

(to DEVON) AND GOULD YOU \*PLEASE\* TAKE A SOCIAL CUE AND LEAVE!!!!

DEVON. (going to the door) Absolutely. I'll just be -

ETHAN. NO, DARIA STAYS!

DEVON. Devon.

ETHAN. Devon STAYS! Devon you stay. You know why, MIKKI? Because she's the *older sister of my girlfriend* and you do not get to treat Simone's sister like this. You're *not mad at us*, you're mad at the sich. But what did you expect to happen after *what you did*, huh?

MICHAELA. (gasps) You're taking his side now?! You're taking his side! -

ETHAN. Huh! Of course I'm taking his side. You had to know that would be my (position) posish. I was out there (pointing at the ocean) doing kiddie regatta with him when we were both in pampers and you ripped the man's heart out.

MICHAELA. Oh, I love that. I love that I ripped his heart out now. This is something I did to poor Peter's heart. What about *my* heart, Ethan??

ETHAN. I just think your heart's a little less relevant to the sich.

MICHAELA. Stop! Saying! SITCH!

ETHAN. I will say *sich* as per (usual) usage and now I'm leaving. You're boring me and this is boring and I'll wait to talk to Simone elsewhere.

MICHAELA. (panic) Ethan, wait! Wait! I'm sorry! I'm really sorry. I didn't mean to take it out on you. I just... (almost begging)

.... God, you know? I've worked so hard at this marriage. You know I have. And I... just don't understand what happened. Can you help me? Please? Can you please tell me what happened that he kicked me out of his car?

ETHAN. I just think people hit walls with stuff, Milk, you know? The man hit a wall.

MICHAELA. Why???

ETHAN. I don't know why. He said he saw you coming up from the beach this morning - and it's that time of year again - so he was thinking about it all again - and I dunno... the jet and the kids at the ice cream....

MICHAELA. But I'm telling you: we were *fine* last night, Ethan!

ETHAN. And I'm telling you: *no you weren't fine last night*. Just because he let ya blow him doesn't mean the man's fine. He hasn't been fine all year.

(*Somewhere around here, DEVON gets sandwiched on the couch between these two, stuck hearing this.*)

MICHAELA. What else was I supposed to do, Ethan? Huh?

ETHAN. Don't ask me that, kid.

MICHAELA. He wouldn't look at the screen - the doctor would point and he'd turn his head away and smooth all of his arm hairs until they all faced the same direction. He was in *total denial*.

ETHAN. Well that may be true, Milk, but you're the one who's out. I'm not supposed to tell you, but those are the deets, kid: you're out. (*Really bad news*) You're out out.

MICHAELA. O-u-t- out or just out?

ETHAN. O-u-t out.

MICHAELA. Effective when?

ETHAN. Immediately.

MICHAELA. But what/ if I -

ETHAN. Nope.

MICHAELA. But if I / could just -

ETHAN. Nope.

MICHAELA. But surely / if I -

ETHAN. He's done, Milk. He's D-U-N done. He's already fled.

MICHAELA. Wh.... how can he have already fled? We were at the Ice Cream Smngler three hours ago! -

ETHAN. This is Peter we're talking about. He had to make one call.

MICHAELA. But we'll be five years in December! He can't do / this to -

ETHAN. Sure he can.

MICHAELA. When *we're three months away?*

ETHAN. Sure. I'm sorry kid, but he decided you're a bad investment.

*(beat)*

Now, you're welcome to stay at Island Haven tonight, but then I'm afraid you're going to have to make other arrangements.

MICHAELA. ... He's gonna *put me in a hotel?*

ETHAN. He said you could pick which one? You want the Four Seasons, fine. But he doesn't want to see ya until he and his team have their ducks in a row.

*(beat)*

And between you and me, you need to *put your game face on* because he's gonna come after you hard.

MICHAELA. How hard?

ETHAN. Hard. He's got his own Indian Take Out, Milk, and that curry is *spicy*.

*(beat)*

MICHAELA. Excuse me.

*and*

*(She exits. We see her go to SIMONE and take the phone, urgently talking to Susan Coletti. SIMONE stands nearby looking empathetic, maybe a little frightened.)*

*(ETHAN gets up and heads to the bar to refill his glass. He sees DEVON and is surprised.)*

ETHAN. Oh hey there buddy. Sorry about that. We got a little wrapped up there. More Schramsburg?

DEVON. No, I'm good. Who's she talking to?

ETHAN. Oh Coletti, I'm sure. Her pre-nup's a joke. This house, the townhouse, all his beer frog monies - it's all

protected assets until they hit five years. I told her not to sign that thing.

*(Handing champagne to DEVON)*

It's so sad when marriages fall apart, isn't it? It's just a *huge bummer* is what it is. Jessica, now Mikey oo... I need to stop being friends with people around here.

DEVON. What about you? You ever been married, Ethan?

ETHAN. Nope. Not yet. *(winks)*

*(ETHAN drinks his champagne.)*

ETHAN. Speaking of, what the hell is she still doing out there?

*(to SIMONE, shouting even though she hears nothing)*

SIMONE!!!! COME BACK IN HERE!!!!

DEVON. Hey Ethan, do you think I could ask you a question?

ETHAN. Totes.

DEVON. You said before that you *do not* belong to the work force. Does that mean you don't work?

ETHAN. Yep.

DEVON. You don't work?

ETHAN. I mean, I have an office?

*(beat)*

DEVON. So.....you must have a lot of free time to get set up with Peter and Michaela's hot help, huh?

ETHAN. What, you mean Simone? We weren't set up. I mean, I think Pete had mentioned Simone in a vague way - he said she went to Yale like we all did, blandly blahdy blah - but I didn't pay it any mind until I met her on Christmas Eve.

DEVON. ....You met Simone last Christmas Eve?

ETHAN. Yeah. Pete and Milk do a little annual yuletide whatever - *singing* - back in NYC. Tommy Keller does the food and those famous acapella people sing.

*(beat)*