

SWEET TEA AND COGNAC

written by

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1 INT. BARTON NATURE AREA - DAY

Black screen.

HARRY (V.O.)

O all you host of heaven! O earth!
What else? / And shall I couple
hell? Oh fie! Hold, hold, my heart,
/ And you, my sinews, grow not
instant old / But bear me swiftly
up. Remember thee?

FADE IN on a woman, **DIANA** MORTIMER (19), walks through nature, perhaps in slo-mo, for forty-five seconds. What matters is that we can tell she is youthful, innocent, caring.

MONTAGE of her in this and other settings.

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory
holds a seat / In this distracted
globe. Remember me? / Yea, from the
table of my memory / I'll wipe away
all trivial, fond records / All
saws of books, all forms, all
pressures past / That youth and
observation copied there, / And thy
commandment all alone shall live /
Within the book and volume of my
brain, / Unmixed with baser matter.

2 INT. TEA SHOP - DAY

We see the face of the voice.

HARRY SUMMERS is twenty-two, well-groomed, well-dressed, and moderately handsome. He is at once bright-eyed and cynical, charismatic and downbeat. When we meet him he is dominated by an unmistakable characteristic of melancholy, and relaxation which is reflected in his calm demeanor. Anyone can understand that he is in a pensive state of mind, but no one could guess what he's thinking.

The hand of AVERY BEAUFORT places a teapot and teacup on a bar. Three other twelve-ounce glass teacups sit in a row on a bar.

HARRY SUMMERS puts down his bookmarked copy of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. He adds sugar to a glass, stirs it, and takes a sip. He savors it before sipping a completely different glass.

AVERY

So. Long time, no see. You study abroad?

HARRY

No. I was in North Carolina. My aunt and uncle have a business on Topsail Island. Their son was doing a gap year in London and they needed some help downsizing and I happened to be available. How've you been?

AVERY

Tired. Overworked.

HARRY

Did you graduate yet?

AVERY

Nope! One more year! And I'm taking advanced semantics this semester so I'm triple fucked.

HARRY

Is that the hardest linguistics course?

AVERY

By a mile.

HARRY

Ah, You'll be fine.

AVERY

How do you like the Mokalbari?

HARRY

It's great. Nice and strong. Smoky. Notes of burnt caramel. Almond. A little tobacco, but not like a rooibos...more...subtle and pleasant.

She checks. He's right.

AVERY

You sound like the label.

HARRY

(chuckling)

What are the others again?

AVERY

You got Arabian Days, Gyokuro, and Yellow Dragon.

HARRY
Is this one Yellow Dragon?

AVERY
Yeah.

He sips it.

HARRY
Holy fuck, that's incredible. It's-
-it's flavorful, slightly spicy,
but also subtle. Seems like it has
a little oxidization, which adds a
bit of astringency without
overpowering the spice. Where's it
from?

AVERY
China. The Tang dynasty used to
drink it as a sign of their
royalty.

HARRY
Can you do me a favor and get me
200 grams of it?

AVERY
Yeah, I'll put it on your tab.

His phone buzzes. He looks at the message.

HARRY
Actually, can you close my tab and
put these in to-go cups? I gotta go
in like 5 minutes.

AVERY
No problem, Harry.

She hands him a bag of loose leaf tea. He inserts a credit
card into the computer.

HARRY
Thank you. Nice seeing you again.

He walks outside.

3 EXT. TEA SHOP - DAY

Harry walks up Ann Street. Everything about his expression
suggests that he feels he is an outsider in a city which once
felt like home.

4 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Harry walks inside his apartment.

It feels lived-in already, but there's also moving boxes scattered about what would be the natural pockets of space.

Inside already are OLIVIA SUMMERS and DAVID ROTHSTEIN. Olivia, Harry's sister, just turned 21. She is a brunette and dressed in all purple. In a casual situation like this, she wears the type of leisure outfit that probably cost a hundred bucks for no reason and has probably never been used for actually working out. She carries a sunnier disposition than Harold but is no less intelligent or sardonic, and has much more of a head on her shoulders in regards to practical matters.

David, also 21, has a style which is clean-cut yet colorful. He has the genetic map of Israel all over his face but tries his hardest to conceal that part of his identity by wearing artsy outfits. David is kind of all over Olivia.

OLIVIA

Hey, what's up? Where have you been?

HARRY

TeaHaus. I thought you guys weren't coming till 3.

OLIVIA

It's 3:15.

HARRY

Well, I didn't think you meant like exactly 3.

OLIVIA

Maybe not on the dot, but...

HARRY

My mistake. But then again, the whole concept of time is a relic of more...antiquated, vaguely fascist organizations.

SEAN BANNISTER walks out of the bathroom, wearing jeans and a white wife-beater. He is 20, muscular, and obviously far more accustomed to manual labor than anyone else in the room.

SEAN

Yo. What's up, Harry?

They hug.

HARRY
Hey man, how you been?

SEAN
Hungover. You know -- welcome week.

HARRY
Sorry to bother you when you're --

SEAN
No, it's fine. It's good for me.
Got up early. Ate breakfast. Went
to the gym. Got here at 1:30.

HARRY
(to Olivia and David)
Okay that one's definitely not on
me.

SEAN
Well, the door was unlocked, so I
thought...let's get to work.

HARRY
Yeah. Thanks a ton, man. Can I get
you anything? Water? Tea?

SEAN
I'm good. I'll go return the U-
Haul. Somebody mind helping me out?

DAVID
I'll do it. You guys get started
with the reorganization.

HARRY
Thanks, guys. I owe you one.

Harry hands Sean a \$100 bill. Sean takes it, somewhat
hesitantly. He and David leave.

SEAN
No problemo. Peace.

He goes outside.

David stops in his tracks and picks up a bracelet on the
floor.

DAVID
Hey, uh, Harry. You're keeping
this, right?

HARRY
Probably not. Why, you want it?

DAVID

Uh-

HARRY

Take it; it's yours.

DAVID

Thanks. Wait. Harry. You know this is real silver, right?

HARRY

Yeah, I do. Let's go.

David leaves. Harry sits. He and Olivia look at each other. We linger a moment.

OLIVIA

So, I figured we'd start in the living room.

HARRY

Okay.

They go into the living room. There are two piles of clothing.

OLIVIA

I took the clothes and separated them. This is your pile and these are --

HARRY

(interrupting on a pause)
Yeah.

OLIVIA

What do you want to do?

HARRY

I dunno. You want any of it?

She chuckles gravely. Is he serious?

OLIVIA

No.

HARRY

I dunno. I don't wanna throw it away. Seems--

OLIVIA

Yeah.

Harry indicates a sweatshirt that says "Holly High School Bronchos"

HARRY

You know anyone who went to Holly High School?

OLIVIA

Not...that I know of.

HARRY

We'll just put all that stuff to the side right now, okay?

5 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE -- DAY

Olivia, with a laptop, sits at her laptop. She sends an email to JIMMY, a theater major, with the subject line "STAGEPLAY FOR TABULA RASA THEATRE COMPANY".

David fiddles with Harry's bracelet in hand. He's on the phone and decides to go to his bedroom. As he talks, he puts the bracelet on.

DAVID

Lots of people go into the arts. I don't have to be Picasso to do all right for myself.

6 INT. IRA'S OFFICE -- DAY

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

IRA

What does "all right" look like to you?

DAVID

Uh... --

IRA

You can't even answer the question.

DAVID

It's a vague question!

IRA

Look, all I'm saying is if you want to get an art degree, that's fine, but you gotta have a back-up plan. So all I'm asking you to do is get a BFA in art **and** a BA in economics, and that way, you can come help me out with the company for a little while while you get your art stuff in focus --

DAVID

Dad...

IRA

It's important to me. It'd be important to your grandfather too.

This crosses an invisible line for David, whose face changes.

7 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

DAVID

Look, I don't want to get suckered into working literal 12-hour days as a financial planner for the rest of my life.

IRA

Come on. Who said anything about the rest of your life, huh? I mean, you certainly got the potential to do a lot of great things --

DAVID

Yeah, but still, why should I spend such a significant amount of my twenties taking care of people's finances when the opportunity cost is improving myself as an artist?

IRA

Look, I gotta go. I got lunch with a big client coming up. He's investing \$50 million. Don't do anything yet. You got time.

DAVID

I'm not doing anything this second, Dad.

IRA

Great. Thank you.

DAVID

Love you, Dad.

Ira hangs up. He observes his new bracelet.

CUT TO:

8 INT. NEIL AND SEAN'S HOUSE - EVENING

A chill party in full form. We hear chatter and light music. David's bracelet is visible as he cuts a cake, which is very pink and says "WELCOME BACK HARRY" on it.

DAVID
(to IZZY)
Take this to Harry.

Izzy takes the cake slice and walks to a couch where Harry sits with NEIL, Sean's roommate and friend of Harry.

IZZY
First slice for the man of the hour.

HARRY
Oh, Thank you.

Harry sets down his plate.

IZZY
How was Topsail?

HARRY
Really nice. I actually have some stuff I brought back I need to get rid of -- My uncle has a friend who owed me a favor, he gave me all these cardboard boxes of these off-brand energy drinks.

NEIL
(sardonically)
Nice gift.

HARRY
Yeah, I know. But hey! -- Each can has more Vitamin B than five fillets of salmon.

NEIL
Yeah. I already got enough energy.

HARRY
You both do. Izzy, you want 'em? You can feed 'em to your horses in Wyoming.

IZZY
I'm from Utah, you prick.

HARRY
I thought you were Italian.

IZZY
Eat your cake.

NEIL
So Topsail was fun? Throwdowns
25/8?

HARRY
Not for me.

NEIL
Too busy working with your uncle?

HARRY
Something like that.

NEIL
(catching Harry's vibe)
Y'all wanna get an actual drink?

HARRY
Sure.

The three get up.

We pan to David checking in on Olivia, typing furiously on her phone.

DAVID
Just so you know, Ira called me
today...

OLIVIA
Baby, not now. Why don't you see
what Harry's up to?

David takes note of Olivia's anxiety.

DAVID
You all right, babe?

OLIVIA
Yeah, I just forgot to fill out
this final response evaluating my
internship and if I don't fill it
out I won't get credit for it and
it's due at midnight and these
questions are really thorough for
no reason whatsoever--

DAVID
Will it really be end of the world
if you do it tomorrow morning?

OLIVIA
YES.

DAVID
I don't think it needs to be too elaborate.

OLIVIA
Just let me do this... wait, what were you saying?

DAVID
It can wait. Just...Ira called me. He's upset with me for wanting to drop economics and transfer.

OLIVIA
We'll talk about it later. I promise. Why don't you go intoxicate my brother?

DAVID
Sounds like a plan.

Olivia smiles.

David turns away from Olivia. He starts making a drink at the counter, but is confronted by Izzy and Gemma.

IZZY
David! Why is this our first time seeing each other?!

She hugs David, as we cut to Sean and Avery conversing.

SEAN
You know, I helped him move today. And I don't know, he almost seems too normal? Does that make sense?

Izzy screams over something David says.

AVERY
Oh. So, you guys are close?

SEAN
Yeah, I know him through Neil. He tried to pay me for helping, he always does shit like that, make me feel weird. Love him, but--

AVERY
Did you take it?

SEAN
He don't need it.

AVERY
Given how much he spends on tea...

Sean laughs.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. NEIL AND SEAN'S HOUSE -- PORCH -- NIGHT

Izzy walks out the door and onto the porch to find Olivia, smoking weed.

IZZY
Jeez girl, you're missing all the fun. What's up?

OLIVIA
I had to finish some dumb final wrap up for my internship.

IZZY
Ok, but now you're just smoking alone, which by the way, can I hit that?

OLIVIA
Of course.

Olivia passes a bowl.

IZZY
So you finished the wrap up thing, right?

OLIVIA
Yeah.

IZZY
Wanna tell me why you still look like you're about to pop?

OLIVIA
I don't know. The summer was great and now there's the comedown. Life hits you in the face.

IZZY
What do you mean?

OLIVIA
I don't know... It's nothing, really. Do you get what David's thing is about not doing economics?

IZZY
I actually haven't heard about this--

OLIVIA

Like they're not mutually exclusive. I got the same major as him. I just submitted a play I been writing to a student org.

IZZY

He was telling me and Gemma about how he asked you out. Care to fill in the gaps?

OLIVIA

Aww. I don't know -- Later. Let's go inside.

Izzy and Olivia head back inside.

CUT TO:

10 INT. NEIL AND SEAN'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

They walk through the door and see Harold, who is at the center of the room, talking to Gemma.

GEMMA

I'll take it. I have a roommate who drinks a lot of like, health-food-slash-energy-drink things. She's always drinking like maté and vitamins and stuff.

HARRY

Great. She can have it. I can actually get it to you on Tuesday.

GEMMA

Sounds great!

David reenters the space, handing Harry a drink and Olivia a Jack Rose.

DAVID

Now that you're rejoining the festivities, wanna take my drink? I'll make myself another.

OLIVIA

What is it?

DAVID

Jack Rose. Your favorite.

OLIVIA

Thanks, babe. You're such a wittle sweetie pie.

Olivia pinches David's cheek, and she and David kiss. Harry takes a sip of his drink.

HARRY

Thank you. I agree. You're a wittle sweetie pie.

A couple people around him laugh, but Olivia doesn't notice his remark, because she and David are too busy walking to the couch, where they continue to make out. Then they look at Harry, who stares neither at them nor away from them. Olivia sees Harold in her peripheral vision and they awkwardly break apart. The focus blurs. Harry smiles almost apologetically at the couple as we...

CUT TO:

11 INT. MORRIS'S CLASSROOM -- JUST OUTSIDE -- DAY

Harry and Izzy exit an elevator and walk into a classroom.

HARRY

I still can't believe you're taking this.

IZZY

To suck my dick or to not suck my dick--that is the question.

She punches his shoulder lightly.

12 INT. MORRIS'S CLASSROOM - DAY

A classroom, about an hour later. Sitting around a table are 12-15 students, including Izzy and Harry. PROFESSOR HERMAN MORRIS (early 70s) addresses the class.

Close-up of Morris's hand as he writes on the chalkboard "Who's There," and -- on a line underneath -- "Stand and Unfold Yourself."

MORRIS

"Who's there?" "Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself." For those of you who've done the reading, you know that those are the first two lines of Hamlet.

(MORE)

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Now, I've never done this before, but I'm tempted -- every year I'm tempted -- to have a final exam where all I ask is "What's the first line of every play we read in this class?" Because if you can tell me about the first line or two, then you can tell me about the play. If you can answer the question, "Who's there?" in reference to every single moment of the play, then you can answer 95 percent of your questions about the play. Problem is you can't. You wanna know how I know you can't? Because I can't, and my teachers couldn't, and neither can anyone else. Except Shakespeare. And in case you haven't realized, he's not in any position to answer your questions. Now, of course, if you wanna be a smartass and say the answer's Barnardo and Francisco, the sentinels, then there's the door, and I wish you great success with your engineering degree. But for the rest of us, so many of the questions with which we grapple in this text lead back to these two lines. "Who's there? Unfold yourself!" And that's already our time. Any questions?

(beat)

All right. First assignment is posted on Canvas! Thank you. See you next week.

The class gathers their belongings and begins to file out the classroom. One of the students, CLAUDIA (21), approaches Morris.

CLAUDIA

Hey, Professor Morris. Can I talk to you for a second?

MORRIS

Sure.

CLAUDIA

I wanted to say I really enjoy your angle on the text of Hamlet and I'm interested in pursuing an independent study on just Hamlet. Would you be able to fit that in?

MORRIS

Sure. Especially if other people would be interested, we could turn it into a small class.

We linger on Harry as we...

CUT TO:

13 INT. CAFE -- DAY

David and Olivia sit at a table, each with their drinks. Olivia looks lost in space.

DAVID

What are you thinking about?

OLIVIA

Life's like not real.

DAVID

What?

OLIVIA

You asked me what I'm thinking.

DAVID

Alright... care to expand on that thought?

OLIVIA

Do you ever just get in this dissociative headspace? And you're like "wow".

DAVID

No... I'm already so done with this year.

OLIVIA

Lolll. Already tired of me?

DAVID

That's actually not true at all, I'm so hyped.

OLIVIA

Obviously. How was Greenwood last night?

CALLUM COLBY, David's ex-boyfriend, into the coffee shop.

CALLUM

Oh my god, hi!!

DAVID

Hey!!

Callum touches David's arm.

CALLUM

How's the hangover?

DAVID

(with a strained voice)
So good.

CALLUM

You were crazy last night. And we keep running into each other, it's like cosmic. Anyway, I need to order. I gotta be at this club in like 10. But hit me up.

(to Olivia)

Nice meeting you!

Callum heads to the counter.

OLIVIA

Was that Callum?

DAVID

Yeah.

OLIVIA

Okay.

DAVID

What?

OLIVIA

Nothing, he seems nice.

DAVID

I feel like you're mad.

She is.

OLIVIA

I'm not.

DAVID

We're just friends now.

OLIVIA

Yeah, I know.

DAVID

With queer guys, it's like more normal for us to become friends again.

OLIVIA
No, I know.

DAVID
(playfully)
Are you mad?

OLIVIA
I'm not mad!

DAVID
Are you??

OLIVIA
Noo!
(beat)
Well, I dunno, a little. Life's
just not-- I been feeling weird--

14 INT. NEWMAN STUDIO -- NIGHT

Olivia with the same expression, sits in the audience with a PRODUCER, each with notebooks open.

PRODUCER
Alright, It's 7:00. I love this
script, everyone out there loves it
too. And this monologue excerpt is
killer. You ready?

OLIVIA
Yeah.

The Producer goes outside the door as we hear him say...

PRODUCER
First up is Alexa O'Connor.

ALEXA O'CONNOR, an actor in her early twenties, enters. She takes a few breaths.

OLIVIA
Hi Alexa. Which roles are you
auditioning for?

ALEXA
Rebecca and Amy.

OLIVIA
Which one do you want to start
with?

ALEXA
Let's do Rebecca first.

OLIVIA

Great. Whenever you're ready.

ALEXA

Thanks.

(she takes a beat and then
gives her monologue)

And the stoplight just turned red.
'I'm gonna miss it. I can't keep
running late.' All week I've had
this foreboding sense that
something terrible is going to
happen. I find myself straightening
my rearview mirror compulsively. I
realize my side mirror is pointed
at the road. My boyfriend's calling
me wondering where I am and for
some reason, I really don't want to
hear his voice right now... but I
also do. At a red light, I have all
the time in the world. -- "Hey,
I'm stuck in traffic. I'll be like
10 minutes." And then 'Wham!"
Someone hit my back bumper, my head
slammed the steering wheel, my
phone flew out of my hand. I
elbowed the horn as I lifted my
head up, my car screaming for me.
Blood that's gonna stain the
steering wheel, dripping down my
forehead. Fuck, the insurance.
Fuck, I'm so late. These little
"hellos?" from my phone on the
dash, struggling for my ear. And
the feeling won't go away.

15 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

A variety of miscellaneous objects piled up, gathered
together somewhat untidily for the purpose of sorting. A few
trash bags of personal pile up by the door.

The objects are vaguely organized into four piles, which have
index cards under them which say "Giveaway," "Keep," "Trash,"
and "Undecided."

Harold sits on the couch looking anxious. Olivia adds a small
decorative pillow to the pile of miscellaneous objects, the
"give away" pile, at Harold's side.

OLIVIA

You hate decorative pillows, right?

Harry doesn't answer.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Harold Nathaniel Summers, I do not know what to do with like half of these things and I need your help sorting them out.

HARRY

Um...

OLIVIA

One at a time. I know it's not easy--

HARRY

Yeah. I'm going to make myself some tea. You want some too?

OLIVIA

Sure.

HARRY

What kind?

OLIVIA

Whatever you're having.

We watch Harold, plainly distraught, make tea. The act of tea making almost seems to calm him, a familiar act, something he's done thousands of times before.

Olivia flunks down on the couch. She lets out a heavy sigh. Shortly, Harold arrives with cups.

HARRY

Here.

OLIVIA

Thanks. Are you ready to start?

Harold nods. Olivia holds up a miniature potted plant which is dead and rotting. The plant is in a cat-shaped mini-pot.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Ok. What about these cats?

HARRY

Which cats? There's cats all over the place.

We see several cutesy cat-themed objects strewn around in various piles.

OLIVIA

These ones. The ones with the dead plants inside them.

HARRY

Well, I'm not gonna keep a bunch of
dead plants.

OLIVIA

I know. But you can keep the pots.

She hands him one. He looks at the dead potted plant in his
hands.

MATCH CUT TO:

16

EXT. BARTON NATURE AREA - DAY - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Harold, looking slightly different and younger, is holding
the same potted plant in the middle of the Barton Nature
Area. He is kissing Diana Mortimer, the woman from the
opening montage, on a bridge. Even while embracing her,
though, he is holding a cardboard cup of tea from TeaHaus.

HARRY

This place is beautiful.

DIANA

Yeah. Mom thought it'd be nice for
me to know where the best nature
areas are.

HARRY

Your mom has good taste.

DIANA

Speaking of good taste...what's
that you're holding? Could that be
a gift, Harold?

HARRY

Who told you about this?

DIANA

Izzy.

HARRY

That woman is a menace.

DIANA

Indeed she is. But she wouldn't
tell me what you got me.

He gives her the cat-shaped potted plant.

HARRY

There's four more waiting for you
at the apartment.

DIANA
Which apartment? Mine or yours?

HARRY
Ours. Not mine. Ours.

DIANA
What are these little things?
They're so cute.

HARRY
You put little plants in them.
They're like a little...
housewarming....thank-you gift.

DIANA
What do you mean "thank-you gift"?
I'm the one who should be thanking
you.

HARRY
Babe you gotta stop that. Okay?
It's my pleasure.

DIANA
No, but seriously. I mean, I'd get
it if I paid r--

HARRY
These things cost a lot less than
half the rent.

DIANA
I know that, silly.

HARRY
Besides, You do the dishes every
night. That's enough for me.

DIANA
No, but it's like the principle---

HARRY
I know what you mean.

DIANA
But what are you thanking me for?

HARRY
It's a thank-you in advance. For
spending our lives together. Being
with me, you know? So can you just
take the fucking potted plant
before this turns into *Pretty
Woman*?

They kiss again. He places it in her hand.

DIANA
Okay. But no more gifts, got it?
Bad boy.

She jokingly cat-scratches him.

MATCH CUT TO:

17 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Harry places the cat-pot in Olivia's hand.

HARRY
Put them in the giveaway pile.

Harold finishes his hot tea. Then he gets some iced tea from the fridge. He pours it in a glass.

HARRY (CONT'D)
All right. Let's do the rest of this shit.

OLIVIA
Don't forget. We have plans tonight.

HARRY
Oh. Right. Yeah. You still free for the next hour? Do as much of this as we can?

OLIVIA
Yeah. Let me just text David to meet us there.

18 EXT. STREET -- DAY

Neil and Izzy walk down the street. His arm is around her. Perhaps she kisses his cheek.

NEIL
(almost a whisper)
That was really sexy when you told me to put your hands behind your back.

She smiles mischievously.

IZZY
(too loud, given what she's saying)
(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)
 My birthday's coming up. You should
 buy me some handcuffs.

They turn a corner and Izzy bumps into a woman. This is
 EMILIE DE WYNTER. She's 22 or 23 years old and stressed but
 stylish. Maybe she heard about the handcuffs. Maybe not. They
 all stop.

IZZY (CONT'D)
 (wayyy excited to see her
 friend)
 Emilie!

EMILIE
 Izzy, Neil, hi!

NEIL
 Hey.

IZZY
 Are you going anywhere right now?

EMILIE
 Just home. But got a lot to do.

IZZY
 Already? Damn girl-- have you had
 dinner?

EMILIE
 No, that's actually what's next--

IZZY
 I'm headed for dinner with some
 friends right now. Come with!

EMILIE
 Sorry, I can't. I got a lot to do--

IZZY
 Babe, it'll be fun.

NEIL
 We're not trying to force you or
 anything.

IZZY
 I am!

NEIL
 Okay maybe she is.

EMILIE
 (to Izzy)
 Girl, I love you but--

IZZY
I love you too which is why you're
coming with me.

Izzy grabs Emilie's arm and pulls her along.

EMILIE
Ok then.

IZZY
Emilie, the Countess of Santena is
demanding you get dinner with her.
Let's go.

EMILIE
Well then, if Your Highness desires
it...

IZZY
Contessa.

EMILIE
Excuse me?

IZZY
My title is Contessa.

EMILIE
Contessa.

They walk away together, arms linked.

19 INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

David, Olivia, and Harry are sitting at a restaurant, reading
the menus. Sean walks over, wearing a waiters' uniform and
holding a pad.

SEAN
(with deadpan faux-
earnestness)
Greetings and salutations! My name
is Sean, I'll be your server today.

David and Olivia share a laugh. Harold, still reading the
menu, looks up upon hearing the laugh and smiles.

DAVID
What's up, Sean? I didn't know you
worked here.

SEAN
Yeah, usually here from 6 am to
noon but they needed me tonight.

HARRY
Jesus Christ, man, good for you.

SEAN
Gotta rake in the dough somehow.
(beat)
Speaking of which, can I get you
guys started with bread?

A laugh.

HARRY
Sure. Yeah.

SEAN
Great! And drink? Or you guys need
a minute with the menu, or...?

OLIVIA
Can I have an Arnold Palmer?

SEAN
Uh, yeah. I guess.

OLIVIA
Something wrong with the Arnold
Palmer?

SEAN
(discreetly)
It's Minute Maid and Gold Peak.

OLIVIA
I'll have a cranberry juice with
soda water.

DAVID
Same

HARRY
A Manhattan on the rocks.

SEAN
All righty. Are we ready to order
some food?

OLIVIA
(in a royal voice)
We're still expecting another
guest. Well, at least one other.

SEAN
Gotcha. I'll circle back to you
guys.

OLIVIA
 Why can't this bitch ever be on
 time??

Sean disappears in the way waiters do without you really
 noticing.

DAVID
 That man has ten different jobs, I
 swear.

HARRY
 Poor guy. How does he keep up with
 school?

20 EXT. RESTAURANT -- EVENING

Izzy, Neil, and Emilie are coming up to the door of the
 restaurant, Izzy skipping as she does so. Emilie stands back.

IZZY
 Here we are!

EMILIE
 I gotta answer this email. I'll be
 right inside. Grab me a chair?

Izzy just walks inside.

NEIL
 Um, sure.

Neil walks inside.

21 INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Izzy and Emilie approach the table occupied by Olivia, Harry,
 and David.

OLIVIA
 Mia Contessa! And Neil!
 (mildly apologetically)
 Hi, Neil!

NEIL
 Don't worry about it. No shame in
 being upstaged by royalty.

Olivia hugs him, then Izzy. They all sit down.

Emilie walks in.

IZZY
Guys, this is Emilie. She's my
bestie.

Izzy pulls out the chair next to or across from Harold and invites Emilie to it, before sitting closer to Olivia and David.

OLIVIA
Nice to see you! I'm ---

EMILIE
Olivia, right? And, um...

DAVID
David.

OLIVIA
Good memory. This is my brother.
Harry.

HARRY
Hello.

IZZY
How's the play going?

OLIVIA
No details until you can see it.

IZZY
David, how's her play going?

DAVID
She won't tell me jack shit.

They continue talking about Olivia's creative exploits, leaving Harry and Emilie to each other.

HARRY
Okay. So. You're the famous Emilie
de Wynter. How do you like my
energy drinks?

EMILIE
Oh! Thanks! Drank one this morning
and I drafted like 20 pages of my
poli-sci thesis. Not trying to
imply an exact causation, but the
correlation's a good sign.

HARRY
Ah, so we have a genius on our
hands.

EMILIE

A genius? Hardly.

HARRY

Well, I mean, from what I hear, you're very bright, but the thing is there's two types of bright people: the kind who knows she's bright, which I call "the genius," and the kind who doesn't, which I call "the intellectual."

EMILIE

Well, I don't know if I...

IZZY

Harry, don't listen to her. Emilie's basically a genius. Remind me, how many majors do you have again? Eight?

EMILIE

Three - Business, philosophy and political science. So which are you, genius or intellectual?

Harry toasts her and sips his drink.

HARRY

I'm a drunkard.

EMILIE

What's that? An intellectual who parties?

HARRY

Not quite. You ever see *Casablanca*?

EMILIE

No.

HARRY

I was quoting it. Basically what I meant was "I'm neither."

EMILIE

So you don't know it -- you're an intellectual.

HARRY

Do you know something about me that I don't know you know?

EMILIE

No. I just know what you know I know.

HARRY
Say that again. Once more with
feeling.

EMILIE
Now you're talking nonsense.

HARRY
Do you have a boyfriend?

EMILIE
Um....

HARRY
I'm not asking you out. I'm asking
if you have one, because if you
don't, then I know for one hundred
percent certain that Emma Woodhouse
over there's trying to set us up.

EMILIE
Really?

HARRY
Let me guess. She begged you to
come?

EMILIE
Begged me. Ordered me.

HARRY
I'd bet my left hand she's trying
to turn this into *When Harry Met
Emilie*.

EMILIE
Don't they get together in the end?

HARRY
Yeah.

EMILIE
Wrong movie then.

HARRY
Ouch.

EMILIE
No, it's not you.

HARRY
You sure?

EMILIE

It's not--I didn't mean that. What I meant was, I'm not looking for anyone right now.

HARRY

Me neither. But Yente is as Yente does.

EMILIE

It's like she expects the waiter to come out and play havanagila on the violin.

HARRY

Look, if Izzy teed us up any better, she'd have to buy herself a club set.

(beat)

She say anything in particular about me?

EMILIE

What would she say?

HARRY

Doesn't matter. You'd know.

EMILIE

Well now that you've built up my curiosity, don't you think you should tell me?

HARRY

I'll make you a deal. Let me buy you a drink and maybe I'll tell you.

EMILIE

Sounds like you're setting us up now.

HARRY

I am. 'Cause Izzy won't stop trying either way.

She smiles. Sean comes back with food.

22 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Harold and Emilie walk down the street, holding hands.

EMILIE

Thanks for getting my dinner.

HARRY

Don't worry. I've been coerced into doing stuff with Izzy before too. Hope I at least made it tolerable.

EMILIE

It's refreshing to have a conversation that's actually about something.

HARRY

What do you mean?

EMILIE

Most people I meet through Izzy talk about the same five things over and over again.

HARRY

Like what?

EMILIE

"What classes are you taking"... And I don't know -- "Which frat has the best throwdowns"... Then there's "the frat boys are so fun" to the "I hate frat boys" pipeline, which really only refers to one specific frat boy, so once you've heard it enough times, you lose all patience.

HARRY

What about "What are you dressing up as for Halloween?"

EMILIE

I love Halloween. Don't fuck with me on that.

HARRY

Really?

She gives him a playful death stare.

EMILIE

Yes.

They walk for a moment.

HARRY

Y'know, this was fun. We should do this again sometime.

EMILIE

Yeah. Of course.

He lets go of her hand.

HARRY
As friends.

EMILIE
Yeah, of course.

HARRY
I'm sorry, I didn't -- you're really cool. And I like you a lot so I'm sorry if I'm sending, like, crazy mixed signals, but I'm not ... ready for a relationship right now.

EMILIE
No, of course.

HARRY
And also you could do a hell of a lot better than me.

EMILIE
Stop that.

HARRY
I'm sorry! It's true!

EMILIE
Well, if this was a date, which of course it's not --

HARRY
Especially because we were literally chaperoned by my friends-

EMILIE
Well, anyway, if it was, it'd be one of the best first dates I'd ever had.

HARRY
Was that a compliment or a polite way of insulting your exes?

EMILIE
You decide.

HARRY
Well, I'll take it as a compliment. So thank you.

EMILIE
But it's not.

HARRY
Not what?

EMILIE
A date.

HARRY
I know.

EMILIE
Because I'm going to law school
next year. Need to focus on that.

HARRY
That's awesome. Do you know where
you're going yet?

EMILIE
Hopefully Yale. Or Harvard.

HARRY
Whoa.

EMILIE
Yeah.

HARRY
What kind of law do you want to
practice?

EMILIE
Well, eventually, I want to be the
President.
(beat)
So Izzy doesn't get to pull the
Countess card every time she wants
me to go to dinner.

They share a moment. She bursts into mischievous laughter.

HARRY
I thought you were serious!

EMILIE
You did?

HARRY
Yeah! I mean, it's not...crazy.
It's not unrealistic for someone to
go to Michigan, get three fucking
majors, then Yale Law, clerk for
some Supreme Court Justice, run for
governor or state Senate or
whatever, and win and then run for
President. So it's not...I mean, it
very well could happen.

EMILIE

I doubt it. But thanks.

HARRY

Seriously, though, what do you want to study?

EMILIE

Constitutional law.

HARRY

Oh, that's cool.

EMILIE

Yeah. I mean, think about it like this. When you strip down the government to its purest, barest form, it's 4 pages written by a bunch of men who wanted to create a nation of unprecedented freedom and liberty while also creating a functioning governmental system based not on domination or violence but on liberty without anarchy. I wrote essays longer than 4 pages in high school. But these 4 pages carry the weight of the country on their shoulders not in spite of but because they mean something slightly different to everyone, and still -- somehow, someway, it still works out.

HARRY

What about all the amendments? I mean, I don't even think Clarence Thomas thinks the Constitution is perfect just the way it is.

EMILIE

Of course not, but that's why they wrote that the document's amendable. The founders knew that one day that this system would transcend everything else going on, including themselves. Just imagine how much self-control it would take to say "Look, we can't be under England's thumb the rest of our lives BUT at the same time we KNOW that our system won't be much better unless it's changeable.

(MORE)

EMILIE (CONT'D)

We're just as susceptible to human error as our enemies, and history won't forgive us for the blood we shed unless we prove that it was necessary to create something better than any other form of government we've ever had, dating all the way back to Aristotle."

HARRY

Funny you mention all that.

EMILIE

Why?

HARRY

When I was in high school, I directed a couple plays that are about as American as you can get.

EMILIE

You directed them?

HARRY

Well, co-directed. With my drama teacher.

EMILIE

What were they?

HARRY

One was 1776. And I remember analyzing the play and looking at the history and... I felt a ton of sympathy with the Loyalists.

EMILIE

Really?

HARRY

Well, yeah. I mean, imagine if I told you now, "I don't like this. Our taxes are too high. Our government is walking all over us. Let's overthrow the government." Who do I sound like?

EMILIE

Oh.

HARRY

Exactly! And I thought, "these guys are literally voting on starting a war they're already losing! The odds are like a thousand to one!

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

Why on earth would anyone with any money or any kind of a decent life risk their lives or livelihoods for this? How the hell did these guys convince a nation to martyr themselves on what must have seemed like a pipe dream!"

EMILIE

I mean, to be fair, I don't think the average colonist was educated enough to really understand the issue.

HARRY

Well honestly, I never thought of that, but regardless, they must have had some sense of the difference in size between the armies.

EMILIE

True.

HARRY

So I realized the only way they could have done it was by appealing to emotion and charisma. So I had the actors playing John Adams and Ben Franklin really go for it with their performances, like they have an almost complete lack of self-preservatory instinct. I told them, "the basis for your argument is anger!" Then I had the loyalists play it very rationally and subtly, you know? And I told them, "The basis for your argument is fear. You guys are scared shitless! They're telling you not to worry, but you're right to be! Because if these crazy bastards get their way, then you could all be on a first-class trip to the gallows!" You know?

EMILIE

Yeah.

HARRY

But I never considered the fact that the Loyalists probably did show more hubris.

EMILIE

Well that's where I coulda helped.

HARRY
Betcha could've.

EMILIE
It's all about risks, you know.

HARRY
What do you mean?

EMILIE
When I face any decision in life, I always have to think...at my core...is this a moment where I can take a risk? Does the reward outweigh the risk? Because everyone takes risks. Even you.

HARRY
How do you know?

EMILIE
You walked me home tonight, didn't you?

HARRY
Sure.

EMILIE
Well, I don't know. Was that a risk?

HARRY
I don't know. Was it?

EMILIE
Yes.

HARRY
So...by your logic. If I'm engaging in so-called risky behavior...what should I do next?

EMILIE
Well, my logic says it's your decision. Is this worth taking a risk?

HARRY
What if I want you to make the decision for me?

EMILIE
I already have.

She kisses him.

DISSOCIATE TO:

A 10-SECOND MONTAGE OF HAROLD AND DIANA, INCLUDING SHOTS OF:

DIANA AND HAROLD AT A RESTAURANT.

DIANA AND HARRY LAUGHING TOGETHER.

HARRY SHOOTING A VIDEO OF DIANA.

HARRY AND DIANA IN A PLAY TOGETHER.

DIANA GIVES HAROLD A STUFFED PINK RABBIT. HE KISSES HER AS WE...

CUT BACK TO:

EMILIE AND HAROLD'S KISS ENDING.

EMILIE (CONT'D)
Good night. Harold.

HARRY
Good night.

He walks her to her door and waves. She responds in kind. We linger on each of them for a moment as they part ways.

23 EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY

YAAKOV "JAKE" ROTHSTEIN (24), dressed nicely and with a briefcase in hand, David's financial advisor and older brother, walks up the steps of the porch of David's house.

24 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY

A knock on the door. David quickly approaches to answer, seeming to expect someone. He answers the door.

DAVID
Hey, what's up? C'mon in.

JAKE

Hey! You know, Martha – my secretary – just asked me how my older brother's doing.

DAVID

That joke never gets old. C'mon in.

25 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY

Jake and David sit on the couch.

DAVID

How's work?

JAKE

Super fucking busy, dude. I actually just got my WMS designation so I had to study like crazy.

DAVID

Congrats, so what's the next designation you're working to?

JAKE

That's it. I'm fully licensed.

DAVID

Oh! Congrats!

JAKE

Thanks... um, I got off the phone with Dad earlier today.

DAVID

Bet he's thrilled.

JAKE

Not quite.

DAVID

Look, Jake, it's fine. I mean, I'm sorry he sent you down here to scold me, I really am, but I can deal --

JAKE

NO! Dude, look, he didn't send me down. I don't give a shit about that, alright? I just wanna look out for you.

DAVID

What do you mean?

Jake gets out his laptop out of his bag.

JAKE

Have you ever considered what might happen if Dad cuts you off?

DAVID

Don't you think you're being a bit dramatic?

JAKE

Davey, you're 21 years old, the guy's not fiduciarily obligated to keep giving you money.

DAVID

I'm in college! What am I supposed to do, work a 9 to 5?

JAKE

No, but it would be good if you had some savings put together.

DAVID

I thought that was your job.

David looks at laptop.

JAKE

Well it is, but if Dad cuts you off, then you don't have access to your trust, the money I work with, anymore.

DAVID

Why do you think he's gonna do that? What did he say?

JAKE

It's not what he said.

DAVID

Then what is it?

JAKE

David...

DAVID

What?

JAKE

I just talked to the guy.

DAVID

... Well, okay, let's say he decided to try that.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

How am I supposed to pay for school? And rent?

JAKE

Student loans, part-time job, maybe some scholarships, you know.

DAVID

So you're telling me I'd have to come up with tuition and rent out of my own pocket? I can't just pay for that! He's not gonna do that!

JAKE

Dave, calm down. I'm not saying this is happening tomorrow. But if you're asking my advice --

DAVID

How do you even know this is gonna happen?

JAKE

Look. How much do you have in your savings?

David whips out his phone. After a moment, she shows it to Jake.

DAVID

I don't know. Like 10 grand.

JAKE

Dude, that's more than enough to start. What I would do is I would start depositing 3/4 of your bimonthly income from the trust into your savings. Just in case. Okay?

DAVID

3/4? That's like 1000 dollars. You want me to just casually spend 1000 dollars less than normal?

JAKE

You can adjust your lifestyle. We can get into specifics when sitting down and looking at numbers. I just wanted to get on your schedule.

DAVID

Look, what the fuck did he say to you?

JAKE

I don't think it's best to get into it. It should be from him--

DAVID

Not best to get into the very thing that's relevant to me, ok.

JAKE

He said he doesn't want his money to be abused.

26 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Harry, at his computer, googles 'EMILIE DE WYNTER'. LinkedIn and Instagram pages pop up.

MATCH CUT TO:

27 INT. EMILIE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Emilie has typed 'HARRY SUMMERS' into her search bar. Gemma, Emilie's roommate, wanders into frame, a few tortilla chips in hand.

GEMMA

Did you submit? Is it safe?

EMILIE

It's done. I did it.

GEMMA

Oh my god!

EMILIE

What?

GEMMA

You submitted!! To Harvard Law!!

EMILIE

I know. I'm terrified. I definitely fucked something up.

Gemma approaches Emilie to hug her.

GEMMA

(Singsongy)

Can I say Congratulaaatioonss?

EMILIE

No -- Yes -- Thank you.

GEMMA
You're Elle Woods.

EMILIE
No, I'm not. I just applied.

GEMMA
Yeah, with like ten pages of writing for those insufferable essays. I would've given up by your second panic attack, but you pushed through. Not everyone does that. Look at you, you're still doing work after applying to Harvard Law-

Gemma looks at Emilie's computer.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
How do you know Harry Summers?

EMILIE
Met him through Izzy.

GEMMA
You think he's cute, right?

EMILIE
It's not like that.

GEMMA
Ok.

EMILIE
Ok, well it is kinda like that.

GEMMA
In what way?

EMILIE
He walked me home. We had a 'not a date', that's what we called it cus neither of us planned it. He's witty, kinda formal and self-deprecating but I can't tell if it's actually self-deprecating or if he's always joking -- He's weird.

GEMMA
Are you seeing him again?

EMILIE
No... maybe. Neither of us say we're in a place for a relationship right now.

GEMMA

So maybe good for something fun?

EMILIE

I don't really do fun.

GEMMA

Smart. Ends up the worse
heartbreak.

EMILIE

I guess. I don't really know...

GEMMA

Cus you don't do fun. That's fine.
You don't need no man!

EMILIE

Don't say that! Every time you say
that I somehow end up texting them.

GEMMA

I'm sorry. You do need a man.

EMILIE

Thanks.

GEMMA

We have to do something tonight to
celebrate.

EMILIE

Oh my god, but I haven't done
anything yet. I just applied.

GEMMA

You need to work on that.

EMILIE

I know.

GEMMA

You're literally the most talented
person I know.

EMILIE

Maybe I should text him.

GEMMA

No, if you say he's weird, he's
probably deranged. ... Wait, you
have seen Legally Blonde, right?

EMILIE

No, actually.

GEMMA

That's what we're doing tonight.

28 EXT. MICHIGAN UNION -- COURTYARD GARDEN -- DAY

ALTERNATE LOCATION: INT. MICHIGAN LEAGUE -- Kutsche Tea Room
OR Conference.

Harry and Emilie sit at a table together with their computers
and notebooks. Harry's energy seems a little scattered.

HARRY

You never GOT TO IT!?

EMILIE

I always meant to! It just didn't
happen for some reason. Doesn't
everybody have a famous movie
they've never seen?

HARRY

Legally Blonde isn't just a famous
movie though. It's quite literally
your life as a romcom.

EMILIE

Doesn't Elle end up becoming the
valedictorian of Harvard Law? All
I've done is apply.

HARRY

Look, when you leave for Cambridge-
-

EMILIE

If I leave for Cambridge --

HARRY

When you leave for Cambridge, or
New Haven, or New York City, or --
where's Stanford -- Palo Alto --

EMILIE

Ohmigod stop -- I just applied to
Harvard. Doesn't Elle become
valedictorian after almost failing
her first class?

HARRY

Did I just hear you say "ohmigod?"
Pretty sure that's the title of the
opening song of *Legally Blonde: The
Musical*.

EMILIE

Okay this has gone too far. Why do you know the first song of Legally Blonde The Musical?

HARRY

If you must know, I played Callahan in high school. The law professor.

EMILIE

You can sing?

HARRY

I'm alright. With help. I'm certainly no Michael Bubl  .

EMILIE

That's alright, Michael Bubl   is off-brand Frank Sinatra. He's all tone - no phrasing, no emotion.

HARRY

Mm. What are you doing tonight? Wanna get dinner at the Earle?

EMILIE

Sorry. Me and the girls are going out. Getting me to properly celebrate.

HARRY

Oh...

EMILIE

We can call for like goodnight.

HARRY

No, it's fine. Unless you want to.

EMILIE

I will.

Club music starts to play.

29 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Gemma, Izzy and Emilie are at the bar. Emilie and Izzy are going CRAZY, dancing like no one's watching. Gemma is definitely keeping up, but without quite as much energy and enthusiasm.

Gemma turns her head.

CUT TO:

GEMMA'S POV: In the center of the dancefloor, David and Callum are dancing together. A bit too close.

CUT BACK TO:

Gemma realizes who's there and stops dancing for a moment. She walks away in the direction of the bar. Emilie and Izzy just keep dancing.

30 INT. NEWMAN STUDIO -- NIGHT

The house lights and stage lights are up. Olivia sits in the front row of the theater. TOM, an actor, is sitting onstage across from Neil, who is acting in the play as a lawyer.

TOM
(as Raymond, drunkenly)
What do you even know?

NEIL
(as Larry)
I'm not saying that you did it, ok?

TOM
Then why do you insist on taking a trip straight into this hell mouth just to tell me there's more evidence that I did something you claim you know I didn't do?

NEIL
Because it's my job to know every relevant detail in this case that we're dealing with.

TOM
I'm sorry. It's just...you can't find anything to back me up.

ALEXA enters as "Rebecca". Tom walks to her. Neil addresses Tom in character but looks toward the audience.

Tom heads towards her as she mimes taking a gun and killing herself in the exact awkward position described.

NEIL
I know. But the way the bullet went through her head isn't like what'd we see in a suicide--

OLIVIA
All right. So let's stop there for a moment.

TOM
Can I ask you a question?

OLIVIA
Sure.

TOM
Did I do it? Did Raymond kill his wife?

OLIVIA
You decide.

TOM
I mean, I get that you want everyone to decide for themselves. But how do you want me to play it?

OLIVIA
You feel like you did.

31 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Harry looks through what's left of the 'maybe' pile, which now has its own box.

He picks something out. His gaze turns somber. He puts it back. Around him, the apartment looks vaguely lonely.

A text from Olivia. We see it read:

"Hey, been debating about whether to give this to you but since you mentioned it, I got the contact info for the man who was driving. Tell me if you want to talk about it.

"RICHARD HOWELL"

(734) 555 - 0551

ADDRESS TO BE INSERTED UPON SECURING OF LOCATION

Harry stares at the text for a minute but instead of responding sets down his phone.

He goes to his kettle and makes a cup of tea.

He boils the water, steeps the tea, adds some honey...and goes to the liquor cabinet, where he liberally pours brandy inside the boiling tea as he takes a sip. Somewhere inside all of this, he takes a shot.

Then on a coffee table or lamp stand or something of the like, Harry notices his copy of *Hamlet*.

Harry picks it up and reads.

In a montage of visual metaphor, something that straddles idealization and depression. The definition of a false hope.

HARRY (V.O.)

Oh god, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space were it not that I have bad dreams. ... I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises, and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What piece of work is a man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! And yet to me, what is the quintessence of dust?

FADE TO:

32 INT. MORRIS'S CLASSROOM -- DAY

Claudia, Harry, and another student sit with Morris in the same classroom.

MORRIS

So, first of all, I just want to say thank you to the three of you for continuing your studies of Hamlet with me. So I thought we'd start with going over Hamlet's goal. 'Course, on some level, it's very simple -- Hamlet wants revenge! But, if we look at Act One Scene Two, where Hamlet muses that Claudius is "no more like my father than I to Hercules!" Well, newsflash: Hamlet's not a warrior! He's nothing like Hercules! And yet in order to satisfy his ultimate goal, he has to change.

(MORE)

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Because I know that for us ivory-tower thinkers at the University of Michigan, this is a great disappointment, but it's true: if you want to achieve something, you can't just be an intellectual and sit there thinking about it!

CLAUDIA

But isn't that who Hamlet is? Isn't that what makes him different?

OTHER STUDENT

Well, that's who he is in his natural habitat. That's where he belongs. But in this story, in this world, Hamlet's challenge is trying to use his set of skills and his knowledge of theatre and psychology and mythology to solve this very political and personal problem where none of that is immediately relevant.

33 EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - DAY

Harry walks up to a house and knocks on the door.

34 INT./EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - DAY

RICHARD HOWELL, a 75-year-old man, answers the door.

RICHARD

Can I help you?

HARRY

Hi. Sorry to bother you. I'm Harry Summers. I was... um....

RICHARD

Are you selling something?

HARRY

No! I was Diana Mortimer's boyfriend.

RICHARD

What do you want?

HARRY

Nothing. I just wanna talk.

RICHARD

I'm sorry. I'm not comfortable speaking to you without an attorney present. Have a nice day.

He shuts the door halfway. Harry stops him.

HARRY

Look, sir, I'm not here to harass you or berate you.

RICHARD

Then why are you here?

HARRY

I just...I really want to know the last person she saw. I want to know what happened, from your point of view. I need this. Please.

35 INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - DAY

Harry sits at a table. Richard pours them each a cup of coffee and hands Harry the cream. Harry pours some in his cup.

RICHARD

You really wanna know?

HARRY

I need to.

RICHARD

I'd really like to tell you it was instant. But I'm not gonna bullshit you. So...what do you already know?

HARRY

She left a party at my friend Neil's place. She got on the -- scooter thing. And she crashed into your car on the way back to our apartment. But what I'd like to know is... did she say anything? Did somebody--

(only now does he cry)
stay with her. And --- look, I know it's stupid. It's so fucking stupid but I don't think anyone else was there to see her or hear her or feel her. Just you. So I had to ask you. You know? And I know that her parents hate you and shit but I don't care -- I just... miss her -- I gotta know.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

I need to know if she said anything. Or if she was in pain. Or...I don't know....did you stay with her?

RICHARD

Like I said, I wish I could say it was quick. But I can't. I can't do that. She just...she was on one of those scooters, and she was going fast, and she made a tight left turn, and all of a sudden she was coming right at me and I didn't see her. I had a green light and I was about to go right through it and by the time I did see her, it was just too late. She crashed right into me. Head on. She must have flown in the air for a couple seconds because I pulled over and put my hazards on and called 911. Then I ran over to her. She was about two car-lengths back. And I was just trying to... trying to see what the hell happened, but she was just laying there. She had a cut all across her leg and--and there was blood. Everywhere. I'm not gonna tell you any more about what she looked like, because -- well frankly it's because I wish I never knew. You're just a kid. You don't want to know this--Maybe you think you do. But you don't. Anyway, after I finished calling 911, I looked back down, and she was going quick. And there was blood all over my hands. And I looked at the blood on my hands as I held this kid I never knew and I just thought "No matter what, every day, for the rest of my life, I'm gonna have this blood right here. Right on my hands. It's not gonna wash off. Ever. You know?"

HARRY

I do know. I know exactly how that feels.

Harry is shaken. The chilling description washes over him for a moment before he speaks.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Did she...did she tell you anything? Did she say anything?

RICHARD

I don't know if she had the--the energy. She just looked right into my eyes. The whole time. And there was so much blood--it must have been--musta been hell for her, but she grabbed onto my hand for a moment real tight, you know? Like she was gripping my hand. To stay alive. But then she stared into my eyes and looked at me and --- I know it sounds crazy but it almost looked like she was comforting me. Like she was as worried about me as I was about her. I don't know much about Diana, but something tells me...I mean, she looked like the sweetest. And she looked right into my eyes in a way where it was like she was trying to say something, you know? Maybe like "it's okay", but then maybe that look was just shock or maybe she wasn't seeing anything at all. I don't know. And I ... I sang to her. You know? I mean, I didn't know how to do anything else. I tried to put some pressure on the bleeding but I knew I ... I just sang her to sleep, you know? And when her parents came and sued me--you knew that, right?

HARRY

No. They--they never told me. What happened?

RICHARD

Well, when they served me, I got a lawyer and basically he said there's no need to settle because I could win the case because it was one hundred percent her fault, and I had proof of that, but I just looked at him and said, "If this is winning, I'd hate to see what losing looks like to you." And I just gave them what they wanted.

HARRY

What did they want?

RICHARD

It's not important. I had enough saved up. I'll be fine.

Harry doesn't know what to do. He looks at Richard with disbelief.

HARRY
That....that---I don't even...yeah.

Richard gets up to grab some Kleenex for Harry. Harry notices a limp in Richard's walk as he walks back. Richard offers, Harry accepts, then grabs one for himself.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Thanks.

RICHARD
You're welcome.

HARRY
Is your knee alright? You got a little bit of a--

RICHARD
Yeah, it's fine.

Richard rubs his knee cap. Silence.

HARRY
What song did you sing?

RICHARD
"Someone to Watch Over Me." You know...

He sings a bit of the song (THE PUBLIC DOMAIN VERSION) as we cut to....

36 EXT. LAW QUAD - DAY

Harry reads *Hamlet* in the Law Quad.

The following will be a montage of visual metaphor. The hope of the images from earlier are gone. Now somber and bitter.

HARRY (V.O.)
(quoting Hamlet)
O, that this too too sullied flesh
would melt, / Thaw, and resolve
itself into a dew, / Or that the
Everlasting had not fixed / His
canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O
God, God, / How weary, stale, flat,
and unprofitable seem to me all the
uses of this world! / Fie on't, ah
fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden / That
grows to seed. Things rank and
gross in nature / Possess it
merely. That it should come to
this: / But two months dead -- nay,
not so much, not two.

(MORE)

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

/ So excellent a king, that was to
 this / Hyperion to a satyr; so
 loving to my mother/ That he might
 not beteem the winds of heaven /
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven
 and Earth, / Must I remember? Why
 she would hang on him / As if
 increase of appetite had grown / By
 what it fed on. And yet, within a
 month / Let me not think on't.
 Frailty, thy name is woman! / A
 little month, or ere those shoes
 were old / With which she followed
 my poor father's body, / Like
 Niobe, all tears ... / O God, a
 beast that wants discourse of
 reason would have mourned longer!,
 married with my uncle, / My
 father's brother. But no more like
 my father/ Than I to Hercules. ...
 O, most wicked speed, to post with
 such dexterity to incestuous
 sheets! / It is not, nor it cannot
 come to good. / But break, my
 heart, for I must hold my tongue.

37 INT. MORRIS'S CLASSROOM -- DAY

Morris addresses the class, book in hand.

MORRIS

The way I go about studying a
 speech like this is I ask myself:
 "Is this a reactive speech? A
 metaphysical speech"? Well, of
 course, this is a reactive speech.
 Hamlet isn't king; Claudius is. But
 now that Hamlet sits alone in the
 court, he feels the emptiness of
 this stage. This is a space which
 Hamlet associates with his father.
 And if you've ever been to a space
 which you associate with a person
 who's no longer with you, it
 hollows something out inside
 you. And of course, in this moment,
 it is empty. The room is there. The
 physicality is there. But the soul
 of the room is not.

We see Harry's face here. Visibly distraught.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Hamlet doesn't want to be here, on
 this stage.

(MORE)

MORRIS (CONT'D)

And that state of mind is perhaps the most dynamic in all of theatre. And what's his first line? "O that this too, too solid flesh would melt" -- or "that this too, too sallied flesh would melt", or that this, too, too sullied flesh would melt", depending on the version you're reading. *Hamlet* is a work that is very heavy on ambiguity. *Hamlet* is ambiguous. Even what *Hamlet* says is ambiguous! Shakespeare didn't oversee the publication of his plays. Other people published Quarto versions and Folio versions, and the fact of the matter is nobody knew which ones -- if any -- Shakespeare would have approved of! So did *Hamlet* say "O that this too too solid flesh would melt"? Could be. That works with the imagery of the rest of the first few lines. The flesh is solid, but he wishes it would melt. But some people say it's "O that this too too sallied flesh would melt" -- and that's possible! At the time, the word "Sallied" meant "attacked" or "assailed" -- so did *Hamlet* say he sees the death of his father as a personal attack against him? If so, by who? By God? By Claudius? By the expectations that fall on him? Or was it "O that this too too sullied flesh would melt." In the original text, that was read as "sallied" because people often confused the lowercase "a" and "u" due to how they wrote in the 1590s! And "sullied" means "dirty" or "unclean." If *Hamlet* compares his father to Hyperion, the sun god, then calls his own flesh "too too sullied" -- maybe that's yet another comment on his mother's incestuous tendencies. Or maybe he believes he is sullied with cowardice. Or maybe he tripped and fell in the mud on the way to court. The point is, I don't know. And neither do you. You'll never know. So you'll have to decide what works best for you. Or if it even matters to you, because I don't want to assume that it does. Maybe you just took this class for a writing credit. But if not, if you're as crazy as I am, you might just wonder about this for the rest of your life. So have a good weekend.

38 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Harry, Olivia and David are hanging out, drinking. Music softly plays. David is looking through Harry's copy of *Hamlet*. Olivia brings David a cocktail and Harry some tea. Harry, perhaps already drunk, takes out a flask from his jacket. He takes a swig and then pours some cognac into his tea.

DAVID

I never understood why Shakespeare isn't taught as a foreign language credit.

HARRY

Because it's English, Early Modern English.

OLIVIA

It's an acquired taste. Our parents took us to see a lot of Shakespeare plays growing up. I think they thought it'd make us smarter.

HARRY

And I'm so smart.

DAVID

Ok, Harold.

HARRY

Not really. I'm a dumbass.

OLIVIA

Tell me when you make up your mind.

HARRY

I have! I'm a really smart dumbass.

OLIVIA

And he reconciles the seemingly contradictory statements.

HARRY

Emilie didn't want to hang out tonight.

DAVID

Oh, so he settled for us! How come?

HARRY

Celebrating the Harvard app with the girls.

OLIVIA

Is there anything wrong with that?

HARRY
(a little confused by
this)
No. I don't know.
(beat)
When did you start smoking?

OLIVIA
Why?

HARRY
I didn't see that coming from you.

OLIVIA
I guess, I really started in New
York.

DAVID
It's probably my fault.

OLIVIA
No, it was before you.

HARRY
I feel like... you're not... you...
anymore. Not that the smoking thing
is an issue. It's not about that.
It's like...you're you, but when I
talk to you it doesn't feel like
you. But you're you. It's
different. You know?

OLIVIA
No, I don't know.

HARRY
You speak in--like--platitudes.
Like an amateur psychologist.

OLIVIA
Excuse me?

HARRY
I don't need a therapist, Olivia.

OLIVIA
Okay... I've never tried to be...

HARRY
You never called me in Topsail. Do
you know how
fucking...isolated....that place
is?

OLIVIA

I don't know, I thought you needed space. I thought you loved it there.

HARRY

I don't know. I didn't do shit. I couldn't feel shit. I couldn't think.

OLIVIA

I mean, wasn't that part of the point?

HARRY

What point?

OLIVIA

Just get away from everything.

HARRY

Yeah. I wanted to go somewhere different, but...a call would have been nice. Just...you know...."Hey, how you doing?" But no, it was just -- like time was frozen and everyday was somebody's birthday at Declan's 'cause it's always somebody's birthday.

DAVID

Hey, dude, this stuff is tough--

HARRY

And she's fucking nowhere. Nowhere. So happy fucking birthday.

Harry starts crying. Olivia approaches him for a hug. He hugs her but says...

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm fine.

OLIVIA

It's okay not to be "fine" all the time.

HARRY

Look, I don't need you people to tell me how to beha--

OLIVIA

What do you mean?

HARRY

You need a fucking "pause" button.

OLIVIA
Pause from what?

HARRY
Can't you just....do nothing?
Please? Just do nothing. Say
nothing. Because what do you know?
Nothing.

OLIVIA
I'm just trying to being helpful...

HARRY
Stop trying! You don't know what
it's like. You're...you're
patronizing--

OLIVIA
Hey! I knew her too! You think I'm
not grieving?! You think we're all
just fucking immune?

He takes out the flask to take another swig but thinks better
of it.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
What's in there?

HARRY
Cognac.

OLIVIA
Can I have it?

HARRY
Why?

Olivia doesn't respond.

DAVID
You're gonna get through this,
Harry. You're gonna come out the
other side and feel like you're
living fully again.

HARRY
Wow. Thanks, Doctor Rothstein. I
mean honestly, you know what you
sound like?

David sighs.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 (laughing bitterly)
 You sound just like someone who's never had a loved one die, but now you want to feel included in the big family drama so you take a couple lines from a Hallmark movie and pass it off as advice.

OLIVIA
 Harry!

HARRY
 That's what you sound like. It's fucking great. You should hear yourself.

OLIVIA
 Harry, shut your --

DAVID
 Babe, it's fine--

OLIVIA
 No it's not!

DAVID
 HEY! He doesn't know what he's saying he just... Let's just get him to bed, alright?

Harry gets up, but stumbles.

HARRY
 I shouldn't be with people, not when I---

OLIVIA
 She would want you to have someone to talk to.

HARRY
 Yeah. I just think it'd have been easier for everyone if...if she was here crying and if I was-- I think she'd stand it better.

OLIVIA
 If she was in your position, she'd say the same thing.

HARRY
 Grass is always greener on the other side.

A long beat.

OLIVIA
So. You wanna sleep here tonight?

HARRY
I'm gonna go home. Actually, I'll
get going.

OLIVIA
Are you sure? You can sleep here.

HARRY
No, I'll go home.

Harry sits up and straightens himself out. He rises to go.

OLIVIA
Do you want me to come with?

HARRY
No, it's not far.

OLIVIA
I really think it'd be better if
one of us came--

She's cut off by her front door slamming shut.

DAVID
Fuck.

OLIVIA
I'm texting him to tell me when
he's home.

DAVID
Good idea.

Olivia takes up the couch where Harry was laying.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Do you still want to go out
tonight?

OLIVIA
No, I can't.

DAVID
It still might be good for you--

OLIVIA
I can't.

DAVID
Have you seen him like that before?

OLIVIA

Not since right after... I gave him
the guy who hit her contact info.

DAVID

You what!?

OLIVIA

He asked for it! I don't know.

DAVID

Well why do you think he's so set
off all the sudden?! Do you know if
he's talked to him?

OLIVIA

I don't know! Look, I can't do this
all on my own! Our parents are
being no help. He's isolating
himself except for Emilie. He's not
seeking help. I don't know if I
ever seen him drink from a flask. I
don't know how to do this. I don't
think I have it in me.

DAVID

Look, I love Harry, but--

OLIVIA

CAN YOU JUST SHUT UP?!!

DAVID

I feel like I'm losing you to this.

OLIVIA

I don't want my brother to kill
himself!!

DAVID

You can't expect yourself to always
know how to be there for him. Or be
the only one.

OLIVIA

But I don't know how to help him at
all.

DAVID

You're great with him, just you
have to have boundaries.

OLIVIA

You don't know what you're asking
of me.

DAVID
I'm just asking for you to take
care of yourself.

OLIVIA
I know.

DAVID
I miss you.

Silence.

OLIVIA
He's finally getting in to see a
therapist in two weeks.

DAVID
That's really good.

OLIVIA
Can we just stay in and watch
something dumb? Like *Legally
Blonde*?

David turns on the tv. Olivia looks at her phone.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
He's liked my text about getting
home safe and he said sorry about
tonight.

39 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Harry lies in bed. He groans as he awakens, maybe still in his clothes from the previous night. Surprisingly, he vaguely smiles as he turns over.

MONTAGE

- Harry changing into new clothes
- Harry making tea and breakfast
- Harry brushing his teeth
- Harry out the door

40 EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - DAY

Harry arrives at Richard Howell's house and spots a 'For Sale' sign outside this house.

This gives him pause, but he proceeds to the door anyway. Harry knocks.

Harry knocks again. He waits, but not for long.

Harry leaves.

41 EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - PORCH -- DAY

David checks his phone and we observe several missed calls from Ira. He's working on a painting. Jake walks up to the house, in a suit with a briefcase.

JAKE

Hey Davey, what you working on there?

DAVID

So the other shoe dropped?

Jake sits in a porch chair at a table.

JAKE

Not yet, but it's looking that way, so I just came down to help you figure out your financial future without Dad's help. But first, as your brother... dude, come on.

DAVID

What do you mean, "come on"? This is what I want to do.

JAKE

I get that. But we're talking Dad here.

DAVID

So what I want with my education doesn't matter?

JAKE

No, it does. But you know, getting an Economics degree doesn't mean you have to stop painting.

DAVID

Painting is my passion. It's not just some hobby -

JAKE

I know that. Look, the way I see it -- if you get the economics degree, work for Dad --

DAVID

So, I'm just supposed to do financial advising for a decade and be okay with it?

JAKE

Yeah but you can still paint!

DAVID

This isn't about what I want to do. It's about what I don't want to do.

JAKE

It's not that bad. Once you're independent, trust me, you'll really value a boring job with good income.

DAVID

Why do you and Dad think that I'll be happy with financial planning just because you guys are? I'm not you! I'm a different person, alright?

JAKE

I don't want to argue with you. We can go forward with this or not.

DAVID

I want to go forward with this.

Jordan opens his briefcase.

JAKE

Alright, let's at least set a plan-

DAVID

Do you want to take a look at what I'm working on?

JAKE

Sure.

Jordan walks over to David's canvas. Whatever is on the canvas is clearly a depiction of David and Jake's father Ira. Perhaps it isn't overly flattering.

JAKE (CONT'D)

That's actually good.

DAVID

I know. Thanks.

JAKE

Is that...

DAVID

Yup.

JAKE

You captured him well.

DAVID

I know.

JAKE

(laughs)

That's absolutely crazy. He can't ever see that.

DAVID

I'd like to think he will. Someday.

JAKE

Whatever you say, bro. Um, are you able to leave that for a second so we can get started?

DAVID

Sure.

Jake and David sit down at the porch table.

42

INT. NEIL AND SEAN'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Sean, Olivia, David and Izzy all sit at a table for dinner. Neil, clearly a cook, sets various serving dishes on the table. A bottle of wine also gets passed around.

OLIVIA

Oh my god Neil this looks amazing.

IZZY

For real.

SEAN

Y'all should come here for dinner more often. Gordon Ramsay here? Always has leftovers.

NEIL

Not that many. Not that y'all aren't welcome to share bread.

SEAN

No you're literally eating that shit throughout the week.

NEIL

I guess. We should do this more often though.

DAVID

I wouldn't mind. Neil, goddamn.

Everybody eats. Suddenly quiet.

IZZY

I do have a bit of an announcement that I feel like I should just get out of the way.

OLIVIA

Oh, Izzy has an announcement everyone.

IZZY

I'm moving to Italy next year.

NEIL

What?

OLIVIA

What?!

IZZY

Once I turn 25, I'm required to live in the province where I serve and I've been thinking about it for a really long time, but I think it's better for me to just settle in right after school.

OLIVIA

(in disbelief)

You're fucking with me right now.

IZZY

Why start something new when you can only do it for a few years.

OLIVIA

You're fucking with me.

IZZY

No.

SEAN

Wait, I'm confused, what's this about?

NEIL

She's a countess.

SEAN

I thought that was a joke??

NEIL

No, she's a literally an actual countess.

IZZY

I do joke about it a lot, but yeah, I'm a countess.

SEAN

Damn. And you're leaving to basically do that next year?

IZZY

Yup.

SEAN

For, like, the rest of your life?

IZZY

Yup.

SEAN

Damn.

IZZY

I'm going to miss everyone so much.

OLIVIA

I'm going to miss you too.

IZZY

Oh my god.

Both hug and start crying.

OLIVIA

Sorry.

IZZY

No, it's nice to know you'll be able to barely manage without me.

OLIVIA

Shut up. We already barely manage without you. Why are you going??

IZZY

I mean, it's not all bad. I'll get to travel a lot. But I have to stay in Santena at least 180 days a year and it has to be my permanent residence.

NEIL

You'll be a good countess.

IZZY
It's really not that hard.

NEIL
For you.

IZZY
I can fly you guys out by the way.
I can do stuff like that.

OLIVIA
Give us a tour of the castle!

IZZY
I've wanted to for freaking ever.

DAVID
That'll be fun.

OLIVIA
Anyone else have news that'll make
me tear up?

NEIL
I just realized the potatoes have
dairy in the sauce.

OLIVIA
Ok, Neil. I'm crushed.

NEIL
I thought you were lactose
intolerant?

DAVID
She is, she just doesn't care.

IZZY
David, how's that painting you're
working on?

DAVID
How's Italy? Already moving on,
huh?

IZZY
While I'm here, there's no use
being sad about me.

DAVID
The one that's a bull with a nose
modeled after my Dad?

OLIVIA
Am I the only one that thinks
that's insensitive?

DAVID
I'm Jewish! He's my Dad -- I'm reclaiming.

OLIVIA
And Harry gave me that Merchant of Venice quote when I tried to get him to take my side.

NEIL
Is it still the bull?

OLIVIA
No he painted that over. Now it's a cow.

NEIL
Oh! That's huge. Is that your third animal now?

DAVID
Yup, and it's oil too, so I got a ridiculous amount of layers on there now.

IZZY
You're literally so creative. I don't know how you come up with these things.

SEAN
I'm quitting my job.

IZZY
Oh my god, why?!

SEAN
I got an internship with Apple starting January that goes all the way to August and I'll be making about 75k. Plus bonuses. So I don't really need it.

DAVID
All that for an internship??

SEAN
The tech companies dish out, even for part-time and remote internships. And it should turn into a full time job after the summer -- that's like double the salary.

NEIL

That's awesome dude! Why didn't I know this?

SEAN

I found out this morning.

DAVID

That's...amazing. Congrats.

SEAN

Yeah, I'm thinking of going to the Bahamas at some point.

DAVID

Would Cava's be hiring?

SEAN

They're literally always hiring. Why?

DAVID

I was thinking of getting a job.

SEAN

Damn, really? Well, I can get you in contact with my manager.

DAVID

I haven't decided yet, but I'll let you know.

OLIVIA

We're going to Italy. We're going to the Bahamas. We're gonna be so well traveled.

IZZY

Yes.

OLIVIA

On second thought, I probably should set the potatoes aside.

43 EXT. NEIL AND SEAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Olivia and David are leaving. Sean has walked them out.

OLIVIA

Tell Neil Thank you so much!

SEAN

'Course. Anytime, guys. Bye!

DAVID

Bye!

44 INT. NEIL AND SEAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sean walks inside.

NEIL

I can't believe you.

IZZY

I know.

NEIL

What am I gonna do without you.

Izzy kisses Neil.

NEIL (CONT'D)

We're gonna head up.

SEAN

Alright, goodnight.

Neil and Izzy head up the stairs. We linger on Sean, a little lighter than we seen him before and still a little lonely.

45 INT. NEWMAN STUDIO -- DAY

Alexa and Tom sit in a domestic scene. Olivia directs.

ALEXA

I'm trying to talk to you.

TOM

You're not trying, you're succeeding.

ALEXA

If we want to move in together, we need to start planning now--

TOM

I know, I know.

ALEXA

Then why won't you talk about it?

TOM

It's-- I don't know.

ALEXA

Do you not want to do this?

TOM

I wish you were here.

ALEXA

If I'm not here, where am I then?

TOM

No, I wish you could live here. In Traverse City.

ALEXA

I can't just pick up my career--

OLIVIA

Let's stop there. Rebecca, what's happening here?

ALEXA

I mean, he thinks I'm a ghost. I'm confused. I'm trying to figure why it's as if he's trying to resist me.

OLIVIA

And are you a ghost?

ALEXA

It's hard to say. As I've gained comfort with the character, I've stopped feeling like it really matters. What's real anyway, you know?

OLIVIA

I love that. But I was also hoping to feel the irony. A neglected woman now very possibly haunting her husband.. That's a little bit hilarious, isn't it?

46 INT. ROSS SCHOOL OF BUSINESS - EMPTY CLASSROOM - DAY

Emilie pulls up a PowerPoint on her laptop.

It is titled "ASBS RECRUITMENT PRESENTATION."

She hooks up her laptop to a large screen and the three of them begin setting up for a meeting. Ashley and Samantha are sitting down. Ashley looks at her laptop.

SAMANTHA

Emilie! What time did you want us at the mass meeting?

EMILIE

It starts at seven. So like maybe six-thirty?

SAMANTHA

How long do you have the room reserved?

EMILIE

We got the room from six to ten.

SAMANTHA

Six to ten?

EMILIE

Just in case.

SAMANTHA

Can I leave at 9:30? Joe and I are meeting at 10 to help him with his essay on economic democracy.

EMILIE

Yeah, That's totally cool.

ASHLEY

Hey, Em! Did you get your Harvard response today?

EMILIE

Yeah. How'd you know?

ASHLEY

My email from Harvard came in right now.

EMILIE

What does it say?

ASHLEY

Should I check it? I don't know. I'm scared.

EMILIE

Yeah, check it.

She does so, and...

ASHLEY

HOLY FUCK I GOT INTO HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL!

EMILIE

That's absolutely amazing! Oh my god you're -- like -- so cool!

ASHLEY

Oh God. Please tell me you got in too. Otherwise I'mma feel really bad....

EMILIE

Nope. I got waitlisted, but...no.

ASHLEY

Well, Harvard's loss.

HARD CUT TO:

47 INT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY

Emilie does an intense dance routine of some kind with a couple other DANCERS, including Ashley and/or Samantha. Emilie does it very well.

HARD CUT TO:

48 EXT. MICHIGAN LEAGUE - NIGHT

Harry walks inside.

49 INT. MICHIGAN LEAGUE - HUSSEY ROOM - NIGHT

ALTERNATE LOCATION: INT. MICHIGAN LEAGUE - HENDERSON ROOM - NIGHT

Emilie is finishing her recruitment presentation for the Adam Smith Business Society, along with Ashley and Samantha, who are by her side, and four or five other business students.

EMILIE

And that's all we got for the introduction to our club! Thank you so much for coming. Please stay for our social hour! Myself and the rest of the Executive Board will be here and answer any questions you may have...

The room's chatter becomes louder and louder as people stand.

Harry stands. He is nursing a glass of iced tea. He spikes it with a little cognac from his flask.

He starts for Emilie, but moves past people in his row.

A young man in a suit, MELVIN, walks up to him.

MELVIN
Haven't I seen you somewhere
before? I'm Melvin.

Harold does not recognize him.

MELVIN (CONT'D)
What's your name again, man?

HARRY
I'm Harry.

MELVIN
Didn't you used to hang around with
Diana Mortimer and Neil Jensen and
that whole group?

HARRY
Um, who?

MELVIN
Diana Mortimer?

HARRY
Yeah.

MELVIN
I lived across the hall from her.
Our freshman year. She was really
nice.

HARRY
Yeah. She was.

MELVIN
I always wondered what happened to
her. It's funny, you run into people
so often, and then all of a sudden
you just...don't. How's she doing?

HARRY
Sorry. Excuse me.

Harry walks away and faces a corner, trying not to cry or do anything too noticeable. All around him is a classy college party which he is currently trying not to spoil with his mere presence.

He takes a breath. Then another. Surprisingly, his breathing starts to slow. He turns back around.

He walks up to Emilie, who is leaving a conversation with pleasantries to join a new one.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Nice meeting. Ran smoothly.

EMILIE
Thank you -- hey, are you okay?

HARRY
Yeah. I'm fine.

EMILIE
You sure?

HARRY
It's -- we'll talk about it later.

EMILIE
Okay.

HARRY
So, where do I sign up?

EMILIE
What do you mean?

HARRY
Well, I want to join the Adam Smith
Business Society.

EMILIE
You goofball.

HARRY
No, it's true. This club means a
lot to you. I want to support that.

EMILIE
Thank you. Trust me, though, you
don't have to. It's mostly econ,
business, and poli-sci majors.

HARRY
What's the matter? Don't think I
could keep up?

50 EXT. MICHIGAN LEAGUE - NIGHT

Harry and Emilie are walking outside of the Michigan League.

EMILIE
I don't think *they* could keep up.
If you joined the Adam Smith
Business Society, you would
significantly raise the average IQ.

HARRY
Well clearly, members of the Adam
Smith Business Society are well-
versed in flattery.

EMILIE

That's not flattery. That's the truth.

HARRY

What's it like to be someone who thinks deeply but lives quickly?

EMILIE

What do you mean?

HARRY

You....do so much. At such a fast pace. But when I look behind your eyes -- I can see you actually considering the implications. You plan so thoroughly for the future while you live the most hectic life, -- I swear, I can see it -- you actually take time to consider who you are and what you want. But that doesn't stop you from being decisive.

EMILIE

What...what is this? Did the Wicca group slip you something?

HARRY

No, no. I-- you amaze me.

EMILIE

Thank you.

He slows down.

HARRY

Wait, can we stop walking for a second?

EMILIE

Why?

HARRY

I just wanna kiss you.

They both smile. She stops walking. They kiss.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Okay, now we can walk again.

Laughing, they walk.

51 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Harry and Emilie walk inside the apartment.

They put their stuff down.

Harry pulls out a chair for Emilie.

EMILIE

Why, thank you.

He clicks "on" on his kettle.

HARRY

Sorry I didn't have time to buy a
tablecloth.

He starts his mise-en-place: cutting board, pot, vodka,
packaged fresh pasta, shallots, garlic, butter, oil, chef's
knife.

He chops the shallots and garlic.

He opens the canned tomatoes.

EMILIE

You're literally making me dinner.
I should be like, bringing you a
bottle of wine.

He adds the now-boiling water to a pot with liberal amounts
of salt, opens the pasta, and throws it in.

HARRY

All I want from you is you. Here.
With me.

They kiss. Harry throws the oil, garlic and shallots in a
pan.

EMILIE

Hey, by the way, what happened
tonight? Like remember how you were
like -- you looked like you were
about to cry and you were like
"I'll tell you later."

HARRY

There was this guy there who was
like "Hey! Weren't you Diana's
friend? And he ... I mean, he had
no idea that she's ... she's *dead*,
and I just...it stopped me in my
tracks for a second. You know?

EMILIE

Yeah, you don't talk about her much. But I can tell when she's on your mind.

HARRY

How?

EMILIE

I can see it behind your eyes. They stare into space for a bit. And you get a little quiet. And you sit in your own world for awhile. And then, when you're ready, you come back. Good as new. All I have to do is let the clouds pass, and the sun shines brighter than ever.

HARRY

Yeah.

EMILIE

Was she the first woman you loved?

HARRY

Technically, that was Scarlett Johansson. *Lost in Translation* was huge for me.

Emilie and Harry chuckle in spite of themselves. Harry adds the vodka to the pan and lets it reduce for a moment.

EMILIE

No, really. Was she?

HARRY

Yeah.

The vodka reduces. They look in each other's eyes for a moment. They are about to kiss. Then Emilie breaks the silence.

EMILIE

Thank you.

HARRY

For what?

Harry adds the vodka, shallot, and garlic mixture to a mid-size simmering pot. Then he adds the canned tomatoes.

EMILIE

For giving me the chance to be with you. To spend time with you. To fall in love with you.

(MORE)

EMILIE (CONT'D)

I don't expect you to be ready to say that back to me. I get that you're on a lonely road, Harold, and I can't always walk down it with you. But I want -- no, I need you to know that I love you, and I'll be here for you to lead you by the hand -- or maybe drag you by the hand, kicking and screaming -- whenever you need it.

Harry is teary-eyed, speechless. There is no verbal response that can do this justice. Maybe "I love you too," but he can't say that yet. Not really. But he wishes he could.

He plays a song on his phone. HOPEFULLY, it's a song by Jerry Vale like "Old Cape Cod" or "I Have But One Heart" or even "O Sole Mio" -- let's see if we can get the rights. Harry invites Emilie to dance with him.

They dance. It's beautiful.

FADE TO:

52 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

The next morning. An alarm goes off. Harry and Emilie are in bed together. She is in his arms.

Emilie wakes up and gets out of bed.

Harry feels her loosen herself from his arms and wakes up.

HARRY

Hey.

EMILIE

Hey.

HARRY

What time is it?

EMILIE

8 o'clock.

HARRY

Jesus Christ, I haven't been up this early since high school.

EMILIE

Well, wake up, sleepyhead.

HARRY

(groggy)
No...

EMILIE

I got to go to class soon.

HARRY

You have class at eight o'clock?

EMILIE

No. I have class at nine o'clock.
So I gotta get going.

HARRY

You want some tea? I want some tea.

He goes to his kettle, grabs some loose leaf, and starts to make tea. She's already dressing

EMILIE

I'm sorry, I really do have to go
in a bit.

HARRY

One sec.

EMILIE

Yeah?

HARRY

I just...I think you're one of the
most understanding, sensitive,
beautiful people I know.

EMILIE

Ohmigod stop. You'll make me want
to kiss you again. Mwah!

As she blows him a kiss, she's already halfway out the door.

53 EXT. THE ARB -- EVENING

Olivia and David are walking together in an open field. David gets a text. He opens up his phone and Olivia looks over his shoulder.

OLIVIA

WHAT!?

DAVID

... What the fuck?!

Olivia grabs David's phone. They stop.

OLIVIA

Why the fuck is Callum in his
underwear!?

DAVID
I don't know, he's been acting
weird to me!

OLIVIA
WEIRD?

DAVID
Flirty. These are out of the blue.

OLIVIA
So I'm really suppose to believe he
just sent basically a NUDE to you
OUT OF THE BLUE??

DAVID
YES! Ok, I know it's hard to
believe. I'm as dumbfounded as you!

Olivia takes a breath.

OLIVIA
Are you lying to me?

DAVID
No.

OLIVIA
You promise?

DAVID
Yes, if you actually give me my
phone, I can tell him I'm in a
relationship-

OLIVIA
He doesn't know??

DAVID
No, he does. He just needs
reminding.

OLIVIA
Can you block him instead of
texting him?

DAVID
... yeah, of course.

Olivia hands the phone to David. An uneasy gaze on text
messages that could be perfectly ok, but are too frightening
to read.

OLIVIA
Can you do it now?

DAVID

Yeah.

David fiddles with his phone and shows Olivia.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Done.

OLIVIA

Thanks.

Silence.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Why were you at the club with him?

DAVID

What? When?

OLIVIA

Like two weeks ago.

DAVID

... We were in a group. Mutual friends. Wait. Were you there??

OLIVIA

Gemma was.

DAVID

We were in a group.

OLIVIA

Ok.

DAVID

Do you not trust me?

OLIVIA

I don't know, I just feel like you have more fun than me. And for a while you kept saying I'm not there enough--

DAVID

I don't actually have that much fun.

OLIVIA

You do.

DAVID

No, you've always had that impression of me and I mean, I think it's kinda cute.

OLIVIA
Don't say that right now.

DAVID
What do you mean?

OLIVIA
You don't think you party hard
because there's always somebody
that parties harder. But you do.
It's part of who you are.

DAVID
Who am I?

OLIVIA
You're my boyfriend. You're usually
really sweet.

DAVID
Usually?

OLIVIA
If you were always sweet, it'd be
... weird.

DAVID
Glad I get a couple days off.

Olivia laughs, but then her expression turns more serious.

OLIVIA
You... nevermind.

DAVID
What?

OLIVIA
He really sent those pics out of
the blue?

DAVID
Yes.... I love you.

OLIVIA
How do I know I can trust you?

DAVID
How am I supposed to have a
succinct answer to that? I don't
know, you tell me...

Olivia sighs. A beat. She looks out into the wilderness.

OLIVIA
The sunset's pretty through the
trees today.

DAVID
We're all alone out here.

OLIVIA
It's nice.

DAVID
My Dad's coming to Ann Arbor and
I'm having lunch with him in a few
days.

OLIVIA
Oh! How are you feeling about that?

DAVID
Nervous, I haven't been
consistently taking his calls.

OLIVIA
I'm sure you'll do great. You'll
sort something out.

Silence.

DAVID
I'm sorry.

OLIVIA
For what?

DAVID
Just... everything.

54 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Harry's POV:

Harry picks up his drink and takes a sip. We pan to the cat shaped mini-pot. He picks that up too and places it in a cardboard box that's packed with other miscellaneous items. There're several sealed cardboard boxes about the door. With a roll of packing tape, he seals the box.

Harry takes another swig of his drink. There's a knock on the door. Harry opens the door to a man in a delivery uniform with a uniform.

DELIVERY MAN
All of these?

Seeing him disheveled and drunken for the first time, Harry nods.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

Alright. Can I have you sign this?

The delivery man hands the clipboard to Harry with its pen. As Harry signs his name, the delivery man picks up the first box.

55 INT. MORRIS'S OFFICE -- DAY

Professor Herman Morris sits across from Harry at a table in his office.

HARRY

...exactly, and that's what I've been thinking about doing as my final project. Discussing some of the great ambiguities of the text and how they affect the psychology of the characters. I mean, you were talking about how almost every death in the play might not be exactly what it seems. I'm not really super interested in if Gertrude and Ophelia killed themselves, but -- if they did -- why'd they do so? What'd they know? Why did Claudius kill King Hamlet? Was it out of ambition and cunning or out of desire for Gertrude? Like...who knows? And that's the beauty of it.

MORRIS

That's a great idea, Harry. I can't wait to see what you do with it.

HARRY

Thank you.

MORRIS

I don't know if you know this, but there's a theater group on this campus that's performing *Hamlet*. My wife and I have tickets, but she's going to be out of town. And I tell her about you all the time -- about how much you actually think about what you glean from dramatic texts -- and she suggested I invite you. As my guest.

HARRY
I'm flattered. Thank you. When is
it?

56 INT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

Ira fixes a cold, if not slightly hurt gaze on someone.
It's David, who looks small in his chair.

IRA
Food's good.

DAVID
My friend, Sean, use to pick up
some shifts here. Or actually, I
think he still does... he's
quitting soon.

IRA
How come?

DAVID
He don't need it anymore. Got some
tech internship.

IRA
Good for him.

Awkward silence.

IRA (CONT'D)
Your brother said he took a look at
a painting you were working on and
thought it was pretty good.

DAVID
Yeah, he saw some stuff I was
doing.

IRA
What was it?

DAVID
It's...um...abstract.

IRA
You know, I know you feel like when
planning your career, its black and
white. But it's not. Most people
have all sorts of jobs through
life.

DAVID
I know.

IRA

Then I just don't get it. I'm giving you a leg up here -- why do you insist on throwing that security away? You know, your mother has been sick all week with stress-

DAVID

Wait, you and mom still talk?

IRA

Of course we still talk, why would you ask that?

DAVID

No, I didn't mean anything by it, I just didn't know.

IRA

Does she never mention me?

DAVID

No.

IRA

Is she offering to help you out? Is that what this is?

DAVID

No! I never even asked.

IRA

I'm sorry.

DAVID

The painting's of a sheep.

IRA

I'd love to see it... Do you know how your grandfather started our business?

DAVID

Yeah, you used to tell me all the time--

IRA

Well, then let me tell you something I haven't told you... As you know, your grandfather was a poor Jew from the south of Brooklyn.

(MORE)

IRA (CONT'D)

And one day, he discovered he had a knack for telling his friends what to do with their money and as you know, from there, he started a business which he incorporated only a few weeks after I was born, but do you know what he wanted to do before all that?

DAVID

What?

IRA

Baseball. He wanted nothing more than to play for the Dodgers, but your Zayde, even at your age, he was five-foot-five and scrawnier than a New Jersey rat. He trialed at all these major and minor league teams for years and years, but being the best kid with a bat in Brooklyn doesn't always get you anywhere, especially with his size.

DAVID

So why did he quit?

IRA

The Dodgers moved to L.A. in 1957. He never watched a game again.

DAVID

What does this have to do with me?

IRA

You might be the best painter there is. But if you don't know how to market and sell the goods you've crafted, then it's worthless.

DAVID

That's something I'll learn. That's not permanent like how tall you are.

IRA

I don't want you to spend your life on an education in one specific niche and realize years later that you can't support yourself. Ok?

DAVID

You don't get it.

IRA
Money is finite, David. This painting stuff...it's a big risk.

DAVID
What if painting is what I'm supposed to do? It's like... my purpose.

IRA
Your purpose changes over time. It doesn't stand still. I know you got this really strong opinion right now -- I just ask you give yourself time.

DAVID
I can't keep having the same conversation with you.

IRA
Me either, son.

A waiter takes some food.

IRA (CONT'D)
I've frozen your trust. It goes into effect on the 2nd, so you'll get your last payment on the 1st.

DAVID
(WHOA - that hurts)
Why did you do that?

IRA
I told you. I can't do it forever.

DAVID
What do you mean?

IRA
The company's having a serious downturn in profits. I'm still President of the Board of Directors, but I'll be stepping down as CEO at the end of the year. Esther and I need to start reprioritizing so that we can continue to live the life we've always lived. We've earned that. Now it's time for you to do the same.

DAVID
Okay, so you're just taking the money?

IRA

It's my money. And I can't let you live your life like your decisions don't have consequences.

DAVID

What if I got a dual degree?

IRA

If you got a dual degree, I wouldn't have to do this.

DAVID

Why not?

IRA

Because I'd hire you. You'd be getting your checks from the company by the end of next year. Once you get your license for New York or California or wherever you wanna go, you'll start out as a financial advisor, and then I could put in a good word for you, and if you do well, you'll be a senior financial planner in five to ten years. Tops. You'd make over a million a year and that would only go up with experience as long as you continue to work hard --

DAVID

But that's the thing, Dad. I'm not like you. I don't want to work hard.

IRA

You don't mean that.

DAVID

(thoughtfully)

No. I don't. But I don't want to work hard in classes I don't give a shit about just to work twelve hours a day at your company because I didn't have the balls to take a risk!

IRA

The fact that you have those balls is exactly why I want you with us!

DAVID

But I'm not going to be useful doing something I hate! Jesus Christ, you have SEVEN HOUSES!

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Don't pretend you can't afford my tuition.

IRA

Houses are investments. This is a mistake.

57 INT. EMILIE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

The dawn rises, but Emilie's apartment remains mostly dark. Emilie, already out of bed, pulls down a shirt as Harry lies asleep in her bed. She scrambles around, trying to find different makeup appliances without much light. She keeps dropping things. Taking all she needs, she heads for the bathroom.

Harry still sleeps.

58 INT. EMILIE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Later, Harry comes out of Emilie's bedroom, half-dressed, groggy. Emilie's on her computer. Harry kisses her.

HARRY

Morning, beautiful.

(beat)

Could you make me some tea?

EMILIE

I need to put some final touches on this presentation and then actually prepare for it.

HARRY

Right, and that's for economics?

EMILIE

Polysci.

HARRY

Right.

EMILIE

Did you hear back from that internship?

HARRY

Yeah. Um, why does where you keep the tea packages keep moving?

EMILIE

It's never moved. It's just in the cabinet to the right of the stove.

HARRY

Oh.

EMILIE

Did you get it?

HARRY

Yeah, I found them. You know, I can make you some recommendations--

EMILIE

No, I meant, did you get the internship?

HARRY

Yeah.

EMILIE

That's great!

HARRY

I didn't accept the offer.

EMILIE

Oh... why?

HARRY

The timing of it just isn't right.

EMILIE

What else are you doing this summer?

HARRY

No, it's not like that, it's...

EMILIE

What?

HARRY

I don't know.

Emilie sighs

EMILIE

What are you doing, Harry?

HARRY

What do you mean?

EMILIE

You're actually smart. You have all these opportunities and then you just...

HARRY
It's not that easy.

EMILIE
I'm not saying it is easy. But everyone fucking does it.

HARRY
No for you it is easy. You know what you want and how much you want it. Some of us aren't like that.

EMILIE
Do you think I don't have doubts about the work I'm doing?

HARRY
Yeah. I do.

EMILIE
Just because I got a few extra words on my resume, doesn't mean I always know what I'm doing. But you're not even trying--

HARRY
So??

EMILIE
So fucking try! -- You can make your own tea, right?

HARRY
Yeah. What are you saying?

EMILIE
Why can't you get your shit together?

HARRY
Oh, sorry, I'm not as accomplished as the 'high priestess'--

EMILIE
Excuse me?? I wrote half that application for you.

HARRY
I didn't ask you to.

EMILIE
No, but you let me do it! I don't like feeling like I'm above you! And I'm not. I shouldn't be--

HARRY
So you're above me?

EMILIE
No, I just said I sometimes feel
like it because you won't put
effort into your life.

HARRY
(he's hurt)
Once my tea's done, I'm going.

EMILIE
Harry, I'm sorry. FUCK!

HARRY
Do you really think I don't put any
effort into my life?

EMILIE
Look, babe...

HARRY
It's a yes or no question.

Harry goes back to Emilie's room to finish getting dressed.
On the way back out, he pours his tea into a paper cup and
heads for the door, slamming it behind him.

EMILIE
Bye!

Her face changes.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. THE ARB -- AMPHITHEATER -- DAY

Emilie -- with a slightly more relaxed expression. She sits
in the Arb Theater with Gemma and Izzy.

GEMMA
You know, I acted in a Shakespeare
play here my freshman year.

EMILIE
Oh, what play?

GEMMA
Much Ado About Nothing.

EMILIE
What's that one about again? I
should know because Harry, buut...

The group laughs.

GEMMA

It's like there's a lot of plot,
but not much actually happens.
Until everyone gets married in the
end.

EMILIE

What was your part in it?

GEMMA

I was Margaret. She's like a
servant but she also kinda sets up
Benedick and Beatrice. It's
complicated.

EMILIE

Harry and I had a fight yesterday.

IZZY

Oh, what happened?

EMILIE

I think we both woke up in bad
moods. I was trying to tell him he
needs to get his shit together, but
he's so defensive, like I swear he
trying to get on my nerves on my
purpose, so I wasn't as nice as I
wanted to be and the whole thing
just blew up.

GEMMA

I'm sorry. Have you guys done
anything to make up?

EMILIE

No... I think he needs space, but
when he does, I get worried--

IZZY

No, I think that's the right
instinct. He's a sensitive boy. He
always has been.

EMILIE

Yeah.

GEMMA

What, like, started the argument?

EMILIE

You know that internship with the
modern philosophy journal I told
him to go for? He turned it down.

GEMMA

Why?

EMILIE

That's the thing. He didn't really have a reason. It's so dumb.

GEMMA

I'm sorry... glad I wasn't there. Was it at our place?

EMILIE

Yup.

GEMMA

And suddenly I love my 8 AMs.

EMILIE

I texted him this morning these fights make us stronger. No response so far.

IZZY

Give him another day. I feel like he processes shit more slowly since, you know...

EMILIE

Yeah.

GEMMA

What'd be fun for you?

EMILIE

Do you remember any of your lines from the play?

GEMMA

Noooooo, I can't do that.

EMILIE

But do you?

IZZY

We're waiting.

GEMMA

Fine.

IZZY

You can't do it sitting.

Gemma stands.

GEMMA

Emilie, I'm blaming your man for making me do this.

EMILIE

He'd actually love that.

GEMMA

Fine.

(she switches into character)

You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love. Nay! I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedict was such another, and now is he become a man. He swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging. And how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Somewhere through the delivery of her monologue, we begin to follow the camera through the woods. The sun shines through. It's idyllic. As we do, we catch David and Olivia, either against a tree or on a bench, making out.

Return to the three girls as Emilie and Izzy applaud Gemma's performance.

60 INT. TEA SHOP -- EVENING

Harry sits at the bar in TeaHaus.

HARRY

I actually don't know what to order for once.

AVERY

Yellow dragon?

HARRY

That actually sounds perfect.

Avery starts preparing the tea.

AVERY

It's what you always end up getting
in this mood.

HARRY

And what mood is that?

AVERY

Either tired or glum, I'm not sure.
But I can still kinda tell when
it's a Yellow Dragon day. Want
anything else?

HARRY

Actually, yeah. How about a
Kabusecha? Twelve ounce. Hot. And
let's do, a twenty-ounce hot of
Assam Mangalam.

AVERY

You don't have Kabusecha very
often, do you?

HARRY

No. I usually do Gyokuro. But I
wasn't really feeling the buttery-
ness of it right now. The grassy
note really comes through in the
Kabusecha.

(beat)

Yeah, I come here a lot, don't I?

AVERY

Ya think?

They share a laugh as they move to the counter where Avery
makes tea.

HARRY

Everyone thinks there's something
wrong with me.

AVERY

I mean, it's tea, not...crystal
meth.

HARRY

It's not really about the tea. I
think they feel like I've become
really comfortable living in this
stasis. Maybe they're right.

AVERY

What do you mean?

HARRY
 Everyone I know is reaching, for
 impact and money and meaning. I
 just want to read. And drink tea.

AVERY
 There's nothing wrong with just
 wanting to read and drink tea.

HARRY
 Is there?

AVERY
 I don't think so. Do you find
 meaning in what you read?

HARRY
 Yeah.

AVERY
 Then that's enough.

Silence.

HARRY
 What if it turns out I want more
 than just reading?

AVERY
 Well, that's different.

Silence. Avery finishes the first cup, places it on the
 counter.

HARRY
 I guess I just... want so many
 things, none of them useful to me.
 Except the tea is great. Sometimes
 it's hard to tell what you want, or
 even if you want something...

AVERY
 Sometimes it's also about what you
 need. For example, in my current
 stage of life, I think I need to
 work here. Sometimes I don't want
 to, but there's so many little
 things about the job that keep me
 going.

HARRY
 Like free tea--

AVERY
 Yes. And that's good for me right
 now. But who knows?

(MORE)

AVERY (CONT'D)

In a couple years, after I graduate, I'm probably gonna outgrow this job. After I've had all this luxury tea for free, maybe I won't even like normal tea anymore. I don't know. And that's okay. Because nobody does.

HARRY

Some people do.

AVERY

Well, good for them. But it's okay not to have some highly-detailed concrete plan to turn your passions into one singular career-centric purpose in life by the time you're 25.

61 EXT. LAW QUAD -- DAY

Harry and Diana are having a picnic.

DIANA

Look at me.

HARRY

(not looking)
Yeah?

DIANA

Hey, look at me.

HARRY

M-hm.

DIANA

I'm pregnant.

HARRY

What?!

DIANA

(laughing)
Your face right now. Priceless.

HARRY

Don't say that.

DIANA

Seriously though, I wanted to tell you something.

HARRY

Ok, what?

DIANA
My parents are coming to town this weekend and we're gonna get dinner and... I was wondering--

HARRY
If I wanted to meet them?

DIANA
Get dinner with us.

HARRY
Fuck...um, Yeah. I'd love to.

DIANA
No pressure if you're not ready--

HARRY
No, I want to. Just you don't really talk about your parents... is there anything I should know? Like...does your dad--I dunno -- collect back scratchers or...anything?

They both die laughing. Then the laughing stops as we...

HARD CUT TO:

62 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

A knock on the door. Harry answer's it.

The delivery man with the same boxes Harry sent away earlier. He hands Harry a clipboard.

DELIVERY MAN
Harry Summers, right? Sign here please. You want these inside?

HARRY
Not really. I just sent these away.

DELIVERY MAN
Yeah. Looks like it's been sent back. With this.

The delivery man hands Harry a letter.

HARRY
Can you do me a favor? Go take 'em to the dumpster behind the building. Here's a 10.

Harry fumbles with his wallet.

DELIVERY MAN

Sorry. I can't really do that.

HARRY

Fine. Just leave 'em there.

The delivery man leaves and Harry's left alone. A pile of boxes crowding his doorway. Harry opens the letter. The letter's from Holly, Michigan, and is addressed "To Diana's Ex". Inside is a single printed piece of paper. He becomes increasingly visibly upset as he reads.

Then we cut to a MONTAGE of various events in the past and present and whatever. Harry with Diana. Harry with Emilie. David walking around. David studying. David painting. David doing some soul-searching. Olivia directing Tom and Neil in the play. Maybe we even see Neil, Gemma, and Sean choosing to do the things that matter to them. Possibly even Richard Howell driving off into the unknown. We see lots of David in the action. Hopefully more David even than Harry.

HARRY (V.O.)

How all occasions do inform against
me / And spur my dull revenge! What
is a man, / If his chief good and
market of his time / Be but to
sleep and feed? A beast, no more. /
Sure he that made us with such
large discourse, / Looking before
and after, gave us not / That
capability and godlike reason / To
fust in us unused. Now whether it
be / Bestial oblivion, or some
craven scruple / Of thinking too
precisely on th'event -- / A
thought which, quartered, hath but
one part widsom .. And ever three
parts coward--I do not know / Why
yet I live to say "This thing's to
do" / Sith I have cause, and will,
and strength, and means / To do't.
Examples gross at earth exhort me:
/ Witness this army of such mass
and charge, / Led by a delicate and
tender prince, / Whose spirit with
divine ambition puffed ... Makes
mouths at the invisible event, /
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
/ To all that fortune, death, and
danger dare, Even for an eggshell.
Rightly to be great / Is not to
stir without great argument, / But
greatly to find quarrel in a straw
/ When honor's at the stake. ...
Oh, from this time forth, / My
thoughts be bloody or nothing
worth!

63 EXT. NEIL AND SEAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Harry and Emilie walk up to a homestead that's clearly already buzzing. Harry's being broody.

EMILIE
You okay?

HARRY
Yeah... no. Yeah... Am I insensitive?

EMILIE
Not at all.

HARRY
Who knows? Maybe I am.

EMILIE
What do you mean?
(beat)
Wait a sec, is this--? No. No, no, no, no, no. That letter is the Newsmax of personal correspondence. It is not reliable. I reject your source. I REJECT IT!

They burst into laughter as they continue walking.

HARRY
Thank you.

64 INT. NEIL AND SEAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

It's a fiesta. Neil, Sean, Harry, Izzy, Olivia, David, Emilie, Callum, Gemma, Jimmy, Samantha, Ashley, perhaps even Tom and Alexa are there. This is a proper party, not like the gathering welcoming Harry back.

Izzy is dancing on top of a table or sum.

IZZY
Where my bitches aattttt??

Music blares. The house bustles with bodies. We see Harry, Emilie and Gemma talking by Izzy. We see Sean and Olivia yammering drunkenly to each other. Neil on the couch in a complete daze.

David's moving through the crowd when he hears a familiar voice.

CALLUM
(joking)
You blocked me, you bastard.

David turns around to be greeted by a very drunk Callum.

DAVID
Excuse me?
(noticing him)
Oh.

CALLUM
It's okay, I forgive you. I so
forgive you. How are you doing?

DAVID
Good. My Dad's this close to
cutting me off from my college
fund.

CALLUM
(with slight sarcasm)
Wowww, I'm so sorry.

DAVID
(not picking up on it)
No, it's ok. I'll be fine.

CALLUM
That must be hard for you though.

DAVID
It's been a journey.

CALLUM
I bet.
(beat)
Do you want to do shots? The bar's
still got some tequila left.

DAVID
I don't know--

CALLUM
C'mon, it'll be fun.

As we follow Callum and David, we pan to Izzy and Gemma.

IZZY
I'm so drunk right now.

GEMMA
No, literally, I'm so drunk right
now.

IZZY
Oh my god! Literally.

As David and Callum move through the crowd, Olivia spots them.

OLIVIA
Hey, look! It's two handsome men.

CALLUM
Oh my god! We've met. I think we've met. I'm Callum.

OLIVIA
I'm Olivia. His girlfriend.

CALLUM
His what?!

OLIVIA
His girlfriend. David?

DAVID
I--

CALLUM
Wait, you're bi??

DAVID
Yes! You didn't know that?

CALLUM
I had no idea!
(to Olivia)
I just didn't know he was bi.
That's all.

OLIVIA
Oh.

CALLUM
I have a friend -- I need to find -
- somewhere here.

Callum makes as quick an exit from the couple as he can.

OLIVIA
We need to talk.

DAVID
About what?

OLIVIA
I think you know.

DAVID
No, what?

Olivia's on the verge of tears. She makes a rush for the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Where are you going??

David follows Olivia. Sean, who has been 'there' through this whole exchange, follows.

IZZY
Everybody!

No response.

IZZY (CONT'D)
EVERYBODY!

65 EXT. NEIL AND SEAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

DAVID
You see where she went?

SEAN
No, man.

DAVID
Fuck! Go left. I'll go right.

They split up.

66 INT. NEIL AND SEAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

IZZY
EVERYBODY!!! I have an announcement to make!! I've been standing on this table because I had an announcement but I couldn't remember what it was until now!!

GEMMA
What's your announcement?!

IZZY
If I've told you during the past few months I have to live in Italy starting next year, guess what!?

EMILIE
... what?!

IZZY
I was fucking with y'all. I can literally live anywhere I want. YOU ALL WATCH TOO MUCH TV. Also, me and Neil have been boinking.

GEMMA
Hold on. You and Neil have been
WHAT?

Gemma is at Neil's side on the couch, practically shaking him.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
Neil! Neil! Wake up!

NEIL
Whaat?

GEMMA
Have you and Izzy been fucking?

NEIL
Yeah.

GEMMA
Oh my god! For how long?

NEIL
Since September.

EMILIE
Ohmigod!! Izzy?!

IZZY
What?

<p>GEMMA How could you keep this from us?</p>	<p>EMILIE How could you keep this from us??</p>
---------------------------------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------

IZZY
I wanted to be more mysterious this year.

GEMMA
More mysterious? What does that even mean?

IZZY
Exactly!

GEMMA
Are you even a countess??

IZZY
Yes! I just lied about having to live in Italy.

GEMMA
Oh my god, I'm so happy.

EMILIE
Why did you lie?

IZZY
For fun!

EMILIE
I don't get you sometimes.

IZZY
Do you not think it's funny?

EMILIE
No!!

IZZY
Sorry...

Gemma climbs up onto the table. Emilie follows. The three hug.

GEMMA
No, I'm just so happy you're staying.

EMILIE
I need some air. I'm literally crying right now.

Emilie starts makes her way for the exit. We close in on Harry. He's stressing real bad.

DISSOCIATE TO:

67 INT. NEIL AND SEAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A party is in full swing, with different music and lighting.

HARRY
Baby, I'm really tired. I'm gonna head home.

DIANA
Ok...

HARRY
Don't walk alone if you can. I want you back safe. Or use one of those scooters, I don't know, but I'm about to fall asleep and I don't want to here--

Diana laughs.

DIANA
I'll be fine. Go home, get some
sleep. I won't be far behind you.

BACK TO:

68 INT. NEIL AND SEAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

IZZY
I'm gonna be in the U.S. next
year!!

Cheers from across the room. Izzy jumps down and follows
Emilie out. Gemma joins so the three of them can have their
moment together.

As we close up focus on Emilie walking out the door...

MATCH CUT TO:

69 EXT. NEIL AND SEAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see Diana do the same. She stumbles for a bit before
finding a scooter on the sidewalk. She starts it up.

A little bit later, we watch Diana cross the street on the
scooter. Tires screech.

BACK TO:

70 EXT. NEIL AND SEAN'S HOUSE -- PORCH -- NIGHT

Harry rushes out the door and onto the porch where Emilie,
Izzy, and Gemma -- as well as maybe 2-3 others -- are
celebrating.

HARRY
Are you going home right now?

EMILIE
No, I was just talking to Izzy.

HARRY
Promise me you won't use a scooter.

EMILIE
I... won't?

HARRY
Just... Promise me you'll be
careful?

EMILIE
Of course.

HARRY
Where's Olivia?

IZZY
I saw her leaving.

Harry dashes off the porch and begins walking.

EMILIE
Harry, where are you--?

71 EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Harry walks very quickly, in a panic.

72 EXT. DIAG -- NIGHT

David has caught up to Olivia, still teary. Sean lags far behind.

OLIVIA
Just leave me alone. I'm not
feeling well, ok?

DAVID
I just don't want you mad at me.

OLIVIA
I'm not mad at you! You're just
stressing me out!

DAVID
Then I don't want you all stressed
with me.

OLIVIA
(yelling, teary)
I don't want to be either!!

DAVID
I love you.

OLIVIA
Do I have reason to be?!

DAVID
What?!

OLIVIA
Stressed.

DAVID
Oh my Godddd!

OLIVIA
What!?

DAVID
Nothing.

OLIVIA
Is there something to tell me or
isn't there something to tell
me?... ... DAVID.

DAVID
WHAT?

OLIVIA
You're avoiding the question.

DAVID
I don't even know what the question
really is anymore.

OLIVIA
Do you?!

Silence.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Are you cheating on me?

DAVID
At this point -- does it really
matter what I say?

OLIVIA
That doesn't answer the question.

Sean catches up to couple.

SEAN
Next time text me that you found
her.

DAVID
Sorry.

OLIVIA
How many people are looking for
me??

DAVID
Just us.

OLIVIA
I think I need to just go home.
Clear my head.

DAVID
Do you want me to come with?

OLIVIA
No. Go back to the party. Have fun.

She starts walking.

DAVID
Olivia...

OLIVIA
DON'T follow me.

She disappears into the night, so to speak.

SEAN
I'm sorry, dude. I hope y'all work things out.

DAVID
Yeah. I gotta get my head straight.
I can't even focus on this. I need
to work things out with my Dad.

SEAN
He really doesn't want you going
into art?

DAVID
No, man.

SEAN
I kinda get it. He wants to make
sure you have security.

DAVID
What do you mean?

SEAN
Being broke sucks. A lot. But at
the same time, if you really love
painting, and you're willing to
make sacrifices for it, that's more
credit to you. A lot of people
aren't that brave.

DAVID
Yeah. Guess I just don't care. The
longer I consider it, the more it
makes sense to me.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

My brother was talking to me about waiting until I had independence. Why can't I have independence now?

SEAN

Wait, you're giving up guaranteed work at your Dad's firm? How much does that pay?

DAVID

I think post grad I would've started at about 250k.

A beat. Sean chuckles in mild shock and not-so-mild envy.

SEAN

(bitterly)

Dude... you're unbelievable.

DAVID

What?

SEAN

Are you stupid? You gotta take that job.

DAVID

I have to finish my econ degree to take that job.

SEAN

Oh boo hoo, you dumb fuck.

DAVID

You just said you respected me for it.

SEAN

You didn't say what you were throwing away! You'll be able to do more painting with that money than you ever could --

DAVID

No, you don't know how the hours work in finance--

SEAN

Who gives a fuck how the hours work?! Dude, you'll still have more time this way. Just trust me.

DAVID

You don't get how that industry works. I won't have time to--

SEAN

It doesn't matter! I get it's a lot of work--

DAVID

I really don't think you do, man.

Harry approaches.

SEAN

Look, maybe I don't know how the *hours work*, but I do know that people would kill for that opportunity and you're too stupid or - too LAZY - to take it!

DAVID

You're probably right.

Harry's within earshot. He continues his approach as David and Sean stare at each other in silence for a moment.

HARRY

Hey. Where's Olivia?

DAVID

That way. But I'm not sure if it's a good idea to talk to her right now.

HARRY

(pissed at the situation)
Thanks.

Harry starts running again. In not too long, he catches up to Olivia.

OLIVIA

What do you want?

Harry needs to catch his breath. He stops, grabbing her arm to indicate their stopping, and they sit on a bench.

HARRY

I just wanted to walk you home. I thought --well y'know, about the scooters and shit and I'm realizing I'm being really stupid now...

Harry breaks down.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I don't know what the fuck I'm doing.

Olivia gets teary.

OLIVIA
Hey, Harry, hey. It's ok.

HARRY
No it's not.

OLIVIA
No, that's so... normal.

HARRY
It doesn't feel like it.

OLIVIA
That's normal too.

HARRY
I know.. They sent them back.

OLIVIA
What?

HARRY
Her parents. They sent her stuff
back to me? Why would they do that?

OLIVIA
Did you ship it to them? What
happened?

HARRY
Yeah. They were mad at me for not
telling them in advance--

OLIVIA
Oh, Harry.

They hug.

HARRY
How are you?

OLIVIA
(going gently)
I think David might be cheating on
me.

HARRY
What?

OLIVIA
I think he's seeing Callum again. I
keep being told they're everywhere
together... I just feel like I
can't trust anything anymore. It's
not just David.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I always thought getting through the day was kinda like keying in numbers on a vending machine and waiting for a snack. Like, a series of causal relationships. But recently, it's like...the vending machine's always broken. It's all just random and nothing ever works like it's supposed to and there's no clearly identifiable cause-and-effect relationships anymore and it's like it's all gone haywire because everything everywhere's completely fucked! And, Jesus Christ, why the fuck did she have to...go?

HARRY

You know I can't answer that.

A beat. Then Emilie catches up to the siblings.

EMILIE

Hey, are you okay?

HARRY

Better. Sorry about tonight.

EMILIE

(as if practiced)

No, I want to talk about it. I want to be there for you. I want to let you be there for me.

HARRY

Ok.

EMILIE

We can both not be perfectionists. We just have to try.

OLIVIA

(to Harry)

Are you alright if I go home?

HARRY

Yeah.

EMILIE

Do you need someone to walk with you?

OLIVIA

No, I'm really close.

HARRY
Bye.

OLIVIA
Bye.

Olivia heads off, leaving Harry and Emilie looking at each other, as if for the first time.

73 EXT. EMILIE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Emilie walks out of her room and into she and Gemma's common space. Gemma is sitting on the couch.

EMILIE
I think I'm gonna do it.

GEMMA
You think you're gonna accept...

EMILIE
Michigan.

GEMMA
Awesome!

EMILIE
I want you to watch me do it.

GEMMA
Ok.

Gemma follows Emilie to her room.

EMILIE
Here's my laptop.

GEMMA
Love it.

EMILIE
And the accept button and accept.

Emilie clicks accept.

EMILIE (CONT'D)
Yay!

GEMMA
Yay! I'm so happy for you.

EMILIE
Me too.

GEMMA
Have you told Harry?

EMILIE
I just texted him.

Emilie can't stop smiling.

GEMMA
So things went well last night?
Emilie nods. Slightly.

74 INT. STUDIO TWO - NIGHT

Harry sits in the second row next to Herman Morris during a production of *Hamlet*.

The scene in the production is the middle of Act V, Scene I. The roles of the Gravedigger and Hamlet are played -- excellently -- by drama students. Horatio is played by JIMMY. Maybe we see parts of Ophelia's funeral and burial off to the side, silently. The cast will include HAMLET, GRAVEDIGGER, and HORATIO (played by Producer) at the very least; possibly GERTRUDE, CLAUDIUS, DOCTOR OF DIVINITY, and LAERTES.

We will hear most of the scene but concentrate visually on Harry for some places. The exact lines delivered from the scene may vary, but we certainly hear some part of "Alas, Poor Yorick!" and see the extremely famous moment where Hamlet holds Yorick's skull in his hands.

75 INT. ROSS SCHOOL OF BUSINESS - INTERCUT - DAY

At an Adam Smith Business Society meeting with Samantha, Ashley, and the others, Emilie checks her phone.

76 INT. DANCE STUDIO - INTERCUT - DAY

Emilie practices her routine with some other dancers.

77 INT. EMILIE'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT - DAY

Emilie checks her texts. She navigates to Harry's text chain. She's texted him seven times over the course of the day without reply.

78 INT. HARRY'S CAR - INTERCUT - DAY

We see Harry's phone buzz. Emilie's calling him. He doesn't even check who it is. He silences the phone.

We see several miscalls and texts from Emilie and Olivia on his lock screen.

Now seeing Harry plainly, he's driving somewhere.

He passes a sign. "Holly, Michigan".

79

INT. CAFE -- DAY

Olivia and Emilie sit at a table, eating.

OLIVIA

And you're sure he's not at his place?

EMILIE

I went there.

OLIVIA

How did things go after I left you guys the other night?

EMILIE

They were good.

OLIVIA

What did you talk about?

EMILIE

I guess that we love each other as who we are right now, works in progress. But also we're gonna put in effort. It was really sweet.

OLIVIA

Was there any indication that he might...

EMILIE

I don't think so. But I'm second guessing everything.

OLIVIA

Yeah.

EMILIE

Maybe I scared him off-

OLIVIA

No, you didn't. Don't think like that.

EMILIE

How can I not?

OLIVIA

This isn't the first time he's done this.

EMILIE

What? Disappear off the face of the earth?

OLIVIA

Yeah. Freshman year of high school, he and our parents got in an argument and he just dipped. Spent the whole day at the movies, watching *The Hateful Eight* projected on 70-millimeter. Like... three times in a row. Freshman year, he decided one day to drive to Wisconsin, and he didn't tell anybody about it till he was there.

EMILIE

What's in Wisconsin?

OLIVIA

Cheese.

(Beat)

Point is, he goes AWOL.

EMILIE

Yeah. You know, I really want to love him for where he's at. That's what we figured the other night.

OLIVIA

And that's great.

EMILIE

But I'm totally blindsided.

OLIVIA

Yeah. I mean, he hasn't completely disappeared. He's just being Harry.

EMILIE

What, doing his own thing and making everyone worry?

OLIVIA

Basically.

EMILIE

I literally texted him I chose Michigan and he didn't respond. There's no way this isn't about him and me. I fucked something up.

OLIVIA
 No. You're normal. He's the one
 being weird right now. As usual.

EMILIE
 (laughing)
 Maybe.
 (beat)
 Yeah.
 (beat, more serious now)
 I just don't want my boyfriend
 running away from me.
 (beat)
 Do you think he's not ready for...
 us?

OLIVIA
 I think he'll tell you if he's not
 ready.

EMILIE
 Will he?

OLIVIA
 Yeah.

EMILIE
 Ok. You and David fought at Neil's,
 right?

OLIVIA
 Yeah...

EMILIE
 Are you guys ok?

OLIVIA
 I... keep thinking he's cheating on
 me, but then I think I'm crazy for
 thinking that but then I think what
 if I'm not...

EMILIE
 Have you guys talked since Neil's?

OLIVIA
 No...

EMILIE
 You're just as bad as Harry!

OLIVIA
 I just feel like, if I talk to him,
 I can't trust myself. But I also
 feel like, the longer I wait, the
 more I'm killing the relationship--

EMILIE

Then let's figure out what to say.
Keep my mind off Harry.

OLIVIA

I don't know what to believe. I
feel like I'm terrible.

EMILIE

You're not.

OLIVIA

Do you have any sense?

EMILIE

I don't think I'm in a position to
really have a sense.

OLIVIA

I can't keep ghosting him.

EMILIE

Maybe just set up a time to talk.
Do something to clear your head
before you do. Of course, you'll
both be sober which is a plus--

OLIVIA

What if he is? With Callum?

EMILIE

Then he doesn't deserve you.

OLIVIA

I want it to be that easy.

EMILIE

Do you really think he's cheating?

OLIVIA

Who knows?

EMILIE

Only him. So eventually, you'll
just have to trust your gut.

80 EXT. CEMETERY IN HOLLY, MICHIGAN - DAY

Harry's car pulls in.

81 EXT. CEMETERY IN HOLLY, MICHIGAN - DAY

We see Harry walk a distance through the graveyard. He
arrives at a grave. And stands for a bit, meditative.

Then he realizes he's not alone.

 IZZY
Hey!

 HARRY
Hi.

 IZZY
Probably didn't know I come here.

 HARRY
This is actually my first time here
since...

 IZZY
Oh.

 HARRY
The service.

 IZZY
Well, you're here right now. Um, do
you want to be alone?

 HARRY
No, it's ok.

Silence. She walks closer to Harry.

 HARRY (CONT'D)
I miss her.

 IZZY
Me too.

 HARRY
I don't know why it took me so
long.

 IZZY
No, that's dumb.

 HARRY
I don't really deserve her.

 IZZY
That's even dumber. And this is
dumb. It's like the world didn't
care.

 HARRY
We're just afraid of how we feel.

 IZZY
What?

HARRY

That's why I haven't stood here
until now.

IZZY

I've actually found it very healing
-- going here.

HARRY

Really?

IZZY

But that's just me.

HARRY

No, I understand that.

Silence.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's just you. Remembering.

IZZY

It's funny how all our memories
just cluster together.

HARRY

When staring at a stone.

IZZY

That's the point, isn't it?

HARRY

I'm trying to be more comfortable
with it.

IZZY

Me too.

HARRY

But you always seem so ready for
the world.

IZZY

You know, a part of me wanted to be
tied to that Italian province.

HARRY

What?

IZZY

I get tired of feeling like I'm
everywhere, everything to
everybody, I know that doesn't
really make sense--

HARRY
It does.

IZZY
Maybe no one is 'so' ready.

HARRY
I'm certainly not.

Beat.

IZZY
Nah.

HARRY
'Nah' what?

IZZY
You're so ready.

HARRY
What do you mean?

IZZY
I think you're so ready.

HARRY
For what?

IZZY
For everything.

HARRY
That's a lot.

IZZY
And you're going to do great.

HARRY
And are you so ready for everything?

IZZY
Not as much as you so are.

HARRY
Maybe you're right.

IZZY
Of course I am.

HARRY
Okay then... We're both so ready
for everything?

IZZY
Yeah.

HARRY
Yeah.

FADE TO:

82 EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE -- PORCH -- DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: A month later.

David's putting the final touches on his painting, which now resembles a self-portrait with his father's nose.

An alarm from his phone sounds.

David begins putting away his brushes.

83 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

David buttons up a black button-down shirt. He also has changed into black pants and black shoes.

84 EXT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

Emilie and Harry sit a table outside, all smiles. David comes over with a notepad.

DAVID
Oh, hey guys!

HARRY
Hey, man!

DAVID
Can I start you off with something to drink?

EMILIE
Can I have a cup of coffee?

HARRY
Same, with cream.

DAVID
Coming right up.

HARRY
Good seeing you.

David just walks away.

85 INT. NEWMAN STUDIO -- EVENING

We see Harry and Emilie sitting close together in the dark. Olivia, David, Sean, Izzy and Gemma, sit in various places.

The lights are up on Olivia's play. Neil and Tom are onstage, in character.

TOM

Have you ever genuinely considered murder?

NEIL

Of course not.

TOM

Exactly. Why would you, right? But when everyone thinks you've already killed someone, it's different. Recently, I came to the conclusion that I'd kill myself and everyone in the whole city to get back the woman they say I killed. Because I loved her more than you can imagine, you selfish prick!

NEIL

Hey, you--

TOM

No, I don't want to hear it! You want me to take a deal because you want to win. But you get to go home to people who love you and look them in the eye and know that you've never done anything to hurt them. Even by accident. And I lose. Because I don't. And maybe I deserve that. But I would have died for her. Would you die for anyone, Larry? Would anyone die for you? Are you worth that much?

86 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Three months later.

Harry & Emilie are moving boxes of stuff into Harry's apartment. She hands him a box.

EMILIE

Be careful with that one. It's fragile.

HARRY

Got it.

Izzy and Olivia knock. Emilie answers the door.

IZZY

Hi, we were wondering if we could be any help.

EMILIE

No, we're set. I get a big, strong man to help me now.

HARRY

(from the background)
Ha-ha.

OLIVIA

So can you help me move in this afternoon then or are you going to tell me I need to go man-hunting?

EMILIE

Stop, single Olivia is thriving.

OLIVIA

Thank you.

IZZY

Call us if the big, strong man needs help.

EMILIE

(laughs)
Okay.

Emilie turns back around to Harry. She observes a lack of boxes moving or being unpacked. Instead, Harry's making tea.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

HARRY

Making tea.

EMILIE

But we're in the middle of unpacking.

HARRY

And?

EMILIE

(under her breath)
So we're taking it slow.

HARRY

Do you want me to make you a cup?

EMILIE

No. Thank you though.

HARRY

You're welcome.

EMILIE

Should I go take the U-Haul back?

HARRY

Sure. If you want.

EMILIE

Be back in a bit.

HARRY

Love you.

They kiss. She walks out the door. Harry brews a cup of tea. As he does so, he begins to sing to himself, "Someone to Watch Over Me." He takes his flask, measures half a shot of cognac, and spikes his tea.

THE END