

FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE

Written by

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"Emma, what the FUCK were you thinking?!"

- My dad, after I tripped balls on my first edible at his wedding.

**INT. HAZEL'S APARTMENT - HAZEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

HAZEL WILSON (24, cropped hair) stares up at the ceiling.

We widen to reveal that she's on a bed. In her underwear. Specifically, that aggressively floral pair that somehow comes in every Target pack.

ILANA (late 20s, in lady boxers) sits at the foot of the bed, about to go down on Hazel. She gestures at Hazel's panties.

ILANA

Can I take these off?

HAZEL

Maybe just leave them on for a couple more minutes.

ILANA

But you said...

HAZEL

Yup, downtown. Down there. That's the plan. I'm working up to it.  
(high, British voice)  
Be ready in a second, governor!

ILANA

Did you just... *voice* your vagina?  
And have it call me "governor"?

HAZEL

Yes. I mean no.

Ilana lies down beside Hazel.

ILANA

Hazel.

HAZEL

Ilana.

ILANA

I'm not going down on you in these circumstances.

Hazel tries to keep a straight face.

HAZEL

(very deep)

Is this better?

Ilana can't help but laugh.

ILANA  
Absolutely not.

Ilana moves in to kiss Hazel, but just then Hazel's phone lights up.

ON PHONE: A call from "DAD" is incoming. The contact photo is of GABE WILSON (50s, rail-thin, an older male version of Hazel). He isn't smiling. Not really his thing.

Hazel declines the call, flips the phone over, and smiles sheepishly at Ilana.

HAZEL  
Sorry.

ILANA  
It's okay...

Ilana's about to lean back in when Hazel jumps up.

HAZEL  
I'm hungry! Wanna eat something?  
Other than me out? I was thinking  
Thai...

**INT. HAZEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A minuscule NYC apartment that looks hardly lived in. There aren't even any plants in here for Hazel to kill.

Hazel sits on the couch beside Ilana, empty Thai food containers scattered on the coffee table. Ilana is in the midst of showing Hazel pictures on her phone.

ILANA  
My mom *loved* Pride. I have never  
seen a woman over fifty literally  
drink frozé all day. Look at this  
legend.

ON SCREEN: Ilana grins beside her MOM, who wears a rainbow, troll doll-esque wig and is mid-happy whoop, ecstatic to support her daughter.

HAZEL  
Awww. She looks like she's the  
best.

Hazel glances over at a DRAWING she has framed on her wall of a girl and her mom. Ilana notices.

ILANA  
Is that your mom?

HAZEL

My six-year-old rendering of her,  
yeah.

Ilana crosses to get a better look. The drawing is way better than anything a normal six year old could produce.

ILANA

You drew this at *six*? Have you ever thought about doing a before and after type thing? Recreate this, but with you guys now?

HAZEL

She actually... died. Pretty soon after I did that.

ILANA

Oh, God. I'm so sorry.

HAZEL

No, it's fine! I mean, if she were still around she'd probably be disappointed I'm not a famous illustrator by now. My dad certainly is!

Hazel laughs to show she's okay, which does more to prove that she is not. Ilana sits back down beside her.

ILANA

Do you still draw?

HAZEL

Try to.

Hazel reaches under the table and pulls out a sketchbook. She pages through to some drawings of a dog playing at a park. They're good, but so focused on being realistic that they feel a little generic.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

I did these in Central Park last week.

ILANA

I've got an uncle in publishing. He's always open to picture book pitches.

HAZEL

No way. I'll have to come up with something!

ILANA

Now *there's* a situation where your voices might come in handy.

Hazel smiles as Ilana scooches closer. Ilana touches Hazel's cheek and moves in for a kiss.

Hazel keeps her eyes open for a few moments of it, then pulls away.

HAZEL

Wanna watch something?

Ilana looks frustrated.

ILANA

I've gotta be honest, this is starting to feel a little personal.

HAZEL

What do you mean?

ILANA

You crotch-called me wanting to have sex tonight, then you changed your mind, and now you won't even let me kiss you. What is going on?

HAZEL

I just -- I guess I'm not -- *out*. To everybody.

ILANA

Okay. Are you gay?

HAZEL

As the day is long.

ILANA

Cool, so you're out to me. You don't need to be out to anyone else but yourself.

HAZEL

Right, that's right.

Hazel brushes Ilana's hair from her face, continuing to talk herself down.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Like, why am I thinking about my dad right now? Stupid.

Ilana looks at Hazel like she's crazy.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
Not in a sexual way!

Hazel hurriedly kisses Ilana, and this time *Ilana* pulls away.

**EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT**

Hazel and Ilana stand outside Hazel's dingy brick apartment building. Hazel's in the doorway, Ilana on the steps.

HAZEL  
Please come back inside. No more voices. No more stuff about my homophobic dad.  
(Cookie Monster voice)  
No combination of the two.  
(Russian accent)  
Pinky promise, comrade.

ILANA  
I know we've hung out a few times now, but I'm at a place in my life where I need to be with someone who's comfortable with herself. *Happy* with herself. Because you deserve to be.

HAZEL  
I would be happy. If you'd just come back in.

ILANA  
That's not how being happy works, Hazel.

Hazel reaches out and hugs Ilana.

Ilana gives Hazel's shoulder a squeeze, then separates herself and heads down the street, leaving Hazel standing alone.

**INT. SUBWAY CAR (MOVING) - NEXT DAY**

Hazel rides the subway, scarfing down a bagel. Across the car from her, a man and a woman snuggle in their seats.

Hazel's phone VIBRATES with another call from "DAD". She declines it again.

When she looks back up at the couple, she sees the woman lean over to kiss the man.

Hazel shoves the rest of the bagel into her mouth and averts her eyes.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY**

Hazel sits a couple feet away from MASON (7), the boy she babysits. He grinds crayon into coloring book while she sketches.

ON HAZEL'S PAD: She's drawing a realistic rendering of Mason. She fixes one line, then chews her lip, studying her work.

HAZEL

Yo, Mason. Come over here. What do you think?

Mason peers over Hazel's shoulder.

MASON

It's illegal for you to draw me.

HAZEL

What?! No it's not. I'm your babysitter!

MASON

You gonna put me on a milk carton or something?

Hazel stares at him, horrified.

MASON (CONT'D)

'Cause if so, they'd totally be able to find me! Looks great!

HAZEL

Jesus Christ, Mason, you are so dark. How do you even know about kids on milk cartons, you're like, a minute old.

MASON

I was born in the wrong time. And I prefer to give interesting compliments.

HAZEL

I'm pretty sure you're gonna grow up to be a sociopath.

MASON

People don't grow up to be sociopaths, they just are ones.

HAZEL

No, something bad happens to them and *then* they become sociopaths.

MASON

So are you one?

HAZEL

Are you serious right now?

MASON

Sociopaths are anti-social. You never talk about friends. Or family. Or a boyfriend.

Hazel opens her mouth, then closes it again. Damn this kid has her number.

HAZEL

I'd love to redirect some of this creative energy into something constructive. I'm trying to come up with picture book ideas. You're a consumer, what are you looking for?

MASON

If I told you, I'd want an authorship credit.

HAZEL

That's... I mean yeah, that's fair. I don't know if I can bring a *child* to a pitch meeting, though.

MASON

If you wanna bounce ideas off me I can just give feedback.

HAZEL

Okay. A dog gets lost, looks everywhere--

MASON

Next.

HAZEL

"Next"? You can't just say next, I wasn't done.

MASON

Pitch didn't grab me.

HAZEL

Sometimes I hate you.

MASON

At least *you're* getting paid right now.

Mason grins at her, and Hazel grins back.

HAZEL

All right. I'll keep working on it.  
(then, another idea)  
Ohh, how about a--

MASON

NEXT!

**INT. HAZEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Hazel sits on the couch watching a NATURE DOCUMENTARY that features an adorable baby harp seal and its mother.

SERIOUS BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

The mother harp seal remains glued to her baby for twelve days after she gives birth, not even leaving to eat.

HAZEL

Awwww.

SERIOUS BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

But after that period, the mother is off to mate again, leaving the pup stranded. It will not develop the ability to swim for forty-five more days.

HAZEL

Wait, what?!

SERIOUS BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Thirty percent of pups will die.

HAZEL

Oh my *God!*

Suddenly there's a KNOCK at her door. Hazel stops the documentary and opens up to see her neighbor AUBREY (late 20s, infectious smile) standing there with a package.

AUBREY

Hey! Got another one accidentally delivered to me.

HAZEL

Thanks so much, sorry about that.

AUBREY  
It's not your fault. Wilson and  
Watson, poor mailman can't keep us  
straight.

Aubrey hands the package over to Hazel, whose face falls when  
she sees that it's from DAVID'S BRIDAL.

AUBREY (CONT'D)  
Everything okay?

HAZEL  
Oh, yeah. Anything from my dad  
stresses me out, and this is for  
his wedding.

AUBREY  
My dad's a lot to deal with, too.  
If you ever want talk anything  
through, I'm just a three doors and  
two letters away!

Hazel laughs way too loudly.

HAZEL  
Because... yeah, yeah I get it.  
That was good.

Aubrey laughs back, delighted.

AUBREY  
Have a good night!

Hazel quickly shuts the door and shakes her head at her  
awkwardness, then forces herself to rip open the package.

Inside is a BRIDESMAID DRESS from her dad, ridiculously  
frilly and an unflattering yellow color.

HAZEL  
Oh God.

**INT. HAZEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Hazel stands in front of the mirror. The yellow dress is way  
too small -- it won't zip all the way up.

HAZEL  
Oh God.

She reluctantly calls "DAD" and brings her phone to her ear.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - WORK-OUT ROOM - THAT MOMENT**

Gabe picks up. He's got a Fox News article open on his tablet while he jogs on a treadmill. He knocks the speed down to a walking pace.

His bulldog ROMNEY (you better believe he's named after Mitt) tongues a Kong in a nearby dog bed.

HAZEL

Hey Dad.

GABE

Hello, Hazel.

HAZEL

Hi.

GABE

You said that.

She mouths "yikes" to herself.

HAZEL

So, uh, I'm a *bridesmaid*?

Gabe wipes his brow with a towel.

GABE

That's why I've been trying to call you all month. We decided that we'd love to have you in the wedding party.

HAZEL

But -- I mean Dad, I've never even *met* her. You only started dating--

GABE

Eight months ago. Stranger things have happened. And you know, if there's anyone you'd like to bring home, as a date, I'm sure I can add him to your flight on Saturday.

Hazel blinks at her reflection.

HAZEL

No thank you.

An awkward silence falls.

GABE

How does the dress fit?

HAZEL  
It's tiny, I mean, a tiny bit  
small.

GABE  
Bee insisted you try it on there so  
you could go in for any alterations  
it needs. We want maximum family  
time while you're here.

HAZEL  
"Family time"?

GABE  
Yes. Time with the family. Charge  
my Amex and make sure you pack it.

HAZEL  
Okay.

GABE  
I'm... I'm excited to see you.

HAZEL  
Me... me as well.

GABE  
Do you need a ride from the  
airport?

HAZEL  
Jenny will get me.

GABE  
Great.

Silence falls again.

GABE (CONT'D)  
I'll see you soon.

HAZEL  
Yeah. Bye Dad.

**INT. DAVID'S BRIDAL - NEXT DAY**

A FEMALE EMPLOYEE (30s) leads Hazel through racks of dresses.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE  
Alterations aren't the answer, we  
need to get you the same dress in a  
larger size. The one you have is  
just way too small.  
(MORE)

FEMALE EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Really, it's *minuscule* on you! Like it belongs to a doll inst--

HAZEL

Uh-huh, we're on the same page.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

So who's getting married?!

HAZEL

My dad. To a woman I've never even seen.

(admitting)

Not that I've really made much of an effort.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

Maybe it'll be fun, help you guys reconnect! Weddings are so special. They have this incredible way of bringing everyone together.

The Female Employee grabs a larger version of the yellow dress and holds it up to Hazel by a mirror.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

So much better, right?

Hazel forces a smile at her reflection.

HAZEL

Totally.

**INT. LYFT (MOVING) - DAY**

Hazel sits in a Lyft with her suitcase beside her. She stares at her boarding pass on her phone: "LGA to OAK". She sips a White Claw wrapped in a paper bag, attempting to take the edge off the reality of traveling home.

Her phone rings with an incoming FaceTime call from "JENNY".

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. JENNY'S ANCIENT HATCHBACK (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT**

JENNY GUZMAN (late 20s, Hazel's cousin, stoner with a big heart) drives with one hand and smokes a joint with the other.

JENNY

What's up cuzzzz?! Just finished teaching my last class and now it's SPRING BREAK, baby! So psyched for you to get home to B-Town!

HAZEL

Berkeleyyyyy, B-B-B-B-B-Towwwwn!

JENNY

Hold up, have you been drinking?

HAZEL

Nope.

JENNY

Really? Because you're giving off a strong drunk-Hazel vibe.

HAZEL

Unsubstantiated allegations.

JENNY

No judgement here girl, I just hope you're stopping at three Claws. After that you get pre-tty wild.

Hazel glances into the open backpack at her feet. Close to a dozen empty Claw cans already rattle inside. Uh-oh.

HAZEL

Totally, anything more than that would be EXCESSIVE!

**EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - DAY**

Hazel lugs her suitcase out of the Lyft and makes a beeline for a TRASH CAN, which she dumps all the empty White Claw cans into. A TSA Agent on a smoke break raises his eyebrows at her. Hazel laughs nervously.

HAZEL

Already ditched my liquids before security, you're welcome!

**INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT SECURITY - SCREENING - DAY**

Hazel sways slightly in line for security. The guy in front of her moves up. It's now Hazel's turn to organize her belongings to be X-rayed, but she's a little too sloshed to fully focus. A FEMALE TSA AGENT notices.

FEMALE TSA AGENT

Large electronics need to come out.

Hazel thinks for a moment, then dumps her AirPods into their own plastic bin, which she pushes down the line.

FEMALE TSA AGENT (CONT'D)  
No, that's not... okay.

Hazel puts her phone in another all by itself and slides it down. Seeing the guy in front of her take off his jacket, Hazel peels off her own sweatshirt and goes right for the next layer underneath, pulling it up to reveal her bra.

FEMALE TSA AGENT (CONT'D)  
Miss... Miss!

She gestures for Hazel to cover herself.

FEMALE TSA AGENT (CONT'D)  
Just the outer layer. Please.

HAZEL  
But nine-eleven...

FEMALE TSA AGENT  
*Excuse me?!*

**ADJACENT TO THIS PASSENGER SECURITY LINE** is the one for pilots and crew. A female flight attendant named WALLIS SCHAFER (early 40s, all smile lines and curls) spots Hazel and the Female TSA Agent and picks up bits of what's being said--

HAZEL  
But is an aerosol technically a liquid or a gas?!

FEMALE TSA AGENT  
You are *really* cruising for a random selection right now.

HAZEL  
I'm so sorry, I'm just genuinely curious!

Seeing how badly this young woman is struggling, Wallis crosses over into the regular line.

WALLIS  
Hey Monica, I've got this one.

The Female TSA Agent shakes her head and turns away.

WALLIS (CONT'D)  
(to Hazel)  
Hey hon, I'm Wallis.

Hazel looks like a puppy who just peed on the carpet.

HAZEL

Hi. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to cause a problem... I think I drank too much.

(then, quietly)

Turns out there are still laws when you're drinking Claws.

WALLIS

It's all right, here, let's get you organized...

Wallis reaches over to rearrange Hazel's bins.

Hazel stares at her open-mouthed, like this woman is a beautiful guardian angel -- because she basically is.

**INT. OTHER SIDE OF AIRPORT SECURITY - LATER**

Wallis watches as Hazel puts her shoes back on.

HAZEL

You totally saved my butt. Can I get you a drink or something to thank you?

(realizing)

I won't be drinking anything else, obviously.

WALLIS

(laughing)

I'm flying in a bit, but I'd be up for a coffee.

**INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT TERMINAL - COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Hazel and Wallis sit across from each other drinking from coffee cups. Hazel's still-intoxicated brain pieces things together.

HAZEL

So you must've been in the crew line, but you still stopped to help me. That was so nice of you, you didn't have to do that!

WALLIS

It was my pleasure.  
(gestures at uniform)  
Helping is my job.

HAZEL

On the plane though, right?

WALLIS

I don't see it that way.

Wallis smiles and takes another sip.

WALLIS (CONT'D)

Where are you headed?

HAZEL

Bay Area, to visit family. I'm kinda dreading it, honestly.

WALLIS

No kidding, I'm headed to the Bay Area as well!

HAZEL

For a layover? Or... how long do flight attendants usually stay somewhere?

WALLIS

It's actually my new-ish home base! My son moved to San Francisco and I wanted to be closer to him. I like it a lot so far.

HAZEL

That's sweet that you moved for your son.

WALLIS

So tell me, what drove you to drink so much before making it through security? People usually wait until they hit the Wolfgang Puck. I'm honestly shocked that place hasn't lost its liquor license.

Hazel takes a long sip of coffee and stares at the table.

HAZEL

This girl I really liked basically told me I'm not "out" enough. I'm just... not really where I want to be. Where I *need* to be. In any aspect of my life.

WALLIS

You'll get through it. Share yourself with the world, and someone wonderful will want to share themselves back. I promise.

Hazel looks up and locks eyes with her. There's a spark here.

HAZEL

If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were coming onto me... kidding! Kidding! Totally kiddin--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT TERMINAL - BATHROOM - DAY**

Hazel and Wallis make out in a one-stall bathroom! Hazel is *going for it*, still a little drunk, thrilled to be wanted.

HAZEL

(between kisses)

I wasn't kidding...

She presses Wallis up against the wall and moves her hand down the curves of her body. Wallis reaches to pull Hazel's shirt off when suddenly--

PA ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)

This is the final boarding call for flight two-eight-three to Oakland, California.

HAZEL

Shit. That's me.

The women disentangle themselves. Hazel shoulders her backpack, but looks reluctant to go.

WALLIS

It's okay hon. You don't want to miss your flight.

HAZEL

It -- it was great meeting you. Have a nice visit home.

WALLIS

Right back at you. I hope it goes better than you're expecting it to.

Hazel grabs the handle of her suitcase and turns for the door... then back to Wallis.

HAZEL

This might be weird, but, um, thank you. This is the first time I've ever done anything like this. And I think it's because you made me feel so... okay.

Wallis smiles her infectious smile.

WALLIS

Plus you're still a teensy bit drunk, which never hurts.

**INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT TERMINAL - JETWAY - DAY**

Hazel hustles down the jetway, shaking her head as she replays the interaction.

HAZEL

(muttering to herself)

"Thank you"?

But then she can't help but break into a smile. It felt so good to do something fun, something that made her feel a little less alone.

She takes out her phone, navigates to Facebook, types in "WALLIS"... then stops. She doesn't even know the woman's last name.

Hazel SIGHS and puts her phone away. Oh well.

**EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT / INT. JENNY'S HATCHBACK (MOVING) - DAY**

Hazel climbs into the passenger's seat of her cousin Jenny's ancient, low-to-the-ground ride.

JENNY

Cuzzzzzzzzzz!

HAZEL

Jennnyyyyyyy!

Jenny pulls out from the curb and looks over to assess Hazel.

JENNY

Dude. What happened?

HAZEL

What do you mean?

JENNY

Something happened! I can see it on your face! Dare I say, a *glow* of sorts?!

HAZEL

There's no glow. It's just skincare.

JENNY

You do not do skincare.

HAZEL

Maybe I started!

JENNY

HAZEL!

HAZEL

JENNY!

JENNY

SHARE!

HAZEL

Okay, fine! I hooked up with someone!

JENNY

YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

Jenny throws her hands up in celebration, causing her to stray from her lane. A car HONKS. Jenny realizes her error and regains control of the car.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Whoops! THIS IS AMAZING! Who. When? Where? HOW?!

HAZEL

I lied and definitely drank more than three Claws. I was los-ing it at security and this flight attendant stepped in to help me.

JENNY

That is the most rom-com shit I've ever heard!

HAZEL

She was really cool. She said this thing, "Share yourself with the world."

JENNY

GAAAY!

HAZEL

Oh my fucking God.

JENNY

I'm kidding, I'm so sorry, you know  
I'm kidding.

HAZEL

I've been dreading this trip  
because my dad still believes me  
being a lesbian was a one-time  
thing when I was twelve. But I  
think... I'm finally gonna come out  
to him.

JENNY

YES! GOD! FIN-AL-LY!

Jenny rummages in the glove compartment.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I am so proud of you. Making out  
with a flight attendant, deciding  
to come out to your pops, this is  
cause for celebration.

Jenny's paying no attention to the road and the car swerves a  
bit again.

HAZEL

Can I help with...

But Jenny has found what she's looking for: a BIG-ASS DOOBIE.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Thanks, but no thanks.

Jenny shrugs and lights it for herself.

**EXT. GABE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY**

Jenny parks in front of a two-story house with wood shingles  
and exits the car with Hazel.

Jenny's mom/Hazel's aunt ALISON (50s, perm that belongs in  
the 1980s and gel flip-flops that belong in the early 2000s)  
sits on the porch with a sun reflector, trying to bounce as  
much weak Bay Area sun as possible onto her bosom.

Beside her sits her mother-in-law/Jenny's grandmother on her dad's side, MARIANNA GUZMAN (80s, quick-witted and spry).

ALISON

Yayyy! The giiirls have arrrrrived!

Both Alison and Marianna stand and the two sets of women embrace. Alison holds Hazel to her very firm chest.

HAZEL

(muffled)

Great to see you, Auntie Alison.

ALISON

Oh this is perfect, you came just in time, I can spill the tea while it's still pipin' hot!

Alison finally lets go.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Marianna here is head over heels for a veteran in her home!

Marianna SMACKS Alison's shoulder good-naturedly.

MARIANNA

Don't call it a "home" to my face! And I'm a grieving widow, not a schoolyard hussy.

JENNY

Speaking of schoolyard hussies, Hazel *kissed somebody* at the airport!

ALISON

WHAT?!

HAZEL

(quietly)

Jenny, *why?*

ALISON

Oh Hazel, was he handsome?! Can we invite him to the wedding?! I'm sure your dad would be thrilled to reinstate your plus-one!

Hazel hesitates...

HAZEL

It was actually a...

She loses her nerve. Everyone stares at her expectantly.

JENNY

If you're doing what I think you're doing, keep going.

MARIANNA

Who was it?

ALISON

(concerned)

It wasn't an emotional support animal, was it?

JENNY

Mom, are you suggesting Hazel frenched a dog?

ALISON

Well she trailed off! Are "hairies" still a thing?

JENNY

*Furries.*

(to Hazel)

Now what you were going to say will sound *beyond* normal.

Hazel steels herself.

HAZEL

It was a she, not a he.

Alison looks surprised for a moment. She recovers, but still looks a little uncomfortable.

ALISON

(forced)

That is some big, big news!

MARIANNA

(genuine)

I'm happy for you, Hazel.

JENNY

(close eye on Alison)

Yes, we are all VERY HAPPY and VERY SUPPORTIVE!

HAZEL

Thanks, guys. Just please keep it on the down low for now. I'm gonna find a time to tell my dad myself.

ALISON

This is one piece of gossip I don't think my brother will want to hear from me. It'll be fine, though. Probably. Bee really has made him less grouchy!

HAZEL

Really?

Alison nods vigorously, and Hazel allows herself to look cautiously hopeful.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Hazel, Jenny, Alison, and Marianna go inside, where Gabe makes breakfast with his brother-in-law/Hazel's uncle VICTOR (50s, man of few words; his wife Alison has enough for both of them).

Romney the bulldog waddles right for Hazel, very excited to see her. Hazel kneels down to pet him, grateful to delay the reunion with her dad.

HAZEL

Romney! You're all grown up, huh bud?

Hazel sees Gabe's loafers approaching. She stands, and he lifts his arms slightly. She looks surprised... but lets the hug happen.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Hi, Dad.

GABE

It's good to see you, Hazel.

They step back from each other. Gabe smooths down his fleece awkwardly.

GABE (CONT'D)

I, um, like the hair.

HAZEL

Thanks. I know you've always liked it longer.

GABE

This is... nice. If you're happy with it.

He and Hazel notice that the entire family is watching them, seemingly rooting for them to get along. Finally Victor steps forward.

VICTOR  
Welcome home, Hazel.

HAZEL  
Thanks, Uncle Victor.

VICTOR  
How is everything going in the Big Apple? Any traction with your art?

HAZEL  
Right now I'm working on a picture book pitch to share with a publisher.

ALISON  
How cool!

GABE  
That's great.

Hazel smiles, relieved to have made it through a positive reunion.

Just then Gabe lights up at someone who has just entered the room behind Hazel.

GABE (CONT'D)  
My Wallaby! Hazel's here!

ALISON  
(to Hazel)  
Oh, you are going to *love* Bee.

Hazel turns around to see none other than *Wallis* standing in the doorway to the living room.

Hazel blinks to make sure her eyes aren't playing tricks on her. Nope. *Wallis* is still there.

GABE  
Bee, meet my daughter Hazel. Hazel, meet my fiancé Bee.

Hazel tries her best to keep her jaw from fully dropping.

*Wallis* is Bee.

Gabe's fiancé.

Hazel's soon-to-be step-mom.

*Yiikes.*

Hazel and Bee stare at each other, both trying to hide their horror and shock. Bee is doing a better job than Hazel is.

The family looks from woman to woman, unclear on what's happening.

Finally Bee breaks eye contact with Hazel and smiles at Gabe.

BEE

I'm sorry, I'm being so rude. Hazel just looks different from all the pictures I've seen.

She gestures to a PHOTO posted on the fridge of early high school Hazel standing awkwardly beside her father. Hazel has long, flowing hair.

HAZEL

(raspy)

I-I cut my hair a little while ago.

Jenny looks at Hazel strangely.

JENNY

You need some water, girl?

Hazel waves her off.

BEE

(to Hazel)

Well I think it looks great.

Hazel forces herself to blink and smile back at Bee.

HAZEL

Thank you.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Hazel sits on a couch looking shell-shocked between Gabe and Bee. Victor, Marianna, and Jenny sit on another couch opposite them.

The family is playing charades, and Alison's up. She mimics arguing with someone, then turns around to play the *other* person who argues back.

VICTOR

Argument!

JENNY  
She said it's a movie.

MARIANNA  
There are arguments in every movie!

ALISON  
Not like this one!

JENNY  
You can't *talk*, Mom!

Alison mimics holding her hands to her chest, pining.

VICTOR  
Sad?

JENNY  
Romeo and Juliet.

MARIANNA  
That's a play!

JENNY  
Oh my God!

Jenny's phone RINGS with the timer.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Great. We didn't even get one.

Alison shakes her head at her team.

ALISON  
It was *Titanic*!

VICTOR  
How was that *Titanic*?

Jenny eyes her grandmother, who looks like she's gearing up to say something.

JENNY  
(to Marianna)  
Do not say that was a boat. It's a movie, abuelita.

MARIANNA  
(not convinced)  
Mm-hm.

Alison sits down on the arm of the couch.

ALISON

First I was Leo and Kate arguing about who gets to float on the piece of wood, and then I was old Kate clutching the necklace I was painted naked wearing.

VICTOR

Oh. Wow, I did not get any of that.

JENNY

What about miming "I'm king of the world"? AKA the most iconic scene from *Titanic*?

ALISON

Well I think that's certainly up for debate.

JENNY

(to Hazel)

Ugh. You guys are up.

BEE

I'll go!

Hazel watches with dread as Bee stands and picks a slip of paper. Bee reads it, then puts it down and mimes cranking an old movie camera.

GABE

Movie.

Bee touches a finger to her nose.

GABE (CONT'D)

Nose?

HAZEL

She's saying you got it right.

Bee holds up four fingers.

GABE

Four words. First word is...

Bee mimes making out with someone. Hazel looks horrified.

GABE (CONT'D)

Kiss. Embrace.

Okay, Bee is now full-on gyrating. Hazel wishes for death.

GABE (CONT'D)

Sex!

(to Hazel)

That was so clear, why aren't you guessing these?

Bee holds up the number four.

HAZEL

F-fourth word.

Bee mimes having a roof over her head.

GABE

House? Sex house? Sex cave!

(to Hazel)

What do you think?!

Jenny is dying laughing. Bee side-steps, miming house after house.

GABE (CONT'D)

Street. Neighborhood. CITY! SEX AND THE CITY!

Bee touches her nose and goes to pick up the next slip of paper. Gabe looks at Hazel, irritated.

GABE (CONT'D)

How did you not get that? You wasted most of your adolescence watching that crap.

Hazel folds in on herself even more.

HAZEL

Guess I'm just really bad at charades.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT**

Hazel and Jenny stand across from each other in a second-story guest room.

A poster of Bob Dylan is hung up, a stack of middle school textbooks from the class Jenny teaches sits on a desk, and the closet is populated by Jenny's clothes.

HAZEL

Looks like you've already made yourself at home for the week.

JENNY

Dude, what's up? You are *the best* at charades. One time you got "She's the Man" just from me pointing at myself.

HAZEL

I mean, that was pretty clear.

JENNY

What is going on with you?! You know I'll get it out of you. The question is whether you share now or later, after I've called you out in front of everyone else! My mom'll probably go live on Insta, she just learned how!

Hazel swallows.

HAZEL

Remember how I told you I made out with someone at the airport?

JENNY

Vividly.

HAZEL

Okay. Well. That person...  
(then)  
Was *Bee*.

Jenny blinks at Hazel. Then bursts out laughing.

JENNY

Oh my God, you are still so bad at messing with people! You have to pick something that might *actually* be believable, I can't even--

HAZEL

Jenny. I am dead. Serious.

Jenny stops laughing and actually takes in how upset and scared her cousin looks.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

She was the flight attendant! But she introduced herself as Wallis, not "Wallaby" or "Bee"...

Hazel trails off helplessly.

JENNY

Oh my God. You're dead serious.

HAZEL

Yes! Unfortunately, yes! Is this all a bad dream? Will I wake up soon?!

Hazel pinches herself, then reaches over to pinch Jenny.

JENNY

OW! What are you doing?!

HAZEL

I don't know! I'm desperate!

JENNY

How could this have happened? Haven't you seen any photos of her?!

HAZEL

No! I haven't even spoken to my dad in like, months. "Irish Catholics don't do feelings" -- he'd rather talk to a bottle than to me. Plus it seems like things have moved *super fast* between them.

Hazel gestures at a PHOTO on the wall of her eight-year-old self beside Jenny and the rest of the family on a field (Gabe holds a soccer ball), then at another framed SELF-PORTRAIT Hazel did as a tween of herself with much longer hair.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

And whatever pictures Dad showed her don't look anything like me!

Jenny shakes her head in disbelief.

JENNY

You have to say something. Uncle Gabe -- your dad -- is about to marry this cheater in *six days!*

HAZEL

I haven't talked to him about anything since my mom died two decades ago! How am I supposed to bring something like *this* up?!

Hazel struggles to suck in enough oxygen.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Plus, he seems a tiny bit... *nicer*.  
I've been home for multiple hours  
and I haven't seen him with a  
scotch yet. He *hugged* me.

JENNY

Hazel. This is HUGE. You've gotta  
at least feel him out.

Hazel stares at the ground, a knot growing in the pit of her  
stomach.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - GABE'S STUDY - LATER**

Hazel sits across from Gabe in his study. Everything seems to  
be made out of oak and dark leather. A portrait of Ronald  
Reagan hangs on the wall.

HAZEL

(re: portrait)

I see you got a new one.

GABE

The other's in my office at the  
business school. Need to keep up my  
conservative brand. The university  
pays me for my "diverse"  
perspective!

(then)

What did you want to tell me?

HAZEL

Dad, before I came here, I...

(then)

Sorry, I'm gonna need a drink for  
this.

Her eyes instinctively move to a glass-fronted cupboard to  
Gabe's left... which is completely empty.

GABE

I don't keep anything in the house  
anymore. Off the sauce, can you  
believe it? Bee helped get me  
there.

HAZEL

T-that's great.

GABE

I'm, well, I'm sorry that my drinking hurt our relationship at times. After your mom died, I let it get a little out of hand.

Hazel swallows, unsure whether it's okay to agree with this.

GABE (CONT'D)

You can go ahead and say whatever you've got to say sober. Are you in some kind of trouble?

(joking)

Is it about a *boy*?

But Hazel has lost her nerve.

HAZEL

I, I just wanted to ask... if I could keep getting your help with rent. Since this pitch hasn't turned into anything yet.

GABE

You've been getting monthly direct deposits from me since college. Why are you suddenly all worked up?

Hazel forces a smile and shrugs, ashamed on so many levels.

HAZEL

Just my pride, I guess.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT**

Hazel reenters the room to find Jenny splayed out on the bed, scrolling through her phone.

HAZEL

I couldn't do it.

JENNY

Hazel!

HAZEL

He's not drinking anymore, there isn't even any alcohol in his office! *She* helped him do that.

JENNY

What happened to coming out to him? If this doesn't prove liking women wasn't a phase, I don't know what would.

HAZEL

This would be the *worst possible* way to come out! He made it very clear when I was twelve how embarrassed and ashamed he'd be to have a gay daughter.

JENNY

(realizing)

And if that gayness led to you blowing up his relationship, however accidental...

HAZEL

Exactly. Whatever happened with me, Bee's clearly good for my dad. I just need to keep a low profile. Survive the week. *Please*, promise you won't say anything.

Jenny pauses. Then--

JENNY

Okay. It's not my secret to tell.

Hazel hugs her.

HAZEL

Thank you.

Jenny heads over to the couch by the window, which she cracks open. She puffs a joint out into the cool Berkeley air.

When she turns back, she sees that Hazel is staring at her.

JENNY

You want?

To her own surprise and Jenny's, Hazel reaches out to accept the joint. She takes a hit, coughs, then sits back on the couch.

HAZEL

It's fine. I'm gonna be fine. How hard can it be?

Jenny puffs the joint again, then hands it back to Hazel. Hazel breathes in deeper this time, hands it back, and closes her eyes.

POV HAZEL as she opens them again: Spots of colors and lights subtly become more noticeable as she looks out at the tree-filled neighborhood.

JENNY

Good, right?

Hazel nods.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY**

Hazel enters just as Romney finishes inhaling the last of his food. She kneels down to pet him.

HAZEL

Good breakfast, bud?

GABE (O.S.)

He'll eat anything, including one of my cufflinks the other month. Came out bright gold.

Hazel looks up to see that Gabe stands by the breakfast table. He holds out a gift card.

Bee sits at the table wearing a look of pure dread -- she already knows what's coming.

GABE (CONT'D)

I was brainstorming activities for you gals and remembered my finance students talking about this Korean spa place in Oakland.

When neither Hazel nor Bee respond, Gabe keeps going, still holding out the card to Hazel.

GABE (CONT'D)

You ladies love to get pampered, right? This will give you a chance to bond.

Finally Hazel takes the gift card from him.

HAZEL

Thank you.

Just then Alison walks in and sees what Hazel's holding.

ALISON

O-M-G, you're going to Banya? Did you know--

**INT. "BANYA" KOREAN SPA - LOBBY - DAY**

Hazel and Bee accept plastic flip-flops from the HOSTESS behind the spa's front desk.

HOSTESS  
No clothing inside the spa.

Hazel and Bee stare at her, both praying they misheard.

HAZEL  
I'm sorry, did you say "no"--

BEE  
As in none, at all...

HOSTESS  
(are you stupid)  
Clothes.

So they're about to be butt-naked in front of each other.

**INT. "BANYA" KOREAN SPA - POOLS - MOMENTS LATER**

Hazel and Bee are (tastefully shot) completely nude and seated in the same small pool. It's extremely awkward.

BEE  
The water is remarkably clear.

Hazel glances down at it, then snaps her neck right back up.

HAZEL  
(Dracula voice)  
Yes, yes it is.

BEE  
What was that?

HAZEL  
Sorry, I kinda do voices when I'm nervous.

Silence falls again... until Hazel can't take it anymore.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
I just need to know for sure. Did you know who I was?

BEE  
I swear I didn't. I never would have done that.

HAZEL  
Well, you still, I mean... why *did* you do it? Cheat on my dad? Is he your... beard?

BEE

I'm bisexual, but it had *nothing* to do with that. I really do love your father.

(then)

I suppose I'm not the first person to do something completely stupid a week before my wedding. But now that it's *me* who did the completely stupid thing, it somehow feels extra completely stupid.

More silence as the women struggle to figure out how to possibly interact with each other.

HAZEL

It couldn't have come out of nowhere. Were you having second thoughts or something?

BEE

No, it was truly just an off day. I was feeling lonely and insecure, just like you were. I'm one hundred percent certain that I want to marry him.

Hazel thinks this over.

HAZEL

You guys do seem good together. You've chilled him out a little.

BEE

Yes. Yes, I think so.

HAZEL

So, just so you know, since you're sure you want to go through with this -- I'm keeping what happened to myself. My dad doesn't even know I'm gay.

BEE

Really?

HAZEL

Yeah, really. Have you *met* him?

BEE

He knows about my orientation.

This hits Hazel pretty hard.

HAZEL

Wow. Okay.

BEE

He really doesn't know his own  
daughter's?

Hazel shakes her head.

BEE (CONT'D)

Have you...

HAZEL

I'd really rather not get into it,  
if that's okay.

BEE

Okay. It's just a bit of a shock.

HAZEL

All of this is a bit of a shock.

Just then a female employee gestures for them to get out of their pool.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Oh... we have to move onto the next  
pool already?

The female employee gestures more aggressively. Bee stands and Hazel shields her eyes -- then sees that a large group of much older, naked women are approaching their pool.

Hazel is forced to stand and follow Bee, covering as many bits of herself as possible.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Hazel, Jenny, Alison, Victor, Marianna, and Bee gather on the couch in front of the TV. Gabe pops a disc into the DVD player.

GABE

Bee had all the old VHS tapes  
transferred so we could watch home  
videos.

Alison CLAPS with excitement. Gabe sits down with the remote and navigates to play "1997".

ON SCREEN: Toddler Hazel and Jenny giggle as they ricochet around the same living room that the family sits in now.

JENNY  
Awww it's us, Hazel!

All of sudden Toddler Hazel gets a serious look on her face. She abandons her playmate and retreats under the coffee table. Toddler Jenny looks puzzled.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Oh my God, privacy poo!

HAZEL  
*What?*

ALISON  
That's right, she always did that!

JENNY  
If you had to go, you would retreat  
*so hard* from whatever you were  
doing!

Everyone but Hazel laughs at the memory, including Bee.

On screen, Toddler Jenny tries to wiggle under the table to join Toddler Hazel.

TODDLER JENNY (FROM SCREEN)  
Why you under here?

TODDLER HAZEL (FROM SCREEN)  
Go AWAY!

Back in the present-day living room, Gabe chuckles.

GABE  
No need to be embarrassed, everyone  
poops.

Finally Hazel lets herself smile, then laugh at her overly-serious younger self shoving her cousin away on screen.

HAZEL  
You did *not* know when to back off.

JENNY  
Still don't!

For a moment the entire family is smiling and laughing... until Hazel's mom NAOMI (30s, the human embodiment of sunshine) enters the home video's frame. Cameraman Gabe trains the lens on her.

GABE (O.S., FROM SCREEN)  
Hello there.

NAOMI (FROM SCREEN)

Oh hellooo!

Naomi mugs and vamps for the camera. Toddler Hazel excitedly climbs out from under the table, grabs a piece of paper, and hands it to Naomi.

Camera zooms in to show that it's an EARLY DRAWING of Hazel's that features unrealistic, creepy-cute, long-legged hairy monsters.

NAOMI (FROM SCREEN) (CONT'D)

Beautiful! Look at those long legs.  
Bet they're fast huh?

Toddler Hazel nods solemnly, still holding it out for her mom to take.

NAOMI (FROM SCREEN) (CONT'D)

For me? I love i--

CLICK. The TV screen goes dark.

Everyone looks over to see that Gabe's hand is shaking around the remote, his face ashen at the sight of his late wife. He clears his throat.

GABE

Sorry. I forgot... I forgot she was  
on that one.

Nobody else knows if they should say something, much less *what*. Bee puts her hand on Gabe's. Hazel looks down at the carpet.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - SECOND STORY BALCONY - NIGHT**

Hazel closes the bathroom door and pads back toward her childhood bedroom-turned-guest-room.

BEE (O.S.)

(hushed)

Gabriel, I am *serious*.

Curious, Hazel peers down from the balcony, from which she can see a small patch of the first-story kitchen.

**BELOW:** Gabe pours himself a glass of scotch. Bee stands behind him, hands on hips.

GABE

I haven't had a glass in months,  
all right?

BEE  
My point exactly!

Gabe spins around and takes a big sip right in Bee's face.

GABE  
Okay? Did the world end? Christ.

BEE  
Gabriel?

Gabe's face slowly crumples at his actions and the weight of the day. Bee holds her hand out like a disappointed parent.

BEE (CONT'D)  
Gabe.

Gabe hands the still-full glass to her. Bee tosses it into the sink, then wraps her fiancé in her arms.

**ABOVE:** Hazel tears her gaze away and walks back to her room, disturbed.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NEXT DAY**

We're close on Hazel's face as Jenny's hands play with Hazel's hair, framing it this way and that. Hazel has her eyes closed.

HAZEL  
What are you doing with it?

JENNY (O.S.)  
Don't worry about it! Keep 'em shut!

Suddenly Hazel hears a loud BUZZ and her eyes flash open.

HAZEL  
NO!

JENNY (O.S.)  
No sudden movements!

HAZEL  
I did not give you verbal consent to *shave* me!

WIDEN TO REVEAL that Jenny has indeed shaved the back of Hazel's head. Hazel sits with her back to the mirror.

Jenny's own hair is wrangled into a pony-hawk (à la American Idol's Sanjaya). Both women are dressed to go out -- Jenny in a jumpsuit and Hazel in jeans and a blazer.

JENNY

Your hair gave me verbal consent.  
Close them!

Hazel grudgingly closes her eyes. Jenny spikes Hazel's hair.

HAZEL

What kind of product are you using?

JENNY

Can you please just be a little  
more zen about this make-over?  
You're gonna love it.

HAZEL

But it feels like *gel*, like sixth  
grade, looked-it-up-online-years-  
later-and-it-definitely-causes-  
cancer gel.

JENNY

I'm making you look *awesome*. Okay,  
open!

Hazel does... and is dismayed.

HAZEL

I look like an eight year old boy  
in 2003.

JENNY

But in a good way, right?!

HAZEL

In a GAY way! My dad's gonna hate  
it!

ALISON (O.S.)

Girls, hurry up!

JENNY

Too late to change it let's go!

Hazel takes one last look at her reflection and follows Jenny  
out of the room.

HAZEL

Why is Bee's son planning the  
bachelorette party again?

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hazel and Jenny walk in to find Bee, Alison, and Marianna gathered around COLLIN (early 20s, bedazzled bomber jacket, twink with major cruise ship host energy).

COLLIN  
Hi hi hiiiiiii!

He yanks Hazel and Jenny into a quick group hug, then steps back to fully take them both in.

COLLIN (CONT'D)  
Jenny, yes? And Hazel! Um, STEP-SISTER MUCH?!

HAZEL  
Yeah, that's um, me.

COLLIN  
I love it. Oh my God. So excited for tonight. Are you excited?!

JENNY  
Hell yes!

Collin rummages in a bag and starts handing out printed tank tops. Bee's reads "I'M THE BRIDE, BITCH" and everyone else's say "BRIDE OR DIE".

ALISON  
These are *perfection!*

Alison tosses a hot pink boa around her neck.

ALISON (CONT'D)  
I am ready to parrrr-tayyyy!

MARIANNA  
Give me one of those.

COLLIN  
You got it, babe!

Collin tosses Marianna a boa, then drapes a couple around Jenny and Hazel. Just then a KNOCK sounds on the open door.

GABE (O.S.)  
Everybody decent?

BEE  
Yes, hon.

Hazel shoots Jenny a look re: Collin. Hazel can't imagine her dad reacting very well to how out and proud he is.

HAZEL  
(quietly)  
This should be good.

Gabe walks in and raises his eyebrows at Hazel's hair.

GABE  
Did you do something new there?

HAZEL  
Um, Jenny did.

Hazel swallows, but Gabe just nods... then turns and smiles warmly at Collin.

GABE  
Hey buddy, bring it in here!

Gabe pulls Collin into a *hug* -- a quick man-hug, but a hug nonetheless. Hazel blinks, surprised. Jenny looks pointedly at Hazel: *see, he's changed!*

COLLIN  
Liv-ing for that shirt, Gabe! The Brawny man called, he's pissed you stole his look!

Gabe looks down at his shirt, pleased.

GABE  
Why thank you. How's the dance studio going?

COLLIN  
Enrollment is sky-rock-et-ing. I think the kids have a shot at State this year! I can honestly say it *literally* all hinges on Sarah L.'s ability to moonwalk by the end of April.

To Hazel's continued shock, Gabe smiles through his poor understanding of Collin's answer.

GABE  
I'm thrilled for you and wish Sarah L. all the best.

COLLIN  
Thanks, "Pop"!

Bee comes over to put an arm around her son and gestures at her shirt.

BEE

These are great, Collin. And you remembered our rule, right? No...

BEE (CONT'D)  
Strippers.

COLLIN  
Strippers!

**INT. ART STUDIO - NIGHT**

A MALE MODEL lies across a small, draped stage, fruit scattered all around him. He lifts himself up enough to take off his shirt, tosses it away, and reassumes the position.

WIDEN TO REVEAL that each bachelorette party guest sits behind an easel with a glass of wine. This is a sip and paint. Collin grins at Bee.

COLLIN

So there's kiiind of a stripper.

Bee takes a big sip of wine, squints at the model's newly-nude torso, and carefully adds a nipple to her painting.

BEE

You know what, I'll allow it.

COLLIN

Nice attention to detail!

Meanwhile Hazel frowns from her meticulous pencil sketch of the model wearing a shirt to the model who is no longer wearing a shirt. Her drawing is good: still realistic, but with slightly more stylized proportions.

Collin comes to look over Hazel's shoulder.

COLLIN (CONT'D)

Whoa, you are *really* good!

BEE

(calling over)

She's a professional artist.

Alison leans way back in her seat to check out Hazel's work.

ALISON

Ooh-la-la, you capture the male form so well, you'd never know--

JENNY

Mom.

Alison winks and goes back to her own painting. Hazel takes a big gulp of wine.

COLLIN

(to Hazel)

It's super cool that you're an artist! If you wanna get out ahead of it, I think it's safe to assume the pants will be removed in like T-minus five minutes.

Hazel glances over at Bee, who's back to painting and chatting with Alison.

HAZEL

(to Collin)

How do you and your mom... I mean, enjoying a stripper together, you guys must be super close.

Collin grins and plops down beside her.

COLLIN

Total trial by fire. My adoptive mom left us when I was only five.

HAZEL

Oh my God, I'm so sorry.

COLLIN

Don't be. We became best friends after that. She was already a flight attendant, so she taught my classes in terminals and I did my homework at thirty-six thousand feet.

HAZEL

Are you serious?

COLLIN

Looking back, it was crazy. When I went to public high school I was *ahead* of everybody, too! And somehow she made it to almost every single one of my diving meets.

HAZEL

She's... a really special person.

Realizing how earnest this came out, Hazel takes another huge sip of wine. Collin grabs a nearby bottle and tops her off.

COLLIN

When I moved to SF from Austin I was super worried about her. Then she followed me here -- she *always* needs somebody to take care of, even in her free time.

Hazel nods. Collin spots Bee helping Alison blend paints and laughs.

COLLIN (CONT'D)

See? Anyway, I figured I should find her somebody her own age, so I made her a Tinder account... enter your dad, who makes her really happy!

HAZEL

*Tinder?*

COLLIN

Yeah, Gen X is weirdly classier about it.

Just then the model removes his pants, sooner than expected.

HAZEL

Is my dad... always cool? About you being gay?

COLLIN

He gets a little overwhelmed sometimes, but I tend to have that effect on people. Thanks for breaking him in for me!

HAZEL

What do you mean?

COLLIN

Oh, sorry... you're gay too, right? The hair, your aunt, my beeping gaydar?

Hazel looks shocked.

HAZEL

Um, I... yeah. I'm just not that out. Especially to my dad.

COLLIN

Really? Wow, my bad. Here I was assuming he's chill.

HAZEL

It's fine. When I was a kid, he made it very clear that it wasn't okay. This one time...

Hazel stops herself, realizing she's not ready to share. She shrugs and drinks more instead.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Long story short, you'd think growing up in the Bay Area would've made me out and proud, but the place doesn't always matter--

COLLIN

It's more about the people.

HAZEL

Right. So my romantic life's pretty screwed.

Collin nods, sympathetic.

COLLIN

For whatever it's worth... I think you should try to have another conversation with him. I mean, he's marrying a bisexual woman.

HAZEL

But does he think your mom's bisexuality was "just a phase"?

Collin thinks this over.

COLLIN

I'm not actually sure.

HAZEL

I think the answer matters. A lot.

Just then Hazel and Collin see that the model is going for his underwear.

COLLIN

Oops, told him not to do that, give me one sec.

(hurrying over)

Luca. Luca, no full frontal!

**INT. THE CASTRO'S "THE LAST CALL" - NIGHT**

The party has migrated to a neon-lit, gay San Francisco bar. Everyone is gathered around a large punch bowl, sipping from their own straw.

ALISON

This is dangerous! How do I know  
how much I'm drinking?!

Alison almost falls off her chair and has to grab onto Jenny for support.

JENNY

I think it's safe to say "way too  
much"?

Hazel looks pretty wasted too, but she keeps sucking down more punch.

Just then THREE WOMEN in their 30s/early 40s approach the table. LAURIE and VIVIAN are a couple, and the other is a strikingly tall woman in cat eye glasses named NOELLE. Thrilled, Bee jumps up to greet them all.

BEE

You guys made it!

NOELLE

Hurried over from SFO as soon as I  
found out my crew was delayed!

LAURIE

We're sorry we missed the sip and  
paint, our babysitter was late.

VIVIAN

Hey Collin!

While Collin greets the women, Bee turns to the core group.

BEE

These are my college besties Laurie  
and Vivian, and my fellow flight  
attendant gal pal Noelle.

Greetings are MURMURED amongst all the women. Noelle plops herself down in the open seat beside Hazel.

NOELLE

How do you fit into this wild  
bunch?

This suddenly feels like a big question for Hazel. She scrambles to string together a coherent answer.

HAZEL

I'm just, uh, the soon-to-be stepdaughter.

NOELLE

Great to meet you!

Bee points across the table at Laurie.

BEE

You pumped and dumped, right?

LAURIE

Benji is six!

BEE

You breastfed him for *four* of those years!

LAURIE

You are the worst!

Laurie downs a shot that Vivian passes her and raises the empty glass at Bee to prove her point.

As the older women joke around good-naturedly, Hazel continues to drink.

**INT. THE LAST CALL - DANCE FLOOR - LATER**

Music THUMPS. Drink in hand, Hazel dances opposite Jenny. What they lack in ability they make up for in over-the-top enthusiasm.

JENNY

YOU BETTA MAKE IT RAIN, HAZEL!

Hazel hands Jenny her drink and does the sprinkler move. She pretends to get "stuck" pointing at Collin.

COLLIN

Oh OKAY, you want me to come out there?!

Bee watches from the bar beside the other women as Collin shimmies out onto the dance floor to join Hazel and Jenny. Noelle laughs at the spectacle.

NOELLE

(quietly, to Bee)

Your stepdaughter is smoking hot.

On the floor, Collin grinds on Jenny while Hazel does the "shopping cart" dance move. Bee tries to play it very cool.

BEE

Is she?

NOELLE

She'd totally be your type, if she wasn't your fiancé's daughter.

Bee looks pale. Noelle smacks her on the arm playfully.

NOELLE (CONT'D)

Hey, lighten up! I'm just joking around!

Out on the dance floor, Jenny speaks into Hazel's ear.

JENNY

Ten o'clock, cute girl.

Hazel looks across the room. A CUTE GIRL is indeed talking with a couple friends. She stops to smile at Hazel, who awkwardly puts one more imaginary item in her cart and then stops dancing, self-conscious.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Thoughts?

HAZEL

She is cute, but I don't even know if she's gay.

JENNY

Hazel, we are in *The Castro*. How many more rainbow flags do you want?

It's true, there are a lot of rainbow flags hung up in here.

HAZEL

That could just be another slightly less festive bachelorette party with straight attendees.

JENNY

Please just say hi?

HAZEL

No, okay?  
(then)  
I'm sorry. I gotta pee.

Hazel hurries away.

**INT. THE LAST CALL - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - LATER**

Hazel pokes at her spiked hair in the mirror. Suddenly Bee enters.

BEE

Hey!

HAZEL

Hi. Are you having fun?

BEE

Absolutely, how about you?

(off Hazel's nod)

Noelle thinks you're cute.

Hazel doesn't return Bee's smile.

HAZEL

Bee... is my dad treating you okay?

Bee's smile disappears, too.

BEE

Of course.

HAZEL

I heard you guys arguing last night and it sounded kinda serious.

BEE

Oh, that. Just a little backslide. Your dad still overdoes it sometimes, but he's getting a lot better.

HAZEL

Okay. I just wanted to check.

Suddenly the bathroom door flies open and Alison (cosmo in hand) walks in accompanied by Jenny.

ALISON

(wasted)

What's going on in heeeere? Is Hazel coming out to you Bee?!

JENNY

MOM!

ALISON

Oh nooooooooo, I'm sorry! Shhhhhh!

HAZEL

It's fine, Auntie Alison. Bee already knows.

Alison throws an arm around Hazel.

ALISON

You think your daddy's bad, if your grandmother was still alive, WOOOOO-  
WEE! But I think it's so *exciting*  
to have a lesbian niece!

JENNY

(re: Alison's drink)  
*Do not* finish that.

ALISON

(to Hazel)  
When're you gonna tell him? Ooooh,  
Bee, you're half gay, maybe you  
could help her! Or half help her...

Jenny forcibly removes Alison's cosmo.

JENNY

I'm going to help you out by  
blaming your horrible phrasing on  
this beverage.

HAZEL

I'm not planning to tell him  
anymore, Auntie Alison.

Alison frowns.

ALISON

Oh. Really? Booooooo!

Hazel forces a smile.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NEXT DAY**

Hazel stirs in the bed beside Jenny to a KNOCK on the door.

GABE (O.S.)

Hazel?

Jenny groans and throws a pillow over her head as she rolls  
away from the sound.

Hazel struggles to sit up, rubbing her eyes. She's pretty  
damn hungover.

GABE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hazel, wake up.

Hazel pads to the door and opens it. Gabe is suited up in full athletic apparel.

HAZEL  
(whispering)  
What?

GABE  
I thought we could go for a run.

HAZEL  
It's seven in the morning after the bachelor and bachelorette parties.

GABE  
And the Wilson Family Soccer Cup is fast approaching!

HAZEL  
Are we actually doing that?

GABE  
It's a tradition! Come on! Up and at 'em!

Hazel realizes she's not going to be able to get rid of him.

HAZEL  
All right, I have to get dressed.

**EXT. UC BERKELEY - DIRT TRACK - DAY**

Hazel wheezes as she tries to keep pace with Gabe. He's not going all that fast, but it's still a real hungover struggle for Hazel. She's not looking so hot.

GABE  
How's dating going? I know you didn't want to bring anyone to the wedding, but there must be somebody.

HAZEL  
Not really, Dad.

GABE  
I just want to see you taken care of. A nice guy. You can't wait around until everyone gets too old and bitter.

(MORE)

GABE (CONT'D)

Men become even more badly-behaved  
after the first round of divorces.

HAZEL

Uh-huh.

GABE

And say you want kids... at twenty  
four, you have about ten more years  
to start dating, get *my* blessing of  
course, and then--

HAZEL

I think I might puke.

Hazel runs to the side of the track and holds onto a fence to  
steady herself. Gabe joins her, but she waves him ahead.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Just keep going. Keep...

For a second it *really* doesn't look good, but then Hazel is  
able to swallow.

GABE

(chuckling)

You guys "went hard" last night,  
huh?

HAZEL

It was a bachelorette party.

GABE

Right, and I'm sure Collin made it  
as over the top as he is.

HAZEL

I thought you liked him.

GABE

Doesn't mean he's not over the top.

HAZEL

Because he's gay?

Gabe looks uncomfortable.

GABE

It's the whole... act.

HAZEL

Of being gay.

GABE

Sure. If you want to back me into a corner, yes.

HAZEL

And you also think Bee just experimented in college, right?

GABE

What?

HAZEL

The fact that she's been with women, had a kid with one -- that's "experimentation" to you.

GABE

I don't think this is an appropriate conversation for us to be having.

Hazel sighs.

HAZEL

Yeah. You're right.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

A hungover Hazel, Bee, Jenny, and Alison sit around the dining room table, staring in awe as Marianna cracks an egg into a glass, then sucks it down like it's nothing. Hazel tries not to gag.

MARIANNA

Anybody else want one?

JENNY

(weak)

No thank you, abuelita.

Gabe, freshly showered, enters with Victor.

GABE

How's everyone doing? Hazel told me you guys got wild last night.

VICTOR

Us boys had steak, cigars, football, the works.

BEE

(to Gabe)

Did "the works" include alcohol?

She tried to phrase it casually, but Gabe's hackles immediately go up.

GABE  
We can discuss that later.

BEE  
Just curio--

GABE  
I said *later*. This is not a conversation for the family, what is wrong with you?

Bee and Gabe stare each other down. It's extremely tense. Alison finally pulls out her phone for a distraction.

ALISON  
Here's a taste of our night...

Alison shows a photo that includes all of the group's renderings of the sip and paint model, captured in various stages of undress.

MARIANNA  
(proud)  
The buck-naked one is mine.

ALISON  
Hazel's was fantastic as usual.

Gabe barely glances at the photo.

GABE  
(to Hazel)  
So you *can* appreciate the male form.

Another tense silence falls.

VICTOR  
I'm thinking of making my famous *arroz* tonight. There's some stuff I'm missing, though -- coriander, more garlic--

HAZEL  
I'll come with you.

**INT. BERKELEY BOWL - PRODUCE - DAY**

Victor and Hazel walk through the produce section of a hippy-dippy grocery store. Victor stops to study gloves of garlic, carefully working to pick out the best one.

HAZEL  
My dad drank last night?

Victor nods reluctantly.

VICTOR  
Quite a bit.

HAZEL  
Ugh. I guess I really thought Bee was helping him.

VICTOR  
She can make a difference, but I don't know that she can change him. First he has to *want* to change.

HAZEL  
Do you think they're good together?

VICTOR  
That's a difficult question, observing from the outside. No relationship is perfect. I think of it more like a big balance sheet.

HAZEL  
How do you mean?

VICTOR  
Do I like that Alison inserts herself into every interpersonal conflict in Rohnert Park? Not particularly. She got herself involved in a guinea pig custody dispute last week. And there were more legal gray areas than you would think. *Huge* time suck.  
(then)  
But I do admire her belief that people are *good* at their core, if they're just informed about the right thing or pointed in a better direction.

HAZEL  
Huh. Hadn't thought about Alison's love of gossip that way.

VICTOR  
(laughing)  
You see? And maybe nobody else does. Your father's balance sheet is his own, as is Bee's.

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

I believe your instincts are right -  
- they're happier with each other  
than without.

HAZEL

So as long as that's true...

Victor selects the perfect clove and puts it into his basket.

VICTOR

But of course, that's just my two  
cents.

HAZEL

Thanks, Tio Victor.

VICTOR

You got it.  
(checking list)  
Can you look for cumin?

**INT. BERKELEY BOWL - ANOTHER AISLE - DAY**

In search of cumin, Hazel stops in front of a syrup display.

HAZEL

Cruelty free syrup? But how...

Suddenly someone past the display catches Hazel's eye: a woman we'll later come to know as LINDSAY (mid 20s, vibrant), currently studying two different types of almond flour.

We get CLOSE IN ON Lindsay's face and match to--

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - HAZEL'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

YOUNG LINDSAY (12)'s excited face. We WIDEN again to take in a full circle of middle schoolers, including YOUNG HAZEL (also 12, cute mess of braces and flyaway mermaid hair) who sits directly across the circle from Lindsay.

TWEEN BOY

Hurry up Hazel, spin!

A TWEEN GIRL claps her hands.

TWEEN GIRL

Seven minutes in heaven! Seven  
minutes in heaven!

YOUNG HAZEL

I'm going!

Hazel spins a plastic Diet Coke bottle.

POV BOTTLE: It passes pimpled, mortified, and/or thrilled faces until it lands on... Young Lindsay.

The room erupts into CHEERS and "OOOOOOOH"s. Hazel and Lindsay's faces both burn with excited embarrassment.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - HAZEL'S CLOSET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Young Hazel and Lindsay face off in a closet with a single, dim light illuminating them.

YOUNG HAZEL

Do you wanna just wait seven minutes?

YOUNG LINDSAY

That's cheating, right?

YOUNG HAZEL

I guess s--

Lindsay leans forward and *kisses Hazel*.

At first Hazel keeps her eyes open, hardly believing this is happening to her -- then closes them too and kisses back.

She's living 100 percent in this beautiful, tweenage dream come true...

Until Gabe throws open the door.

Hazel and Lindsay immediately part, but Gabe has already seen. He sways in the doorway, consumed by intoxicated rage. Behind him, all of Hazel's friends look scared.

GABE

What the FUCK is going on here?!

YOUNG HAZEL

Nothing, Dad--

GABE

Get the hell away from her!

Gabe yanks Hazel out of the closet by the arm.

GABE (CONT'D)

Over a decade of church and I find you in a closet with a *girl*?! What were you thinking?!

Mortified, Hazel takes in Lindsay and her friends' shocked faces. They're all frozen with no idea what to do and no power to act even if they did.

GABE (CONT'D)  
I ASKED YOU A GODDAMN QUESTION!

Gabe lunges for her again and Hazel flees from the room.

**EXT. GABE'S STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Hazel runs like hell down the street with Gabe chasing after her. Tears streak her face.

GABE  
STOP, RIGHT NOW!

Sober and young, Hazel is more agile and takes a sharp turn into a side yard.

She leaps into a tree and clambers for higher ground -- then freezes again as Gabe lumbers past.

GABE (CONT'D)  
Hazel. HAZEL ANNE WILSON!

Hazel squints her eyes shut in fear and pain.

When Gabe finally moves on, Hazel lets the arms of the tree hold her as sobs wrack her body.

**INT. BERKELEY BOWL - BACK TO PRESENT**

Present-day, adult Hazel is right where we left her in front of the syrup display.

She swallows and takes a step toward adult Lindsay... just as another, SLIGHTLY OLDER WOMAN walks up to Lindsay from the other end of the aisle, pushing a stroller with a TODDLER in it. The woman and Lindsay lace fingers -- together.

Hazel hurries away.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - LATER**

Hazel alternates between applying mascara and swigging down a White Claw.

We PAN OVER to see Jenny pulling on Doc Martens to pair with the thrifted dress she has on.

JENNY  
Pace yourself, we've gotta take  
direction at the rehearsal dinner.

Jenny palms something out of her sock drawer and pops it into her mouth.

HAZEL

What was that?

JENNY

What was what?

HAZEL

Whatever you just put in your mouth.

Jenny debates whether to tell for a moment, then comes clean--

JENNY

An edible.

HAZEL

And I'm the one not pacing myself?!

JENNY

Dude, edibles are practically vitamins to me.

Hazel finishes applying mascara and turns to her cousin, reaching out and wiggling her fingers.

HAZEL

Gimme.

JENNY

It would be *unbelievably* rash to embark on your first edible journey right now.

HAZEL

But I'm nervous. The joint helped me chill out before -- can't you hook it up for ya girl?

JENNY

Counterpoint: you just referred to yourself as "ya girl."

HAZEL

*Please.* I need to get out of my own head right now.

Jenny sighs and stands to check her eyeliner in the mirror.

JENNY

Hazel, no. It's a terrible idea.  
(then, re: make-up)  
I need more light.

Jenny leaves for the bathroom. Hazel eyes Jenny's closed drawer. She waits a beat... then yanks the drawer open and rifles through socks to find another gummy edible.

She unwraps it and pops it into her mouth.

**INT. JENNY'S ANCIENT HATCHBACK (MOVING) - DAY**

The sun sets as Jenny drives to the rehearsal dinner. Alison rides shotgun and Hazel sits in the back.

Jenny twists around to check on Hazel. She sees that Hazel is opening and closing her mouth rhythmically as she stares out the window. The edible is already starting to take effect.

JENNY

Are you okay?

Hazel focuses her gaze on Jenny.

HAZEL

Great.

POV HAZEL: The colors of the passing wooded landscape are brilliant, popping in and out of focus in Hazel's vision.

The edible is already affecting her *much* more strongly than the joint did...

**INT. REHEARSAL DINNER VENUE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Hazel stares at her reflection in the ladies' bathroom mirror, trying to get her shit together.

HAZEL

Ride it out. Ride. It. Out.

(then)

What does that *mean*?

JENNY (O.S.)

Hazel?

Jenny comes up behind Hazel. Hazel gets very confused and overwhelmed as Jenny's reflection appears beside her own.

HAZEL

(whispering)

Where are you?

JENNY

Hazel, did you take one of my edibles after I told you not to?

HAZEL

Yes. I mean no.

JENNY

Oh my God. Fuck! Are you insane?!  
That's a chill dose for me but not  
for you. Let me cover, I'll just  
tell everyone you got sick or  
something.

HAZEL

I'm fine! I can keep it together. I  
swear!

Jenny does not look convinced.

**INT. REHEARSAL DINNER VENUE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

We're CLOSE ON Hazel's wide eyes.

WIDEN TO REVEAL that she stands at the back of a room with  
chairs set up to face forward and replicate what the wedding  
ceremony will look like. Hazel clutches Romney's leash.

In front of Hazel and Romney stand Jenny and Collin, Alison  
and Victor, then Laurie and Vivian in pairs. Noelle, the maid  
of honor, stands directly in front of Hazel. Gabe is at the  
front of the room and Bee directs from the side.

BEE

Okay guys, go ahead and walk down  
in pairs!

The pairings walk down the aisle, keeping even intervals.  
Collin and Jenny vogue together.

COLLIN

Groomsman realness...

JENNY

Bridesmaid stunning...

NOELLE

We all look so good! And we'll look  
even better in our yellow!

Bee smiles self-consciously.

BEE

Thanks for humoring me.

LAURIE

(playfully)  
Anything for you, bridezilla!

Bee laughs. Hazel blinks and slowly wets her lips with her tongue.

BEE

Okay Hazel, you can go ahead and walk Romney down whenever you're ready. We're working on rigging up a little ring holder on his collar that's going to be precious!

Hazel stares down at Romney, who glances back at her with his adorably droopy eyes. Hazel's get even wider.

BEE (CONT'D)

Hazel, are you okay?

HAZEL

Yeah, totally!

We move into Hazel's HIGH POV as a *second* "Weed Hazel", covered in green face and body paint, appears beside the real one. (NOTE: All conversations between Weed Hazel occur in real Hazel's head and are V.O.; their mouths do not move.)

WEED HAZEL

What are you doing?! They're going to know you took me! GO!

HAZEL

Are you... the weed?

WEED HAZEL

Of course I am! Now start. Walking.

Hazel takes a step forward--

SPLIT SCREEN:

On one half of the screen, the regular reality of what's happening (chyron-ed "REALITY") plays out: Hazel walks Romney down the aisle toward Gabe and the rest of the wedding party.

On the second half of the screen, Hazel's stoned brain's interpretation of what's happening (chyron-ed "HAZEL'S BRAIN") also plays out. Weed Hazel walks beside real Hazel. At the front of the room, the entire family is gathered together and MURMURS SUSPICIOUSLY at her.

WEED HAZEL (CONT'D)

You are so high. What if you feel this way for the rest of your life?! Has it been seconds, years, BOTH?! ACT NATURAL!

Hazel glances down at Romney, who speaks to her in her own voice.

WEED HAZEL (THROUGH ROMNEY) (CONT'D)  
Let's get married.

HAZEL  
O-okay...

END SPLIT SCREEN. Hazel stands in front of her dad, looking completely freaked out.

GABE  
Are you sure you're all right?

HAZEL  
(high-pitched voice)  
Great.

Romney licks Hazel's leg. She kneels and hugs the dog to her, then lets him lick her right on the mouth -- and licks back. Gabe grimaces.

**INT. REHEARSAL DINNER VENUE - DINING HALL - NIGHT**

Everyone is mostly done with dinner. Hazel struggles to focus on Collin as he CLINKS a spoon against his glass and stands up across the table from Bee and Gabe.

COLLIN  
Hey everybody, I just wanted to say  
some words about my mom.  
(to Bee)  
You are such a *giver*. I was anxious  
about moving away, and then about  
you coming here and being lonely.  
To be honest, I was prepared to  
nominate you for *Queer Eye* before  
Gabe came along!

Everyone chuckles, some more naturally than others--

HAZEL  
Ha. Ha. Ha.

Jenny shoots Hazel a look, but luckily nobody else notices.

COLLIN  
I would've LOVED to meet Bobby! He  
might not be as pretty as Antoni,  
but the man can furnish a damn  
house. I said what I said.  
(then, smiling at Bee)  
(MORE)

COLLIN (CONT'D)

But that wasn't necessary, because you found a great new partner in crime in Gabe. Someone who appreciates how special you are just as much as I do.

Bee glances at Gabe, who has his eyes on Collin. Collin raises his glass.

COLLIN (CONT'D)

Here's to you, Ma.

The family drinks. Gabe sticks to water. Hazel sees how happy Bee looks as she beams at her son, and how Gabe smiles at Collin in fake acceptance.

Making a snap decision as Collin takes a seat, Hazel stands up unsteadily, glass held in a vise-grip.

HAZEL

Hello everyone. My name is Hazel.

JENNY

(whispering)

Oh God.

HAZEL

I'd like to start by saying that I'm happy for you, Dad. When Mom died it was *really* hard.

Everyone blinks back at her.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

I guess... I probably shouldn't bring her up here, tonight, but -- I did. Sorry.

(to Gabe)

I'm glad you found someone you can talk to, because you and I... we've never talked all that much. But it's time I said something.

Jenny holds her breath, beyond stressed out. What is Hazel about to spill?

HAZEL (CONT'D)

I want you to stop asking me if I'm dating. I don't think it's... an appropriate conversation for us to be having.

Jenny relaxes, but it's still a very tense moment as Hazel waits for Gabe to respond. Finally--

GABE  
I'll lay off from here on out.

HAZEL  
Thank you.

We PAN OVER see that Hazel and Gabe's moment is hitting one person especially hard: *Bee*. She's deep in thought. Gears turning. Suddenly she stands.

BEE  
I have something to say, too.

Hazel and Jenny both tense. What is *Bee* about to spill?!

But as *Bee* looks across the table at Hazel, she suddenly seems to change her mind. *Bee* clears her throat awkwardly.

BEE (CONT'D)  
(to Gabe)  
I'm excited to marry you in three days!

Gabe grins and stands to kiss her.

Suddenly *Weed Hazel* pops into existence.

WEED HAZEL  
You're gonna puke.

HAZEL  
No I'm n--

Hazel leans over and PUKES onto the carpet. Everyone looks on in absolute shock.

WEED HAZEL  
See? I was totally right.

ALISON  
Oh no, I'm an empathetic hurler--

Alison PUKES on the ground too. Gabe GAGS--

**EXT. BERKELEY MARINA - CESAR CHAVEZ PARK - PATH - NEXT DAY**

Hazel and Jenny run along a path that has the Bay on one side and rolling green hills on the other. Jenny doesn't look happy.

JENNY  
You take my edible, cause a puke-storm all around me, then force me to run before I *have* to run.

HAZEL

And I'm sorry for all of it, but warming up is important.

JENNY

Okay well, I'm warm!

HAZEL

I just really wanna do well in this Wilson Family Soccer Cup.

JENNY

Is it even a good idea for us to support this tradition? You tend to wind up crying, which usually makes *me* cry.

HAZEL

I was a kid the last time we did this, and yes, I may have devolved into tears at my dad's criticism, but this game is going to be different.

JENNY

Is it, though?

HAZEL

I may have hallucinated and fully embarrassed myself last night, but my dad did say he'd stop talking to me about men! That's progress! I wanna keep it going.

Hazel and Jenny loop back around.

**EXT. BERKELEY MARINA - CESAR CHAVEZ PARK - FIELD - DAY**

Hazel and Jenny approach the field where the rest of the family (including Collin) is gathered, all wearing athletic apparel. Alison and Victor set up cones to mark off goals.

**POP IN ON GABE AND BEE**, who argue out of earshot of everyone else. Gabe looks worse for the wear.

BEE

You don't think I should be upset that you started drinking like a fish as soon as I went to bed? The night of our *rehearsal dinner*?

GABE

I still made it out here, didn't I?

BEE

It's not about waking up on time,  
it's about going back on all the  
work we've done!

GABE

You haven't done any work!

Tears spring up in Bee's eyes.

BEE

I just... want my partner in crime  
back.

GABE

I'm the same guy I've always been.

**POP BACK WITH HAZEL AND JENNY** as they make it onto the field.  
She watches Gabe walk away from Bee.

HAZEL

Shit. My dad's hungover.

JENNY

Did you see Bee about to confess? I  
don't think they're doing very  
well.

Hazel and Jenny make it over to the rest of the family. Bee  
comes to stand beside Alison.

GABE

Welcome to the Tenth Annual Wilson  
Family Soccer Cup. Victor and I  
will be your team captains.

(to Victor)

Would you like to pick first?

VICTOR

You go ahead.

GABE

Hazel, c'mon over here.

Hazel can't help but smile wide at her dad picking her first.  
She jogs over.

VICTOR

Jenny!

JENNY

Just warning you, Hazel already  
tired me out with a warm-up.

Victor rolls his eyes.

GABE

Wallaby.

Bee walks over.

ALISON

(to Victor)

You better pick me next, hon!

VICTOR

You?! I need Mamá as goalie! She's  
a wall!

Marianna grins and wiggles her fingers playfully at Alison as she crosses to join Victor's team. Now only Alison and Collin are left.

GABE

Ali--

BEE

(quietly)

Gabe.

Gabe turns to Bee, irritated. They speak in hushed tones as Hazel awkwardly stands beside them.

GABE

Yes?

BEE

You should pick Collin.

GABE

It's my team. I want to pick my  
sister.

BEE

He's always been picked last!

GABE

Maybe there's a reason for that.

Bee stares at Gabe in disbelief.

HAZEL

(whispering)

Dad...

BEE  
 (to Gabe)  
 I cannot believe you. He won state  
 in diving, asshole.

Gabe clenches his jaw and faces forward.

GABE  
 (raising voice)  
 Collin.

Not having heard any of this, Collin jogs over.

COLLIN  
 Oooo, such contentious  
 deliberations! Glad you made the  
 right choice!

Bee puts an arm around her son. Meanwhile, Alison pouts.

ALISON  
 I can't believe I'm last!

VICTOR  
 You're not exactly in competition-  
 ready shoes, mi amor.

TILT DOWN to reveal that Victor is 100 percent correct.

ALISON  
 They're flats!

**EXT. BERKELEY MARINA - CESAR CHAVEZ PARK - FIELD - LATER**

The game is in full swing: Gabe, Bee, Hazel, and Collin  
 versus Victor, Jenny, Marianna, and Alison.

Gabe dribbles the ball down the field. Victor comes up and  
 steals the ball from him.

GABE  
 SHIT!

Victor runs away with it. Bee calls from a little ways up the  
 field.

BEE  
 (to Gabe)  
 It's okay, you--

Gabe runs after Victor, leaving Bee behind.

GABE  
 Go after it!

Bee looks disappointed, and Hazel notices.

**EXT. BERKELEY MARINA - CESAR CHAVEZ PARK - FIELD - LATER**

Hazel runs down the field with the ball, then kicks it over to Gabe. Hazel pumps her fist at the successful pass.

JENNY

Nice one.

Gabe kicks the ball at Bee, who stands right by the goal that's defended by Marianna. Bee stays flat-footed and Marianna swoops in to make an interception.

GABE

Are you serious?!

BEE

I'm sorry, I've never pretended to be an athlete...

Gabe just shakes his head and runs after Jenny, who now has the ball. Jenny is *good*, deftly dribbling down the field. Hazel runs alongside her.

HAZEL

(quietly)

Hey, let me steal it.

JENNY

No way!

HAZEL

C'mon, my dad will lose his mind.

JENNY

But would he *believe* it?

HAZEL

Jennyyyyyyyyyyy...

Jenny sighs and pretends to fumble the dribble, letting Hazel steal it. Gabe lights up behind them.

GABE

NICE! Well done, Hazel!

Hazel grins as she turns back toward their goal with the ball. She manages to dribble past Alison.

GABE (CONT'D)

Go! All the way, you got this!

Victor comes in hot, but Hazel is unstoppable with her dad's praise pushing her forward.

GABE (CONT'D)  
Bee, fucking *move!*

Bee hustles out of the way as Hazel kicks the ball into the goal past Marianna.

GABE (CONT'D)  
GOAAAAAAAAAAL!

HAZEL  
YES!

Hazel and Gabe run around, pretending to be airplanes to celebrate the goal.

It's a beautiful moment for Hazel -- until she sees Bee standing off to the side, crying. She stops abruptly.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
Dad, she's really upset. You've been pretty hard on her.

GABE  
She's practically playing for the other team she's so bad.

HAZEL  
Right, but this is supposed to be fun...

Gabe looks nonplussed.

GABE  
The Wilson Family Soccer Cup has never been about fun.

HAZEL  
Just go talk to her. Please?

Gabe sighs and jogs over to Bee.

GABE  
Hey, what's wrong?

BEE  
What's *wrong?* You can't treat me like this!

GABE  
I'm sorry. I get competitive.

BEE  
That is *not* an apology.

Collin joins the arguing couple.

COLLIN  
Mom, are you okay?

GABE  
She's fine.

COLLIN  
I was actually asking *her*.

BEE  
I'm okay Collin, just give us a second.

Collin glares at Gabe.

COLLIN  
(to Bee)  
Let me know if you change your mind.

Collin walks away, over to the soccer ball. He kicks it into the air and starts to juggle it deftly.

Nearby, Hazel and Jenny watch Gabe and Bee's continuing argument, which they can't hear from this distance.

JENNY  
That looks familiar. Except it's usually him and *you*.

Hazel watches as Bee throws up her hands and storms off the field toward the parking lot.

HAZEL  
Yeah. It usually is.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Hazel is on her way to the guest room and sees that the door to Gabe's room is open. Bee sits on the bed with her back to Hazel.

Hazel thinks for a moment, then KNOCKS on the open door. Bee looks over her shoulder.

HAZEL  
Hey. Can I come in?

Bee nods. She's been crying.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
My dad's a really bad sport, huh.

BEE  
It's more than that.

HAZEL  
I know.

It hurts Hazel to see Bee in the kind of pain she's experienced herself so many times.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
He shouldn't have talked about Collin that way. And I should've said something in the moment... I'm sorry.

BEE  
I thought he'd accepted him. He's *my son*.

HAZEL  
Have you talked to Collin about it at all?

BEE  
No, he's never overheard anything. You heard his toast, he's so glad I found someone. And I'm the parent. I can handle my own stuff.

A moment of silence.

HAZEL  
I think... I need to tell you a story about my dad. So you have all the facts. For your relationship balance sheet.

BEE  
What's the story?

Hazel takes a deep breath and sits down next to Bee.

HAZEL  
When I was twelve, he caught me kissing a girl in a closet. My heart dropped out of my butt when he opened the door. He'd taught me that being gay was choosing to be a freak... but my first kiss didn't feel like a choice. It -- *happened* to me, and it felt like magic.

(MORE)

HAZEL (CONT'D)

(then)

He chased me out of the house, in front of all my friends. Up a tree. I stayed there for hours. When I finally went back, the door was locked. He either did it on purpose, or got so drunk he forgot to leave it open. Neither option's great. I spent the night on the back porch.

(then)

So that's why I've never come out to him. My dad *scares* me, Bee.

More tears fall down Bee's face. She reaches for Hazel's hand.

BEE

Oh Hazel. I am so sorry.

HAZEL

It's okay. I was only able to get out when I left for college. But you -- you can leave whenever, if you want to.

Bee wipes her face.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

My dad's not good for you. You should talk to him. Maybe even... tell him the truth. About what happened at the airport.

BEE

I can't put you in the middle of it like that. It wasn't your fault.

HAZEL

Then just tell him you cheated. It could be an out. Because... deep down, have you been looking for one? You almost said something at the rehearsal dinner.

(then)

Are you *happy*?

Bee certainly doesn't look it.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

For once, I think you gotta secure your own mask before helping others.

Bee cracks a smile.

BEE

You just used a flight attendant phrase on me.

HAZEL

(smiling back)

I know, I'm honestly pretty proud of myself right now.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE GABE'S STUDY - NIGHT**

Hazel paces outside Gabe's study. Gabe and Bee's MUFFLED VOICES can be heard inside.

Hazel continues to pace, back and forth, back and forth.

Suddenly the door opens. Hazel lunges away, trying to act natural... but it's just Bee, alone. She closes the door behind her, defeated.

BEE

I couldn't do it.

Hazel looks disappointed, yet again recognizing herself in Bee's situation. Bee holds up a bottle of scotch.

BEE (CONT'D)

I did get this new bottle out of there, though. So there's that.

HAZEL

Have you talked to him about going to AA? Instead of just taking his bottles away?

BEE

He won't go.

Hazel looks disturbed as she watches Bee walk away, cradling the bottle helplessly.

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT**

Hazel sinks down onto the couch. Jenny reads on the bed.

HAZEL

Bee clearly shouldn't marry my dad. I told her to tell him the truth -- even just that she cheated -- but she couldn't do it.

Jenny puts her book down.

JENNY

Then if you think it's important for him to know the truth, it's up to you to tell him.

HAZEL

I don't know...

Jenny shakes her head and returns to her book.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

What?

JENNY

Nothing.

HAZEL

No, you clearly have something to say.

Jenny puts the book back down.

JENNY

I don't get it. You recognize there's a moral imperative to tell the truth, but you're still so obsessed with pleasing your dad that you're about to let him enter into a completely toxic marriage and take a nice lady down with him.

HAZEL

I'm not obsessed with pleasing him.

JENNY

You had hair down to your ass for a decade because he liked it. You're not out to him. You don't say a word about your mom because you know it would upset him. You don't tell him to go to AA.

HAZEL

But if I confronted him, he'd just--

JENNY

How do you know what he would do?

HAZEL

It's, it's not my job to be his parent. He's *mine!*

JENNY

I'm just saying, you and Bee can't keep enabling him and expect a different result.

Hazel doesn't have a response ready for this.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You know I'm living here because my dad doesn't want me to teach, right?

HAZEL

Wait, *what*?

JENNY

You didn't think I'd hang a Bob Dylan poster up for one week, did you?

HAZEL

I mean, maybe... you're a true fan.  
(then)  
Why didn't you tell me?

JENNY

Because you get *so weird* about your dad. And honestly, I get weird about mine, too. He said he didn't sacrifice everything to come here and have his daughter make next to nothing. But it's my passion, and it turns out *your* dad understands that. So I moved out, and it was really hard at first, but my dad's starting to accept it.

(then)

We're adults now, Hazel. Not kids who can't control our surroundings, not angsty teenagers whose only goal is to get out.

**EXT. TREE - LATER**

The sun sets as Hazel sits hunched in the same tree she hid from Gabe in at 12.

She's drawing a WEDDING SCENE in her sketchbook that's rivetingly unlike anything we've seen her do so far.

Everyone looks spindly and dark -- especially Gabe, who stands at the altar, staring down his bride-to-be as she strides toward him.

**EXT. BERKELEY'S GOURMET GHETTO - NEXT DAY**

Hazel walks down the street, shopping bag filled with last-minute items for the wedding.

Up ahead she spots Lindsay, the grown-up version of the girl Gabe caught her with in the closet. She's just unloaded a stroller and the Toddler from a parked car.

Hazel looks like she might sprint in the opposite direction... but she doesn't. She steels herself--

HAZEL

Hey, Lindsay?

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Hazel and Lindsay sit across from each other. The Toddler alternates between gnawing on a hunk of baguette and the side of a board book.

LINDSAY

He's my girlfriend's. I didn't know if I was ready for the responsibility when she got full custody, but now I really look forward to our days together while she's working.

Hazel smiles at the Toddler, who grins back.

HAZEL

What does your girlfriend do?

LINDSAY

Heads up the city's public transportation initiative. She was actually the one who helped get the BART seats changed to plastic back when she was only an intern.

HAZEL

So you can finally see what you're about to sit in! Please thank her for her service.

LINDSAY

(laughing)

She's a total catch. We're probably going to move in together soon.

HAZEL

That's awesome.

LINDSAY

How about you, are you seeing anyone?

HAZEL

(German accent)

No, I am not at zee moment.

LINDSAY

(laughing)

You still do your voices.

HAZEL

(haughty British accent)

Forever and always.

(normal voice)

I am thinking about trying to start dating, though. More seriously.

LINDSAY

That's awesome, too.

Hazel takes a deep breath.

HAZEL

I, um, I've always wanted to say... I'm really sorry for what happened at my birthday party. I know it was such a long time ago, but I'm still so embarrassed.

(then)

Especially that I stopped talking to you afterwards.

LINDSAY

Oh, girl, it's all good! It *was* such a long time ago, we were just kids. It's wild how your dad *literally* forced us out of the closet.

HAZEL

(laughing)

You're so right. I actually still haven't officially come out to him, isn't that lame?

LINDSAY

Absolutely not! That guy scared the crap out of me and he wasn't even my dad!

HAZEL

He's going full groomzilla right now and it's so much to deal with.

LINDSAY

What's going on?

HAZEL

Well...

(then)

Do you guys have anywhere to be right now?

**EXT. CODORNICES PARK - LATER**

Lindsay cracks up at the story Hazel's just completed as they watch the Toddler run around the jungle gym. Hazel smacks her playfully.

HAZEL

It's not funny! I had no idea who she was!

LINDSAY

It's a little funny!

Hazel can't help but crack up a little, too.

HAZEL

Okay, it's a *tiny* bit funny. I thought Bee was perfect for my dad, but now I see how dysfunctional they are. Their relationship is just like... an older version of my dad and me. Except romantic. Ugh, this is such a weird disaster. What am I supposed to do?

LINDSAY

I feel like you have to say something.

Hazel looks down at her feet.

HAZEL

I was afraid you were gonna tell me that. It's just that... I'm not so great at speaking up.

LINDSAY

You did at the rehearsal dinner. And your dad listened.

HAZEL

I was on a bunch of Claws and my first ever edible.

LINDSAY

You're worthy of being heard, cross-faded or not. You'll figure out the right thing to do.

HAZEL

How can you be so sure?

LINDSAY

First kiss intuition.

HAZEL

(laughing)

That is so not a thing.

The women smile at each other.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

I'm so happy I ran into you.

**EXT. POINT REYES - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

A caravan of family vehicles drives into a small town surrounded by forest. It's very lush and NorCal-y.

**INT. JENNY'S ANCIENT HATCHBACK (MOVING) - DAY**

Hazel sits in the backseat, wedged between Alison and Victor. Jenny drives and Marianna rides shotgun.

The trees to the right thin out, allowing a brief view of the gray coastline. Hazel stares until more trees get in the way.

HAZEL

Could we make a quick detour?

**EXT. POINT REYES - LIMANTOUR BEACH - DAY**

Hazel walks along the shoreline beside Jenny and Marianna. Alison and Victor are close behind.

HAZEL

My mom's ashes have probably spread to every corner of the world by now, but I still feel closest to her here. Where we let her go.

MARIANNA

The people we lose are *always* with us. Whether we feel them there or not.

Tears spill down Hazel's cheeks. Jenny puts an arm around Hazel. Alison and Victor catch up.

HAZEL

My dad was so much happier before my mom died, wasn't he?

To Hazel's surprise, Alison looks at her like she's crazy.

ALISON

Absolutely not. My brother has always had problems, Hazel.

MARIANNA

And he will *continue* to have them as long as he believes that his happiness lies outside of himself.

Victor nods his agreement.

VICTOR

Listen to these ladies. They're always right.

Hazel smiles her gratitude and looks back out at the ocean.

**INT. WEDDING VENUE - WOMEN'S SUITE - DAY**

Bee sits amongst the folds of her wedding dress, which is like something out of a fairytale. She looks gorgeous... and deeply unhappy. Alison (in a yellow bridesmaid dress) leans over her, helping put the finishing touches on Bee's make-up.

Marianna wears a dark blue velvet dress and fluffs her hair in a mirror. Hazel and Jenny stand in front of other mirrors, clad in their matching yellow bridesmaid dresses. Vivian, Laurie, and Noelle (also in yellow) chat nearby.

Collin enters, looking fabulous in a yellow suit. He kisses his mom on the cheek.

COLLIN

'Kay, TRUTH TIME, I was terrified of this whole yellow situation, but we are *completely* pulling it off!

Bee smiles at her son.

BEE  
You look fantastic, as always.

COLLIN  
Says the stunning BRIDE!

Just then there's a KNOCK on the door.

GABE (O.S.)  
How's it going in there?

HAZEL  
(to women)  
I've got it.

She walks over and begins to open the door.

GABE (O.S.)  
Whoa whoa whoa! It's bad luck for  
me to see her before the wedding!

**INT. WEDDING VENUE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Hazel joins him in the hall and shuts the door behind her.

GABE  
She *is* still in there... right?

HAZEL  
Yeah. But Dad... I'm just... not  
sure you guys are a great match.

GABE  
Excuse me?

Hazel looks a little shaken, but does her best to stay strong.

HAZEL  
Are you happy?

GABE  
She makes me happy, yeah.

HAZEL  
No, are *you* happy, Dad?

GABE  
(getting irritated)  
I don't understand the question.

HAZEL

You've gotta work through your own stuff to be a good partner. And... you haven't really done that, Dad.

GABE

Is this how you think you're supposed to talk your father on his fucking wedding day?

Gabe shakes his head and storms away down the hall. Hazel watches him leave, immensely conflicted.

**INT. CHURCH - DAY**

A small Catholic church. Gabe stands at the altar, hands clasped in front of him. A PRIEST (60s) stands beside him in white robes.

The pews are mostly filled with distant family members and friends/coworkers of Gabe and Bee.

**EXT. BACK OF CHURCH - CONTINUOUS**

Hazel (with Romney on his leash) stands with the rest of the wedding party at the church's closed front door. Wooded hills loom all around.

MUSIC starts to play inside the church. Bee takes a deep breath, playing off her emotion as nerves. Alison smiles wide.

ALISON

Show time!

Collin glances back at his mom and offers her an encouraging grin as he pulls the doors open.

**INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER**

The bridesmaids and groomsmen now stand on either side of the altar.

Hazel follows Romney down the aisle. The ring case attached to his collar bounces with each step the dog takes and everyone AWWWWs at him.

Hazel walks up the steps with Romney and hands Gabe the rings. She locks eyes with him, but he quickly looks away.

Hazel takes a seat in the front pew beside Marianna. Romney settles down on the carpet at their feet.

Once Noelle makes it to the front of the church, the STRAINS of "Bridal Chorus" fill the room.

Bee walks past the pews slowly, face hidden by her veil.

She finally passes Hazel and Marianna's aisle and ascends the steps to stand across from Gabe. He reaches out to lift her veil, revealing that Bee's face is stained with tears. Gabe raises an eyebrow, but she just waves him off.

Hazel sees how startled and upset Collin is to see his mom so unhappy.

PRIEST

Welcome, everyone. We are gathered here today to celebrate before God the marriage of a man and woman who love one another.

(reading from Bible)

"Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs."

Hazel frowns.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

And now Gabriel and Wallis have prepared personal vows for one another.

Gabe takes a piece of paper from his pocket and clears his throat.

GABE

My Wallaby. When I met you, I was in such a dark place -- and had been for a long time. But you pulled me out, and for that I am eternally grateful. You make me a better man.

Bee forces a smile and takes the paper Noelle hands to her.

BEE

Gabe. I am so glad to have found a companion in you. I feel less alone when we're together. Like I have someone I need, who needs me back.

Gabe smiles back at her.

PRIEST

(to the audience)

Before we continue with the traditional vows, I must ask if anyone has an objection to this union.

Everyone in the wedding party except for Gabe and Bee exchanges looks.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

(to audience)

Please speak now... or forever hold your peace.

A moment passes. Another. It doesn't look like anyone is going to come forward.

We move CLOSE IN ON Hazel. We hear her HEART POUNDING.

She finally stands up shakily.

HAZEL

I-I have an objection.

Every single eyeball in the entire church is on Hazel.

Jenny's eyes widen. Is Hazel really about to do this?

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Dad...

(swallows)

Bee cheated on you... with *me*.

Every single jaw in the entire church drops accompanied by GASPS. Jenny desperately tries to keep her proud smile under control.

COLLIN

I'm sorry, *WHAT?!*

Gabe is white as a sheet. Bee glances from him to Hazel.

HAZEL

I'm gay, Dad. Like, *mega-gay*. I always have been. When I had a crush on Emmy in "Dragon Tales", when you caught me in the closet with Lindsay, and when I made out with a nice, helpful female flight attendant in a LaGuardia Airport bathroom.

VICTOR  
 (whispering, horrified)  
*LaGuardia?*

ALISON  
 (shrieked)  
 In a *bathroom?!?*

Everyone in the audience looks *even more* horrified at these specifics, if that's even possible.

HAZEL  
 It was a single stall.

Some "OHHHHH"s rise from the audience.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
 (to Gabe)  
 Neither of us knew who the other person was, I *promise*.

VIVIAN  
 But how could you not?!

Hazel sighs, tired of explaining.

HAZEL  
 I used to have long hair, and I'd never seen a photo of Bee.

More "OHHHHH"s from everyone.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
 (to Gabe)  
 I'm sorry to share it like this. I've been too scared until right now -- when I realized I really *do* object, based on everything I know. But maybe I'm wrong, maybe you are happy, and love is patient and kind and everything else. In that case, please keep going.  
 (then)  
 I just want you both to be happy. *Actually* happy.

Gabe looks from his daughter to Bee. What he sees on his fiancé's face is pure *relief*. She shakes her head at him.

There are still more "OHHHHH"s from the audience as they realize Bee is telling Gabe she does not want to do this--

JENNY  
 (to audience)  
 Okay, I'm sorry, can you guys  
 please be quiet?!

Gabe turns and hurries past the extremely confused and horrified Priest to pull on the door beside the organ pipes, trying to get the hell out of here -- but it's locked.

PRIEST  
 Sir...

With no other exit, Gabe runs down the aisle past everyone and out the back door, head down and *mortified*.

ALISON  
 Oh my God. My brother's a runaway  
 groom!

Hazel gathers up her skirt and sprints after Gabe!

**EXT. WEDDING VENUE - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Gabe has almost made it to the property's front gate. Hazel trails him.

HAZEL  
 Dad, stop, we need to actually TALK  
 about this!

Gabe does *not* stop and turns onto the sidewalk.

GABE  
 (calling back)  
 Just go back to New York, NOW!  
 (to himself)  
 Of course I had to leave my car at  
 the damn hotel...

Hazel stops in her tracks, heartbroken that he's told her to leave. All the wedding guests (except for Bee and Collin) spill out of the venue to stare at Hazel and watch Gabe continue down the block.

Hazel takes in the MURMURING guests who gaze at her in shock with no idea what to do -- just like her middle school friends did before Gabe chased her from the house all those years ago.

Hazel turns back to see her dad disappear around the corner. It takes everything inside of her to make the decision.

She runs after him.

**EXT. POINT REYES ROAD - DAY**

Hazel runs after Gabe down the winding road lined with trees.

HAZEL

Dad, stop!

He looks over his shoulder, sees her coming, and speeds up.

**EXT. AROUND ANOTHER BEND - DAY**

Hazel continues after Gabe. She's now just a few feet behind him, but Gabe is so determined that he's not letting her close the distance.

HAZEL

(breathing hard)

Stop... I'm serious...

**EXT. AROUND YET ANOTHER BEND - DAY**

Hazel and Gabe have slowed to a jogging pace.

HAZEL

I'm so... tired... and I know  
you... are too...

**EXT. WOODED STRAIGHTAWAY - DAY**

Hazel is now beside Gabe, but he still won't stop stumbling forward. They both pant, exhausted.

HAZEL

Dad... please...

Gabe finally gives up and bends over, hands on thighs, done. Hazel spots tears mixing with the sweat on his face.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Dad?

GABE

I'm so ashamed.

HAZEL

I know, and I'm sorry I kept it a secret, I really am, but you *have* to know we didn't realize who the other person was, I never would have--

GABE

No. I'm ashamed of *myself*.

Hazel looks surprised. Gabe straightens up.

GABE (CONT'D)

I fucked up. So badly. You saw her... she... she doesn't want to be with me. And you're right, it's because I'm a mess. Everyone I love... leaves.

He wipes at his eyes, shocked and angry to find tears there.

HAZEL

I didn't leave. Even when you told me to. Because I want you to change. I *need* you to change, Dad.

Hazel's eyes fill with tears, too.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

I've been so afraid of you since Mom died. And even before. You drink and you get mad and you've never seemed to like who I am.

(then)

I can never tell if I'm more ashamed or thrilled to see your money dropping into my account. Because it's the only sign I have that you care.

Gabe thinks for a moment.

GABE

(quietly)

I know I need to change. I really do. But... I... I don't know if I know how.

HAZEL

Well, I think we could both start by not running from each other anymore. Emotionally *and* literally.

Gabe shakes his head at how crazy this entire situation is -- and suddenly can't help but smile. He starts to laugh.

GABE

I'm sorry... I just... "*literally*" running from each other...

Hazel lets herself laugh too, and it feels amazing. Soon they're both straight-up *dying* on the side of the road.

Gabe is the first one to pull it back together.

GABE (CONT'D)

I was raised in a different place,  
different time. But if you like...

He clears his throat. Hazel waits, but he seems to be stuck.

HAZEL

Women.

GABE

Yes, um, that. I can't understand  
it. But I guess I can try to... let  
you do your thing.

(then)

But *not* with my ex-fiancé.

HAZEL

Yeah no, that is *definitely* not  
happening.

GABE

Good. Good.

He shakes his head in disbelief.

GABE (CONT'D)

I still can't believe it. A  
LaGuardia bathroom stall?

HAZEL

Again, it wasn't a stall, but yeah.

Gabe grimaces.

GABE

So how...

HAZEL

I think it's best if we don't get  
into the other details.

GABE

Yup, you're right.

Hazel spots the ocean, visible through the trees. Gabe  
notices.

GABE (CONT'D)

Your mom would be proud of you. For  
helping me out.

HAZEL

She'd be proud of you for letting  
me.

**EXT. GABE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT**

Hazel, Gabe, Jenny, Alison, Victor, and Marianna are all seated around the table. Everyone eats in silence.

Finally Alison can't take it anymore.

ALISON

(to Hazel)

I'm sorry, but I have to ask -- how far did you guys go?

JENNY

*Mom.*

ALISON

I said I was sorry! This is just so strange. It would be like if Victor and Jenny made out with the same person. Who wasn't me.

GABE

That is accurate, yes.

MARIANNA

Where is Bee?

GABE

With Collin.

ALISON

I wonder if those two have ever kissed the same person.

JENNY

Mom! NO! You cannot say things like that!

Hazel takes in the confused faces at the table.

HAZEL

Guys, I'm sorry again. For embarrassing the family and everything.

GABE

Don't apologize, Hazel.

Hazel looks surprised.

GABE (CONT'D)

We can move on.

**EXT. GABE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NEXT DAY**

Hazel's suitcase is packed and on the porch. Hazel pulls away from a group hug with Alison and Marianna.

ALISON

We love you. Come back as soon as you can. Who knows, maybe *Marianna* will be engaged to her handsome vet by then!

Marianna swats at Alison.

HAZEL

I hope so!  
(under her breath)  
Just please, don't put us in yellow again.

Marianna winks at Hazel as she moves on to hug Victor.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

It was nice to see you, Tio Victor. Thanks for the relationship advice.

VICTOR

(chuckling)  
Don't pin this on me.

Hazel glances at Jenny.

HAZEL

Just so you know... Jenny's a really talented teacher. I mean, she eventually taught me how to not run away from others when I had to poop. And many other things.

Victor smiles slightly.

VICTOR

Noted.

Gabe picks up Hazel's suitcase as Hazel kneels down to say good bye to Romney, who snorts and grunts with excitement as he licks her face.

HAZEL

You're such a good boy, Romney. You take care of Dad, okay?

Romney BARKS. Sounds like he will.

Hazel follows Gabe to Jenny's car. Jenny unlocks it and hops into the driver's seat. Gabe loads Hazel's suitcase into the back, then turns to Hazel.

GABE  
Call. If you feel like it.

HAZEL  
I will.

Gabe pulls out Hazel's framed self-portrait of herself as a tween and hands it to her.

GABE  
I think you should have this with you. While you're in the artistic trenches over there.

Hazel takes it and pulls her dad into a hug.

**INT. JENNY'S ANCIENT HATCHBACK (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER**

Hazel watches her family get smaller in the side mirror.

JENNY  
Thanks for saying that to my dad.

HAZEL  
Thanks for calling me on my bullshit.

JENNY  
I am beyond proud of you.

Jenny rummages in the glove compartment and pulls out a joint, which she offers to Hazel.

HAZEL  
(laughing)  
You're such a bad influence.

JENNY  
You STOLE an edible from me!

HAZEL  
I KNOW, I'M SORRY!

**INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - SECURITY - DAY**

Hazel moves up to the front of the line. She looks around. No Bee. She didn't realize that she was irrationally hoping to see her until this very moment.

**INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT BAR - DAY**

Hazel sits at an airport bar, full wine glass in front of her. She looks at her phone, deciding whether to go through with what she's about to do... then brings it to her ear.

It RINGS: once, twice.

BEE (FROM PHONE)

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. HAWAIIAN SPA - THAT MOMENT**

Bee and Collin sit together in a hot tub. They're in bathing suits (thank God). Bee's in a new yellow one-piece. The color looks great on her, and she looks so much happier than she did in white.

HAZEL

Hey Bee. It's Hazel.

BEE

Oh, hi Hazel. How are you?

HAZEL

I'm good. At the airport heading home.

BEE

Collin's actually here too, I'm going to put you on speaker.

Bee touches a button.

COLLIN

Hey Hazel!

BEE

I decided to go ahead and take the honeymoon I had planned.

HAZEL

I'm glad. You deserve it.

(then)

I'm sorry for spilling the beans in the middle of the wedding. There was probably a much better way to handle it -- but I clearly didn't manage to figure out what it was.

BEE

It was the best thing that could've happened. You told him the whole truth when I wasn't strong enough to. *Thank you.*

HAZEL

You're... you're welcome.

Both women smile on either ends of the phone. Bee repositions herself against a jet.

COLLIN

It's nice you guys made up, but *I'm* still super duper mad at you, Hazel!

HAZEL

Shit. I'm sorry, Collin.

COLLIN

You violated the sanctity of bachelorette-hood by not confiding in me. I can keep a secret!

Hazel laughs, relieved.

HAZEL

Totally my bad.

COLLIN

But truly, I appreciate you having her back when I didn't know everything that was going on.

(then)

And for giving me the gift of knowing that my mom *pulls!*

HAZEL

Thanks?

BEE

(to Collin)

Please don't.

COLLIN

It's the truth, geez!

HAZEL

Cool. Well. I guess... this is probably good-bye.

BEE

Unless we run into each other at another airport someday.

HAZEL

Stranger things have happened. Bye, Bee.

END INTERCUT. Hazel hangs up and notices that her wine glass is still full -- she didn't drink any of it throughout that entire conversation.

She smiles to herself. It feels like a fresh start.

She stands, grabs her bags, and walks away from the glass.

**INT. NEW YORK PUBLISHING OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY**

Hazel sits on a couch beside Mason. They're both dressed to impress. Hazel wears her hair spiked, the way Jenny styled it for Bee's bachelorette party. She has a blank-covered MOCK-UP BOOK in her lap.

Mason finishes flipping through a picture book and tosses it back onto the glass table in front of them.

MASON

This is shit.

HAZEL

(hissing)

Mason! We don't know if it's one of theirs!

MASON

If it is, we're about to make a sale.

A female ASSISTANT (20s) enters the room.

ASSISTANT

Robert will see you now.

She notices Mason.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Hey buddy! You tagging along?

MASON

I'm her agent.

ASSISTANT

Oh... oh, okay. Follow me.

**INT. NEW YORK PUBLISHING OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Hazel and Mason sit across from ROBERT (40s), a publisher.

Hazel holds the mock-up picture book open to a page that features an illustration of Romney the bulldog panting in excitement at a silver engagement ring. The illustration is done in the "weirder" style Hazel developed in Berkeley.

HAZEL

Meet Romney, a super friendly,  
grunt-y bulldog who's just found  
out he's going to be the ring  
bearer for his owner's wedding!  
(deep voice, as Romney)  
Doggone, I'm so excited!

Hazel turns the page. Romney looks startled, mid-swallow -- the shape of the diamond ring cartoonishly protrudes from his furry throat.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

(voicing Romney)  
Whoops, that's not kibble!  
(narrating)  
Unfortunately Romney always gets a  
liiittle over-excited during  
dinnertime -- it becomes a real  
feeding frenzy situation. He  
accidentally swallows the ring!

Hazel turns to the next page. On the left Romney has his paws up on a jewelry counter. On the right the human salesperson points at the door.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Romney tries to find a replacement,  
but sadly the local jewelry store  
doesn't sell to dogs.

On the next page, Romney enters a pawn shop run by an elderly terrier. On the right side Romney walks back out, dejected.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

But Romney isn't ready to just *roll*  
*over*, so he hits up his local dog  
pawn shop...  
(Romney voice)  
C'mon, throw me a bone!  
(narrating)  
But unfortunately, all of the rings  
are way outside of Romney's price  
range.

The next two-page spread features a series of illustrations of Romney looking sick to his tummy as he avoids his owner in different parts of the house.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Keeping such a big secret makes Romney feel more and more ill -- like he needs some kind of big release...

She turns the page. On the left, Romney hunkers down in the backyard. And on the right, he turns around to see THE RING atop the turd he just produced!

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Romney finally poops out the ring!  
(Romney voice)  
Ahhhhh, I don't feel so *ruff* anymore.

On the next two page spread, Romney walks down the aisle at his owner's wedding with the ring attached to his collar.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Everything is going according to plan at the wedding...

Hazel turns the page for another two-page spread of Romney's owner with the ring, confused that it's turned *bright gold*. Romney looks exceedingly nervous.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Strangely, the ring's journey changed the metal's color from silver to gold -- exactly what happened when the real-life Romney ate one of my dad's cufflinks. Romney is anxious...

Hazel turns to the last page. The owner puts the ring on his bride's finger and Romney barks in celebration.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

But it turns out that everyone thinks the ring is even more beautiful than before!  
(Romney voice)  
Now say 'I do'! Raise the *woof* for true love!

Hazel closes the book but keeps her eyes on it, suddenly self-conscious now that she's fully returned to the real world across from the Publisher.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

It's meant to be a story about how sometimes, what seems like disaster can turn into something really special.

PUBLISHER

I love it.

Hazel looks up to see that the Publisher is beaming with excitement.

HAZEL

*Really?*

Hazel's expression fills with pure joy. Mason leans over the table to extend out his hand to Robert.

MASON

Mason Curry, I'm excited to start talking terms with you.

Robert shakes Mason's hand, confused. Hazel gently pulls Mason back by the shirt.

HAZEL

(quietly)

Mason, I need you to play it cool right now.

(to Robert)

I'M SO FUCKING EXCITED!

It's the start she's been dreaming of.

**INT. HAZEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Hazel sits on the couch, scrolling through her phone.

ON SCREEN: We see that Hazel has texted Ilana a thank you message for introducing her to Robert. Ilana writes back, "Of course! Good luck with everything."

Suddenly a call comes through from "DAD". Hazel picks up.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. GABE'S HOUSE - GABE'S STUDY - THAT MOMENT**

Gabe sits in his leather chair, one hand reaching down to scratch Romney behind the ear.

HAZEL

Hey Dad. How'd it go?

GABE

I walked in, got a free cup of coffee and a cookie, then walked right back out.

HAZEL

Okay, well, that's at least a half-step in the right direction of attending an AA meeting. Good job.

GABE

How was the pitch?

HAZEL

The publisher wants to move forward!

GABE

That's amazing.  
(to Romney)  
You're going to be a star, Romney!

Suddenly there's a KNOCK at Hazel's door.

HAZEL

Sorry, someone's at the door.

GABE

Talk to you later.

Hazel hangs up and opens her door to find her neighbor Aubrey standing there with another incorrectly delivered package.

AUBREY

Delivery for Wilson, NOT Watson.  
Can I add "Back-Up Mailwoman" to my resume yet?

Hazel laughs and accepts the package.

HAZEL

Thanks so much.

Aubrey hesitates at the door. Hazel shifts from foot to foot.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

(super high voice)  
Hey, crazy idea...

AUBREY

(very low voice)  
What is it?

Hazel giggles, overjoyed that her nervous tic has been reciprocated.

HAZEL

(regular voice)

Would you maybe wanna come in? I'd love to take you up on your offer to talk dads.

AUBREY

Yeah, I'd like that!

Aubrey walks into the apartment.

HAZEL

Awesome, because I have *the craziest* story for you.

AUBREY

Bet I can top it.

HAZEL

You wanna put money on that?

Hazel closes the door on us.

**THE END**