

HART YOU

Written by

Zoë McCarthy

INT. NAOMI'S STUDIO APARTMENT - PALM SPRINGS - AFTERNOON

Naomi's dingy abode hosts a floor-to-ceiling stack of career instructional/reference books, *The Easy Way* series, with subjects ranging from fortune cookie writing to sea lion taming to dreamcatcher making, etc., a broken lava lamp, a fish-less fish tank, a chunky laptop, and pot paraphernalia. Three posters bring the room together: El Chapo, Janis, and Oprah.

NAOMI HART, 32, quixotic and manipulative, but indolent-- loves herself and hates reality, sings along mournfully to her favorite NARCO CORRIDO while stalking her ex boyfriend, MAX KEENER, 35, a hot but futureless musician, on Instagram-- in every picture Max makes out with a different HOT TWENTY-SOMETHING on a different beach in a different country.

NAOMI

*Con un cuerno de chivo y bazuka en
la nuca volando cabezas al que se
atraviesa...*

SUBTITLED: With an AK and a bazooka taking aim and blowing off the heads of whoever gets in the way...

Naomi, worked up, TURNS UP THE MUSIC and deletes all of her social media accounts.

Newly empowered, she grabs the llama-shaped backpack that rests on the floor.

CLOSE ON: A NOTE ON THE LLAMA'S FOREHEAD, *FOR INSPIRATION, LOVE DAD*.

Naomi unzips the backpack: It's an arsenal of every kind of creativity-inspiring-vision-quest-inducing drug imaginable.

Naomi pops a pot pop and selects *Blackjack: The Easy Way* from her library.

Naomi reads, totally engrossed, when her phone, protected by an ice-cream sandwich-shaped phone case, VIBRATES - Text from Mom -- *Where are you?*

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT. BRANDON'S AND NAOMI'S PARENTS' HOUSE - EVENING

The Hart residence is a paradisiacal hippie sty. Small and mostly domesticated animals roam freely beneath finished and unfinished sculptures, floor to ceiling book cases, roach filled ashtrays, and a multicolored cacti garden.

BRANDON HART, 30, the self-proclaimed "normal one" of his nuclear family, an earnest and reliable trial lawyer, stares anxiously at the post-and-beam ceiling as his mother, JULES HART, 63, a soulful raven-haired sculptress, massages a mountain of moist red clay, and his father, STAN HART, 65, a spry neuropsychopharmacologist, professor and researcher, fiddles with the mini drug lab set up on the coffee table.

BRANDON

(checks his watch)

This is ridiculous! Naomi's thirty minutes late to the family meeting she called.

Jules lights a joint, takes a hit, and passes it to her son -

JULES

Brandon, I know you're stressed about getting married and losing your freedom--

BRANDON

Mom, I don't want "freedom" and, thanks, but I'll pass on the narcotics.

STAN

"Narcotics?"

Stan and Jules share a chortle.

Stan stabs a vial of serum with a needle, squirts a drop onto a sugar cube, pops it in his mouth, and sets a timer.

BRANDON

What are you doing?

STAN

I've synthesized a new compound of lysergic acid diethylamide.

JULES

(off Brandon's confusion)

Daddy's studying the potential therapeutic uses of LSD.

Brandon sighs as Naomi barrels inside carrying a crazily wrapped wedding gift.

NAOMI

Hello beautiful family! Sorry, for the tardiness--I was mastering the art of blackjack. Pretty sure it's my calling.

Naomi feasts her eyes on Brandon, who rolls his eyes -

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Brandon! My little pinworm!

Brandon flinches as Naomi dramatically leaps over the coffee table, runs over to him, and pinches his cheeks.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
How ARE you?

She tosses the present in his lap.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
That's your wedding gift. I wrapped it myself--

BRANDON
Naomi, you're not coming tomorrow.
(off her discomfiture)
I'm only here to tell you in person, in front of witnesses, that you're not invited, not welcome, not wanted, not allowed--

NAOMI
(prepossessing)
Brandon--

BRANDON
Tomorrow is the most important day of my life and I will not let you ruin it.

NAOMI
That's not fair!

BRANDON
Fair?!
(beat)
Were you being fair when you hooked up with my prom date in my bed? Or when I crashed the car during my driver's test because you stowed away in the trunk and popped out in the middle of an intersection? Were you being *fair* when you switched my high school graduation speech with a chapter of *Mein Kampf*? Or how about when you gave me a mescaline cookie AN HOUR BEFORE I TOOK THE BAR EXAM?!

STAN

Brandon, your father's a
neuropsychopharmacologist--

JULES

(giggles, to Naomi)
--Thirty-five years of marriage and
I can't say it three times fast--

STAN

--It's not surprising your sister
thought a good trip could have a
positive effect on your exam score.

NAOMI

(realizes, to Brandon)
That's why you stopped speaking to
me three-years ago isn't it?

BRANDON

I FAILED THE BAR, NAOMI. I HAD TO
RETAKE IT! MY PERMANENT RECORD IS
PERMANENTLY BESMIRCHED!

Naomi considers this.

NAOMI

Like Dad said, I truly thought the
cookie would open you up and help
you think creatively. The papers
you wrote in law school were so dry
and repetitive.

BRANDON

(exasperated)
They were legal briefs!

Beat.

NAOMI

Mom, Dad, I called this family
meeting so Brandon and I could
clear the air, but he's obviously
still harboring resentment towards
me from childhood.

Stan checks his timer.

BRANDON

(sarcastic)
You think?

JULES

(to Brandon)

Sweetie, your sister is doing everything she can to show you how much she cares about you.

NAOMI

Thank you, Mother.

STAN

Son, if you're interested, I've got some ayahuasca guaranteed to heal your psychological and spiritual distress.

BRANDON

Pass.

NAOMI

Brandon, I've never once intended to hurt you. I swear.

(candid)

I slept with your prom date because I thought I might be a lesbian and she clearly wasn't into you. Hiding in the trunk during your driver's test was a performance art piece about society's dependency on technology. And I switched your speech because graduation fell on Holocaust Remembrance Day and we must never forget the Holocaust. We must NEVER forget!

BRANDON

Enough! All of you! I promised Jessica our wedding day would be a perfect celebration of our love, NOT a Naomi special.

Beat.

NAOMI

So, it's *Jessica* who doesn't want me there?

BRANDON

Naomi, DO NOT under ANY CIRCUMSTANCES show up tomorrow.

Brandon turns to leave, sees Naomi's wedding gift, and walks out.

Naomi's stung.

Suddenly, Stan's face droops and contorts crazily--the drug has taken effect -

STAN

When I die wrap me up like Moo Shu pork. I want to die like Moo Shu pork.

Naomi pockets two acid cubes and puts them in her purse.

INT. BRIDE'S COTTAGE - GOLF RESORT - SAME

Naomi, clutching the wedding present, knocks on the door.

JESSICA BERRI, 27, a pretty, crane fly-shaped blonde with luxury taste buds, who's been throwing up, answers -

JESSICA

...Naomi?

NAOMI

You look more like Tara Reid seventeen years ago every day.

Naomi tosses Jessica the wedding gift, waltzes into the wedding cottage, and marvels at its size and splendor.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

This is tits.

JESSICA

Naomi, this isn't a good time.

Jessica runs into the bathroom and PUKES HER GUTS OUT as Naomi helps herself to a glass of wine from an open bottle -

NAOMI

...Is that look-hot-in-your-wedding-dress retching or contagious retching?

Naomi spots Kleenex wads, relationship self-help books, and Jessica's open journal on the table--the ink's still wet.

Naomi picks up the journal--there's a Brandon Pros and Cons list...

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Pro - Treats me like a princess.

(beat)

That's nice.

(beat)

(MORE)

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Con - When he's inside me I think about Lil Wayne.

(beat)

That's alarming... And unexpected.

Jessica comes outside and bursts into tears.

JESSICA

I love Brandon, okay, Naomi?! I do. Just... More in the snuggle on the couch and eat grilled cheese kind of way... Not the throw me over the table and--

NAOMI

I get it... Max, my shit stain ex, and I reenacted the hotel sex scene from *Shame* north of thirty-seven times.

JESSICA

--I just kept thinking with a diamond ring I'd be happy, with the perfect wedding I'd be happy, with rose gold Apple products I'd be happy--I knew he had massive student loans--I just--I grew up very poor and I thought--I thought all this...

She gesticulates re: the fancy wedding cottage -

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Would make me happy...

(beat)

Brandon's such a good guy--I'd be crazy not to love him.

NAOMI

But, you don't.

Jessica shakes her head, *no*.

Silence.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Then you have to call off the wedding.

JESSICA

I can't! It's too late! I could never face everyone--and then there's the honeymoon... Oh God...

Jessica runs back into the bathroom and PUKES.

Naomi runs in and holds her hair back -

NAOMI
What honeymoon?

JESSICA
The One, the dating site where
Brandon and I met, had an essay
contest for their best success
story.

Jessica lies down on the cold bathroom tile weakly -

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Brandon won an all expenses paid,
luxury honeymoon to the Amalfi
Coast and two-hundred fifty
thousand dollars in prize money--

NAOMI
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND
DOLLARS?!
(to herself, incredulous)
Am I the only one not getting rich
without any talent or effort?

JESSICA
If I marry him.

Beat.

NAOMI
That's a big, fat pickle.

JESSICA
I wish I could just... put everyone
on another planet and talk to
Brandon--be honest with him without
everyone else judging me.

Naomi thinks for a moment and pockets the journal -

NAOMI
You could. You can. You will. I'll
handle it. I promise.

INT. GROOM'S COTTAGE - GOLF RESORT - PALM SPRINGS - NIGHT

Brandon pours two whiskeys while JAKE TANOUYE, 30, a beefy Japanese-American photographer with evocative tattoos and wavy shoulder-length hair, takes pictures of the pre-honeymoon swag spread, which consists of matching his and hers suitcases, cozy airplane sweat suits, heart-shaped neck pillows, and leather-bound passport wallets all branded with *The One* logo.

BRANDON

Dude, thank you so much for being my best man *and* photographer.

JAKE

Of course, dude.

Brandon jumps in the shot and grabs the passports -

BRANDON

Get one of me holding our passports!

Jake shoots Brandon making a doofy face.

JAKE

Gimme more Travis Scott, less Brendan Dassey.

Brandon puffs his chest and snarls his upper lip when his phone VIBRATES - *Marissa Tremblay calling*.

BRANDON

It's the woman from *The One*.

JAKE

Answer it! Maybe she's throwing in a brand new car.

Brandon answers and WE CUT BACK AND FORTH from the wedding cottage to *The One* offices in New York City.

BRANDON

Hi, Marissa. What's up?

MARISSA TREMBLAY, 40, intense and impatient, stands next to her romantic and understated underling, RACHEL PUTNAM, 28, West Indian with an infectious British accent.

MARISSA

Brandon, you have myself and my associate, Rachel Putnam.

(MORE)

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Rachel will be on the ground with you in Positano--she's running point on this project.

BRANDON

Hi, Rachel. Nice to meet you!

RACHEL

You too, Brandon!

JAKE

(re: Rachel's accent)

She sounds hot, dude. Hook a brother up.

Brandon smiles and shushes Jake.

RACHEL

Alright then, I know you have loads to think about the night before your wedding, but I need to quickly remind you to tell your photographer to e-mail us your wedding pictures ASAP so we can begin selecting which ones we'll be wanting to upload to our site for the testimonial.

Brandon looks at Jake who give him a thumbs up.

BRANDON

He's right here. No problem.

RACHEL

Okay then! We'll let you go. Best of luck tomorrow! Cheers!

BRANDON

Cheers back at you, m'lady!

Jake gives Brandon a look, *oof*.

MARISSA

One more thing, Brandon. Please keep in mind this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for you and Jessica, but it's a make or break promotion for *The One*.

BRANDON

Absolutely. And thank you both--

Marissa hangs up.

JAKE

I'm so pumped for you, dude.

BRANDON

(grins, vengeful)

Sure makes high school seem far away.

INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - SAME

Jefferson Airplane's *White Rabbit* plays as Naomi, in the kitchen/living room, stirs a large stainless steel stock pot of a dark-colored brew.

Naomi tastes a spoonful of the brew, adds an entire box of sugar, tastes again, grabs a five ounce package of magic mushrooms from her llama backpack, empties its contents into the pot, and stirs.

Naomi hums along until she catches her reflection in the broth and starts to sing -

NAOMI

*Remember what the dormouse said:
Feed your head. Feed your head.*

EXT. GOLF COURSE - 200 PERSON WEDDING ON THE GREEN WITH A VIEW OF THE SAN JACINTO MOUNTAINS - BEFORE ARRIVALS - DAY

Naomi, wearing a ripped denim and lace trench, suede thigh-high boots, a floppy, oversized feathered hat, and powder blue heart-shaped sunglasses walks up to the wedding ceremony entrance, pours out the glass container of Brandon's and Jessica's welcome cocktail, and replaces it with her vat of mushroom infused brew.

WEDDING PLANNER (O.S.)

Hey! Stop! What are you doing?!

Naomi nearly spills the brew, but steadies the pot, finishes pouring, and faces Brandon's and Jessica's WEDDING PLANNER.

NAOMI

There was a centipede in the original batch of the welcome cocktail. I had the kitchen whip up a new one.

WEDDING PLANNER

Ew! Thank goodness you caught that.

The wedding planner pours a glass and downs it.

NAOMI
 (moralistic)
 There's more... This *alcoholic*
beverage was completely unattended,
 and there will be *children* at this
 wedding...!

WEDDING PLANNER
 You're so right! I'll get a server
 all over it, immediately.

Naomi nods, approvingly.

NAOMI
 How we doing on time?

WEDDING PLANNER
 Guests should be arriving in five.
 Go time's in thirty.

NAOMI
 Groovy.

CHYRON: THIRTY MINUTES LATER.

EXT. GOLF COURSE WEDDING - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC SWELLS indicating the ceremony is about to begin.

Jake snaps pictures as USHERS seat Jules, Stan, and JESSICA'S PARENTS.

Brandon takes his place at the altar, followed by a no-nonsense female JUDGE/OFFICIANT, followed by a gorgeous, but mid-panic attack, Jessica.

The officiant looks out into the crowd:

BACK TO THE ALTAR -

OFFICIANT
 We good to go or...?

The crowd is beginning to look like a mosh pit at Woodstock.

WE JUMP AROUND to the guests' points of view: The white-rose-covered wedding arch drips and melts, colors swirl, the mountains pulsate, and people LAUGH AND CRY AND SPEAK FREELY AND FERVENTLY ABOUT LOVE WHEN -

Brandon is horribly confused as suddenly JESSICA PUKES AGAIN ALL OVER HERSELF -

BRANDON
Jessica, what's wrong?

JESSICA
Brandon...

BRANDON
Are you sick or is it nerves?

JESSICA
Brandon--

BRANDON
WHAT?!

JESSICA
Brandon, I can't marry you.
(tears)
I'm not in love with you.

Brandon's heart shatters.

GUESTS' POV: The sky changes colors and textures. People start to kiss and hug and dance--their hearts full of psychedelic love.

Jessica runs down the aisle, stumbles over the train of her dress, wildly and kicks off her shoes--they go flying BUT NOBODY IN THE CROWD NOTICES OR CARES.

Brandon quickly looks around for Naomi but can't find her.

FROM THE BACK -

From where she has been hiding, Naomi watches while playing blackjack on her phone. She hits with thirteen, gets a six, and -

YOU'RE A WINNER flashes on the phone screen as five-hundred "dollars" is added to her piggy bank.

Naomi grins as she looks up to see Jessica race past her.

NAOMI
You're welcome.

Brandon snaps out of shock and runs after Jessica -

BRANDON
Jessica, wait!

Jessica hops into a golf cart and rides across the green.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
JESSICA! COME BACK! PLEASE!

Brandon jacks a golf cart and rides after her plowing through mid-game GOLFERS.

BACK AT THE ALTAR -

JAKE
The fuck's happening?!

Suddenly, Jake spots Naomi slinking out through the back -

FRONT ROW -

JULES
I'm so glad Naomi had nothing to do with this. Could you imagine?

STAN
(shudders, knowingly)
I could imagine...

INT. BRIDE'S COTTAGE - A BIT LATER

Jessica struggles to get out of her soiled wedding dress when Brandon barges inside.

BRANDON
Jessica, stop! Talk to me!

JESSICA
Don't yell at me, Brandon. This is hard for me too.

BRANDON
Hard for you? Hard for YOU?!

JESSICA
Brandon, you're amazing. You're the best boyfriend I've ever had.

BRANDON
Is there another guy?

JESSICA
No. No! Of course not. I just... I don't...
(sigh)
We've never reenacted any of the sex scenes from *Shame*.

Beat.

BRANDON
Shame?... That's Naomi's favorite
 movie...

JESSICA
 Brandon, you look crazy.

BRANDON
 She got to you didn't she?
 (realizes)
 She drugged our entire wedding,
 DIDN'T SHE?! THAT SHIT EATING--

Jake comes in carrying a feisty Naomi with bloodshot eyes -

JAKE
 Look who I found looking like
 Cookie Lyon fucked Timothy Leary.

NAOMI
 (thinks about it)
 Thank you.

Brandon grabs a golf club so tightly he starts shaking -

BRANDON
 I told you to stay away from my
 wedding!

NAOMI
 I know, but that hurt my feelings.

Brandon raises the club over his head, apoplectic.

BRANDON
 DO YOU HEAR YOURSELF, NAOMI?

JAKE
 Dude, you can't hit a girl.

BRANDON
 She's not a girl! She's the devil!

Jessica still can't get out of her dress.

JESSICA
 (uncomfortable, to Jake)
 Can you unzip me? I can't breathe.

Brandon points the golf club at Jake -

BRANDON
 No, Jake! Do not unzip her! I was
 supposed to unzip her!
 (MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)
 (to Jessica, quiet, sad)
 I was supposed to unzip you.

Jessica finally tears off her dress.

JESSICA
 I'm truly sorry, Brandon. You did
 nothing wrong.

Brandon, baffled, throws his hands up as Jessica throws on
 sweats and heads for the door.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 And don't blame Naomi--without her
 help we'd be married and you'd
 never know how deeply I don't love
 you.

Brandon SMASHES A LAMP with the golf club.

BRANDON
 GODDAMNIT!

JAKE
 HOLY SHIT!

NAOMI
 (to Jessica, quiet)
 This is where you give the ring
 back.

Naomi yanks the ring off of Jessica's finger -
 Jessica leaves.

JAKE
 That just happened...

Naomi tries on the ring--it doesn't fit.

BRANDON
 Jessica loved me. You poisoned her.

NAOMI
 No, Brandon. She didn't.

Naomi pulls Jessica's journal out of her bag and hands it to
 Brandon -

NAOMI (CONT'D)
 Read this.

Brandon's heart beats out of his chest which turns into a
 THUMPING BASS LINE.

INT. MEAT WAVE - TABLE/LAP DANCE AREA - LATER

Naomi and Jake sit next to a wasted Brandon who chugs from a whiskey bottle and pours his heart out to the TWO STRIPPERS giving him a lap dance -

BRANDON

I did *everything* for Jessica. I dressed how she wanted. I combed my hair how she wanted.

(messes up his hair)

I made love to her how she wanted-- I personally prefer eye contact during sex.

STRIPPER 1

That shit is fucked up! Like *fucked* up!

STRIPPER 2

Want some molly?

BRANDON

You're not listening! Her name was Jessica. JESSSSIIICAAAA!

Brandon gets up, stumbles, and falls--Jake and Naomi rush to catch him before he face plants.

The strippers cross their arms, indignant.

NAOMI

Jake, pay them.

Jake glares at Naomi and gives the strippers all his cash.

The strippers trot off.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

(to Jake)

Is it true about the honeymoon?

JAKE

(sadly)

And the two-fifty k? Yup.

BRANDON

My ass is vibrating...

Brandon reaches his hand towards the back of his pants -

BRANDON (CONT'D)

It's not the worst feeling in the world...

JAKE

Sucks he has to cancel. They were supposed to leave tomorrow.

NAOMI

Tomorrow?!

Brandon pulls out his VIBRATING phone and stares at it -

BRANDON

(laughs)

It's my phone.

(answers)

Hello phone.

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH from the club to Rachel's office where Rachel, slumped at her desk, dour, works on a satirical comic, *The Misadventures of Corporate Girl*.

CLOSE ON: A SKETCH OF CORPORATE GIRL VS. EXPECTATIONS -- Corporate Girl, who looks a lot like Rachel, is anchored to the ocean floor by her laptop, drowning, while an oblivious couple canoodles above her in a boat.

RACHEL

Brandon, I know it's your wedding night but your photographer never sent us your wedding pictures.

Brandon gets up -

BRANDON

Hold on, Rachel. I can't really hear you. I'm at a strip club.

NAOMI

Who's Rachel? Did Brandon have a piece on the side??

JAKE

She's one of the peeps from *The One*.

RACHEL

Brandon, is everything okay?

BRANDON

(voice cracking)

Rachel, everything is so not okay--

Naomi grabs the phone and shoves Brandon face first into the crotch of a sweaty STRIPPER -

NAOMI
Because everything's great!

RACHEL
Sorry, who's this?

JAKE
What are you doing?!

NAOMI
(a la Jessica)
It's Jessica! I just wanted to tell
you how excited I am about the
trip!

Rachel puts the finishing touches on Corporate Girl's lifeless eyes.

INT. BRIDE'S COTTAGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

A belligerent Brandon's in bed swilling champagne, scarfing his wedding cake, and opening his presents.

Naomi stands in front of the mirror in a towel. She rings out her wet hair and rifles through a bag of freshly purchased drug store beauty products.

Jake paces around the room, stressed.

JAKE
This is the worst idea of all time.
You look about as much like Jessica
as I look like The Rock.

NAOMI
Nobody on those dating sites looks
like their pictures. That's the
most genius part.

Naomi grabs scissors and begins hacking off her long hair.

JAKE
No one will ever believe you and
Brandon are newlyweds!

Naomi peeks at her naked body under the towel -

NAOMI
Why not? I'm a solid eight and a
half.

JAKE
He hates you!

NAOMI

He won't hate me when he's cashing
the check for two-hundred and fift--

Brandon sits up in bed clutching Jake's gift -

BRANDON

Dude, you got me a Vitamix?!

JAKE

Yeah, buddy. I did.

Naomi sprays an obscene amount of Sun In into her hair.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Naomi, think this through. You'd
both be committing fraud. Do you
understand what that means?

NAOMI

I understand that my brother went
into debt trying to make someone
love him. I also understand what it
feels like to be completely and
utterly heartbroken. Thirdly, I
understand, that without a miracle,
Brandon will spend the rest of this
decade underwater and hating
himself for it.

Jake sighs, knowing she's right, but deeply uncomfortable.

JAKE

Okay, but, it's not that simple.
The honeymoon's a publicity stunt
for the website--the whole thing's
going to be documented on social
media.

NAOMI

So? I'm not on social media. I
can't stand seeing pictures of my
ass hat ex with his tongue down all
his children's throats.

(off Jake's horror)

Max's teenage mutant pussy posse.

JAKE

The *point* is: I was supposed to
send them the wedding pictures so
they could post the ones they
liked, but since there was no
wedding, there are no pictures.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

All I have are shots before the ceremony and the ones my assistant took of the real Jessica getting ready.

Naomi drops her towel and turns on the shower -

NAOMI

You have a camera though, right?

Jake stares at her, nonplussed as Brandon makes a champagne and wedding cake smoothie, chugs it, and BURPS.

BRANDON

I'm so glad we went with red velvet.

INT. BRIDE'S COTTAGE - AN HOUR LATER

A ludicrous looking Jessica-esque Naomi emerges from the bathroom stuffed into Jessica's ripped wedding dress and sporting a blonde-orange bob. The ring's on her pinky.

Bleary-eyed Brandon stares at her and falls out of bed -

BRANDON

Jessica?

NAOMI

(to Jake)

See!

RE-CREATING THE WEDDING PHOTO SHOOT MONTAGE SHOT BY JAKE:

OUTSIDE ALL OVER THE HOTEL: Brandon and Naomi pose for all kinds of cuddly couple shots--Brandon looks drunker and more miserable in each one.

HOTEL BAR: Naomi leads Brandon into the packed space and dances with him to re-create their reception. She leads and he falls all over her.

HOTEL RESTAURANT: Naomi takes a centerpiece from a table and "throws the bouquet" into the crowd. PATRONS look confused.

HOTEL LOBBY: Brandon and Naomi pose with "THEIR PARENTS." Afterwards, Naomi makes Jake pay them. He has no cash left, so he Venmos.

HOTEL KITCHEN: Jake shoots a close shot of Brandon and Naomi cutting a not white cake. From the shot you can't tell they're standing in a hectic kitchen. Brandon, nodding off, nearly slices Naomi's finger off.

ABANDONED WEDDING ARCH: THE KISS!... Naomi tries to get Brandon to dip her, but he drops her. Naomi tries to dip him, but he's too heavy. Naomi attempts to give him a regular kiss, but she gags and spits. Finally, she pulls his eyes open and pecks him on the cheek.

EXT. BRIDE'S COTTAGE - CRACK OF DAWN

Naomi, wearing Jessica's *The One* travel outfit, struggles to strap a trying-to-pass-out Brandon, wearing his matching travel outfit, into Jake's car.

Jake, drained, hops in the driver's seat and starts the car -

JAKE

The pictures are sent. I bccd you.

NAOMI

Baller.

Jake drives and checks on Brandon in the rearview mirror -

JAKE

Naomi, you're fucked up, but your heart's in the right place.

NAOMI

Tell Brandon that if he wakes up and tries to kill me.

INT. RACHEL'S TEASPOON OF AN APARTMENT - NYC - SAME

Rachel clicks through Jake's pictures, horrified.

She clicks out and begins drafting a letter of resignation when her phone BUZZES - text from Mom - *I need money*.

Rachel sighs and gets back to work.

INT. PALM SPRINGS AIRPORT - SECURITY LINE - MORNING

Naomi, wearing both neck pillows, wheels their matching suitcases up to the security line while Jake struggles to escort still drunk, but now obstreperous Brandon.

Brandon sees a GROUP OF HOT GIRLS unloading their stuff into security trays and lunges at one them that bears a slight resemblance to Jessica -

BRANDON
You're a little lying succubus,
aren't you? AREN'T YOU?!

The girls jump, startled.

NOT JESSICA
Do they even allow homeless people
in the airport?

BRANDON
I'm gonna be homeless cause of YOU.

Jake picks up Brandon and carries him away from the girls.

JAKE
(to Brandon)
Dude, you gotta calm down. You're
gonna get arrested.

BRANDON
Jessica'd love me if I were behind
bars. She'd think I'm a badass...

NAOMI
No, she'd think you're a dumbass.

Brandon grunts and hurls his body around the security line as
Jake restrains him.

BRANDON
Zip it, Naomi! Nobody loves you
either.

A crabby TSA AGENT approaches -

TSA AGENT
If he ain't sober he ain't gettin'
on the plane.

Naomi digs in her purse and goes for the drug dealer shake -

NAOMI
Would a fifteen dollar gift card to
Panera Bread change your mind?

The TSA agent smiles like she's going to accept, but -

TSA AGENT
Security!

A SECURITY GUARD thunders over to Naomi, who quickly
retreats, falling into an OLD WOMAN IN A WHEEL CHAIR.

NAOMI

Watch where you're walking! Er,
wheeling!
(lightbulb)
Ohmygod.

Naomi sweetly wheels the old woman towards the food court.

Jake, now giving Brandon a piggy-back ride, runs after Naomi -

JAKE

Naomi, I agreed to the honeymoon. I
did not agree to kidnapping an old
woman!

BRANDON

(mopey)
--I was supposed to be on MY
honeymoon--

Brandon's head falls -- he passes out on Jake's back.

OLD WOMAN

(flirty, to Jake)
Everything hurts, but it still
works.

Jake grimaces.

NAOMI

Jake, I need you to get me
something from the car...

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. PALM SPRINGS AIRPORT - SECURITY LINE - MOMENTS LATER

Naomi pushes a snoring, out cold Brandon, in the wheelchair,
through a different security line.

We PAN TO the old woman who is now seated at Panera Bread
with a killer soup and salad combo and... Naomi's llama drug
backpack from which she is sampling.

Jake watches Naomi get further and further away as he looks
more and more anxious.

INT. PALM SPRINGS AIRPORT - BOARDING AREA - AN HOUR LATER

Naomi wheels a now drooling and mouth-hanging-open Brandon to
the gate and hands the petite AIRLINE EMPLOYEE their
passports.

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE
Ma'am, could you please wake your
companion before boarding?

NAOMI
My husband's um... How do I put
this... He's a Stephen Hawking
situation. This is as awake as he
gets... We're actually on the way
to Europe to see a specialist.

The airline employee nods understandingly, but freezes when
she looks at Jessica's passport and then back at Naomi -

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE
Ms. Berri, what year were you born?

NAOMI
Nineteen... eighty... eight...?

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE
And your middle name?

Naomi sweats, looks around, and SNEEZES all over the
employee, who drops the passport, disgusted.

Naomi hands the passport back to the employee. CLOSE ON:
JESSICA MARIE BERRI.

NAOMI
Marie.

INT. AIRPLANE - MID-FLIGHT - DAY

Naomi and Brandon are seated in first class. Naomi's
reclined, watching *Shame*, playing blackjack on her phone --
her piggy bank's now pleasantly plump, and feasting on
lobster when Brandon wakes up, hungover and addled -

BRANDON
What the...? How did...?

Naomi sweetly hands him her chocolate soufflé -

NAOMI
Before you overreact, I promise I
have everything under control.
(signals the FLIGHT
ATTENDANT)
Top me off, Toots.

The flight attendant refills Naomi's champagne glass as
Brandon rubs his eyes -

BRANDON
Is this first class?

Naomi throws the bubbles back -

NAOMI
Hard to believe you were gonna
throw this opportunity away, huh?

Naomi belches delicately.

BRANDON
What opportunity?
(omg)
You didn't.
(laughs)
You couldn't.
(nauseous)
There's no way--

NAOMI
I've thought it all through. I've
weighed the *Pros and Cons*...
(realizes, off his snarl)
Sorry, poor word choice.

BRANDON
Poor LIFE choice! Naomi, this is
insane!

NAOMI
What's insane is bankrupting
yourself cause girls like Jessica
wouldn't fuck you in high school.
(sighs)
Hardly an original narrative.
(off his outrage)
Brandon, your soufflé's getting
cold.

Brandon, face empurpled, starts to choke Naomi.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Brandon, you're in debt! If you
have a better plan to save yourself
I'll get off this plane right now!
Er, when we land!

Brandon releases Naomi -

BRANDON
Who told you I'm in debt?

NAOMI

Mom... You stopped speaking to me three years ago, but I asked about you every day. Okay, week. Fine, month.

BRANDON

Really?

NAOMI

Yes.

(sincere)

I love you Brandon. I wish you'd believe it.

Silence.

Brandon stares at Naomi's laptop--frozen Michael Fassbender is mid doggy-style.

BRANDON

I just realized why *Shame's* your favorite movie.

(off her curiosity)

Handsome and successful brother ruins his life when he moves in with his *sister*...

Naomi smirks.

NAOMI

You have the rest of the flight to brief me on your relationship with Jessica. Spare no detail or we both go to jail.

(re: her transformation)

Obviously, I've knocked the Tara Reid circa ninety-nine look out of the park.

BRANDON

Jessica looks nothing like Tara Reid now or ever.

NAOMI

Are you familiar with the *American Pie* franchise? She's the spitting image!

BRANDON

Is not!

NAOMI

Is too times infinity times squared
infinity to the power of infinity
sucking infinity's dick.

Brandon squirms.

Naomi resumes her game of blackjack. She has eleven, the hint pops up instructing her to hit, she hits, and gets a nine, which gives her twenty -- YOU'RE A WINNER flashes onscreen.

Naomi pumps her fist and reaches for Brandon's cold soufflé.

EXT. AMALFI COAST - ESTABLISHING

Picturesque beaches. Quaint fishing villages. Resplendent villas. Lush lemon groves. Terraced vineyards. SEXY.

WE FLY ABOVE THE RUGGED CLIFFTOPS, and, buttressed by mother nature, with a view of the Mediterranean, is an enchanting tenth century aristocrat's palace turned luxury hotel, THE BLUE HORIZON.

INT. BLUE HORIZON - LOBBY - POSITANO - NIGHT

Rachel sketches *CORPORATE GIRL VS. THE BOSS* while she's on the phone with an irate Marissa.

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH from Rachel, being burnt to a crisp by a fire-breathing dragon in a blazer in her comic, to Marissa, on a headset, slaying her five am NYC spin class and flipping through the Brandon/Naomi wedding photo shoot on her phone -

MARISSA

These are the ugliest wedding pictures I've ever seen! Brandon is clearly inebriated and Jessica looks like she just placed last in a cartel sponsored beauty pageant!

Beat.

RACHEL

Candidly, I'm equally baffled. I've never seen a bride *gain* weight for her wedding.

MARISSA

"Candidly," if this promotion for *The One* tanks *your* promotion here tanks.

RACHEL

I'll give Brandon and Jessica the business as soon as they arrive.

MARISSA

Rachel, you picked this couple. Now get me pictures brimming with so much love and happiness that sad single people will wonder which way to drag the blade across their wrists...

(cheerful)

And then sign up for *The One*.

Marissa hangs up as Corporate Girl's body turns to dust.

EXT. BLUE HORIZON - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Brandon and Naomi, jet-lagged and cranky, get out of a black town car whisper-bickering -

BRANDON

I don't need to sleep on it. I'm telling Rachel the truth as soon as I see her.

A BELLMAN whisks their luggage onto a cart.

NAOMI

Brandon, do you know what life looks like without risk?

BRANDON

If mom had used protection thirty-two years ago I would.

Naomi flips Brandon off and they walk into the lobby -

NAOMI

You're insufferable.

BRANDON

You're pathological.

Rachel approaches, ready to lay down the law, but -

RACHEL

You made it!

Naomi looks at Brandon - *don't fuck this up*.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm Rachel.

Brandon stares at Rachel, *whoa she's cute.*

BRANDON

You are?

NAOMI

Great to meet you, Rachel! I'm Jessica, and this here is Brandon.

Naomi jabs a drooling Brandon in the ribs -

NAOMI (CONT'D)

My husband.

Brandon flinches.

BRANDON

Guess I'm still getting used to the new title. Feels a bit creepy.

Naomi glares at Brandon.

RACHEL

Okay, then. First order of business. We got your wedding pictures--

NAOMI

Oh God! Do I look hideous?
(pathetic)
I got so overwhelmed with all the wedding prep I put on twenty pounds. Can you tell? I've been really beating myself up about it.

Brandon stares at Naomi - *holy shit.*

RACHEL

(guilty)
Nobody could tell... You were a beautiful bride!

BRANDON

--It's, uh, true... wife--

NAOMI

(to Rachel)
I don't know, was I? You didn't congratulate us upon arrival. My appearance didn't disappoint you, did it?

RACHEL

Of course not!

NAOMI

Sorry, to be a girl about it, but then again, society puts an awful lotta pressure on us girls to, you know, find *The One*.

RACHEL

(awkward laugh)
I see what you did there.

BRANDON

(to Rachel)
So, you're single?

RACHEL

Correct.

NAOMI
Brandon!

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(to Rachel)
Sorry.
(to Naomi)
Can *I* see our wedding pictures?

NAOMI

We'll, uh, look at them later, Peanut--when we're in a self-accepting sex haze!

Rachel blushes as Brandon pukes in his mouth.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Rachel, do you have any other questions? Or may we go up to the room and urinate?
(sweetly)
It was an awfully long flight.

Rachel stares at Naomi, dizzy.

INT. BLUE HORIZON - HONEYMOON SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

A stunned Naomi and Brandon burst inside their epic love nest complete with a fireplace, a private terrace with a panoramic view, jacuzzi, and outdoor shower, a Cal King bed covered with rose petals, a chocolate-dipped fruit arrangement, champagne, a multi-person bathtub in the center of the room, and a hundred flickering votive candles.

NAOMI

Wow! I would totes open a sweatshop to maintain this lifestyle.

Naomi somersaults onto the bed -

BRANDON
(barely audible)
Jessica would've loved this.

NAOMI
That's on her, little brother. SHE
dumped YOU. Remember?

BRANDON
Yes, Naomi. I remember.

Naomi draws herself a bath -

NAOMI
Close your eyes.

BRANDON
What? Why?

Naomi disrobes.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Oh God!

Brandon whips around frantically and faces the wall as Naomi squeezes the entire tube of bubble bath into the tub.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Can we have an actual conversation?

NAOMI
Always.

Brandon sits and stares out the window -

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Brandon, your entire life is a
reaction to your being ashamed of
your perceived unconventional
upbringing.
(off Brandon's glower)
It's fine. You don't have to say
"touché."

Brandon turns to face his sister. Her body is concealed by an igloo of bubbles -

BRANDON
You know what, forget it.

Brandon starts for the balcony when Naomi beans him in the head with a perfectly rolled towel.

NAOMI
Hey!

BRANDON
What?!

NAOMI
Stop punishing yourself for not
being what you're not and start
loving yourself for being what you
are.

BRANDON
(yells)
What I am is heartbroken and on my
honeymoon with my sister!

INT. BLUE HORIZON - HONEYMOON SUITE - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Brandon SNORES as Naomi, wide awake, sneaks out of the suite.

INT. BLUE HORIZON - LOBBY BAR - LATE NIGHT

Naomi, playing blackjack on her phone, wins again and again,
her piggy bank BURSTS and YOU'RE A HIGH ROLLER flashes across
the screen.

She grins, drains a scotch, and waves over the BARTENDER -

NAOMI
Kind Sir, might you know where a
little lady could find a super
swank casino around these parts?

BARTENDER
You feeling lucky?

NAOMI
I'm feeling *ready*.

BARTENDER
The best casino in Amalfi's on the
water.

NAOMI
I'm listening...

EXT. PORT OF POSITANO - LATER

Naomi, on the dock, stares a gleaming eighty-foot Riva super
yacht.

She checks her bank statement on her phone -- there's two thousand and seventeen dollars in it.

She takes a deep breath, and marches toward it.

INT./EXT. YACHT - PORT OF POSITANO - CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

Naomi, clutching her entire savings in chips, is mesmerized by her opulent surroundings. Deeply insecure, she forces herself to smile and make eye contact with all of the besotted, moneyed GAMBLERS on the floor, but gets distracted by the WAITERS carrying trays of caviar jars and champagne.

She scoops a few jars of caviar into her bag, and sits down at a blackjack table with THREE PLAYERS -

NAOMI
("overconfident")
What's the buy-in please?

DEALER
Five-thousand.

Naomi ejects herself from her seat and heads towards the opposite and less populated side of the room.

She sits down at an empty table and smiles at the dealer -

NAOMI
(meek)
What's the buy-in please?

DEALER
Two hundred.

Naomi places her chips in front of her and slides "two hundred dollars" on the table.

NAOMI
I'm Naomi.

The dealer grimaces, shuffles the cards, and deals -

DEALER
I have enough friends.

Naomi's stung, but doesn't show it as the dealer deals Naomi two cards face up and deals herself one card face down and one card face up.

Naomi stares at her cards -- she has sixteen.

NAOMI

Stand.

The dealer smirks as Naomi realizes everyone else in the casino is using hand signals.

The dealer flips over her card, hits with twelve, gets a six and beats Naomi with eighteen.

Panic creeps across Naomi's face--she wants to quit. Instead, puts in two hundred more, and stares at the dealer -

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Lose the tude--I'm a paying customer.

The dealer deals Naomi in -- she loses again, gets up from the table, and slinks off of the yacht.

INT. BLUE HORIZON - HONEYMOON SUITE - EARLY MORNING

Brandon wakes up to a SNORING Naomi snuggling him tightly.

He shudders and quickly wriggles out of her grasp -- she turns over in her sleep, mooning him. Brandon gags, looks around desperately, grabs his complementary *The One* swim trunks, and races out.

EXT. BLUE HORIZON - POOL AREA - MORNING

Brandon tries to swim laps, but the pool's littered with HOT EURO COUPLES canoodling on inflatable rafts.

Frustrated, Brandon plops into the hot tub between two COUPLES... Who promptly begin making out.

BRANDON

(sarcastic)

Just pretend I'm not here.

Brandon tries to relax, but can't. He heaves himself out of the tub, heads for the bar where he spots Rachel working.

EXT. BLUE HORIZON - POOL BAR AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Brandon sits down next to Rachel.

BRANDON
 Morning, Rachel!
 (nervous, re: her laptop
 screen)
 Is that Jessica's facebook?

CLOSE ON: STICK-FIGURE JESSICA IN A BIKINI ON THE BEACH.

Rachel quickly closes her laptop.

RACHEL
 I was checking to see if anyone
 posted any candid shots from your
 wedding.
 (beat)
 Nobody's posted anything.

BRANDON
 (nervous)
 Oh! Uh, that's because, um, Jessica
 and I... we, um... promised each
 other... that... we'd disconnect on
 our honeymoon!
 (wipes his forehead)
 We made it pretty to clear
 everyone: *Don't bug us!*
 (quickly)
 Do you want a drink? I could use a
 drink?

Rachel holds up a mimosa -

RACHEL
 Way ahead of you.

Brandon smiles and scoots closer to her -

BRANDON
 Hey, uh, thanks again for picking
 us, er, my essay.

RACHEL
 Sure. It was thoughtful and very
 well written.

BRANDON
 Being here is a big deal for me. I
 haven't done a lot of traveling...
 My biggest early twenties regret, I
 don't have many "boys will be boys"
 stories, is not studying abroad in
 college.

Rachel stares at him and softens.

RACHEL
Me too, actually.

BRANDON
Really?

RACHEL
Yeah. I wanted to study graphic art
in Japan, but, my mom had some
problems and I couldn't be too far
from home.

Brandon nods -- it's suddenly awkward.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Did you come to the pool alone?
Where's--?

NAOMI (O.S.)
Somebody almost say, "Jessica?"

Brandon and Rachel turn to find Naomi, arms akimbo, bursting
out of a sexy, clinquant bikini.

Every poolside male mouth is agape.

BRANDON
Ugh! Gross! Put some clothes on!
(covers, off Naomi's look)
...I, uh, don't want other men
ogling what's... mine!

Rachel is fixated on Naomi's breasts.

NAOMI
Yes, they're fake.

RACHEL
Oh, I didn't--

NAOMI
(melodramatic)
It was all part of my epic wedding
body image breakdown.

Rachel cocks her head, quizzically.

BRANDON
It's true. They're super fake. They
feel like shit. I don't even like
touching them.

Rachel bites her lip.

NAOMI
 (bitchy wife)
 Brandon! We talked about you having
 my back in public!

BRANDON
 We did?
 (off Naomi's glare)
 Oh, we did! Sorry, honey. I'm the
 worst.

Naomi smiles slightly and nods, "satisfied."

Rachel forces herself not to stare at Naomi's tits.

EXT. BLUE HORIZON - POOL AREA - LATER

Brandon and Naomi, on a snug pool raft, struggle to get comfy without touching or falling into the water.

BRANDON
 If you emasculate me in front of
 Rachel again--we're done.

NAOMI
 (duh)
 I was trying to make our marriage
 look realistic.
 (off his confusion)
 No woman worth wifing would let you
 tell another woman her tits feel
 like shit!

BRANDON
 You said they were fake, not me!

NAOMI
 Right. And you were supposed to be
 outraged by my lack of self-worth,
 tell me I'm beautiful, and cajole
 Rachel to agree and fuss over me.

Beat.

BRANDON
 Naomi, I passed the bar and that
 logic makes zero sense.

NAOMI
 You passed the bar the second
 time...

Brandon pounds the raft -- they CAPSIZE.

FROM ACROSS THE POOL -

A perplexed Rachel, on the phone with Marissa, watches Naomi and Brandon like they're a sporting event -

RACHEL
They're the most peculiar
newlyweds...

Naomi furiously dunks Brandon's head under the water.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Jessica's a bit of a bully with a
dubious boob job...

Brandon retaliates by yanking Naomi's leg and dragging her, KICKING AND SCREAMING, underwater.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
And Brandon... He's like a poor,
tormented little turtle who got
flipped on his shell...

People start to stare as Naomi butterfly kicks Brandon in the face.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
...No, they matched four years ago,
and, trust me, these two don't have
the mental capacity to pull a fast
one on us...

Brandon coughs and gags and swims to the bottom of the pool, pushes off the concrete with his feet, and tries to uppercut Naomi, but she dodges him and Brandon crashes into a COUPLE'S raft, knocking their fruit plate into the water.

COUPLE
WHAT THE?!/AHHHHH!

Naomi CACKLES.

Brandon gives Naomi the finger, hops out of the pool, brushes the fruit from his hair, and huffs back to their room.

RACHEL
Yes, I will absolutely suss out--
hello? Marissa? Marissa?
(sighs)
Twat.
(embarrassed laugh)
Oh, you're still there?

Rachel falls into a cabana and buries her head in *Lean In*.

INT. BLUE HORIZON - HOTEL SUITE - EARLY AFTERNOON

An incensed Brandon chucks his suitcase on the floor as Naomi stands over him, unpacking his belongings as he packs them -

NAOMI

Brandon, c'mon. You can't leave. We haven't even tasted limoncello yet.

BRANDON

I am well within the time limit to explain to *The One* how you put me on a plane AGAINST MY WILL and dragged me across the world under FRAUDULENT PRETENSES.

NAOMI

I know you're emotional right now and need to get laid--

Brandon takes all of the items Naomi has unpacked and shoves them into his suitcase -

BRANDON

I'm not the slightest bit emotional and regular sex has never been a pillar of my existence! I'm operating entirely from the logic epicenter of my brain which is sending me very clear signals to leave right now and never speak to you again.

NAOMI

You tried that already. It didn't work.

BRANDON

It was working great until you leapt over my boundaries and dropped a nuclear shitbomb on my wedding.

(to himself)

Maybe I should join the Witness Protection Program?

Beat.

NAOMI

I'm sorry I emasculated you in front of Rachel. Okay? There.

BRANDON

(laughs, furious)

This isn't about Rachel. This is about me refusing to let you ruin my life because yours is worthless.

NAOMI

Hyperbolic much?

BRANDON

You have no job, no significant other--you have nothing that indicates you're doing anything right. And do you know why that is? It's because every time you get an opportunity to show what you're made of, every time you're tested, every time something is at stake, you fuck it up.

(serial killer-ish)

Worthless.

Naomi's stung.

NAOMI

Do you really mean that?

BRANDON

With every fiber of my being.

Naomi runs into the bathrooms and SLAMS THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

TWENTY OR SO MINUTES LATER -

Brandon is all packed.

He looks around the room, angry and guilty at the same time.

He starts for the door, but stops and sighs -

BRANDON

Bye, Naomi.

Silence.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(louder)

I said, "Bye, Naomi."

(beat)

I'm leaving.

Silence.

Brandon grits his teeth and decides, *fuck it*.

He heads for the door... but can't walk out.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Goddamnit.

Brandon marches over to the bathroom door and KNOCKS -

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Naomi, I refuse to drown in your
manipulation quicksand, but I won't
be able to sleep on the plane if I
have to wonder if you've done
something... stupid.

Silence.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Naomi, answer me!

Naomi does not respond and Brandon barges into the bathroom --
he finds Naomi, eyes closed, lying in a bubble bath igloo
surrounded by DARK RED BATHWATER.

Brandon RUSHES TO HER SIDE AND SHAKES HER -

BRANDON (CONT'D)
NAOMI, OHMYGOD! NAOMI PLEASE WAKE
UP! I'M SORRY I SAID YOUR LIFE WAS
WORTHLESS. I DIDN'T MEAN IT.
OHMYGOD FUCK FUCK FUCK.

Naomi hazily opens her eyes and stares at Brandon -

NAOMI
Brandon...

BRANDON
Oh, thank God. Naomi, stay with me
I'm calling 911.

Naomi sits up, her body is covered with bubbles -

NAOMI
Wait, why?

BRANDON
Your blood's in the water!
(confused)
Didn't you try to...

Naomi digs around in the tub and fishes out an empty bottle of red wine and points to yet another gift basket on the chair -

NAOMI

...I must've dropped the bottle when I fell asleep. After our fight, I stress ate a fist full of melatonin gummies.

(off Brandon's relief)

I didn't mean to scare you.

BRANDON

...That's--I'm just... glad you're okay.

Beat.

NAOMI

(impish grin)

You love me.

(her smiles grows/sing songy)

No matter what you say, you love me!

Brandon smiles in spite of himself when -

There's a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Naomi grabs a towel, quickly trots to the door, and peers through the peephole -- it's Rachel clutching an envelope.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Balls, it's Rachel.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

(yells)

Go away, we're fucking.

BRANDON

(yells)

Just a minute!

Naomi quickly starts teasing her hair and ransacking the room.

BRANDON

(whispers)

What are you doing?!

NAOMI

(whispers)

Making it look like newlyweds live here!

Brandon sighs and helps Naomi tousele the sheets and throw underwear all over the floor -

RACHEL (O.S.)
Should I come back later or...?

Naomi and Brandon, panting, open the door -

BRANDON
Hi, Rachel! What's up?

Naomi smacks Brandon's ass and bears her teeth.

RACHEL
(uncomfortable)
I have a small welcome gift for you
two--compliments of *The One*.

Rachel goes to hand Brandon the envelope, but Naomi intercepts and hastily opens it -

NAOMI
(reads)
A couple's massage?!

RACHEL
An *interactive* couples massage.
(checks her watch)
Right now.

NAOMI
Right now?!

RACHEL
That's what I said.

BRANDON
(sick)
How interactive?

RACHEL
Very.

NAOMI
You know what, Rachel, you and your
company have already done so much--

BRANDON
Jessica's right. We really can't
accept anything else from you--it's
too much.

RACHEL

Nonsense.
 (beat)
 Also, it's contractual.

Brandon and Naomi swallow hard.

INT. BLUE HORIZON - SPA - MASSAGE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Candles. Floating orchids. Hot stones. Champagne.

Silk robe-clad Brandon and Naomi sit on the edge of the massage table like they're waiting for STD test results.

NAOMI

Whatever you do--don't get a boner.
 I could never come back from that.

Brandon gags.

BRANDON

If you were the last woman on earth, and we lived in Mississippi, and nobody would find out or care, and it was the human race's only chance for survival, and twenty billion dollars would fall from the sky, I'd rather die than--

Rachel and a rakish Aussie photographer, TRENT, 35, enter -

TRENT

Who's ready to make love for the camera?

Brandon and Naomi stop breathing.

RACHEL

(awkward laugh)
 He means make love to the camera.
 (beat)
 Right, Trent?

TRENT

(shrugs)
 That's up to Mr. and Mrs. Hart.

CUT TO:

MESSAGE TIME -

Naomi lies prone on the table.

Brandon takes a deep breath, leans back, and brusquely tosses a hot stone on Naomi's upper back -- CRACK.

NAOMI

Ow! That's my shoulder blade!

BRANDON

Sorry, Peanut.

NAOMI

Brandon, you're "Peanut." I'm *Princess Greatness*, remember?

Brandon clenches his jaw and inches the stone down Naomi's spine.

TRENT

C'mon Brandy, let's see some passion. Pretend you're an orca taunting its seal pup prey.

Brandon reluctantly puts more muscle into the massage -

NAOMI

(snarky, to Trent)

Brandon's allergic to passion. He's been that way since he was little.

(off Trent's look)

I assume.

BRANDON

I don't know who decided that men are supposed to act like giant, veiny dicks in order to prove how awesome they are--

RACHEL

(to Trent)

--We can edit out the "giant veiny dick" part, right?

TRENT

Sure, doll, whatever--

Naomi, caught in "the moment" turns over and faces Brandon -

NAOMI

I don't want a "giant veiny dick," Brandon. I want you!

Rachel grimaces.

BRANDON

Then you better start appreciating me.

(off Naomi's supplication)

You can start by giving me a new pet name.

NAOMI

You got it... *Stingray*.

TRENT

Stingrays are badass, mate.

Brandon grins proudly as Rachel rubs her temples, stressed.

RACHEL

(to Brandon and Naomi)

Guys, I need pictures of you two looking like you love each other or I'm going to lose my fucking job!

INT. BLUE HORIZON - HONEYMOON SUITE - LATE AFTERNOON

Naomi, on the bed, stuffs her face with room service Profiteroles while practicing blackjack with a deck of cards.

MEANWHILE, ON THE BALCONY -

Brandon paces while debating whether to call Jessica.

Finally, he calls, hangs up, sighs, pounds his chest, and calls again -- after two rings he's sent to VOICEMAIL.

BRANDON

(annoyed)

Hey, Jessica, it's Brandon. Not sure why you sent me to voicemail considering we haven't talked in two days... I'm mainly calling to let you know, cause you're probably worried about me, I'd be worried about me, but, rest assured I'm fine. Actually, I'm better than fine. I'm in Italy with Naomi-- yeah, cause, I'm fucking the shit out of life now!

Brandon hangs up, cringes, and calls back... he's instantly sent to VOICEMAIL.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
 Jessica, please delete this message
 as well as my previous message or I
 could end up behind bars... That's
 the kinda man I am now.

Brandon hangs up and comes back inside, and, distracted and
 out of sorts, trips -

Naomi cracks up -

NAOMI
 Sorry, it's just so funny when
 controlling people trip, and you
 get to watch that free-falling
 second as they're forced to
 confront mortality--it's seriously
 my favorite thing, other than retro
 ice-cream trucks.

Beat.

BRANDON
 Am I unlovable?

NAOMI
 Of course you're lovable...

BRANDON
 Then why did Jessica leave?

Brandon moves the cards and sits down on the edge of the bed -

BRANDON (CONT'D)
 I thought I did everything right
 with her!

Naomi sighs, empathetic.

NAOMI
 Brandon, you can't control other
 people.
 (offers him her mostly
 eaten dessert)
 Profiterole?

BRANDON
 No, thanks.

NAOMI
 If you prefer constructive
 criticism to sugar, I'd say... You
 could be more comfortable in your
 own skin.

BRANDON

(ugh)
What does that mean?

NAOMI

Max's band was called, *The Suicide Notes*.

BRANDON

...That's awful.

NAOMI

(laughs)
I know.

BRANDON

So?

NAOMI

So, he loved it. And, at the time,
I loved how much he loved it.
(longingly)
I loved his *passion*.

Brandon thinks about it -

BRANDON

I have no passion. Why do you think
I wanted to get married?!

Naomi laughs.

NAOMI

You're a good person, Brandon.
You're not ugly, and you're funny
when you're mad. Get a better
haircut, and, when you're ready,
get back out there.

BRANDON

What is it with women and good
hair?

NAOMI

It's everything.

Beat.

BRANDON

Thanks, Naomi.

Naomi beams proudly and leaps up -

NAOMI
I'll, uh, be right back. I just
inspired myself!

Naomi heads for the door -

BRANDON
Dinner's at eight-thirty. Don't be
late. We can't give Rachel any more
BS.

Naomi nods and runs out as Brandon picks up the cards.

INT./EXT. YACHT CASINO - EVENING

Naomi stares at the dealer from the previous scene and boldly
slaps two hundred bucks in chips the table.

NAOMI
Guess who's back?

The dealer doesn't look Naomi in the eyes, but deals.

INT. BLUE HORIZON - HONEYMOON SUITE - SAME

A freshly showered Brandon holds up two virtually identical
light blue dress shirts up to himself in the mirror.

Defeated by indecision, he tosses the shirts on the bed when
he notices the time, 8:15pm, and texts Naomi - *ETA?!?!?*

INT./EXT. YACHT CASINO - LATER

Naomi, focused, having lost a few hands, stares at her cards,
and ace and a ten. Her mouth drops a little and she adds them
up on her fingers to be certain -

NAOMI
(mouths)
Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen,
fourteen, fifteen, sixteen,
seventeen, eighteen, nineteen,
twenty...
(realizes)
Blackjack, sucka!

The dealer smirks and flips over her face down card, hits,
loses to Naomi with a hand of nineteen, clears the table, and
tosses Naomi a couple of chips.

EXT. BLUE HORIZON - RESTAURANT - SAME

Trent sets up the camera while Brandon, in a *striped* light blue shirt, fiddles with the menu -

BRANDON

Trent, um, have you and Rachel...
ever... hooked up?

Trent smirks.

TRENT

Rachel's not my type.
(off Brandon's look)
I'm gay. Like really gay.

Beat.

BRANDON

That's so great, man!

Rachel charges up to the table, fuming -

RACHEL

Jessica's not in the bathroom. I've
checked every stall.

BRANDON

I'll call her again.

Brandon calls Naomi as Rachel's phone BUZZES - *Marissa calling.*

RACHEL

(fake)
Marissa, hi!--

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH from Rachel at the restaurant to Marissa getting a two-thousand dollar snail poop facial in NYC -

MARISSA

The massage footage is an
unmitigated disaster--your fault,
no doubt, but, as long as we get
some footage we can actually USE, I
don't care if Brandon and Jessica
are *happily* married or not.

Rachel, irked, steps away from Brandon.

RACHEL

But, Marissa, if we're selling "finding the one" isn't it a bit dishonest if they're not *happily* married?

Marissa laughs dryly.

MARISSA

Your promotion's off the table, but if you'd like to keep your job, I suggest you capture a few magical fucking moments for my website tonight at dinner!

Rachel steams as Brandon repeatedly calls Naomi.

INT./EXT. YACHT CASINO - LATER

Naomi, sitting in front of a sizeable stack of chips and with a small audience, is on a winning streak.

NAOMI

Hit me!

Naomi wins again and again as a super impressed CROWD CHEERS HER ON.

Finally, Naomi busts and her phone *BUZZES* - *Brandon calling*.

The dealer swipes Naomi's chips.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Guys, I should really get back.

NICO, 35, a walking cologne ad, sits down next to her -

NICO

So soon?

(off Naomi's drooling)

I am Nico. This is my yacht.

NAOMI

(glares at the dealer)

Nico, I'm *Naomi*.

(bats eyelashes)

Of all the yachts I've been on-- this is the choicest one.

Nico laughs.

NICO

I'm having a party tomorrow night.
Please come. Bring your friends.

NAOMI

Done.

Naomi grins and snaps to the dealer who hands her seventeen thousand in cash -- she nearly faints.

EXT. BLUE HORIZON - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Trent and the camera are long gone.

Brandon and a slightly drunk Rachel, having called it, enjoy a candlelit dinner -

RACHEL

No way! My dad's a
neuropsychopharmacologist too!

BRANDON

Seriously?! Because I've never met
anyone--

Rachel laughs, suddenly guilty.

RACHEL

No, I was lying.
(laughs, off his look)
I get it though. My mom was a
bartender.

BRANDON

So, you too were the only shining
light in your circle of
dysfunction?

Rachel laughs, knocking her bag off of the table --

RACHEL

"Circle of dysfunction?" I love
that. I'm going to use it at
Christmas.

-- She and Brandon reach for the bag when her sketchbook falls out. Brandon picks up the sketchbook -

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Brandon don't!

Brandon, impressed, flips through *CORPORATE GIRL VS LONELINESS*, VS *SUNDAY NIGHTS*, VS *STAFF MEETINGS*, VS *STRESS EATING*, etc.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
That's private.

BRANDON
Rachel, these are good.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Can I have my sketchbook back please?

Brandon hands Rachel the sketchbook.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Have you shown these to anyone?

RACHEL
No. They're just for me.

BRANDON
I think they're cool. And, I think a lot of working people could relate to--

Rachel smirks and snatches her sketchbook when Naomi skips into the hotel lobby bar, slips the bartender who told her about the yacht casino a fiver, runs out of the bar, into the restaurant, and up to Brandon and Rachel's table, snags some of Brandon's calamari, and plops between Brandon and Rachel -

NAOMI
I'm SO sorry, I lost track of time shopping, but I brought caviar!
(drops the bag of jars on the table)
It's the best thing I've ever put in my mouth.

Rachel, in *fuck it* mode, digs in.

Brandon stares at his sister, suspicious.

INT. BLUE HORIZON - HONEYMOON SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Naomi and Brandon, wearing matching *The One* robes, brush their teeth in silence.

Brandon spits and checks his phone -- no new messages.

Naomi splashes water on her face as her phone BUZZES.

She dries off, prances out of the bathroom, and checks it - text from Nico - *You're the talk of my yacht.*

Naomi texts back - *Love it* and three moneybags emojis.

Brandon comes out and crawls into bed -

NAOMI

Night, Brandon. Sorry again about dinner. I'll keep better track of time from now on.

Brandon pulls the covers over his head, but then, frustrated, immediately throws them off -

BRANDON

Is it weird that I haven't heard from Jessica?

NAOMI

That's kinda how breaking up works...

BRANDON

How can she go from thinking she's going to spend the rest of her life with me to not caring if I'm dead or alive?!

NAOMI

You're alive, Brandon.

Brandon glares at her and pulls the covers back over his head.

INT. BLUE HORIZON - RACHEL'S ROOM - SAME

A now drunk Rachel, chugs from a new bottle of wine while reading up on self-publishing, but insecurity consumes her and she switches to facebook stalking the real Jessica -

RACHEL

Small breasts suited you fine.

She swigs again and signs into her *The One* profile. She smiles hopefully when she sees she has two new matches!

She clicks on the first -- a skeezy sixty-year old dude is sprawled out on a pile of money.

She groans and clicks on the second -- dick pic.

She gags, quickly shuts her laptop, and drinks more when her phone BUZZES - Marissa calling.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
For fuck's sake.

Rachel watches it ring, but finally answers -

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH from Rachel's room to Marissa fuming in JFK airport -

RACHEL (CONT'D)
...Hi, Marissa--

MARISSA
WHY THE FUCK IS THERE NO DINNER
FOOTAGE?!

RACHEL
There was a bit of a snafu--

MARISSA
A snafu?! A SNAFU?!

Marissa closes her eyes and attempts to meditate, but quickly opens them, and HURLS HER COMPUTER AT THE WALL -

MARISSA (CONT'D)
A SNAFU is un-FUCKING-acceptable! I don't know what I was thinking when I hired you, Rachel. Someone must have slipped some CRACK into my coffee. I don't know. What I DO know is: This is your LAST CHANCE to stop giving me EXCUSES and start giving me RESULTS!

RACHEL
STOP YELLING AT ME!

Rachel hangs up on Marissa, and then, horrified by what she just did, downs the rest of the wine, and passes out.

TIME LAPSES AS -

NAOMI (O.S.)
Brandon. Brandon! Are you listening to me?

EXT. BLUE HORIZON - BREAKFAST HALL - LATE MORNING

Naomi devours a seafood breakfast for two while Brandon, groggy and distracted, sips black coffee.

BRANDON
What?

NAOMI

I've been thinking about what you said... I'm an adult, and, as much as I hate that idea, maybe it's time for me to stop wearing sweatpants with adjectives on the butt, find myself, and join the ranks of the one percent.

BRANDON

There's a lot in between unemployed and the one percent.

NAOMI

Yeah, but, if I'm trying my hardest I want real results.
(off his smile)
I wanna be like you--but like me.

BRANDON

I'm not the one percent.

NAOMI

You're not?!

BRANDON

No. But, if I didn't blow a stupid amount of money on Jessica, I'd be comfortable.

NAOMI

I'd like to be comfortable.

BRANDON

Then pick something that interests you and stick to it.
(beat)
If you fail you get to hate the world instead of yourself. It's better. I promise.

Naomi stares at her food, and looks up at him, vulnerable -

NAOMI

I think I might've found something.

Brandon snags a crab claw from her plate -

BRANDON

Oh, really?

Naomi pulls her winnings from her purse and places them on the table.

NAOMI
Blackjack.

Brandon nearly falls out of his chair.

BRANDON
That's... That's...

NAOMI
Seventeen grand.
(grins proudly)
I wish you could've seen me!

Brandon looks like he might split her head open as Rachel and Trent, carrying camera equipment, walk over to the group -

RACHEL
(miserable)
Who's ready for wine tasting?

LACOPO (PRE-LAP)
Bonjourno! I am Lacopo Bianchi,
owner of the Lacopo Bianchi winery.

**INT. LACOPO BIANCHI WINERY - WINE CELLAR - SALERNO -
AFTERNOON**

The cellar is an intimate and atmospheric warren made of limestone.

Naomi, Brandon, Rachel, and Trent walk alongside stacks of perfectly portioned barriques.

LACOPO BIANCHI, 55, the proud and jovial winery owner, stops and points to a roped off barrique -

LACOPO
This is my prized possession:
A rare rosso blend aged fifteen
years--impossible to replace.

Naomi and Brandon whisper fight -

BRANDON
(whispers/realizes)
You were playing blackjack last
night when we were supposed to be
having dinner, weren't you?

NAOMI
Yes. But, Brandon, I won. I'm
actually good at something.
Blackjack could be my career!

RACHEL
(to Brandon/Naomi)
Sssshhhh!

BRANDON
You need help!

LACOPO
(offended, to
Brandon/Naomi)
I'm sorry. Am I boring you?

RACHEL
Of course not, Lacopo.

TRENT
Please continue.

Naomi and Brandon smile and nod.

LACOPO
One bottle of my rosso blend would
cost about... Three hundred U.S.
Dollars. But, not for sale. Too
much, how you say... sentimental
value...

Lacopo waxes wine fermentation while Naomi and Brandon
whisper fight -

BRANDON
I can't believe I was stupid enough
to think you were trying to help
me, when, in actuality, you just
came here to use my prize money,
which isn't even in my possession
yet, to gamble!

NAOMI
I didn't know the casino existed
before I got here, Brandon! And I
didn't even think about using your
money--I'm not an idiot. I used my
all of savings!

Brandon rolls his eyes.

BRANDON
I will never trust anything that
comes out of your mouth ever again.

RACHEL
(to Brandon/Naomi)
Everything okay?

Naomi and Brandon smile and nod.

BRANDON

You know what Naomi, I wish you had found your dream career--truly. But, the problem, as usual, is your thinking, or lack there of--a career, big sister, isn't something that happens over night that is entirely based on luck and odds.

(beat)

Promise me you'll never get it into your head that having a child is your calling. There's enough evil in the world already, we don't need more of your DNA.

NAOMI

Fuck you, Brandon.

Naomi, raw, UPPERCUTS BRANDON -- BRANDON GOES FLYING --

-- AND CRASHES INTO THE PRIZED BARRIQUE -- SMASHING IT AND SOAKING BRANDON WITH RED WINE.

Everyone is STUNNED SILENT except Lacopo, who throws himself on the floor -

LACOPO

Il mio bambino! Mia madre! Mio padre! La mia famiglia!

INT. BLUE HORIZON - LOBBY - AFTERNOON

A wine soaked Brandon, a very guilty Naomi, and a furious Rachel walk into the lobby lounge..

Rachel's phones BUZZES.

She checks it and her face falls -

RACHEL

Lacopo's invoicing *The One* for thirty thousand dollars.

(sick)

If I tell my boss that, she'll--

MARISSA (O.S.)

Tell me what?

Naomi, Brandon, and Rachel turn and stare at Marissa, sporting a chic linen tunic and a scowl.

Rachel stops breathing -

RACHEL
Marissa?!

NAOMI
(whispers, to Rachel)
Say nothing. I got this.

MARISSA
(re: Rachel's dizziness)
Earth to Rachel. What happened?

Rachel helplessly stares at Naomi and then at Brandon -

RACHEL
(barely, to Marissa)
Nothing.

Marissa gives Rachel a death stare -

MARISSA
You know what's not, "nothing?" I
called the County Clerk's office...
(pivots to Brandon/Naomi)
There's no record of your marriage
certificate.

Naomi and Brandon exchange a glance -- *shit*.

RACHEL
(sotto)
Oh God.

NAOMI
(laughs nervously)
That must be because...

BRANDON
Because! Our officiant got the flu,
so, my best friend, Jake... stepped
up and married us--

NAOMI
--He must not have sent in the form
yet...

Rachel looks like she might throw up as -

Trent, carrying camera equipment, walks inside, but spots
Marissa, and walks right back out.

INT. BLUE HORIZON - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

At the conference table, Naomi sits next to Rachel, who sits next to Brandon, who sits next to Marissa.

Marissa dials Jake's number on the speaker phone as, under the table, Naomi texts Jake - *Don't fuck this up.*

Naomi gets a text from Jake - ??

The phone RINGS on the speaker phone.

JAKE

...Hello?

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH from the conference room to Jake in bed.

BRANDON

(immediately)

Hey, dude. You have me, *Jessica*, and, Rachel and Marissa from *The One*.

Naomi texts Jake - *We're in deep (two poo emojis).*

JAKE

Hey guys... What's up?

BRANDON

(nervous laugh)

It's all good, dude... Marissa just wants to know that the wedding went great, and... about the multiple, integral roles you played--

Marissa snaps her fingers at Brandon, silencing him.

JAKE

(stiff)

..."The wedding went great. I played multiple, integral roles."

RACHEL

(timid)

What were your roles, Jake?

Naomi texts Jake - *Now!*

JAKE

I was the best man... The photographer...

Naomi texts Jake - *You married us bc our officiant got the flu.*

MARISSA
That's it? The best man and the
photographer?

Jake stares at Naomi's text, nervous.

BRANDON
(tense)
Any day now, Jake!

Jake takes a deep breath and -

JAKE
(reads)
I married them because our
officiant--their officiant--got the
flu.

Marissa freezes as Rachel heaves a sigh of relief.

BRANDON
Bye, Jake! Thanks!

Naomi grins at Marissa -

NAOMI
Happy?

Marissa locks eyes with Naomi--and storms out.

RACHEL
(stressed, to Naomi)
Now what?

Naomi's phone BUZZES - Text from Nico - *Where are you?*

NAOMI
Get dressed.
(grins)
We're going to a yacht party.

RACHEL
(hushed, to Brandon)
Is she out of her mind?

BRANDON
Usually.
(beat)
Just, go with it.

Rachel massages her temples when Trent pokes his head in -

TRENT

A yacht party?! Can I come? I'm the Herman Melville of yacht parties.

EXT. YACHT - PORT OF POSITANO - NIGHT

Naomi, Brandon, Rachel, and Trent, dressed in their respective ideas about what one wears to a yacht party, strut across the yacht packed with a zoo of PRETTY PARTY ANIMALS and a Berghain worthy SOUND SYSTEM.

TRENT

This is where I pretend not to know any of you.

Trent immediately ditches the group and waltzes into a cove of DANCING, GLOW STICK CLUTCHING BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.

BRANDON

I hate this.

RACHEL

Me too.

Brandon and Rachel smile at each other awkwardly.

NAOMI

You know, statistically, lame, judgy people are seventy-seven percent more likely to get raped and killed than happy, cool people.
(off their fear)
Quit buzz killing and help me find Nico.

Brandon and Rachel follow Naomi past a group of SEXY MEN AND WOMEN SNORTING COKE OFF OF A PANTHER, a very serious FLAMING CHAMPAGNE TASTING, and through a PETIT ORGY -

RACHEL

I've never seen anyone snort cocaine in real life!

BRANDON

(smitten)
Me neither.
(beat)
Dad's only into psychedelics.

Naomi groans, and quickly spots Nico, who waves at Naomi from the upper deck/hot tub area.

Naomi waves back and climbs the steps to the upper deck -

NICO
Naomi! Buenosera!

NAOMI
Buenosera, yourself.

NICO
(laughs)
I saved you a seat at my table.

Naomi beams as AN INTENSE TAGGING PARTY forms around Rachel and Brandon down below -- they get BLASTED WITH SPRAY PAINT OF EVERY COLOR.

Brandon protectively leaps in front of Rachel, using himself as her shield -

BRANDON
I'll protect you.

RACHEL
(laughs)
You're so brave.

INT./EXT. YACHT - CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

Naomi sits next to Nico at a blackjack table full of the most beautiful and exotic MEN AND WOMEN GAMBLERS she's ever seen -

NAOMI
What's the buy-in?

DEALER
(nonchalant)
Ten.

NAOMI
Thousand?!

NICO
(laughs)
Of course!

DRUNK GAMBLER
Hey, everyone! Nico's got a new high roller!

The dealer shuffles the cards as a CROWD forms behind them.

NICO
Naomi, are you in or out?

Naomi stares at the crowd, excited to have their attention.

NAOMI

In.

The dealer deals each player two cards face up, and deals himself one card face down and one card face up.

Naomi hits with thirteen and gets a seven. The dealer hits with fourteen and busts.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

OHMYGOD!

Nico pinches Naomi on the cheek as the crowd CHEERS and the dealer hands her ten thousand dollars worth of chips.

Naomi beams and looks around to see if Brandon saw -- but he's not there.

INT./EXT. YACHT - ELSEWHERE ON THE UPPER DECK- SAME

Brandon and Rachel, covered in spray paint, watch a MUSICIAN, 32, parading around naked save for his guitar, being fed moon rocks by HOT GROUPIES like they're grapes.

Rachel grimaces -

RACHEL

Ugh! Overconfident musicians repulse me.

Brandon stares at Rachel like he's floating on a cloud -

BRANDON

Right?! They're selfish, unkempt, and not half as clever as they think they are.

Rachel smiles and Brandon inches closer to her, when -

RACHEL

Um, Brandon. Where's Jessica?

Brandon looks around for Naomi when he and Rachel hear CHEERING coming from the casino.

INT./EXT. YACHT - CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

Brandon and Rachel elbow their way through the excited CROWD, shocked to find Naomi in her element at the blackjack table.

The dealer deals.

Naomi, with a hand of fifteen, hams it up for her audience by staring at her cards intensely, pulling at her chin, and dabbing her brow with Nico's pocket square.

The crowd, loving it, begins CHANTING HER NAME.

Rachel cocks her head, confused as -

OLD RICH LADY
You think Naomi's counting cards?

BARTENDER
No. I think she's lucky. I met her in my bar a couple nights ago--told her about this place.

RACHEL
(wtf)
"Naomi?"

Naomi closes her eyes, quickly opens them, hits, and busts.

The crowd BOOs as the dealer swipes ten thousand worth of Naomi's chips.

Naomi freezes, horrified.

BRANDON
(dazed)
She didn't come here to gamble...
She came here for me.

RACHEL
Brandon, your wife just lost ten thousand dollars!

BRANDON
She came here for me!

Beat.

RACHEL
Aren't you going to do something!?

BRANDON
Yes.

Brandon, inspired, grabs Rachel and kisses her.

Rachel wriggles away -

RACHEL
That was NOT what I meant!

BRANDON
Sorry!--Sorry! I...

Rachel, disgusted, storms off.

Brandon goes after her -

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Rachel!

Naomi, in the zone, sweats as she counts her chips -- she's back to the seventeen thousand she started with.

NAOMI
(determined)
Can we make the buy-in fifteen?

The dealer looks at Nico.

Nico nods.

NICO
Sure!

The crowd CHEERS as the dealer deals.

Naomi stares at her cards and stands with nineteen, but the dealer has twenty.

NAOMI
NOOOO!

The dealer swipes fifteen thousand dollars worth of Naomi's chips.

Naomi stares at the two thousand dollars -- her savings.

The crowd CHANTS HER NAME, but -

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Nico, I have to stop.

The crowd sighs, immediately stops caring, and dissipates.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Hey, wait! Where is everyone going?

Nico winks.

NICO
They'll come back when your luck changes.

Naomi stares at the floor, defeated.

EXT. PORT OF POSITANO - BEACH - SAME

Brandon pants as he chases after Rachel, who's in much better shape.

BRANDON
Rachel, wait! Please!

Rachel stops running, whips around, and faces him -

RACHEL
All I've EVER wanted, Brandon, other than a good job and my health, is to find the one--

BRANDON
Me too! Those are literally my exact same priorities--

RACHEL
--But, what I've learned, working in the "love industry," is that everyone's fucked up and there's no such thing as THE ONE.

BRANDON
Maybe everyone is a little fucked up! So what?! If love is something you want in your life, you can't give up on it.

Rachel laughs, incredulous.

RACHEL
Really, Brandon? Look at your marriage! It's an utter shit show!

Brandon shuffles in the sand, wanting to tell her the truth, but -

BRANDON
I guess you're right.

Rachel stares at him --

RACHEL
Guess so.

-- And walks away.

Brandon sighs, and then remembers -

BRANDON
Goddamnit.

Brandon takes off running BACK TOWARDS THE YACHT -

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Naomi!!

EXT. YACHT - MOMENTS LATER

Naomi shoves her way off of the yacht and runs up the dock -

NAOMI

Brandon!!

WE JUMP BACK AND FORTH from Brandon to Naomi running and CALLING OUT TO EACH OTHER, in a classic rom-com manner.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Brandon and Naomi rush up to each other, out of breath -

BRANDON

There you are.

NAOMI

Here I am.

Beat.

BRANDON

Naomi, I'm sorry I thought you came here to gamble. I'm a terrible brother.

NAOMI

I'm sorry about everything I've ever done to make you think I would've lied to you. I'm sorry for being a terrible sister.

BRANDON

You're not a terrible sister, you're just--

NAOMI

--I know. I'm a very unique creature, like a bird of paradise or a narwhal.

Brandon laughs.

BRANDON

I think deep down, I've hated you because mom and dad love you more.

NAOMI
They don't love me more. I'm just
more like them.

BRANDON
That's fair.

Beat.

NAOMI
You were right about my blackjack
career... and that's really all I
want to say about it.

Brandon nods -

BRANDON
Okay then.

Brandon holds out his hand -

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Truce?

Naomi shakes his hand -

NAOMI
("romantic")
I thought you'd never ask.

Brandon and Naomi walk back to the hotel, arm in arm -

BRANDON
Oh, I tried to kiss Rachel and she
ran away and gave up on love.

Naomi looks at Brandon for a pitying minute, and cracks up.

INT. BLUE HORIZON - LOBBY BAR - SAME

Rachel thunders inside the lobby bar and spots Marissa, who
nearly falls out of her chair, repulsed -

MARISSA
Where have you been and why do you
look like you got gang raped by a
band of troll dolls?

RACHEL
Brandon and Jessica, aka "Naomi,"
are one-hundred percent not
married.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 I want a camera put in their room
 so we can find out who the fuck
 they really are.

Marissa smiles.

MARISSA
 And to think I was about to fire
 you.

Rachel grabs her phone and calls Trent.

We CUT BACK AND FORTH from Rachel in the bar to Trent on the
 yacht, hooking up with a SUPER HOT RAVER -

RACHEL
 Trent, it's Rachel. I need you to
 come back to the hotel.

TRENT
 The problem with that, Rachel, is
 that I'm quite high--

RACHEL
 (a la Marissa)
 NOW!

Marissa smirks, impressed.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Brandon and Naomi share a bottle of wine on the pier -

BRANDON
 Do you ever wanna get married?

NAOMI
 No, I wanna be free forever.

BRANDON
 I really want a family one day.

NAOMI
 I really wanna find my calling...
 And have a lot of really good sex.

Brandon smiles -

BRANDON
 We haven't done one fun thing since
 we've got here.
 (excited)
 I wanna do something fun.

Beat.

NAOMI
Do you mean *actual* fun? Or Brandon
fun?

BRANDON
(dangerous)
Actual fun.

Naomi pulls the two acid cubes she swiped from her father
(before they left) from her purse -

NAOMI
Ever dropped dad's acid?

Brandon trembles -

BRANDON
No.
(beat)
Fuck it.

Brandon grabs one of the cubes and puts it on his tongue.

NAOMI
Dad would be so proud.

Naomi puts the other cube on her tongue.

BRANDON
I know! Should we text him?

Naomi grabs her phone and she and Brandon take a picture with
their tongues out -

NAOMI
Sure.

INT. BLUE HORIZON - HONEYMOON SUITE - SAME

Rachel, holding a room key, and Marissa, with crossed arms,
watch as Trent, shirtless, installs a tiny spy camera in a
ceiling sconce -

TRENT
A little voice in my head is
telling me this isn't right.

MARISSA
That little voice is called
weakness.

Trent looks at Rachel imploringly, but -

RACHEL

Hurry up Trent--before they come back.

NAOMI AND BRANDON PAINT THE TOWN (ON ACID) LATE AT NIGHT:

CLUB - Naomi and Brandon stare at all of the lights and whip their hair and limbs around to the music.

LEMON GROVE - Brandon and Naomi run screaming under the lemon trees--they pick lemons and get into a lemon-throwing fight with an imaginary adversary and laugh hysterically as they are run out by the OWNER -

RESTAURANT - Naomi and Brandon make art out of heaping plates of spaghetti and find much meaning in their work.

STREETS - They enjoy a horse-drawn carriage ride and pretend to be royalty -- they stare up at the moon which changes its shape and color.

CLIFFS - Together, Brandon and Naomi hold hands, trust exercise-style, and jump off of a cliff into the ocean. Brandon takes longer to surface than Naomi, but, eventually, he surfaces.

HONEYMOON SUITE - Brandon and Naomi pop open a bottle of champagne and reminisce and laugh and talk about life and love and put on a two-man show, and dance, and do something that resembles yoga and trip balls until sunrise...

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - LATE MORNING

The room looks like a war zone.

Brandon wakes up, realizes he's not wearing clothes, and looks over to Naomi, who is passed out on the other side of the bed, NO DIVIDER, and also... not... wearing... clothes...

Brandon SHRIEKS.

Naomi sits up, startled and hungover -

NAOMI

Did we miss brunch?!

(yawns)

I have an insane craving for pumpkin pancakes, which usually only happens after a night of wild--

BRANDON
DON'T SAY IT!

Naomi, confused, stares at Brandon, ghost-white and cloaked in the duvet. She then stares down, under the covers, as she realizes... she's not wearing any clothes.

NAOMI
Ohmygod...
(beat)
OHMYGOD!
(sick)
What happened last night?

BRANDON
(grave)
I don't remember.

Beat.

NAOMI
There's no way we--

BRANDON
DON'T SAY IT!
(beat)
If you trigger some sort of "acid flashback," I'll commit suicide.

NAOMI
Don't talk like that!
(beat)
Also, you can't do that to mom and dad.

BRANDON
Then what can we do?!... If it's true...

NAOMI
If it's true, and we don't know that it is, we make a pact to bury it deep within our souls forever.

BRANDON
I'm gonna be sick.

Brandon runs and THROWS UP in the bathroom.

Naomi follows him -

NAOMI
 (re: his puking)
 ...If it's true and I got pregnant
 would you wanna know or...?

Brandon THROWS UP again as -

THE REAL JESSICA, PUSHING A LOUIS VUITTON SUITCASE, WALKS
 INSIDE -

JESSICA
 Brandon, I've made a terrible
 mistake!

BRANDON
 Jessica?!?

Beat.

JESSICA
 What happened in here?

NAOMI
 WE DON'T KNOW!

Jessica stares at Naomi and Brandon, disquieted.

EXT. BLUE HORIZON - POOL BAR - SAME

A sleepless, guilty Rachel, sitting with Trent, books a boat
 trip to the Blue Grotto on her phone.

RACHEL
 I DON'T KNOW why I told you to put
 the camera in their room! It was
 wrong.
 (sighs)
 I've been single for so long...

TRENT
 Sorry?

Beat.

RACHEL
 We need to get the camera out of
 their room--now.

Trent grins and slaps Rachel on the back -

TRENT
 Glad to have you playing for our
 team again.

RACHEL
Trent, I'm not... gay.

TRENT
The decent human being team.

Rachel nods, chagrined.

RACHEL
Right, of course.

**INT. BLUE HORIZON - HONEYMOON SUITE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS
LATER**

A very uncomfortable Brandon watches Naomi affix Jessica to the toilet with a bed sheet.

JESSICA
(to Naomi)
Let go of me!
(to Brandon)
Can we please talk?
(beat)
Alone.

BRANDON
(passive aggressive)
If you wanted to talk, maybe you
should've returned my calls...

NAOMI
What calls?

JESSICA
(ignores her)
I didn't call you back because I
wanted to tell you in person that I
still love you.

Before Brandon's brain can decide on an emotion, Naomi SLAPS
JESSICA IN THE FACE -

NAOMI
Stop fucking with my brother's
heart!

JESSICA
(stunned, to Naomi)
You hit me!
(to Brandon)
She hit me!
(re: Naomi's hand)
Is that my ring?!

NAOMI
Not anymore.

Suddenly, there's an URGENT KNOCK ON THE DOOR -

RACHEL (O.S.)
Brandon! Jessica! I have a surprise
for you!

Brandon and Naomi exchange a glance - *Fuck.*

JESSICA
"Jessica?!"
(to Naomi)
... Are you pretending to be me!?

BRANDON
(yells to Rachel)
Be right there!

JESSICA
(realizes, to Naomi)
Ohmygod! You took my passport,
didn't you?!
(furious)
Do you have any idea how much a
same day passport costs?!

Jessica tries to unshackle herself from the toilet -

NAOMI
(scoffs, to Brandon)
Now, she puts a price on love.
(re: Jessica's flailing)
You're not going anywhere. I was a
girl scout for three and a half
weeks. Those knots are stronger
than Malala's commitment to women's
education.

Brandon looks from Jessica to Naomi, darts from the bathroom,
and opens the door to find a slightly unhinged Rachel.

BRANDON
Hey, Rachel. Um, sorry about last
night--

RACHEL

It's fine! I overreacted! I've had this thing against adultery ever since my dad ran off with my baby sitter when I was six and my mother went into psychosis and repeatedly jumped off the deck thinking she'd discovered time travel...

(quick beat)

Anywhoo, I booked you and Jessica a boat trip to the Blue Grotto. No visit to Amalfi's complete without one!

Brandon regards her strangely.

BACK IN THE BATHROOM -

JESSICA

This was your plan the whole time, wasn't it, Naomi? Break us up so you could go on MY trip? Brandon was right about you--you're nothing but a--

Naomi yawns and STUFFS A HAND TOWEL IN JESSICA'S MOUTH.

NAOMI

Pretend this towel's Lil Wayne.

Jessica gags and THRASHES and UTTERS MUFFLED SCREAMS as Naomi bursts into Lil Wayne's *Lollipop*, whipping her hair around and giving Jessica a lap dance -

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Shawty wanna lick me like a lollipop... She lick me like a lollipop....

IN THE HALL -

Rachel gives Brandon a look -

BRANDON

Jessica's just, um, shaving her legs. We'll meet you downstairs.

RACHEL

Great! Bus leaves in ten minutes!

Rachel dashes off.

Brandon slips the DO NOT DISTURB hanger on the door handle, closes the door, and runs back into the bathroom -

BRANDON

(to Naomi)

Get dressed. We're going to the Blue Grotto.

Jessica SPITS OUT THE HAND TOWEL -

JESSICA

What about me?!

(catches her breath)

If you love me you'll let me go.

Beat.

BRANDON

If you love me, you'll stay put while I figure this out.

Naomi nods to Brandon, proud.

STATICKY PUCCINI BLARES FROM SHODDY SPEAKERS -

INT./EXT. OPEN-TOP TOURIST BUS - SS 163 AMALFITANA - DAY

Brandon and Naomi sit next to each other on the CROWDED bus that crawls through traffic up the steep, but picturesque shoreline route famous for its hairpin bends, jetliner views, and barely there railings.

Brandon and Naomi whisper back and forth -

BRANDON

I can't believe Jessica came.

(beat)

You think she really loves me?

NAOMI

No. I think she fired up her *The One* account, got slapped with a deluge of dick pics, cried a little, showered, noticed some cellulite on her upper thighs that wasn't there last week, and booked her flight.

Rachel, sitting in front of them and sketching CORPORATE GIRL VS GUILT, whips around -

RACHEL

Dick pics make me understand terrorism.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 (crazy eyes, off their
 concern)
 Who's excited for the Blue Grotto?!

Naomi and Brandon smile meekly and raise their hands like school children -

BRANDON
 (to Naomi, re: Rachel)
 Did you slip her something?

NAOMI
 No. Should I?

Guilt chokes Corporate Girl to death.

INT. BLUE HORIZON - HONEYMOON SUITE - BATHROOM - SAME

Jessica, covered in sweat, tries to wiggle out of her thousand thread count restraints.

She strains and grits her teeth when she hears the DOOR OPEN -

JESSICA
 HEEELLLLLPPP! MAID! HELLLLLPP!

A very confused Trent, ready to uninstall the spy camera, walks into the bathroom -

TRENT
 You look quite familiar...
 (excited)
 Tara Reid, is it?! You were
 marvellous in *Sharknado 3*.
 (beat)
 What brings you to Amalfi?

INT. BLUE HORIZON - LOBBY LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Marissa, wearing headphones, sips a coffee while watching last night's hidden camera footage from Naomi's and Brandon's room on her laptop.

WE CAN'T SEE OR HEAR ANYTHING, but Marissa is visibly disturbed by what she's watching.

She shuts the laptop, sees Jessica dart through the lobby, and SPITS OUT HER COFFEE -

MARISSA
 JESSICA?!?!?

Jessica freezes and looks around, confused to see Marissa -

JESSICA
(uh oh)
Yes?

Marissa gets up, drags Jessica back to her table, and opens the laptop -

MARISSA
If YOU'RE the real Jessica then who
THE HELL IS THIS?!

Jessica bites her lip.

INT./EXT. TOURIST BUS - SS 163 AMALFITANA - LATER

The bus is stuck in gridlock.

Naomi, Brandon, and Rachel are respectively tense.

NAOMI
What if housekeeping discovers
Jessica? Will she rat us out?

BRANDON
She wouldn't put me in danger.

NAOMI
But she's mad. And selfish. And a
woman who doesn't identify as a
feminist.

Rachel's phone BUZZES - *Trent calling* -

RACHEL
(nervous)
...Hey, Trent... No, we've barely
moved... Did you do the thing we
talked about...? No, I'm not
familiar with the *Sharknado*
films... You met Tara Reid,
where...? Hello? I can't hear
you... Trent?

The call drops and Rachel's pulse quickens.

Naomi nudges Brandon and whispers -

NAOMI
She ratted.

BRANDON

(defensive)

It might've been the real Tara Reid. Historically, Amalfi's a celebrity hangout...

Naomi gives Brandon a dubious look when -

MARISSA (O.S.)

BRANDON AND NAOMI HART!

Brandon, Naomi, and Rachel turn to see an incensed Marissa, weaving through traffic in the back of a PEDICAB -

Marissa hands the PEDICAB DRIVER a wad of cash -

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Right here's good, thanks.

Marissa steps out of the pedicab, BANGS ON THE BUS DOOR, the concerned DRIVER opens the door, and Marissa HURLS HERSELF INSIDE and marches toward Brandon, Naomi, and Rachel, who look for an escape route as the PASSENGERS of the bus watch and yell like they're watching interactive dinner theater -

MARISSA (CONT'D)

(to Rachel)

First, you're fucking fired. Second, Brandon and Naomi are brother and sister.

(to Brandon and Naomi)

BROTHER AND FUCKING SISTER!

OLD WOMAN PASSENGER

Brother and fucking sister?!

NAOMI

(quickly, to the woman)

Just brother and sister.

RACHEL

(mind blown)

This whole time?!

BRANDON

Actually... since birth.

Rachel looks like she's going to scream, but then softens and BURSTS OUT LAUGHING -

RACHEL

That means... I'm not crazy. I'M NOT CRAZY!

MARISSA
Stop laughing. This is not funny!

RACHEL
(realizes)
I don't work for you anymore, so,
suddenly... I find it pretty
hilarious.
(laughs)
Brother and sister.

Brandon and Naomi laugh nervously.

MARISSA
(to Naomi and Brandon)
Are you two familiar with the
consequences of committing fraud?

OLD MAN PASSENGER
Fraud's a serious crime. There was
this episode of *Law and Order*--

NAOMI
(panicking, to Brandon)
Run.

Naomi and Brandon tear out of the bus. Brandon looks back at Rachel who stares at Brandon and then back at Marissa, and -

RACHEL
Brandon, wait! I'm coming with you.

Brandon lights up as the PASSENGERS of the BUS CHEER.

MARISSA
Oh, for fuck's sake.

EXT. SS 163 AMALFITANA - LATER

Naomi, Brandon, and Rachel spill out of the bus.

Naomi spots a DOUCHEBAG zipping up the hill on a Ducati and shoves her purse under her shirt -

NAOMI
SIR! STOP! EMERGENCY! I'M HAVING A
BABY.

Irritated, he stops -

DOUCHEBAG
I'm not the father, so that's not
my problem. Now move.

Naomi pulls her "baby" from her shirt and bashes the douche in the head with it and SHOVES him off of the bike -

NAOMI

I was gonna do this anyway, but now
I'm not gonna feel bad about it.

Naomi hops on the Ducati and motions for Brandon and Rachel to join her as the douchebag CURSES NAOMI IN ITALIAN.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Come on!

RACHEL

I AM SO TURNED ON RIGHT NOW!

BRANDON

ME TOO!

Brandon kisses Rachel as Marissa spills out of the bus after them -

MARISSA

You will NOT get away with this!
Any of you!

Brandon and Rachel pile onto the back of the bike, excited but afraid, and Naomi GIVES THE BIKE SOME GAS -

NAOMI

HOLD ON!

-- AND DRIVES AGAINST TRAFFIC WEAVING THROUGH THE CARS THAT ARE STUCK IN GRIDLOCK.

BRANDON

YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY!

NAOMI

I CAN SEE THAT, BRANDON!

Marissa JUMPS BACK IN THE PEDICAB and tosses a pile of money at the driver -

MARISSA

Follow that bike. It will
eventually crash and burn--like
everything my former associate
touches.

The pedicab shrugs and turns around following the Ducati as -

Naomi speeds through traffic as DRIVERS YELL at her and flip her off -

BRANDON

Rachel, I need you to know we never intended to deceive you or *The One*. My fiancé, the real Jessica--

NAOMI

--AKA "Tara Reid"--

BRANDON

--Left me at the altar--

NAOMI

--The relevant backstory is: Brandon bankrupted himself trying to win her love--

BRANDON

--So, Naomi, "convinced" me to go on the honeymoon with her pretending to be Jessica so I could collect the prize money and start over...

Rachel takes this in, and -

RACHEL

I have a confession to make too! Last night I had Trent put a camera in your room. It was the low point of my short-lived career in the love industry and I'm sorry.

BRANDON

...A camera?... Last night?

Naomi turns her head around to stare at Rachel -

NAOMI

Did you watch the footage?!

RACHEL

No. I'm not an animal.

BRANDON

LOOK OUT!

Naomi SWERVES TO AVOID A FLOCK OF BICYCLISTS AND DRIVES OFF OF THE CLIFF AND DOWN THE HILL, MOWING, AT A BREAKNECK PACE, THROUGH THE CLIFFSIDE COMMUNITY OF SHOPS AND SUN-BLEACHED VILLAS -

NAOMI

I CAN'T STOP!

RACHEL
I HATE MY MOTHER!

BRANDON
I DON'T WANNA BE A LAWYER ANYMORE!

Brandon, Naomi, and Rachel SCREAM and grip each other, clinging for dear life, as Naomi tries to stop the bike.

BACK ON THE STREET -

Marissa watches gleefully as she putzes along in the pedicab -

MARISSA
(smug, to herself)
When you're right, you're right.
(to the driver)
Stop here, please.

The concerned driver stops and Marissa gets out and skips down the hill after them.

DOWN THE HILL -

Naomi WHIPS THROUGH GARDENS, A SEAFOOD RESTAURANT, A BOAT RENTAL SHOP, AND FINALLY PLOWS THROUGH A LUXURIOUS OUTDOOR SPA --

NAOMI
BRANDON, IF WE DIE, YOU DIE KNOWING
THAT JESSICA NEVER LOVED YOU AND
I'M AN AMAZING SISTER.

BRANDON
NAOMI, IF WE DIE, YOU DIE KNOWING
THAT IT'S YOUR FAULT, BUT THAT I
BELIEVE YOU WERE WELL INTENTIONED!

RACHEL
IF WE DON'T DIE I'M GOING TO SHOW
THE MISADVENTURES OF CORPORATE GIRL
TO THE WORLD!

-- AND CRASHES INTO A STUNNING INFINITY POOL.

SPA GUESTS FREAK OUT as Brandon, Naomi, and Rachel surface, gasp for air, and catch their breath.

NAOMI
We didn't die.

BRANDON
We didn't die!

NAOMI
 (to Rachel)
 What's *Corporate Girl*?

Marissa waltzes over and throws them towels -

MARISSA
 (to Rachel)
 And I thought trying to screw over
 my company was the stupidest thing
 you and your new friends would ever
 do...

An incensed Rachel heaves herself out of the pool and walks
 up to Marissa -

RACHEL
 Wrong again, ex-boss.

Marissa gets out her phone and calls the police -

MARISSA
 --Hello, police--

RACHEL
 This is!

Rachel DECKS MARISSA IN THE FACE.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 And another thing! *The One* owes the
 Lacopo Bianchi winery thirty
 thousand dollars in damages.

Marissa staggers backwards, and falls into a cabana as GUESTS
 SHRIEK.

NAOMI
 Damn, girl.

BRANDON
 My hero!

Naomi runs and grabs Marissa's phone, scans through Marissa's
 contacts, and calls Trent -

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH from the destroyed outdoor spa to
 Trent, in a fluffy robe, luxuriating in the honeymoon suite
 watching the last night's mystery footage from the hidden
 camera on his laptop, LAUGHING -

TRENT
 Hi, Marissa...

NAOMI

Trent, it's Jessica, er, Naomi, er
Princess Greatness.

(beat)

We need a ride--like right now.

Marissa sits up, appearing concussive, and lays back down.

BRANDON

Should we call an ambulance?

RACHEL

No. Horrible people are always okay
in the end.

BRANDON

That's so true.

NAOMI (PRE-LAP)

(whispers)

...So, you watched last night's
"hidden camera footage?"

INT./EXT. TOWN CAR - EN ROUTE TO NAPLES AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Trent drives, Naomi's up front, and, in the back, a sleeping
Brandon snuggles Rachel, who is on the PHONE rescheduling
Brandon's and Naomi's flights and adding hers -

Naomi peers over her shoulder to make sure Brandon can't hear
her -

TRENT

You had a woman tied to the toilet!
It was practically my civic duty to
watch it.

(guilty)

Sorry, if you feel violated.

NAOMI

It's fine...

(whispers)

I'm just curious, did you happen to
notice any behavior that would be
considered illegal in most states
and frowned upon in others?

Trent scratches his chin.

TRENT

...I thought your ceremony of stripping yourselves of your clothes and possessions and sacrificing them to the Murano glass flamingo on the nightstand was beautiful. A bit wacky, but beautiful.

NAOMI

That's it? There was nothing on there could, um, catapult me to undeserved stardom?

TRENT

I doubt it.

NAOMI

...If the tape were a video game what would it's rating be?

TRENT

E for everyone--it contains delightful comic mischief and mild language.

Naomi heaves a tremendous sigh of relief and glances back to make sure Brandon's still asleep.

TRENT (CONT'D)

I wish my brother and I could bond like that, but Jason's an arrogant, closed off little prick.

Naomi puts her feet up on the dashboard -

NAOMI

Try being the bigger person and reach out to Jason. It's really hard, but spending time with your brother will provide insight into the conflict in your relationship-- then you can work on repairing it.

(beat)

I had no idea how great of a guy Brandon was until I pretended to be married to him.

TRENT

Jason, would never go for that...

NAOMI

I'm just saying, it's never too late to reach out to your sibling.

(MORE)

NAOMI (CONT'D)
 You have nothing to lose and maybe
 a friend to gain.

Trent contemplates this as he pulls up to the Naples airport -

TRENT
 Alright ladies and gents--we're
 here!

Rachel nudges Brandon awake -

RACHEL
 Brandon, we're here.

Brandon stares at her -

BRANDON
 You really wanna come with me to
 Palm Springs?

RACHEL
 I do.
 (beat)
 Even if we don't last, I could use
 a vacation and I really like
 midcentury architecture.

BRANDON
 I really appreciate your honesty.

EXT. NAPLES AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - MOMENTS LATER

Naomi, Brandon, and Rachel hustle to get inside, but stop
 when they see Jessica waiting for Brandon -

JESSICA
 Brandon, I'm so sorry! I didn't
 mean to give you up!

NAOMI
 (to Rachel, re: Jessica)
 Ugh! She's like an unpoppable butt
 pimple.

Rachel gives Naomi a *behave yourself* look.

JESSICA
 Can we talk before you get on a
 plane? Please.

Brandon drops his bag on the concrete -

BRANDON
 You wanna talk? Fine. Let's talk.
 (beat)
 You are a very selfish person!

JESSICA
 Brandon--

BRANDON
 I didn't see it when we were
 together because I wanted, more
 than anything, to believe someone
 like you... Could love someone like
 me, but you can't love another
 person if you only think about
 yourself.
 (remembers Naomi's pep
 talk)
 Also, I'm a good person. I'm not
 ugly, and I'm funny when I'm mad.
 If that's not enough for you--
 that's your problem, not mine.

Naomi beams.

NAOMI
 --Get it, Brandon!--

Jessica tears up.

JESSICA
 Are you breaking up with me?

BRANDON
 You broke up with me!
 (*and isn't it ironic*)
 But, yes, now I'm breaking up with
 you.
 (beat)
 Good luck, Jessica.

Brandon stares at Jessica for a second and heads inside.

Rachel follows -

RACHEL
 Brilliant speech.

BRANDON
 Thanks. I rehearsed in my sleep on
 the way over. I can get you a copy
 if you like.

Rachel laughs as Naomi, still outside, sings and dances her final performance of Lil Wayne's *Lollipop* for a boiling Jessica -

NAOMI
*Shawty wanna lick me like a
 lollipop...*

INT. NAPLES AIRPORT - CHECK IN AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Brandon, Rachel, and Naomi approach the ticket counter. The AIRLINE EMPLOYEE, 40s, gorges on Nutella -

RACHEL
 Hi! We're checking in for flight six-seven-seven at six pm final destination Palm Springs--I called ahead. The names are--

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE
 Passports please.

A twinge of anxiety courses through Naomi as everyone hands over their passports -

NAOMI
 (over confident, re:
 Jessica's passport)
 That's Jessica Marie Berri and my
 birthday is--

Suddenly, a battered Marissa, dragging a snivelling Jessica by the arm, rushes the ticket counter -

MARISSA
 August eleventh, nineteen eighty-four. Her real name's Naomi Hart.
 (beat)
 H-A-R-T.
 (yanks Jessica's hair)
This is Jessica Berri.

JESSICA
 Owwww!

BRANDON
 (re: Marissa)
 Oh.My.God.

JESSICA
 --I want nothing to do with this!--

NAOMI

She's lying! They're lying! This is
girl on girl on girl bullying!

Marissa snags Jessica's passport from the employee's hands
and holds the passport picture up to Jessica's face -

MARISSA

Pictures don't lie. *People* lie.

(beat)

I said the same thing to my ex-
husband when I caught him blowing
our realtor.

RACHEL

...That connects so many dots! This
whole time I've thought you were
this perfect, evil robot. I was
pretty sure you were a virgin--

The airline employee grabs her phone/intercom -

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE

Security! I have a potential
passport fraud.

Naomi stares from Marissa to the airline employee, to Brandon
and starts RUNNING, but is immediately tackled and handcuffed
by SECURITY -

NAOMI

STOP! UNHAND ME! UM, ONE OF YOU
JUST TOUCHED MY BOOB!

Security drags Naomi off --

BRANDON

(yells after her)

Naomi, don't run your mouth when
they interrogate you!

(beat)

I love you!

NAOMI

(touched)

I love you too!

-- And throws her into a small, cell-like room.

JESSICA

(wtf, to Brandon)

You love each other now?

Brandon glares at Jessica.

INT. NAPLES AIRPORT - INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

A drained Naomi sits, handcuffed to a table, inching her fingers towards the panini security left for her -- it's just out of reach.

Finally, two CUSTOMS AGENTS burst inside.

One of them throws the panini on the floor, hostile.

NAOMI
(mildly devastated)
And you wonder why people of color
hate the police...

Customs agent 1 locks eyes with Naomi -- he seems friendly.

CUSTOMS AGENT 1
Naomi Hart?

NAOMI
(formal)
That is my name and I'm ready and
willing to cooperate.

Customs agent 2 KICKS THE TABLE -

CUSTOMS AGENT 2
WHO ARE YOU WORKING FOR?

Beat.

NAOMI
(self-conscious)
Actually, I'm between jobs right
now.

The customs agents exchange a perplexed glance.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
I know, I'm a little old to be
finding myself, but I've got some
ideas--

CUSTOMS AGENT 1
Naomi, did you steal a passport
with the intention of committing a
terrorist act?

NAOMI
Ohmygod, no! I love my country!
(quickly)
And your country...
(MORE)

NAOMI (CONT'D)
 Though, I could quibble that water
 isn't free with meals here.

Beat.

CUSTOMS AGENT 2
 HAVE YOU BEEN IN CONTACT WITH KNOWN
 TERRORISTS?

NAOMI
 ...Like ISIS?

The agents grin -- *we got her.*

CUSTOMS AGENT 2
 YES, NAOMI. LIKE ISIS. HAVE YOU
 BEEN IN CONTACT WITH ISIS?

NAOMI
 No!
 (off their suspicion)
 I have no social media! There's no
 way to get in bed with those that
 fly the black flag sans Twitter!
 Also, I'm hardly the isolated,
 victim type.

CUSTOMS AGENT 1
 (to customs agent 2)
 Search her bag.

NAOMI
 For what? A bomb?!

CUSTOMS AGENT 2
 BOMB?! DID SHE SAY "BOMB?!"

CUSTOMS AGENT 1
 SHE SAID, "BOMB." SHE SAID, "BOMB."

The customs agents THROW NAOMI AGAINST THE WALL and put her
 in a headlock.

CUT TO:

A FEW MINUTES LATER -

A BOMB SQUAD carefully dumps her entire bag on the floor.

The bomb squad leader, grossed out, sorts through melted Hi-
 Chew candies, a key-ring with a way too many furry animal key
 chains, and multiple uncapped lipsticks -

BOMB SQUAD LEADER
There's no bomb.

Relieved, the customs agents release Naomi.

NAOMI
I told you! All I did was fly from
Palm Springs pretending to be
Jessica and now all I'm trying to
do is go home.
(emotional)
I would never harm anyone! I was a
vegan for almost three months!

CUSTOMS AGENT 1
(to agent 2)
The crime originated in the United
States. Put her in holding.

INT. NAPLES AIRPORT - OUTSIDE THE HOLDING ROOM - SAME

Brandon tries to level with the GUARD. Rachel is beside him.

BRANDON
With respect, Sir, Naomi couldn't
build a bomb if her life depended
on it! She failed chemistry for
athletes.

GUARD
Step away from the door please.

BRANDON
But, I'm her lawyer. I'm entitled
to see her.

GUARD
You are not *entitled* to anything.
(shakes his head, sighs)
Americans.

Brandon steams as Rachel steps up to the plate -

RACHEL
Sir, I'm actually from the UK...
(off the guard's glare)
...And we're just going to wait
patiently and get something to eat.

Rachel ushers Brandon away from the guard -

BRANDON
 (yells over his shoulder)
 Has Naomi had something to eat?
 (off the guard's silence)
 I SAID, HAS NAOMI HAD SOMETHING TO
 EAT?

Suddenly, Marissa, with multiple duty free shopping bags
 waltzes over to Brandon and Rachel -

MARISSA
 Brandon, you should stop worrying
 so much about your sister and start
 worrying about yourself. I fully
 intend to press charges against
both of you.

Brandon, losing his shit, stares at Marissa, and, a la Naomi -

BRANDON
 If you even think about pressing
 charges I will tell the world that
The One matched siblings for
 everlasting love.

MARISSA
 But that isn't true. And I can
 prove it.

Beat.

RACHEL
 But... what you can't prove, is
when we found out Brandon and Naomi
 were brother and sister.
 (off Marissa's shock)
 It could've been the day they
 arrived, and we *could've* gone ahead
 with the promotion anyway to save
 money...

MARISSA
 You don't have the balls.

Rachel grabs her crotch and sneers defiantly at Marissa -

RACHEL
 It appears they just dropped.

Brandon looks at Rachel, completely enamored.

INT. NAPLES AIRPORT - HOLDING ROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

The holding room is small, grim, and quiet.

Naomi paces around, thoughtful. She springs to the floor and busts out a few prison montage-like pushups -- she gets to three and fatigues when a GUARD opens the door -

GUARD

Naomi Hart, you're going home.

NAOMI

Oh, thank God.

(beat)

So, how does this work? Do I get my own "potential terrorist threat" plane or...?

EXT. AIRPORT - SOMEWHERE NEAR PALM SPRINGS - DAY

A PLANE TOUCHES DOWN ON THE TARMAC as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Brandon, Rachel, Stan, and Jules wait eagerly as a handcuffed Naomi appears, escorted through the airport by GUARDS.

BRANDON

Naomi!

Naomi turns, touched to see her entire family, and Rachel -

NAOMI

Brandon! Mom! Dad!...Rachel!

RACHEL

(to Brandon)

Is it weird that I'm here?

BRANDON

My family's weird--you'll fit right in.

Stan digs in his pocket and approaches Naomi -

STAN

Snapdragon, I have something for you--to take the edge off.

Brandon urgently yanks his father back before the guard can react -

BRANDON
 (harsh whisper)
 Dad, you can't give her drugs.
 She's going to be held in prison!
 (smiles at the guard)
 Naomi, good behavior, okay? I'm
 gonna help you as best I can.

Naomi looks grateful, but before she can respond, she is
 grabbed by FEDERAL MARSHALS -

FEDERAL MARSHAL
 Naomi Hart?

NAOMI
 Instead of the usual phone call
 upon arrival, might it be possible
 to buck tradition and arrange for a
 Double Double *Animal Style* and a
 large strawberry milkshake to be
 waiting for me in my cell? I
 haven't eaten an American meal in
 days and I'm very concerned about
 my iron levels--

-- And CARTED OFF TO A POLICE CAR.

Jules gives Brandon a hug.

JULES
 It is so nice to see you and your
 sister getting along.

BRANDON (PRE-LAP)
 You running the joint yet?

INT. JAIL - CONFERENCE ROOM - PALM SPRINGS - DAY

Brandon and a dejected Naomi sit across from each other.

A GUARD is a few feet away.

NAOMI
 Hardly.
 (beat)
 Are mom and dad disappointed in me?

BRANDON
 (jocular)
 Don't worry, you're still the
 favorite child.

NAOMI
Brandon, don't be crass. I'm trying
to take my trial prep seriously.

BRANDON
(impressed)
Understood.

Naomi sits up in her chair -

NAOMI
What's the maximum sentence I could
get for pretending to be Jessica
and what should I wear in court
tomorrow?

BRANDON
Ten years in prison and probably a
neutral-colored twin-set or
something.

Naomi nearly falls out of her chair -

NAOMI
A TWIN-SET?!

BRANDON
Yes, Naomi. Committing a federal
crime warrants wearing conservative
attire.
(off Naomi's dazed horror)
Now, before we begin, I need you to
promise me that you will let me do
all of the talking.

A vein begins protruding on Naomi's forehead.

INT. COURTROOM - NAOMI'S TRIAL - PALM SPRINGS - DAY

The courtroom is PACKED.

On one side of the JUDGE is the FEDERAL PROSECUTOR, who has
the floor. On the other side of the judge, Naomi, miserable
in an almond-colored twin-set, sits next to a suited Brandon.

Stan, Jules, Rachel, Jake, and Marissa are seated in the
gallery, on edge.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR

On June seventh, possessing a complete lack of regard for the consequences of her actions, Naomi Hart saw an opportunity to travel to the Amalfi coast, and Naomi Hart took it.

Naomi opens her mouth to object, but Brandon stares her into silence.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Naomi Hart may not *be* ISIS chief, Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi, but so long as terrorists are a threat to our great nation, we don't have the luxury of allowing our citizens to commit passport fraud at their leisure.

NAOMI

(whispers to Brandon)
--He's desecrating my character! Do something!

BRANDON

(whispers back)
It's not my turn to talk yet--

The federal prosecutor steps closer to the bench -

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR

Your Honor, it is imperative that we make an example of Naomi Hart and give her the maximum sentence.

(straight to Naomi)
Perhaps behind bars she will begin to respect herself, her fellow citizens, and her country.

(beat)
Thank you.

MURMURS from the gallery as the prosecutor sits down.

Marissa CLAPS and immediately receives glares from Jules and Stan.

JUDGE

Thank you to the prosecutor.
(to Brandon)
Mr. Hart, what do you have to say on behalf of your client?

Brandon stands up -- as he speaks Naomi fidgets uncomfortably in her twin-set --

BRANDON

Your Honor, Naomi Hart is a first time offender with no criminal record. She is aware that what she did was wrong. And she is sorry. However, it is important to point out that Naomi did not actually put anyone in any real danger--

-- When suddenly, Naomi stands up, rips off her twin-set, and, now, wearing only an undershirt, takes a full breath -

NAOMI

(to the Judge)

Sorry, can I please say something?

Brandon whips around and Naomi and Brandon whisper argue -

BRANDON

(clenched teeth)

Naomi, sit down! This is a courtroom not an audition for a staged reading of *Antigone for Beginners*.

NAOMI

I don't get that joke because I've never read *Antigone*.

BRANDON

They'll have a copy in *prison*.

JUDGE

(to Naomi)

Ms. Hart, if you think it's best-- feel free to speak.

NAOMI

(smiles at Brandon)

Thank you, Your Honor.

Brandon sits and glances back at Stan and Jules, helpless as Naomi approaches the bench.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Your Honor, do you have a brother or sister?

JUDGE

(confused)

...A sister, yes.

BRANDON

Objection! On behalf of my client's best interests and my desire to keep my personal life personal--

JUDGE

Overruled. The defendant wishes to speak.

Brandon backs off as Marissa and the prosecutor grin.

Naomi nods, and with gravitas -

NAOMI

Your Honor, like many brothers and sisters, Brandon and I didn't get along when we were kids. Actually, up until a week or so ago we were estranged.

Jake whispers to Rachel -

JAKE

(optimistic)

She hasn't lied under oath yet.

NAOMI

The thing is Your Honor, you can't pick your siblings. Unfortunately for Brandon he got stuck with a big sister who is unconventional, a big sister who makes life up as she goes along, a big sister who has never fit in and never wanted to, a big sister who loves attention even more than she loves getting her way, a big sister with tragic but really fun taste in men, a big sister who is so good at arguing she could've been a lawyer but for her self-diagnosed dyslexia, a big sister he may never truly understand...

Naomi stops, starts to cry, and walks up to a frozen Brandon -

NAOMI (CONT'D)

But, Brandon, that "big sister," this "monster" standing in front of you wants you to know, that despite our vast and numerous differences, and all of the times I've put myself first... I love you very much.

Stan and Jules tear up as Naomi approaches the bench -

NAOMI (CONT'D)

What I've learned sitting in jail with ample time to think and nobody to listen, Your Honor, is being a good sister is not about doing what *you think* is right for your sibling--it's about actually doing what's *right* for your *sibling*.

(Naomi dries her tears)

Deep shit, I know.

(beat)

I've also realized it's sorta the same for abiding by the laws... I'm sorry I stole Jessica's passport--even though I meant no harm, it was a selfish act and this proceeding is waste of the court's time and resources.

(sweetly, to the Judge)

It'll never happen again, I swear.

The Judge, the prosecutor, Brandon, and everyone in the courtroom are gobsmacked and silent.

INT. COURTHOUSE - LATER

The courtroom doors swing open and EVERYONE files out MURMURING, LAUGHING, and TALKING.

Brandon, stunned, hangs back with a very supportive Rachel.

JAKE

(pumped, to Naomi)

Six months probation--woot woot!

NAOMI

And an eternity of community service, but, yes, I too am amazed by the Judge's benevolent ruling.

(thoughtful)

Maybe next Brandon and I can double-handedly close the gender pay gap?

Jake laughs.

JAKE

You're something else, Naomi.

Naomi beams and stares at Jake, noticing him -

NAOMI
It's probably the adrenaline
talking, but you look really good.

JAKE
...Thanks.

JULES
(to Naomi)
Honey, that was beautiful self-
expression.

Naomi smiles and turns to her brother, imploringly -

NAOMI
Brandon, what did you think?

Beat.

BRANDON
(smiles)
I accept your apology.

Naomi hugs Brandon tightly.

NAOMI
I love you, little brother.

BRANDON
I love you too.

Jake gives Brandon a thumbs up.

JAKE
Awww. So sweet.

Brandon playfully punches Jake in the arm as Rachel spots a
livid Marissa skulking out of the courtroom and runs to her -

RACHEL
Marissa, wait. In light of
everything, I want to wish you good
luck.

Marissa stares at Rachel, cold.

MARISSA
Jesus, Rachel. You can't even gloat
properly.

Marissa walks off as Rachel stands there, nonplussed.

Stan takes Brandon aside -

STAN

Son, I'm proud of you.
 (off Brandon's disbelief)
 Your mother and I are keenly aware
 that Naomi's mature, self-
 reflective insights were inspired
 by spending time with you.

Brandon basks in a rare moment of parental approval -

BRANDON

Thanks, dad!

Naomi ushers her family out of the courtroom -

NAOMI

Hart family and friends, vámanos! I
 am in dire need of victory mole
 enchiladas and sipping tequila.

**INT. HART RESIDENCE - DINING ROOM - FAMILY DINNER - EVENING -
 A FEW WEEKS LATER**

The entire Hart family plus Rachel and Jake chow down on a
 delicious meal from Jules' garden. Naomi sits at one head of
 the table--Brandon, wearing a fun, flower print shirt, sits
 at the other. Stan, likely tripping, fixates on the stained-
 glass window.

NAOMI

Community service's going great.
 I'm pretty much the mayor of the La
 Quinta soup kitchen. Also, before I
 forget, I've found my calling.

JULES

That's great, snowflake. What is--

NAOMI

I'm going to be a life coach!

The table is silent and a bit disturbed.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

There's no training required. You
 just need clients--and I'm not
 giving up 'til I get them.

Brandon smiles.

BRANDON

Good for you, Naomi.

RACHEL
I could help you establish a social media presence.

NAOMI
Splendid.

Everyone resumes eating, when Brandon unbuttons his top button like a boss and -

BRANDON
Actually, I have some news as well.
(beat)
I quit my job.
(beat)
Rachel and I are going to travel for a bit.

STAN
Where to?

BRANDON
("devious")
Unclear! We don't have an itinerary or an end date.

RACHEL
We're both unemployed, so, on the one hand, it's not the ideal time for a vacation, on the other hand--

JULES
Honey, we don't qualify our life choices at the table.

Rachel nods and relaxes into her chair.

NAOMI
How fun! If I could leave the country and I wasn't laser focused on success, I'd third wheel the shit out of your trip.

Brandon smiles as Stan nudges Brandon, "slyly" -

STAN
You know, Brandon, pancakes are legal in Amsterdam.

JULES
(to Brandon)
He means prostitution.

Rachel and Brandon laugh.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Jessica checks her *The One* account -- as Naomi predicted she is hit with a deluge of DICK PICS -- each is thicker and more veiny than the last.

JESSICA

Ugh! Gross!

INT. HART RESIDENCE - BRANDON'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - SAME

Rachel stares nervously at the detailed and stylish website she's created to debut *The Midadventures of Corporate Girl*.

She takes a deep breath and squeals as she clicks "upload."

INT. HART RESIDENCE - DEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Naomi, who has the remote, and a chill Brandon, who doesn't care because he's smoking a joint, watch *Shame* and scarf Sour Patch Kids in their *The One* robes -

NAOMI

Did Jake have a big crush on me in high school?

BRANDON

Nope.

NAOMI

You sure?

BRANDON

Pretty sure.

NAOMI

I'm thinking of asking him out. I'm not like super attracted to him, but I might be if we had sex.

(off Brandon's shrug)

Ohmygod! I totally forgot!

BRANDON

(re: the joint)

This shit is way stronger than the shit I didn't smoke in high school.

(off Naomi's look)

What?

NAOMI

Remember, on our "honeymoon" when we thought we--

BRANDON

--And then agreed never to mention--

NAOMI

I know.

(beat)

I can't believe I forgot to tell you--though, I was pretty caught up with the trial and impending jail--

BRANDON

Tell me what? You had a flashback, didn't you?

NAOMI

No.

(whispers)

Trent saw the footage from the hidden camera.

(off Brandon's look)

Nothing happened!

Brandon stares at Naomi calmly -

BRANDON

How long have you been sitting on this?

NAOMI

...A month or so?

(off Brandon's nod)

Brandon, why aren't you overreacting? It's freaking me out!

Brandon takes a big hit and slowly blows the smoke out of his mouth -

BRANDON

Hey, Naomi. Be cool.

Naomi freezes, blindsided, and stares at Brandon crazily -- the way he used to stare at her.

THE END

AS THE CREDITS ROLL we finally see the footage of Naomi and Brandon in the hotel room that night tripping on acid, sacrificing themselves to the glass flamingo on the nightstand -- it's pretty great.