HARPER

So, a stranger you've known all of  
20 minutes and had sex with one and  
a half times is better?

EZRA

One and a half times is a lot.

Ezra slides the eggs onto two plates, joins Harper.

HARPER

Where are you going?

EZRA

We have a house in the Hamptons. In  
Bridgehampton. On the beach.

HARPER

Oh. You're rich?

EZRA

We're... comfortable.

HARPER

That's something rich people say to  
make the rest of us uncomfortable.

EZRA

It's complicated.

HARPER

Hm. Bridgehampton is near Sag  
Harbor, right?

EZRA

Yeah, not far from it...

HARPER

Why do you want me to come?

EZRA

You're still here.

HARPER

You started cooking bacon while I  
was in the bathroom.

EZRA

I don't know, you seem spontaneous.

HARPER

Because I slept with you less than  
24 hours after we met?

Ezra does a half-hearted nod. Harper eyes him.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Why'd your girlfriend leave you?

EZRA

She said I was broken and I wasn't  
worth fixing.

HARPER

Are you?

Ezra reflects for a beat. Then shrugs.

EZRA

(confidently)

Yeah, probably.

Harper takes a bite of bacon. Three seconds feel like hours.

HARPER

I'll come. But, I won't pretend to  
be your new girlfriend.

EZRA

You won't have to. Everyone will just assume that anyway.

Harper can't help but smile.

EXT. STELLA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Brooks throws a weekender bag into the trunk of a BMW.

Stella heaves in an expensive suitcase, glares at him.

BROOKS

What?

STELLA

(innocently)

What?

Stella heads for the driver's door.

BROOKS

I don't get how you're allowed to turn the tables and be mad at me.

You came home late and I was mad. I get to be the mad one this time!

A PASSERBY gawks at Brooks.

STELLA

You sound insane.

BROOKS

You make me sound insane.

Brooks's instant retort catches Stella off guard.

STELLA

You're right. I'm sorry.

BROOKS

What?

STELLA

You heard me the first time. I'm not saying it again. Let's go.

Stella gets in. A small smile creeps onto Brooks's face.

INT. HARPER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Harper leads Ezra into her place. He takes it all in - the emptiness, the paintings.

EZRA  
(re: the paintings)  
They're good.

HARPER  
I know.

EZRA  
Where's the rest of your stuff?

Harper gets changed in front of Ezra. He tries not to stare.

HARPER  
This is all my stuff. I spend most  
of my money on clothes.

Harper packs an oversized tote bag with expensive clothing.

EZRA  
What about furniture?

Harper shrugs.

EZRA (CONT'D)  
Savings?

HARPER  
Don't believe in them.

EZRA  
You don't believe in savings?  
What's that mean, you don't believe  
in savings? They're not elves.

Harper shakes her head, slings the bag over her shoulder.

HARPER  
I may die in the gutter, but I'll  
be wearing really nice pants.

Harper zips up her jeans as she squeezes by Ezra in the door.

EXT. MONTAUK HIGHWAY - DAY

Long Island's main beach highway. Bumper-to-bumper traffic.

HARPER (PRE-LAP)  
So, what's your family like?

INT. EZRA'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Ezra inches forward as Harper turns to him.

EZRA

Alright, let's prep you for the Greens.

HARPER

I need to be prepped for you guys?

EZRA

Oh yeah. Definitely. Stella. Sister. Older. Super competitive. She'll turn yoga into a contact sport. So, yeah, maybe don't do yoga with her. Then, Brooks. Her husband. A bit of a dud, I guess. Nice, but a dud. He wasn't always that way, but I think Stella just wore him down over the years. Then, Mom. Marcie... Blunt to the point of hurting your feelings. She doesn't mean to, but she also doesn't do anything to change that behavior, so... childhood was interesting. Like, she'll let you know she doesn't like your haircut.

HARPER

You don't think she'll like my haircut?

EZRA

Always a toss up with her. I mean, I find your haircut tolerable, if that helps.

HARPER

You're full of compliments.

EZRA

And, Dad. Where to start with Dad? Self-centered, absorbed, obsessed. All the selfs. Egocentric, tistical- yeah, all the egos, too... This is my short-winded way of saying that we haven't spoken in over two years.

An awkward beat.

HARPER

You haven't spoken to your dad in  
over two years?

EZRA

Yeah. Two and a half.

Harper reacts with raised eyebrows and an "oh shit" smirk.

EZRA (CONT'D)

You hungry for lunch or what?

EXT. LUNCH: THE LOBSTER ROLL - DAY

An outdoor summer spot with a red, white and blue awning.  
Ezra and Harper eat lobster rolls. A quiet meal, until...

HARPER

The national animal of Scotland is  
the unicorn.

EZRA

What?

HARPER

Yeah.

EZRA

No, why are you telling me that?

HARPER

Sometimes when there's a long,  
awkward silence I like to fill it  
with a fun fact. That way we're not  
just sitting here, we're learning.

EZRA

I didn't think it was an awkward  
silence. We were just... eating.

HARPER

In awkward silence, yeah. And I  
think it's because you told me  
about not talking to your dad.

Ezra meets Harper's eye with a stern glare.

EZRA

Unicorns aren't real.

HARPER

Tell that to the Scots and stop  
avoiding my question.

EZRA  
I'm not "avoiding" it. Skirting it,  
maybe. But not-

Harper suddenly erupts into a COUGHING fit.

EZRA (CONT'D)  
-You okay?

Harper nods, catches her breath. Something on her mind.

HARPER  
Yeah, I'm actually terminally ill.  
But other than that, I'm great.

Ezra gives her a strange look.

EZRA  
I don't get the joke.

HARPER  
Because there isn't one.

EZRA  
But, there is.

HARPER  
But, there isn't. You told me about  
your dad. It didn't feel right not  
to share.

EZRA  
Those are very different things and  
mine wasn't a joke.

HARPER  
Neither is mine.

Ezra stares at Harper, dumbfounded, as she keeps eating.

EZRA  
You're really telling me that  
you're really dying?

HARPER  
I really am.

EZRA  
What do you have?

Harper pops a chip into her mouth, thinks for a beat.

HARPER

A helluva lot of fun with the time  
I have left.

EXT. LUNCH: THE LOBSTER ROLL, PARKING LOT - DAY

Ezra and Harper head across the lot to their car.

EZRA

Hey, can I ask you something?

HARPER

Yes, I'm really dying. No, I don't  
want to talk about it. Yes, I'd  
appreciate it if you didn't tell  
your family about it because then  
it gets weird. That's all I ask.

EZRA

Sure, I won't tell anyone, but are  
you up for coming?

HARPER

I shouldn't die while I'm there.

Ezra blinks.

EZRA

(sarcastic)

Well, that's good.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE - DAY

A nautical-themed mailbox reads "The Greens."

Ezra's rental pulls past it into the driveway behind two  
luxury SUVs. He and Harper unpack. She takes in the place,  
clearly impressed by it.

EZRA

Okay, we're very comfortable.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, FOYER - DAY

Ezra and Harper step inside and are immediately intercepted  
by Stella, a bottle of rosé in hand, trying to escape.

STELLA

Brother.

EZRA  
Sister.

STELLA  
Mom needs help hanging a banner.  
Wanna tap in? 'Cause I think Brooks  
is seconds away from physically  
assaulting a 70-year-old woman.

EZRA  
Why on Earth do we need a banner?

STELLA  
Why did Mom make us take highly  
advanced equestrian classes that  
one summer?

Ezra nods -- *Right.*

EZRA  
This is Harper.

STELLA  
That was quick.

EZRA  
Harper, this is Stella, my sister  
who apparently left her manners  
back in Manhattan.

Stella squeezes past them to go outside.

STELLA  
Your sister who will be blacking  
out on the lawn.

Harper turns to Ezra.

HARPER  
A lot like you described her.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Brooks stands on a chair, tries to tape a "Welcome Home" sign to the wall. Behind him, Marcie provides unhelpful direction.

MARCIE  
It's not centered. How can you not  
see that it's not centered?

BROOKS  
Because I'm standing on a chair,  
Marcie.

MARCIE

It needs to go left.

BROOKS

It was just to the left!

MARCIE

I don't know, then try further right.

Ezra and Harper saunter in, taking in the argument.

EZRA

Hey Brooks, why don't I give it a whirl?

Brooks gets down, lets the banner fall. Ezra takes his place.

BROOKS

Yeah, good luck. Where's Stella?

EZRA

Outside getting wine drunk.

BROOKS

And that's where you'll find me.

Brooks leaves. Ezra tries to get the sign in the right place.

EZRA

Mom, this is Harper. Harper, Mom.

MARCIE

Further left. Harper your...?

HARPER

His most recent one-night stand.

Marcie smirks, charmed. Ezra blushes.

MARCIE

(to Ezra)

She's better looking than Mel.

EZRA

Mom, we've been here two minutes, can we wait until the hour mark to make Harper feel uncomfortable?

MARCIE

What? That's nice. If you're gonna have a rebound, they should be better looking. I always say that.

(MORE)

MARCIE (CONT'D)  
(to Harper)  
I always say that.

Harper gives a "Well, you're not wrong" nod.

HARPER  
I don't mind being the rebound if  
I'm the better-looking rebound.

MARCIE  
(to Ezra)  
See? She doesn't mind... And it's  
too far left now, go right.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, FRONT YARD - DAY

Stella lies on her back on the lawn, swigging rosé right from the bottle. Brooks takes a seat next to her.

STELLA  
You escaped?

BROOKS  
I had to get outta there.

Stella passes the wine. Brooks looks troubled.

BROOKS (CONT'D)  
I wanted to talk to you about  
something.

STELLA  
Is it serious?

BROOKS  
Kind of.

STELLA  
Can we talk later, then? I need  
this buzz to get me through dinner.

Brooks nods sadly, takes a swig of wine.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Ezra is still trying to get the banner in the perfect place.

MARCIE  
Ezra, it's off. It's just off.

EZRA  
Mom, you know what-?!

He sticks it to a spot, gets off the chair.

EZRA (CONT'D)  
There. That's where it's staying.

MARCIE  
It's actually pretty good.

HARPER  
Who are we welcoming home?

EZRA  
My dad. I was going to tell you-

HARPER  
Where are we welcoming him home  
from?

Ezra and Marcie exchange a look.

MARCIE  
Prison.

INT. PRISON RELEASE - DAY

ISAAC GREEN (70s, effortlessly charming to a fault) walks to the window in his fatigues. A GUARD slides him his personals.

GUARD  
Got anyone picking you up, Green?

Isaac slides his Rolex out of the bag.

ISAAC  
Uh, yeah... a driver.

GUARD  
What? No family?

ISAAC  
No. Not here. Where can I change?

GUARD  
Through those doors.

Isaac nods, takes the bag.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
And Green?

ISAAC  
Yeah?

GUARD

Leave the secret phone behind.

Isaac gives the guard a look of consideration, then slips a phone out of his jumpsuit, starts scrolling through it.

GUARD (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

ISAAC

Got a lot of photos of my wife's tits on here. Gonna delete those, if that's cool?

The guard can't help but smile.

EXT. OTISVILLE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

A white-collar prison. Isaac walks through the barbed wire gate in street clothes. Gets into a black car at the curb.

INT. BLACK CAR - DAY

Isaac stares out the window at the passing trees.

DRIVER

Gonna be a few hours with traffic.

ISAAC

Yeah, figured. That's fine.

Isaac grows emotional over his newfound freedom. He wipes a knuckle against his watery eyes. Exhales his emotions.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, EZRA'S ROOM - DAY

Ezra and Harper unpack clothes into dressers. Harper is not happy. Ezra tries to deflect. A HUSHED argument.

HARPER

You said a "small weekend trip."

EZRA

It is a small weekend trip.

HARPER

No, this is a "Welcoming Dad Home from Jail" trip. That's a different kind of trip.

EZRA

Not with my family.

HARPER

What was he in for? I think I deserve to know if the guy I'm sharing a house with was recently imprisoned for aggravated assault or something.

EZRA

Financial crimes. Insider trading, fraud.

HARPER

*Oh.* Okay. Those are very safe crimes.

EZRA

Yep. He did 18 months.

HARPER

Okay. And you weren't speaking to him before that. Like, he knows?

EZRA

Yeah. He knows.

HARPER

And you won't even speak to him while he's here?

EZRA

That's a third question.

HARPER

It's a follow-up.

EZRA

I don't plan on speaking to him, no.

HARPER

So, this is going to be interesting.

EZRA

Could be.

HARPER

That one wasn't a question.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, BACKYARD BEACH - DAY

Ezra and Harper exchange flirty glances, feet in the water.

HARPER

How'd you end up keeping this house  
with his crimes?

EZRA

There are workarounds. Lawyers to  
pay off. Money to hide. Trips to  
Switzerland to take.

HARPER

I get it. I've dealt with my fair  
share of wealthy folks.

EZRA

Oh. You're a sugar baby.

Harper smirks despite herself.

HARPER

I worked at an art gallery.

EZRA

Really?

HARPER

I like talking about art. And I was  
good at it. Worked as an assistant  
curator. It was a good gig.

EZRA

Plus, you're an artist, so...

HARPER

I paint.

EZRA

Right. We tend to call those people  
artists.

Harper makes a face as if she's not so sure. BEHIND THEM --  
Stella reads. Brooks texts. Marcie tans on a towel.

STELLA

It's weird that he brought her.

MARCIE

It's not weird. They're cute.

STELLA

Brooks?

BROOKS

What? Yeah. Not weird.

STELLA

Brooks.

BROOKS

Or weird. Whichever one you said.

Stella frowns, shaking her head.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Ezra comes in from outside, towel wrapped around his waist. Marcie peers at him from the fridge holding two wine coolers.

MARCIE

How are you holding up, kid?

EZRA

I brought a stranger to our house, if that's any indication.

MARCIE

Well, Mel tore your heart out of your chest, stomped all over it in her stilettos and replaced that wad of ground beef in the empty cavity where it once sat, right?

EZRA

Why can't you just say, "So, you're sad."

MARCIE

Because sad doesn't even begin to describe the depths of your pain. Seeing a child drop their ice cream cone is sad. This is devastating.

Ezra stares at Marcie, long and hard.

MARCIE (CONT'D)

I started taking poetry classes on Thursday nights at the library.

EZRA

And there it is.

MARCIE

I needed something to do while your dad was incarcerated, which, speaking of...

EZRA

No. I'm not doing this, Mom. You're not a telemarketer, I don't need the sales pitch, so just imagine me hanging up on you right now.

Ezra quickly makes his way out the door.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER THAT DAY  
Ezra and Harper climb the stairs, stop at the bathroom.

EZRA

You can shower first.

HARPER

Everyone's still at the beach, right?

EZRA

Yeah?

Harper kisses Ezra and pulls him into the bathroom. As she shuts the door behind them, the water starts RUNNING...

STELLA (PRE-LAP)

So Harper, how long have you been screwing my brother?

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

Ezra reacts viscerally to Stella's previous question. He's sitting around the marble island with her, Harper and Brooks in loungewear.

EZRA

Jesus, Stella. What are you, eight?

STELLA

I don't think eight-year-olds are asking those kinds of questions.

HARPER

It's been four times in three days.

EZRA

Harper, you don't have to answer her bullshit.

HARPER

I just did.

EZRA

Well, you don't have to answer anything else.

BROOKS

Four times in three days? That's more than once a day.

EZRA

You're a real mathematician, Brooks.

STELLA

Don't talk to him.

EZRA

Don't talk to Harper.

HARPER

I'm gonna put it out there that anyone can talk to me and I'll decide whether or not to respond.

Marcie suddenly rushes in, her phone close to her face.

MARCIE

He's gonna be here any minute!  
Places everyone!

EZRA

Places? What places?

MARCIE

To welcome him back.

STELLA

It's not a surprise party, Mom.

MARCIE

Brooks, get the Coors Lite from the outside fridge.

Brooks heads for the garage.

STELLA

Mom, stop telling Brooks what to do. Ask Ezra's friend.

Brooks pauses, turns back.

MARCIE

I just met Ezra's friend.

HARPER  
Harper.

EZRA  
Yeah, her name's Harper. You both  
know that.

HARPER  
I can grab the beer.

STELLA  
No, Brooks will get it.

Brooks throws his arms in the air, goes into the garage.

EZRA  
You just freaked out about Brooks  
having to get it.

STELLA  
I didn't freak out.

MARCIE  
Guys, can we not fight when Dad  
gets home?

Brooks rushes back in with a can. Marcie looks at him.

MARCIE (CONT'D)  
Just one?

Brooks exasperatedly puts it on the counter, rushes back out.

EZRA  
(to Stella)  
You did freak out a minute ago.

STELLA  
(mocking him)  
"You did freak out a minute ago."

EZRA  
Oh, that's mature.

HARPER  
(to Marcie)  
Are they always like this?

MARCIE  
No. They're usually worse.

Brooks rushes back in with an armful of cans.

MARCIE (CONT'D)  
Jesus, Brooks. Two cans, not 12!

BROOKS  
I got enough for everyone.

STELLA  
Mom, stop yelling at him! EZRA  
Stop yelling at Brooks, Mom!

MARCIE  
Don't yell at me!

ISAAC (O.S.)  
What's going on in here?!

Everyone turns to Isaac in dumbfounded silence. A beat.

BROOKS  
(sheepishly)  
Surprise.

The banner instantly falls down.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, GARAGE - EVENING

Ezra grabs a beer from the fridge and rises to find Isaac standing directly in front of him. A tense standoff.

ISAAC  
Harper seems nice.

Ezra doesn't say anything. Doesn't break eye contact.

ISAAC (CONT'D)  
Ezra, listen, I wanted to...

Ezra breezes past him without saying a word.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, BACK DECK - EVENING

Ezra, Harper, Stella, Brooks and Isaac silently nurse Coors Lites on the deck furniture. Marcie comes outside with an open Louis Vuitton weekender overflowing with letters.

EZRA  
You know we're doing well when we  
keep the mail in a \$2,500 bag.

STELLA  
Who still sends mail?

MARCIE  
It's Dad's fan mail.

STELLA  
His what?

MARCIE  
He had a highly-televised case.  
He's in the public eye, now.

ISAAC  
Marcie, we don't have to read those.

MARCIE  
What? I thought it might be fun.

EZRA  
He lost people hundreds of  
thousands of dollars, how could  
this possibly be fun?

A sullen glance from Isaac towards Ezra. Marcie tears open an envelope, reads the letter inside.

MARCIE  
(voice trailing off)  
"Isaac Green, you are a scumbag..."  
(then)  
Hm.

ISAAC  
Marcie.

Marcie drops the letter, tears open another.

MARCIE  
"You're the biggest piece of shit  
this side of the Mississippi."

BROOKS  
(absentmindedly)  
At least it's just this side of it.

Everyone glares at Brooks. He cowers. Marcie tries a third.

MARCIE  
"Dear Isaac Green, I am going to  
literally murder you..." Huh. Less  
"fan mail" and more "hate mail  
slash death threats."

STELLA  
Why would you ever think it's fan  
mail?

MARCIE

There are inmates on death row with  
love letters, why couldn't I think  
your dad got similar treatment?

EZRA

Similar in that a lot of people  
want him dead.

Isaac gives Ezra a disappointed look. SIGHS.

ISAAC

(getting to his feet)  
I think it's time to go get ready  
for dinner.

Everyone gets up and heads inside. Harper pulls Ezra back.

HARPER

Bit harsh on old Dad, no?

EZRA

Didn't think I was harsh enough.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - EVENING

Stella comes out of her bedroom, changed into a trendy  
"night" outfit. Ezra saunters up the steps, swigging a beer.

EZRA

Hey, would you lay off Harper?

STELLA

I haven't been laying on her.

EZRA

(quietly)

You're the one who said to go out  
and get laid by some random girl.  
That's what I did.

STELLA

Yeah, get laid by her. Not bring  
her on our family trip.

Ezra's gaze drifts from Stella to Harper, who's just come out  
of a room in a designer outfit that will turn heads.

EZRA

Wow.

HARPER

Really? Wow? That's what you're going with? You've seen me naked, you know.

EZRA

Sorry. Yuck.

Ezra and Harper go downstairs. Stella rolls her eyes, goes into the bathroom.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stella touches up her makeup in the mirror. Spots something in Harper's toiletry bag, prescription pill bottles.

CLOSE ON THE LABELS as she takes them out -- **Lorazepam.**  
**Prochlorperazine.** **Atropine.**

INT. UBER - NIGHT

Ezra, Harper and Brooks sit in the backseat. Stella, upfront with the UBER DRIVER. She's buried in her phone. ON SCREEN --

Google results of the pill bottle names: Commonly prescribed medicines for end-of-life care.

STELLA'S FACE -- Reacts in subdued disbelief. Glances at Harper through the rearview mirror.

EXT. LOCAL RESTAURANT - EVENING

String lights twinkle above fancily-dressed PEOPLE eating at picnic tables. The Green family is escorted to their table by the MAÎTRE D' but before they can get there...

Stella suddenly links Ezra's arm...

EZRA

What are you-?

...and pulls him over to...

THE BAR AREA --

... where they squeeze into the overcrowded space.

EZRA

You're that much of an alcoholic  
that we couldn't order at a table?

STELLA

You brought a dying woman here? Are you insane?

Ezra tries to play it off, but is a bad liar and concedes.

EZRA

I didn't know until we were on the way. How did you find out?

STELLA

I saw her pills.

EZRA

(dripping with sarcasm)

Oh, good, because I thought you were going to say something insane like you went through her stuff.

STELLA

Her stuff was out. I saw her stuff.

Ezra doesn't know what to say.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Bringing a one-night stand to our shitshow of a family is one thing. But a one-night stand who might die at any moment? That's.....

EZRA

Stella, I told her I wouldn't tell anyone. She'll be fine, just don't bring it up, okay?

Stella gives him a look as if to say, "Are you crazy?"

EZRA (CONT'D)

Stella.

She reluctantly concedes with a shake of her head.

EXT. LOCAL RESTAURANT - A LITTLE LATER

The Green family eats a quiet meal. Ezra notices Stella staring at him. She gestures towards Harper with her eyes. He mouths "Stop." She mouths "What?"

Harper clocks it at the last second.

HARPER

(quietly, to Ezra)

What was that about earlier?

EZRA  
What was what about?

HARPER  
Stella pulling you over to the bar  
when we got here.

EZRA  
Nothing. Stella being Stella.

Harper nods, half-convinced. A few more quiet beats.

MARCIE  
Are you going to the Surf Lodge  
tonight?

HARPER  
What's the Surf Lodge?

BROOKS  
Super trendy spot. Lots of celebs  
and people who like to watch  
celebs.

EZRA  
And we're neither.

HARPER  
I wouldn't mind seeing some celebs.

EZRA  
Yeah, but the general happiness of  
that place isn't totally in line  
with my current state of misery.

STELLA  
You got yourself a real winner  
here, Harper.

EZRA  
Jokes on you, Stella. Harper's into  
the whole sad thing.

HARPER  
Wow. That's nice to share with the  
whole family.

EZRA  
No, c'mon, I just meant... you like  
sad guys.

STELLA  
You're more like a cocky guy  
masquerading as a sad guy.

EZRA

Either way, still don't wanna go.

HARPER

But I do. And, you just told your family I have a "sad" fetish.

EZRA

I didn't use the word fetish.

BROOKS

You alluded to it.

Ezra glares at Brooks.

EZRA

Fine. Let's go. For a little.

HARPER

Cool... And for the record, it's a fetish for guys in tune with their emotions, so... yeah, if I have any fetish, it's that.

A few beats.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Oh, and feet. Obviously.

Everyone CHUCKLES.

ISAAC

(quietly, to Marcie)

I like her.

PRE-LAP: The PULSING BEAT of a DJ playing Top 40 remixes.

EXT. SURF LODGE, FRONT - NIGHT

Beach chic to the nth degree. A winding line leads up to a shack-like house on the bay. A who's who of MANHATTAN SOCIALITES who've escaped the city for the weekend.

EXT. SURF LODGE, BACK - NIGHT

A club-like lounge in the sand with stylish tables and couches. A DJ blasts music to a packed dance floor of designer cloth-wearing, fruity cocktail-drinking PEOPLE.

Ezra, Harper, Brooks and Stella push through the crowd.

EZRA  
(over the music)  
Should we get a table?

HARPER  
What?!

He mimes the explanation.

EZRA  
A table!

HARPER  
Let's dance!

EZRA  
What?

Harper does a cheesy act out of...

HARPER  
Dancing!

EZRA  
I'm more of a sitter.

Harper leans close to Ezra, whispers something into his ear. His face stays blank throughout. Then, he turns to Stella.

EZRA (CONT'D)  
We're gonna dance.

Stella gives him a judgmental look.

STELLA  
Good luck with that!

EXT. SURF LODGE, BACK - MOMENTS LATER

Ezra and Harper dance together. Harper's carefree attitude is infectious, really getting Ezra into it.

OVER ON SOME COUCHES --

Stella and Brooks watch them.

BROOKS  
Do you wanna dance?

STELLA  
Do you want to dance?

Brooks blinks, balks. Stella makes a gesture as if to say, "Well, there you go."

EXT. SURF LODGE, BACK - LATER THAT NIGHT

Post-dancing sweaty, Ezra and Harper sit with Brooks and Stella on some couches nursing their drinks.

HARPER

Why aren't you talking to your Dad?

Stella and Brooks's ears perk up at the question.

STELLA

It happened a while ago...

EZRA

Stella.

HARPER

What happened?

BROOKS

It was bad.

EZRA

Brooks! Really you two? You're not picking up on the social cues that I don't want people at the table to know about this.

HARPER

I feel like I'm the only one at the table who doesn't know about it.

STELLA

Just tell her.

EZRA

You know what? I don't need this.

Ezra walks away from the table.

BROOKS

C'mon man, we're just-

But Ezra is already leaving the bar area.

EXT. SURF LODGE, FRONT - LATER THAT NIGHT

DJ music BUZZES from the back, but it's much quieter here. Ezra rocks on a woven swing seat by the entrance.

He pulls out his phone. Types Mel into his contact list search bar. Finger hovering above "call," when suddenly-

Harper spills out of the bar, marching in the opposite direction. Ezra glances over, notices her retreat.

EZRA  
Hey, Harper! Where are you going?

She keeps walking, head down. Ezra gives chase.

EZRA (CONT'D)  
Harper, wait!

EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - NIGHT

Ezra follows Harper away from the bar, up this quiet stretch of sidewalk. Harper suddenly turns on a heel to face him.

HARPER  
I asked you to do one thing for me.

EZRA  
What are you even talking about?

HARPER  
One thing, Ezra. That's not a lot of things.

EZRA  
No, I know. The least amount of things... Well, other than zero.

Harper glares at him.

EZRA (CONT'D)  
Sorry... Just, tell me for what.

HARPER  
Stella knows.

EZRA  
Knows...? Shit. She said something.

HARPER  
You knew she knew?

EZRA  
She saw your pills. I told her not to say anything.

HARPER  
She dug through my stuff?

EZRA

I think it was probably more  
sifting than digging.

HARPER

It's not funny, Ezra. I was already  
"the weird, one-night stand girl"  
you brought home. Now, I'm "the  
weird, dying girl." Thank you for  
that.

EZRA

Harper, it's not like that.

HARPER

Let's just go, okay? I don't want  
to be here anymore.

Ezra searches for an opening, but can't find one.

EZRA

There's no service here, we'll have  
to walk to the cab stand.

EXT. MONTAUK STREET - NIGHT

Ezra and Harper walk down the dark block in silence. Distance  
between them, literally and metaphorically.

Ezra peers at Harper, goes to say something, thinks twice.

EXT. CAB STAND - NIGHT

Ezra and Harper wait under the fluorescent light of the stand  
as a taxi pulls up to them. They get in. It drives off.

INT. CAB (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Harper stares out the window, won't look at Ezra. He reaches  
for her hand, but she pulls away.

INT./EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE - NIGHT

Ezra leads Harper inside.

EZRA

Harper, can we just talk?

HARPER

I'm going to bed.

Harper tiptoes upstairs leaving Ezra behind. He notices Isaac in the kitchen doorway eating a spoonful of peanut butter.

ISAAC  
Wanna talk to me about it?

Ezra sucks his teeth, goes into another room.

INT. SURF LODGE, BACK - NIGHT

Stella and Brooks have a second round, also silent. Without Ezra and Harper, their conversation topics have evaporated.

STELLA  
Should we go?

Brooks nods sadly.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE - NIGHT

A taxi drops Stella and Brooks out front. We notice the distance between them, too, as they go inside.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Stella and Brooks slip in quietly. They're intercepted by Ezra from the kitchen, eerily calm as he stares at Stella.

EZRA  
Stella, let me ask you a serious  
question: Are you dumb?

BROOKS  
Hey, don't talk to her like that.

STELLA  
How am I the dumb one? I didn't  
bring her here!

EZRA  
You bring Brooks every year!

BROOKS  
Hey!

STELLA  
It's who I am, Ezra. I'm someone  
who says something. I had to say  
something.

FLASH TO:

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, EZRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Harper, in Ezra's bed, listens to the yelling downstairs.

EZRA (O.S.)  
It's not all about you, Stella!  
Other people have feelings, too!

STELLA (O.S.)  
Their feelings are not my concern!

BACK TO SCENE:

EZRA  
Clearly!

STELLA  
Exactly! Clearly!

BROOKS  
Alright, I'm going to bed.

EZRA  
(more than sarcastic)  
Yeah, thanks, Brooks. Keep those  
updates coming.

STELLA  
Stop being a dick.

EZRA  
Stop being an asshat.

BROOKS  
Hey, don't call her an asshat!

EZRA  
Then tell her to stop acting like  
one!

MARCIE (O.S.)  
What the hell is going on down  
here?!

Marcie and Isaac appear at the bottom of the staircase in  
their PJs.

STELLA  
Ezra brought a dying woman here.

EZRA  
Jesus Christ, it's like you can't  
help it.  
(MORE)

EZRA (CONT'D)  
Can we get Stella some Pepto to  
stop her diarrhea of the mouth?

ISAAC  
Wait, what? Who's dying?

STELLA  
The only woman Ezra brought here,  
Dad.

BROOKS  
Harper.

MARCIE  
Harper's dying?

EZRA  
She's sick. Yes. But that's not  
anybody's business and it's no  
reason to treat her any  
differently, okay? She's fine minus  
the dying part.

A tense beat. No one is quite sure what to say.

ISAAC  
What does she have?

No response.

MARCIE  
Okay. Well, we can talk more in the  
morning, then. Nothing gets solved  
at two AM.

Stella and Brooks march past Marcie up the stairs.

STELLA  
It's 11:30, Mom.

Marcie makes a face -- *Hm.*

EXT. BEACH - THE NEXT MORNING

Sneakers PLOD across the wet sand. Ezra runs along the beach  
to his SAD RUNNING MIX.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Isaac pours cereal and milk into a bowl at the island. Eats  
his breakfast with a Coors Lite as his drink.

Harper wanders in. He pushes a Cheerios box towards her. She makes a bowl and joins him.

HARPER

So, how many people did you murder  
to end up in jail?

Isaac SCOFFS a CHUCKLE as he chews.

ISAAC

Not as many as I would've liked.  
(pause)  
How long do you have left to live?

HARPER

So you know too, now?

ISAAC

It came up.

Harper shakes her head with a wry smile.

HARPER

Doctors can't be completely sure.  
They think 11 months or so. Could  
be tomorrow for all I know.

Isaac gives Harper a look to see if she's being serious.

HARPER (CONT'D)

I hope I go in 10, though. That'd  
be ideal.

ISAAC

Why not 11?

HARPER

(nonchalantly)

Because then I'll get to that last  
month and be constantly thinking  
I'm about to die. And that's no way  
to live.

Isaac stops eating to absorb what she's said.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, EZRA'S ROOM - DAY

Ezra comes in, post-run sweaty, as Harper gets dressed for the day. Their eyes meet as Ezra catches his breath.

EZRA

I am sorry.

HARPER

It's okay. It wasn't really your fault. You were just the most accessible punching bag in the moment.

EZRA

Who told you my high school nickname?

Harper CHUCKLES at him.

EZRA (CONT'D)

So, we're good?

Harper plants a tender kiss on Ezra's lips. Playfully bites her bottom lip and leaves the room.

EZRA (CONT'D)

(confidently)

We're good.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Harper swallows her pills with sink water. Brushes her teeth. Stella timidly joins her. Starts brushing, too.

STELLA

Look, I'm not great at apologies.

Harper spits, rinses.

HARPER

That sucks, because I'm pretty good at accepting them.

Stella pauses brushing, gives Harper a look.

STELLA

I am sorry. I was in the wrong.

Harper eyes her for a tense beat until Stella spits, too.

HARPER

Lucky for you, I don't have time to be mad at people so, yeah, pretend that I yelled at you for a while and then you cried for a while and it was awkward for a little and now give me a hug so we can make up already.

Stella hugs Harper.

HARPER (CONT'D)  
Isn't that a better system?

STELLA  
Tremendously.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Ezra and Harper come out of a coffee shop with two lattés. Walk through town, past upscale boutiques and classy cafés.

HARPER  
I don't have a bucket list or anything. I've always been obsessed with this "lifestyle." The expensive clothes, the multi-million dollar houses, the "posh" experiences. I think all of America probably is.

EZRA  
And then you met me and my insane family- who I'm very sorry about, by the way- and everything fell into place.

HARPER  
If we had to apologize for our families, we'd never have time to eat or breathe.

Harper picks up the pace a bit.

INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

Fashion-forward clothing with price tags that make your eyes bulge. Ezra's eyes do just that as he checks one on the rack Harper's taking items from.

EZRA  
What's your family like?

HARPER  
I'm one of those rare "I don't have a family" people. Dad left when I was young and my mom died unexpectedly. So, maybe there's a family curse? I don't know if it would've been easier if it was the same illness as me or a genetic thing or something.

(MORE)

HARPER (CONT'D)

But, it was a car crash that got her. So, obviously not genetic.

Harper's arm is weighed down by the number of pieces she has draped over it. Ezra comes over to help, taking a few.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Still feel like you have complaints about your family?

Ezra gives her a look, then drops the clothes back onto her arm. She LAUGHS.

INT. GALLERY - DAY

Walls adorned with local art. Ezra and Harper stop in front of a painting of a nude woman on the beach.

EZRA

What do you think?

HARPER

Nice tits.

EZRA

There's that art gallery experience shining through.

HARPER

If you're gonna do a nude piece of someone, make it of someone with nice tits and not ugly ones, otherwise you'll have an ugly photograph or painting. Told a photographer once he shot someone with ugly tits and an OK face and he pulled his collection from us.

EZRA

Really?

HARPER

Yeah, turns out the subject was his wife.

EZRA

An OK face might be worse than ugly tits. Did you get fired?

HARPER

Reprimanded. But not fired. My old boss was kind of my mentor.

(MORE)

HARPER (CONT'D)

Said I had the eye. Wanted me to eventually take over her place.

EZRA

Would you have?

HARPER

I would have liked to.

Harper keeps her eyes on the art. Ezra keeps his on Harper.

HARPER (CONT'D)

How far are we from Sag Harbor?

EZRA

Like 15, 20 minutes. Why?

Harper shrugs. Ezra blinks.

EZRA (CONT'D)

I told Stella that I thought we should all go to a vineyard today, and she's in, but we could always pivot and go there.

Harper shakes her head.

HARPER

Wine works.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

Marcie meal preps a crab boil. Dumps lobster tails, crab legs, potatoes and corn from around the kitchen into a pot.

Stella follows her back and forth across the room. Brooks texts on his phone at the table. Over all this...

MARCIE

Stella, your father and I are hot-blooded creatures. Just because we're in our 70s doesn't mean we still don't have needs and wants.

STELLA

Ew, Mom, just say you can't make it. Okay? Just say that.

MARCIE

You asked why we weren't coming. "We can't make it" isn't a why.

Ezra and Harper come back from shopping with multiple bags.

STELLA

Have a filter, Mom. You're making  
Brooks uncomfortable.

Brooks looks up upon hearing his name. Both women look at him.

MARCIE

He seems fine.

EZRA

What's going on?

STELLA

I told Mom your vineyard plan, but  
she's not coming so she can bang  
Dad.

Ezra glares at Stella.

EZRA

What is wrong with you?

MARCIE

In my defense, I didn't say "bang"  
I said "pork."

STELLA

Worse.

MARCIE

Really?

EZRA

Much.

MARCIE

Well, like I was telling your  
sister, just because we've gotten  
older doesn't mean we don't have  
needs and wants.

EZRA

Right, well I want you to not tell  
me that and I need to leave.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE - DAY

Ezra, Harper, Stella and Brooks pile into an Uber.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The kids have been gone for maybe four minutes. Isaac pokes his head in, waits for Marcie to notice him.

ISAAC  
Bedroom?

MARCIE  
Backyard.

They go outside.

EXT. VINEYARD - DAY

A rustic house on a sprawling estate. Mercedes and Audis parked in the lot. Ubers drop PEOPLE off by the entrance.

EXT. VINEYARD - DAY

IN THE BACK -- A band CROONS under a gazebo to an AUDIENCE of picnic tables scattered haphazardly across the lawn.

KIDS play corn hole and tag while their Vineyard Vine-wearing PARENTS drink chardonnay. Groups of FRIENDS have cooler-packed lunches to soak up their multiple bottles of rosé.

Stella comes out of the tasting room, balancing four bottles and glasses. We TRACK HER across the grass until she gets to Ezra, Harper and Brooks waiting at a picnic table.

STELLA  
A bottle of the chard, a bottle of zin, and a bottle of- oh shit.

EZRA  
A bottle of what?

Stella quickly sits down and lowers her head.

BROOKS  
What? What is it?

STELLA  
Shit shit shit shit shit.

Stella peers up. Ezra tries to follow her gaze.

EZRA  
What-?

Stella pulls his head back towards her.

STELLA

It's Mel.

ACROSS THE GRASS -- Mel is at a table with FRIENDS. Laughing.

Ezra closes his eyes with a grimace.

EZRA

Of all the overpriced, swanky  
vineyards in all the world.

Harper, Stella and Brooks all stare.

EZRA (CONT'D)

Quick, just, pour the wine and  
don't let her see us.

HARPER

How is pouring wine going to not  
make her see us?

EZRA

We won't be staring at her. That's  
a start.

They try to act naturally but keep sneaking peeks.

EZRA (CONT'D)

Guys, I couldn't be more serious,  
stop looking at her.

STELLA

I don't know where else to look.

EZRA

Anywhere but her.

A beat.

BROOKS

I gotta be honest, I'm finding it  
hard not to look.

STELLA

Brooks, switch off with me.

EZRA

No, Brooks, don't.

HARPER

If we all stop acting like weirdos  
she probably won't notice us.

BROOKS  
Are we acting like weirdos?

EZRA  
Says the guy who's finding it hard  
not to look.

Ezra downs his glass in a single gulp, pours another.

STELLA  
You're the one making a scene.

EZRA  
Shhhhhh! For the love of God, shhh.

STELLA  
Why shhh? She's like 50 yards away-

HARPER  
Oh shit. She's getting up.

Mel gets out of her seat and starts walking.

EZRA  
Is she coming here?

STELLA  
I don't know. I'm not in her brain.

EZRA  
Make an educated guess.

STELLA  
How?

EZRA  
Sorry, forgot who I'm talking to.  
Make a guess.

Stella rolls her eyes. Mel goes into the tasting room.

HARPER  
She went inside.

Harper puts a hand on Ezra's shoulder. He considers his options, rubs stress from his face. Finally...

EZRA  
Alright, let's go.

STELLA  
Go? It was your idea to come here.  
I just bought the wine.

BROOKS  
Stella.

Brooks nods at her as if to say, "We have to."

STELLA  
Fine. But take the bottles.

They quickly snag the bottles off the table and sneakily hurry across the grass to the front of the building.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

Marcie and Isaac lie naked underneath a blanket on the patio.

ISAAC  
He hates me, Marce.

MARCIE  
He doesn't hate you. He's mad at you.

ISAAC  
I've tried apologizing.

MARCIE  
Maybe he doesn't need an apology. You'll always be his father, but for a second there you forgot to be his dad. Remind him.

Isaac blinks.

MARCIE (CONT'D)  
Also, this is the least sexy pillow talk ever, so find something more sexy or I'm leaving.

A beat.

ISAAC  
Wanna go get some ice cream?

MARCIE  
There we go.

EXT. VINEYARD, PARKING LOT - DAY

Ezra, Harper, Stella and Brooks each hold a bottle of wine, waiting for their Uber to pick them up.

MEL (O.S.)  
Ezra?

*Shit.* Everyone slowly turns to Mel. Ezra hands his bottle to Brooks, walks over to her.

MEL (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here?

EZRA  
You used to come here with me and my family all the time. Feels like there was a very good chance I would be here.

MEL  
No, I know. I'm just surprised to see you, is all.

EZRA  
Right, but not so surprising since, ya know, you used to come here with me and my family all the time.

MEL  
How've you been?

EZRA  
(mulls it over)  
In a place where I'm pretty over telling people how I've been.

MEL  
Ezra, I-

EZRA  
Said I was broken and not worth fixing.

MEL  
I was mad.

EZRA  
You still said it.

A tense beat. Mel's eyes flutter with tears.

MEL  
I've... missed you.

EZRA  
You said I was-

MEL

I know what I said, Ezra! And I  
shouldn't have said it, but I did  
and I'm sorry.

A black sedan pulls up to Stella, Harper and Brooks. They get in and shut the door. Ezra looks over, Mel follows his gaze.

EZRA

My Uber's here.

MEL

Can I text you?

EZRA

I have a lot of thoughts about  
that, but for the sake of brevity  
I'll just say, "No."

Ezra moves towards the car.

MEL

Don't cut me out like you did with  
your dad.

Ezra turns back, reflects for a beat.

EZRA

You don't get to say that to me  
anymore.

INT. UBER - DAY

Ezra gets into the backseat with Harper and Stella. Brooks up front with UBER DRIVER JEFF. An anticipatory beat.

EZRA

What?

UBER DRIVER JEFF

What'd she say?

EZRA

So, we told the driver my life  
story. Good. That's just great.  
That's... so great.

STELLA

His name's Jeff. And we only told  
him the Mel parts.

An awkward beat.

STELLA (CONT'D)  
We can go now, Jeff.

Jeff pulls away. Harper grabs Ezra's hand.

HARPER  
(quietly, to Ezra)  
You did good.

EZRA  
You didn't hear what I said.

HARPER  
You look like you want to maybe  
punch a wall and cry. That's good.

After the car pulls away...

EZRA  
Know any good walls?

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

Marcie and Isaac eat cones at the little table outside this storefront that screams "Everything inside is homemade!"

MARCIE  
Sex and ice cream. Not a bad first  
full day of freedom.

Isaac smiles.

A car pulls up next to them, window down, a MAN driving.

MAN  
You Isaac Green?

ISAAC  
What? Yeah?

MAN  
You're a piece of shit!

Isaac stands, takes a protective step in front of Marcie.

ISAAC  
Okay, noted.

MAN  
My brother lost everything because  
of you!

ISAAC  
Who's your brother?

MAN  
Everything! You'll get what's  
coming! I hope you rot in hell!

Isaac walks towards the car, but the man speeds away.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, FOYER - DAY

A bunch of KNOCKING on the front door before Stella slowly pushes it open and pokes her head in.

STELLA  
Mom and Dad, we're back early! So  
wherever you are... We're home.

The rest of the crew comes in after her.

In a SERIES of SHOTS -- Ezra, Harper, Stella and Brooks tiptoe into DIFFERENT ROOMS around the house trying not to walk in on their parents "doing it."

The entire crew reconvenes in...

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Stella is the last to join.

STELLA  
Either they're doing it in the most  
secretive hiding place in the house  
or they aren't here.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, EZRA'S ROOM - DAY

Ezra strides in and face plants on the bed. Harper takes in his state from the doorway, sits at the foot of the bed.

They stay like that for a while. In silence.

After a bit, Ezra lifts his head, peers over at Harper.

EZRA  
So what's in Sag Harbor?

HARPER  
What?

EZRA

You asked how far Sag Harbor was earlier. What's there?

HARPER

An ex.

EZRA

So that's why you came, to see him.

HARPER

Partially.

EZRA

What's the other part? To sleep with him, too?

HARPER

He has one of my paintings.

EZRA

To rob him?

HARPER

It's my painting.

EZRA

In his house.

HARPER

I'm going to go get it back.

EZRA

I'm not sure if you know how robbing works, but you're pretty much describing it to a t.

Harper shrugs.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

Isaac drives Marcie back home. She rests her hand on his, gives it a squeeze.

MARCIE

You okay?

ISAAC

Yeah. Are you okay?

Marcie thinks for a beat, then nods.

MARCIE

We also got doxxed the other day.

ISAAC

We got what?

MARCIE

It's when they share your address online.

ISAAC

What? Why would they do that?  
So they can come to our apartment  
to yell at me there?

MARCIE

Or the beach house, they shared  
that, too.

Isaac grimaces.

MARCIE (CONT'D)

I think it's just to scare you. I  
didn't tell you 'cause I didn't  
want you to worry. I know you're  
the worrier.

ISAAC

About things worth worrying about.

MARCIE

This isn't one of those things.

A beat.

ISAAC

We should tell the kids.

Marcie shrugs.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Ezra, Harper, Stella and Brooks lay newspaper across the table, prepping for dinner.

A LITTLE LATER --

A crab boil is dumped onto the center of the table by Marcie. Ezra, Harper, Isaac, Stella and Brooks watch the spectacle with grateful reactions. They start eating.

MARCIE  
How was the vineyard?

STELLA  
We ran into Mel.

MARCIE  
And?

Ezra shrugs. Keeps eating.

HARPER  
Ezra handled it well.

MARCIE  
Your dad got yelled at by a crazy  
person today, if that helps.

EZRA  
Yeah, a little bit, actually.

A few grins from around the table. Isaac frowns.

STELLA  
Where'd you get yelled at?

ISAAC  
An ice cream shop.

BROOKS  
Why? What happened?

ISAAC  
Oh, ya know, I'm a piece of shit. I  
lost people's money. I should die  
in a hole.

MARCIE  
The guy didn't say "in a hole" but  
he implied it.

HARPER  
How did you lose other people's  
money with insider trading?

ISAAC  
I wasn't only convicted of that.  
The fraud meant my firm was also  
pumping and dumping stocks, pushing  
bad funds for our own gain... Ezra  
obviously knew nothing about it.

Harper gives Ezra a look in reaction to the final revelation.  
He keeps his eyes glued to his plate.

MARCIE

Oh, we've also been doxxed.

Ezra, Harper, Stella and Brooks all stop eating and stare, concerned.

MARCIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, at our city apartment and at this house... We'll be fine.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

Piles of dirty dishes across the counter and in the sink. Half-eaten dishes on the island. A job for tomorrow.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Ezra, Harper and Stella sprawl out across the couches, lazy and full.

HARPER

You and your dad worked together?

EZRA

Nothing gets passed you.

HARPER

Don't do that. Don't start being an ass.

Stella glances over, eavesdropping.

EZRA

I'm surprised you think I've just started being one.

Isaac comes in with a baseball mitt and ball.

ISAAC

Hey, Ezra, wanna go have a quick catch out front?

Ezra doesn't even make eye contact.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

C'mon, like the old days.

Nothing. Isaac's face drops. Harper and Stella's heads swivel between the two men like it's a tennis match.

ISAAC (CONT'D)  
C'mon, son. I'm trying here. Give  
me a shot to fix this.

Ezra is relentless. Won't even acknowledge him with a glance.

ISAAC (CONT'D)  
Alright, well, if you change your  
mind, Brooks and I will be tossing  
a ball around out front.

STELLA  
You're playing with Brooks?

ISAAC  
(less-than-thrilled)  
Yeah. He's stretching.

Isaac leaves the room. Harper gently kicks Ezra in the ribs.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, BACKYARD - EVENING

Ezra sits on the sand looking out across the water. Harper eventually joins him. They take in the sunset view.

HARPER  
He is trying.

Ezra makes a face, keeping his eyes affixed to the water.

HARPER (CONT'D)  
Why'd your ex say you were broken?

EZRA  
I think what I chalked up to my  
dark sense of humor, she saw as my  
actual thoughts on things.

HARPER  
Why'd she think that?

EZRA  
Because they were my actual  
thoughts on things.  
(then)  
She wanted to get married, that was  
part of it.

HARPER  
And you didn't?

EZRA  
I was on the fence.

HARPER

About her or about the marriage?

EZRA

About the marriage to her.

HARPER

And the not worth fixing part?

Ezra shakes his head as he reflects. Unsure. We can see on his face that as much as he tries to hide it, this pains him.

HARPER (CONT'D)

We're all broken, Ezra.

EZRA

Yeah, I got it, we're all broken, we're all worth fixing. I get it.

HARPER

No.

EZRA

What?

HARPER

None of us are worth fixing. It's not about finding someone who can fix you. It's about finding the broken people who make you feel whole.

They lock eyes. Could be the only two people in the world at this moment. Ezra leans in, but Harper pushes him back.

EZRA

What?

HARPER

You're allowed to like me. You're not allowed to love me.

EZRA

Well, that's not fair at all.

HARPER

Never said it was.

They gaze back out at the horizon. Ezra, a mix of emotions. Harper, too.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, EZRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ezra and Harper get into bed. A long, pensive beat.

EZRA

I'll help you rob your ex tomorrow  
before we go on that hike I wanted  
to take you on.

HARPER

That's very kind of you.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Harper saunters in with a glass of water, rubs sleepy yet  
sleepless eyes, turns on a lamp. She stares at an oversized  
painting of a blue square on white canvas behind the couch.

MARCIE (O.S.)

I never understood that one.

Harper startles slightly. Marcie comes and joins her.

HARPER

You must have liked it when you  
bought it.

MARCIE

An interior designer thought the  
room needed a minimalist piece that  
wouldn't detract from the other  
design elements in the space. He  
picked it out. He liked it.

HARPER

What did you think of it?

MARCIE

I thought it was a blue square.  
Something I could've done for less  
than the \$35,000 I paid for it.

Harper's eyes subtly react to the price tag.

HARPER

But that's why you couldn't have  
done it. Because to you, it  
would've just been a blue square.  
But to the artist... the artist had  
to put a piece of themselves onto  
that canvas. It's not just a blue  
square, it's a moment in time.

(MORE)

HARPER (CONT'D)

Something that happened to them that resulted in this blue square. The first time they brought their newborn son home after a testing three weeks in the NICU. The last time they ran an open palm over their beloved beagle before making the toughest decision of their life. The first time they held their soulmate in their arms. Or maybe the last. It's heartbreak or happiness or the quietest their thoughts have been in the last five years in a struggle against themselves. The story isn't in the canvas we're looking at, it's in the time they spent painting it and the reason why.

Marcie takes that all in.

MARCIE

Ezra, says you're a painter.

HARPER

I was better at talking about paintings than doing them.

MARCIE

Could've owned a gallery.

Harper smiles sadly.

HARPER

Our dreams die before we do.

A beat as Marcie reflects on that, then she places a comforting hand on Harper's shoulder. They exchange a look.

EXT. LONG ISLAND SIDE STREETS - MORNING

The orange hues of dawn reflect off the bay as Ezra's rental car drives over the bridge leading into Sag Harbor.

EXT. SAG HARBOR HOUSE, FRONT GATE - DAY

The rental car idles with the passenger door open at the edge of the driveway leading up to an intricately designed gate.

Harper punches the code into the intercom box and rushes back to her side of the car.

HARPER  
(as she gets in the car)  
Thank goodness he didn't change the  
code.

The gates open to reveal a very boxy, ultra-modern, super-expensive home.

INT. EZRA'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Ezra and Harper peer at the house through the windshield as they pull up the driveway.

EZRA  
Is your ex a Bond villain or  
something? What is this?

HARPER  
He's the son of a Saudi prince.

Ezra parks, stares blankly at Harper.

HARPER (CONT'D)  
What's that face?

EZRA  
What's this face? It's the face of  
a guy who's not so comfortable  
robbing the son of a Saudi prince  
because he doesn't want to get  
murdered by the son of a Saudi  
prince.  
(pause)  
Is he home?

HARPER  
Not sure.

Harper flings open the door and starts towards the house.

EZRA  
Did that seem like our cue to go?

INT./EXT. SAG HARBOR HOUSE - DAY

Harper rings the bell as Ezra hurries up the stoop after her.

EZRA  
Did you just ring the bell?

HARPER  
Yeah.

EZRA

How many robberies have you seen  
where they ring the bell?!

HARPER

I haven't seen any robberies.

Ezra's face is blank, bogged down by subdued defeat. After a beat, Harper rings the bell again. This time, Ezra just nods in response to his likely imminent downfall.

Then, the door opens to AMIR (30s, essentially a male model), half-asleep in his underwear.

AMIR

Harper?

HARPER

I want the painting back, Amir.

AMIR

(re: Ezra)

Who's this?

HARPER

This is Ezra. My Jewish friend...

EZRA

Why would you add the Jewish part?

HARPER

... I want my painting back.

AMIR

Which painting?

HARPER

You know which one.

Amir and Harper's eyes lock.

AMIR

And if I say "no?"

HARPER

Then, I'll-

Ezra puts up a hand and steps in front of Harper.

EZRA

Hi. Amir, was it? I'm Ezra.  
Harper's... Jewish friend.  
(MORE)

EZRA (CONT'D)

Look, I know I don't look like the kind of guy who could kick your ass, but I assure you, I am. A few years of mixed martial arts training will do that. So, just, give us the painting and go have a coffee, because isn't that a way better to start your morning than getting your ass kicked by a guy you just met.

Off Amir's reaction, we...

JUMP TO:

A VIBRANTLY-COLORED OIL PAINTING OF A KITCHEN SINK.

We PULL WIDER to REVEAL...

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, BACKYARD/BEACH - DAY

... where Harper carries the large canvas alongside Ezra as they stroll along the shoreline. They got it.

HARPER

You trained in mixed martial arts?

EZRA

Oh. No. I just said that.

ON THE CANVAS - A contemporary painting of a kitchen sink full of dishes in loud colors. Like a still-life Matisse.

Harper suddenly winds up to chuck the painting into the water when Ezra steps in to stop her.

EZRA (CONT'D)

Hey, what're you doing?

HARPER

What?

EZRA

What do you mean "what?" We just went through all of that to- I thought you wanted this.

HARPER

I just didn't want him to have it.

EZRA

Harper, I'm no art critic, but it's too good to throw into the ocean.

HARPER

You don't have to wear kid gloves with me, Ezra. I wrapped my head around my mediocrity a while back.

EZRA

I'm telling you honestly, this is great.

Harper turns to the painting to look at it, digesting what she's made as if she's seeing it for the first time.

HARPER

It's from the day I found out. I was washing dishes when they called me to say I had to go back in for a follow-up appointment. But, they'd already told me I'd only have to go back in if the tests were positive, so I knew the diagnosis. And I'd already Googled enough to know the prognosis, too. And then I threw on a Smiths record and painted this. The exact spot I was standing. And now it's like a time machine.

EZRA

A time machine?

HARPER

You see it as a kitchen sink with dirty dishes, but to me... every time I look at it, it just brings back everything I felt in that moment.

Ezra blinks, takes all that in.

EZRA

Look, do what you want with it, it's your painting. But, you're not just "someone who paints." Someone who paints doesn't talk about their work like that.

A glint appears in Harper's eye as she meets Ezra's. Then, Ezra heads back inside leaving Harper to think about it.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Stella, wearing her "cute hiking outfit," pours a cup of coffee. Brooks enters, still in his pajamas.

BROOKS  
Hey, I can't make it. Got work.

STELLA  
Work? What work?

BROOKS  
It's work. The normal stuff.

STELLA  
You're going to make me hike with  
my family alone?

Brooks nods. Stella lets her head drop dramatically.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE - DAY

Hiking poles are packed in the Land Rover's trunk by Isaac. Ezra lugs over a cooler. Isaac tries to give him a hand but Ezra aggressively yanks it towards himself.

He tosses the hiking poles Isaac just packed onto the ground, puts the cooler in and heads back inside.

ISAAC  
Ezra, c'mon, let's...

But Ezra's already gone.

EXT. MONTAUK BEACHSIDE TRAIL - DAY

Hiking boots (and one pair of sneakers belonging to Harper) trek along the sandy dirt path.

Marcie, Isaac and Stella lead the pack past this ocean-side overlook. Ezra and Harper are just behind them.

MARCIE, ISAAC AND STELLA --

MARCIE  
When's your parole meeting?

ISAAC  
Noon.

MARCIE

(to Stella)

You're gonna have to do lunch on  
your own, is that okay?

STELLA

I don't know if I'll manage.

BACK BY EZRA AND HARPER --

Harper huffs and puffs but muscles through. Until she stops, hands on her knees. Ezra turns back to her.

EZRA

You alright?

HARPER

Yeah. Just not getting enough  
oxygen to my lungs, I think.

EZRA

Oh. Good.

She catches her breath and they start walking again.

ISAAC, MARCIE AND STELLA --

STELLA

Why didn't we bring wine?

ISAAC

Because it's ten in the morning.

STELLA

Repeating the question: why didn't  
we bring wine?

MARCIE

I have carrot sticks.

STELLA

Well that's not an equal trade at  
all, is it?

EZRA AND HARPER --

HARPER

There better be a view that  
legitimately knocks my socks off at  
the top.

(MORE)

HARPER (CONT'D)

Like, I want my socks to fall off  
my feet with the shoes on and  
everything.

EZRA

(smirking)

Specific.

In a **BRIEF MONTAGE**, the Green family continues the hike:

Trudging along the trail. Stopping for water. Snacking on trail mix. Sitting on rocks. Tying shoelaces. Laughing. Kvetching. Eye-rolling. Until they finally reach...

THE SUMMIT --

A view that could inspire a Monet. The Atlantic Ocean, calm and vast. The beach that goes on for miles. The serene sound of waves caressing the shore. The family takes it all in.

MARCIE

This makes it kind of worth it, no?

Stella makes a face, she's seen it before.

Still, the quiet, the breeze, the vista, it's perfect.

Ezra peers at Harper's smile, so genuine and pure. It takes him a second to notice the tears on her cheeks.

EZRA

Socks off, huh?

Harper exhales slowly and nods. She takes a few steps back and lies on the ground, on her back, eyes closed, breathing through pursed lips.

EZRA (CONT'D)

(in dismay)

Harper?!

Ezra kneels beside her. Stella, Marcie and Isaac turn at the shout.

MARCIE

Is she okay?

EZRA

Harper, you alright? Kind of, ya  
know, scaring the shit out of  
everyone if you are.

STELLA

Should we call an ambulance?

ISAAC

How's an ambulance going to get up  
here?

HARPER

(eyes still closed)

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

A EUPHORIC CRY that comes from deep within.

Ezra jumps back at the shout.

The entire family gapes as Harper's eyes flutter open.

Harper beams, still lying on the ground, eyes still closed.

HARPER (CONT'D)

I know it's corny, but if there's  
one thing I've learned from my  
"thing" it's that sometimes you  
just have to lie on the ground so  
you can feel it. And when you do,  
your diaphragm expands and you can  
shout from a place you didn't even  
know you had in you. And it's super  
corny, but it's also so goddamn  
good.

Harper sits up.

HARPER (CONT'D)

C'mon, try it.

The Greens all stare at her blankly.

ISAAC

I have my parole meeting after  
this.

Harper looks to Ezra but he extends a hand to help her up.

HARPER

Suit yourself.

Harper dusts herself off.

STELLA

Great. Now we get to walk back  
down.

INT. PAROLE OFFICER'S OFFICE - DAY

Crammed and outdated. Isaac and Marcie sit across a desk from the stone-faced PAROLE OFFICER who glances between them.

PAROLE OFFICER  
I'm sorry, this is your... wife?

ISAAC  
Yeah.

PAROLE OFFICER  
And she's here to...?

MARCIE  
Watch.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE - DAY

Brooks sketchily slips out the front door in a t-shirt and shorts. Walks down the driveway, turns onto the road.

EXT. PUBLIC BEACH - DAY

One of Long Island's bustling south shore beaches, packed with people on blankets, under umbrellas, playing Spikeball.

Ezra, Harper and Stella lounge in Tommy Bahama beach chairs, bathing in the sun.

EXT. PAROLE OFFICER'S OFFICE - DAY

Isaac and Marcie stroll out of the mind-numbingly beige building into the sunny parking lot.

MARCIE  
Well, that was boring.

EXT. PUBLIC BEACH - DAY

Stella's turned onto her stomach on a towel to tan her back. Ezra and Harper are still in the chairs. Ezra gets up.

EZRA  
Alright, I'm gonna take a leak. Is it possible for me to come back and not regret leaving?

HARPER

I was just gonna talk shit about  
you.

STELLA

I'm good with that.

EZRA

You guys becoming friends is a real  
treat.

Ezra strides across the sand.

EXT. PUBLIC BEACH, PARKING LOT - DAY

Ezra walks to the bathroom when he spots something, has to do a double take. He changes course and makes a beeline for...

Brooks. Making out with a STUNNER in her 20s.

EZRA

(full of anger)

Brooks!

Brooks startles. Pulls away from the girl. Sees Ezra.

BROOKS

Oh, shit.

EZRA

Brooks!

The woman backs away just in time for Brooks to hurry across the lot. Ezra gives chase. Gets to Brooks. Shoves him.

EZRA (CONT'D)

What the hell, man?!

BROOKS

Dude, it's not what it looks like.

EZRA

It's not?!

BROOKS

Ezra, listen...

Ezra goes to shove him again, but Brooks pushes him aside.

A SMALL CROWD starts to gather at the spectacle unfolding.

EXT. PUBLIC BEACH - DAY

Word of the fight spreads. BEACH-GOERS run over to catch it.

Harper and Stella exchange a look, hear someone yell "Fight!"

EXT. PUBLIC BEACH, PARKING LOT - DAY

Harper and Stella join the CROWD surrounding Ezra and Brooks throwing amateur punches and wrestling each other.

STELLA

Holy shit.

Stella pushes past ONLOOKERS to get closer to her husband and brother. Harper follows close behind.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Guys, stop!

Brooks spots Stella, hands on knees, panting...

BROOKS

Stella, tell him to-

*OOOF!* Ezra tackles him to the ground.

STELLA

Ezra!

HARPER

Ezra...

EZRA

(to Brooks)

I'll kill you, man. I swear to God.

BROOKS

Dude, just-

STELLA

EZRA!

Brooks writhes free, escapes through the crowd towards the beach path. Ezra goes after him but Harper yanks him back, Stella puts her hands on his chest.

HARPER

Dude!

STELLA

What is going on?!

EZRA  
He was making out with some girl.

Harper lets go of his arm, stunned.

HARPER  
Shit.

Stella takes a step back, eyes wide, speechless.

EZRA  
Yeah, so...

Ezra suddenly takes off sprinting in the direction of Brooks.

STELLA  
Ezra, wait!

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

Isaac and Marcie read on the deck furniture. Marcie rests her book on her lap. Squints at something in the distance.

MARCIE  
What the...

ISAAC  
What?

Isaac shuts his book, follows Marcie's gaze.

SOMEONE runs frantically along the beach.

ISAAC (CONT'D)  
Look at this idiot.

The person suddenly turns towards the house. Isaac instinctively stands in front of Marcie.

As the guy jumps the deck railing and comes INTO FOCUS, we now see it's...

MARCIE  
Brooks?

Brooks rushes past an astonished Isaac and Marcie...

BROOKS  
(out of breath)  
He's coming.

... and goes into the house.

ISAAC

What?

MARCIE

Who?

Isaac and Marcie look back across the beach. See the "chaser" in hot pursuit -- Ezra.

MARCIE (CONT'D)

What on Earth?

Ezra storms up the steps, past them, inside after Brooks.

ISAAC

Ezra, what's going on?

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Brooks runs to the far side of the room as Ezra bursts in.

They lock eyes.

A cat and mouse chase around the center island ensues.

Ezra runs left.

Brooks, right. Back and forth. On and on.

Isaac and Marcie hurry inside, completely confused.

Ezra takes fake fruit from a bowl in the center of the marble island, starts pelting Brooks with it.

MARCIE

Ezra, stop!

EZRA

He's cheating on Stella!

ISAAC

What?!

BROOKS

(dodging the fruit)

It's not like that.

EZRA

I saw you!

BROOKS

Dude, listen--!

Out of fruit, Ezra goes back to trying to get to Brooks himself. Isaac runs after Brooks now, too.

They chase him through the foyer...

Over the couch...

Past the hall closet.

Stella and Harper barge in through the front door.

Marcie gives an "I don't know what to do" shrug.

STELLA

Dad, stop! ... Ezra!

HARPER

Guys!

They keep running through the house.

STELLA

We have an open marriage!

The announcement stops both Brooks and Ezra in their tracks.

**WHOOMP!**

Isaac barrels into Ezra, who in turn falls into Brooks. They bang heads and tumble to the ground in a heap.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ezra, Brooks and Isaac sprawl across the couch and loveseats in different positions icing different parts of their bodies.

EZRA

Yeah, I'll start my apology by saying that I didn't know, man.

BROOKS

I know.

A beat.

ISAAC

So an open marriage means, what?  
You can shtup other people?

BROOKS

Uh, yeah... Yes, sir.  
(adding in, uneasily)  
(MORE)

BROOKS (CONT'D)  
But, if it helps... Stella can, uh  
shtup other people, too.

Isaac makes an "I don't get this generation" face.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

Stella, Marcie and Harper lean on the banister.

MARCIE  
Stella, you know an open marriage  
can never actually work.

STELLA  
It works for Brooks and I.

MARCIE  
You'd call today working?

STELLA  
I'd call it a blip.

MARCIE  
If this is a blip, I'd hate to see  
a blow-up.

Stella rolls her eyes.

STELLA  
What do you think, Harper?

HARPER  
What are we talking about?

Stella makes a face at her.

HARPER (CONT'D)  
Just trying to lighten the mood.  
(then)  
I think if you're keeping your open  
marriage a secret, it's not as open  
as you think it is.

Stella blinks, affected.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, STELLA'S ROOM - EVENING

Brooks lies on the bed consumed by inner turmoil. Stella comes in, shuts the door behind herself. Sits next to him.

STELLA  
What the hell were you thinking?

BROOKS

(sitting up)

I can't do this anymore, Stella.

STELLA

Do what? You were the one caught hooking up with some rando, Brooks. We had rules about this.

BROOKS

I feel like I have to.

STELLA

What's that mean?

BROOKS

If we're doing this open thing and I'm not doing it, then I'm a putz. And I don't want to do it anymore. I don't know if I ever did, but you were into it-

STELLA

We both agreed that monogamy was outdated.

BROOKS

But you brought it up.

STELLA

And you agreed.

BROOKS

I felt like I had to.

STELLA

That's such bullshit, you didn't have to do anything.

BROOKS

I tried to talk to you all weekend.

STELLA

You should've tried harder!

Brooks gets to his feet.

BROOKS

It's not just on me, Stella!

STELLA

And, it's not just the weekend. Clearly, this has been a while.

BROOKS

(growing emotional)

We don't have sex with each other  
anymore, Stella! What are we doing?

STELLA

I thought you were feeling insecure  
'cause I got that bump at work.

BROOKS

Jesus, Stella, not everything is a  
goddamn contest. Hasn't this whole  
trying to impress everyone thing  
gotten old? We're not perfect,  
okay?! But why can't we just be  
enough for each other? Why do we  
have to go outside our relationship  
to find more? Because I can't do it  
anymore. I'm breaking here.

The pain in Brooks' voice scares Stella.

STELLA

I never said we had to be perfect.

BROOKS

Well, we're not.

STELLA

I know.

BROOKS

And I'm not sure we're perfect for  
each other anymore.

The words hit Stella in the chest like a ton of bricks.

STELLA

(a whisper)

Brooks?

Brooks starts to pack his clothes into a duffle bag.

STELLA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

BROOKS

I have to go.

STELLA

No, Brooks. Please. I'll listen.  
I'll listen now. I will.

Brooks pauses momentarily.

BROOKS

That's the problem, Stella. I don't have anything left to say.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

Ezra, Harper, Isaac and Marcie sit at the center island in the kind of silence that only exists when other people are fighting.

We hear Brooks shuffle down the stairs and the house door SLAM shut.

Everyone's head perks up at the sound of it. A moment later --

Stella stumbles in, stunned by her grief, eyes wet and bloodshot, arms hanging limply by her sides.

STELLA

Mom, he's gone.

Marcie hops out of her seat and swallows Stella in her arms. Stella bawls, the hardest she has since she was little.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, GARAGE - NIGHT

Isaac grabs Coors cans out of the fridge. Marcie comes in. Their eyes meet. Isaac hands her a beer.

A silent conversation of looks and SIGHS, punctuated with a knowing nod from Marcie.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

A small bonfire burns on the sand. Ezra and Harper sit on a blanket. Issac roasts a marshmallow from his Adirondack chair. Marcie is on a beach chair, an empty one next to her.

Stella comes over, holding her cell phone on speaker.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)

You've reached the voice mailbox  
of...

(Brooks' voice)  
Brooks Smith.

Stella ends the call, teary-eyed.

STELLA

And that's the sound of a marriage  
ending in real time.

Marcie rises, puts an arm around a crying Stella.

MARCIE  
We're gonna go inside.

Marcie lifts Stella to her feet and walks her in.

MARCIE (CONT'D)  
Harper, you should come.

HARPER  
I should?

MARCIE  
Yeah.

Harper shoots Ezra a look. He shrugs. She follows them in.

Isaac eats his marshmallow. Then, Ezra stands to go in, too.

ISAAC  
Ezra.

Ezra keeps walking.

ISAAC (CONT'D)  
EZRA, YOU DON'T HAVE TO TALK TO ME  
BUT PLEASE LISTEN!

The desperation in Isaac's voice stops Ezra in his tracks.

He circles back. Reluctantly retakes his seat. Isaac breathes heavily, grows more emotional with each word.

ISAAC (CONT'D)  
Sorry for yelling. And I'm sorry for everything. I am. I know you know I am. And, I'm not sure what you're supposed to do when "sorry" isn't enough. I don't know how to fix this. And, I want so badly to fix it. To get back to the time when I was less concerned with all the money and the greed and the bullshit. When I was still dead focused on being your dad. To get back to that person, not just for you, but for me. 18 months isn't a long time to be punished, but it was long enough for me to realize that I didn't recognize myself anymore. That I pushed a part of me away. The part that was good to you and to your mom and your sister.

(MORE)

## ISAAC (CONT'D)

But most of all you. What I did to you..... I have no excuse. It's hard for me to even think about it, so I can't imagine what it's like for you. But I've forced myself to think about it. To think about us... I lost sight of that. I lost myself. I lost you. And, I'd give anything to get you back.

A long, silent beat. Ezra's expression doesn't give away what he thought of that, but he is thinking.

Then, he stands and heads inside. Isaac's head drops in disappointed expectation.

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marcie, Harper and Stella curl up together on the couch under a blanket. Stella cries quietly. And, as we get closer, we notice a single tear drop down Harper's cheek, too.

Stella's head slowly rises.

## STELLA

I want to hate him so badly.

## MARCIE

You're allowed to hate him for now.

## STELLA

I know. And I want to, because it'll make it so much easier, but I don't. I love him. And if he doesn't love me back I have to stop loving him. I have to feel the opposite...

A long beat.

## HARPER

The opposite of love isn't hate. It's loss... And you don't know that you've lost him yet.

Stella nods and pulls Harper closer to her and Marcie.

Ezra saunters in and takes in the scene. He joins them in their cuddle.

The opening chords of a SAD SONG slowly trickle in...

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, EZRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ezra gets ready for bed. He notices the kitchen sink painting leaning against the side of the dresser, smiles contently.

Harper comes in from brushing her teeth, already in her PJs. She suddenly wraps her arms in a hug around him from behind.

EZRA  
(taken aback)  
What's this?

HARPER  
It just is.

Ezra faces Harper. Their eyes meet, wide and searching. And then, they kiss, without an ounce of sensuality.

EXT. BEACH - THE NEXT MORNING

Ezra jogs along the shoreline, away from the house, with focused determination. Breathing steady. Suddenly --

He starts to go faster. And faster. And faster.

Until he's in an all-out sprint. Running as fast as his legs can take him, letting everything go, as best he can.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, BACKYARD/BEACH - DAY

Ezra trots up the sand, pulls out a headphone, silencing the music, but also allowing him (and us) to hear them...

The SIRENS.

Just as soon as curiosity paints Ezra's face with confusion it shifts to intense concern. He runs around to the front.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE - DAY

Ezra hurries to the driveway full of police cars and ambulances. Lights flashing. SIRENS BLARING.

He gets swept up in the chaos of OFFICERS and PARAMEDICS desperately trying to control the situation.

As he walks, everything SLOWS DOWN. His heart thumps at 150 BPM in his ears drowning out all other sounds.

NOSY NEIGHBORS have gathered to watch across the street.

Ezra looks left where Stella is crying on the front stoop, consoled by an OFFICER around her age.

As he turns back forward, Marcie appears in front of him, overwrought with emotion, heaving with heavy SOBS.

Unable to hold up her body any longer, Marcie clutches onto Ezra's arms.

MARCIE  
Ezraaaaaaaa!

The pained shout snaps him back to the reality of the moment. All sound comes CRASHING back in.

EZRA  
Mom, what happened?

Marcie's crying too hard to formulate words. She collapses further into his embrace. He props her up. Holds her close.

EZRA (CONT'D)  
It's okay. Mom, it's- Is she okay?  
What happened? Is Harper okay?

Marcie looks at him with intense, pleading eyes.

MARCIE  
Ezra, it's your dad. He's been  
shot.

**What. Did. She. Just. Say?**

Ezra's mouth falls open. Jarred by the shock. He blinks, unable to fully process what he's just heard.

It's only now that he realizes the blood, stained on Marcie's hands and clothes.

His head goes back to Stella on the stoop, where Harper has now joined the officer in consoling her.

Ezra redirects his gaze to an ambulance as a stretcher with a body, his dad's body, is loaded into the back.

A PARAMEDIC hurries over to Ezra and Marcie.

PARAMEDIC  
Ma'am, if you want to ride with us,  
we need to go. Now.

The paramedic starts to guide Marcie away by the shoulders.

EZRA  
I'll come, too.

PARAMEDIC  
Not enough room. We're going to  
Stony Brook.

Ezra nods. Dumbfounded.

EXT. STONY BROOK HOSPITAL - DAY

A LOCAL NEWS REPORTER is positioned in front of a camera on the building's front lawn.

LOCAL NEWS REPORTER  
... Isaac Green sustained two gunshot wounds early this morning outside his Bridgehampton beach house as he went to get the mail in what appears to be a planned assault on the former stockbroker allegedly by a disgruntled former client, Abel Anderson. Mr. Anderson has been apprehended by the authorities and remains in custody. Days earlier, Mr. Green had been released from prison following a sentence for a slew of financial crimes...

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Ezra and Stella, shell-shocked and drained, sit next to each other in hard plastic seats.

Harper approaches them with small bottles of orange juice.

HARPER  
Drink that. The sugar helps.

Ezra absentmindedly obliges. Stella puts hers on the ground.

STELLA  
Do you think Dad's going to die?

Ezra blinks. Harper takes the open seat beside them. Ezra suddenly rises, hurries towards the exit.

HARPER  
(to Stella)  
I got him.

Harper leaps up after him.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Ezra barges outside. Harper comes right after him.

He jogs over to a bush and PUKES in it, sucking in air in those short, pre-cry breaths.

He spits a few times, pacing the grass, rubbing his face as Harper comes out to meet him.

EZRA

(pointing back)

Yeah, if you're gonna start  
marching through the bushes, avoid  
that one, I puked in it.

HARPER

I know. I saw.

Harper hands him the OJ. He swigs and spits that, too. He sits on the grass, a mess of emotions.

Harper sits next to him and waits as he calms down.

HARPER (CONT'D)

It's okay. Breathe. Four seconds  
in. Four seconds hold. Four seconds  
out.

They breathe together. After a little while.

EZRA

I'm not ready to not have a dad.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Stella paces the polished linoleum, phone to her ear.

STELLA

Brooks, it's not funny anymore,  
answer the phone. My dad got shot  
and we don't know if he's gonna...  
I don't know. But I need you.  
Despite everything, I need you  
right now.

INT. ICU - DAY

Marcie sits on the side of the room in a dissociated state of shock as DOCTORS rush past her and tend to Isaac.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Ezra holds his head in his hands in one chair. Harper rubs his back in another. Stella slouches all the way down in a third chair.

An hour of this means anxious fatigue has set in.

The doors to the ICU suddenly swing open and Marcie trudges out. Gaze, vacant and exhausted. Eyes red from being rubbed dry. Mouth hanging open like she just learned how to breathe.

Stella scrambles out of her seat. Ezra follows.

STELLA

Mom, what happened? Is he okay?

MARCIE

(almost a whisper)

He's stable. Going into surgery now. They feel confident, but can't be sure.

Marcie wraps her arms around her kids.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

A tray of inedible food is surrounded by Ezra, Harper, Stella and Marcie. They pick at it, no one is quite hungry.

MARCIE

If they can safely remove both bullets- one in the back of the leg, the other in the shoulder- he'll need a sling and a wheelchair for a while. Then physical therapy.

EZRA

We know. You told us, Mom. About seven times now. But who's counting? Oh, wait, we all are.

HARPER

Let's talk about something else while we wait. Something more positive, maybe.

Marcie swallows hard and nods.

MARCIE  
(to Stella)  
Have you heard from Brooks?

Stella shakes her head "No."

HARPER  
Or that.

MARCIE  
What a weekend. Not the family trip  
we thought, huh?

EZRA  
(not meaning to be funny)  
This is Harper's first experience  
with our family. And she's the one  
who's dying.

Harper starts to LAUGH. After a second, Marcie joins in. Then Stella and Ezra. The kind of laughter that only happens when your world's on fire.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Stella sits on a half-brick wall. Marcie approaches with a plastic bag, pulls out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter.

STELLA  
What's that? Neither of us smokes.

MARCIE  
Feels like we could both use one,  
right now.

Marcie lights up both of their cigarettes. After a few beats of smoking, Stella rests her head on Marcie's shoulder.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Ezra and Harper half-heartedly play cards on the floor.

HARPER  
So what happened between you two?

EZRA  
Is now really the time?

HARPER

Don't make me play the dying card, because I'll play it. I know we're not here for me, but I still have that up my sleeve.

Ezra mulls it over for a beat.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Consider it my Make-A-Wish.

Ezra SIGHS.

EZRA

He was shredding papers when I went into his office. Never a good sign when the president of the company is shredding papers himself. Worse sign when he tells you to shut the door behind yourself. I'd heard rumblings about what was going on, what he'd been doing, but- I don't know, I didn't believe them. Mostly chalked it up to rumors and office gossip. But, the moment I saw him, I knew. And he knew I knew. And he just... kept... shredding.

Ezra stares off into space. He doesn't look back at Harper now as he replays the day in his head, reliving the emotions.

EZRA (CONT'D)

When I told him to stop, he let me know that a lot of these documents had my name on them, too. Yeah, I hadn't heard anything about that. He used me. For his own selfish greed, he used me. He started rattling off bullshit excuses, all the clichés. It just got away from him. He didn't think he would get caught... And then, he actually started saying, "It's just business nothing personal—" and he caught himself. But it didn't matter because he hadn't misspoke. He meant it.

Harper tries to meet Ezra's eye, but he won't meet hers. She reaches out and gently takes his hand. He lets her.

EZRA (CONT'D)

He said it was his "goal" for me to serve no prison time.

(MORE)

EZRA (CONT'D)

Just like that. "My goal is to not let that happen." Like I was just another employee on the company roster. I pried more about what he'd done. And he just told me not to ask questions I wouldn't want to know the answer to later in court. And then the FBI showed up in his doorway and I had to go. But not before I made it very clear to him that I was never going to speak to him again. And that was that.

Ezra finally looks back up at Harper.

HARPER

And you've kept that promise ever since?

EZRA

I'm not the bad guy in that story.

HARPER

You're not the bad guy in that one, no. So don't become it in this one.

EZRA

So it's all on me now?

HARPER

Who cares who it's on? Who has time to be stubborn? Talk to your dad. Okay? I am going to die. And I really, really don't want to. But I can't help that. I can't go back and tell my dad not to leave. I can't tell my friends I was wrong. I can't tell my mom I love her one last time. And if I could, I would. But I can't. So if and when your dad pulls through, talk to him. Do it before you can't anymore.

A long, pensive beat.

EZRA

And say what?

Harper shrugs as if to say, "It doesn't matter" and deals another hand.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Ezra, still absorbing the earlier conversation, watches Harper reshuffle as Stella and Marcie come in from outside and sit with them on the floor. Ezra wrinkles his nose.

EZRA

Why do you both smell like smoke?

MARCIE

People were smoking outside.

EZRA

On top of you?

STELLA

It was us. We were the people.

Ezra furrows his brow.

MARCIE

A few more hours of surgery, still.

Ezra gets to his feet.

EZRA

I'm gonna go take a walk, find a vending machine and drown my sorrows in Brown Sugar Cinnamon Pop-Tarts.

Sturgill Simpson's cover of *The Promise* starts to PLAY...

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ezra ambles down the stark white corridor absentmindedly eating a Pop-Tart right out of the foil.

He passes DOCTORS and NURSES, patient rooms and elevators and medical equipment. Oblivious to all his surroundings.

He finally gets to a quiet corner, leans against the wall, slides into a seat, as he absentmindedly eats the pastry.

We HOLD ON him as he considers everything from the past weekend and week and year, all at once.

Eventually...

Stella comes next to him. They sit there. In each other's company. Brother and sister. Silently comforting one another.

STELLA  
We're so screwed up.

Ezra makes a face.

EZRA  
That's putting it lightly. We're  
massively screwed up on like a  
huge, big, massive level.

Stella nods.

EZRA (CONT'D)  
I'm not angry enough to hope Dad's  
not gonna be okay, ya know.

STELLA  
... What?

EZRA  
I hope Dad's gonna be okay. I was  
planning on forgiving him  
eventually. I don't know when, but  
just because of our shit, doesn't  
mean I don't hope he's-

STELLA  
Ezra, I know.  
(then)  
Is it bad that all I can think  
about is Brooks?

Ezra shakes his head.

EZRA  
Think it's normal. But what do I  
know? I'm no therapist.  
(then)  
If I was, I'd say you should go to  
him. To Brooks, I mean.

STELLA  
I can't.

EZRA  
You heard Mom. Dad has hours left.  
I'll call you if anything changes.

STELLA  
I don't know where Brooks is.

EZRA  
(pause)  
So find him.

Stella thinks about it for a second. Then, gets up, extends a hand for Ezra and helps him to his feet.

EZRA (CONT'D)  
I need you more than I say I do.

STELLA  
Me too.

Ezra and Stella take in the moment for a beat before the CHORUS of the SONG comes CRASHING BACK IN and we...

JUMP TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Golden hour. Just before sunset. Stella trots out.

INT. STELLA'S BMW - EVENING

Stella drives with focused determination.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE - NIGHT

Stella's BMW parks in the driveway, she hops out of the car, phone to her ear.

STELLA  
Brooks, it's me. I know you don't want to see me, but I need to see-

Stella is cut off by the sight of Brooks sitting on the stoop. She lowers the phone. He rises.

BROOKS  
I didn't know where you all went.  
My phone broke.

STELLA  
How'd it break?

BROOKS  
I threw it against a wall.

Stella suddenly leaps into Brooks's arms, legs around his waist, face nuzzled in his neck.

STELLA  
I'm sorry.

BROOKS

Me too.

She kisses him. Hard.

INT. HOSPITAL, OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

The doctors operate on Isaac.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ezra strides down the corridor with purpose.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Ezra rounds the corner to where Harper and Marcie are now standing, talking to a DOCTOR.

MARCIE

Ezra, he's out. He's going to be okay.

Marcie holds him for dear life. She clasps a hand over her mouth. All the emotions of being strong the last few hours spill out in her SOBS.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ezra, Harper and Marcie follow a NURSE down the corridor.

MARCIE

(quietly, to Ezra)

Where's your sister?

EZRA

Finding Brooks. I texted her.

They turn into...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

... where Isaac sits up in bed, awake but groggy. Hooked up to an IV. Heavily bandaged. In and out of consciousness.

Marcie YELPS at the sight of him and rushes over to hug him, crying again. His eyes slowly open.

ISAAC

Hey, bub. I'm okay. I'm alright.

Ezra and Harper watch from the doorway with the DOCTOR.

DOCTOR  
You're the kids?

EZRA  
I am.

DOCTOR  
She's not?

EZRA  
No, she's-

DOCTOR  
Only family is allowed back here.

MARCIE  
(trying to explain)  
My son is boning her.

EZRA  
Mom, can you not say "boning" to  
the doctor?

MARCIE  
What, should I use the medical  
term?  
(to the doctor)  
They're making love.

EZRA  
That's not even close to the  
medical term.

HARPER  
(to the doctor)  
We're engaged.

The doctor gives Harper a stern look but relents.

DOCTOR  
Fine. But he's going to need to  
rest. He's still coming down from  
the anesthesia.

EZRA  
We'll let him.

The doctor leaves.

ISAAC  
(weakly, to Marcie)  
Ezra and Harper got engaged?

MARCIE

Are you an idiot?

EZRA

Jeez, Mom. The guy just had major surgery can we cut him some slack?

MARCIE

You, of all people, want to cut him some slack?

ISAAC

I'm fine, I'm fine.

MARCIE

(to Isaac)

Sorry for calling you an idiot. But you had me so worried, you idiot. Oh, does it hurt?

ISAAC

No, I'm on a lot of morphine.

MARCIE

But once that wears off... You got shot.

ISAAC

Twice.

MARCIE

I'm so glad you're okay.

Ezra slowly approaches. Marcie feels his presence, backs off.

They look at each other. It feels like an eternity.

Ezra eventually takes the seat next to him.

Like an old Western standoff, thoughts race, calculate, recalibrate, and then...

EZRA

The national animal of Scotland is the unicorn.

Isaac looks over to Ezra. Stunned. His eyes well up.

ISAAC

What?

Ezra nods.

EZRA

Yeah. They voted on it. A made-up creature from Greek mythology, who knew.

Marcie and Harper both watch, teary-eyed.

HARPER

I think it's actually Scottish mythology.

EZRA

That... makes a little more sense. Feel like you should've led with that part.

Harper shrugs. Ezra takes Isaac's hand in his and gives it a squeeze. Isaac reaches up and hugs Ezra tight.

ISAAC

(in pain)

Ahhhhhhh!

Ezra backs off.

EZRA

Oh, shit. Sorry.

ISAAC

(through the pain)

You don't have to be.

Isaac smiles through his SOBS. Squeezes Ezra's hand harder.

A KNOCK at the door precedes Stella and Brooks coming in.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

(through tears)

And look, Brooks is back.

Everyone LAUGHS.

STELLA

We talked.

BROOKS

We did.

EZRA

(to Stella)

You're wearing two different shoes.

CLOSE ON STELLA'S FEET -- We see that Ezra is right. Stella notices with wide eyes. Brooks blushes.

BROOKS

We might've done more than talk.

MARCIE

Ezra and Dad spoke, too.

Stella and Brooks react with excited disbelief.

STELLA

What did you guys talk about?

MARCIE

Unicorns or something. I didn't get it. But it happened.

More LAUGHTER. Harper takes Ezra's hand in hers.

EZRA

I'm sure you and Brooks talked about the same thing, yeah?

STELLA

More about closing up our marriage again.

MARCIE

Thank God.

A final round of LAUGHTER. Of warmth. Of comfort. And we...

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

The entire Green family sleeps around the room --

Isaac is in the bed with Marcie curled next to him.

Stella and Brooks are in two chairs.

Ezra and Harper are on the floor.

We HOLD ON them for a peaceful beat as the earliest rays of sunshine peer through the blinds.

They hit Ezra's face, he slowly wakes. Takes in the room through tired eyes.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Ezra and Harper sit on the half-wall drinking from styrofoam coffee cups. Eventually...

HARPER

It was a good weekend with your family, Ezra. Crazy, but good. Made me feel like I had one for the first time in a long time. That's why I came.

EZRA

I thought it was to get that painting back.

HARPER

Yeah, that, too. And maybe to realize a few things about myself... But mostly the family thing.

EZRA

Why my family?

A long beat.

HARPER

You invited me.

EZRA

That's it?

HARPER

All it has to be sometimes.

Ezra blinks.

EZRA

I do love you, you know.

HARPER

I know.

Ezra nods.

HARPER (CONT'D)

I don't think there are a lot of people who see us for who we really are in our lives. And the ones who do, we either end up loving or hating.

Harper smiles sadly, through glassy eyes.

EZRA

Is that your way of saying-

HARPER  
Just let it ride, Green.

Ezra nods. Another sip of coffee.

EZRA  
I'm not the best at letting it ride.

A slight CHUCKLE.

A comfortable QUIET.

We PULL HIGH INTO THE SKY, watching them on their perch, together. And we slowly...

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLES OVER BLACK --

**ONE YEAR LATER**

FADE BACK IN ON:

INT. THE HAMPTONS HOUSE, FOYER - DAY

Five pairs of hiking boots are laced up on the tile floor, then walk out of FRAME.

We HEAR the front door SHUT behind them and REVEAL...

Harper's kitchen sink painting has been hung on the wall.

EXT. MONTAUK BEACHSIDE TRAIL - DAY

Ezra, Stella, Brooks, Marcie and Isaac hike to the summit.

ISAAC  
So what's this new creative director title entail?

EZRA  
Associate Creative Director, Dad.

ISAAC  
Associate, non-associate. Same thing.

STELLA  
Get a room, you two.

EZRA

Wow, Stella. That's disgusting on multiple levels.

BROOKS

Stella's on this new disgusting kick.

STELLA

No, I'm not.

BROOKS

Yes, you are.

Stella makes a funny face at Brooks. He makes one back. Stella brings a bottle of wine to her lips and takes a swig.

EZRA

Let me get a hit of that.

EXT. THE SUMMIT - MOMENTS LATER

The entire Green family takes in the view, all somewhat emotional as they look out across the water.

Ezra's expression grows pensive through his misty eyes. He takes a step back and lowers himself to the ground.

Stella spots him and does the same. The rest of the family follows suit, all lying on their backs. A pensive beat.

STELLA

For Harper?

Ezra blinks away a tear.

EZRA

For Harper.

And then...

THE GREEN FAMILY (IN UNISON)  
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

They all SCREAM from the ground.

Euphoric and cathartic. But most importantly, together.

They scream towards the heavens and maybe even at heaven itself. And before their voices die down, we quickly --

JUMP TO BLACK.