

A VERY NORMAL FAMILY

Written by

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Based on a true story.

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L'CHAIM: TO LIFE.

BLACK.

The Raffi children's song 'Baby Beluga' plays. *

RAFFI (O.S.)
Baby Beluga in the deep blue sea --

INT. KIDS PLAY ZONE - DAY

RAFFI (O.S.)
*Swim so wild and you swim so free.
Heaven above and the sea below --*

FIVE YEAR OLDS run like sugared lunatics through a brightly colored indoor play place.

A FEW slide down a winding slide dropping them into a huge multicolored ball pit. *

On the wall above the ball pit, a large screen plays the 'Baby Beluga' video. *

We follow SARAH (5), in a pink princess dress and birthday crown. She climbs out of the ball pit, runs passed the FACE PAINTER, and the multicolored flashing lights dance floor, to an elaborately decorated princess themed table. *

SOL SCHWARTZ, 70's, sits at the table, his face painted like a puppy, a too small pointed princess birthday hat on his head, its elastic band way too tight under his chin. *

He eats a slice of pizza, his plate loaded with crusts. Sol likes to eat, and he knows all the words to Baby Beluga. *

SOL
Baby Beluga, baby beluga--

His wife NAOMI SCHWARTZ, 70's, sits next to him. Petite, elegant, diamonds in her ears, pearls around her neck, her hair perfectly coiffed. Naomi doesn't do kids parties with Sol's zeal. She doesn't do anything with Sol's zeal. *

SARAH
Uncle Sol!

Sarah pulls on Sol's hand.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Come to the ball pit!

SOL

(mouth full)

I'm still eating.

*
*

SARAH

You're always eating! Come on!

NAOMI

Sarah, dear, I think Uncle Sol has
played enough today.

Sarah stomps her foot and crosses her arms.

*

SOL

Okay. I'll go.

Naomi shoots him a displeased glance. Sol stands, his belly
hanging over his pants.

*

SARAH

Thank you!

NAOMI

One day you'll learn how to say no.

SOL

(smiling)

Or not.

*
*
*

Sarah's mom, COUSIN DEBBIE, 40's, approaches. She's tacky,
loud, and perpetually overwhelmed.

*

Sarah pulls Sol away.

*

COUSIN DEBBIE

Sarah!

SOL

It's fine, what else do I have to
do today?

*

INT. KIDS PLAY ZONE - BALL PIT - DAY

Sol sits in the ball pit, hat askew, smiling, full of joy.
Sarah and a FEW 5 YEAR OLDS throw balls at him.

*
*

RAFFI

*When it's dark, you're home and
fed. Curl up, snug in your water
bed--*

Sol's face changes. He looks stressed. Something is wrong. He can't breath. He reaches in his pocket, takes out an asthma inhaler. *

He squeezes the inhaler, takes a deep inhale. It's not working. Holy shit. He can't breath. Balls fly towards him. He tries to stand, the kids jump on him. *

Sol GASPS, tries to tell them to get off but he's asphyxiating and can't speak.

RAFFI (CONT'D)
Good night, little whale, good night.

We go close on Sol's wide eyes as he sinks into the ball pit. *

CUT TO BLACK.

ANINUT: DEAD AND BURIED

INT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

We're close on a pair of closed eyes. *

We pull back to see Sol, dead, dressed in his Eagle Scout uniform, laying in a plain pine box coffin on the bima. *

The large sanctuary is filled with MOURNERS:

PRIESTS, NUNS, HASIDIC MEN IN BLACK FUR HATS, HASIDIC WOMEN IN WIGS, POLICE OFFICERS, and MEN and WOMEN in black.

This funeral is a fucking event.

The SCHWARTZ FAMILY sits in the front row.

LINDSEY SCHWARTZ, 30's, tall, makeup free blonde. She's a successful veterinarian and animal acupuncturist, militant vegan, annoyingly self-righteous. Her posture is perfect, her legs crossed at the ankles, palms folded in her lap, ladylike. *

Her husband, JIMMY GRASSO, sits next to her. 30's with grungy good looks, he's a musician waiting for his big break. Relaxed, he slumps a bit, with one hand resting on top of Lindsey's.

Next to Jimmy is ROBERT 'BOBBY' SCHWARTZ, late 20's, a hard partying, unemployed musician, who looks like he was up all night because he was. He's slumped in his seat, arms crossed defiantly. *

Next to Bobby is Naomi, she sits exactly like her daughter Lindsey, rigid and ladylike, staring straight ahead. *

Next to Naomi is the middle child, ELLIOTT SCHWARTZ, 30's, frighteningly pale with red hair. His chubby flushed cheeks and boyish freckles look odd next to Naomi's polish and poise. He's kind and decent, a lawyer and die hard New York Mets fan. He grips a prayer book in his lap and stares at the floor. *

Next to Elliott is his wife, MIRIAM (MIMI) SCHWARTZ. 30's, pregnant, anxious, vibrating like an Adderall-Diet Coke cocktail. She's been kissing her mother-in-law's ass since the day they met. *

On the bima, sits RABBI CRANE. 70's, balding, with an impressive combover beneath his yarmulke. He shifts uncomfortably as...

Cousin Debbie stands at the lectern. Her black dress is too tight, her tits too big, her heels too high. She loudly BLOWS her nose into a crumpled tissue. *

DEBBIE

(New York accent)

Sol was my father's--god rest his soul--brother. When my father--god rest his soul--died, Sol became like a father to me. He was the best--uncle--he saved me--that time I jumped off the side of the cruise ship-- *

We pan to the Schwartz family. *

LINDSEY

Here we go.

BOBBY

Oh shit. *

Elliott keeps his eyes locked on the floor. *

We cut back to Debbie. *

DEBBIE

(louder, crying harder)

I'll never forgive myself--

Debbie dramatically lays herself on top of the coffin. *

INTERCUT BETWEEN *
DEBBIE AND *
FAMILY/CROWD: *

Naomi looks homicidal.

LINDSEY
Oh. My. God.

Bobby CRACKS UP.

ELLIOTT
(to Lindsey & Bobby)
Shhh--

Rabbi Crane quickly stands, stops at the lectern.

RABBI CRANE *
And now Sol's daughter, Lindsey--

Rabbi Crane hurries to the coffin, whispers something in
Debbie's ear, gently lifts her off the coffin. *

The CROWD wipes away tears. It's just so sad. *

Lindsey stands, ascends the steps, walks to the lectern. *

Rabbi Crane tries to avoid looking at Debbie's overwhelming
bosom as he leads her down the steps to her seat in the
second row.

Lindsey takes a few deep, composing breaths. *

LINDSEY
Many of you know my father as a
brilliant physician, one who took
your calls at any hour of the day.
Who treated you like family. Maybe
he saved your life or delivered
your children or found your breast
cancer.

A tearful HASIDIC WOMAN dabs her eye with a tissue. *

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
Some of you know him as a loyal
friend and lifelong Boy Scout who
just last week celebrated his 50
year reunion with his Eagle Scout
troop.

A group of OLDER MEN IN EAGLE SCOUT UNIFORMS nod. *

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Maybe you served with him on the
Synagogue Scholarship Committee, or
the Long Island Interfaith Council.

A PRIEST and NUN make the sign of the cross and bow their
heads.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Maybe you're one of the police
officers he brought donuts, or one
of the nurses or doctors he
entertained with cheezy dad jokes.

*

MEN AND WOMEN IN SCRUBS stand at the back, their bittersweet
tears fall.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

It won't come as a surprise that my
dad was the heart of our family. He
was my mother's lifelong best
friend. He was my best friend. And
he was both of my brothers' biggest
supporter.

*

*

Bobby rolls his eyes, Elliott nods in agreement.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

He taught us to lead with
integrity, to live honestly, and to
love fiercely.

Cousin Debbie SOBS loudly. Bobby stifles a laugh, Naomi and
Elliot shoot him a stern "behave yourself" look.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

For my dad, family came first. But
his community was his family, too.
He loved his work, his friends, his
patients, his kids, his wife.

Lindsey gives her mom a loving smile.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

But most of all, he loved his car.

LAUGHTER.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER - DAY

MOURNERS gather under a small arbor of trees a top a green hilltop. *

Rabbi Crane stands beside the unusually large burial hole, an open prayer book in his hands. Naomi, Elliott, Lindsey, and Bobby stand behind him.

RABBI CRANE
(eyes closed, in Hebrew)
Yitgadal vi yitkadash-

We hear the LOUD TKTKTKTK of a helicopter. *

RABBI CRANE (CONT'D)
(louder)
She-may-raba. Vi yit raba--

As the helicopter NOISE gets louder, everyone's hair starts blowing, yarmulkes fly off heads. Rabbi Crane's combover goes airborne. *

A pristine vintage white convertible Cadillac Eldorado with white leather seats - the plain pine coffin upright in the driver's seat - dangles by cables from the helicopter. *

It descends into the burial hole.

No one finds this odd.

The helicopter is so LOUD, Rabbi Crane's lips are moving but we can't hear him.

The car moves a little to the left, a little to the right, then lands in the hole with a CLUNK. The cords release, the helicopter flies away. *

RABBI CRANE (CONT'D)
Amen.

CUT TO BLACK.

AVEILUT: MOURNING

EXT. SCHWARTZ HOUSE - SUBURBAN LONG ISLAND - NIGHT

A lovely traditional two story home with perfect landscaping sits at the end of a cul-de-sac. Through the windows, we see MOURNERS in an elegant decor.

INT. SCHWARTZ HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Two Marc Chagall paintings hang in the refined living room. A glass cabinet holds a collection of antique menorahs.

Naomi, in her black suit from the funeral, sits on a low wooden box. There are three low wooden boxes lined up next to her.

PEOPLE mill about sipping cocktails and coffee. WAITERS pass hor d'oeuvres. *

Cousin Debbie sits down on the low wooden stool next to Naomi.

DEBBIE

Aunt--

NAOMI

Deborah, these are only for the immediate family members.

DEBBIE

But I--

NAOMI

No, you're not.

Debbie pouts, gets up, plops down in the formal chair next to Naomi. The chair is higher than the low wooden box, Debbie literally looks down on Naomi. *

Debbie ugly cries. Naomi keeps her ice cold composure.

A TACKY MIDDLE AGED WOMAN wearing a very large Crucifix walks over and takes Naomi's hand. *

TACKY MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

(heavy Queens accent) *

He was a gift from God your husband. A saint. I tell yah. *

NAOMI

Thank you.

TACKY MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

He took out my kids and my uterus.

Across the room, Lindsey, Jimmy, and Bobby stand in the corner with highballs and a bottle of whiskey. Bobby knocks one back, pours another.

LINDSEY
Who are all these people?

BOBBY
Forty-five year career. How many
vaginas you think he serviced?

LINDSEY
Stop.

*
*

JIMMY
It's beautiful. Your mom opened her
home so all the people who loved
him could mourn together.

LINDSEY
Oh please. She wouldn't miss the
opportunity to show off her perfect
house --

A WAITER carrying a silver tray of hor d'oerves arrives,
holds out a napkin.

WAITER
Chicken liver pate en croute?

LINDSEY
Chopped liver?

*

BOBBY
Yeah, baby.

*
*

Bobby grabs three in one hand.

LINDSEY
Are there any vegan options?

WAITER
I'll check, but I don't think so.

LINDSEY
Of course not.

JIMMY
She's in shock. She didn't do it on
purpose.

*
*

LINDSEY
Yes she did.

BOBBY
Yes she did.

CUT TO ACROSS *
ROOM: *

Elliott sits down on the low wooden box next to Naomi. Miriam *
stands behind him, one hand on his shoulder.

TACKY MIDDLE AGED WOMAN
And then, when my vagina swelled up
like a --

ELLIOTT
Okay wow.

Elliott stands up.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)
Thank you so much for coming. I
think my mom has had enough for
today.

TACKY MIDDLE AGED WOMAN
Oh. Oh. Of course.

She squeezes Naomi's hand.

TACKY MIDDLE AGED WOMAN (CONT'D) *
Saint Peter has welcomed him with
open arms.

Naomi forces a smile.

TACKY MIDDLE AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)
I'll pray for you.

NAOMI
Please do.

The woman leaves.

ELLIOTT
He saw the good in everyone. (Beat)
Can I get you anything?

NAOMI
Getting rid of that atrocious woman
was all I needed.

MIRIAM

What about some food? You must be
starving. Or a glass of wine?
Whatever you want--I--

*
*

CUT TO OTHER
SIDE OF ROOM:

*
*

Bobby and Lindsey watch Miriam kiss Naomi's ass.

*

BOBBY

Good luck with that, Mimi.

Bobby pours another whiskey.

LINDSEY

Slow down.

*

Rabbi Crane and a modestly dressed young woman approach - his
daughter STACEY, 20. She's been obsessed with Bobby since she
was 10.

*

RABBI CRANE

His legacy lives within you, his
beautiful children.

Bobby smiles at the rabbi's daughter, she blushes.

LINDSEY

(to Bobby)

No.

RABBI CRANE

Sometimes in death, our parents
give us what they couldn't in life.

BOBBY

(flirty)

Who are you?

STACEY

I'm--

RABBI CRANE

My daughter, Stacey. You probably
don't remember her. She was a
little girl last time you saw her.

LINDSEY

(to Bobby)

Of course. Little Stacey. SO young.

*

STACEY

(to Bobby)

I'm 20. And I go to Columbia.

Bobby smiles mischeiviously. *

INT. SCHWARTZ HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

The kitchen is pristine. Marble countertops have been wiped clean, not a remnant of the event remains.

Naomi takes off her shoes, pulls a crystal wine glass from a cabinet, pours herself some wine, then sits alone at the kitchen table.

Lindsey enters, wearing Sol's oversized "Eagle Scout Reunion" sweatshirt. She gets a glass, fills it with wine, sits next to her mom. *

Elliott enters, wearing Sol's blue 1969 New York Mets sweatshirt and orange sweatpants. He gets a glass, opens the fridge, pours himself chocolate milk, joins them at the table. *

Silence.

ELLIOTT

You okay, mom? I mean, I know you're not okay. But--

NAOMI

Where's Bobby?

LINDSEY

Probably passed out.

ELLIOTT

It's a hard day for everyone. *

LINDSEY

I know, but mom, he drank a lot.
Hammered at your dad's shiva isn't a good look. *

NAOMI

He looked fine to me. *

Lindsey rolls her eyes.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Well, do we know where he is?

ELLIOTT
(shouts)
Bobby!

*
*

Naomi covers her ears like "too loud."

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)
Sorry.

Elliott jumps up, heads out of the kitchen.

ELLIOTT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(shouts)
Bobby!

LINDSEY
Mom, I'm worried about him.

NAOMI
He just likes to be helpful.

LINDSEY
Not Elliott. Bobby.

NAOMI
Robert needs a job.

LINDSEY
It's more than that. I think he --

Suddenly, Sol appears. His big belly pulls the buttons of his Eagle Scout uniform shirt. He holds a bagel.

NAOMI
(screams)
Dybbuk!

CUT TO BLACK.

DYBBUK : THE DISLOCATED SOUL OF THE DEAD

INT. SCHWARTZ KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

LINDSEY
What?

Naomi looks terrified. ***ONLY NAOMI CAN SEE SOL***

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
Addiction is scary --

SOL
Motik, calm down. It's okay.

NAOMI
(to Sol)
It's not okay!

LINDSEY
No, but, we can help him --

SOL
You're the only one who can see me.

NAOMI
(terrified)
Why? *

LINDSEY
(confused)
You don't want to help him?

NAOMI
(to Sol)
What are you doing here? Why are
you doing this to me?

Sol opens the refrigerator, takes out the cream cheese and
lox.

LINDSEY
I'm just trying to help. *

NAOMI
I'm not talking to you!

LINDSEY
(looks around)
Um --

SOL
Listen. The gates didn't open like
I thought they would, so -- I'm,
uh, stuck. And starving.

NAOMI
(horrified)
Dear god.

LINDSEY
Mom, please don't take your grief
out on me. *

SOL
Just pretend I'm not here.

NAOMI

The chutzpah! Scaring me like this!

LINDSEY

I'm the one who's scaring you? Me?
You're seriously in denial.

*
*

Sol disappears. Naomi stares like someone who just saw a ghost.

INT. SCHWARTZ HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Elliott searches for Bobby.

ELLIOTT

Bobby! Mom wants you in the kitchen!

He stops at a door, knocks.

*

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

Bobby!

*
*

No reply. He opens the door.

*

INT. SCHWARTZ HOUSE - BOBBY'S BEDROOM/CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

*

Elliott enters Bobby's room, hears a MUFFLED SOUND from behind the closet's sliding doors. He inches closer. Hears it again.

*
*
*

Elliott slides one door open.

*

Bobby is fucking Stacey, the rabbi's daughter. They are panting, sweating, and having a ton of fun.

ELLIOTT

Oh my god.

*

BOBBY

Bro! Get the fuck out of here!

*

Stacey covers herself with an old shirt on a hanger.

*

ELLIOTT

(shouts)

Mom!

BOBBY

You're telling on me?

ELLIOTT

This is a shonda! Shame on you!

Elliott runs out. Bobby smiles awkwardly at Stacey who looks slightly stricken, slightly proud.

*
*

INT. SCHWARTZ HOUSE - KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Elliott runs into the kitchen.

ELLIOTT

(shellshocked)

Found him.

LINDSEY

You look like you saw a ghost.

NAOMI

What?

LINDSEY

Look at him, he's translucent.

*

NAOMI

Is your brother okay?

ELLIOTT

You could say that.

LINDSEY

What is he doing?

ELLIOTT

The rabbi's daughter.

Lindsey GASPS. Sol reappears.

SOL

Okay this is a problem.

NAOMI

(to Sol)

Get out!

They look up and see Bobby and Stacey in the hallway, they think Naomi was yelling at them.

*
*

Stacey's hair is a mess, her face flush with a post-coital glow.

Naomi stares straight ahead like nothing is happening.

STACEY

Goodnight, Mrs. Schwartz. May your husband's memory be a blessing.

NAOMI

Thank you, dear.

Bobby and Stacey head out of view.

LINDSEY

It's about time someone yelled at him. He gets away with way too much. I mean he --

ELLIOTT

Not now Linds.

LINDSEY

I thought that was Dad's deal, "Nothing's a problem unless you make it a problem?" We're still doing that?

Bobby returns, clearly stoned. *

BOBBY

What's up fam?

He opens the refrigerator, takes out the platter of bagels, lox, and cream cheese.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Damn, I love shiva food. *

Lindsey looks at Naomi like "aren't you going to say anything?"

NAOMI

There's whitefish salad, too.

Lindsey rolls her eyes. Bobby brings the platter to the table and sits. *

Sol appears in the chair next to Naomi. *

NAOMI (CONT'D) *

(screams) *

Get out of here!

BOBBY

Cool, we're allowed to eat in our rooms now?

NAOMI

Not you.

BOBBY

Okie dokie.

"WTF" glances dart between the kids.

SOL

I think I know why I'm stuck. You have to tell them.

NAOMI

(to Sol)

Me? No! You need to leave! *

ELLIOTT

Oh. Of course. If you want to be alone --

LINDSEY

I'm not taking the train back to Brooklyn this late. *

ELLIOTT

I can drive you home.

NAOMI

No, no. I want you to stay!

Sol smiles.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

(to Sol)

Them, not you!

ELLIOTT

Mom- Are you okay?
Do you want a bagel?

NAOMI

No!

SOL

You should probably have a bagel.
I'm gonna be here a while.

CUT TO BLACK.

YAHRTZEIT: THE UNVEILING

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A white cloth covers a headstone.

Lindsey and Jimmy, Elliott and Miriam, Naomi, and Bobby
(supremely high), stand close together.

*
*

Rabbi Crane stands next to the headstone.

RABBI CRANE

And now, as is custom--

He removes the cloth from the headstone revealing the words
(in Hebrew and English): "Sol Schwartz. March 29, 1948 -
April 12, 2023. Beloved husband, father, son, brother,
doctor, and friend."

*
*

RABBI CRANE (CONT'D)

When you're ready, please use your
left hand to place a rock on top of
the headstone.

Jimmy takes a rock from the ground, places it on top corner
of the headstone-

JIMMY

Love you.

Then walks to the side.

Miriam picks up a rock, places it next to Jimmy's, then
kisses her hand and touches the headstone. She stands next to
Jimmy.

Bobby looks around the ground for a minute, chooses a giant
rock, places it in the center of the headstone.

*

BOBBY

(Whispers)

Fuck you.

*
*
*

He joins Miriam and Jimmy.

*

Elliott and Lindsey look at each other, unsure who should go
next.

ELLIOTT

Okay.

Elliott picks up a rock, trembling, he places it next to Bobby's. *

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

(cries)

I miss you so much. *

He joins Jimmy, Bobby and Miriam. *

Lindsey squeezes Naomi's hand, then steps towards the headstone. She places a small rock on top then traces the words on the headstone with her fingers.

She walks to the others, Jimmy hugs her. He keeps his arms around her as they all watch Naomi walk to the headstone.

Naomi takes a small toy white Cadillac from her purse, puts it on the headstone next to the rocks. *

NAOMI

Now leave me alone!

Everyone looks at her like "WTF?"

As Naomi passes Rabbi Crane --

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Thank you so much for being here
for us.

RABBI CRANE

Of course.

Their eyes lock for just a second, then Naomi joins her family. They all embrace.

We pull back from this quiet and beautiful moment.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A photograph of the family at Elliott and Miriam's wedding.

We pull back and see a wall of family photos in adorable frames: the siblings as little kids, Elliott and Sol together in matching Boy Scout and Eagle Scout uniforms, on fishing trips, at Mets Games.

We move down the hallway towards the sound of CONVERSATION.

INT. ELLIOTT'S FORMAL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

An absurdly large gold framed painted portrait of Sol hangs on the wall.

The table is set with fine China, polished silver, crisp linens, and elegant candelabras. A challa sits on a silver tray in the center.

Lindsey, Jimmy, Naomi, Elliott, Miriam, and Bobby sit at the table. A traditional Shabbat dinner is in full swing: brisket, roast chicken, potatoes, green beans, salad.

Bobby looks really high.

BOBBY

Babe, not true. I didn't read your diary, golden red boy Elliott did!

*
*

LINDSEY

It was you?

ELLIOTT

I'm really sorry. It was totally wrong.

LINDSEY

Oh my god! Some Boy Scout.

NAOMI

Jimmy, what happened with your audition?

JIMMY

They liked me. So, you know, hopefully I get the gig.

NAOMI

That would be nice.

LINDSEY

Really?

NAOMI

It would be, wouldn't it?

Jimmy kicks Lindsey under the table.

JIMMY

It's my tenth audition this year. The solo thing just doesn't pay enough--

LINDSEY
 (quietly)
 That doesn't matter.

JIMMY
 Yes it does.

Awkward tension.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Once I'm in a band, I'll bring
 Bobby in to sub whenever I can.

NAOMI
 Well it's just his hobby.

BOBBY
 Has anyone heard from Cousin Debbie
 cuz she left me a bat shit message
 about dad --

LINDSEY
 Haven't seen her since the funeral.

BOBBY
 She said she saw Dad in Zabar's.

Suddenly Sol appears, wearing surgical scrubs, eating a piece
 of chocolate babka.

NAOMI
 (to Sol)
 Zabar's?

SOL
 I couldn't help it. You know how I
 love their chocolate babka.

NAOMI
 (to Sol)
 Debbie can see you?

BOBBY
 I mean, I'd rather she not --

NAOMI
 (to Sol)
 Don't ignore me.

Bobby, Elliott, Jimmy, Miriam, and Lindsey look at each other
 like "wtf?"

ELLIOTT
 Well, we have some news.

Miriam stands, pulls her dress tight against her body showing her tiny baby bump.

LINDSEY
Again?

NAOMI
Lindsey.

LINDSEY
Sorry. I'm really happy for you.

Lindsey fills her glass with wine.

NAOMI
This is wonderful news.

SOL
Baruch Hashem.

Lindsey downs the glass of wine, refills it.

BOBBY
(mocking)
Slow down.

LINDSEY
Fuck you.

ELLIOTT
Can we please just enjoy my good news?

LINDSEY
Do you ever have bad news?

Lindsey gulps more, raises her glass.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
A toast. To procreation.

Everyone reluctantly raises their glasses.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
And genetic testing.

What? NAOMI What? SOL

LINDSEY
I've had three miscarriages.

BOBBY

Oh shit.

NAOMI

I had no idea.

LINDSEY

Dad knew about the first two. I made him swear not to tell you.

NAOMI

(to Sol)

You lied to me?

LINDSEY

I didn't want you to worry.

SOL

What could I do? She asked me not to tell you.

ELLIOTT

I'm really sorry, Linds.

LINDSEY

Since I had a third one, my doctor thinks maybe it's a genetic disorder. She said you guys should get gene tested too. You might have whatever it is.

SOL

Naomi, you have to tell them.

NAOMI

No.

LINDSEY

What?

ELLIOTT

I'm good. Obviously.

BOBBY

I absolutely do not need to procreate.

NAOMI

That's nonsense. You don't need genetic testing. None of you. Absolutely not.

LINDSEY

Mom. It's not your decision.

Sol paces.

SOL
It's time.

NAOMI
(nervous)
If God wants you to have a baby,
you'll have a baby.

LINDSEY
Jesus. Are you kidding?

SOL
Shit. Nomi. I think that's why I'm
stuck.

NAOMI
You're stuck? I'm the one here!
Alone! Dealing with this!

ELLIOTT
Mom? Are you okay?

LINDSEY
Well, thanks for a fabulous family
dinner.

Lindsey pushes her chair back, stands up.

NAOMI
It will destroy them.

LINDSEY
Them who?

NAOMI
Daddy. You know, he believed in
B'sheret. What's meant to be.

LINDSEY
That's not what he told me. He told
me to use all technology available.

NAOMI
(to Sol)
What now, yutz?

LINDSEY
Oh my god mom.

Miriam stands up.

MIRIAM
How about dessert?

NAOMI
Sit down.

Miriam sits down.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Not you.

Miriam stand ups.

LINDSEY
You know what. I'm sick of this. My
husband wasn't good enough because
he's not Jewish and rich--

JIMMY
Don't start--

SOL
I just wanted you to have a
provider.

NAOMI
(yells at Sol)
See what you're doing? The mishegas
you're causing?

LINDSEY
This is my fault?

MIRIAM
I'm gonna get dessert.

Miriam exits.

ELLIOTT
Mom --

Sol stands in front of his portrait. When Naomi talks to him,
they think she's talking to the painting.

SOL
Oy. I'm sorry. I didn't think of
any of this.

NAOMI
Obviously not!

BOBBY
Mom, are you tripping? (To Jimmy)
Is she tripping?

JIMMY
Kinda looks like it.

NAOMI
(yells)
Well, now it's my mess and you're
not here to help me clean it up!

They all stare at her.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Dibbyuk!

BOBBY
She is full on seeing shit now.

NAOMI
(calmly)
Tell me what to do.

ELLIOTT
How about drinking some water?

Elliott pours her a glass of water.

SOL
They'll forgive us.

The kids WHISPER to one another.

LINDSEY
She needs some Xanax.

They look at Bobby.

BOBBY
I don't do pharmaceuticals.

ELLIOTT
Mom, how about you lay down in the
guest room?

NAOMI
Great. Now they think I'm crazy.

They look to each other like "what the fuck should we do?"

ELLIOTT
Not crazy. Just tired.

Lindsey heads out of the room.

LINDSEY
So am I. I'm going home.

Jimmy stands.

JIMMY
Babe, come on --

SOL
Tell them.

NAOMI
Are you sure?

Sol nods 'yes.'

LINDSEY
Yes.

SOL
I'm sorry. I'm sorry I left this
for you.

NAOMI
(quietly)
He wasn't your father.

LINDSEY/ELLIOTT/BOBBY
WHAT?

SOL
Just tell them the truth.

Naomi pours herself wine. Bobby gets up, opens a new bottle and puts it right in front of Naomi. Lindsey and Jimmy return to the table.

BOBBY
Talk.

NAOMI
Daddy -- He raised you, he was your
father. But. But. He wasn't who --
made you.

Sol stands in the corner, nervous.

LINDSEY
What the fuck are you talking
about?

ELLIOTT
Mom?

BOBBY
I have never tripped like this.

LINDSEY

I don't know what you're talking about but I'm not waiting around for you to find your words.

NAOMI

All of you. None of you.

LINDSEY

What?

ELLIOTT

Mom?

BOBBY

Wut?

Naomi gets up from the table, opens the French doors and walks outside. They all follow her.

Miriam enters the empty dining room carrying the cake with 70 lit candles.

MIRIAM

Shoot.

Miriam carries the cake outside.

EXT. ELLIOTT'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

It's chilly and dark, save for the lights from the cake Miriam holds.

Sol stands amongst them.

NAOMI

Just my children. Please.

MIRIAM

Oh.

Miriam looks around for a place to put the cake. Elliott takes the cake from her, she leaves.

LINDSEY

Jimmy stays.

NAOMI

Jimmy. Please.

Jimmy heads inside.

ELLIOTT
 (still holding the cake)
 Mom?

LINDSEY
 Can you put that down?

Elliott carefully puts the cake on the ground.

NAOMI
 Daddy was infertile. There was
 something wrong with his sperm.

SOL
 Okay you didn't have to go that
 far.

Bobby giggles.

BOBBY
 Sorry.

NAOMI
 We tried for many years but -- it --
 when it became clear it wasn't
 possible, we --

BOBBY
 Turkey basted?

LINDSEY
 Shut the fuck up, Bobby.

NAOMI
 We used sperm donors.

ELLIOTT
 Donors? Plural?

NAOMI
 Yes.

She looks to Sol, he nods "keep going."

NAOMI (CONT'D)
 We wanted you to be as similar to
 Daddy as possible. So we chose one
 donor from the law school, one from
 the medical school, and one from
 the dental school.

They look at each other, like really look at each other,
 realizing for the first time, they don't look anything like
 Sol.

BOBBY

Wait, so the only person we know with Dad's DNA is crazy fucking cousin Debbie? Guys, this is awesome news. We dodged a bullet.

SOL

I wouldn't go that far.

LINDSEY

You and dad genetically engineered us to be the ideal offspring you imagined you would have created yourselves, then lied about it for thirty three years? I mean, you were never going to tell us, right? Never. Does anyone know?

NAOMI

No.

BOBBY

That's fucked up.

LINDSEY

Wow.

Elliott is too stunned to speak.

SOL

Remind them how much I love them.

NAOMI

What did it matter? He loved you. He was a perfect father. You wanted for nothing.

LINDSEY

I wanted the truth! Our life is a lie!

BOBBY

Welp, this explains a fuck ton.

ELLIOTT

He was our dad. This doesn't change that. It doesn't change anything.

LINDSEY

Are you fucking nuts? This changes everything.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. LINDSEY & JIMMY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

The apartment is small and light-filled, the decor Danish minimalism.

Lindsey zips closed a small duffle bag, lifts it onto her shoulder.

Her phone RINGS, she answers it.

LINDSEY
(nervous)
Hi.

DR. BARBER (O.S.)
How's my favorite patient?

LINDSEY
Cautiously optimistic.

DR. BARBER (O.S.)
Your blood work looks good.

LINDSEY
Oh wow.

She walks out --

INT. LINDSEY & JIMMY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

-- And into the kitchen.

DR. BARBER (O.S.)
I know this is the farthest you've made it. But as I've told you, an IVF pregnancy is different.

LINDSEY
I know.

DR. BARBER (O.S.)
I'll see you in two weeks.

Lindsey grabs an array of vitamins and herbs from the counter, tosses them in her purse.

LINDSEY
Joy, thank you so much.

She exits the front door. Puts on sunglasses.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

We are close on Naomi. We pull back. Spring is in full bloom. The park is filled with PEOPLE. She and Bobby sit on a bench.

NAOMI

What happened to the money from
daddy?

BOBBY

Rent.

NAOMI

But I've paid your rent for the
past year.

Silence.

BOBBY

If I don't give him a check today,
he'll evict me.

Sol appears, wearing surgical scrubs and a surgical scrub hat.

SOL

Just give him the money.

NAOMI

(to Sol)

What are you wearing?

SOL

I miss the operating room.

BOBBY

What?

NAOMI

I'm sorry. I was distracted.

SOL

Just one more month.

Naomi gives Sol a "shut up" face.

BOBBY

Mom?

NAOMI

No.

BOBBY

You're not going to help me?

NAOMI

Have you asked Elliott for a job?
He's always so busy, I'm sure --

BOBBY

I'm a musician, not a coffee boy
for my brother.

She gives him a stern look.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Sorry. It's - I'm trying. Can you
please just float me this month?
Last time, I promise.

SOL

He's a good kid, just a little
lost.

NAOMI

You're not helping me, Dybbuk!

BOBBY

I'm a dybbuk?

NAOMI

Not you.

BOBBY

Are you okay?

SOL

I'll go, I'll go. Just please,
don't give up on him.

Sol disappears.

BOBBY

Mom? Hello?

NAOMI

I'm not giving you more money.

BOBBY

You're not gonna help me?

NAOMI

Your bedroom is rent free.

BOBBY
What? Move back home?

Naomi gives a tiny shrug of her shoulders.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Mom, no. Please--

A WOMAN WALKING A PUPPY passes. The puppy pulls his leash towards Naomi.

Naomi makes it clear she hates dogs. Realizing that, the woman pulls the puppy away and continues on her way.

Bobby knows he's lost this one. He gets up...

NAOMI
Where are you going?

BOBBY
Does it matter?

And walks away.

EXT. NYC STREETS - DAY

Lindsey drives her Subaru over the Brooklyn Bridge, up the East Side highway and out of the city.

EXT. HUDSON VALLEY HOUSE - DAY

Lindsey turns off the remote country road, on to a long tree lined gravel driveway.

She reaches a charming white clapboard house.

Two BLACK LABRADOR RETRIEVERS frolic in the yard.

INT. HUDSON VALLEY HOUSE - DAY

Overstuffed sofas give way to soft ottomans. Cashmere throws lay about. Silver framed photos line the fireplace mantle: Lindsey and Jimmy with dogs; Lindsey and Sol; Lindsey, Bobby, and Elliott as little kids.

LINDSEY (O.S.)
(shouts to the dogs)
Zissou! Tax! Inside!

The two black labs come bounding into the house. We follow them as they run into ...

INT. HUDSON VALLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The small, charming kitchen. Lindsey stands at the stove, frying tofu.

LINDSEY
(petting the dogs)
Good boys. The best boys.

She gives them each some tofu.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
Go find Daddy.

The dogs dash out of the kitchen, down the stairs into...

INT. HUDSON VALLEY HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The basement music studio.

Jimmy's on the couch, playing guitar, writing a new song. His VOICE is amazing.

The dogs jump up on the couch, lick his face.

JIMMY
Okay, I'm done.

He puts his guitar down and heads up the stairs.

EXT. HUDSON VALLEY HOUSE - BACKYARD PATIO - SUNSET

The sun is setting. Jimmy and Lindsey eat dinner at the table. Simple bucolic romance.

LINDSEY
Joy said my blood-work looks good.

JIMMY
(cautious)
Good is good.

LINDSEY
And--

JIMMY
What?

LINDSEY
My DNA results came.

JIMMY
What?

LINDSEY
Like an hour ago. I was waiting for
you.

JIMMY
Open them!

Jimmy jumps up, grabs a laptop from inside. He puts it in
front of Lindsey, opens it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Go.

LINDSEY
I'm kind of scared.

JIMMY
You're not related to Cousin
Debbie. It's already good news.

LINDSEY
What if he's a serial killer? Or a
child molester?

JIMMY
That's Bobby's dad.

LINDSEY
Not funny.

JIMMY
What if he's like, this totally
cool guy who lives on a private
island in the Bahamas, never had
kids -the normal way- and loves
animals and thinks you finding him
is the greatest news he's ever
heard?

LINDSEY
Or what if he's a total fucking
asshole?

JIMMY
(teasing)
What if he's a -- carnivore?

Lindsey logs into her DNAFamily account. She hovers the mouse over the words "DNA MATCHES."

LINDSEY
I don't know.

JIMMY
(sings)
Go Lindsey, Go Lindsey. It's your
birthday.

LINDSEY
Okay, okay, okay.

She clicks on it. Their faces change from anticipation to shock.

JIMMY
Holy shit.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

On the screen, row after row reads "DNA Match: Half-Brother" or "DNA Match: Half-sister."

There are hundreds of them.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
Oh my god. I have 150 brothers and
sisters?

JIMMY
I - I counted 151.

LINDSEY
And no father?

JIMMY
Oh my god, you're one of those
people in People magazine.

Lindsey stares at the screen in shock.

CUT TO:

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby unpacks a duffle bag in his childhood bedroom. He tosses tee shirts into the elegant wood bureau, a well worn New York Yankees hat its lone decor.

In the corner, two acoustic guitars lean against the wall.

His I-phone vibrates on his bed. The screen shows a FaceTime from Lindsey. He ignores it.

INT. SCHWARTZ KITCHEN - NIGHT

Naomi sits alone at the kitchen table, picking at a salad. She looks different. Less perfect than when we saw her last.

Bobby enters.

BOBBY
All unpacked.

NAOMI
Good.

Bobby sits, Naomi stands.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
I'll make you something.

She opens the fridge. There's eggs, some sliced cheese. Not much.

BOBBY
I'm good. Thank you.

Silence. Naomi sits back down.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Have you talked to Lindsey?

NAOMI
John Winbush said you can work for him. It's not a lot of money, but its something.

BOBBY
John Winbush the hedge-fund guy?

NAOMI
Yes.

BOBBY
Mom. Finance isn't exactly my jam.

NAOMI
What exactly is your "jam", Robert?

BOBBY
Making music.

NAOMI
That's a hobby. You need --

Without her seeing he rolls his eyes like, "here we go again."

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bobby closes his door, locks it, opens a window. He grabs a guitar, strums a TUNE. Rolls a joint. Lights up. Sees the missed call from Lindsey.

He hits "call back".

LINDSEY
Oh my god, you're actually calling me back.

BOBBY
What up?

LINDSEY
Are you sitting down?

BOBBY
Generally, yes.

LINDSEY
I did my DNA.

BOBBY
That's cool. You have that disease or whatever it was?

LINDSEY
Not with my doctor, I mean I did do that. But I did the DNA to find out who my donor daddy was.

BOBBY
No shit.

LINDSEY
I have a hundred and fifty siblings.

BOBBY
Shut the fuck up.

LINDSEY

It's nuts. There are names. I mean.
I never thought this would happen.
The guy was like a serial donor.
Literally one hundred and fifty one
of us.

BOBBY

Strong swimmers.

LINDSEY

Right?

BOBBY

Daddy was a play-er.

LINDSEY

Probably more like a cash starved
medical student who jacked into a
tube to pay his tuition. You have
to do it!

BOBBY

I can't. I'm back at mom's.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

You can stay with us. Jimmy's
working on new songs. He'd love
your help.

BOBBY

I'm good.

LINDSEY

It's not our job to keep her
secret.

BOBBY

I know but -- I mean -- I'm fucking
homeless. It's not the best time to
piss her off.

LINDSEY

I'll buy the kit and have
everything sent to my place. Mom
will never know. You need to --

BOBBY

You know Linds, maybe I just don't
care.

Bobby takes a swig from a flask, lays back on the bed.

He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. PARK AVENUE SYNAGOGUE - NIGHT

We hold on Naomi's closed eyes.

RABBI CRANE (O.C.)

Amen!

Naomi opens her eyes. We pull back. Friday night Shabbat services have just ended. CONGREGANTS stand around a table. Rabbi Crane raises a silver Kiddish up, the ceremonial glass of wine. He takes a sip.

CONGREGANTS

Shabbat Shalom!

NAOMI

(to Rabbi Crane)

Shabbat Shalom.

RABBI CRANE

Naomi. So good to see you.

They smile. Sparks fly.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - NIGHT

Rabbi Crane and Naomi walk slowly down Park Avenue.

RABBI CRANE

Indeed, children are our greatest pleasure and our greatest heartache.

NAOMI

How's Stacey?

RABBI CRANE

It's hard. She misses Muriel. She needs her mom.

NAOMI

I was her age when my mother passed away.

RABBI CRANE

Really?

NAOMI
It's too young for a daughter to
lose her mother.

Silence.

RABBI CRANE
Would you like to have dinner
sometime?

NAOMI
No. I --

RABBI CRANE
Just two old friends. I think
Muriel and Sol (looks to the
sky)would approve.

NAOMI
They would. But our kids?

RABBI CRANE
At some point, our lives stop being
about them.

NAOMI
When?

RABBI CRANE
It's okay for you to be happy
again.

Naomi's not so sure.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

WELL DRESSED FRIENDS and FAMILY fill the home. GUESTS hold
plates with bagels and lox and champagne flutes of Mimosas.

LITTLE KIDS run under foot. Joy permeates.

RABBI CRANE stands at the front of the room. Naomi stands on
one side of him, beaming with pride.

Elliott stands on the other, holding his NEWBORN RED HEADED
SON. Miriam stands next to Elliott.

Jimmy, Lindsey and Bobby stand off to the side.

RABBI CRANE

It is a gift to be here. To see you
all again for this nachas.

JIMMY

(whispers to Lindsey)
Nachos?

LINDSEY

(whispers)
Nachas. Joy.

BOBBY

It means welcome to the moment all
Jewish guys get their dicks cut off
leading to a life of neurotic
emasculatation and over-dependence on
their mothers.

Jimmy cracks up.

Miriam hands Rabbi Crane a silver tray. On it are sterilized
surgical instruments. Rabbi Crane picks up the scalpel and
unwraps the baby's blanket.

RABBI CRANE

Baruch Atah-

LINDSEY

Barbaric.

Lindsey turns away, horrified by the spectacle.

The baby CRIES.

CROWD

Mazel Tov!

RABBI CRANE

And as is the tradition, the boy's
father, Elliott, will now name his
son.

Elliott takes the baby from Miriam, turns to the crowd.

ELLIOTT

My son. Sol Schwartz. The name of
my father.

LINDSEY

Oh god.

BOBBY

Missed opportunity.

LINDSEY

What?

BOBBY

Whitey Eldorado? Cody Cadillac?
Cameron Convertible? How the fuck
don't you name the kid after the
car?

Elliott approaches.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I'll be outside.

He makes a "smoke a joint" gesture with his hands. Jimmy
gives him a thumbs up.

ELLIOTT

Thanks for coming.

JIMMY

Of course man, congrats.

They hug.

ELLIOTT

(to Lindsey)

Wasn't sure you'd be here.

LINDSEY

I'm not mad at you.

ELLIOTT

He was a great dad. They thought it
wouldn't matter.

Jimmy casually removes himself, heads outside to Bobby.

LINDSEY

We should've been told. And we
should've been told while daddy was
alive so we could work it out with
him.

ELLIOTT

Fine. Even if you're right, it's
done. You gotta let it go.

LINDSEY

Don't tell me what I "gotta" do.

ELLIOTT

I'm sorry, you're right. (Beat)
What happened with the doctor?

LINDSEY
Nothing.

ELLIOTT
(knows she's lying)
Nothing?

LINDSEY
Nothing.

They see Naomi walking towards them from the other side of the room.

ELLIOTT
People will go to the end of the earth to have children.

LINDSEY
I would never do what they did.

Just then, Naomi arrives.

NAOMI
Lindsey.

LINDSEY
Mom.

ELLIOTT
Today is about my son.

LINDSEY
I know.

Elliott leaves.

NAOMI
You look well.

LINDSEY
You too.

Silence.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
Mom, are you even sorry?

NAOMI
For what?

LINDSEY
For lying.

NAOMI

We did what we thought was right.

LINDSEY

What I keep saying is, it wasn't right. Okay? Why is that so hard for you to understand?

NAOMI

We didn't want any of you to feel different. From us, from each other, from other kids.

LINDSEY

Well, that didn't work out.

NAOMI

You were loved, and cared for. And respected.

LINDSEY

Stop. You can't say we were respected when the fundamental truth of who we are was kept from us.

Just then Rabbi Crane walks over. He feels the tension.

RABBI CRANE

Lindsey, it's so nice to see you.

LINDSEY

(cold)
Nice to see you, too.

She glares Naomi and walks away.

RABBI CRANE

Something I said?

Naomi forces a smile.

INT. LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy and Bobby sit on the couch, playing a SONG on guitars.

Lindsey sits in an overstuffed chair. One dog, Tax, lays at her feet. The other, Zissou sits in her lap.

She gently removes acupuncture needles from Zissou's ears. When she's done. She massages his head.

Jimmy and Bobby finish SINGING.

LINDSEY
You guys it's so good!

JIMMY
Yeah, I think we did it.

BOBBY
You did it bro, I'm just the help.

LINDSEY
Speaking of help.

Lindsey gets up, reaches into a drawer, pulls out a DNAFamily DNA kit.

BOBBY
Wut?

LINDSEY
Come on! You have to do it! It's so cool.

BOBBY
You think finding 150 siblings is cool?

JIMMY
151.

BOBBY
Seriously Linds. I'm not interested. I have enough on my plate.

LINDSEY
Like what?

BOBBY
Mom's guilt.

Lindsey looks at him like, "come on, please?"

JIMMY
Dude, it's pretty dope.

BOBBY
Have you met your new fam yet? What if they're more fucked up than us?

LINDSEY
No, but I found a bunch of them on Facebook. Look.

She grabs her laptop, sits next to Bobby, opens it. She logs on to Facebook, types in a name.

Suddenly a face that looks exactly like Lindsey appears on the screen.

BOBBY
Holy shit.

LINDSEY
I know, right?

She types in another name, another face appears, also looks like her.

BOBBY
Okay that is fucked up.

LINDSEY
But good fucked up! Come on! Do it!

BOBBY
Fine.

Lindsey rips open the kit, hands the vial to Bobby.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I just loogie into it?

LINDSEY
Loogie away.

Bobby clears his throat, gathers saliva, spits into the vial.

EXT. ROCKWOOD MUSIC HALL - LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Rains pours down. A line of COOL YOUNG PEOPLE stay close to the building as people enter the club.

INT. ROCKWOOD MUSIC HALL - SAME TIME

The small dark club is packed. The stage is set for a band to play.

Elliott, Miriam and Lindsey sit at a small table close to the stage.

MADDY, the sexy female server carrying a tray of drinks, arrives.

MADDY
Two Moscow Mules --

She gives those to Elliott and Miriam.

MADDY (CONT'D)
And a Diet Coke.

She gives that to Lindsey.

MADDY (CONT'D)
You always get tequila when Jimmy
plays, everything okay?

LINDSEY
Yeah, just getting over the stomach
flu.

MADDY
Oh good.

Maddy walks away. Elliott stares at Lindsey.

ELLIOTT
I remember when my wife had the
"stomach flu."

MIRIAM
Leave her alone.

LINDSEY
Thank you, Miriam.

Elliott smiles, leans close to Lindsey.

ELLIOTT
Have you told mom?

Lindsey shakes her head "no."

LINDSEY
Or Bobby. So lock it in the vault.

Elliott makes the Boy Scout sign with his fingers.

ELLIOTT
Scout's honor.

INT. ROCKWOOD MUSIC HALL - BATHROOM - SAME TIME

The bathroom is tiny and grungy. Bobby uses a rolled dollar bill to snort a brown powder off the back of the toilet bowl.

He puts the bill in his front pocket, looks at his pupils in the mirror. Turns off the light.

INT. ROCKWOOD MUSIC HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The spot light go on the stage. A GUY is on the drums, a WOMAN at a keyboard, BOBBY on bass guitar, and JIMMY with a guitar stands at the microphone.

JIMMY
We are Grasso.

The crowd CHEERS. The band plays an amazing SONG. Lindsey sings along.

Bobby is in the zone. He's an incredible bass player.

EXT. ROCKWOOD MUSIC HALL - LATER THAT NIGHT

The rain is still coming down. On the sidewalk, Elliott and Miriam squeeze under one umbrella, Jimmy and Lindsey under another.

Bobby stands in the club doorway, pulls his hoodie further over his head, trying to not get soaked.

ELLIOTT
I wish the sitter could stay longer. This was epic. You guys were amazing.

JIMMY
Thanks for coming down here in this weather. Means so much to me.

ELLIOTT
So Bobby, you new the bass player?

BOBBY
Ask my boss.

JIMMY
Fuck yeah, he is.

Lindsey smiles. An UBER pulls up.

MIRIAM
That's us. Love you guys.

Elliott and Miriam get in the car.

BOBBY
You coming in for a nightcap?

JIMMY
Not that kind of nightcap.

Jimmy pulls Lindsey closer.

BOBBY

Ew.

Bobby heads inside. Lindsey and Jimmy run in the rain towards the subway.

INT. LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is lit with candles. Pounding rain is the soundtrack.

Lindsey and Jimmy lay naked, kissing and caressing. He kisses her face, then her neck, makes his way down to her belly.

He's extra gentle. Nothing to disturb the life growing inside of his wife.

Their bodies intertwine.

INT. LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Early morning light streams through the windows.

Jimmy is fast asleep. Lindsey closes her robe and quietly leaves the room.

She goes into the kitchen...

INT. LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She puts on the kettle and takes out a bag of herbal tea. She opens a bottle of vitamins, takes one.

She opens her laptop and then Facebook. She scrolls a bit, then goes to the page we previously saw. Her name is MELANIE VANCE and she lives in Queens.

She scrolls through Melanie's pictures. She sees Melanie is the founder of a group called "DIBLINGS UNITED."

LINDSEY

Diblings?

She Googles the word, sees it means Donor Siblings.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Oh my god.

Bobby shoves the empty bottle and paraphernalia under his bed then throws on sweats. He reaches for his hoodie, it's still damp from last night.

Maddy stands by the door, anxious to leave.

He grabs a new tee shirt, as he's putting it on, he opens his bedroom door.

Naomi is standing right there. It's awkward as fuck.

INT. SCHWARTZ FAMILY BROWNSTONE - KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

Bobby paces. Naomi sits at the table, stone faced.

BOBBY

Mom, I'm a fucking adult!

NAOMI

Not in my house. You want to behave like that --

BOBBY

I have sex! Since when is celibacy a requirement for living here?

NAOMI

It's time you found somewhere else to live.

BOBBY

Where am I going to live? I'm finally gonna earn some money. Jimmy asked me to be in his band.

NAOMI

Like Jimmy earns money. (Beat) Move in with them.

BOBBY

Come on. I'm sorry. Fine. I won't bring women here. Just let me--

NAOMI

Let you what? Keep doing god knows what under my roof while I subsidize it?

BOBBY

I'll stop drinking.

NAOMI

Please. You think I don't know
there's more than that going on?

BOBBY

There's not! I swear to god! I
stopped! I promise you.

Bobby sits next to her, moves his chair close to hers.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Mom. I'm sorry. I'm getting my shit
together. Please. Just please don't
kick me out.

NAOMI

You need to follow the rules. My
rules.

BOBBY

I will. I will. I'm done fucking
up.

EXT. CHARMING BROOKLYN COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Lindsey and Melanie Vance sit at a small outdoor table,
sipping tea. Their resemblance is insane: looks, height, hand
gestures.

But Melanie's outfit is tacky af and her accent is thick
Queens.

Lindsey holds a photograph of a MAN.

LINDSEY

I just -- I can't get over it. I
thought I looked so much like my
mom, I'm taller than everyone in my
family, but I mean, I thought my
face was a lot like hers. But now
it's -- wow.

MELANIE

Did you wonder who you got your
height from?

LINDSEY

Yeah, but, there was always an
explanation. "You have Uncle Joe's
height. Too bad he died before you
were born." (Beat)
Do your parents know --

MELANIE

Yeah. They love it. The more family the better.

Beat.

LINDSEY

Do you know if he liked dogs?

MELANIE

Loved them! He and wifey bred black Labs.

LINDSEY

That's a joke, right?

MELANIE

No. Why? You have black Labs?

Lindsey nods "yes".

MELANIE (CONT'D)

You'll get used to it. That shit happens all the time.

Lindsey pours more tea from the teapot.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Like I told you in my email. He was a medical student who donated hundreds of times. Became a psychiatrist. Nuts, I know. Anyway. After med school he moved to Florida, got married. Had a daughter. Never told them. I mean, why would he, right? He didn't see the DNA train coming straight towards him. Anyway. He died fifteen years ago before anyone found him. His daughter happened to do DNAFamily - only child, dead parents, looking for family. Can you imagine? Oh my god. But she's amazing. Samantha. Looks just like us but with fake tits. She lives in Boca but she'll be at the reunion! You'll love her!

LINDSEY

We should have met at a bar.

INT. LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lindsey sits up on the bed, wearing cozy sweats, dogs laying at her feet. She's intensely focused on her laptop screen.

Jimmy comes out of the bathroom.

JIMMY
I won't be too late.

LINDSEY
Bobby's going too, right?

JIMMY
Yeah.

LINDSEY
Thank you.

JIMMY
For what?

LINDSEY
For taking care of him.

JIMMY
Linds, it's not charity. He's really talented.

LINDSEY
I know, but --

Jimmy kisses her head, sees the screen, she quickly moves it away.

JIMMY
Is that Bobby's DNA stuff?

LINDSEY
My entire life I was the only person in my family who liked dogs! Who liked animals, period. We didn't even have a goldfish!

JIMMY
Nope. Not cool.

LINDSEY
It would really help him.

JIMMY
Stay in your lane.

He kisses her goodbye, exits.

LINDSEY

Love you.

She immediately goes back to work. Her screen shows "Bobby Schwartz DNA Matches."

The first line reads "Lindsey Schwartz: half-sibling."

The second line reads "Douglas Minis: first cousin."

She Googles "Douglas Minis." Finds his Facebook profile. Opens it. On the screen is a face similar to Bobby's.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

Doug's account is set to private, she can only see his profile picture. She stares at it for a minute.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

You look nice, Doug.

She taps her fingers, deciding what to do.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

It's what he needs to get his life on track.

She clicks on "Send Doug a message" and types:

Hi Doug. You're my brother's first cousin on DNAFamily. I'd love to talk if you're open to it.

A second later he replies: Sure, call me 555-1212.

Lindsey quickly shuts the laptop.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Stay in your lane.

She opens the laptop.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Okay. Pros: Bobby won't have to go through the hassle of doing this himself. Cons: I find a truly awful human being and I have to lie to Bobby for the rest of his life.

She closes the laptop. Quickly opens it.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

He has to know.

She picks up her phone, dials Doug's number.

INT. ROCKWOOD MUSIC HALL - NIGHT

The club is empty. Jimmy's BANDMATES stand on the stage, looking frustrated. Jimmy is on his phone.

JIMMY
 (into phone)
 You were supposed to be here an hour ago. Come on man, hurry up.

He ends the call.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry, guys. What do you want to do?

FEMALE KEYBOARD PLAYER
 I'm good to wait a little longer.

MALE DRUMMER
 What do you want to do?

Jimmy contemplates.

JIMMY
 I -- I don't know.

MALE DRUMMER
 Call someone else. We need to be ready for next week.

JIMMY
 I'll give him a half hour.

MALE DRUMMER
 I know he's your wife's brother but--
 -

JIMMY
 He's the best bassist I've ever played with and the best we've ever had.

MALE DRUMMER
 Half hour.

Jimmy nods. Types another text.

INT. LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The room is dark. Lindsey is fast asleep. Jimmy quietly gets into bed.

He looks at Lindsey.

He types another text to Bobby: Hit me back when you sober up motherfucker.

Still holding his phone, he closes his eyes.

INT. ELLIOTT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Elliott, dressed for work, quickly grabs a banana. Miriam holds baby Sol, Shira sits in a chair at the table.

ELLIOTT
Have a good day.

MIRIAM
Good luck in court!

ELLIOTT
Thank you!

He kisses each of them, rushes out of the kitchen into the garage.

INT. ELLIOTT'S HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

He presses the garage door opener. As the garage door opens, he gets in his Volvo, turns it on, quickly backs up.

EXT. LINCOLN TUNNEL - A WHILE LATER - MORNING

Elliott sits in traffic approaching the Lincoln Tunnel. The Manhattan skyline looms in the distance.

"This Is My Fight Song" blasts. Elliott sings along. Off-key. Incredibly dorky.

ELLIOTT
*This is my fight song. Take Back my
life song.*

The phone RINGS, the music stops. The screen reads "Jimmy Grasso."

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)
Hey Jim.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Elliott. How are you?

ELLIOTT
Sitting in traffic, prepping for a
fight. Big day in court.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Oh -- sorry to bother you --

ELLIOTT
Lindsey okay?

JIMMY
Yeah, yeah, she's great. Just hit
me back when you're out of court.

ELLIOTT
You sure? I have time to talk
before you cut out in the tunnel.

JIMMY
All good. Hit me later.

ELLIOTT
You got it.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Jimmy paces. He calls Bobby again. Goes straight to
voicemail.

BOBBY (O.S.)
You know I won't hear this--

Jimmy hangs up.

JIMMY
Fuck. Bobby. Come on man, answer
your fucking phone.

Lindsey enters. She looks amazing, like she's going somewhere
important.

LINDSEY
What are you doing? Get dressed!

Jimmy turns.

JIMMY
Shit.

LINDSEY
You forgot?

JIMMY
Of course not.

LINDSEY
You're more nervous than I am.

She kisses his cheek, he forces a laugh.

INT. UPPER EAST SIDE RESTAURANT - DAY

Naomi and Rabbi Crane sit at a corner table of an elegant kosher restaurant. A WAITER clears their lunch plates.

NAOMI
This was lovely. Thank you.

RABBI CRANE
Thank you for finally saying yes.

She smiles. He puts his hand on hers.

INT. JFK AIRPORT HILTON - HALLWAY - DAY

Lindsey's hand is on conference room door handle, about to open the door.

She takes a deep breath.

JIMMY
You don't have to do this.

LINDSEY
Yes I do.

She opens the door.

INT. JFK AIRPORT HILTON - CONTINUOUS

DOZENS OF PEOPLE mingle. Their backs are to us. Costco trays of cookies and sandwiches and bottles of soda and water sit on a long table.

On a standing easel is an enlarged picture of a smiling older man. Below the picture reads "5th Annual Reunion of Bernard Hart's Offspring".

Blank name tags and magic markers rest below the picture.

SAMANTHA turns to see who opened the door. She looks exactly like Lindsey but with a fake tan and fake tits.

Melanie and more DIBLINGS wearing name tags turn towards the door. Dozens of variations of Lindsey's face look right at us.

Holy shit. LINDSEY HOLY SHIT. JIMMY

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(shocked)
There are so many -- yous.

MELANIE
You made it!

Melanie walks up to them. On her name tag, MELANIE is written large, in all caps, in rainbow colors. She gives Lindsey a big hug.

Lindsey looks at Jimmy like "wtf?"

MELANIE (CONT'D)
You must be Jimmy, I'm Melanie.

JIMMY
I see that.

MELANIE
Put on a name tag and come meet everyone!

JIMMY
Sure thing!

Melanie walks away. Lindsey is in shock.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Not too late to vacate the premises.

LINDSEY
(snaps out of it)
Fuck that. This is awesome.

She heads to the name tags.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN COURTHOUSE - DAY

Elliott walks out of the courthouse. COLLEAGUES shake his hand as they go their separate ways.

COLLEAGUE #1

Congrats!

ELLIOTT

Thank you!

Elliott calls Jimmy back.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Hey.

ELLIOTT

What's up? Need some expectant dad advice?

INTERCUT BETWEEN
JIMMY AND
ELLIOTT:

INT. AIRPORT HILTON - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME

Lindsey stands at the easel, writes their names on name tags. Jimmy heads towards the door. Gives her the "one sec" sign.

JIMMY

Bobby didn't show up for rehearsal last night --

ELLIOTT

Classic Bobby.

JIMMY

And he's not answering his phone or returning my texts.

ELLIOTT

Classic Bobby.

JIMMY

Yeah but, he doesn't pull this shit with me.

ELLIOTT

True.

Lindsey looks at Jimmy like "hurry up."

JIMMY

I'm sorry, I gotta go.

The loud NOISE of a plane overhead. Jimmy hangs up.

EXT. SCHWARTZ FAMILY BROWNSTONE - DAY

Naomi and Rabbi Crane arrive at her house. He takes her hand. She smiles.

RABBI CRANE

I'd like to do this again.

NAOMI

Me too.

Elliott's Volvo pulls up. Naomi sees him in the driver's seat, he sees her. He's shocked. She quickly drops Rabbi Crane's hand.

Elliott's car slowly moves forward to park.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

(nervous)

Thank you for lunch. You have to leave now.

Elliott gets out of his car. Rabbi Crane turns and sees him.

RABBI CRANE

Naomi, it's okay for us--

She walks towards Elliott. Rabbi Crane pauses, then heads in the other direction.

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Elliott walks into Bobby's empty room. Naomi stands behind him in the hall.

NAOMI

I just assumed he was sleeping.

ELLIOTT

I'm sure he's fine.

Elliott pulls down the bed sheets, finds a weed pen. Next, he opens drawers. Nothing.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
You know, I won in court today.
Huge settlement.

He looks under the bed.

NAOMI
You don't have to do this.

He pulls out paraphernalia: pipe, rolling tray, a small unfolded piece of paper.

He picks up the paper, gets a closer look. He turns to Naomi.

ELLIOTT
(shocked)
He's doing heroin now?

NAOMI
What?

ELLIOTT
Mom, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. But how the hell has this been going on here?

NAOMI
(quietly)
I had no idea.

ELLIOTT
Jesus Christ.

He types a number into his phone. Naomi stands, stunned and terrified.

INT. AIRPORT HILTON - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

More DIBLINGS and their PARTNERS have arrived, the room is packed.

Lindsey speaks with a male dibling, JASON.

LINDSEY
I can't believe you're a vegan animal acupuncturist, too!

JASON
So many of us are vegans!

JIMMY
You definitely found your people
Linds.

LINDSEY
I know!

Jimmy's phone vibrates in his pocket. He reads a text. He looks panicked.

JIMMY
We have to go.

LINDSEY
What? Why?

JIMMY
I'll explain outside.

LINDSEY
A few more minutes?

JIMMY
Now.

He takes her hand.

LINDSEY
(to Jason)
I'll call you!

EXT. SCHWARTZ FAMILY BROWNSTONE - DUSK

Jimmy and Lindsey hurry up the stairs.

LINDSEY
(angry)
No. You should have told me last
night. Or this morning. You should--

JIMMY
Should is my least favorite word in
the English language.

LINDSEY
I--

JIMMY
I wanted to handle it myself, I
didn't want you to worry. And you
know what, you guys have a way of --

LINDSEY

Of what?

JIMMY

Of treating him like a child, then being shocked when he acts like one.

Speechless, Lindsey RINGS the doorbell.

INT. SCHWARTZ BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Lindsey paces, Naomi sits in a chair, stoic. Elliot and Jimmy sit on the couch.

LINDSEY

How did you not know? I came home drunk once in high school and was grounded for a month! But you didn't notice Bobby was doing fucking heroin?

Naomi stares straight ahead.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

How much money have you given him? I mean, when's the last time he worked?

No response.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

You allow him to get away with shit you would never tolerate from us.

ELLIOTT

Enough.

LINDSEY

Don't tell me what to do, Elliott. You fucking flamingo.

JIMMY

Yo--

LINDSEY

Not cuz he's red! Cuz he's happiest with his head six feet in the sand.

Naomi gets up, walks out.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
That's great mom, walk away from
the mess you made.

Lindsey stares out the window. The sun set is glorious.

INT. SCHWARTZ BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Morning sun streams through the windows.

Still in their clothes from last night, Lindsey and Jimmy are asleep on the sofa, Elliott is awkwardly curled up on an overstuffed chair.

The front door OPENS.

NAOMI (O.S.)
Bobby?

Naomi, in pajamas and matching robe, appears in the hallway.

Lindsey, Jimmy, and Elliott wake up.

Bobby walks in. He's a mess.

BOBBY
Yo fam.

He keeps walking.

ELLIOTT
Where the fuck have you been?

They're stunned by Elliott's rage.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)
Do you have any idea how worried
we've been? You're doing heroin
now?

BOBBY
Shut the fuck up, dude.

Bobby continues to his room.

ELLIOTT
(frustrated)
I'm going to work. By the way.
Yesterday I won the biggest case of
my life.

Elliott leaves, SLAMS the door behind him.

LINDSEY

I was having a pretty good day,
too.

Silence.

JIMMY

Naomi, do you mind if I take a fast
shower?

NAOMI

Of course not.

Jimmy exits. Lindsey and Naomi stand on opposite sides of the
room.

LINDSEY

You enable him. You always have.

NAOMI

You said enough last night. Don't
throw this at me now.

LINDSEY

When's a good time? When he's dead?

NAOMI

You have no idea what it is to be a
mother.

LINDSEY

Oh my god.

NAOMI

That's not what I meant.

LINDSEY

Yes it is.

NAOMI

I meant his mother.

Silence.

LINDSEY

Did you tell us the truth because
you were mad at dad for dying? You
wanted us to be mad at him too?

Naomi looks away.

INT. SCHWARTZ FAMILY BROWNSTONE - HALLWAY - DAY

Lindsey KNOCKS on Bobby's door. No response. She tries to open it, it's locked.

She opens the linen closet, finds a safety pin hidden beneath perfectly folded blankets.

LINDSEY

Can't believe it's still here.

She fiddles with the pin in the lock. CLICK. It unlocks. She opens the door, Bobby is fast asleep on his bed.

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lindsey walks in, sits on the floor, leans against the bed, and waits for Bobby to wake up.

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Bobby wakes up, sees Lindsey asleep on the floor. She wakes up.

LINDSEY

Hey.

BOBBY

Yo sis.

LINDSEY

So, listen. I learned all this stuff about my donor. Like, stuff that changed my life. I look like him.

BOBBY

Nice Lifetime movie.

LINDSEY

Growing up, I felt different -- I always thought it was just weird me. But finding him and all my dibblings--

BOBBY

What the fuck is a dibbling?

LINDSEY

Donor sibling.

BOBBY
Jesus that's hilarious.

LINDSEY
So many things make sense now. I
thought it would help you --

BOBBY
Don't need help.

Beat.

LINDSEY
I found your donor.

BOBBY
Say what?

LINDSEY
He wants to meet you.

BOBBY
What the fuck?

LINDSEY
He's--

BOBBY
I don't give a fuck what he is! Get
out.

LINDSEY
I know you and dad didn't--

BOBBY
You don't know shit. I'm glad he's
dead, okay? I spent my entire
fucking life ashamed that I was
nothing like him. That I couldn't
live up to the "great" Sol
Schwartz. Savior, hero, Boy Scout --
With a son who's a dumb piece of
shit.

LINDSEY
Bobby--

BOBBY
You know what? When mom told us, I
was relieved. I'm fucking relieved
not to be his son.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

But the last thing I want is to meet some stranger and see the same disappointed look in his eyes I see in mom's every god damn day.

LINDSEY

I'm sorry. I thought--

BOBBY

You thought you knew what was best and you thought it was about you and you thought it was another way you could hurt mom. Having me on your side. Leave me out of your fucking bullshit and get out of my room.

Lindsey is shocked.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Now. Get the fuck out.

He shoves her out the door.

INT. SCHWARTZ KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lindsey enters the kitchen. Naomi, and freshly showered Jimmy, sit at the table. They heard everything.

JIMMY

You good?

Trembling, Lindsey opens the refrigerator, gets some water.

Bobby enters. Silence. He pours some coffee.

BOBBY

Don't stop talking on my account.

JIMMY

(To Bobby)

Let's get some air.

Bobby nods. They exit.

Lindsey gulps down her water.

LINDSEY

He's a fucking asshole.

EXT. SCHWARTZ FAMILY BROWNSTONE - DAY - SAME TIME

Jimmy and Bobby sit on the brownstone steps.

BOBBY

Sorry about the other night.

JIMMY

I don't care you didn't show up for rehearsal. I mean I do, it was a dick move. But I love you. I get all the crazy that's in there (points to house). But brother, you're an addict. And you're the most talented bass player I've ever met. You have a gift. But addiction only ends three ways: in a jail cell, in a hospital, or in a grave.

Bobby looks away.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's your life. Personally, I hope you don't waste it because then I'd be alone dealing with your crazy family, and your bad jokes are the only way I get through those dinners. But you can't get clean for me --

BOBBY

I'm fine. Just overdid it. Won't happen again.

JIMMY

Yes it will.

INT. SCHWARTZ FAMILY BROWNSTONE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Naomi and Lindsey sit at the table.

NAOMI

We took him to a therapist.

LINDSEY

When?

NAOMI

Elementary school. He was having trouble. The school made us.

LINDSEY

I had no idea.

NAOMI

They said he had ADHD. We put him on medication for a few days. He hated it and we didn't force it.

Silence.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

You know, he was daddy's favorite.

LINDSEY

Oh, I know.

NAOMI

I think somewhere daddy understood Bobby needed something he couldn't give him. That's why he gave him whatever he wanted. I don't know. Maybe he felt guilty.

LINDSEY

Bobby getting whatever he wanted is why he's a such a mess.

Silence.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Did you guys ever talk about it? Like, after we were born did you acknowledge us not looking like him or--

NAOMI

Never. He was your father.

Silence.

Jimmy and Bobby come back in.

JIMMY

You ready?

LINDSEY

Yep.

She stands. Bobby continues on to his room.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Mom, are you okay here with him?

NAOMI

Yes.

Lindsey hugs her mom. Neither cold nor warm, just a start.

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - SUNRISE

The sun rises over New York City. The Brooklyn Bridge glows.

INT. LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Lindsey, dressed for work, prepares the dogs' breakfast. She cuts a log of raw organic food, puts it in the bowl, tosses in raspberries and pieces of banana.

She holds a bowl in each hand.

LINDSEY

Sit.

The dogs sit. She puts the food down, then takes her vitamins and herbs.

Jimmy enters, carrying a guitar case and duffel bag.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

I'm done at 4. I'll head up afterwards.

JIMMY

Just drive up in the morning.
Please?

He kisses her neck. She grabs her work bag.

LINDSEY

Don't forget their new toys.

JIMMY

Wouldn't dare.

She smirks. He blows her a kiss. She leaves.

INT. LINDSEY'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Raj hangs up the phone, types something into the computer.

Xoa enters. Her formerly small puppy is now a huge and unruly dog who pulls the leash this way and that way.

RAJ

Hi Xoa.

XOA

Thank you so much for squeezing me in. He ate my earring.

RAJ

No problem. Happy to help. Have a seat. Dr. Schwartz will be right with you.

Bandit pulls her towards the seating area.

INT. LINDSEY'S OFFICE - BATHROOM - DAY

Lindsey sits on the toilet, her pants around her ankles, underwear at her knees.

LINDSEY

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

There's some bright red blood in her underwear.

She texts Joy: "I'm bleeding. Not a lot. What should I do?"

She sees the typing bubbles, anxiously taps her fingers on her thighs.

Joy replies: "Take a breath. Come in after work."

Lindsey hits the "thumbs up" icon. She sits a moment longer. Closes her eyes. Takes a few deep breaths.

INT. LINDSEY'S OFFICE - EXAMINING ROOM - LATER - DAY

Lindsey tries to be patient, but she is distracted and agitated. Xoa tightly holds Bandit's leash.

LINDSEY

Xoa--

XOA

I know. But this time it wasn't my fault--

LINDSEY

Nothing can be kept within his reach.

XOA

I was in the shower, my jewelry was on the counter, he just jumped up and -- ate it.

LINDSEY

You need to do better. One of these days it's not going to work out.

XOA
 (ashamed)
 I'm sorry.

LINDSEY
 You need to get him a trainer --

XOA
 I watch Cesar Milan YouTube videos.

LINDSEY
 That's not good enough.

Xoa stands to leave, holds back tears.

XOA
 I'm doing the best I can.

Xoa leaves.

LINDSEY
 Shit.

INT. LINDSEY'S OFFICE - BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Lindsey sits on the toilet, pants at her ankles, underwear at her knees. She checks again. No Blood.

She types a text to Joy: It stopped.

Joy replies: Take a week off. Bedrest. Go to the country and relax.

Lindsey replies: Okay.

EXT. SCHWARTZ FAMILY BROWNSTONE - UPPER EAST SIDE - MORNING

Rabbi Crane arrives, holding two cups of Starbucks coffee and dressed for a walk. Bobby is passed out on the bottom step.

The Rabbi gently nudges him. Nothing.

He nudges him again. Bobby awakens.

BOBBY
 Rabbi? Shabbat Shalom.

RABBI CRANE
 It's Sunday, but good morning,
 Bobby.

Bobby sits up. He's fucked up.

RABBI CRANE (CONT'D)

Coffee?

Rabbi Crane hands Bobby one of the coffees, Bobby takes it.

BOBBY

Thank you. (Beat) Let me ask you a question, Rabbi.

Bobby sips some coffee, looks really serious.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

How's your daughter?

Bobby laughs, thinks he's hysterical.

RABBI CRANE

How about, we go inside and you get some sleep? I bet there's a nice soft bed waiting for you.

BOBBY

Oh shit, that's true.

Rabbi Crane helps Bobby stand. Bobby stinks like street.

Bobby reaches in his pocket for his key. Can't find it.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Ah fuck.

Rabbi Crane RINGS the bell. Naomi opens the door. She looks lovely, ready for a morning walk. Her smile fades to dismay when she sees Bobby.

RABBI CRANE

(warmly)

Look who I ran into at Starbucks.

She forces a smile, knows he's lying. As Bobby enters, he gives Naomi a kiss.

BOBBY

Yo mamma. You look pretty.

She gasps at his odor. He walks past her towards his room.

She stands there, not knowing what to say.

RABBI CRANE

We can reschedule.

NAOMI
I think that's best.

RABBI CRANE
I'm a pretty good listener, and
I've got nothing to do all day, so
if you need to talk --

She takes his hand, gives it a gentle squeeze--

NAOMI
Thank you.

Then closes the door.

INT. SCHWARTZ FAMILY BROWNSTONE - HALLWAY

Bobby's door is partially open. He's on his bed, scrolling on his phone.

NAOMI
You need to go to rehab.

BOBBY
Mom--

NAOMI
Or get out.

BOBBY
What?

NAOMI
I'm done.

She's starting to crack.

BOBBY
Mom. Are you shtuping Rabbi Crane?

NAOMI
Get out.

BOBBY
It was a joke.

NAOMI
Get out of this house! I cannot
take it anymore. I can't --

BOBBY
Calm down --

NAOMI

(yelling)

I have done everything I can -- why can't you see that? I'm not helping you. I'm not. You either go to rehab or you leave. That's it. No more lies, negotiations --

BOBBY

Can we just talk about this--

NAOMI

(screams)

No!

She grabs his shirt to pull him up. He doesn't budge.

BOBBY

Mom! Stop! Fine. I'll go.

She takes her hands off him. Pauses.

NAOMI

(relieved)

There's a bed at Morningside Rehab--

BOBBY

Fuck that.

He grabs his duffle bag, throws some clothes in.

NAOMI

You need help. Please--

BOBBY

No bitch, you need help.

He takes off. She stands stunned, trembling. The front door SLAMS shut.

Silence.

Then Naomi weeps. A lifetime worth of tears pour from her eyes.

Out the window, the tops of trees blow in the wind.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUDSON VALLEY HOUSE - DAY

Trees blow in the wind.

Lindsey lays on a lounge chair in the backyard. Jimmy massages her feet.

LINDSEY
Nature is good.

JIMMY
Let's move up here.

LINDSEY
What?

JIMMY
I'm serious.

LINDSEY
I'm not commuting to Brooklyn.

JIMMY
Open a practice up here. You always wanted to do acupuncture on farm animals. There are a lot of stressed out cows up here.

She laughs.

LINDSEY
I don't know.

JIMMY
Hang some tire swings on those trees. Build a tree house --

Lindsey throws a stick, the dogs chase it. She's not going to talk about kids.

Jimmy lays next to her, puts his hand on her abdomen. A moment of tranquility.

INT. HUDSON VALLEY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark and peaceful. Jimmy and Lindsey are fast asleep in their bed, the dogs asleep in theirs.

Lindsey wakes up.

LINDSEY
(in agony)
Oh my god.

She sits up. She GAGS. Hunches over. MOANS in pain.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
 (voice trembles)
 Holy shit.

Jimmy wakes up.

JIMMY
 What's happening?

She moves her legs over the side of the bed. She can barely stand.

Jimmy jumps up, rushes to her side. She SCREAMS in pain.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Okay, okay. I got you.

He helps her up. The back of her nightgown and the bed are covered in blood.

LINDSEY
 Oh my god.

She's trying not to cry. Another wave of pain. Jimmy gets her to the bathroom.

INT. HUDSON VALLEY HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy leads her to the toilet, he lifts the seat, she sits. She CRIES.

LINDSEY
 No. No. No.

JIMMY
 Babe. I think you need to go to the hospital.

She's hunched over her lap, hugging her knees. She GRUNTS as if she's pushing a baby out.

LINDSEY
 (screams)
 AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

JIMMY
 Can you tell me what's happening?

LINDSEY
 I'm having fucking contractions and I need to push.

JIMMY

Okay. Okay.

Tears fall from his eyes. He rubs her back.

Another GRUNT. Another SCREAM.

LINDSEY

(crying)

I'm sorry.

He kneels down, wraps his arms around her.

JIMMY

No baby, come on, this isn't your
fault.

With his arms around her, she pushes again and MOANS in pain. Jimmy sees all the blood in the toilet bowl. He releases his hug.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Babe--

As she GRUNTS and PUSHES again, she passes out. Jimmy catches her before she falls to the ground.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

He reaches for his phone, calls 911. We hold on Lindsey passed out on the floor.

JIMMY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

I need an ambulance.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Lindsey lays in a hospital bed, her eyes closed. A bag of blood hangs from the IV pole, its tube transfusing blood into her arm.

Naomi sits silently by her side.

Jimmy enters carrying a bag of new clothes and toiletries for Lindsey. He looks exhausted.

JIMMY

(whispers to Naomi)

Hey. You made it.

Naomi nods "yes."

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Where's Elliott?

NAOMI
Work emergency. I took a car
service.

LINDSEY
(groggy)
Hey.

Jimmy kisses her.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
(surprised)
Mom.

Naomi reaches and gently squeezes her hand.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I didn't tell you.

NAOMI
I understand.

Jimmy pulls a garment from the bag. It's Sol's Eagle Scout Reunion sweatshirt Lindsey wore after his funeral. He hands it to Lindsey.

JIMMY
As requested.

LINDSEY
Thanks.

NAOMI
You still wear it.

LINDSEY
Of course.

Naomi smiles. Silence. Jimmy senses it's a good time to leave.

JIMMY
Coffee?

NAOMI
No, thank you.

Lindsey shakes her head "no."

JIMMY

See you soon.

He leaves. Lindsey closes her eyes, she's exhausted. A NOISE from the hallway wakes her.

NAOMI

We tried for five years. Daddy was ready to give up before I was. He wanted to adopt, but I -- I wasn't ready. I wanted my kids to be my kids. He knew of a doctor who was doing IVF with donors - privately. So there would be no record of it.

LINDSEY

So you didn't tell us to protect yourselves, not us.

Naomi pauses.

NAOMI

Yes. Both. I was ashamed. I thought he'd leave me if I didn't bare him children.

LINDSEY

But it was his fault?

NAOMI

Yes but -- expectations. Even if we had adopted, we never would have told anyone it was his infertility. People would assume it was mine and I would not have corrected them. I wanted children. There's nothing I wouldn't have done.

Lindsey nods.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

You have more options. Surrogacy. Adoption.

LINDSEY

Maybe I'm just not meant to be a mom? What if it's not what nature intended for me, and I'm okay with that?

Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Bobby slumps in the corner of the cell. Elliott and a PLAIN CLOTHED DETECTIVE arrive.

The detective unlocks the cell, gives Bobby the nod.

DETECTIVE
Schwartz.

Bobby stands, exits the cell. Elliott shakes the detectives hand.

ELLIOTT
I owe you one.

DETECTIVE
No problem.

Shame covers Bobby's face.

ELLIOTT
(exhausted)
Let's go.

They head out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Lindsey is still in bed. A NURSE takes down the blood transfusion bag.

NURSE
Should be the last one.

LINDSEY
Thank god.

As the nurse exits, Naomi enters carrying two containers of Ben & Jerry's mint chocolate chip ice cream. She hands one to Lindsey. Reaches for a spoon from her purse, hands her that too.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Naomi sits in the chair next to Lindsey.

NAOMI
When I was pregnant with you I used
to make daddy get this for me. Had
to be hand packed.
(MORE)

NAOMI (CONT'D)
 Couldn't be from the market, only
 from the Ben & Jerry's store on
 78th street.

LINDSEY
 (smiles)
 I know. You tell me every time we
 eat it.

Naomi smiles.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
 Mom --

NAOMI
 Yes?

LINDSEY
 I need to tell you something.

NAOMI
 I need to tell you something, too.

We pull back. Through the window, we see them talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

We move from the hospital over the city. We glimpse the
 Statue of Liberty as we arrive at the facade of the lower New
 York Courthouse.

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Bobby looks like shit. He stands in a courtroom. Elliott
 stands next to him.

A JUDGE oversees the proceedings.

ELLIOTT
 Your honor, as this was the
 defendant's first offense, and the
 charge is petty theft, we ask he be
 sentenced to court ordered drug
 rehabilitation at a court mandated
 facility.

JUDGE
 (to Bobby)
 Have you ever been to rehab?

Bobby shakes his head "no."

ELLIOTT
You have to say it out-loud.

BOBBY
No.

JUDGE
Have you tried AA? NA?

BOBBY
No.

JUDGE
As it is your first offense, and
you have yet to give rehabilitation
a chance, I agree. 90 days of
inpatient. Next time it's jail.

BOBBY
Thank you.

Bobby chokes up.

ELLIOTT
Thank you, your honor.

The judge BANGS his gavel. Bobby hugs Elliott. Elliott
whispers in his ear.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)
You're lucky you're white.

Bobby nods. He's freaked out and ready for rehab.

INT. REHAB FACILITY - DAY

Naomi, Elliott, Lindsey, Bobby, and a MALE THERAPIST sit in a
circle. The room is austere. This is no luxury rehab.

Bobby looks healthy, the best we've ever seen him. He holds a
piece of paper folded like a letter.

THERAPIST
No interrupting. No matter what. No
one talks until Bobby is finished.

They all nod "okay."

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
And when he's done, we sit in
silence for 3 minutes.
(MORE)

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

I'll let you know when time is up. At that point, you can each respond. If you choose to respond, it can only be about something Bobby said. Next session we will hash out everyone's experience of life in this family, but today is about Bobby. Deviate from any of this, I'll ask you to leave. Got it?

They all nod "okay." They look to Bobby, expecting him to say something snarky or funny. Instead, his eyes are closed and he's taking deep breaths.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Bobby, you ready?

Bobby opens his eyes.

BOBBY

Yep.

With trembling hands, Bobby unfolds the piece of paper. One last deep breath. The tension is thick.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

First of all, I love you guys.

He starts to cry. Composes himself.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Thank you for sticking by me, and helping me when I needed it. Mom --

Naomi grips tissues in her lap.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for how I treated you. For using violent language. For just -- disrespecting you in so many ways. Lindsey --

Lindsey's entire body is tense.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry I put my hands on you. No excuse. I love you and I love that you have always looked out for me. And Elliott--

Elliott waits.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
(laughs)
I'm sorry I'm a Yankees fan.

They all laugh.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
But seriously-- (chokes up) I
wouldn't be alive if you hadn't
answered your phone. Thank you.

Elliott smiles. Bobby takes a deep breath. Trembles.

THERAPIST
On your time, Bobby.

Bobby nods. One more breath.

BOBBY
I learned a phrase here. Identified
patient. It's the person in a
family who like, carries the
family's sickness. The kid who's
bad so everyone else can be good.
And that's me. I'm the IP.

They all shift uncomfortably.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Mom, I never fit into the box you
made for me. I wasn't the person
you -literally- wanted. Expected.
And instead of supporting me, you
shamed me. I was the problem. As
long as I was sick, everyone else
got to be fine. But there was
nothing wrong with me. I was just
different -- from dad.

Silence.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Our lives were a lie. That was the
sickness. (Looks at Naomi) And
that's your fault.

Naomi nods. A heavy silence lingers.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I'm sober and owning my shit. But
if we don't start telling the truth
- living the truth - this family
stays sick.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

And if this family stays sick, I
don't want to be a part of it.

Silence.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I want us to get better. So in the
spirit of radical truth telling as
they call it here, I have one last
thing to say. (Beat) It's bat shit
crazy that we buried dad in his
car.

GIGGLES.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

And where the hell is Cousin
Debbie?

They LAUGH. Then exhale. Everything will be okay.

TITLE CARD READS: ONE YEAR LATER

EXT. PARK AVENUE SYNAGOGUE - DAY

Brightly colored tulips fill the median of Park Avenue, new
green sprouts on trees. The sun shines on the elegant stone
facade of the Park Avenue Synagogue.

TWO GUARDS hold the main doors open while WELL DRESSED PEOPLE
shuffle inside.

INT. PARK AVENUE SYNAGOGUE - DAY

We pan the crowd. WELL DRESSED PEOPLE wipe tears. We move up
the aisle to the platform.

A wedding.

Naomi wears a simple, elegant ivory dress, a lovely silk
scarf around her neck. Rabbi Crane wears a light grey suit.

Cousin Debbie stands with them -her dress too tight, her tits
too big, her prayer book open- officiating the ceremony.

They stand under the chuppa: a black and white traditional
Orthodox prayer shawl held up by a birch branch on each
corner.

Bobby, Lindsey, Elliott, and Stacey each hold a branch,
supporting the chuppa over their parents.

Jimmy stands to the side of Rabbi Crane, his best man. Miriam stands to the side of Naomi, her maid of honor.

COUSIN DEBBIE

This chuppa is a symbol of the new home this couple will make together. The canopy is a tallis my Uncle Sol- god rest his soul- used in temple. It was a gift to him from his daughter, Lindsey.

Lindsey smiles.

COUSIN DEBBIE (CONT'D)

And the scarf around Naomi's neck was Muriel's. A gift to her from her daughter, Stacey.

Stacey smiles. Bobby smiles at her.

COUSIN DEBBIE (CONT'D)

This marriage isn't just a union of two people. It's a coming together of families, and children, and memories and lifetimes. It's bringing the past into the present to make a beautiful future.

Naomi smiles at Rabbi Crane.

COUSIN DEBBIE (CONT'D)

It used to be that in a Jewish wedding, only the groom stomped on a glass to break it. But this glass (holds up a plastic wine glass) symbolizes the fragility of marriage, something both partners must not forget.

Lindsey smiles at Jimmy.

COUSIN DEBBIE (CONT'D)

But as Naomi and Joseph know, it's not just marriage that is fragile. Life and family and this very moment, are fragile.

Cousin Debbie passes plastic wine glasses to Lindsey, Bobby, Elliott, Stacey, Miriam and Jimmy. They put it on the ground.

COUSIN DEBBIE (CONT'D)

So, in the spirit of this union, on the count of 3, we will all break a glass. Ready?

Everyone nods and smiles.

COUSIN DEBBIE (CONT'D)

1, 2, 3 --

CRACK!

EXT. HUDSON VALLEY HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The CRACK of a percussion symbol leads us into a BAND playing the HORA.

The backyard is lit by string lights and candles. Tables are set around a dance floor. The band plays from a raised platform.

GUESTS joyously dance in a circle. In the center, Bobby and Elliott hoist Rabbi Crane in a chair. Lindsey and Miriam hoist Naomi in a chair.

NAOMI

(laughing)

Okay, put me down.

Both are set down just as the song finishes.

RABBI CRANE

I'm too old for that.

NAOMI

Me too.

They hug.

BAND LEADER

Now, if everyone could take their seats, we have a little surprise for the bride and groom.

NAOMI

What?

RABBI CRANE

I have no idea.

They sit at their table.

Bobby, Jimmy and a handsome older man who looks a lot like Bobby head to the stage. It's his donor, NICK, a musician and recovering addict.

Lindsey sits next to Naomi. 3 year old red headed Shira climbs up on her lap.

Elliott holds a little red headed NEWBORN BABY BOY, sits next to Rabbi Crane.

Miriam sits next to Lindsey, holds red headed 18 month old Sol. Stacey sits next to Miriam.

The crowd gets quiet.

Jimmy and Bobby each hold an acoustic guitar. Nick sits at the piano.

They begin to play a slow acoustic version of We Are Family.

JIMMY
(sings)
We are family.

Lindsey smiles. She turns around and smiles at her diblings, Melanie and Samantha, seated at another table.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I got all my siblings with me. We are family. Get up everybody and sing.

Naomi and Rabbi Crane lean closer to one another

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Everyone can see we're together. As we walk on by, and we fly just like birds of a feather.

Bobby smiles at Nick, Nick smiles back.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
All of the people around us they say, can that be that close? Let me just say, we're giving love in a family dose. We are family. Get up everybody and sing.

SHIRA
Let's dance, Aunt Lindsey.

Shira stands to dance, takes Lindsey's hand, Lindsey stands and sways with her niece.

JIMMY
Living life is fun and we've just begun to get our share of this world's delights. High hopes we have for the future. And our goal's in sight.

Naomi and Rabbi Crane stand. Then EVERYONE stands.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Come on, everybody sing.

EVERYONE
*We are family. I got all my
siblins and me.*

FADE TO:

EXT. HUDSON VALLEY HOUSE - LATER

The guests have left. Naomi and Nick sit at a table.

NAOMI
You know, they said you were a
dental student.

NICK
Yeah, I'm real sorry about that.
(Laughs) I heard they paid graduate
students more so --

Bobby walks over, gives Naomi a kiss on her head, sits
bewteen them.

NICK (CONT'D)
Honestly, it's a miracle he's my
only kid.

BOBBY
That you know of.

They laugh. Two peas in a pod. Naomi smiles.

NAOMI
Thank you for --

NICK
Are you kidding?

He puts his arm around Bobby.

NICK (CONT'D)
Thank you.

BOBBY
(genuine)
Yeah, thanks mom.

Lindsey and Jimmy join them, sit. The dogs run free.

LINDSEY
This is cute.

Elliott and Miriam join them. Miriam holds a baby monitor.

ELLIOTT
They're finally asleep.

Rabbi Crane and Stacey join them.

NICK
(to Lindsey)
What about you? Gonna have kids?

LINDSEY
Not human ones.

She smiles at Jimmy.

NICK
(to Elliott)
You gonna do DNA too?

ELLIOTT
Nope. I'm good.

A baby CRIES over the monitor. Elliott starts to stand.

MIRIAM
I got it.

Miriam gets up, heads into the house. Cousin Debbie approaches, lovingly puts her hand on Nick's shoulder.

COUSIN DEBBIE
(to Nick)
You ready?

NICK
Thank you for letting me crash this awesome family.

Nick and Debbie leave. Slowly, everyone leaves.

Naomi, Lindsey, Elliott and Bobby are left. They smile.

Like a very normal family.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.

