TERMINALES

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Based on "Terminales" by Miguel Angel Fox

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TEASER

EXT. BOSTON CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING

It's still dark outside this esteemed pediatric hospital. Desolate except for an AMERICAN RED CROSS bus out front.

INT. BOSTON CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING

Outside the hospital AUDITORIUM, a CANDY STRIPER hangs a banner: "BLOOD DRIVE - HOSTED BY BOSTON RED SOX ALL-STAR RICHIE MIRANDA!"

A burly male SECURITY GUARD blocks the entrance, facing off with the one person who's there this early, attractive young professional APRIL (23).

SECURITY GUARD
Miss, I already told you why.

APRIL
I just don't get it. Isn't the point of a blood drive to get as many people in as possible?

SECURITY GUARD
Not when those people are press.

APRIL
Oh, come on. I'm barely press. My title at the *Globe* is "floater." How humiliating is that? I am literally the excrement of my office.

The Security Guard shakes his head, but he cracks a smile. April sees an opening.

APRIL
Don't you remember when you were just starting out, before you got your badge? And you were just a guy with huge muscles and a dream of keeping people out of places when you grew up?

SECURITY GUARD
You're funny.

APRIL
So do you think--

SECURITY GUARD
No.

MAN (O.S.)
Danny Fong. *Boston Globe.*

April turns to find her coworker DANNY (24), an intense Chinese-American Harvard grad who always makes a point of dressing sharp. He and April compete a little, but they're tight. He's surprised to see April.

DANNY
What are you doing here?

APRIL
Same thing you're doing here. They're not gonna let us in.

DANNY
Even if they did, you really think Richie would give his first interview out of rehab to you?

SECURITY GUARD
You're blocking the fire exit.

They sigh and steps a few paces away.

DANNY
How will we ever get to be reporters if no one ever lets us get the story? I'm so sick of being on the sidelines, throw me in the trenches already!

APRIL
I don't think they let "floaters" in the trenches. We just have to pay our dues.

DANNY
I did not spend four years at Harvard to pay my dues.

Defeated, they flop down on the lobby chairs, watching as a few more JOURNALISTS show up. Then Danny sneezes.

APRIL
Bless you.

Danny sneezes again. And again.

APRIL
Bless you. Are you sick?

DANNY
(quickly)
No. It's allergies.

APRIL
It's okay if you're sick, Danny. You're allowed to take a day off.

DANNY
Do you know what the word for "day off" is in Mandarin?
(April shakes her head)
We don't have one.

April gets pensive, considering something. Danny notices.

DANNY
What?

APRIL
I guess I have to call my uncle.

DANNY
Okay. Random.

APRIL
No, he works here.

DANNY
Are you stupid? Why didn't you call him in the first place?

APRIL
Because. It's a complicated family thing. Like, my mom would kill me if she knew I was talking to him.

DANNY
Got it.
(then, competitive)
I mean, my dad's whole family was slaughtered by Communist Revolutionaries and I'd still let Chairman Mao hook me up with an interview.

April sighs. She knows what she has to do.

INT. BOSTON CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - SURGERY WING - DAY

April waits nervously in the Surgery Wing, across the waiting room from a family that also looks nervous.

Then their doctor, GEORGE (45, handsome and intense) enters. April tenses up as she watches him approach the family, taking off his surgical mask. When he does, he's SMILING.

GEORGE
Anyone want some good news?

The mother lets out a joyful sob and hugs George.

GEORGE
Hey, Nicholas did most of the work.

But George looks proud, in his element being the hero. As the family hugs each other, April shifts uncomfortably...and forgets her phone is on her lap. It CLATTERS to the floor. George glances over...

And the color drains from his face.

APRIL
(awkward)
Hi.

INT. BOSTON CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

George's office is a shrine to his talents. Awards, flowers, chocolates and gifts from grateful families. George shuts the door and turns to April, who still looks uncomfortable.

GEORGE
It's good to see you. It's been a long time.

APRIL
Yeah. Two years.

GEORGE
I've really missed you...

APRIL
I'm not here to like, catch up.
(George is taken aback)
I just don't really have a choice. I need your help.

GEORGE
What do you need?

APRIL
Well I got a job at the *Globe*. Entry level but...

GEORGE
(affectionate)
You always said you'd work there one day.

April looks down, uneasy about him being so familiar.

APRIL
So you know that blood drive downstairs? We've been trying to get an interview with Richie Miranda for weeks but they're not letting press in. I know it's been a long time, but...last time I saw you, you said I could always come to you for anything. So I just thought...

GEORGE
I'd love to help you. I just don't know if I can do that. Hospitals are pretty strict about security, I could get in a lot of trouble.

APRIL
Not to be blunt, but...

GEORGE
What? You can tell me.

APRIL
You just...didn't seem to care about getting in trouble when you pulled my dad off life support without our permission.

George reacts - she went there. He sighs, guilty.

GEORGE
April, after a car accident like that, your dad was never coming back. He was in a coma for over two months, the odds of him--

APRIL
I've read stories about people coming back from comas way longer than that.

GEORGE
Well, there's a reason those cases make the news. They're extremely rare. And Thomas wouldn't have wanted to--

APRIL
How do you know what he would have wanted?

GEORGE
I just...know my brother.

APRIL
And I know my dad.

George nods, knowing better than to respond. April stands.

GEORGE
You're leaving already?

APRIL
I mean yeah. I have to go find another way into the blood drive if you can't help me. Take care.

She turns and heads for the door.

GEORGE
April, wait.

INT. BOSTON CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

SOUND of APPLAUSE as April - now wearing a HOSPITAL ID STICKER - takes her seat. She watches closely as RICHIE MIRANDA (late 20s, looks like a bad boy) takes the stage next to a handful of NURSES and a LITTLE BOY in a wheelchair. Behind them, several chairs are set up for blood donation.

Offstage, an intense young Indian woman (30s) - a PUBLICIST for the Red Sox - motions for Richie to put his arm around the little boy. Richie complies and approaches the mic.

RICHIE
Without blood donations, kids like Shane here wouldn't be with us today. That's why I'm honored to be hosting the Boston Children's Hospital's semi-annual blood drive.
(MORE)

RICHIE (cont'd)
I'll be in the first group to donate this morning.
(wryly)
And I know my blood's clean cause it gets tested every week now.

The crowd laughs but Richie's publicist cringes.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Now let's put all these stations to use! Who wants to donate with me?

People start standing up. April impulsively seizes the chance to get close to Richie and jogs toward the stage. She makes it just before the first group is cut off. A nurse escorts April to a donation chair. As she pulls out a NEEDLE, April starts to look a little nervous. She looks away and closes her eyes as the nurse pricks her vein...

RICHIE (O.S.)
Hey, what's your name?

April startles and opens her eyes. RICHIE stands over her. She thinks fast and squeals like an overwhelmed SUPER FAN.

APRIL
Oh my God, Richie Miranda!

RICHIE
(laughing)
That's my name. I wanted yours.

APRIL
April. Oh my God, I can't believe this is happening. I'm a huge fan.

Richie smiles, loving this attention from a cute girl.

RICHIE
So you forgive me for having to take a time-out last season?

APRIL
Of course! I mean, everyone makes mistakes. The Sox just aren't the same without you.

RICHIE
This seat taken?

April giggles and shakes her head as Richie sits in the donation chair next to her. A nurse starts taking his blood.

RICHIE
So where are you from?

APRIL
Somerville. And you're from Dedham. Sorry, I know like everything about you.

RICHIE
(flirty)
You don't know everything.

APRIL
(flirting back)
Tell me something I don't know. Like...never mind, maybe this is too personal.

RICHIE
We can get personal.

APRIL
What really happened in Florida?

RICHIE
(amused)
You sound like a reporter.

APRIL
(suddenly nervous)
What?

Richie is taken aback by her tone. April sees him piecing it together, so she leans over and comes clean.

APRIL
Okay don't hate me, but I work at the *Globe*. I just wanted to ask you a couple questions, if you don't--

RICHIE
Anjali! I told you no press!

April panics as Richie's face turns cold, but they're both attached to tubes and can't move. April looks away...and finds herself face to face with her own blood pouring into the bag. She closes her eyes, woozy. Richie scoffs.

RICHIE
Oh what, now you're sick?

APRIL
I just have a thing about blood...

RICHIE
Well, great idea coming to a blood drive. Press really has no shame.

APRIL
(weak)
No really, I feel weird...

RICHIE
You're a really bad actress.

April stands up, swaying and out of it as she peels the tape and tubes off her arm...and then she FAINTS, falling directly onto Richie's chair. He finally realizes she's not lying.

RICHIE
Hey! Someone help!

<u>END OF TEASER</u>

ACT ONE

INT. BOSTON CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM - DAY

We start on APRIL'S POV as she slowly comes to. She sees a nurse hovering over her and remembers where she is. Then focuses on the clock on the wall behind the nurse and panics.

APRIL
I'm late. I have to get to work.

Then she turns and notices RICHIE standing on her other side.

RICHIE
After all that?

APRIL
Oh. I didn't see you there.

RICHIE
(shrugging)
I'm here to clean up my reputation. I can't really leave the girl who faints in my lap at a blood drive. At least she says I can't.

He jerks his head toward the window. Outside, his intense publicist is staring at them like a hawk.

APRIL
You must think I'm crazy.

RICHIE
I'm used to crazy women. I date a lot of actresses.

The nurse leaves. Richie glances at the door.

RICHIE
Anyway, now that I see you're okay...

He starts to follow the nurse. April impulsively tries again.

APRIL
I'm not, actually.
(Richie turns around)
I'm dying. And the doctors say the only cure is an interview with you.

April closes her eyes dramatically. Richie tries to remain stoic but can't help but laugh at her persistence.

RICHIE
You are unbelievable.

APRIL
I don't know if that's a compliment.

RICHIE
Me neither.

Then Richie notices someone outside the window.

RICHIE
Do you know that guy? He keeps checking on you.

April turns and notices GEORGE peering in. They make eye contact, then he disappears.

APRIL
Oh. Yeah. He’s my uncle.

RICHIE
Yeah, you kinda look alike. I was gonna guess Dad.

APRIL
Oh. No, my dad um, passed away two years ago.

RICHIE
Sorry. You must miss him every day.

APRIL
(deadpan)
You know, you’d think so. But I got a lot of money out of it, so...

Richie is startled. Doesn’t know what to say.

APRIL (CONT’D)
Sorry. I get really awkward with emotional stuff and make inappropriate jokes. Got that from my dad. He couldn’t take anything seriously either.

RICHIE
I lost my dad recently too.

APRIL
(confused)
But I thought your dad still comes to all your games. Didn’t I read that somewhere?

RICHIE
Stepdad. Most people think he’s my real dad. But I reconnected with my biological father a little while back. Then of course, he had to go and have a stroke six months later.

APRIL
That must have been really hard.

RICHIE
You’d think so, but I got his motorcycle.

They both laugh. A moment, then Richie walks back toward April.

RICHIE
No questions about drugs, okay?

April's eyes widen. It's happening. Richie sits in the chair next to her hospital bed. She grabs a pad of hospital stationery from her bedside table. Then deadpans:

APRIL
Okay, first question: what was the last thing you put up your nose?

Richie laughs.

EXT. BOSTON GLOBE OFFICE, DORCHESTER MA - DAY

A brick building with an atrium and a leafy lawn outside.

INT. BOSTON GLOBE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

No-nonsense LAWRENCE (60), the *Globe*'s African-American editor-in-chief, holds court with a handful of middle-aged DEPARTMENT HEADS including nerdy BILL (40s), masculine SALLY (50), and fratty sportswriter MARK (40s). Danny sits in the corner taking notes.

LAWRENCE
Bill, where are we with the Campaign Finance Reform piece? Did we get a quote from Siena?

BILL
Their office is getting back to me--

LAWRENCE
So no. Sally, did we submit the correction on the medical marijuana op-ed?

SALLY
I'm planning to do that as soon as--

LAWRENCE
A correction takes ten seconds. Now, I'm not a mathematician but let's see...in the ten minutes you spent going to Antoine's this morning...

He gestures to a pastry bag peeking out of Sally's briefcase.

LAWRENCE
You had sixty opportunities to submit that correction.

SALLY
(sheepish)
Sorry.

LAWRENCE
Enjoy the energy crash after you have that Danish.

Sally reddens, but knows better than to respond.

LAWRENCE
Moving on--

Just then, Danny starts COUGHING...violently. He's mortified as Lawrence stops talking and slowly turns to stare at him.

DANNY
Something got stuck in my throat--

But he keeps coughing. Lawrence just stares at him until Danny finally gestures, "I'm done." Then another cough escapes.

LAWRENCE
Thanks for respecting this publication enough to expose its editor-in-chief and all of its Senior staff to your germs.

DANNY
It's allergies...

Lawrence ignores him, turning to another staffer.

LAWRENCE
Now, may I take a moment to express my utter disbelief that Mark, my "award-winning sportswriter," hasn't gotten us Richie Miranda yet.

MARK
I've been going to Fenway every morning. It's a fortress. And that blood drive at Children's Hospital was photographers only. Richie's not talking to any press--

LAWRENCE
Since when does anyone want to talk to the press? We're assholes. So start acting like it. Break into his gated community. Find out where one of his illegitimate kids goes to school. Do whatever you have to.

Just then, the door opens and APRIL bursts in. Lawrence stops talking and stares, displeased. Danny makes a "you're in trouble" face. But April just calmly takes her seat.

LAWRENCE
Start anytime.

APRIL
Sorry?

LAWRENCE
Your long and boring tale of why you're late to a meeting you're not even necessary at.
(MORE)

LAWRENCE (cont'd)
You’re just here to take notes, honestly I should just replace you with a computer. Computers are always on time.

APRIL
(deadpan)
Yeah, I’m planning on using one to type up my interview with Richie Miranda.

Lawrence raises his eyebrows: continue.

APRIL
Did you know that guy who goes to all of his games isn’t his biological dad? His mother always told him it was, but then two years ago, he found out his biological dad was in jail. When he died last year, it inspired Richie to finally go to rehab.
(then)
Sorry I’m late. Blood drive ran long.

Lawrence eyes Mark.

LAWRENCE
Oh, the blood drive where no press was allowed?
(then)
We’ll run it in Sunday Sports. Download everything to Mark, he’ll write the piece.

Then he turns to the Senior Staffers, who are all exchanging looks, a little annoyed they’ve been upstaged.

LAWRENCE
Isn’t that embarrassing. You’ve all just been shown up by a floater whose name I don’t even know.

APRIL
April Carver.

LAWRENCE
I won’t remember that.

Still, April is on cloud nine.

INT. BOSTON GLOBE OFFICES - CUBICLES - LATE AFTERNOON

In a cubicle marked FLOATER, April sits at her desk, intensely typing. Then DANNY suddenly POPS his head up over the divider. April jumps, startled.

DANNY
I still don’t get how you got Richie to talk.

APRIL
Oh my God. You're like an Asian jack-in-the-box.

DANNY
Seriously. What did you, sleep with him? It's so unfair that you get to have sex for a story and I don't.

APRIL
Danny, you know how picky I am. I'm not gonna sleep with a dirty sports star with the "Hustler" logo tattooed on his neck. It's not even well done.

DANNY
You got close enough to see his Hustler tattoo?

But April doesn't answer. She's too busy glancing at scruffy, handsome reporter DOMINIC (30) as he walks by, talking to SALLY from the staff meeting. He catches April's eye and smiles as he passes. Danny notices. Once he's out of earshot:

DANNY
Hey April, do you have a tissue?

APRIL
Finally admitting you're sick?

DANNY
No, you're just drooling a little.

He gestures at Dominic. April reddens. Busted.

DANNY
Just ask him out. Aren't you one of those annoying girls who does that?

APRIL
"A feminist?"

DANNY
That's what I said. One of those annoying girls.

APRIL
I'm not afraid to make the first move. But this is different. Dominic's like, an actual reporter here.

DANNY
Arts and Entertainment? Please.

APRIL
You're such a snob. And I can't just start sexually harassing him. I mean we just had that whole seminar last month.

DANNY
I think it's just sexual harassment when the power goes the other way. In this case you're under Dominic.
(then, wry)
Or you wish you were.

April just rolls her eyes.

INT. BOSTON GLOBE OFFICE - ELEVATOR - EVENING

The end of the day. April steps on to the elevator, when she sees DOMINIC out of the corner of her eye. She plays it cool, pretends not to see him.

DOMINIC
Hey, can you hold that?

April "just notices him" and fumbles for the button...and hits the wrong one a few times as the doors close. Finally, they open and Dominic jumps in. She smiles apologetically.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
You really wanted the elevator to yourself, huh?

APRIL
Yeah, I like to take it nice and slow. Just ease into the idea of going home.

She gestures to all the floors she pressed by accident.

DOMINIC
I hear everyone on the Senior Staff hates you now.

APRIL
What? Why?

DOMINIC
(shrugging)
I mean technically I didn't hear it, I'm just guessing. I would hate you. You've been here what, six months, and already got a big interview? How does that happen?

APRIL
Let's just say it involved bloodshed.

The elevator stops on a floor April pressed by accident. They wait for the doors to open and close.

DOMINIC
So what are you up to tonight? Working on your story?

April pauses - is he asking her out?

APRIL
The story isn't running until Sunday actually. Why?

DOMINIC
I could just use some help covering this band at TT the Bear's tonight.

APRIL
Who's playing?

DOMINIC
This new indie band called Thumbelina. They're on at nine.

April shrugs, playing it cool.

APRIL
Sure, why not.

DOMINIC
Cool. I'll get you on the list.

APRIL
(grinning)
They have a list at that dump?

DOMINIC
Hey. Maybe I won't put you on the list.

The elevator doors open and Dominic starts to "storm off" in a fake huff. Then doubles back.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
And, wrong floor.

April laughs at him.

INT. DIESEL CAFE - EVENING

April waits impatiently in the long line at this eclectic Somerville coffeehouse. Then she gives up and just walks BEHIND the counter to pour her own coffee. Customers stare.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Excuse me, miss? This area is for employees only.

April turns to find BETH (25), the opinionated feminist store manager who dresses like she's on *Mad Men* every day of her life. She doesn't look happy. But April doesn't back down.

APRIL
Well, if someone was actually running this store, maybe I wouldn't have to make my own coffee. I miss the old manager.

BETH
The old manager? She was a lazy bitch.

APRIL
No she wasn't. She was a genius. And super hot. Do you have her number?

They both laugh and we realize they're friends. Beth gestures to the coffee April is making.

BETH
You've only been out of here six months. Did you forget how to make a latte? You just put an assload of espresso in that cup.

APRIL
I know. I've been so tired lately.

BETH
It's called getting older. Welcome. You have a lot to look forward to. Like gaining weight in different places and getting hangovers after one glass of wine--

APRIL
Beth, you're 25. You're not that much older than me.

BETH
Two years is a long time. You'll see what I mean when you're 25.

Beth takes a sip of the drink April just made...and GAGS.

APRIL
I know, it tastes like poop. I just need to stay alert tonight.

She smiles slyly at Beth and takes a seat at a nearby table. Beth abandons the counter to join her, intrigued.

BETH
Elaborate.

APRIL
I'm meeting someone later. Someone who may have a candle on his desk that has more than one wick...

BETH
Three Wicks asked you out?!

APRIL
See, that's the thing. I don't know because it's work related.

BETH
Tell me exactly what he said and I'll tell you if it's a date.

APRIL
That's okay, I--

BETH
Actually, just wear this lip gloss and it'll be a date. Trust me. I have stories.

She pulls out a tube of LIP GLOSS.

APRIL
No, really, I...

But Beth is already zipping the gloss into April's purse.

APRIL
I just don't want to psych myself out.

BETH
Sure, sure.
(beat)
Just pay attention to how he holds his hands when he talks and I can tell you what he'll be good at in bed.

April looks around self-consciously at the other patrons.

BETH
Have fun tonight. He sounds great. I mean, we have totally opposite types, but I'm happy for you.

APRIL
How are our types so different?

BETH
No offense! I just don't see myself dating a guy who'd have a candle on his desk. It's a little metrosexual for me. I prefer strong silent types who watch sports and shoot guns.

APRIL
But you watch like, *Downton Abbey*. And donate to the Audubon Society.

Beth holds up a hand, not about to accept any constructive criticism now or ever.

BETH
Yes, it conflicts with everything I believe in. Since when does the brain govern who we want to see naked?

Then April's phone buzzes with a text. Beth notices April looks stressed as she reads it.

BETH
What's up? Did Three Wicks bail?

APRIL
No, it's my uncle George...

BETH
Wait, what year is this?

APRIL
I know, I haven't seen him in so long. But he's the one who got me into that blood drive. And I'm grateful, but I don't really want him back in my life.

BETH
Ugh, I don't blame you. It must have been really intense to see him.
(then, grinning)
Did you at least get to go all *Princess Bride* on him, like "You killed my father, prepare to die?"

APRIL
Beth, seriously, what do I do? He just texted me to call him. He's so awkward, he signed his text: "From, George."

BETH
Just ignore him. He'll get the message.

APRIL
What if it's about something else?

BETH
Then he'll call you.

APRIL
Yeah. And what else could it even be about?

BETH
(deadpan)
Maybe they couldn't use your blood from the drive because you have an STD.

APRIL
Oh God, could you imagine?

BETH
Coming from your uncle?

APRIL
"You have herpes. From, George."

They crack up.

INT. CARVER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

SOUND of someone cooking dinner OS as April sits at the kitchen table, surrounded by work and typing on her laptop.

Reveal her sassy little sister BRENNA (14) next to her, also on her laptop. She laughs to herself as she types something.

And next to Brenna, their youthful grandma EMMA (80). Also on her laptop.

And lastly, April and Brenna's mother SARA (50s) at the stove, cooking from a recipe on her IPAD.

Suddenly, Emma SCOFFS at something, disgusted.

SARA
Mom, you okay?

Emma doesn't answer. April glances over at her screen.

APRIL
She's playing Bridge Roulette.

EMMA
I wouldn't call it playing. These dummies don't even know how.

APRIL
It's roulette. Just click to the next player.

EMMA
If I quit, my rating goes down. And I will <u>not</u> be ranked lower than some fool in Indianapolis with a *Hello Kitty* avatar.

Sara turns off the stove.

SARA
Brenna, will you set the table?

BRENNA
I can't. I'm working on my community outreach stuff.

SARA
(pleased)
Oh! Oh, then never mind.

Sara stands, smiling at Brenna for a few seconds. Brenna notices and squirms, uncomfortable.

BRENNA
Mom, what's wrong with you?

SARA
Sorry! I'm just proud of you. And I just want to remind you where you were last year. Looking at you now, it's...what an accomplishment, when a child--

BRENNA
(mortified)
Oh my God.

SARA
I know, I'm embarrassing. But I always tell my patients, praise your kids when they excel...I know it's been a tough couple of years for you- not just you, for this family. But when I was getting calls from your school that you were cutting class, it was- not that I blame--

BRENNA
Dear Mom: please finish a sentence. Thanks - Brenna.

APRIL
Dear Brenna: please stop communicating with people by narrating letters from yourself. Thanks - April.

SARA
I'm just feeling really proud of my daughters today. We're all starting exciting new phases in our lives. Including...myself.
(beat)
I think I might be ready to sign up for one of those dating websites you girls keep telling me about.

EMMA
(deadpan)
No. You're too young to date.

APRIL
Wait, Mom, are you serious?

SARA
I'm thinking about it.

APRIL
Well, just thinking about it is pointless...

April starts clicking on her computer, typing rapidly.

SARA
Oh, I didn't mean now. I just meant at some point...
(April keeps typing)
April, what are you doing?

APRIL
Just setting up your profile.

BRENNA
Lemme see.

APRIL
I thought you were busy.

Brenna leans over. Sara puts down the dish she's holding and runs over to see what they're saying about her. Reading:

SARA
“Likes: Navajo print capes, buying new makeup, the music of Seal. Dislikes: Injustice, red meat, finishing sentences.”

APRIL
That one’s for you, Bren.

BRENNA
Oh hey, Mom, let me take your profile picture.

SARA
I can’t believe I’m doing this.

She turns to her mother.

EMMA
Don’t look at me. I think you’re asking to end up in a body bag.

Sara rolls her eyes and takes a seat across from Brenna at the table. She ruffles her hair to give it more volume, then smiles unnaturally as Brenna pulls out her CAMERA PHONE.

BRENNA
Mom, smile like a normal person.

SARA
(still smiling)
I am!

BRENNA
Let’s try serious then.

Sara nods and adopts a more sultry pose.

BRENNA
Okay Mom, ew.

Sara just laughs and tries another pose. April smiles, enjoying seeing her mom so happy.

INT. BOSTON “T” SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

April, dressed for a night out, rides the train into Cambridge. She fidgets in her seat with nervous energy. Then she notices something in her bag: Beth’s lip gloss. She shrugs to herself. Worth a try. She puts some on.

INT. TT THE BEAR'S - NIGHT

CLOSE on a WOMAN (30s) with pigtails, wearing a shapeless little-girl dress and strumming a ukulele as she sings in a falsetto. Her drums feature a painting of a tiny fairy.

THUMBELINA
(singing)
“I’m just a tiny child, free and wild / making my way down wooded paths / seeking treasure without a map / knowing not the dangers or traps!”

She abruptly stops singing. A moment, then the audience realizes she’s done and applauds. Thumbelina smiles serenely addresses the crowd in this Cambridge indie rock venue.

THUMBELINA
(quietly)
Thank you. Thank you, nymphs and woodsmen. That melody flew into my head one beautiful beautiful September one year ago. As I explored a forest deep in the foggy hills of Vermont, I began thinking about the forest of life, that long journey of wooded enchantment and spooky shadows and monsters. Let’s give a hand to our monster. Otherwise known as Josh.

Behind her, a guy in skinny jeans, a plaid shirt, and an enormous “EVIL BIRD” MASK crashes a pair of cymbals together for effect. The crowd applauds again.

Reveal April and Dominic leaning against the back wall, totally nonplussed, sipping beer. Dominic leans over.

DOMINIC
I am so sorry.

APRIL
I cannot wait to read your review.

DOMINIC
I’m already feeling bad for this girl when she reads it.

APRIL
She doesn’t read the paper. She lives in the forest, remember?

DOMINIC
They might have WiFi in the forest.

APRIL
Do they? Hansel and Gretel didn’t. Or they would have live-tweeted their way out of that situation.

DOMINIC
“Left breadcrumbs LOL.”

APRIL
“Hashtag: Head in oven.”

A nearby hipster shushes them. They stifle a laugh. Dominic gestures to April’s drink.

DOMINIC
Another beer?

APRIL
I can get it.

DOMINIC
I know, but I'm offering.

APRIL
It's dollar beer night. I can handle it. I'll get yours too.

Dominic laughs as they make their way to the bar.

DOMINIC
You are not making this easy.

APRIL
Making what easy?

DOMINIC
You get your own beers, you got your own cover charge, you held the door for me.

April's confused. Dominic takes a deep breath and explains.

DOMINIC
Okay, I wasn't gonna tell you this but I'm three beers in on an empty stomach--

Thumbelina starts hooting like an owl onstage.

THUMBELINA
Hoot! Hoot! Hoo! Hoo!

DOMINIC
I can't talk when she's doing that.

He takes April's arm and leads her outside to:

EXT. TT THE BEAR'S SMOKING PATIO - CONTINUOUS

They take a seat on top of a picnic table.

APRIL
How are you gonna do your review from out here?

DOMINIC
I'm not...reviewing Thumbelina. That's what I wanted to tell you.

APRIL
Wait, you're not?

DOMINIC
I just wanted to see you outside the office.

A moment as April processes. Is he admitting he has a crush on her? She decides not to show her own cards yet.

DOMINIC
Because sometimes I feel like we're...

APRIL
What?

DOMINIC
You know. We kinda joke around, and I don't know if you're just being funny or if we're flirting.

APRIL
(smiling)
Well, are you flirting?

DOMINIC
Uh...I feel like if I answer this honestly...I'm just remembering that Sexual Harassment seminar last month.

APRIL
I was just talking about that!

DOMINIC
Oh yeah? In what context? Were you talking about dating one of your coworkers?

APRIL
(playful)
Um...I can't really remember. I think it was just in case someone started working there that I liked.

They both smile, realizing the crush is mutual.

EXT. STREETS OF NORTH END - NIGHT

April and Dominic amble down the narrow cobblestone streets of Boston's historic Italian neighborhood. April is in the middle of impersonating a woman with a NASAL VOICE.

APRIL
We're gonna need to call service for that copier, did we call service?

DOMINIC
Pam from HR!

Next, Dominic breaks into an impersonation a man with a LISP.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
There's leftover pizza in the breakroom. It's sausage.

APRIL
Duh. Geoffrey from Classifieds.

DOMINIC
Okay, now the next one requires a conversation. Start telling me about your day so far.

APRIL
Um...okay, I woke up to my little sister's alarm clock ringing and--

DOMINIC
(competitive)
I know her. I dated her.

APRIL
Then I think I turned on CNN--

DOMINIC
I watch that. And CNBC. That's basically all I watch besides BBC.

APRIL
(laughing)
Okay, Danny Fong.

DOMINIC
Ding ding!

APRIL
Tricky. I thought you were going for Lawrence at first, with the interrupting.

DOMINIC
Yeah, they're close. The difference is, Danny's a competitive interrupter.
(then)
Sorry, I know he's your friend.

APRIL
Oh it's fine. I tell him this stuff to his face.

DOMINIC
I bet you do. You don't seem like the type to beat around the bush.

APRIL
I'm also not the type to use the expression "beat around the bush."

Then April's phone RINGS. She glances at the ID. It's GEORGE. April hits IGNORE. Dominic raises his eyebrows.

DOMINIC
Who's George?

APRIL
Nobody.

DOMINIC
Booty call?

APRIL
(rolling her eyes)
No. Gross.

DOMINIC
See, you really didn't beat around the bush there.

APRIL
Oh my God. Every time you say it, my whole body cringes with embarrassment for you.

DOMINIC
Beat around the bush!

APRIL
(hands over her ears)
Lalalala!

Dominic puts his hands over hers and pulls them off her ears. He keeps holding one this time. We notice April noticing.

DOMINIC
Okay, I have one more impression. You ready?

April nods. And Dominic just leans in and KISSES her sweetly. When they pull away, she grins.

APRIL
Maureen from Accounting?

EXT. STREETS OF SOMERVILLE - NIGHT

April can't stop smiling as she strolls home from her "T" stop, still high from her perfect night. Her PHONE rings. April grins, assuming it's Dominic.

Instead, the caller ID reads: GEORGE again. April reacts - seriously? - as she rounds the corner. And then she stops, seeing someone.

GEORGE. Standing on her front lawn, calling from there. April rushes over to him, speaking in an urgent whisper.

APRIL
What are you doing here?

GEORGE
I need to talk to you.

APRIL
It's two in the morning.

GEORGE
I know. It's important.

April just shakes her head, frustrated.

APRIL
I knew this would happen. I knew if you did me a favor, you'd start--

GEORGE
April, you don't understand--

APRIL
What if my mom wakes up? She doesn't even know I saw you today. You weren't around but she went crazy after my dad died. She's finally acting like herself again. This is the worst timing for you to just walk back in here and--

GEORGE
(forceful)
April, stop. This isn't about me. It's about your health.

April is thrown off.

APRIL
What are you talking about?

GEORGE
After you fainted, I was worried so I ran some tests on your blood.
(a long beat)
I'm so sorry to have to tell you like this...

APRIL
(quietly)
What?

GEORGE
You have Leukemia.

A chill runs through April's whole body.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

EXT. CARVER HOUSE - NIGHT

April reels, shocked. She can't compute this.

APRIL
I'm twenty-three.

GEORGE
I'm so sorry...

APRIL
We can treat it, right? It's treatable?

GEORGE
(beat)
Yes.

APRIL
Okay good.

GEORGE
But treating isn't the same as curing.

APRIL
(impatient)
Whatever, how do we cure it then?

George struggles for words. He looks down, genuinely upset.

APRIL
I'm gonna be okay, right?

Before he can answer, we hear the sound of a WINDOW OPENING. April instinctively PUSHES GEORGE up the stairs and on to the porch so he's hidden from view as EMMA pokes her head out the window.

EMMA
April? Is that you?

April quickly covers, choking back emotion as she calls up:

APRIL
(covering)
Yeah! Sorry Grandma, I was just...making a phone call for work.

EMMA
Now? They'd better be paying you overtime!

APRIL
I wish. I'll be up in a minute!

Emma closes the window. April steps on to the porch next to George. They speak in hushed tones.

APRIL
We can't talk about this right now.

GEORGE
Then come to my office tomorrow. I'll bring our oncologist in, he's usually in by eight.

But April just shakes her head, mind racing.

APRIL
But...I have a staff meeting at nine...

GEORGE
Do you understand how serious this is?

APRIL
Yeah, I know, I'm just...

GEORGE
When can you make it?

APRIL
I don't know, maybe lunch?

GEORGE
I need you to promise me you'll come at lunch tomorrow.

APRIL
Okay. I promise.

George HUGS April. She's tense in his arms - he's the last person she wants to be comforted by. He opens his mouth to say something, but she shushes him. Not now. He nods, understanding, as she turns and enters her house.

INT. CARVER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

April is stunned and can barely focus as she makes her way up the stairs. And then PICTURES OF HERSELF start catching her eye, family pictures lining the stairwell. April gets older in the pictures as she climbs the stairs...her life flashing before her eyes.

She reaches the top and pauses outside Sara's room, wondering whether to tell her. She takes a deep breath and pushes her way inside...

INT. CARVER HOUSE - SARA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara is fast asleep when April enters and sits down on the edge of the bed. She reaches over and touches Sara's shoulder. Sara doesn't wake up.

APRIL
(whispering)
Mom...

April shakes Sara lightly and Sara finally stirs. Her eyes open. April's breath catches. She has to tell her.

SARA
(mumbling)
I just have to pick up green peppers from Wilson Farms for the salad...

She falls asleep again. April is confused, then notices a bottle of AMBIEN on Sara's bedside. Sara won't remember any of this. April sighs, burdened with her secret. She leans over and rests her head on Sara's stomach. A moment.

APRIL
Mom, something's wrong with me.

No response. April curls up in the fetal position next to her mother, trying to comfort herself.

INT. CARVER HOUSE - APRIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on a LAPTOP SCREEN. The corner reads 4:30am and there are several WINDOWS open. WebMD. Mayo Clinic. Wikipedia.

Reveal APRIL, sitting in bed with her clothes still on, reading them obsessively. She looks dazed as she fixates on keywords that seem encouraging. "Recovery," "Remission," and "Treatable."

APRIL
Okay...okay...

Then she notices something. Sunlight peeking in through the blinds. She cringes but keeps reading, fighting to keep her eyes open.

INT. CARVER HOUSE - APRIL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Two hours later. April startles awake, her laptop still open next to her. She springs up and hurries out of the room.

INT. CARVER HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

April sees that Sara's bedroom door is open and hurries over...but she's not inside. April jogs downstairs.

INT. CARVER HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

April arrives in the kitchen, looking around frantically for Sara. Instead she finds EMMA sitting at the table, eating cereal and reading *Us Weekly*. April tries to act casual.

APRIL
Is Mom around?

EMMA
She had an early patient this morning.
(MORE)

EMMA (cont'd)
She woke me up, she always makes so much noise in the kitchen. Just figured I'd get up and take these old bones for a spin.

Emma stands up, revealing she's in WORKOUT WEAR. April has to take a moment as she watches her active, healthy grandmother bustle around. Especially when she catches a glance of her own underslept reflection in the microwave.

APRIL
You're in better shape than I am.

EMMA
I love when you lie to me.

April strains a smile, but her heart is breaking.

INT. CARVER HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

Now dressed for work and on autopilot, April is walking out, past Brenna's room, when she overhears:

BRENNA (O.S.)
He's gonna pick us up after school...It'll be easy, it's "community outreach" day.

Brenna LAUGHS. April pauses by the door to eavesdrop...but the floor under her CREAKS. Brenna suddenly stops talking.

BRENNA (O.S.)
(hushed)
I gotta go, see you later.

Brenna emerges from her room to find April there, on edge.

BRENNA
What's up stalker.

APRIL
Who were you talking to?

BRENNA
Chelsea, why?

APRIL
It sounded like you were going to skip community outreach.

BRENNA
I didn't say that.

APRIL
(suspicious)
Then who's "picking you up?"

BRENNA
Nobody! I'm taking the T home with Chelsea.

APRIL
Are you even in this club?

BRENNA
Yes! God, what's wrong with you?

APRIL
Don't act like you've never lied before! You've been a nightmare to Mom for the last two years. Do you know how much I had to take care of her when you were sneaking out and failing out of school? A school she's paying like, all her money to send you to? She's finally happy again. You can't screw that up.

April stalks off. Brenna is taken aback but calls after her.

BRENNA
Someone's on their period.

INT. BOSTON GLOBE OFFICE ELEVATOR - DAY

April's face is blank as she rides up alone. But when the elevator doors open, she puts on her game face. Steps out into the office.

INT. BOSTON GLOBE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She's immediately plunged into the usual chaos. People buzz and speed-walk past her. April takes a deep breath as she walks down toward her desk, glancing in offices as she passes. The same mundane things that happen every day are happening today. It's jarring.

She arrives at her desk and sits. Danny immediately pops up.

DANNY
Are you in shock?

APRIL
(startled)
What?

DANNY
I mean who would have expected Slovenia to have terrorism?

APRIL
Oh. What are you talking about?

DANNY
You didn't hear about the bombing on that bus?

APRIL
No. When did that happen?

DANNY
An hour ago.
(a little smug)
So you haven't checked the news in the last hour? Weird. I can't go ten minutes without refreshing CNN. It's my crack.

And with that, April falls back into their usual routine.

APRIL
Me too. Usually.

DANNY
That's why you have to set alerts on your phone.

APRIL
I do.

DANNY
For everything.

APRIL
I do.

DANNY
Cause a lot can happen in an hour. World War Two started in an hour.

APRIL
Really? Is that a fact?

DANNY
It has to be. Think about it. There was an hour when we were not at war yet and then there was an hour when we were.

Before April can reply, they notice LAWRENCE standing at the edge of April's cubicle. Danny panics - it looks like he's not working - and pops back down to his desk.

LAWRENCE
(to April)
Come to my office when you're free.

APRIL
I'm free. I'm not doing anything.

LAWRENCE
Why aren't you doing anything? Aren't you on the clock right now?

He heads for his office. April jumps up to follow him. Trying to pull it together.

INT. BOSTON GLOBE - LAWRENCE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

April sits across from Lawrence at his huge oak desk.

LAWRENCE
Bruce Hendrie. Know him?

APRIL
The real-estate developer?

LAWRENCE
You hear he's running for Governor next term?

APRIL
Uh, was that in the news this morning?

LAWRENCE
(frowning)
You haven't checked the news this morning?

APRIL
Oh, yeah, I was just...

LAWRENCE
Hopefully that's your idea of a joke. Either way, you're off the hook. It wasn't in the news. You wouldn't have any way of knowing about Bruce. Unless you know his housekeeper, who told my housekeeper. And yes, his alien is legal so don't bother starting with that story when you cover his campaign.

APRIL
Excuse me?

LAWRENCE
Keep up. I'm giving you an assignment.

April's taken aback. But she goes with it.

APRIL
Oh, okay!

LAWRENCE
It pains me to say this because I think each generation gets more and more vapid, but it's clear that youth is the future of politics. Every piece of news lives and dies on Twitter, Facebook, YouTube...

APRIL
I have those.

LAWRENCE
Plus, young people are willing to travel at the drop of a hat. Especially if they're single.

April hesitates for a moment, thinking of Dominic. Then:

APRIL
I am.

LAWRENCE
Good. Girls with boyfriends are always distracted. More than boys with girlfriends.

APRIL
Well, I won't be.

LAWRENCE
Then I'll call Pam in HR.

Lawrence dials someone on speaker. Pam answers in a NASAL voice, just like April's impression on her date with Dominic.

PAM (V.O.)
Human Resources.

LAWRENCE
I need you to set up a new expense account for...April, right?

April nods, her mind racing. This is everything she's ever wanted. How can she stop now?

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE.

INT. BOSTON GLOBE OFFICES - DAY

April sits at her desk, buried in research about BRUCE HENDRIE. Distracting herself. Until her phone rings with an ALERT - "GEORGE, 1pm." April sighs, dreading this. She slowly stands up. Danny immediately stands up too.

DANNY
Quiznos? Subway?

APRIL
Oh, uh, I can't.

DANNY
What, now that you're getting assignments, you're cutting carbs? What do you think this is, TV news?

APRIL
(covering)
No, I just...I'm meeting a friend.

Before he can protest, April heads for the elevator.

INT. BOSTON GLOBE OFFICE - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

As April steps on, BILL - one of the Senior Reporters from the staff meeting - joins her.

BILL
On your way to lunch?

APRIL
Oh. Yeah.

BILL
Well, if you don't mind, I'll be joining you. Lawrence asked me to talk you through your first campaign.

April stiffens. She has to meet George. Bill misreads her hesitation and instantly gets offended. He's one of those guys who's oversensitive about being phased out by the younger generation.

BILL
You probably think you know everything already, but trust me. You don't.

APRIL
(quickly)
Oh, no, I know I have a lot to learn--

BILL
You bet you do. It took me twenty years to learn good campaign journalism.
(beat)
“And now, the end is near. And so I face the final curtain.”

APRIL
Sorry?

BILL
Sinatra. Later covered by the Sex Pistols. You probably don’t know either of them. They were well before Justin Bieber.

APRIL
Well, I’d love to pick your brain. You’re obviously a veteran. I just...have lunch plans today.

BILL
(scoffing)
Lunch? What’s that? I haven’t taken a lunch break since I started here. And Lawrence said you were wide open. You sure you have time for this assignment?

April sighs, realizing this looks bad. She doesn’t want to jeopardize her job.

APRIL
I have time. I’ll cancel my lunch.

Bill nods, satisfied, but April is stressed.

EXT. SOUP KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

CLOSE on a PRINCETON sweatshirt. Pull back to reveal uptight Community Outreach Club President LARKIN (15), leading a group of students as they set up in a church parking lot. She notices Brenna sitting on a bench, buried in her iPhone.

LARKIN
Brenna, do you need a task?

BRENNA
The soup is out. Isn’t that like, the one task?

Then Brenna notices burnout SEAN (17) pulling into the parking lot in a pickup truck. Brenna stands up to LEAVE.

LARKIN
You can’t just sign in and leave again.

BRENNA
(sighing)
Why do you care?

LARKIN
Because. I'm the president of this club. If our advisor finds out I'm letting you leave...

BRENNA
So don't tell him. Come on, Chelsea.

But when Brenna turns to her friend CHELSEA (15), Chelsea just looks away awkwardly.

CHELSEA
Actually, I think I'm gonna stay.

BRENNA
Seriously?

CHELSEA
(stammering)
I just...it seems like every time we hang out now, I get in trouble.

BRENNA
Well don't let me ruin your life then.

She's clearly a little hurt, but too proud to admit it. Chelsea feels guilty.

CHELSEA
Bren, that's not what I meant, I'm just starting to think about my college applications...

LARKIN
(smug)
Cause some people care about their futures.

BRENNA
Whatever. I don't live for the future. We could all die tomorrow. Gotta have fun while you can.

She starts toward the truck. Larkin scoffs, annoyed.

LARKIN
Have fun with that loser.

BRENNA
(turning around)
Why is he a loser, cause he's the janitor's son?

LARKIN
I didn't say that--

BRENNA
You're so scared of anyone who isn't rich and white. This is why I hate private school.
(then)
(MORE)

BRENNA (cont'd)
What's your horse's name, by the way? Or, sorry, their names?

Larkin flinches. Brenna cups a hand over her mouth, laughing.

BRENNA (CONT'D)
Oh my God. You really have multiple horses.

Brenna turns and climbs into Sean's truck.

INT. BOSTON GLOBE OFFICE - DAY

April and Bill step off the elevator, on their way back from lunch. We can tell from April's face he's been exhausting.

BILL
...One more thing. Alcohol. Any situation where alcohol is being served, offer to buy people drinks. It's amazing what people will say when they think they're off the record.
(wistful)
I drank Japanese Scotch with Jimmy Carter in Tokyo once. Guess that's before your time too.

APRIL
I still know who Jimmy Carter is.

BILL
Yeah but you don't <u>really</u> know.

They round the corner by the front desk...and April FREEZES.

GEORGE stands at the desk. Waiting for her. April hastily turns back toward Bill.

APRIL
Thanks for lunch, Bill! I really learned a lot.

As soon as Bill leaves the lobby, April turns to George and gestures. Follow me.

EXT. BOSTON GLOBE OFFICE - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

April leads George into the stairwell to talk in private.

APRIL
I know, I know, I was supposed to come in at lunch. I just couldn't get away...

GEORGE
April, I know denial is a common response to getting news like this, but you're going to have to start taking this seriously.

APRIL
I am. I was up all night reading about it and researching all the treatment options, and it seems like if you just catch it early, which I assume we did since I didn't have any other symptoms--

GEORGE
That's not how your kind of leukemia works. You have AML.

APRIL
What is that?

GEORGE
Acute Myeloid Leukemia. This is why I wanted you to come in today. I wanted our oncologist to explain this to you. What you have is much less predictable, and the effectiveness of treatment varies wildly from patient to patient. That's why we need you to start treatment right away.

April shakes her head, overwhelmed and spinning.

APRIL
I haven't even told my mom. Or anyone. Let me just talk to my mom tonight and I'll come in first thing tomorrow.

GEORGE
If anything out of the ordinary happens before then, you have to let me know right away.

APRIL
I will.

Meanwhile, on the ground floor below, we notice DOMINIC wheeling his bike in, back from lunch. He pulls out his lock and starts chaining it to the railing, when he hears:

APRIL (O.S.)
Please just keep this between us for now, okay?

GEORGE (O.S.)
Okay, but we can't wait much longer.

Dominic peers up and sees April talking to a handsome man he doesn't recognize. He furrows his brow, keeps listening.

GEORGE
And you can't blow me off like you did last night. When I called you and you didn't answer, I thought...

APRIL
I'm sorry. I won't do that again, George. I promise.

Dominic bristles. Putting it together that George is the guy who called April during their date.

GEORGE
I know our relationship is complicated but...I still love you.

Hurt, Dominic finishes locking his bike and hurries away.

INT. BOSTON GLOBE OFFICE - HALLWAY - LATER

April heads back to her desk. As she passes the bathrooms, DOMINIC emerges from the Men's Room. They're alone in the hall. April lights up, grateful for the distraction.

APRIL
Hey.

DOMINIC
(coolly)
Hi.

APRIL
Okay, who am I?
(faux-sexy)
"Is it just me, or is there something about going to the bathroom that's so sensual?"

Dominic just shrugs, distant.

DOMINIC
I don't know...

APRIL
Olivia from "Love Letters!" Come on, that was easy.

DOMINIC
I gotta go actually. I got a lot of work.

He walks away. April deflates, confused and hurt. On top of everything else, Dominic is having second thoughts about her.

INT. A SKETCHY BRIGHTON APARTMENT - EVENING

Black curtains block out all daylight in this squalid apartment inhabited by a group of dirty guys in their late teens and 20s. There are open trash bags lying around, along with cigarette butts, bags of Doritos, and a huge bong.

Two SLUTTY GIRLS (19) grind on each other, occasionally glancing over at a group of GUYS to make sure they're watching. One gives the stink-eye to

BRENNA, by far the youngest person in the room, sitting on a ratty futon with Sean, swigging a beer. For the first time, she looks a little insecure and out of place. She reaches for a PILL BOTTLE in her purse, hoping Sean will notice. He does.

SEAN
What's that?

BRENNA
Adderall. Want some?

He takes one, then grabs a nearby bottle of TEQUILA to wash it down. Then offers the bottle to Brenna.

SEAN
Tequila?

BRENNA
What are you chasing it with?

SEAN
Tequila.

Brenna takes a big swig to impress him, doing her best to cover her grimace.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Pretty good drinker for a girl.

BRENNA
(showing off)
I'm a good drinker for a guy.

She takes another big drink to prove it.

SEAN
Come here. I'll show you the rest of the house.

Brenna nods casually, playing it cool. But as soon as Sean turns around, she smiles. He likes her.

INT. SKETCHY BRIGHTON APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brenna follows Sean into a bedroom and finds herself face to face with:

TYLER (17), looking her up and down. He's significantly less attractive than Sean and walks with a LIMP.

SEAN
This is Tyler. He crashes here. Tyler, this is Brenda.

Brenna deflates a little.

BRENNA
Brenna.

SEAN
She goes to Commonwealth. She brought Adderall.

TYLER
Where’d you score that?

BRENNA
My doctor.

TYLER
(scoffing)
I don’t believe in doctors.

Before Brenna can reply, someone enters the room - the DANCING GIRL who was glaring at Brenna. She and Sean start MAKING OUT. Then Sean turns to Brenna.

SEAN
Take care of my man Tyler.

Brenna realizes with horror that Sean is setting them up. She panics as Sean and his girl start to leave the room. And suddenly, she starts to look like a scared little girl. Especially when Tyler puts his arm around her. She stiffens.

TYLER
What’s wrong?

BRENNA
(quickly)
Nothing.

TYLER
Then why are you like, shaking? Oh, right. You’re a private school girl. You probably only spread your legs for your horse.

Tyler snickers and leaves the room. Brenna sighs, her words to Larkin coming back to haunt her. She downs her beer in one gulp, trying to calm down.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CARVER HOUSE - EVENING

April rounds the corner toward the house. She notices a VOLVO wagon in the driveway with a bumper sticker that reads: “BECAUSE I’M THE PSYCHOLOGIST, THAT’S WHY!” She looks relieved. Her mom’s home.

INT. CARVER HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

April looks nervous, shaking as she heads for Sara’s room, gearing up to finally tell her. She wipes her sweaty palms on her pants and takes a deep breath as she pushes the door open.

INT. CARVER HOUSE - SARA’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

But just as April enters, Sara emerges from her bathroom BEAMING and DRESSED UP, in makeup and a flowy bohemian outfit.

SARA
(singsong)
Guess what I’m doing tonight?

APRIL
Uh...what?

SARA
Going on my first eHarmony date!

April smiles, distracted, but plays along.

APRIL
That was fast.

SARA
Thanks to you. That man you found for me? My 79% match? He suggested we just cut to the chase and meet up. I figured why not!

She notices April looks concerned, misreads it.

SARA
Oh no. Is that crazy?

April covers. Sara’s so excited, she can’t tell her now.

APRIL
No, it’s awesome. Here, sit, let me just fix up your eyes.

Sara sits on the edge of the bed. April applies more makeup.

SARA
...I'm so glad I picked up this turquoise eyeshadow, I just needed an extra touch and I thought it would be playful. I mean not playful in a juvenile way, I think it's still age-appropriate, otherwise they wouldn't sell it at Clinique, I guess a better word would be "spirited," like I can still have fun but--

APRIL
Mom.

SARA
What?

APRIL
What's wrong? You're not finishing sentences again.

SARA
I'm nervous! I haven't been on a date in 25 years.

APRIL
I know. But you deserve to find someone who can take care of you.

SARA
You don't think I'm too old?

April just shakes her head. If she only knew. But April stays strong for Sara's benefit. Sara turns to look at her makeup.

SARA
Thank you, sweetie.

APRIL
You're welcome.
(beat)
Now take off that cape.

Sara glances down at the loose, brightly-colored fabric that swallows up her whole tiny frame.

SARA
It's a poncho.

APRIL
Okay, take off the poncho.

SARA
It's from Nepal!

APRIL
Mom, don't take this the wrong way but it looks like it belongs on a donkey.

Sara laughs, starting to relax. April laughs too.

EXT. CARVER HOUSE - EVENING

April stands on the front doorstep, waving goodbye as Sara (sans poncho) heads for her Volvo. Sara shoots one last nervous look at April, who smiles encouragingly. Sara climbs in the car and drives off.

In her wake, April's smile fades as she turns and heads back into the house.

INT. CARVER HOUSE - NIGHT

April lies on the couch, alone. It's not clear if she's thinking about her diagnosis...but she's definitely restless. She pulls out her phone and dials someone.

BETH (V.O.)
There you are! I thought you died!

APRIL
(startled)
What?

Intercut with BETH, walking down a busy street.

BETH
It's been like 24 hours and you haven't told me about Three Wicks! Did you get my texts?

APRIL
Oh. Yeah, I'm sorry. It's been... one of those days. It's kind of a long story. Can you come over?

BETH
Come get a drink with me! I've had a shit day too.

APRIL
What happened?

BETH
My part-timer quit, so I'm working double shifts for the rest of the week. I'm on my way to The Sil to drown my sorrows. Come out!

APRIL
(hesitant)
Um, I don't know. It might be hard to really...talk at a bar...

A FIRE TRUCK passes behind her, drowning April out.

BETH
(loud)
What?!

April sighs. She doesn't want to tell Beth at a bar, but the phone isn't right either. Before she can decide, she gets a CALL WAITING. It's BRENNA. April thinks fast.

APRIL
I'll be there soon.

BETH
Yay!

April clicks over to the other line.

APRIL
Brenna?

BRENNA (V.O.)
April...

Hearing Brenna's tone, April is instantly concerned.

APRIL
Bren, are you okay?

INTERCUT with Brenna, still at the party. Now WASTED, she sits on the toilet as people knock on the door.

BRENNA
(slurring)
I'm not at Community Outreach Club.

APRIL
(sighing)
Uh yeah, I figured they didn't play "Shake it Like a Salt Shaker" at a soup kitchen.

BRENNA
Can you come get me? I don't know anyone here and I'm freaking out...please...

Brenna starts to CRY, helpless and vulnerable. And with that, April is sidetracked from her own trauma yet again.

APRIL
Okay, where are you?

April stands up and throws on a jacket. She hurries out of the house, slamming the door behind her.

END OF ACT FOUR.

ACT FIVE.

EXT. A SKETCHY BRIGHTON APARTMENT - NIGHT

April rushes up to the building to find two TOWNIE BOYS smoking cigarettes outside. One catcalls, seeing April.

APRIL
Keep doing that, girls love that.

The boys are stunned as April pushes her way inside.

INT. A SKETCHY BRIGHTON APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brenna slumps in the corner of the couch, half passed out. TYLER sits next to her, cracking up as he poses her arms in ridiculous positions and snaps pictures.

TYLER
Dude look, she's saluting us! So classic. Help me caption this.

He holds his phone out to show his friend...and someone SMACKS IT out of his hand. April. She immediately DELETES the picture, then rouses Brenna.

APRIL
Bren, let's go.

Brenna starts to stand...but she loses her balance and falls back on the couch. Some guys laugh.

April grabs Brenna's hand and drags her off the couch, then practically carries her out of the party.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

April drives Brenna home in Emma's Cadillac.

BRENNA
I love you so much, I'll never lie to you again...

APRIL
Shhh, I love you too. Please don't puke in Grandma's car.

Brenna leans her head against the window and closes her eyes. She speaks, slurring.

BRENNA
Thank you for saving me...

APRIL
Of course.

BRENNA
No, Ape, cause a lot of people's sisters wouldn't do that, cause we had a fight...but you're just the best. I'm so glad you live with us and you didn't get a job in another place after you got out of college...if you moved away and I didn't have you at home with me...

April's breath catches.

APRIL
Bren...

BRENNA
I would die.

Brenna leans over into April's lap and falls asleep.

INT. CARVER HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

A fully-clothed April hauls a passed-out Brenna into the shower and turns on the tap. Trying to sober her up.

But Brenna stays limp in April's arms, fast asleep. And then, for the first time since her diagnosis, April lets herself CRY. All her emotion hits her like a ton of bricks as she finally lets it all out. Fear. Shock. Devastation.

Choking on her tears, April strokes her little sister's wet hair.

INT. CARVER HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brenna is asleep in bed as April shuts her bedroom door. April's tears are now dry, but she looks exhausted.

Then she hears someone clanging around the kitchen downstairs. Sara's back. April is relieved.

INT. CARVER HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

April enters to find Sara making tea.

APRIL
Mom.

SARA
Am I blushing?

APRIL
What?

SARA
(elated)
Because I feel like a teenager again! First, we went to a concert, which was just wonderful.
(MORE)

SARA (cont'd)
There was an incredible cellist from Argentina, Irina something...I'll have to look it up. And then he took me to this adorable little cafe tucked back in Harvard Square and we had the most amazing little Cuban Sandwiches and...what's the drink with the rum and the mint leaves?

APRIL
(flat)
Mojito.

SARA
Mojitos! That's right. Mojitos.
(rhapsodizing)
And just sitting there surrounded by all these students on dates, I was just...transported back to that time in my life. Being 22 again. I just feel like anything's possible. You must feel like that all the time.

April manages a smile.

APRIL
I'm really proud of you, Mom.

SARA
I'm proud of you, honey. I would never have done this without you. Come here.

Sara hugs April. April closes her eyes. She has never felt more alone.

END OF ACT FIVE.

ACT SIX.

INT. THE SILHOUETTE LOUNGE - NIGHT

A dive bar, complete with dartboard and free popcorn and packed with hipsters.

April arrives and scans the crowd for BETH. She looks relieved when she spots her at the end of the bar...

But April's face falls when a burly REDNECK (30) appears beside Beth and hands her a drink. Just her type. And then Beth spots April. She beckons her over, and April approaches.

BETH
Is Brenna okay?

APRIL
Yeah, she'll survive--

BETH
Okay good cause I'm so drunk. You have to catch up.

April reacts. Not an ideal time to tell her either.

BETH
This is Gary. He's been keeping me company. Gary, this is my best friend April.

Gary just nods at her.

BETH
He doesn't talk much. Let's pick some songs!
(flirty, to Gary)
Sorry, I don't think they have any country.

Beth drags April over to the jukebox. When they get there, she glances at April's face.

BETH
What's up? You seemed bummed.
(then)
Is it Three Wicks?

APRIL
(after a beat)
Yeah. It is. We had the best date last night, but he's been kind of blowing me off since.

BETH
Okay, this is the problem with these metro guys. They're too passive. Remember, guys are the new girls. So you have to be the guy. Just invite him here.

APRIL
I don't know...

BETH
Oh come on. What do you have to lose?

April shrugs. This has never been more true.

APRIL
Maybe you're right.

BETH
I'm definitely right. Text him now. Just fire it off really quick, don't worry about spelling mistakes...you have to play it like you don't care too much.

April nods and sends Dominic a quick text. Beth pats her on the back proudly.

BETH
Now let's go make Gary buy us shots.

April has to smile, grateful for Beth's larger than life personality right now.

INT. THE SILHOUETTE LOUNGE - LATER

CLOSE on a strip of PICTURES emerging from a PHOTO BOOTH slot. Shots of BETH and GARY in compromising positions, all over each other. The booth's curtain is still closed and a line of annoyed hipsters waits outside.

Several feet away, April sits at the bar, drinking alone. She looks like she's had a couple. She takes a long swig of her vodka...then suddenly notices something.

BLOOD. In her drink. She quickly puts down the glass, revealing a BLOODY NOSE.

April panics and grabs a stack of cocktail napkins. She hurries to the bathroom.

INT. THE SILHOUETTE LOUNGE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

April stands at the bathroom mirror, head cocked back, napkins pressed to her nose. Trying to stop the bleeding. The toilet flushes behind her and a TOWNIE CLUB GIRL walks out. She notices April and approaches.

TOWNIE CLUB GIRL
You partying?

APRIL
What?

TOWNIE CLUB GIRL
I have cash.

April furrows her brow, then realizes what she means.

APRIL
Oh. No. This isn't...from that.

TOWNIE CLUB GIRL
Fine. Don't share.

Townie Girl stalks out.

INT. THE SILHOUETTE LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

April dials GEORGE as she heads out of the bar to talk to him in private...

EXT. THE SILHOUETTE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

...And runs in to DOMINIC on his way in, getting carded. April's surprised.

APRIL
You came.

She immediately HANGS UP the phone and smiles at Dominic, but he's all business as he guides her away from the door.

DOMINIC
I just came to say something.

APRIL
(confused)
Okay...

DOMINIC
I don't appreciate being lied to.

APRIL
What?

DOMINIC
I saw you talking to that George guy today. About how you're having a secret relationship. That's the guy who called you last night, right?

APRIL
Yeah, but you don't get it, I--

DOMINIC
Cool. I feel stupid. Cause I thought we had an awesome date.

APRIL
We did. George is just--

DOMINIC
What is he, married or something? Am I like, the young guy you're trying to convince yourself to be with cause you don't think this dude's gonna leave his wife for you or something--

APRIL
Dominic. He's my uncle.

DOMINIC
(a beat)
Wait.

APRIL
George is my uncle. My family hasn't talked to him in two years since he pulled my dad off life support without telling us. But then I needed him to help me get that interview yesterday and now he's trying to get back in my life.

Dominic is stunned.

APRIL
Sorry if that's too much information.

DOMINIC
No, thank you for telling me. That's...whoa.
(beat)
So no secret boyfriend.

APRIL
No secret boyfriend.

DOMINIC
Good. I hate secrets.

They smile at each other. An electric moment between them, then Dominic kisses her. It's more passionate than last time, fueled by the emotion of their conversation. Dominic presses April against the brick wall of the building as they kiss.

Then, we see April's phone BUZZING in her bag. It's GEORGE, calling back. But April doesn't feel it. She only feels Dominic as she wraps her arms around his neck and pulls him closer. Right now, in this moment, she's not sick.

END OF PILOT.