

EVERYTHING IS BURNING

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EXT. FOREST - DAY

A fire ravages Californian oak trees, engulfs a small home.

A "Breaking News" headline appears on screen: "Santa Rosa wildfires: Day 3 - 0% containment".

PULL BACK to reveal this is playing on the news in...

INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - EDDIE & SCOTT'S BEDROOM - MORNING

SCOTT (55, Black), more handsome when he's not so deeply tired, watches the news of the wildfires on his phone.

He's lying next to his sleeping husband EDDIE (55, White), cute in a nerdy way. Eddie's an endlessly cheery optimist.

NEWSCASTER

(on Scott's phone)

While Santa Rosa has certainly been  
no stranger to wildfire  
destruction, it's hard not to think  
this year is the worst ye--

Eddie SNATCHES Scott's phone, tosses it.

EDDIE

It's too early for the world to  
end.

Scott laughs. Eddie goes to kiss Scott.

SCOTT

No. My breath. It's real bad.

EDDIE

Shh. Mine too.

SCOTT

Uh uh I have old chitlin breath.

EDDIE

Yeah, I associate your old chitlin  
breath with morning sex. I've grown  
to even like it.

SCOTT

You do know chitlins are the small  
intestines of a pig?

Scott blows onto Eddie's face. Eddie gags.

EDDIE

Okay, yeah, no.

Scott laughs. Eddie holds Scott's face, looks lovingly--

MEOW! WHACK! Scott is whacked in the face by the paw of their cat SALVADOR (112 in people years).

SCOTT

OW! No, Salvador!

Scott SHOOS Salvador away.

So, I could spend half this script saying "Salvador meows" but instead, I'll just say it now: Salvador is always meowing. Always.

We stick with Salvador as he runs out, tours us around...

INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

With furniture that's survived 15 years of messy kids, this could be your prototypical middle class track home, except:

On every wall are hand-painted murals. They range in quality and completion, but all have a signature street-art style.

Salvador VOMITS on the carpet, moves into the...

LIVING ROOM

The TV news is reporting on wildfires. GRANDPA WILLIS (75, Black) snores, eyes half-open. Salvador sniffs his face.

GRANDPA WILLIS

Shoo before I fry you into Chinese food.

Granda Willis death stares the cat. Salvador walks off to:

HAZEL'S ROOM

HAZEL (15, Asian), the definition of teen angst, takes a Juul from her creepy boyfriend RIVER (17, White), the type of perpetual high guy that stares for too long.

Hazel is painting a new mural on her wall.

HAZEL

Hit me.

River blows Juul smoke directly into her mouth. She inhales--  
They look over at whining Salvador.

RIVER  
Does it ever stop?

HAZEL  
He just needs his CBD.

Hazel slams the door on Salvador, who DASHES to:

#### MADELINE'S ROOM

A girly girl's room. MADELINE (5, Asian) looks concerned as she draws circles around freckles on her arm, counts them.

MADELINE  
7... 8... 9...

She picks up Salvador, squeezes him tight.

MADELINE  
You're a good kitty, Salvie.

Salvador VOMITS on the carpet. Madeline drops him, puts a t-shirt on the vomit, simply hiding it. Salvador walks off to:

#### PRIMARY BEDROOM

Salvador goes up to the glass patio door. On the outside is Eddie, now on a call. We can't hear, but he looks serious.

Eddie re-enters the house, picks up Salvador.

EDDIE  
Everything will be okay.

They stare out at the smokey orange sky. Madeline enters.

MADELINE  
Daddy? I already have 11 freckles  
on my arm.

Madeline shows her arm with the circles she drew.

EDDIE  
I see, Honey. I'm thinking we make  
some pancakes, have a big family  
breakfast. How's that--

MADELINE

But my freckles, Daddy! My best friend Kelly says if you get 23 freckles on your arm, then you die. Am I gonna die?

EDDIE

What? No. That's absur--

Salvador JUMPS, SCRATCHES Eddie's cheek.

EDDIE

Ow! Shit, Salvador!

Madeline SCREAMS.

EDDIE

I'm fine! Daddy's fine!

Madeline runs out. Eddie takes a tired breath, goes to:

PRIMARY BATHROOM

Scott stares contemptuously at a long line of pill bottles.

EDDIE

I'm gonna make my cinnamon roll pancakes this morning.

SCOTT

Who was on the phone?

EDDIE

Nobody. Thinking we can all sit down together? I miss that.

Eddie grabs a tissue for his bleeding face.

SCOTT

Don't tell me that cat--

EDDIE

It was my fault.

SCOTT

Eddie...

EDDIE

Don't. I'm not talking about it.

SCOTT

He's demented. The cat is demented.

EDDIE

Okay can we please not say demented? It feels like you're weaponizing the word.

SCOTT

If you have dementia, you're demented. That's the definition of demented.

EDDIE

Well he doesn't have dementia and he's not demented. He was just purring a minute ago--

(Scott goes to speak)

No. I'm not putting down my totally healthy and happy cat.

Scott can't help but laugh at that.

SCOTT

You're cute.

EDDIE

Because I don't want to kill a healthy cat?

SCOTT

No. You're cute for loving me, even though you think I want to kill a healthy cat.

EDDIE

Do you not?

SCOTT

I do.

Eddie makes a playfully angry face at him.

SCOTT

And you still love me.

EDDIE

I do.

Scott goes to kiss Eddie, but--

DING DING. Eddie's phone alarm: "Remind Scott to take pills". Scott turns the phone off, tries to kiss--

EDDIE

Hey, you're supposed to take them at the same time every--

SCOTT

I brushed my teeth, no more chitlin  
breath--

EDDIE

I read on that blog that hourly  
consistency matters. Here.

Eddie unscrews the caps for Scott.

EDDIE

I also read that yogurt can help  
them go down.

SCOTT

(nudging him to get out)  
I've got it handled. Can you--

EDDIE

I know you've got it. Just a  
reminder about the--

SCOTT

Eddie! I have to shit. Am I allowed  
to shit by myself?

EDDIE

Oh of course. Sorry. Sorry.

Eddie leaves. Scott doesn't have to shit. Instead, he takes  
one pill out of each bottle and DROPS them in the toilet.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Madeline holds onto Eddie's leg as he cooks pancakes.

MADELINE

My best friend Kelly says that if  
you bleed for too long, you shrivel  
up like a raisin and die.

EDDIE

That's absurd. Wanna go tell your  
sister that pancakes are ready?

MADELINE

But Kelly says that she saw it with  
her own two eyes! There's the boy  
Paulie in Miss Levinson's class  
and, and, well, and Paulie was  
playing on the monkey bars and--

EDDIE

Madeline, my face already stopped bleeding and either way, you don't have to be scared of blood.

MADELINE

Then what do I have to be scared of?

EDDIE

Nothing. You have to be scared of absolutely nothing. Now who's ready for some yummy pancakes? They taste like cinnamon rolls.

Eddie sits her at the table. Grandpa Willis enters.

GRANDPA WILLIS

Day 3, 0% containment, yet all you white libs can talk about are fossil fuels and global warming.

EDDIE

Morning, Willis. Pancake tradition's back!

GRANDPA WILLIS.

Fossil fuels ain't what's torching Santa Rosa!

MADELINE

(to Grandpa Willis)

Pops? What's torching Santa Rosa?

EDDIE

Nothing. Salvador! No eating the cinnamon!

MADELINE

(to Grandpa Willis)

I wanna be a big girl. Tell me?

GRANDPA WILLIS

Fire. Fire is what's torching Santa Rosa, Madeline.

EDDIE

(to Madeline)

Santa Rosa is gonna be fine, Lovie. Now, let's eat. I'm giving you some extra icing!

(to Grandpa Willis)

You know, I heard a weatherman say we're gonna get a good rain today.



Scott enters. Eddie hands him green juice he doesn't drink.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Any update from the doctors?

SCOTT  
Uh-uh.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Typical Obamacare crap. Worthless.  
How long do these goddamned labs  
need to process the results!

MADELINE  
What are the results?

Eddie shoots Grandpa Willis the sternest look you've ever  
seen. Madeline catches it.

MADELINE  
What are the results?! I'm a big  
girl!

SCOTT  
Results are what you get back afte--

EDDIE  
Scott.

Hazel enters, River following behind.

HAZEL  
(to Scott)  
You took a test? For what?

EDDIE  
It's nothing. Haze, I made your old  
favorite: cinnamon roll pancakes!

Confused, Hazel looks at her dads. Uncomfortable with lying,  
Scott looks to Eddie. Eddie shoots him a quick "No" glare.

EDDIE  
(to Hazel)  
I didn't realize River was coming  
over this early.

Hazel rolls her eyes and heads for the door with River.

EDDIE  
Wait! Where are you going? It's  
fine, River can stay if he has to.  
Let's all just sit and eat toge--

HAZEL  
Not hungry.

EDDIE  
Where are you going? I thought you  
had classwork you still had to do?

The door slams closed. Eddie shoots Scott a look: "help".

SCOTT  
It's fine?

Eddie grunts, goes out. Scott sighs, follows behind.  
Meanwhile, Salvador jumps on the table, eat Eddie's pancakes.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

It's notably smoky outside. Eddie and Scott follow after  
Hazel, as she heads to River's car.

EDDIE  
Honey, it's technically still a  
school day even if it's cancelled,  
so why don't you just stay home  
with the family. There's pancakes,  
you can finish your classwork, we  
can all play a game?

HAZEL  
No thanks. River, start the car.

River gets into the car.

EDDIE  
Hazel. Do you need us to list out  
boyfriend rules again?

HAZEL  
No thanks.  
(to Scott)  
Daddy, tell him I can go.

Ready to cave, Scott looks to Eddie.

EDDIE  
Your dad and I do not think alone  
time's appropriate. We think you  
should focus your free time on--

HAZEL  
No thanks!

EDDIE

--on your wonderful paintings and  
schoolwork and amazing talents, and  
I don't know, maybe *not* on  
(whispering)  
Some creepy druggy high school drop-  
out boy?

HAZEL

I already fucking said: No!  
Fucking! Thanks!

EDDIE

First of all, can we watch the  
language? Second of all, can we  
agree spending alone time--

HAZEL

We won't spend alone time! No alone  
time! Okay?! He'll just bone me in  
the middle of the fucking food  
court! FUCK!

Hazel gets into River's car, SLAMS the car door.

HAZEL

Drive! Now!

River drives. Hazel kisses River's cheek, all while keeping  
an eye on Eddie - it's clearly a "fuck you" to him.

Eddie looks defeated. Bad timing, their Karen-of-a-neighbor  
NANCY (65) walks over.

NANCY

Quite a mouth she's got going  
there! I don't know about you, but  
all that vulgarity would surely  
hurt my health... Sorry to hear  
about all that by the way.

Eddie looks at Scott like "How does she know?"

NANCY

John told me, dear. Now, do you  
know my sister's husband Kevin?  
Kevin's uncle Dick had melanoma  
too. Stage 3. He was 78. Or maybe  
77.

SCOTT

Nancy, we have to go--

NANCY

78! He was 78. No, 77. Anyhow, they gave Kevin's uncle Dick a 65% chance of survival! Even still, the cancer got him. Dead in a year. Can you believe it? 65%!

EDDIE

Yeah well Dick was 78.

NANCY

77.

EDDIE

It doesn't matter. When you factor in Scott's age with the immunotherapy and these new supplemental pills I found with excellent online reviews, it's much higher than 65%. Much higher.

SCOTT

Basically, it's a long road.

NANCY

Have you been to support groups? You know Kevin's uncle--

EDDIE

No, that's not... Listen, the cancer might not even be an issue. Scott's amazingly strong. We're all good.

Scott gives Eddie a look: he can talk for himself.

NANCY

Well he'll need all the strength he can muster up. I'm praying for you.

Nancy gives Scott a condescending back-touch, walks off.

NANCY

Ohp also! Please make sure you turn your sprinklers off. Everyone's supposed to save all the water for the firemen and I know you forgot to do that last fire season.

EDDIE

Yep, got it, Nancy!

Nancy waves bye, heads back inside.

SCOTT  
Should I turn all the sprinklers on  
for extra long?

Eddie remains weirdly silent at the joke.

SCOTT  
What?

EDDIE  
No, nothing.

SCOTT  
Eddie.

EDDIE  
It's fine. I just didn't realize we  
were telling everyone.

SCOTT  
I'm not "telling everyone". I ran  
into John at the hospital.

EDDIE  
I said it's fine.

SCOTT  
Should I have told him I was just  
on a leisurely afternoon stroll  
through the oncology ward?

EDDIE  
No, I get it. I just hope Nancy  
doesn't get her rumor mill going.  
We don't want it getting back to  
the girls this way...

Scott nods, but he clearly doesn't agree.

EDDIE  
I mean, right? Sorry I don't want  
to worry them for no reason.

SCOTT  
Whatever you want, Eddie. You're  
clearly the boss.

EDDIE  
Um okay. Passive aggressive much?

SCOTT  
You know I hate when you say that.

EDDIE

Well it's--

SCOTT

It doesn't matter if it's true! The only thing more annoying than me being passive aggressive is you passive-aggressively saying "passive aggressive much?" when I'm the one who's trying to be passive aggressive!

Eddie thinks about that... laughs. Genuinely laughs. Scott's suddenly struck, laughs too. This turned into a nice moment.

EDDIE

Hey. Come here. Listen.

Eddie takes Scott's hands, looks at him lovingly.

EDDIE

I still remember that hot 24 year-old in shorts and sandals, walking to pick up sushi in the pouring rain. I sat there thinking 'that criminally under-dressed man is the most determined man I've ever seen.'

(Scott smiles)

30 some odd years later and I know you're just as determined. You can overcome any storm, any illness--

SCOTT

Okay I'm sorry, but you are definitely the wife.

EDDIE

Oh my God, I'm not that dramatic!

SCOTT

Oh you are definitely that dramatic, Wifey.

EDDIE

Well. Only for you.

Scott gives him a small smile, gets into his car.

SCOTT

I'm heading out. To the studio.

EDDIE

What? We closed for the fire...?

SCOTT  
I just wanna finish something.

Eddie looks suspicious.

SCOTT  
I won't be long.

EDDIE  
What about the pancakes? I thought  
we were all sitting down together.

SCOTT  
They were delish. See you soon.

Scott blows a kiss. There's something subtly cold about it.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie enters. Nobody's there. Just full plates of pancakes.  
Eddie sighs: that didn't work out like he had hoped.

Eddie covertly dials a number on his cell...

EDDIE  
Hi, I had a follow-up question. I  
was wondering if I could--

Grandpa Willis enters. Eddie quickly hangs up, acts casual.

EDDIE  
Telemarketer.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
I hate those motherfuckers. Punk  
bitches.

Eddie blinks. Grandpa Willis heads to his recliner.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - SAME

Hazel and River loiter behind a photography studio.

HAZEL  
Yeah it's like, he just wants me to  
be this perfect little prissy girl  
that he can own and control and  
like, own as a trophy in his  
perfect life. Like, fuck, you know?

RIVER  
Yeah dude, your dad Eddie's  
abusive.

HAZEL  
He's just like literally  
suffocating me to death.

RIVER  
(weirdly flirty)  
I'd suffocate you to death.

Hazel laughs, takes out a key, opens a back door.

HAZEL  
(bragging)  
Off my dad's key ring.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

A strip-mall-type place where families go to take holiday  
photos. It's closed. River and Hazel snoop.

RIVER  
Your dads aren't coming in today?

HAZEL  
Nah.

As River sets up the camera, Hazel takes a seat on a stool.

RIVER  
Yo clothes off, no...?

HAZEL  
Clothes off?

RIVER  
Isn't that the point...?

HAZEL  
No, yeah, I mean my idea is to like  
create a modern art exhibit of the  
10-year progression of a young  
woman. But I feel like that can  
include my clothing style and  
stuff.

(off River's dislike)  
What? You like don't like that?

RIVER  
Sorta less bold, less artistic...  
ya know?



Hazel looks around the photography studio. She eyes a photo of Eddie with the sign "Meet the Boss".

HAZEL

Know what? Fuck it. Not my boss.

She mischievously smiles as she takes her clothes off. River sets up the camera...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

15 PEOPLE sit in a support group circle. Most are with their partner, but Scott's alone. WIFE holds HUSBAND's hand.

HUSBAND

The images of it won't stop. The speeches, the seats out in the sun, those hideous hats they make the kids wear. We evacuated our house yesterday for this damn wildfire but still, her high school graduation is all I think about.

WIFE

Our daughter's only 9.

They both sob, excuse themselves to the back snack table. In the silence, Scott nudges the SICK GUY next to him, whispers:

SCOTT

Weird we all still came today, isn't it? The wildfire could burst in these doors any second. Talk about an ironic way to die.

Sick Guy gives him a blank stare.

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER

Scott, I believe today was the day where you were going to share?

SCOTT

Sorry. Yeah. That'd be great.

(clears throat)

I have something I repeat in my head too. A moment. I was walking out of the doctor's office, you know, first getting the prognosis and all. As soon as I step out of the office, a bird shit right on my head. Like a huge, green wet dump right in my hair.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And sure, I know some people say that's good luck, but really that's just something we tell our kids so they don't get upset a bird shat on them.

Scott looks around the group: just sympathetic faces.

SCOTT

Call it illogical but I can't help my gut feeling. A gut feeling that bird was confirming, that I'm not in this 65% survival group. That the immunotherapy isn't gonna work.

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER

Wait, sorry. 65% survival group, as in the doctors gave you a 65% chance of surviving?

SCOTT

Technically that's what they said, yes.

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER

Okay I do just want to clarify something. Everyone's welcome here. Everyone. But, well... this is a support group for individuals with *terminal* illnesses. A support group for individuals who--

One WOMAN falls into a loud coughing fit.

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER

Individuals who know with no uncertainty that they will die.

SCOTT

Yeah I know.

Support Group Leader looks surprised, confused.

The woman COUGHS more. A MAN with oxygen tubes offers them to her. Scott looks absurdly healthy by comparison.

INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Grandpa Willis watches wildfire news as he eats ice cream.

TV REPORTER

But with our local firefighters dispersed into central California's multiple crises, we here in Santa Rosa County are left with a severe shortage of resources...

Eddie enters, sits on the couch.

EDDIE

Hey, there's a new Shark Tank!

Grandpa Willis turns the volume up. Footage of a FAMILY throwing buckets of water at the fire from their backyard.

TV REPORTER

Just last night, local families were left to fight the fire off themselves. Here we have one man who successfully fought off his backyard fire...

Eddie stares at Willis' ice cream tub.

GRANDPA WILLIS

I'll eat what I want, when I want! You won't be like those goddamned prison guards at the retirement home. You wanna know why I had to flee that hell-hole--

EDDIE

Willis?

(Willis pauses)

Can I have some ice cream?

GRANDPA WILLIS

Oh... Sure.

Surprised, Grandpa Willis hands Eddie the tub. Eddie starts shoveling ice cream into his mouth.

GRANDPA WILLIS

You're weirder than your usual weird.

EDDIE

I'm fine.

MADELINE

(running in)

I want ice cream! Dessert after breakfast! ICE CREAM!

Madeline GRABS the tub of ice cream, accidentally SPLATTERING it all over the carpet. Salvador eats it up. Eddie sighs.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Support Group Leader hands the coughing woman a water bottle.

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER  
 Sorry, so Scott. May I ask, well,  
 is it that you don't trust your  
 doctors' 65% prognosis?

SCOTT  
 No, that's not-- I know I'm  
 technically not 100% terminal. I...  
 that, all of that, it doesn't  
 matter. I just feel like I'm 100%  
 terminal. And so that's how I  
 should be treated.

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER  
 Even though you're not 100%  
 terminal. Huh. Um hm... You know,  
 all these feelings can be  
 complicated. This is a place where  
 it's okay to be at any stage of  
 grief, but I think what might help  
 us both understand is if you look  
 here at our handy chart for--

COUGH! The woman coughs again. Everyone waits.

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER  
 Our handy chart for the stages of--

COUGH COUGH! He pauses. Scott's getting annoyed.

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER  
 Our handy chart for the stages of--

SCOTT  
 I know the stages of grief! I don't  
 have to go over the handy chart for  
 the stages of grief.

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER  
 It sounds like you're feeling a bit  
 of anger toward the stages of--

SCOTT  
 I'm not feeling anger. I'm just--  
 it's not about the 5 stages of  
 grief.

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER

7. Here we actually use 7 stages of grief--

COUGH! COUGH! COU--

SCOTT

I don't give a fuck about the stages of grief! I really, really don't give a fuck. I'm at acceptance already.

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER

Mm-hm. Okay.

SCOTT

Sorry. I know you're just trying to help and I know she's just trying to cough. It's just that I'm already at a point of acceptance. I don't have any problem with being at acceptance and I accept I'm going to die. I accept it.

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER

Okay. If you feel that way, that's, well, good. So then if you are already at acceptance, I'm wondering: what is it that you want to gain from this group?

Scott deeply ponders that. He doesn't have a good answer.

INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Grandpa Willis snores. Madeline digs her finger into the ice cream tub. Eddie scrubs the carpet.

On TV, a BREAKING NEWS alert, with a map of a red zone.

TV REPORTER

This just in: the evacuation order has been extended to cover all of western Santa Rosa. Everyone within the red zone must evacuate immediately. We repeat, this is a mandatory evacuation.

Eddie jumps up, anxiously looks around. What does he do?

EDDIE

Um. Um.

TV REPORTER  
Evacuations must be complete within  
1 hour of the official order.

Eddie looks at the clock: it's currently 12:29pm.

MADELINE  
What, Daddy? What's wrong?

Eddie looks at Willis, Madeline... He turns the TV off.

EDDIE  
Nothing. Here, go make some music  
in your room? Have fun!

He hands Madeline a pot and spoon, she excitedly runs to her  
room. As soon as she's out of sight, Eddie RUNS into their:

DEN

Panicked, Eddie collects photos in his arms, when:

GRANDPA WILLIS (O.S.)  
Mandatory evacuation! We're going  
down!

Eddie runs with his hands full of picture frames back into:

LIVING ROOM

EDDIE  
We can calmly evacuate. Calmly!

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Have you called everyone home yet?

EDDIE  
Maybe we'll just go out, meet them  
in town, get a nice lunch together!

GRANDPA WILLIS  
But they've gotta come pack...?

EDDIE  
Look, the girls are not gonna  
handle this calmly, and you and I  
can handle this for them and pack  
for them and not panic them for a  
pointless evacuation that has no  
point. Okay?

GRANDPA WILLIS

Okay.

EDDIE

Thank you! We can do this!

Eddie runs out. Grandpa Willis grabs the phone, calls:

GRANDPA WILLIS

We got an evacuation order and you gotta come pack before it burns.

EDDIE

(popping back in)

Willis! Who did you just call?

INT. RIVER'S CAR - LATER

Hazel drives, FLIES the car straight over the sidewalk. A horrified River holds onto the grandma handle.

HAZEL

MY HOUSE IS ON FIRE!

RIVER

This is my car! Aren't you 15?!

Hazel speeds straight through a stop sign.

INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Eddie and Grandpa Willis frantically search through cabinets. Eddie's got his phone to his ear, it's ringing.

GRANDPA WILLIS

What the hell is a cat carrier?!

EDDIE

A cat carrier! A carrier. It's like a carrier thing for carrying cats!

GRANDPA WILLIS

It ain't here, so the cat's just gonna have to burn. Where's Scott?

Scott's voicemail pops up. Eddie calls again. Straight to voicemail. He texts Scott: "Are you coming? Where are you?"

Eddie opens the FindMyPhone app, clicks on Scott... It shows Scott's location at the conference room parking lot.

Then, a text from Scott: "Leaving our studio now". Eddie's stunned: *his location is definitely not at their studio...*

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Do you know where Scott is?

Eddie's too bothered to answer. Hazel bursts through the front door, River following behind.

HAZEL  
IS EVERYTHING ON FIRE?!

EDDIE  
What? No! We're fine! We're all--

HAZEL  
MY MURALS! I'M ASKING ABOUT MY  
FUCKING MURALS!

Hazel runs, dramatically touches all of her murals.

HAZEL  
All my murals are gonna burn!  
Everything's gonna burn. I'm gonna  
die. I'm LITERALLY gonna die  
without my art! I'M DYING!

Panicked, Madeline runs in...

MADELINE  
WHAT?! DYING?! WHO'S DYING?!

HAZEL  
I WON'T SURVIVE MY ART BURNING!

EDDIE	MADELINE
Hazel! It's just an evacuation!	Daddy! Daddy! Is Hazel gonna die?!

GRANDPA WILLIS  
(watching the news)  
Fire's got the McDonald's on  
Franklin! All of Santa Rosa's--

EDDIE  
Not now Willis!

MADELINE  
DADDY!

EDDIE  
Baby, everything's fine. Don't cry,  
I promise everything is--



Salvador vomits on the carpet.

EDDIE  
Living hell!

Meanwhile, River records a TikTok of all this chaos:

RIVER  
The real natural disaster is my  
chick's family...

EDDIE  
Willis, stop Salvador from vomiting  
on the ottoman!

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Screw the ottoman!

MADELINE  
DADDY! Is Hazel gonna die?! I DON'T  
WANT HAZEL TO DIE!

EDDIE  
We're just evacuating! Nobody's--

HAZEL  
I'll kill myself before I lose my  
murals! I'll jump off a 50 story  
building, I swear! I'M JUMPING!

MADELINE  
AAAAHHHHH!!! NOOOO!!!

Eddie picks Madeline up, runs toward Hazel. He steps on  
Salvador's vomit, almost slips, but keeps running anyway.

EDDIE  
Hazel! Shit! Hazel! You're scaring  
Madeline!

HAZEL  
I'M SCARED!

EDDIE  
Listen. Listen to me! Both of you!  
This is all just a precaution. The  
fire is nowhere near our house.

HAZEL  
That's not true!

MADELINE  
IT'S NOT?!

EDDIE

It is! 98% of evacuation orders are totally unnecessary. I just looked it up.

HAZEL

No you didn't!

MADELINE

YOU DIDN'T?!

EDDIE

Girls, I am so not worried. I'm not scared at all. Not at all.

HAZEL

Why not?! There's a wildfire!

MADELINE

A WILD fire?! What's a wildfire?!

Scott enters, sees the chaos and cat vomit everywhere.  
Grandpa Willis tries to carry Salvador as he barfs mid-carry.

SCOTT

Why aren't we packing?

Hazel runs to Scott, smothers him in a tear-filled hug.

SCOTT

I'm at the studio for half an hour  
and we're falling apart?

Hazel clocks that lie - he wasn't at the studio.

SCOTT

What's going on? What are we doing?

EDDIE

We're calming down! We're all  
calming down!

HAZEL

I'll burn with my art! I  
swear, I'll throw myself in  
the fire!

MADELINE

DADDYYYY! AHHH!

Scott climbs onto the dining table, stands on it.

SCOTT

BE QUIET! EVERYONE! QUIET!

Everyone silences... well, except for Salvador.

SCOTT

You too Salvador! Shut the fuck up!

Salvador vomits. Grandpa Willis shoots him a death glare.

SCOTT

We're done with the bullshit. We have 2 decades worth of stuff to pack in a short time, so I need all hands on deck. You too, River.

In the back of the room, River just stares like he's stoned.

SCOTT

Eddie, you and I will get financial statements, every picture frame, every photo album--

EDDIE

I really think the house is going to be fine.

SCOTT

Eddie.

EDDIE

I heard the weathermen are predicting a rain and so this is all just overly--

SCOTT

Eddie! I'm not losing anything in this house. Especially at this time. I have enough on my plate. I'm not losing anythi--

EDDIE

Okay. I hear you. Okay.

SCOTT

Thank you. We're packing the files, the photos, the girls' artwork--

HAZEL

My murals can't be packed and neither can all my entire childhood memories and life and happiness.

SCOTT

Hazel. You're going to photograph every mural and--

HAZEL

I'm not leaving to let my murals  
burn--

SCOTT

We'll discuss that later. For now,  
photograph them, pack your clothes--

HAZEL

But I'm not leaving--

SCOTT

Hazel! We hear you. Just pack your  
clothes. Also, get Salvador's cat  
carrier and dementia CBD and--

GRANDPA WILLIS

Now the cat's smokin herb? You been  
hangin around too many white libs--

SCOTT

Not now Dad! You pack first aid  
essentials, your model planes,  
anything sentimental.

GRANDPA WILLIS

I say we forget all this packing-  
sentimentals nonsense. Let's spend  
our time clearing brush--

SCOTT

Dad! You're in our house and under  
our rules. Don't make me bring up  
the retirement village again.

GRANDPA WILLIS

Well what if this house burns to  
the cinders?

SCOTT

Retirement village!

Scared, Grandpa shakes his head.

SCOTT

Thank you. Now Maddie, you go get  
your favorite toys. People, we have  
30 minutes. 1:30 and we're out. I  
want as much packed as possible.  
We've got the minivan, Grandpa's  
pick-up. We'll drive them both to a  
motel in T-minus 30. Now move!

Grandpa Willis, River, and Hazel head to their directives.  
Eddie helps Scott off the table.

EDDIE

I don't know what we'd do without  
your lead. Thank you.

Eddie kisses Scott. They pick up Madeline, still teary.

SCOTT

I know this is stressful and scary  
and you're--

EDDIE

Someone who so SO doesn't have to  
be stressed or scared about  
anything. Just stay calm and--

SCOTT

--go and collect you favorite toys  
and clothes. Okay?

Scott kisses her cheek, walks off. Eddie holds her alone.

MADELINE

Daddy I'm a big girl. I wanna know  
things.

EDDIE

Okay what do you wanna know?

MADELINE

Um. Um. Is Hazel gonna jump off a  
50 story building?

EDDIE

Madeline Rose, I promise you that  
nobody's jumping off a 50 story  
building. Okay?

(Madeline considers)

I promise. Everyone will be fine.  
That's my job to make sure of that.  
That's my job.

(she looks skeptical)

Now go get all your favorite  
clothes for a big girl fashion  
show!

She goes to her room. Eddie looks at Salvador:

EDDIE

That's my job.

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME

Beyond their back fence, there's a large open field that extends out toward a distant, smoky, and orange horizon.

Through a window, Salvador looks out, cries.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Grandpa Willis packs a box with model airplanes.

Salvador whines at him. GRMM GRMM! Grandpa Willis turns on his chainsaw, points it at Salvador! Salvador RUNS.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Hazel and River take photos of her murals. She admires one: a rainy day with a rainbow inside a raindrop.

HAZEL

This one's my favorite.

River zooms into Hazel's butt, takes a picture of that.

INT. MADELINE'S ROOM - SAME

Madeline places princess dresses into a pink suitcase. She picks up the shirt on Salvador's vomit from the opening... packs it. Salvador appears, rubs his head against Madeline.

MADELINE

I don't know what's happening,  
Salvie. I don't know.

They share a sympathetic glare. She pets him, he purrs.

INT. HOME OFFICE - SAME

Scott rummages through cabinets, tosses files to Eddie, who places them in a box. Their teamwork is impressive.

SCOTT

Tax docs. Studio paperwork.  
(he tosses more)  
Birth certificates. Passports.  
Where do we keep the passports?

Eddie climbs up to a top shelf, grabs them. Success.

EDDIE  
Passports. Insurance docs. And  
here's a few picture frames.

Eddie passes them. Scott pauses at a photo: younger Eddie and Scott outside this house as it's under construction.

EDDIE  
What next?

Eddie sees Scott staring solemnly at the photo... Eddie snatches the photo.

EDDIE  
Scott. Focus. What next? Tell me  
what to pack next.  
(playful)  
Or if you prefer, I can just spend  
three hours in front of an empty  
suitcase, overanalyzing which of  
our many pairs of pants are the  
most crucial to pack?

SCOTT  
(smiles)  
Is that how you've missed 7  
flights?

EDDIE  
Okay, first of all it's 6 flights,  
and all were without you there. So  
actually maybe... Yes.

SCOTT  
No pants. Just photos. In the  
bedroom.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Grandpa Willis closes his tool box. He goes to a hidden chest labeled "WILLIS - MIND YOUR OWN FUCKING BUSINESS"...

MADELINE  
Pops?

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Nothing! I'm just packing.

MADELINE  
I found 13 freckles on my arms. Is  
that bad? Is that too close to 23?

Grandpa Willis eyes her arms, covered in sharpie circles.

GRANDPA WILLIS

What the hell is wrong with you people? My God girl, how old are you?

MADELINE

5 and 3 quarters.

GRANDPA WILLIS

Well that's 5 and 3 quarters full of looney tune crazy.

(then)

How many black friends do you have?

Madeline counts, then holds up a zero with her hand.

GRANDPA WILLIS

Listen, you and I are going to have a real talk about all these white people making you crazy. But first, go get the rest of your toys.

Madeline runs out. Grandpa Willis checks that he's alone.

He opens the hidden chest: a collection of Cher records-- actually, every Cher record. There's even a MAMMA MIA 2 DVD.

INT. PRIMARY BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie and Scott open every drawer, grabbing photo albums.

EDDIE

Wedding album.

He puts it in a suitcase.

SCOTT

Have you seen the baby books? I can't find either. Where would--

HAZEL

Salvador's gonna burn before I find this fucking cat carrier!

Hazel runs through their room into...

INT. PRIMARY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hazel pauses at: Scott's pill bottles. She picks one up... it's in Spanish and looks like an herbal supplement.

Hazel snaps a picture, pops back into the bedroom:



HAZEL

What are all these pills for? Why's it in Spanish?

EDDIE

Oh those!

HAZEL

(to Scott)

Daddy? All these are yours? They're on your side of the sink?

EDDIE

Just some supplements. For his health. Supplements never hurt anyone! Hey Honey, I'm thinking: don't worry about the cat carrier. We'll just put Salvador on my lap.

Hazel doesn't quite believe Eddie. Something feels off.

EDDIE

Or in a grocery bag! A reusable grocery bag. He won't be able to get through one of those, right? They're surprisingly sturdy, those reusable grocery bags?

Hazel shrugs. Eddie guides her out, closes the door.

Alone again, Eddie grabs Scott's pill bottles.

EDDIE

Where should I put these?

SCOTT

I don't know.

EDDIE

I mean we have to put them somewhere, right?

SCOTT

Put them anywhere that will get you to stop talking about them for 10 seconds.

EDDIE

Okay... I don't know why I'm getting an attitude about it, but okay. I'll put them here. Let's not forget for tonight at--

Scott slams a cabinet open. Eddie senses the tension.

EDDIE

What are you looking for?

SCOTT

The baby books aren't in here.

Scott keeps aggressively flipping through cabinets. Eddie looks anxious, helpless. Trying to ease the tension...

EDDIE

You know, after this is all over, I say we "Marie Kondo" this whole room. Don't you think?

(Scott ignores, searches)

You've heard of Marie Kondo, yeah?

Scott just anxiously storms around in his search.

EDDIE

She's got this show. Cleaning up with Marie Kondo. Or no. Tidying Up with Marie Kondo. Anyway, there's this Marie Kon--

SCOTT

Nobody still cares about Marie Kondo! Nobody.

EDDIE

I'm pretty sure I read an article that Marie Kond--

SCOTT

Fuck Marie Kondo! Fuck her. She's a self-righteous bitch.

EDDIE

Alright well we just won't ever organize this room then.

SCOTT

Especially after it burns to the ground!

EDDIE

Well I'm trying to calm everyone down, but I guess you'd rather just pick on some sweet Asian woman.

SCOTT

No, I'd rather just not have a pointless conversation to put a bandaid over your unchecked anxieties.

Ouch. Scott bulldozes past Eddie out to:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Eddie hurries after Scott, takes his hand.

EDDIE

We can't be one of those couples  
that falls apart because of a bit  
of external stress.

Scott looks at his watch: 1:08.

SCOTT

Eddie, we have to evacuate in 20.

EDDIE

They write novels about these  
couples! Remember the Sternbergs  
down the street? Seemed totally--

SCOTT

We don't have time for this. I'm  
looking for the baby books in--

EDDIE

You've been off. This morning, all  
around. Listen: this shit happens  
to happy couples all the time. You  
lose a child, lose a house, you get  
a disease, I don't know... The  
point is: one trauma leads to  
another and another and poof, you  
also lose the love of your life.  
Your marriage is a casualty.  
Please, I know we're very far from  
that, but please let's not do that?

Scott nods, hurries off. Eddie looks out at the smoky sky. He  
tries to close the curtain, but it won't budge. He tugs...

SNAP! The curtains snapped off. Eddie throws a little fit,  
kicks the curtains. Then too soon, he forces a deep breath.

INT. HAZEL'S ROOM

Hazel packs clothes. River looks through his backpack.

HAZEL

So my dad Scott had all these  
pills.

RIVER  
Baller. Xannies?

HAZEL  
I don't know. My dad Eddie just  
seemed all sus or something.

River grabs the printed photos of Hazel in just underwear.

RIVER  
Leave these here, bring them, what?

Hazel puts them into a purple folder.

HAZEL  
I'm not leaving this house, so they  
can just stay with me.

RIVER  
And if they burn or whatever, I got  
digital files.

HAZEL  
Oh. You do?

River nods, squeezes her butt, goes in for a kiss--

HAZEL  
I'm sorta busy over here...

RIVER  
Are you like on your period today  
or something...?

HAZEL  
No, no, my bad. I'm just like  
stressed and stuff. You know how  
much I like you?

Hazel makes out with him.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Grandpa Willis puts his Cher records into a box. Scott  
barrels in. Willis quickly shuts the box, acts casual.

SCOTT  
Where are the baby books?

Scott climbs up a ladder to search a storage shelf.

SCOTT

Dad! Have you seen the girls' baby books?

GRANDPA WILLIS

Baby books? Just when I was starting to forget you were gay.

SCOTT

Sorry I didn't realize memories were gay.

(Willis laughs)

The books have all their baby pictures and dates of when they walked and you know. The point is have you seen them?

GRANDPA WILLIS

Why would I have seen them? I don't care about the dates of when they walked. They still walk.

SCOTT

Well I do and when I'm dying, I'd like to be with the memories of my daughters' first walk.

Scott goes to leave.

GRANDPA WILLIS

Wait. Scott.

Scott pauses. Willis wants to say something but instead, he just holds up an old model airplane, painted in wild colors.

GRANDPA WILLIS

You painted this. Remember?

Scott nod-shrugs and shoots him a look "So what?"

GRANDPA WILLIS

It's real ugly.

SCOTT

Thanks Dad... okay, I have to go find these baby--

GRANDPA WILLIS

They still haven't called with results, right?

SCOTT

Right.

GRANDPA  
 You said 'when'. Why'd you say  
 'when' you're dying?

SCOTT  
 Be a realist and prepare for the  
 worst, isn't that what you taught  
 me?

Grandpa Willis looks unhappy about that. Scott walks out.

INT. PRIMARY BEDROOM - SAME

Eddie opens a drawer filled with handwritten birthday cards  
 and homemade father's day gifts. He packs them.

He looks at Hazel's mural of her holding Scott's hand... at a  
 wine stain on the carpet... at Salvador scratching a heavily-  
 scratched closet door... It's the small things he'll miss.

EDDIE  
 (to Salvador)  
 We'll be back.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

River exits Hazel's room. Madeline wobbles by, dragging an  
 overflowing bag. She looks up at River, displays her arm:

MADELINE  
 I found another freckle. That's 14.

RIVER  
 Okay... You cool if I Juul...?

Madeline just stares at him. He takes a rip and coughs.

MADELINE  
 My best friend Kelly says if you  
 cough 10 times in one day, your  
 lung comes out of your mouth.

River coughs. Madeline looks horrified. Grandpa Willis  
 enters. River doesn't even bother to hide the Juul.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
 (to River)  
 What are you doing? Where's your  
 own family?

RIVER  
 Not in Santa Rosa...?

GRANDPA WILLIS

Then why don't you get off your  
useless ass and help us evacuate?

RIVER

Sure...?

GRANDPA WILLIS

In my day, men were real men, not  
you soft girly boys who don't even  
show respect to your girlfriend's  
family! Hazel is your girlfriend,  
is she not?

RIVER

I guess...?

GRANDPA WILLIS

(grunts, to Madeline)

While he's busy painting his nails,  
you and I are gonna make ourselves  
useful and make sure the firemen  
come here. We've gotta do what we  
can to keep my ass outta that  
retirement village prison, right?

MADELINE

Right.

Grandpa Willis picks up Madeline. Before leaving:

GRANDPA WILLIS

(to Madeline)

And promise me you won't be one of  
these feminist libs that's  
attracted to snowflake...

(at River)

PUSSY boys?

MADELINE

I promise!

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Eddie balances boxes as he passes Hazel's room... He admires  
her door frame, marked with her childhood heights.

The door FLIES open, HITS Eddie.

EDDIE

Ow! Sorry!

HAZEL

Fuck!

Hazel drops her purple photo folder. It's luckily closed.

EDDIE

What is that?

HAZEL

Nothing! It's not even mine.

EDDIE

What's in it? It's River's?

HAZEL

None of your business! Fuck!

EDDIE

Hazel, I'm sure there's some  
bizarre reason you find River cute,  
and I get you two have fun togeth--

HAZEL

We don't have *fun*, we like make  
art. Okay? We're not fucking 6.

EDDIE

Sure. But well, frankly, there's  
something I don't trust about him.

HAZEL

Good thing he's not your boyfriend  
and that I'm my own fucking human  
who makes my own fucking decisions.

EDDIE

You know that if you say 'fuck'  
less often, it'll actually have  
*more* impact?

Hazel just angrily evil eyes him.

EDDIE

I'm sorry but this whole 'fuck'  
phase that you're in--Forget it.  
Sorry. My point's that I just think  
you deserve the most amazing boy. A  
smart, kind, hard working boy that  
matches how special you are.

HAZEL

You think River's so sketchy, well  
did you know Dad wasn't even at the  
studio this morning? Even though he  
totally said he was.

EDDIE

How would you know that?



A beat of silence.

HAZEL

He gets home late some nights. You know, just so you know...

EDDIE

Okay well that's his business, our business-- anyways, all that matters right now is that we are trying to not add anymore stress to a stressful situation. That's what we're focusing on. Now did you find that reusable grocery bag?

Hazel studies her dad: "What's wrong with you?"

EXT. STREET - SAME

Grandpa Willis carries Madeline to the street.

GRANDPA WILLIS

So listen. In my day, I saw real shit. Real, real shit. But you and everyone else in this libtard family? You're just making crazy shit up in your head.

MADELINE

We are?!

GRANDPA WILLIS

Yes. You know what Black folks did in the 60's? We didn't sit there worrying. We acted. Fight, don't fret, okay?

MADELINE

Fight, don't fret? That's for big girls?

GRANDPA WILLIS

Yeah. Look. We're gonna be active. Make this nice little piggy man give us information about the fire.

Still confused, Madeline nods. Grandpa waves down a COP.

COP

(via speaker phone)

Mandatory evacuation order. This is a mandatory evacuation order.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Excuse me, Officer! We are hoping--

COP  
No, this order is not negotiable.  
Don't have time to debate.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
No, no that's not-- Thank you for  
your service, Officer. We apologize  
for all of the hatred you men-in-  
blue get these days.

Cop gives him a once-over, disbelieving he could be genuine.

COP  
Sir, I don't have time for your  
politics, you must evacuate.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Sure, but give me the low down. You  
got enough firemen out there? I  
haven't seen a single fireman on  
this entire street. Shouldn't there  
be preventative measures?

COP  
We have it all under control.

A firetruck speeds by, drives straight through a trash bin.

COP  
What's important is that it's 1:15  
and you must evacuate by 1:30 or  
else you'll be violating the law--

GRANDPA WILLIS  
I got that! If we evacuate, can you  
ensure us that the firemen will--

Cop drives away. Grandpa Willis grunts.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Listen. Your job is now to go run  
inside and tell everyone to come  
out with their suitcases. If we're  
going, we gotta go.

Madeline runs inside. Grandpa Willis struggles to bend down  
and clear some of the dry brush with his own hands.

INT. PRIMARY BEDROOM - SAME

Scott looks at Hazel's baby book - he clearly found it.

Eddie appears at the door, sees Scott flip through the baby book. Scott doesn't see Eddie there.

Emotion overcomes Eddie as he watches his husband. Despite their tension, Eddie really loves Scott. Eddie hugs him.

EDDIE

See, I knew you'd find it.

They look at a picture of toddler Hazel taking her first steps in their backyard.

SCOTT

I'm gonna want to be here at home  
when all my health shit goes down.

EDDIE

(playful)

I'm sorry, what did you say about  
me being the dramatic wife?

Scott stays quiet, he doesn't think that's funny.

SCOTT

Did you know I haven't shed a  
single tear since my diagnosis?

EDDIE

Scott, look at me. Do I look  
scared?

(Scott looks)

Everything is going to be okay.  
I've never been more confident of  
anything.

SCOTT

I know you think saying that helps.

EDDIE

I don't think it helps. I just know  
it's true. You will beat this. I  
know it.

Eddie kisses his cheek.

SCOTT

We'll see if they call with my  
results today.

EDDIE

Yeah. For now, I should go pack the car, okay? Come out soon?

Eddie exits. Scott doesn't feel better.

HALLWAY

As soon as Eddie closes the door, he gets emotional. But--

MADELINE

Pops says come to the car. Why?

Eddie puts on a smile, kisses her head, and hurries out.

INT. HAZEL'S ROOM

Hazel solemnly looks at her murals. Madeline enters.

HAZEL

What are the firemen saying?

MADELINE

I don't know.

HAZEL

What is Pops saying?

MADELINE

I don't know.

HAZEL

What are Dads saying?

MADELINE

I don't know what anyone is saying.

HAZEL

Nobody tells you anything either?

Madeline shakes her head. Hazel huffs. Madeline mimics her.

Hazel takes out her phone, looks at a picture she took of Scott's pills. She zooms into the name of the medicine.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

It's notably smoky outside, a red haze in the air. Eddie and Scott have the minivan mostly packed.

River looks bored, holds Salvador in a reusable grocery bag. Grandpa Willis checks his watch: 1:27pm. He heads inside.

Eddie stuffs a suitcase into the trunk, holds them in place so they don't all fall. Scott squeezes one more box in...

SCOTT

Okay this should fit here. Now  
carefully put in the last box...

Hazel storms out of the house.

HAZEL

It's cancer, isn't it?

Eddie turns, lets go of the box. Boxes TUMBLE out.

EDDIE

Oh Hazel. Can we--

HAZEL

Does it look like I'm talking to  
you?

(to Scott)

I know you have cancer.

SCOTT

You're right. I do, Haze. I--

EDDIE

It's highly curable! It's the best  
type of cancer to get.

HAZEL

I said I'm not talking to you!  
Fuck! I already know you think  
everything is perfect and dandy!

EDDIE

Well Dad's going to be fine. I  
promise. I know you're scared but--

HAZEL

I'm not scared! I'm fucking pissed  
that you won't treat me like a  
fucking adult for once!

EDDIE

Okay honey, you know what, we can  
talk everything out soon, but now,  
in the middle of a wildfire  
evacuation, is not the time.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I need you to help me be mature and push pause on these discussions. Okay? Come on, let's get into the car.

SCOTT

Eddie, let her--

EDDIE

No! We have to leave!  
(shouting inside)  
WILLIS! MADELINE! WE'RE LEAVING!

HAZEL

For the last fucking time, I'm not leaving. I'm staying with my murals.

Eddie pulls Hazel toward the car.

HAZEL

(rips her hand away)  
GET AWAY FROM ME! I HATE YOU!

NANCY (O.S.)

Yoo-hoo! Eddie?

Neighbor Nancy is on her driveway, watching everything.

NANCY

Do you know we're supposed to be evacuating? I believe it's a felony to not follow evacuation orders--

EDDIE

We know! Thanks Nancy!

NANCY

Okay well just saying: soon, you'll be committing a felony if--

EDDIE

I'm sorry, but can you please just mind your own business please?

Nancy looks offended.

EDDIE

(to Hazel, quietly)  
Listen, we'll go to a nice little motel tonight, have a staycation and figure all of this out--

HAZEL  
I'm not some stupid toddler you can  
control all the time!

EDDIE  
Okay you're right and right now, we  
should both make our own  
independent decisions to evacuate.

Hazel grabs her suitcase and drags it back toward the house.

Eddie tries pulling the suitcase and Hazel back toward the  
car, but Hazel GRABS onto their banister for dear life.

Grandpa Willis and Madeline come out, see their tug of war...

GRANDPA WILLIS  
What the...?

HAZEL	EDDIE
(holding the banister)	(pulling her)
GET AWAY FROM ME!	HAZEL! THE CAR!

Scott puts his face in his hands. Eddie breaks Hazel's grip  
free of the banister. He carries her toward the car...

GET...	EDDIE	NO!	HAZEL
IN...	EDDIE	NO!	HAZEL
THE CAR!	EDDIE	NO!	HAZEL

EDDIE  
PLEASE! PLEASE GET IN THE FREAKING  
CAR PLEASE!

HAZEL  
I SAID NO!!!

EDDIE  
I SAID PLEASE!!!

GRANDPA WILLIS  
(to Madeline)  
See, this is what happens when  
white people parent.

Hazel finally breaks free and RUNS toward River.

SCOTT

Eddie, she's just upset about the cancer. Can we--

EDDIE

Do NOT! If you're not gonna help me with her, then just get in the car!

Scott just sits on the step. He's too deeply tired for this.

HAZEL

(to Eddie)

If you don't let me stay here, I'm never speaking to you again for the rest of my life and I'm gonna elope and marry River!

EDDIE

You're not staying here, you're not-- not speaking to me, and you're not eloping with anyone. Especially him.

River, still holding the Salvador bag, finally perks up.

RIVER

Was that a dis...?

HAZEL

(to Eddie)

I love River more than I'll ever love anyone ever and you can't--

EDDIE

You don't love him. You're a child and he's a horny creep.

RIVER

Hey! Just because we have a small age gap doesn't mean we're--

EDDIE

It's not about the age gap and I'm not talking to you. Hazel, get in--

RIVER

Shouldn't you like understand unconventional love... you're queer!

Grandpa Willis gasps... stomps over to River.

GRANDPA WILLIS

What did you just call him?



Grandpa Willis GRABS River by the collar. Hazel SCREAMS.

EDDIE HAZEL  
Willis! Don't-- STOP IT!

GRANDPA WILLIS  
WHAT DID YOU CALL MY SON-IN-LAW?!

RIVER  
Queer...?

Grandpa Willis PUNCHES River in the face.

River COLLAPSES. Madeline SCREAMS!

HAZEL EDDIE  
Oh my God! Oh my God!

River drops the reusable grocery bag. Salvador RUNS off. But nobody notices, they're too distracted by the punch.

RIVER  
What the fuck, Man!

HAZEL  
(to Grandpa Willis)  
Queer isn't a bad word anymore!

GRANDPA WILLIS  
It's not?

HAZEL  
It's an umbrella term!

Grandpa Willis looks stunned.

NANCY  
Punching teenagers has got to be a felony!

They look to see Nancy still just standing there, watching. Meanwhile, River stands up, gets into Grandpa Willis's face.

RIVER EDDIE  
You fucktard! River! Back off!

Eddie gets in between River and Grandpa Willis.

RIVER  
You're all fucktards! FUCKTARDS!  
You're a fucktard family!

GRANDPA WILLIS  
It that right, pussy boy?

RIVER  
I'm not the one obsessed with Cher!

Eddie and Scott double take at Grandpa Willis. He looks stunned with humiliation.

RIVER  
He has a huge hidden Cher record stash in the garage!

GRANDPA WILLIS  
(vulnerable)  
You went through my stuff?

RIVER  
Yeah and you even have a DVD of Mamma Mia 2--

PUNCH! Now Eddie PUNCHES River in the face.

HAZEL NANCY  
OH MY GOD! Another felony?!

Eddie shakes his hand off: punching hurts.

River stomps to his car. Hazel chases after.

HAZEL  
Wait River! Wait! Take me with--

River DRIVES away.

HAZEL  
River! No! WAIT!  
(to her family)  
YOU RUINED MY LIFE! YOU ALL RUINED--

NANCY  
Hazel, dear?

Everyone looks at Nancy, still on her patio.

NANCY  
I now see that your family is a bunch of assaulting felons, which certainly explains your general demeanor. But given you are still underage, I feel obligated to check: Are you aware that there's a mandatory wildfire evacuation ord--

HAZEL  
I'm aware! And I'm also aware that  
there's no reason for you to still  
be standing there, you fat CUNT!

Nancy GASPS (and still doesn't leave).

EDDIE  
Hazel!

HAZEL  
(to Eddie)  
And you! You're a pathetic-lying  
goody-too-shoes who's purposely  
ignoring the fact that your husband  
is sneaking around behind your  
back!

Eddie angrily glares at Scott.

HAZEL  
(to Grandpa Willis)  
You care more about Fox news  
conspiracy theories than any of our  
feelings, you Uncle Tom REPUBLICAN!

Ouch.

HAZEL  
(to Scott)  
And you! You're... you...  
(anger disappearing)  
You have cancer.

Hazel goes silent. She's frozen, stunned by her own words.

MADELINE  
Cancer?! Who has cancer?!

Madeline pulls on Eddie's leg. Everyone just stays silent.

MADELINE  
Daddy! My best friend Kelly says  
that if you get cancer, you die!

EDDIE  
That's not true.

MADELINE  
But my best friend Kelly says--

EDDIE

Kelly's a stupid bitch! She's a  
stupid bitch who's dumber than a  
rock! Okay? Dumber than a rock!

(to Grandpa Willis)

I'm gonna literally murder this  
Kelly girl.

Madeline looks horrified. Scott picks her up:

SCOTT

Come here. Come here, Lovie. I'll  
explain everything.

Eddie looks at Hazel, who looks emotionless as her mind runs.

Awful timing, the cop drives up... Through his megaphone:

COP

1:30. Final call to evacuate. You  
all must leave now right now!

GRANDPA WILLIS

(to his family)

I'll handle this.

COP

This is for your own safety. Final  
warning!

GRANDPA WILLIS

My family's in shambles. I need you  
to be straight. If the fire's  
close, then where are the firemen  
at? I haven't seen one!

COP

There's plenty of firemen, Sir.

Grandpa Willis looks around: no firemen.

GRANDPA WILLIS

How do we know our house'll be  
protected?!

Cop drives off, blasting his speaker down the street.

Angry, Grandpa Willis looks at his family, then at the cop.

GRANDPA WILLIS

DEFUND THE POLICE, YOU PUNK-BITCH  
CRACKER!

(to Hazel)

(MORE)

GRANDPA WILLIS (CONT'D)

There! Is your liberal ass happy  
now?

With that, SNAP. The dam of Hazel's tear ducts collapses,  
tears stream. She falls to the grass and SOBS into her hands.

SCOTT

I'm here. I'm here.

Scott hugs her. She cries into his arms. Madeline joins their  
hug. Still dry-eyed, Scott looks at Eddie looking at him.

It kills Eddie to see his family in pain like this.

GRANDPA WILLIS

(to Eddie)

Are we evacuating or are we  
evacuating?

Eddie looks at Grandpa Willis, then back at his distressed  
family. Eddie's frozen, staring at his crying girls.

SCOTT

Girls. It's time. It's time to go.

Hazel calmly shakes her head.

SCOTT

Haze, it's an emotional day, it's  
been a lot. But we have to leave.

Hazel wipes her tears and walks to Eddie. She puts on a  
professional-adult persona to dramatically say:

HAZEL

I'm disappointed that you don't  
respect me, but I'm even more  
disappointed that you, of all  
people, want to give up hope and  
leave. But, so it is. You're your  
own person, as am I. Goodbye,  
Father.

Eddie's stunned silent. Hazel calmly heads toward the house.

SCOTT

(to Eddie)

What do we do?

Eddie's mind runs a mile a minute, contemplating. He looks at  
Hazel, at Scott, at Madeline, at the house....

EDDIE

Hazel wait.

(Hazel looks)

Take this backpack inside for me,  
will you? If we're staying, we  
should keep this first aid with us.

HAZEL

You're staying?!

SCOTT

You're staying?!

EDDIE

Yes. I'm obviously not leaving my  
daughter here alone.

SCOTT

Have you gone nuts?!

EDDIE

Most definitely.

SCOTT

We have two options. Either  
implement late-in-life ass  
whoopings, or we do the white thing  
and ground her. Either way, we can  
make her leave!

EDDIE

First of all, we both suck at  
making her do anything and most of  
all, I'm choosing to listen to her  
for once. I do respect her. And  
hey, maybe she's right--

SCOTT

--This isn't happening--

EDDIE

If we stay, we can hose down the  
roof preventatively. We can bring  
buckets to the fence, alert the  
firemen if it gets close. And hey,  
we can still just drive away later  
if it actually gets dangerous. Our  
cars are already packed.

GRANDPA WILLIS

You know what, Eddie's right.

EDDIE

I am?!

SCOTT

He is?!

GRANDPA WILLIS

Yes. People save their houses all the time! The Davidsons last year. Saved their house with buckets. The McCallisters! Fought embers from their backyard. I saw it on TV!

SCOTT

You spend all this time talking about how crazy white people are. Now you want to stay back and fight a fire just like one of those crazy white people?!

GRANDPA WILLIS

Well, Son, sometimes white is right.

Scott blinks.

GRANDPA WILLIS

I bought one of those infomercial TFT Ultimatic hose nozzles on TV. Let me grab it.

SCOTT

What happened to respecting firemen?!

GRANDPA WILLIS

Fuck the firemen! They're all taking naps in central California. I can do what the firemen do. I've watched Chicago Fire.

(quietly to Madeline)

Fight, don't fret. Right?

(she nods)

Thatta girl. We're keeping my ass right here, away from that retire--

SCOTT

Okay that's enough! Listen everyone. Listen good. No matter how much you wish and hope for an infomercial hose to be able to save the day, that's not how reality works. So, take a mental picture of the house, blow it a kiss goodbye and get into the car RIGHT NOW!

EDDIE

This is the house we got married in.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

This is the house your daughters  
said their first words in. You just  
want to give up on everything  
without a fight?

(beat)

Hazel's right: I'm not letting you,  
or anyone else, give up hope.

(to everyone else)

Girls. Willis. Let's go in.

Eddie leads them inside. Scott just stands there, stunned.

Scott takes a few deep breaths. Is this really happening?

NANCY

I say you just leave them here and  
evacuate yourself. It's clear that  
none of them respect you anyway.

For some reason, Nancy is still just standing there.

NANCY

I, for one, am not gonna be a  
felon!

SCOTT

Oh go shove a dick up your ass!

Nancy GASPS. And with that, Scott heads inside too.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

For once, our family sits in silence. Reality has set in.

TV REPORTER (O.S.)

But with fires throughout  
California, fire fighters have been  
pulled from local regions, leaving  
Santa Rosa far too understaffed.

Scott takes Eddie's hand. Eddie pulls his hand away.

EDDIE

(quietly to Scott)

What Hazel said about you sneaking  
around behind my back, I know  
that's true.

On the TV, we see a digital map. Grandpa Willis pulls an old  
fashioned map out of his pocket, follows along.



TV REPORTER

With winds expected to pick up within the next few hours, we foresee this fire spreading at a rate of 10 to 12 miles per hour.

GRANDPA WILLIS

5PM. With the fire's current location, I'd say we have 'til 5PM to prepare. 3 hours.

SCOTT

How do you know that?

GRANDPA WILLIS

Math. Learn it. Now, if the main, big fire comes our way, we're Burnt. Torched. Smoldered. Inciner--

EDDIE

That's not happening! We'll leave before that.

GRANDPA WILLIS

Here's how this shit works: wind blows embers off the main fire. Those embers create random little offshoot fires. That's what we've gotta prevent.

Eddie looks around at the table of scared faces, he stands.

EDDIE

So. Action plan! We'll water the roof and grass to prevent embers from flying onto it. Along with Grandpa's infomercial hose nozzle thing, we'll put a bunch of buckets of water by the back fence--

SCOTT

We don't have a bunch a buckets?

EDDIE

Tupperware! We have tons of Tupperware. Cabinets full. Look--

Eddie goes to the kitchen.

MADELINE

(to Scott)

Daddy what's cancer? Are you gonna die? Why did you get it?

SCOTT

Um. It's a disease, sorta like--

EDDIE

(popping back in)

Can you please explain to them that cancer is a very scary sounding word that doesn't reflect how--

HAZEL

What did the doctors say? Are you on like a treatment plan or something?

SCOTT

I've met with a bunch of doctors and now we're waiting to hear if immunotherapy can work. They could call today or tomorrow. We'll technically know a lot more then.

MADELINE

What's immu-therapy?

HAZEL

What are the results gonna say? Like what do you do if--

EDDIE

Everyone take some Tupperware! We have more than enough. It's fine if it melts.

Eddie comes back in, holding an obscene amount of Tupperware. He also puts a glass of green juice in front of Scott.

EDDIE

You didn't finish it this morning.

Annoyed, Scott doesn't drink any.

HAZEL

(to Scott)

So are they saying you might need chemo? Do you--

EDDIE

(handing Tupperware)

Here, Maddie.

MADELINE

What's chemo?

SCOTT

That's a last resort option if these immunotherapy results aren't--

EDDIE  
(handing Hazel Tupperware)  
Here. Take a bunch.

Hazel THROWS the Tupperware across the room. Eddie's stunned.

HAZEL  
Just 'cause you stayed with me  
doesn't mean I forgive you for  
lying and punching my boyfriend and  
sabotaging my whole life.

Hazel takes out her phone, texts River: "Call me?" Then a  
second one: "I'm sorry about my dad. I know he's a monster."

MADELINE  
(to Scott)  
Does chemo mean you die?

SCOTT  
Chemo is a way the doctors try to  
stop the cancer from getting worse.

MADELINE  
What if they don't stop it from  
getting worse?

EDDIE  
Alright--

SCOTT  
If they don't stop the cancer from  
getting--

EDDIE  
That's enough!

Eddie SLAMS his hands on the table. Everyone's shocked.

Tears BURST out of Eddie's eyes. He profusely wipes them.

EDDIE  
ENOUGH! That's enough. We're done  
with this!

MADELINE  
Daddy! Why are you crying?!

EDDIE  
I'm fine. I don't know why I'm  
crying. I just-- that's not the  
point. I'm fine! I'm perfectly  
fine! Okay?!

Eddie aggressively clears his throat, stops the tears.

EDDIE

Okay. Sorry. I don't know what that just was. But look, I want everyone to listen to me for once in my life. What do I have to do to get you all to listen to me, stand on the freakin table?

SCOTT

It doesn't hurt.

EDDIE

I'm not standing on the table! And you're all still going to listen.

No interruptions. Eddie's tears seemed to silence his family.

EDDIE

Good. Now first things first, what matters is that Dad will be fine. I could not be more confident of that. We found the best doctors in the state, the absolute best. Dad's taking new supplemental drugs-- *expensive, international* drugs-- that we've read very hopeful things about. He's staying hydrated, full of cruciferous vegetable juices-- the point is that we've got a whole plan in place! A whole plan the doctors are confident about. Now, given all that: worrying is not only not helpful, but worrying is actually harmful to our health--

MADELINE

Harmful to our health?!

EDDIE

Well, um, yes, but--

MADELINE

I don't like harmful to our health!

EDDIE

I know, Maddie. I know. That's not why I... listen. Lovie: I need you to be the brave, fierce, big girl that I know you are. You do want to be a big girl, now don't you?

Holding back tears, Madeline gives a nod.

EDDIE

Great, then that means no more  
being scared today. We can hold  
back our tears and just be brave.  
Okay? Big girl time?

Madeline nods, but she looks distressed about it.

EDDIE

That's my big girl. Now secondly,  
Hazel: I agreed to stay. Now you  
will agree with my demands. One:  
you will attempt to say 'fuck' less  
frequently. Two: there will be no  
more fights irrelevant to fire  
prevention. That means no mention  
of River and--

(Hazel opens her mouth)

None!

(Hazel just grunts)

Thank you. Next, there will be no  
more watching the endless news  
about the fires destroying the  
world. Willis, turn off the TV.

Grandpa Willis looks at the TV, doesn't turn it off.

EDDIE

Don't test me. I just punched a  
teenager.

HAZEL

You both punched--

EDDIE

I said none! Willis. Turn off the  
TV. NOW!

Amazingly, Grandpa Willis turns it off.

EDDIE

Lastly. As we prepare to prevent a,  
well, a wildfire, I need to say  
something...

(clears throat, preps for  
an inspirational speech)

You know, I've never been big into  
sports or competitions or whichever  
teams we root for, but I'll never  
forget this one football game with  
Dad. There was 1 minute left, the  
whole stadium was emptying. I guess  
that happens when people think  
their team can't win.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Well Dad's team was down by too many points or scores or whatever.

SCOTT

--7 points--

EDDIE

But Dad wouldn't leave. He made us stay and you know what, his team did get that football steal thing!

SCOTT

--A fumble, a touchdown recovery, and a completed 2 point conversion--

EDDIE

Sure. The point is Dad never, ever gives up hope. And if there's any group of people that can score a fumble conversion thing, I know that group is **us**! Now put your hands into the center!

Eddie puts his hand out, as if he's starting a team huddle.

SCOTT

Whatever you say... wifey.

EDDIE

I'm not the wife, I'm not that dramatic, and I'm not doing one more thing until you all put your hands into the center.

SCOTT

Further proving you are definitely that dramatic and definitely my wife.

Eddie smiles. Scott puts his hand in. Grandpa Willis takes Madeline's hand and puts it into the center with his own.

Hazel just crosses her arms.

GRANDPA WILLIS

For God's sake Hazel, put your hand into the mother fucking center.

Hazel rolls her eyes, begrudgingly puts her pinkie finger onto the pile - she's doing it, but she's not happy about it.

EDDIE

Now THIS is a--

SCOTT

Wait.

(everyone looks at him)  
It's silent in here.

MADELINE

So?

EDDIE

Shit.

MADELINE

What?! What's wrong?

EDDIE

Where's Salvador?

SCOTT

Where's Salvador?

EXT. BACKYARD

Our family of five wades through smoke and snowing ash.

EDDIE

I thought he was in the cat  
carrier? Wasn't he in the cat  
carrier?

HAZEL

You had the brilliant idea of the  
reusable grocery bag.

GRANDPA WILLIS

I bet he croaked.

EDDIE

Salvador! I have a treat!

HAZEL

He probably can't even hear you  
with his dementia or whatever.

EDDIE

He doesn't have dementia! Why does  
everyone want him to have dementia?

GRANDPA WILLIS

When I have dementia, someone just  
take me out back and shoot me.

MADELINE

Why Pops?

EDDIE

He's joking. Nobody has dementia.  
Check under there!

SCOTT

His own vet did say--

EDDIE

He doesn't have dementia! How does  
a vet even test if a cat has  
dementia? What is this infamous cat-  
dementia test? Do they ask him who  
the president is?

A distant MEOW.

EDDIE

I told you! Everyone separate!

Hazel, Madeline and Grandpa Willis run in one direction.

SIDE YARD WITH EDDIE AND SCOTT:

Eddie and Scott look around the trash bins.

EDDIE

So listen. I don't know where  
you've been sneaking off to all  
these times but now that our  
daughter knows too, you're gonna  
cut it out, right? It's done.

SCOTT

I've been going to a cancer support  
group.

EDDIE

Um okay. Got it. Well, not sure why  
that was a big secret. No need to  
hide that anymore.

(shouting)

Salvador! Come out!

SCOTT

So you're good with me going?

EDDIE

I mean clearly my opinion doesn't  
matter to you.

SCOTT

It does and I'd even like to tell  
you about the group.



EDIE

Okay well right now I'm looking for my cat that's missing in the middle of a wildfire.

(shouting)

Salvador! SALVADOR! OUT! NOW!

SCOTT

Eddie.

EDDIE

Stop 'Eddie'-ing me! All you ever do is 'Eddie' me!

Scott takes a breath - Eddie's driving him crazy.

SCOTT

It's a support group for people with terminal cancer. I've been talking to a room full of random strangers about dying.

EDDIE

Okay first of all, what? Why the hell would you go to that?

SCOTT

Because I did.

EDDIE

You do know you're not terminally ill, do you not?

SCOTT

Eddie, I'm not your kid.

EDDIE

Well when you start with your picking-a-fight tone, it feels--

SCOTT

You care about my tone? I just told you I've been secretly attending a support group for--

EDDIE

You think I hate support groups. I obviously don't hate support groups!

SCOTT

You just think they're a bunch of dramatic fatalists sharing unrealistic horror stories.

EDDIE

Says the guy secretly attending a terminally ill support group when he's very far from terminally ill.

SCOTT

If you'd open your ears, this support group is letting me--

EDDIE

I'm sorry I don't enjoy bringing my mind into a deep depression like you always do!

That really makes Scott angry. He takes a beat before:

SCOTT

I'm done taking all those Nicaraguan pills that you keep shoving down my throat.

EDDIE

What?

SCOTT

Done. Donezo. I'm done with them.

EDDIE

Even your doctors said they couldn't hurt?! Do you want to see the dozens of journal articles showing patients with improved--

SCOTT

Maybe you didn't hear me: I don't care. I do not care. This morning, I took each pill, one by one, and I flushed them down the toilet.

EDDIE

That's not true.

SCOTT

It is.

Scott waits for a reaction that he isn't getting.

MEOW! A distant Salvador cry. Eddie doesn't flinch.

SCOTT

That's the cat.

Scott walks off, leaving Eddie frozen.

EXT. OTHER SIDE YARD - SAME

Hazel, Madeline and Grandpa Willis search the planters.

GRANDPA WILLIS

This Salvador fella is gonna wish  
he was dead when I find him.

MADELINE

You think Salvador is gonna wish he  
was dead?

GRANDPA WILLIS

If he isn't already.

That scares Madeline. Grandpa Willis grabs some dry brush.

GRANDPA WILLIS

Once this cat bullshit is done, we  
should clear all this brush. Gotta  
be flammable--

HAZEL

How long did you know? About Dad.

GRANDPA WILLIS

Oh. Um. A couple months.

HAZEL

Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't  
anyone tell me?

GRANDPA WILLIS

Take this complaint up with Eddie.  
It's his doing and I don't wanna  
get in the middle of nothing  
between you two.

HAZEL

What? Why?

GRANDPA WILLIS

Let me tell you something, Hazel.  
I've seen scary shit in my day.  
Arkansas in the 60's, front lines  
in 'Nam, the list goes on. But  
frankly, Girl, there's nothing I'm  
more scared of than you and Eddie.

Hazel rolls her eyes. She texts River: "I'm staying behind at  
the house, and my life could totally be at risk..."

Grandpa sees Madeline in tears.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
 Woah woah woah, what are these  
 tears for? Surely not the demon  
 cat?

Madeline hurriedly wipes her tears.

MADELINE  
 Sorry. I'm a big girl.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
 (taken aback)  
 Okay... Um. Hm.

MEOW!

They look up at the roof: Salvador is miraculously up there.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
 Can hardly walk and now he's an  
 Olympic high jumper.

Hazel uses the AC unit and a window as a make-shift ladder as  
 she climbs onto the roof... GRABS Salvador. She passes him to  
 Grandpa Willis, who's disgusted to be touching him.

MADELINE  
 DADDIES! WE GOT HIM! We got him!

Eddie and Scott run over.

EDDIE  
 Thank God! I knew he was okay!  
 (taking Salvador)  
 I love you Salvador. I love you.

Salvador purrs. Eddie kisses him.

Scott and the girls head to the fence. Eddie and Willis hang  
 15 feet back. Grandpa Willis tosses some grass into the wind.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
 Wind blowing the fire this way.  
 Gotta hose down the yard.

EDDIE  
 Did you know that Earth is the only  
 planet where fire can burn?

GRANDPA WILLIS  
 No oxygen on other planets.  
 (Eddie nods)  
 The more oxygen, the worse the  
 fire.

Eddie looks up at Scott, his girls. That feels deeply true.

EDDIE  
Willis?

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Yeah?

EDDIE  
What am I supposed to be doing?

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Again, we should hose the lawn,  
clear the brush--

EDDIE  
Not with the fire.

Grandpa Willis looks at his son-in-law, struggles for words.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Oh. Your mother-in-law was always  
the smart one.

EDDIE  
So was Scott.

Grandpa Willis gives Eddie a back pat, goes to join:

WITH SCOTT AND THE GIRLS:

They stand at the back fence, look at the orange haze. Hazel  
rips branches off a bush, throws them toward the distant  
smoke. Madeline counts the freckles on her arm, circles them.

SCOTT  
What are you doing, Maddie?

MADELINE  
That's 17. I have 17.

SCOTT  
Okay...?

Madeline could cry, but she holds it back.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
(to Scott)  
What's with Eddie?

Scott shakes his head "I'm not talking about it". Then he  
looks back at Eddie, looking sad.

SCOTT

Hazel? Go give your dad a hug.  
(she ignores)  
I know he frustrates you, but--

HAZEL

He doesn't respect me. I'm too imperfect for him.

SCOTT

There is no person who loves and respects you more than him. Now, he needs a hug. Do it for me.

Hazel does her teenager grunt and goes to Eddie, who's just solemnly staring up at the orange sky.

WITH EDDIE:

Hazel stands in front of him, doesn't hug him.

HAZEL

I need a smoke. Do you have a lighter?

EDDIE

Excuse me?

HAZEL

My Juul is out. And River ran away with my lighter. You know, after you like punched him and all.

Eddie doesn't take the bait.

EDDIE

Did you know Dad and I got married here? A ceremony before marriage was even legal. Right over there.

HAZEL

I know.

EDDIE

Did you know that my parents, your Grandma Beth and Grandpa Joe... They didn't come.

(Hazel perks up)

They wouldn't come. My parents wouldn't come to my wedding.

(beat)

I never spoke to them again. They died a couple years later.

HAZEL

Oh? Woah.

EDDIE

I struggled my entire life to get this family. I won't stop fighting for that, fires and asshole teenagers and all.

Hazel takes that all in...

HAZEL

That sucks.

EDDIE

Well, you know, it's--

Hazel suddenly grabs Eddie into a hug. Surprised, Eddie squeezes her back. He did really, really need that. Then:

HAZEL

Why didn't I know that about Grandma and Grandpa before?

EDDIE

Are you happier now that you know the truth about your dead grandparents?

HAZEL

No.

EDDIE

Me neither.

Hazel doesn't look pleased, she thinks...

HAZEL

You also lied to me for months about Dad. Why?

EDDIE

Haze, neither were lies. I just--

HAZEL

It's like you think I can't handle any basic facts about my own family.

EDDIE

Honey, I promise you, you know all the important facts about our fam--

HAZEL

Whatever. I'm gonna go call River.  
He may do drugs, but at least he's  
not a liar.

Hazel heads inside. Eddie sighs, joins the others.

GRANDPA WILLIS

Are we gonna get to work preventing  
this fire or are we just gonna be  
lazy crying libtards until we burn?

EDDIE

No, we're moving. Let's move. Okay.  
Willis, Madeline, you go drive, get  
an update of where the fire and the  
firefighters are. I'll put Salvador  
inside and then hose down the roof.  
(to Scott)  
You. You're staying with me.

INT. HAZEL'S BEDROOM - SAME

Hazel calls River. Straight to voicemail. She calls him  
again. Straight to voicemail. She calls him a third time:

RIVER (O.S.)

(via the phone)  
Stop calling me!

HAZEL

Wait, please. I just like love you  
so much and I need to--

RIVER (O.S.)

You're as fucked as your family.  
I'm blocking you.

River hangs up. Hazel THROWS her phone against the wall.  
Almost immediately, she runs and picks it back up.

Hazel texts River: "You can't break up with me!"

River: "Blocking..."

Hazel: "No! I'll tell all your friends you have a small  
dick!" and "3 inches! I'll tell everyone you're 3 inches!"

**Then, River texts a photo of Hazel in her underwear.**



EXT. MITCHELL HOUSE - BACKYARD - SAME

Eddie hoses the roof. Scott comes out with 2 large buckets.

EDDIE

I don't know why you said you're  
done taking your pills.

SCOTT

Because I'm done taking my pills.

EDDIE

Yeah but I don't know why.

SCOTT

Do you want to know why?

EDDIE

It doesn't matter why. I just want  
you to take them. They can only  
help. For me, for your daughters,  
you're taking them. Okay?

Scott laughs like "this is unreal".

EDDIE

Come here. Listen. There's no  
person that knows you better than I  
do. Now I need you to look beyond  
your darkness for just one second  
to see me, to see that I'm not in  
the same dark place as you. Please  
just trust me--

SCOTT

And drink kale juice at dawn, stand  
on my head at noon, and swallow 70  
pills from Guatemala at 2?

EDDIE

They're from Nicaragua and you'd  
know that if you gave even the  
slightest shit about surviving.

Scott tries to stay calm.

SCOTT

I can't do this whole will-I-die-  
wont-I-die magic fortune telling  
game as we wait for each set of  
test results.

EDDIE

I know. So, don't do the game. Just tell yourself that you know the answer. That's what I've been saying.

SCOTT

No, Eddie. That's what I've been saying.

Eddie pauses, thinks on that.

SCOTT

There is at least a very decent chance I will be dead in a year. Do you hear me? Do you hear that?

EDDIE

Yes I'm not deaf. I hear that you think that.

SCOTT

And?

EDDIE

And what?

SCOTT

That's what I'm asking you.

EDDIE

Well... well... I don't know. I don't know what I'm supposed to say?

Scott looks annoyed. They're at an impasse. Silence.

EDDIE

I should finish hosing the roof.  
You bring the buckets to the fence.

INT. MINIVAN - SAME

The car clock reads 3:28. Grandpa Willis drives. Madeline looks out the window. It's a grim, smokey sight.

GRANDPA WILLIS

Are you thinking about Daddy Scott?  
(Madeline shrugs)  
We'll know more once he gets back these new test results.

They reach a view spot. 10 firefighters fight a fire that has already burnt down 90% of a large house.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Understaffed. Libs would rather  
spend money on recycling bins than  
firemen. Dumb bitches.

Madeline looks at a scorched house, now a pile of ash.  
Grandpa Willis takes her hand, squeezes it tight.

MADELINE  
Pops? When do you think daddy Eddie  
is going to murder my best friend  
Kelly?

GRANDPA WILLIS  
What? What are you saying?

MADELINE  
Well... well... well Kelly is  
supposed to be in the school play  
in 3 weeks and, and, and if Daddy  
Eddie murders her--

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Since when is Daddy Eddie gonna  
murder Kelly?

MADELINE  
Daddy Eddie said he was literally  
going to murder my best friend  
Kelly.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
He didn't mean literally!

MADELINE  
He said literally.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Literally doesn't mean literally!

MADELINE  
What?

GRANDPA WILLIS  
My God girl, the man's neurotic but  
he's not gonna murder a 6 year old!

MADELINE  
Kelly's 6 and 3 quarters!

Grandpa Willis laughs.

GRANDPA WILLIS

Girl. Nobody is murdering anybody.  
You've got a lot of crazy thoughts  
up there, don't you?

(Maddie shrugs)

The truth is that when I get  
scared, I get like that too.

Grandpa Willis kisses her forehead.

MADELINE

About Daddy Scott... Do you  
think... do you think... Um.  
Nevermind.

GRANDPA WILLIS

You sure? You can ask.

Madeline shakes her head. She just takes her marker, circles  
the freckles on her arm again. She looks anxious.

INT. HAZEL'S ROOM

Hazel opens Instagram... On River's page: a new post with  
Hazel's underwear photos. She flips through them, mortified.

HAZEL

No. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck-fuck.

Hazel flags the photos to Instagram. She texts River: "Why!?!  
please!" And "I'm reporting you! I'll file charges!"

She opens the purple folder, flips through her underwear  
photos. She CRUMBLES them, throws them across the room.

She runs to her bathroom SCREAMS into a towel.

EXT. MITCHELL HOUSE - BACKYARD - SAME

Scott hoses the grass. Grandpa Willis return to the backyard.

GRANDPA WILLIS

The fire's at Fountaingrove!  
Firemen understaffed.

Scott and Eddie come over.

SCOTT

Fountaingrove?! That's a couple  
miles away?

GRANDPA WILLIS

And I saw at least 2 offshoot ember  
fires with no firemen attending.

SCOTT

How's that affect our timing?

INT. HAZEL'S ROOM

Madeline enters. We can hear Hazel crying in her bathroom.

MADELINE

Hazel? Pops says the fire's-- Are  
you crying? What's wrong?

HAZEL (O.S.)

Nothing! Go away!

Madeline looks at the crumpled paper (Hazel's underwear  
photos). Curious, she picks one up...

Madeline stares at a close up of Hazel's arms and cleavage.  
Madeline sees some freckles, touches them on the photo.

MADELINE

One... two... Three... Hazel!  
Hazel, do you--

HAZEL

I said I can't right now!

MADELINE

Do you have too many freckles on  
your--

HAZEL

LEAVE!

Worried, Madeline takes the photo, runs with it to...

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME

Grandpa Willis is showing Scott and Eddie an old map.

SCOTT

But do you know if the fire is able  
to climb over that hill?

GRANDPA WILLIS

If this damn wind continues moving  
this way, the embers can--

MADELINE

Daddies! DADDIES! Hazel needs help!  
She has too many freckles. Look at  
them on her arms and and and she  
might have 23...

Madeline reveals the photo of Hazel in underwear.

EDDIE

What? Why does she have that?  
Who? What--

SCOTT

What the hell is that? Is  
that our studio--

EDDIE AND SCOTT TOGETHER

HAZEL!!!

MADELINE

She has too many freckles?!

EDDIE

No! No. She doesn't. That's not--

Just then, Hazel emerges.

EDDIE

(showing the photo)  
What is this? Hazel tell me what  
this is?

HAZEL

What? How'd you get that?! It was  
just like meant to be an art  
project. A piece of our photoshoot--

EDDIE

"**Our** photoshoot"?! "Our" as in you  
and River?! He took the photos? Oh  
my God. Oh-my-God-oh-my-God. He's  
gonna send them to his friends.  
He's sending them to his friends.

HAZEL

No! It's just an art project! He  
was never supposed to post them  
online, they were just--

EDDIE

"Post them online"?! He's gonna  
post them online? They're gonna be  
online?! They're--

HAZEL

LISTEN! I reported it! I reported  
him to Instagram! They're going to  
be taken off Instagram, I never--

EDDIE  
 "Taken off Instagram?!" They're  
 already on Instagram??

Light headed, Eddie drops the photo. Scott goes to Hazel:

SCOTT  
 We will handle this. First things  
 first. You flagged it to the site?  
 You can get it taken down?

Hazel nods. But as they keep talking, Eddie backs up.

EDDIE  
 That fucker. I knew he was a  
 fucker. I always knew he was. I  
 always knew it.

This is too much for him. He's in a trance, tuning out their  
 voices. We shift into his POV: he watches from afar.

SCOTT  
 (to Hazel)  
 As soon as this fire's done, we're  
 gonna contact his parents, a  
 lawyer. We'll sue him for theft,  
 trespassing, distributing child  
 pornography, and--

Eddie's spinning. His family's faces dip in and out of focus.

Eddie almost BUMPS into Madeline, who's scared and teary.  
 Eddie looks at her arms covered in marker circles.

DING DING. Eddie's phone alarm: "Remind Scott to take pills"

He looks at Scott, looking especially pale in this light.

Now the trance really begins. ALL SOUND DIPS OUT...

His breathing picks up. Eddie looks at each family member.  
 Hazel. Scott. Madeline. Willis. Hazel. Scott.

Eddie's anxiety increasing...

We hear Eddie's heartbeat pick up... He's sweating... His  
 vision becomes blurry as he eyes each family member...

MADELINE (O.S.)  
 Daddy!

Eddie snaps out of his trance.

MADELINE  
What's wrong with your face?

EDDIE  
Huh?

Scott and Hazel are still discussing everything.

SCOTT  
(to Hazel)  
Okay? You go inside, finish filing  
a report.

EDDIE  
I need some water.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
I know you all love a distraction  
but I'm doing these calculations,  
and I'd say we've got 1 hour til we  
get some embers.

EDDIE  
I need to drink something. I need--

SCOTT  
1 hour? How sure is that? 4:30pm?

Eddie's anxiety is snowballing... everything spinning... He  
looks at Hazel. Madeline. Scott. Eddie rushes inside...

#### PRIMARY BEDROOM

Eddie shuts the door, tries to control his breathing.

He mumbles inaudibly to himself, shakes his head. He closes  
his eyes, takes conscious breaths... starting to calm down.

He grabs water, chugs it. He sits on the floor. Puts his face  
in his hands. A quiet beat.

Calmly, Eddie looks at Salvador, asleep in his cat bed.

EDDIE  
What are we gonna do, Salvador?  
(Salvador stays silent)  
Salvador?... Salvador?

He touches Salvador.... Salvador's dead.



EDDIE  
No. No. No. This can't be  
happening. Why is this happening?  
This isn't. Salvador, why--

A DOOR opens off screen. Footsteps. Eddie panics. What should he do? He THROWS his blanket over Salvador's dead body.

The door opens. Scott enters. Eddie pretends to be busy.

EDDIE  
Just grabbing a bin for water.

Scott eyes the blanket weirdly thrown off the bed.

EDDIE  
Not now. Not now, Scott.

Scott lifts the blanket off:

SCOTT  
Shit! Shit!

EDDIE  
Shh! Just don't tell the girls,  
okay? Not right now.

SCOTT  
You're not serious.

EDDIE  
We'll just tell them later.  
Tomorrow. There's no rush to--

SCOTT  
Their cat died!

EDDIE  
Can you keep it down? Please, the  
girls. I'm gonna fill containers.

Eddie goes to the bathroom, fills a container in the bathtub.

SCOTT  
What is wrong with you?

EDDIE  
There's no difference between  
telling them now or tomorrow.

SCOTT  
There is. It's their--

EDDIE  
(over the bathtub water)  
I can't hear you, Scott.

Scott turns the bathtub off.

SCOTT  
Damn it! Can we have a  
conversation? One conversation  
that's not about yogurt or  
Tupperware or that what's-her-name  
bitch on Netflix.

EDDIE  
Marie Kondo.

SCOTT  
Yes. One conversation that's not  
about Marie fucking Kondo.

EDDIE  
You're the one who brought her up.  
I'm very clear about your thoughts  
on Marie Kondo.

SCOTT  
But you're not clear about my  
thoughts on anything else!

EDDIE  
Let me get something straight. My  
cat just died, and I say *my* cat  
because I'm clearly the only one  
who cares about him. And, and now  
*I'm* the one who's getting yelled  
at? Nice. You do have this sweet  
way of making people feel better.

SCOTT  
I'm not always trying to make  
people feel better.

EDDIE  
Yeah, you're never trying to make  
people feel better! Well Scott, you  
can scream and moan as much as  
you'd like. But while you're  
throwing your temper tantrums, I'll  
be here with a big smile on my face  
as I clean up the cat vomit for the  
next 10 years.

Scott looks over at dead Salvador.

SCOTT

(snarky)

Hate to break it to you, Ed, but it doesn't look like you're still gonna be cleaning up cat vomit for the next 10--

EDDIE

It was a metaphor! Was it not clearly a metaphor?

SCOTT

Well actually, it wasn't clear. Maybe you had one of your "good feelings" that the cat could reincarnate itself?

EDDIE

Ha! Funny! You know, passive aggressive jokes are exactly what I need after this wonderful day.

SCOTT

Okay well--

EDDIE

I need a passive aggressive joke like I need another demented cat!

SCOTT

Eddie?

EDDIE

WHAT?!

Scott takes a breath, calms himself.

SCOTT

Don't you want to clean up the cat vomit *together*?

EDDIE

There's not going to be anymore cat vomit!

SCOTT

I'm on the metaphor.

EDDIE

Fuck the metaphor!

SCOTT

Are we partners or are we not?

EDDIE

Partners who go off of their pills  
without discussing it?

SCOTT

I'm going to support groups. I'm  
having realizations about living  
and dying. And I'm trying really,  
really hard to accept the  
possibility of death and if you  
don't have the strength to join me,  
then I don't know what to say.

Eddie stares at him with contempt.

EDDIE

You know what Scott? You like to  
think you're this better stronger  
person because you can be a  
miserable pessimist. That doesn't  
make you stronger!

Scott sits on the toilet, puts his face in his hands.

EDDIE

Do you even still love me?

Scott just sighs. He's so fed up and exhausted.

EDDIE

This family can't fall apart  
because you're in a bad mood.

SCOTT

You think I've been in a bad *mood*?

EDDIE

No, I think you've been in a  
delightful mood.

SCOTT

You remember that day you saw me  
walking to get sushi in shorts and  
sandals?

EDDIE

Yes I remember the day we met.

SCOTT

Did you ever realize why I was in  
shorts and sandals? In the *rain*.

EDDIE

I know why.

SCOTT

That's the first time I left the house in weeks. I didn't even open my curtain for days. And then, on my first day making myself get out, I met some cute dork with an ugly cardigan who wouldn't stop asking me questions about my life.

Eddie remembers that too.

SCOTT

You and your ugly cardigans and your endless questions about my life and my every thought made me open my curtains. You showed me how to feel my own feelings, you knew exactly what I needed. And really Eddie, I'm always gonna be grateful for that. But now, today, as we sit here waiting for test result after test result, you don't see me. You don't see what I need. You're just an empty shell of a cardigan and I don't know why.

EDDIE

That's it, it all makes sense now. That's why you're going to a terminal support group. That's why you've stopped your pills. You're like Hazel, you're punishing me.

SCOTT

What?

EDDIE

You've grown to hate me so much that you want to rebel and die just to spite my optimism.

SCOTT

That's what you just heard?

EDDIE

You may think I don't see you, but I do love you. I really love you. And truly, I mean this from the bottom of my heart: you don't have to kill yourself just to spite me. Just divorce me.

Scott just stares at Eddie.

EDDIE  
Here, I'll do it for you. We're  
getting a divorce.

SCOTT  
You know, maybe that is the only  
option left.

Scott picks up the bucket of water and walks out of the room.  
Eddie closes his eyes. It's too much to even process.

LIVING ROOM

Hazel's on her phone. Grandpa and Madeline carry Tupperware.

SCOTT  
Everyone, I know we're all in the  
middle of a meltdown. But there's  
something else.

Eddie enters.

SCOTT  
I'm sorry girls, but Salvador  
passed.

Eddie shoots a death glare at Scott.

MADELINE	HAZEL
Salvador?! He's dead?!	What? What happened?

SCOTT  
I'm sorry. We found him in our room  
dead. He was just very old.

Madeline hides herself under a blanket.

EDDIE  
Know what? We're burying Salvador.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
We can cremate him for free. Just  
bring him outside in roughly 45--

EDDIE  
No, Willis. I'm not cremating my  
cat for free in a wildfire.

Eddie goes to Madeline, sniffing under the blanket.

EDDIE

Baby, Salvie is in a better place now, in heaven. Have you heard of heaven?

He pulls the blanket down. Madeline gives a teary nod.

EDDIE

You know how Salvie wasn't always so happy here? Well, maybe he's actually a lot happier up in heaven now. Lots of treats and laser pointers and cuddles for him up there. Maybe it's better up there? I know that's hard to understand, but I also know you're a big girl.

Eddie kisses her cheek. Madeline tries to hold back tears.

GRANDPA WILLIS

So that means I'm *not* the only one who's relieved the cat's dead?

Scott lets out a laugh.

EDDIE

That's it. You know what, we're having a proper funeral.

SCOTT

Eddie, I don't know why we're getting into this right now with a fire right--

EDDIE

Oh so *now* you don't want it to be a whole thing? This is what you get, Scott.

SCOTT

Yeah, sorry everyone. I shoulda just kept your cat's death a secret. My bad.

EDDIE

(deathly stern)  
Go find a box for him.  
(to Grandpa Willis)  
You're digging the hole. And Hazel, about your shit: I told you so. Maybe now you'll listen to me for once. Know what, nevermind. I can't with this right now. I'll give myself an aneurysm.

MADELINE  
An aneurysm?! What's an aneurysm?!

EDDIE  
Nothing! It's nothing!

With that, Eddie storms upstairs.

EXT. SIDE YARD - SAME

Grandpa Willis digs a grave. Depressed, Madeline stares.

MADELINE  
Heaven. Heaven's a better place,  
Salvie. Treats and lasers and  
cuddles. Salvie's happier now.  
Right, Pops?

Busy digging, Grandpa avoids answering.

MADELINE  
Are you happy Salvie's in heaven,  
Pops?

GRANDPA WILLIS  
I'm definitely happy he's  
somewhere.

MADELINE  
I should be happy too, right Pops?

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Um. Hm...

He doesn't know how to answer that, so he just digs more.

MADELINE  
I should be happy too, right Pops?

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Girl! Get that black ass over here!  
You ask too many adult questions.

Grandpa Willis picks her up, faux-angry.

MADELINE  
Pops, I don't have a black ass.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
(laughs)  
No, you don't have a black ass.



Grandpa Willis kisses her forehead, puts her back down.  
Madeline doesn't look satisfied.

INT. PRIMARY BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Scott puts Salvador in a box. Eddie stands at the door.

EDDIE  
Thanks for telling them. So much  
for a partnership.

SCOTT  
Yeah, that's clearly done.

Scott puts Salvador in the box.

RING. RING. Their home phone rings, breaking the tension.

SCOTT  
My test results?

A suspenseful beat... Finally, Eddie picks up the phone.

EDDIE  
Hello?

NANCY (O.S.)  
Hi, Nancy here, I just wanted to  
double check that you all did end  
up evacuat--

EDDIE  
Eat a dick, bitch.

Eddie hangs up the phone and leaves the room.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Grandpa Willis and Madeline come in.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Hole has been dug! Are we doing  
this or are we doing this?!

Hazel's staring at her mural of the raindrop in a rainbow.

HAZEL  
In most art, weather matches  
emotions. Rain means sad. Sun means  
hope. Thunder means fear. It's all  
like somehow on-the-nose and wrong,  
like all at the same time.

Grandpa Willis studies his granddaughter: that was deep.

HAZEL

You know, I think River never even liked my art. Maybe I just wanted to piss off Dad or something.

GRANDPA WILLIS

How is it that you people spend all day talking about everything in the world EXCEPT the goddamned wildfire?

HAZEL

I thought we're like having a cat funeral or whatever?

GRANDPA WILLIS

We're only having a cat funeral if we all don't go up in flames first!

Grandpa Willis stomps out.

MADELINE

Hazel? Pops keeps saying we'll go up in flames, but if we go up in flames does that mean we go to heaven? Daddy says heaven is good but I don't want to--

HAZEL

No no, Pops doesn't mean it like that. We'll all be fine. Don't worry about anything like that.

MADELINE

Why does everybody do that?

HAZEL

Do what?

MADELINE

I'm not a baby! Why does everybody think I'm a baby?

Hazel considers that... she's struck with a realization:

HAZEL

We just love you. That's why we do that... that's why Dad does that.

Hazel stands there frozen, struck with a realization.

EXT. SIDE YARD - EVENING

Smokey air, our family coughs. They're at Salvador's grave. Eddie puts the box with Salvador's body in the grave.

EDDIE  
(to Madeline)  
So Baby, sometimes people want to  
say something at funerals to help  
them feel better and--

MADELINE  
(a bit angry)  
I'm fine. Salvie's in heaven and so  
I'm not sad and everything's fine.

EDDIE  
Oh? Um. Okay... So do you want to  
say anything?

Madeline shakes her head.

EDDIE  
Haze?

HAZEL  
Bye Salvador. Love you.

Hazel's eyes are teary. Scott looks at his watch: 3:58.

SCOTT  
Guys, the fire's probably 30  
minutes--

Eddie gives him a death glare. Scott relents.

EDDIE  
Salvador. I know you know.

Eddie bends down, touches the box, kisses his finger.

SCOTT  
All right...

EDDIE  
Fine. We can wrap this up--

GRANDPA WILLIS  
If we're doing this goddamned cat  
funeral, I wanna say something.

SCOTT  
You do?

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Salvador...

EDDIE  
Oh God.

Grandpa Willis clears his throat. Scott looks at his watch.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Salvador. You were a pain in the  
ass. You cried more than you didn't  
cry. You puked on the carpet more  
than you didn't puke on the carpet.  
You--

EDDIE  
Willis, can we--

GRANDPA WILLIS  
He did!

EDDIE  
I know he did, but can we keep it  
nicer?

SCOTT  
And shorter.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Salvador, look. I'll be straight  
with you, Salvador. I didn't like  
you. I hated your ass. I wouldn't  
piss on your guts if you were on  
fire--

EDDIE  
Willis! Please--

SCOTT  
Damn it! Can you let him finish?  
Dad, speed it up.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Like I was saying, Salvador, I  
didn't like you. But you know, you  
did have a role in this house. You  
see, I think Scott and Eddie... I  
think they feel a lot of pressure  
as gays. Or uh, I mean, as... as  
queers?

Grandpa Willis looks to Hazel. She nods: close enough.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
I think they feel a lot of pressure  
as queers to have some storybook  
perfect family all the time.

Eddie's taken aback. He hadn't thought of it that way.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
And well, Salvador, you were a  
constant reminder that they fail at  
that.

Grandpa Willis steps back.

EDDIE  
That's all?

GRANDPA WILLIS  
That's all.

SCOTT  
Great. Now, let's move.

Scott leads his daughters over to the back fence. Grandpa Willis eyes Eddie, staring at the grave.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
We're gonna have to get you another  
demented cat, aren't we?

EDDIE  
You think I failed?

GRANDPA WILLIS  
I think you're a goddamned train-  
wreck, just like everyone else. So  
take a hint from the cat and stop  
pretending you're not.

Grandpa Willis heads off. Alone, Eddie looks at the grave.

EDDIE  
It's over, Salvador. It's over.

Sad, he nods to himself.

AT THE BACK FENCE:

Grandpa Willis, Scott, and the girls watch the fire, 100 yards away. It's loud, smoky, and scary. Eddie joins.

HAZEL  
I'm sorry everyone.

Stunned, they all look at her.

HAZEL

(to Eddie)

I know that you just love me.

Eddie can hardly believe what he's hearing.

HAZEL

I'm sorry about calling you a liar  
and about River and my photos and  
about cussing all the time and  
about making us not evacuate and  
about never listening to you guys  
about literally anything ever. I  
know I make everything harder for  
this family. I make everything  
difficult.

EDDIE

Oh Hazel, honey, that's not, um,  
well that's not always true.

HAZEL

We both know it is and the truth is  
that the fire is definitely coming  
here and I don't think we should  
stay anymore. I'll be in the car.

SCOTT

Haze, wait--

Resigned, Hazel shrugs and heads inside.

GRANDPA WILLIS

Never in my life have I met more  
indecisive people.

EDDIE

Unfortunately, I agree with her.

GRANDPA WILLIS

Of course you do. You wanna know  
why I don't have any hair? You all  
and your constant change of hearts!

EDDIE

We did what we could, but you know,  
I think it's time we go.

(picks up Madeline)

Willis, you coming?

GRANDPA WILLIS  
If the house burns down, are you  
gonna send me back to the  
retirement villa--

EDDIE  
No, Willis.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
(thrilled)  
No?! You're not? Do you swear?

EDDIE  
I swear, okay? Don't push it. Now,  
are you coming?

Grandpa Willis drops his hose, hurriedly heads to the car...  
then, they notice Scott hasn't moved.

EDDIE  
Scott? Scott! We're leaving!

Scott stares at the fire, his mind running.

GRANDPA WILLIS  
Let me guess, Scott's now also  
going to change his--

EDDIE  
Willis. Take Maddie. Start the car.

Grandpa Willis nods, leaves. Eddie approaches Scott.

EDDIE  
What are you doing?

Scott shrugs.

EDDIE  
Can you please say something?

SCOTT  
I'll stay here.

EDDIE  
Now you want to stay here?

SCOTT  
No, I don't want to. I don't want  
any of this.

EDDIE  
Okay then. Let's get in the car.

SCOTT

I can always drive away in my dad's  
pick-up if I have to.

EDDIE

But first you're gonna fight the  
fire with what, the hose?

Scott looks at the hose, then out at the red horizon.

EDDIE

Hello?!

SCOTT

Maybe I'm not at acceptance. Maybe  
I'm going to those damn meetings to  
shortcut to the easy way out. Or  
maybe I am just trying to piss you  
off. I don't know. But I do know  
it's coming and I know I have to  
face it.

EDDIE

Face what?

Scott doesn't answer. A heavy beat.

EDDIE

If I've learned anything today,  
it's that my attempts to help you  
only push you further. So, Scott,  
do what you're gonna do.

Eddie heads out.

INT. FRONT YARD

Hazel, Madeline, and Grandpa Willis are in the packed car.  
Eddie gets into the driver's seat.

Scott's outside, saying goodbyes. He kisses Hazel's forehead.

SCOTT

I love you both, more than I knew I  
could ever love. I know you know  
that.

HAZEL

Be safe, Daddy.

Madeline looks sad. Scott squeezes her into a tight hug.



EDDIE

The pick-up's in the driveway. Keys  
on the dash.

Scott nods. They hold weighted eye contact... Eddie can  
hardly keep it. He starts the car. Scott walks off.

As Eddie drives away, we see his tears welling up.

INT. EDDIE'S MINIVAN - MINUTES LATER

Eddie's still looking deeply bothered as he drives.

EDDIE

We'll be at the motel soon.

Anxious, Madeline counts the freckle-circles on her arms.

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME

Scott's staring out at the fire. It's now only 20 feet away.

Scott eyes the flames with contempt, a confident anger. He  
doesn't look nervous, just in deep thought.

SCOTT

I dare you. You won't. I dare you.

The flames move toward him.

SCOTT

I DARE YOU!

BOOM! POP!

An ember jumps toward him, IGNITES a bush into flames.

Scott picks up the hose. He's gonna fight this.

SCOTT

You don't wanna mess with me.

He SPRAYS the super-powered hose at the flame. The hose  
works! It actually puts out this one flame! Scott laughs.

SCOTT

Fuck you!

He puts his finger on the nozzle, sprays the hose wildly.  
Even still, there's more flames approaching...

INT. EDDIE'S MINIVAN

Everyone looks out the window at their burnt neighborhood.  
Madeline counts freckles:

MADELINE  
19... 20... 21... 22...

EXT. BACKYARD

POP! POP! BOOM! The fire's louder. Swiping the smoke away,  
Scott sprays the hose like a mad man.

SCOTT  
I'M STILL HERE! RIGHT HERE!

He's spraying all over, but his hosing only does so much.

POP! A plant in their backyard IGNITES! Scott hurriedly grabs  
a bucket of water, DUMPS it on the plant. Success, flame out!

SCOTT  
Leave!

BOOM! Another plant 15 feet away IGNITES.

Scott grabs the other bucket of water, runs over, DUMPS it.

SCOTT  
I said leave! LEAVE!

Success, this flame also out! The larger girth of the fire is  
creeping closer and closer.

BOOM! BAM! The flames overtake part of the fence.

SCOTT  
Fuck you!

Scott sprays, but it does nothing. The fence burns rapidly.  
It spreads and spreads, quicker than he can spray.

SCOTT  
Please! PLEASE! LEAVE! I WANT YOU  
TO FUCKING LEAVE!

He sprays the hose, and SCREAMS! A guttural, furious scream -  
it's cathartic, freeing. We've never seen Scott so alive.

BAM! Their tree IGNITES! A huge towering flame above Scott...

INT. EDDIE'S MINIVAN - SAME

MADELINE  
21... 22... 23!

Madeline SCREAMS! Eddie SLAMS on his break.

EDDIE  
What?! What! What happened?!

MADELINE  
23!! That's 23!! I HAVE 23!!

Hazel and Grandpa are confused. Madeline holds up her arm.

HAZEL  
MADDIE! Maddie! What's happening?

MADELINE  
Salvie died and, and Daddy Scott's  
gonna die and and and now 23  
freckles! 23 freckles so I'm gonna  
die! I don't want everyone to die!  
I don't like heaven, I don't want  
dying and heaven! I-don't-want-it-I-  
don't-want-it-I-DON'T-WANT-IT!

Madeline sobs, finally releasing her emotions.

EXT. BACKYARD

BANG! POP! A branch falls from the burning tree! Scott JUMPS!

SCOTT  
Crap!

The flaming branch lands on their lounge chairs! They all go  
up in flames, all their outdoor furniture.

SCOTT  
No! Shit! SHIT! NO!

Less confident, Scott backpedals, tries to spray from afar...

His hose is only slightly helping, the fire's too big.

He slowly steps backward, closer and closer to the house.  
This fire fight is not looking optimistic.

INT. EDDIE'S MINIVAN

Hazel takes Madeline in her arms.

HAZEL

Maddie, I hate liars. Right?

(Madeline nods)

So I won't treat you like a baby,  
I'll be honest. There is a lot of  
scary shit that can kill you.

EDDIE

Hazel, please--

HAZEL

No, Dad.

(to Madeline)

There's climate change and mass  
shootings and asian hate and entire  
states trying to ban our dad's  
marriage and fucking cancer. But,  
one thing that is *not* scary is  
freckles. The number of freckles  
has nothing to do with death. Do  
you trust me?

(Madeline nods)

Then forget Kelly's medical advice.  
And also forget the fake optimism.  
You ask me what is scary, and I  
won't lie to you. Okay?

Madeline nods, calming down. Eddie's stunned, mind running.

EXT. BACKYARD

The fire's only closer. Scott's backed up to the side yard.

Hose in hand, Scott puts his foot on the AC unit, ready to  
climb the make-shift ladder to the roof...

INT. EDDIE'S MINIVAN

Eddie's driving again. Madeline wipes her tears.

MADELINE

I'm sorry, Daddy.

EDDIE

What? Why are you sorry?

MADELINE

For crying. I'm sorry for crying.  
For not being a brave big girl like  
you wanted.

That hits Eddie like a brick, a realization forming...

EDDIE

Maddie, sharing all that emotion  
like you just did, THAT is being a  
brave big girl. Forget everything  
else I said.

With that, Eddie WHIPS the car into a u-turn.

GRANDPA WILLIS

What are you doing?! Where are we  
going?!

EDDIE

Back to the house.

GRANDPA WILLIS

Another change of plans?!  
Unbelievable! The crazy in this  
family will be the death of me! The  
goddamned death of me!

Scared, Madeline looks to Hazel. Hazel shakes her head.

EDDIE

Seatbelts! We're getting Dad!

Eddie SPEEDS.

EXT. ROOF

Scott climbs up the makeshift ladder onto the roof. The  
fire's booming and only 30 feet away from him.

Scott carefully steps toward the edge of the roof.

He SPRAYS the hose out at the flames... Faster. More side-to-  
side. It's not working. Scott's increasingly frustrated...

EXT. FRONT YARD

Eddie PARKS on the street. Before running out, he looks back:

EDDIE

Hazel, your meltdowns, your  
cussing, your outbursts... maybe  
they aren't difficult, maybe  
they're just honest.

Hazel's a bit confused. But Eddie doesn't have time:

EDDIE

Nobody leave this car!

With that, he RUNS toward the backyard...

EXT. BACKYARD

Eddie trudges through thick black smoke. He can hardly see.

EDDIE  
SCOTT! SCOTT! Where are you?!

Eddie finds the hose, tracks it like a rope in a dark cave.

INT. EDDIE'S MINIVAN

Hazel's eyes fill with tears as she looks out the window.

HAZEL  
Great, now I can watch my art burn.

With that, Willis exits the car, heads toward the house...

EXT. ROOF

Scott stands on the edge, flame getting closer. He's no longer spraying the hose. Instead, he just looks straight at the fire. Like he's given up hope.

EXT. BACKYARD

Tracking the hose, Eddie reaches the ladder to the roof...

INT. GARAGE

Grandpa Willis grabs what he was looking for: a chainsaw.

INT. EDDIE'S MINIVAN

Hazel and Madeline look out the window, scared... Hazel takes Madeline's hand, squeezes it tight.

EXT. ROOF

Eddie climbs up the makeshift ladder, finally gets high enough to see the roof... Scott's on the edge, 15 feet away.

EDDIE  
Scott! Scott!

The fire's booming too loud. Scott can't hear.

EDDIE  
SCOTT! WE HAVE TO GO!

Scott doesn't hear a thing.

WITH SCOTT:

Scott's eyes are closed. He looks like he's given up...

He opens his eyes again, looks at the fire...

SCOTT  
Okay. Okay.

Scott TOSSES the hose. On purpose. It falls to the grass below. He knows there's no use anymore.

EDDIE  
SCOTT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! SCOTT!

Eddie wobbles toward Scott.

EDDIE  
We have to go! We have to go.

Scott looks at Eddie. A silence against the booming backdrop.

Eddie studies his husband. He looks out at the fire destroying their yard, back at Scott.

EDDIE  
Scott?

SCOTT  
Yeah, I know, the weathermen are predicting a rain.

EDDIE  
That's not what I want to say.

Eddie takes a breath.

EDDIE  
Your doctor did call.

SCOTT  
What?

EDDIE  
I talked to your doctor first thing this morning. On the balcony. It wasn't a wrong number.

SCOTT

What do you mean you talked to my doctor this morning?!

EDDIE

I told your doctor I was you. I lied. He gave me the results.

SCOTT

You're not serious. Tell me that's not true.

EDDIE

I'm sorry.

SCOTT

Wow, Eddie. Wow.

Scott looks out at the fire, collects his thoughts...

SCOTT

You've known my results all day?  
You know my results now?

He looks at Eddie as if to ask "What are the results?"

Eddie doesn't say anything, he just shakes his head.

Scott takes that in. Guilty, Eddie takes Scott's hand.

SCOTT

No. I don't know what's wrong with you.

Scott angrily walks off to the make-shift ladder.

Eddie just looks deeply alone. Tears fill his eyes when--

BANG! BAM!

A tree branch on fire lands next to Eddie! Eddie JUMPS! SLIP!

Dodging the flaming branch, Eddie loses traction. SCREAMS!

He FALLS, his feet over the edge. He HOLDS on with his hands.

EDDIE

SCOTT!

WITH SCOTT: The sound of the flames are too loud, Eddie's screaming isn't audible.

WITH EDDIE: His fingers are slipping... he can't hang onto the ledge much longer-- FALL!



Eddie falls off the 1 story roof! He BOUNCES off the bush, lands on the grass below.

Eddie lets out a HOWL in pain.

EDDIE  
SCOTT! AHH!

The flames move closer toward him... only a few feet away.

Eddie's disoriented, looking around. He tries to stand up... His leg is broken. He grunts in pain. He can hardly move.

WITH SCOTT:

Unaware, Scott climbs down the make-shift ladder. He pauses, sitting in his thoughts.

Scott climbs back up, looks at the roof where Eddie was...

WITH EDDIE:

Eddie struggles to drag himself up... the flames only a couple feet away. He's in serious pain.

EDDIE  
SCOTT! HELP!

The fire's closer... closer... Eddie flails, dragging himself on the dirt... not quick enough--

Scott GRABS Eddie. Just in time. Scott picks Eddie up in his arms, carries him... RUNS from the fire.

BOOM! BANG! An explosion of a bush, right by where Eddie was.

FRONT YARD

Holding Eddie, Scott hurries away from the backyard flames.

Madeline and Hazel exit the car and run over to them. Finally safe, Scott COLLAPSES onto the grass with Eddie.

HAZEL / MADELINE  
What happened?! / What'd you do?

SCOTT  
Damn it Eddie. What were you doing?! What were you thinking? Do you even--

Suddenly Eddie's tear ducts SNAP, tears pour.

EDDIE  
(illegible through tears)  
I'm scared.

SCOTT  
What? What were you thinking? What  
were you--

EDDIE  
I'm scared. I'm really scared.

That quiets Scott. He listens.

EDDIE  
(to Scott)  
I'm scared of your cancer. I'm  
scared you're gonna die. I'm so  
scared that I don't even know how  
to say how scared I am. You're the  
love of my life and I'm terrified  
of living without you.

Suddenly, Scott's tear ducts snap. Tears pour uncontrollably.

SCOTT  
Me too.

Scott pulls Eddie into a hug, both crying together.

SCOTT  
I don't wanna die. I'm just  
scared... I'm just scared.

EDDIE  
I know. I am too. I am too.

In more ways than he knows, that's what Scott needed to hear. He puts their foreheads together so they're looking straight into each other. Both of their tears stream.

Madeline looks at her dads crying and joins in too. Eddie pulls her in close. He doesn't wipe her tears.

Hazel looks at crying Eddie... it's like she sees him in a different light now. She hugs him tight.

They all finally share in emotion. After a few beats:

HAZEL  
Dads?

They both look at her.

HAZEL

I don't know the P.C. way to break  
this to you, but I think you're  
both the wife.

EDDIE

We're not that dramatic.

SCOTT

We're not that dramatic.

Hazel looks at where they're sitting, back at the fire...

HAZEL

Oh you are definitely that  
dramatic.

Eddie can't help but smile.

SCOTT

Hm. Does this mean we've gotta come  
out to my dad as lesbians?

EDDIE

Oh hell no.

They laugh, loving eye contact... a romantic moment.

Finally Grandpa Willis emerges from the inside of the house,  
carrying a big chunk of something...

GRANDPA WILLIS

While you queers are crying, the 80  
year-old is working over here!

Grandpa Willis is carrying Hazel's rainbow raindrop mural, a  
literal chunk of the wall that he chainsaw-ed out.

HAZEL

Thank you. Thank you, Pops.

Hazel runs over, gives him a big hug.

They all move toward the sidewalk, Eddie limping. Eddie puts  
his arm around his family. They're safe here.

BOOM! POP! EXPLOSION! Part of their roof CATCHES fire!

They all look out at the fire. It's a humbling sight.

EDDIE

We're okay.

Eddie looks back at the roof, his leg.

EDDIE

Well. No. We're not. We're not okay  
right now.

SCOTT

We will be.

Scott takes Eddie's hand. Eddie appreciates it.

GRANDPA WILLIS

When you're standing on the edge of  
nowhere...

Confused, they all look at Grandpa Willis.

GRANDPA WILLIS

There's only one way up.

(beat)

"Song for the Lonely"... By Cher.  
No? Thought that line applied.

Eddie puts his arm around Grandpa Willis, pulls him close.

The 5 of them stare at the fire overtaking a portion of their  
roof. It's a horrible sight, to say the least.

But as we go back to our family's faces... this isn't a  
horrible sight. They all look directly at the fire with a  
sort of calmness, a confidence. With open eyes.

Though they're emotional, at least they're all emotional  
together. They're facing the fire together. Eddie looks at  
his family like he finally succeeded: they're all together.

Scott looks up at the sky... He holds his hand out... SPLAT!

A single raindrop SPLATS onto his hand.

SPLAT! Another. A drizzle starts, after all. With only part  
of their roof burning, their house could maybe be salvaged.

Scott looks to Eddie. Another drizzle SPLATS.

Eddie nods. Scott nods. They'll be okay.

**FADE OUT.**