

# **TERMINALES**

by  
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Based on “Terminales” by Miguel Angel Fox

## **PRODUCTION DRAFT**

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TEASER

1

EXT. FENWAY PARK, BOSTON - DAY

1

Outside this historic ballpark, signs advertise an EVENT today: "CHARITY BLOOD DRIVE - HOSTED BY BOSTON'S ALL-STAR RICHIE MIRANDA!" Young professional APRIL (25) approaches a BACK ENTRANCE, manned by a burly SECURITY GUARD (40). \*

APRIL

I'm here from BioSystems. Just checking the equipment for the blood drive today.

SECURITY GUARD

ID?

April pulls out her wallet...and her eyes widen.

APRIL

Oh no. I can't believe I did that. I must have left my license at the bank this morning.

SECURITY GUARD

Can't let you in without ID. We got tight security at this event.

APRIL

Sir, please. I have to make sure all the equipment is up to code before they start. If anything goes wrong, you don't even want to know what kind of lawsuits-- \*

SECURITY GUARD

(noticing someone)  
Step aside, ma'am.

April sighs, frustrated, as someone approaches behind her. Then she LIGHTS UP. It's Red Sox player RICHIE (30s), trying to make a quiet entrance. April loses her cool and SQUEALS: \*

APRIL

Oh my God Richie Miranda!  
(then, self-deprecating)  
Sorry. Not professional. Hi, I work at BioSystems. We make the equipment for the blood drive.

Richie grins, loving the attention from a cute girl.

RICHIE

Sox fan? Where are you from?

APRIL

Beacon Hill. And you're from Dedham. Sorry, I know like everything about you.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

RICHIE  
(flirty)  
You don't know everything.

APRIL  
(flirting back)  
Tell me something I don't know.

RICHIE  
Come walk with me. I gotta get in there. Gotta go make my big speech about Pediatric Cystic Whatever.

He chuckles and starts to heads into the park...

APRIL  
Actually, I don't have my ID.

RICHIE  
(to the guard)  
Aw, c'mon, man. Look at that face. Can't she be my plus-one?

The Security Guard just sighs. Not worth it. To April:

SECURITY GUARD  
Just gotta check your bag. \*

April calmly puts her bag on the table and the guard starts rifling through it...and then something FALLS OUT. Richie zeroes in on an ID on a LANYARD: *April Carver - Boston Post*. Richie and April lock eyes. She tries to joke. \*

APRIL  
Well, looks like you found my ID.

But Richie's face is COLD. He turns to the Guard. \*

RICHIE  
She's press. Get her out of here. \*

The Guard steps toward April, but she grabs her bag and RUNS PAST THEM, into the park! \*

2 INT. FENWAY PARK - CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS

2

April HIGHTAILS it down the concourse, the Guard hot on her trail. She rounds a corner and dives into an abandoned REFRESHMENT BOOTH before the Guard can see her. Once clear, April emerges and starts speed-walking the other way...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
April?

April turns to find GEORGE, wearing SCRUBS and a HOSPITAL ID TAG. April is stunned to see him and pauses for a second.

APRIL  
George. What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

Then April continues walking, glancing around for guards. George follows her.

GEORGE  
We're sponsoring the blood drive.

APRIL  
I thought Boston Pediatric was.

GEORGE  
I work there now. Why are you here?

APRIL  
I'm trying to get a story. I got a job at the *Post* last year.

GEORGE  
Really? I guess I haven't talked to you since...

APRIL  
My dad's funeral?

George looks down. They have a complex history.

GEORGE  
Can you slow down for a second?

APRIL  
No. I have to get up to the roof before someone catches me. There's no reporters allowed. \*

GEORGE  
What story are you trying to get? \*

APRIL  
Richie Miranda. Second baseman. Just got out of rehab and isn't talking to anyone. Yet. \*

GEORGE  
Can I buy you a coffee after? I'd love to hear what you've been up to these past two years.

APRIL  
I don't know...

GEORGE  
Come on, April. There has to be something I can do to make up for what happened. \*

April doesn't answer. Then notices a SECURITY GUARD headed for her. She does a 180...and sees another one. Panicking, April looks to George. Like it or not, she needs him.

3

EXT. FENWAY PARK - ROOF DECK - DAY

3

GEORGE escorts April on to the roof of the park, where a dozen blood donation stations are set up. She takes a seat near a small GROUP OF PEOPLE under a banner reading "HITZ 101.2 FM!" They burst into applause as...

\*

A FEW OF THE RED SOX enter. RICHIE MIRANDA leads the way, pushing a LITTLE BOY in a wheelchair and stopping at a MIC. Nearby, an intense WOMAN (30s) - his PUBLICIST - motions for him to put his arm around the boy. Richie complies and the TEAM PHOTOGRAPHER snaps photos.

RICHIE

Without blood donations, kids like Shane here wouldn't be with us today. That's why this team is honored to show Boston how it's done.

(wryly)

And I know my blood's clean cause it gets tested every week now.

The crowd laughs. Richie's publicist cringes. Then Richie turns to the contest winners behind the banner.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I hear you guys won a contest on my favorite radio station? HITZ 101.2?

(the crowd cheers)

You guys are crazy! You really wanna get your arm poked with needles just to hang out with a couple ball players?

(more cheers)

Guess it's true. Boston really does bleed for their team. Okay, let's get this party started.

He sits in a donation chair and a nurse starts hooking him up to the tubes. Richie pats the chair next to him.

RICHIE

Now who wants the best seat in the house?

APRIL

(impulsively shouting)

I do!

Richie squints into the crowd, but April is deliberately HIDING behind a tall man, so he doesn't see her.

RICHIE

Well, come on up, whoever you are!

We follow April as she makes her way to Richie. Once there, Richie's eyes widen. Recognizing her. With the cameras still flashing, he keeps smiling, but hisses through gritted teeth as she sits in the donation chair next to his.

RICHIE

You gotta be kidding me.

(CONTINUED)

APRIL

I just want to talk for one second--

RICHIE

Not gonna happen.

\*

He's stuck - they're both hooked up to tubes now - but turns away from her, determined to ignore her as VOLUNTEERS usher people from the crowd to donation stations around them.

And then April starts to look QUEASY. She glances next to her, at her own BLOOD pouring into the bag. She closes her eyes. Richie notices and rolls his eyes.

RICHIE

Oh what, now you're sick?

APRIL

I just have a thing about blood.

RICHIE

Great idea coming to a blood drive then.

APRIL

No really, I feel weird...

She suddenly stands up, delirious, and rips the tape and tubes off her arm. And then, she FAINTS. Richie panics.

RICHIE

Hey! Someone help!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 INT. FENWAY PARK - PRESS BOX - DAY

4

April slowly comes to and orients herself. She's lying on a makeshift COT. A MEDIC stands beside her, writing on a CLIPBOARD. He notices she's up.

MEDIC

Hi, how are you feeling?

But before April answers, she notices something and startles. RICHIE's sitting in a nearby folding chair.

APRIL

What are you doing here?

RICHIE

Didn't have a choice. I'm here to clean up my reputation. Can't really leave the girl who faints on me in front of all those people. At least my publicist says I can't.

\*

He jerks his head toward the window. Outside, his PUBLICIST paces the aisle, staring in like a hawk.

RICHIE

Anyway, now that I see you're okay.  
(to the medic)  
She's okay, right?

MEDIC

Looks like it. I'll just check her vitals.

As he opens his kit, Richie turns to leave. April impulsively calls out:

APRIL

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

She 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.

The medic pulls out his stethoscope and blood pressure cuff and examines April as their conversation continues.

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE

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

April turns and notices GEORGE peering in through the window of the press box. They make eye contact, then he disappears.

APRIL

Yeah. That's my uncle. \*

RICHIE

I was gonna say. Seems a little young to be your dad. \*

APRIL

Oh. Yeah...my dad um, passed away two years ago. \*

RICHIE

Sorry. You must really miss him.

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. I got that from my dad, actually. He couldn't take anything seriously either.

RICHIE

I lost my dad too. Last year.

APRIL

(confused)

Wait, I thought your dad comes to all your games.

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, connecting. A moment.

RICHIE

No questions about drugs, okay?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

April's eyes widen. It's happening. As Richie heads back to his chair, grabs her PHONE to record him. Deadpans:

\*

APRIL

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

Richie laughs. So does the medic.

5 EXT. BOSTON POST - DAY

5

A gleaming high-rise overlooking the picturesque harbor.

6 INT. BOSTON POST - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

6

No-nonsense LAWRENCE (60), the Post's editor, holds court with his SENIOR STAFF including nerdy BILL (40s), masculine SALLY (50), and fratty sportswriter MARK (40s).

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. 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. Moving on--

Someone starts COUGHING LOUDLY. Reveal DANNY (24), an intense Indian-American kid in a suit. By far the youngest person there. He's mortified as Lawrence stops talking and stares.

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE

I don't even know your name so I assume you're one of our floaters. Thank you for respecting this publication enough to expose its editor-in-chief and all of its Senior staff to your germs.

DANNY

(quickly)  
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.

MARK

I've been going to Fenway every morning. It's a fortress. Even that blood drive was no press, I tried. Miranda doesn't want to talk.

LAWRENCE

Since when does anyone want to talk to the press? We're scumbags. 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--

\*

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. Honestly I should just replace floaters with computers. Computers are never late and they don't get sick.

He glances back at Danny, who is suppressing another cough. To his horror, a small one escapes.

APRIL

Yeah, I'm planning on using one to type up my interview with Richie Miranda. We had a nice talk.

(Lawrence is taken aback)  
Sorry I'm late. Blood drive ran long.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE

(eyeing Mark)

The blood drive where no press was allowed?

(then)

We'll run it in Sunday Sports.

APRIL

I'll get you a draft by tomorrow.

LAWRENCE

No you won't. Floaters don't write feature stories for major newspapers. Meet with Mark first thing tomorrow morning, download your notes to him.

Mark gives April a tight smile, but he's annoyed that she upstaged him. Still, April's happy with her small victory.

7 INT. BOSTON POST - CUBICLES - DAY

7 \*

In a cubicle marked "floater," April sits, intensely typing. Suddenly, from the neighboring cubicle DANNY pops his head up. April jumps, startled.

DANNY

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. He probably like, chews tobacco.

(beat)

And I don't even get to write the story. After all that. Guess it's called paying your dues.

DANNY

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

But April doesn't answer. She's too busy glancing at scruffy, handsome reporter DOMINIC (30) as he walks by, on his cell. He catches April's eye and grins as he passes. Danny notices.

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 the retreating Dominic. April reddens. Busted.

(CONTINUED)

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 don't mind making 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. We just had that whole seminar...

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

Then Danny coughs again.

APRIL  
Dude seriously, just take a day off.

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

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

DOMINIC  
Oh hey, can you hold that?

April "just notices him" and awkwardly fumbles for the button. Dominic jumps in. As they start their descent:

DOMINIC  
You really wanted the elevator to yourself, huh?

APRIL

Yeah, do you mind taking the stairs?

\*  
\*

DOMINIC

So I heard everyone on the Senior Staff hates you now.

APRIL

What?

DOMINIC

Actually, I didn't hear that. But I would hate you. You've been here, what, six months and you already got a big interview?

APRIL

Yeah, my life is really glamorous. Now I get to go home and have dinner with my mom. And my grandma. Who I live with. Because I can't afford my own place.

Dominic laughs.

DOMINIC

Well, if you feel like getting away later, I'm covering this band at the Hangover at nine. I could use a second opinion if you're free.

APRIL

(playing it cool)  
Yeah, that should work.

The doors open. Dominic gestures: you first. As April steps in front of him, we see a huge SMILE spread across her face.

April waits impatiently in a 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.

Reveal BETH (25), the feminist manager who dresses like she's on *Mad Men* every day of her life. She doesn't look happy.

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

I don't. She was a lazy bitch.

(CONTINUED)

APRIL

No she wasn't. She was a genius.  
And super hot. Can I get her  
number?

They both laugh and we realize they're friends.

BETH

So, tell me everything. Dominic  
asked you out?

APRIL

I mean, not technically. It's work  
related.

BETH

So make it not work related. Feed  
him tequila shots and pin him  
against a wall. Done.

APRIL

Beth.

BETH

Okay, or be a prude and talk about  
feelings. I'm sure this dude would  
be into that. He has a scented  
candle on his desk!

APRIL

I never should have told you about  
the candle. And it smells like  
trees. It's not like, vanilla.

BETH

Whatever, it's still a little  
metrosexual for me. I prefer strong  
silent types who watch sports and  
shoot guns.

APRIL

That makes no sense. You watch  
*Downton Abbey*. And donate to the  
Audubon Society. \*

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

BETH

Since when does the brain govern  
who we want to see naked?

April gets a text message. She checks the ID, rolls her eyes. \*

APRIL

George, leave me alone... \*

BETH

George. Haven't heard that name in  
awhile. \*

(CONTINUED)

APRIL

I know. I saw him at that blood drive today and now I think he wants to like, be back in touch. And I just...can't.

\*

BETH

Let me see what he said.  
(she reads the text)  
Ugh, he's so awkward.

APRIL

Right? He even signed his text:  
"From, George."

BETH

Ignore him. He'll get the message.  
(then, deadpan)  
Maybe he just feels awkward telling you they can't use your blood from the drive cause you have an STD.

APRIL

Oh God, could you imagine?

BETH

Coming from your uncle?

APRIL

"You have herpes. From, George."

They crack up.

10 INT. CARVER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

10

Dinner time. Three generations of Carver women are on their respective electronics: APRIL on her laptop, little sister BRENNA on her iPhone and their grandma EMMA on her laptop. At the stove, April's mother SARA reads a recipe on her iPad. Emma SCOFFS.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SARA

Mom, you okay?

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 not be ranked lower than some fool in Indianapolis with a Hello Kitty avatar.

(CONTINUED)

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.

April takes over setting the table. Brenna notices Sara smiling at her and squirms, uncomfortable. \*

BRENNA  
Mom, what's wrong with you?

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

BRENNA  
(mortified)  
Oh my God.

SARA  
Hey, 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 you were  
cutting class, and blowing off your  
schoolwork for that boyfriend of  
yours, it was--

BRENNA  
Sean was never my boyfriend.

SARA  
Okay, well regardless, it's - you  
know, just on top of everything, I  
was getting calls every day from  
your school - not that I'm blaming--

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

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

Sara narrows her eyes playfully as they all sit for dinner. \*

SARA  
So I have a little announcement. I  
think I might sign up for one of  
those dating websites you girls  
keep telling me about.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA  
(deadpan)  
You're too young to date.

APRIL  
Wait, Mom, are you serious?

SARA  
I'm thinking about it. But I don't know, I'm a therapist, maybe it'll look too unprofessional if I'm--

\*  
\*  
\*

APRIL  
Whatever. Let me take your profile picture.

\*  
\*  
\*

April grabs her phone.

\*

BRENNNA  
I wanna do it.

\*  
\*

APRIL  
I thought you were busy.

\*

SARA  
(to Emma)  
Can you believe I'm doing this?

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

Sara smiles unnaturally as April starts snapping photos. Brenna can't help but chime in.

\*  
\*

BRENNNA  
Mom, smile like a normal person.

SARA  
(still smiling)  
I am!

BRENNNA  
Try serious then.

\*

Sara nods and adopts a more sultry pose.

BRENNNA  
Okay Mom, ew.

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

A FEMALE MUSICIAN (30s) in pigtails and a babydoll dress strums a ukulele and sings in falsetto to the tune of "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star."

\*  
\*  
\*

FEMALE MUSICIAN  
*Fickle fickle, little heart / How  
 it hurts when we're apart / When  
 you're near it starts to sing /  
 Isn't that a funny thing?*

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

DOMINIC  
 I am so sorry.

APRIL  
 I cannot wait to read your review.

DOMINIC  
 I just feel bad for this girl when she reads it. \*

APRIL  
 I don't know, is she old enough to read? I think I actually had that dress when I was in kindergarten. \*

DOMINIC  
 And I had that voice.  
 (April laughs)  
 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 can get yours too.

DOMINIC  
 Okay, 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)  
 I have a confession. I'm not reviewing this band.

APRIL  
 Wait, you're not?

DOMINIC  
 No. I just wanted to see you outside the office.

APRIL  
 Oh.

(CONTINUED)

DOMINIC  
Because...you know. We kinda joke  
around at work, 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...

APRIL  
I was just talking about that!

DOMINIC  
Oh yeah? In what context? Talking  
about dating one of your coworkers?

APRIL  
(deadpan)  
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.

April and Dominic amble the cobblestone streets of Boston's  
Italian neighborhood. She mimics someone with a NASAL VOICE:

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

DOMINIC  
Pam from Human Resources!  
(then, in a nerdy voice)  
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.

(CONTINUED)

APRIL

Then I think I turned on CNN--

DOMINIC

I watch that. And BBC. That's the only TV I watch, I usually just listen to NPR.

APRIL

Okay okay, Danny Gupta.

DOMINIC

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 cell RINGS. She glances at the ID. GEORGE. April hits IGNORE. Dominic raises his eyebrows playfully.

DOMINIC

Who's George? Booty call?

APRIL

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

(under his breath)  
Beat around the bush.

APRIL

I hate you.

DOMINIC

Okay, I have one more impression. You ready?

Dominic just leans in and KISSES her sweetly. A moment.

APRIL

Maureen from Accounting?

13

EXT. CARVER HOUSE - NIGHT

13

April can't stop smiling as she strolls home from her "T" stop. Her PHONE rings. April grins, assuming it's Dominic. Instead, the caller ID reads: GEORGE. April reacts - really? - as she rounds the corner. And then she stops, seeing someone.

GEORGE. On her front lawn, calling her. April rushes over.

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  
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'd kill me if she knew I even saw you today-

\*  
\*

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

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 hate having to tell you like this...

\*  
\*

APRIL  
What?

GEORGE  
You have leukemia.

A chill runs through April's whole body.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

14 EXT. CARVER HOUSE - NIGHT

14

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

APRIL  
I'm twenty-three.

\*

GEORGE  
I know.

APRIL  
You're...positive?

GEORGE  
(nodding)  
I'm so sorry...

APRIL  
Okay, well, 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?

Just then, we hear the sound of a WINDOW OPENING. April instinctively PUSHES GEORGE around the corner so he's hidden from view as EMMA pokes her head out.

EMMA  
April? Is that you?

April quickly covers, calling up in her most normal voice:

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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

Emma closes the window. April rejoins 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.

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? Can you come in at lunch?

APRIL  
(overwhelmed)  
Um...okay.

A moment, then George puts a hand on April's shoulder.

GEORGE  
Come here.

He HUGS her. She's tense in his arms - he's the last person she wants to be comforted by.

15 INT. CARVER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

15

April is stunned as she hangs up her coat. Then something catches her eye. A set of PENCIL MARKS on the wall by the door, marking her HEIGHT as she grew over the years. From "April - age 3" to "April - age 12." She stares at it for a moment, her life so far flashing before her eyes.

Then April turns and heads up the stairs. She pauses outside her mother's room, wondering whether to tell her. Then takes a deep breath and pushes her way inside...

16 INT. CARVER HOUSE - SARA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

16

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.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

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 SLEEP AID PILLS 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.

APRIL  
Mom, something's wrong with me.

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

17 INT. CARVER HOUSE - APRIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 17

CLOSE on a LAPTOP SCREEN. The corner reads 4:30am and there are several WINDOWS open. All medical websites.

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."

18 INT. CARVER HOUSE - APRIL'S BEDROOM - MORNING 18 \*

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

19 OMITTED 19 \*

20 INT. CARVER HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 20 \*

April looks around frantically for Sara. Instead she finds EMMA sitting at the table, eating cereal and reading a tabloid. April tries to act casual. \*

APRIL  
Is Mom around?

EMMA  
She had an early patient this morning. 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.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

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.

21 INT. CARVER HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

21

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

BRENNA (O.S.)

He's picking 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

You're skipping community outreach?

BRENNA

I didn't say that.

APRIL

(suspicious)

Then who's "picking you up?"

BRENNA

What are you talking about?

APRIL

Brenna, if you're still seeing Sean, I'm telling you it's a waste of time. You've been following this guy around for how long? And he's still not going for it? Give up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

APRIL (cont'd)  
He's not worth screwing this family  
up again.

BRENNNA  
I'm just taking the T home with  
Chelsea! God, what's wrong with  
you?

APRIL  
Don't act like you've never lied  
before. Do you know how much I had  
to take care of Mom when you were  
sneaking out at night and failing  
out of school? A school she's  
paying like, all her money to send  
you to?

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

BRENNNA  
Someone's on their period.

22 INT. BOSTON POST - ELEVATOR - DAY

22

April rides up alone, mind spinning. She can't help but  
notice the EMERGENCY PHONE and the button next to it: PUSH  
FOR HELP. She stares at it until she arrives at her floor.

23 INT. BOSTON POST - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

23

Stepping off the elevator, the first person April sees is  
DOMINIC. But April's mind is a million miles away. Oblivious,  
Dominic falls into step with her and starts joking.

DOMINIC  
Okay. Who am I?  
(faux-sexy)  
Is it just me, or is there  
something about walking down the  
hall that's so sensual?

April tries to play along, but she's too distracted.

APRIL  
Um, sorry, I--

DOMINIC  
Olivia from "Ask Olivia!" Come on,  
that was an easy one.  
(then)  
Hey, is everything okay?

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

APRIL  
Yeah, I'm fine. Just a little out  
of it this morning.

DOMINIC  
Rough night, huh?

April freezes, then realizes he means with him. He's joking.

APRIL  
Oh. Yeah. I mean no. Can we catch  
up later? Sorry, I just have a  
million things to do.

Dominic nods, but he's a little confused as April walks away.

Outside the nice offices, TASHA (40s, heavily made-up) sits  
guard. She's an executive assistant who will probably be an  
assistant forever. April approaches, carrying a notepad.

APRIL  
Hi Tasha. I'm meeting with Mark  
this morning, is he here yet?

Before Tasha can answer, LAWRENCE yells from his office  
behind her. He's on the phone.

LAWRENCE  
I didn't ask how you were feeling.  
I asked for the Miranda interview  
to be on my desk when I get back  
from lunch!

TASHA  
(to April)  
Mark's out with the flu. He thinks  
one of the floaters gave it to him.  
(then, paranoid)  
You're not sick, are you?

APRIL  
No.

Tasha eyes her suspiciously, pulls out her hand sanitizer and  
rubs some on anyway.

LAWRENCE  
I'm not getting back from lunch  
tomorrow. I'm getting back today!  
(then, incredulous)  
Are you throwing up right now?

24 CONTINUED: 24  
 April glances at Lawrence pacing angrily in his office, then at the notepad in her arms. Getting an idea... \*

25 OMITTED 25 \*

26 INT. BOSTON POST - CUBICLES - LATER 26  
 April types intently at her computer. Then Danny's face appears above it, startling her. \*

DANNY  
 Thai food? Cheesesteaks? Paninis?

APRIL  
 Oh my God, you're like an Indian jack in the box.  
 (then)  
 You can go without me, I gotta finish this. \*

DANNY  
 You're welcome, by the way.  
 (she doesn't answer)  
 For getting Mark sick? So you could steal his assignment? \*

APRIL  
 (distracted)  
 What? Sorry, I'm just trying to turn this in by his deadline. \*

Then April's phone BEEPS with a reminder: **George, 12:30 pm.** April suddenly looks stressed. Danny is a little satisfied. \*

DANNY  
 Was that Mark's deadline? Bummer. \*

APRIL  
 No, I'm supposed to see my uncle... \*

DANNY  
 Why? Who cares about your uncle? I didn't even know you had an uncle before right now.  
 (beat)  
 I'm just saying. If my Nani came back from the dead right when I needed to finish a story...?

He shrugs, unapologetic.

APRIL  
 Are you saying you'd blow off your dead grandmother for a story?

DANNY  
 Hell yeah. But maybe that's just me. My career is like, my life. \*

(CONTINUED)

APRIL

Me too.

Danny just shrugs. Prove it. April sighs as she considers her dilemma. Finally, she pulls out her CELL...and SHUTS IT OFF, then shoves it into a desk drawer. Right now, she's not sick. She's a journalist.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

27 OMITTED 27 \*

28 INT. BOSTON POST - CUBICLES - DAY 28 \*

April finishes printing her completed story at her desk when Lawrence enters the office and walks past her, on his phone. \*

LAWRENCE \*

Not one person called for me during lunch? I don't know whether to feel relieved or rejected.

As Lawrence hangs up from his call, April grabs her story and hurries after him. But Lawrence doesn't notice her behind him as he approaches Bill's desk. \*

LAWRENCE \*

Keep up the great work, Bill.

Bill startles, and we reveal he's watching a BABY KITTEN video on YouTube. He's mortified and pauses it.

LAWRENCE

No, keep going. I'm dying to see what happens. Does he get the ball?

BILL

Sorry, it's still lunch time, I just wanted a little mindless entertainment--

LAWRENCE

It's amazing how the internet makes grown men regress into having the taste of your average five year old girl...but it's your brain. All I ask is that you do a better job of hiding it from me. Think of it the way you would your porn collection.

BILL

(beat)

Okay.

Then Bill sees APRIL hovering awkwardly behind Lawrence. Lawrence turns around, noticing her for the first time.

LAWRENCE

Yes, girl from yesterday?

He starts walking again. April follows him.

APRIL

Sorry. I wasn't listening or anything...

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE

Why weren't you listening? A good  
journalist always listens.

Then April just takes a deep breath and goes for it.

APRIL

I know you said you don't let  
floaters write stories. But since  
Mark is out, I did a draft of the  
Richie piece, in case it helps.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She hands him the papers. Lawrence is amused.

APRIL

No pressure, but if you have any  
time to look it over, I'd really--

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

April! There you are!

April turns...and sees GEORGE frantically calling to her from  
the reception area. He starts to WALK TOWARD THEM. April  
PANICS and calls to him urgently.

\*

APRIL

I'll be right there!

She turns back to Lawrence, who has now stopped walking and  
is squinting at George, confused.

APRIL

Sorry, I'm just running into a  
meeting...

\*  
\*  
\*

Lawrence shrugs, not caring, as April hurries over to George.

\*

APRIL

(sotto)  
Come with me.

\*

She leads the way out the nearest exit door. Off Lawrence,  
still holding April's story.

\*

April leads George into the stairwell to talk in private.

APRIL

I know I was supposed to come in at  
lunch but you can't keep stalking  
me like this--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GEORGE

I had to make sure you were okay. I  
thought maybe you had an infection,  
or internal bleeding--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

APRIL

George, I'm fine. It's not like I'm  
gonna drop dead any second.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

George hesitates for a moment. April panics. \*

APRIL  
I'm not, right? \*

GEORGE  
No. No. That's very unlikely. But  
what you have is really serious. \*

APRIL  
I know. But I read online that as  
long as you diagnose leukemia  
early, you can-- \*

GEORGE  
No, that's not...the kind you have.  
You have AML. \*

APRIL  
What is that? \*

GEORGE  
Acute Myeloid Leukemia. It's a much  
more unpredictable form of the  
disease. Your condition can change  
quickly and treatment isn't always  
effective. But we have to try. \*

April reels. It's even worse than she thought. \*

GEORGE  
I know how unfair this is. With  
everything you've been through,  
losing your dad... \*

APRIL  
You keep talking about that like  
you had nothing to do with it. \*

GEORGE  
April, I wanted Thomas to live more  
than anyone. \*

APRIL  
Until you decided his life was  
over. \*

GEORGE  
After a car accident like that...we  
had already lost him. Whether I  
turned off that machine or not.  
(beat)  
But you're still here. And we need  
to move quickly on this. \*

APRIL  
I haven't even told my mom yet. Can  
we just wait till I talk to her?  
I'll do it tonight. \*

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:

(CONTINUED)

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

\*

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Sooner or later people are going to  
find out. We can't keep something  
like this a secret.

\*

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. Every time I call  
you and you don't answer, I think--

\*

\*

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

\*

\*

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

\*

Dominic looks distressed, drawing all the wrong conclusions,  
as he finishes locking his bike and hurries off.

\*

Brenna sits on a bench, buried in her iPhone. A few feet  
away, preppy Community Outreach Club President LARKIN (15)  
barks orders at her classmates as they set up a soup kitchen.

\*

\*

\*

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.

(CONTINUED)

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's clearly a little hurt, but too proud to admit it.

BRENNA  
Okay, don't let me ruin your life then.

CHELSEA  
Bren, that's not what I meant. It's just, when you hang out with Sean, you always tell your mom you're with me. And then your mom calls my mom, and--

BRENNA  
Well if you come with me, it won't be a lie.

CHELSEA  
I don't know. I'm like, starting to think about 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)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

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

Larkin doesn't answer. Brenna laughs, mocking.

BRENNA  
Oh my God. You actually have multiple horses.

As Brenna stalks off and climbs into Sean's truck.

SARA (V.O.)  
This is Sara Carver's voicemail. I'm so sorry I missed you, but if you leave me a message, I'll get right back to you...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

31 OMITTED

31

\*

32 INT. BOSTON POST - CUBICLES - AFTERNOON

32

Back at her desk, April leaves her mother a message as she gathers her belongings. She looks a little nervous, but hides it in her voice.

\*  
\*  
\*

APRIL  
Hey Mom, it's me. I was just wondering if you're home yet. I'm coming home a little early and I have to tell you something...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

April looks up and sees DOMINIC approaching her desk. She quickly wraps up her message.

\*  
\*

APRIL  
Okay, see you soon!

\*  
\*

April hangs up and calls out to Dominic as he passes.

\*

APRIL  
Hey, sorry I was weird earlier. It was kind of a crazy morning and--

\*  
\*  
\*

DOMINIC  
(flat)  
Don't worry about it.

\*  
\*  
\*

He keeps walking by without another word. April stands in his wake, confused and hurt. On top of everything else she's dealing with, the guy she likes just blew her off.

\*  
\*  
\*

Danny returns to his desk and sees April holding her bag.

\*

DANNY  
Leaving early?

APRIL  
(collecting herself)  
Yeah.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

APRIL (cont'd)  
Your flu is the gift that keeps on giving. I'll see you tomorrow.

\*

DANNY  
Cool. I'll probably still be here from today. I want Lawrence to see I'm not afraid to pull an all-nighter.

April would usually reply with a sassy retort, but right now she doesn't have the energy.

33 INT. BOSTON POST - SENIOR STAFF WING - MOMENTS LATER

33

\*

April makes her way through the Senior Staff wing on her way out. Tasha is furiously Instant Messaging with someone and doesn't look up, but calls to April as she types:

TASHA  
Hey April, Lawrence wants to see you as soon as he gets off this call.

APRIL  
He does? Do you know what it's about?

Tasha rapidly fires off several IMs, each of which chimes loudly...then she looks up and shrugs.

TASHA  
No.

April is torn. She's beyond curious to know what Lawrence wants, but needs to see her mom too. She glances in Lawrence's office, where he appears to be nowhere near finishing his call. April sighs. She's about to leave...

When Lawrence's chair swivels and he spots her. They make eye contact and he holds up HER ARTICLE. Then he gestures for her to sit down in the lobby and wait for him.

April immediately sets down her bag and waits next to Tasha's desk. She has to know.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

34 INT. A SKETCHY BRIGHTON APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

34

A squalid apartment inhabited by a group of dirty guys in their early 20s. Two SLUTTY GIRLS dance together, glancing over at the GUYS to make sure they're watching. One gives the stink-eye to BRENNNA, who sits on a ratty futon with Sean swigging a beer. She pulls a PILL BOTTLE from her purse, hoping Sean will notice. He does. \*

SEAN  
What's that?

BRENNNA  
It's for ADD. Want some?

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

SEAN  
Tequila?

BRENNNA  
What are you chasing it with?

SEAN  
Tequila.

Brenna takes a big swig to impress him, then coughs on it a little. Sean is amused.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
You okay there?

BRENNNA  
Yeah, I'm great.

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.

35 INT. SKETCHY BRIGHTON APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

35

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.

SEAN  
This is Tyler. He crashes here.  
Tyler, this is Brenna. She goes to  
Charon. She brought pills.

TYLER  
Where'd you score those?

(CONTINUED)

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. Brenna sighs and downs her beer in one gulp, trying to calm down.

36 INT. BOSTON POST - SENIOR STAFF WING - AFTERNOON

36 \*

April sits outside Lawrence's office, impatient. She's been waiting awhile. And Tasha's incessant computer-chimes are getting really annoying. Tasha's phone finally buzzes.

TASHA

He's ready for you.

37 INT. BOSTON POST - LAWRENCE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

37

April enters to find Lawrence sitting at his huge oak desk. As she takes a seat...

LAWRENCE

You're not totally illiterate.

APRIL

Thank you.

LAWRENCE

But I can't run this. Even if I wanted to. Mark has a quota of stories he has to fill for his contract.

(CONTINUED)

April deflates. This is the last thing she needs right now.

APRIL

Oh. Okay, I understand. Thanks for reading it...

She feels herself getting emotional again and quickly stands up.

LAWRENCE

Where are you going?

APRIL

Sorry, I thought that was it.

LAWRENCE

No. I have a question for you. Sit.  
(she sits again)  
What do you know about Bruce Hendrie?

APRIL

The real-estate developer?

LAWRENCE

You hear he's running for Governor next term?

APRIL

Um...

LAWRENCE

Don't lie. You wouldn't have any way of knowing he's running. Unless you know his housekeeper, who told my housekeeper. And yes, his housekeeper is legal so don't bother starting with that angle. \*

APRIL

Excuse me?

LAWRENCE

Keep up. I'm giving you an assignment. \*

April is surprised. Lawrence explains. \*

LAWRENCE

I want you to profile this guy. \*  
Craig was supposed to do it but he just gave his two weeks notice. \*  
He's going to work for *The Times*. \*  
And 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. \*

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE  
 Congratulations. So, you up for it?

\*  
\*

APRIL  
 Yeah! Yes, of course.

LAWRENCE  
 Great. I'll call Pam in HR.

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

PAM (V.O.)  
 Human Resources.

April can't help but smile a little, remembering joking about her with Dominic.

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

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

38 EXT. CARVER HOUSE - DAY

38

\*

An overwhelmed April finally heads for her house.

\*

39 OMITTED

39

\*

40 INT. CARVER HOUSE - SARA'S BEDROOM - DAY

40

\*

April nervously enters her mother's bedroom, where we can hear Sara bustling inside. Just as April's about to enter, Sara emerges from her bathroom BEAMING and DRESSED UP, in makeup and a flowy bohemian outfit. April's taken aback.

\*

\*

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

APRIL  
 Uh...what?

SARA  
 Going on my first internet date!

April collects herself, manages to play 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!

(CONTINUED)

She notices April looks concerned and misreads it.

SARA

Oh no. Is that crazy?

April covers with a smile. Sara's so excited, there's no way she can 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

So what did you have to tell me? I got your message.

APRIL

Oh. Uh, I got my first big assignment from Lawrence.

Sara's eyes bug open, ruining her makeup. April laughs.

APRIL

Mom, you have to keep your eyes closed!

SARA

Sorry, I got excited! That's such great news, honey. I can't wait to brag about you on my date.

(she closes her eyes)

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, 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

Well, I'm nervous. I haven't been on a date in twenty-five years. And now, trying to make myself pretty to go meet a complete stranger... I don't know, maybe I'm just too old for this.

APRIL

Stop it. Any man would be lucky to meet you. Look at you, you're hot.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

\*

APRIL (cont'd)  
 Mom, you can do this. You deserve  
 to find someone.

\*

SARA  
 Wait, which one of us is the  
 therapist here?

APRIL  
 I don't know sometimes.  
 (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 has to laugh too.

April stands on the front doorstep, waving goodbye as Sara  
 (sans poncho) heads off. Sara shoots one last nervous look at  
 April, who smiles encouragingly, then rounds the corner. In  
 her wake, April's smile fades. She feels totally alone.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

42 INT. CARVER HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER 42 \*

CLOSE on April's computer. On the screen is an article called "Talking to Loved Ones About Your Cancer." April sits alone at the table, reading it. Then the phone rings. She answers. \*

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

APRIL  
(startled)  
What?

Intercut with BETH, walking down a street in the North End.

BETH  
It's been like 24 hours and you haven't told me about your date with Dominic! I thought he killed you. Did you get my texts?

APRIL  
Oh. Yeah, sorry. It's been...one of those days. Actually, I really need to talk to you.

BETH  
Come get a drink with me at The Palace. I had a crap day too. My part-timer quit so I'm working double shifts for the rest of the week. How much does my life suck?

APRIL  
I don't know. I don't really feel like going to a bar. Can we just go somewhere quiet where we can talk--

A POLICE CRUISER passes behind Beth, 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.

APRIL  
Never mind. I'll meet you there.

43 INT. BOSTON "T" SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT 43

April stares blankly out the window as she rides the "green line" from Beacon Hill into Downtown, when something catches her eye.

Two DOCTORS IN SCRUBS - one male, one female - stand across from her. Chatting as they head home for the night.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

April can't help but stare. Doctors are about to be a major part of her life.

Then the Female Doctor looks over, feeling April's eyes on her. They make eye contact...and hold it for a moment. The doctor looks taken aback - she can tell April's upset - but they're total strangers so neither says anything. Uncomfortable, April finally looks away.

44 INT. THE PALACE - NIGHT

44

A hip, retro club downtown with a pool table in back. 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. Then Beth spots April and beckons her over. April approaches.

BETH

Oh my God I'm already drunk. You have to catch up. Here, I got you a vodka something...

(she takes a sip of it)  
Tonic.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Beth pushes the drink over to April, who looks thrown off. It's not an ideal time to tell Beth her news.

\*  
\*

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 and selects some songs. Then she glances at April's face.

\*  
\*

BETH

What's up? You seemed bummed.  
(then)  
Is it the boy?

APRIL

(after a beat)  
Yeah. We had an awesome date last night and then he kind of blew me off today.

BETH

Okay this is the problem with guys like Dominic. They're too passive.

(CONTINUED)

APRIL

It might have been my fault though.  
When I first saw him this morning I  
was really awkward and--

BETH

Stop it. Don't do that girl thing  
where you blame yourself.

APRIL

I'm not, I just--

BETH

You need a rebound.  
(gesturing around the bar)  
Pick a guy, any guy. I'll make it  
happen for you.

\*

APRIL

Oh, that's okay.

\*

Then one of Beth's songs starts playing. She lights up.

\*

BETH

Come dance with me! Guys love  
lesbians.

\*

She pulls April to the dance floor, trying to cheer her up.  
April has to cooperate, grateful for Beth's larger than life  
personality right now.

\*

But as soon as GARY joins the dance party, April takes the  
opportunity to sneak away and sit by herself. She takes a  
long swig of her vodka...then 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.

45

OMITTED

45

\*

46

INT. THE PALACE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

46

\*

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.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

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

TOWNIE CLUB GIRL  
Fine. Don't share.

Townie Girl stalks out.

47 INT. THE PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

47 \*

April emerges from the bathroom...and sees DOMINIC entering the bar with some guy friends. April hastily turns around before he can see her, making a beeline for the dance floor where Beth is now SLOW DANCING with Gary to a dirty R&B song. \*

APRIL  
Beth!

BETH  
Whatever, I can be feminist and still like this music.

APRIL  
No. Dominic's here.

BETH  
Where?

APRIL  
Red shirt.

Beth stops dancing and glances over at Dominic, who is now ordering a drink at the bar.

BETH  
Okay, he's way hotter than his profile picture. Aaaaand he's looking over here. \*

April can't help but glance at the bar. This time, she and Dominic make EYE CONTACT for a moment. But then Dominic just turns away, following his friends to the back room.

BETH  
Ouch.

APRIL  
See? He's over it already.

BETH  
Don't give him that power! Go talk to him. Make him uncomfortable.

APRIL  
I don't know. I don't even know what I would say.

BETH  
Want me to do it? I'm really good at conflict.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

APRIL  
No, I'm just letting it go. We only  
went on one date.

\*

BETH  
Okay. But if you don't confront him  
now, you're not allowed to obsess  
to me later about what went wrong.  
Because you have a window right  
this minute to find out. From the  
source.

April glances at the back room, considering it.

BETH  
Like, what do you have to lose?

April realizes Beth is right. More right than Beth even  
knows, given April's situation. Suddenly empowered, April  
heads for the back room to find Dominic.

48 INT. THE PALACE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

48 \*

April approaches Dominic and his friends at the pool table.

APRIL  
Okay, what's up with you?

DOMINIC  
(coolly)  
Oh, hey. I didn't see you.

APRIL  
Whatever, yeah you did. Why are you  
being weird? We had a great time  
last night. Is this just how you  
are with girls?  
(to his friends)  
Hi. I'm April.

Dominic's friends mumble awkward hellos and back away.

APRIL  
Whatever it is, just tell me. I  
hate drama.

DOMINIC  
Really? That's kind of ironic.

APRIL  
Why?

DOMINIC  
I saw you talking to that George  
guy today.

APRIL  
You did?  
(then, nervous)  
What did you hear?

(CONTINUED)

DOMINIC

That you can't tell anyone you're seeing him and he loves you. He's the guy who called you last night, right?

APRIL

(realizing)

Oh, no, he's not--

DOMINIC

It's cool. So what is he, like, married? And you're waiting for him to leave his wife or something? Cause that's kinda the definition of drama.

APRIL

Dominic, he's my uncle.

DOMINIC

(a beat)

Wait.

APRIL

George is my uncle. It's a secret that I saw him because everyone in my family hates him. That's a whole long story but...that's who he is.

A moment as Dominic processes. Finally, he smiles.

DOMINIC

So no secret boyfriend.

APRIL

No.

DOMINIC

(deadpan)

You're just sleeping with your uncle.

APRIL

(deadpan)

Yes.

DOMINIC

Oh. Then that's fine.

They both laugh. Relieved. A moment.

DOMINIC

So can we just...rewind? And pretend it's last night again?

April grins, then answers by kissing Dominic. Then her phone VIBRATES in her pocket.

APRIL

One sec, it's my little sister.  
(answering)  
Bren?

(CONTINUED)



ACT SIX

49 EXT. A SKETCHY BRIGHTON APARTMENT - NIGHT 49

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

TOWNIE BOY  
(gesturing to his lap)  
Hey sexy, I saved you a seat.

\*  
\*  
\*

APRIL  
Keep doing that, girls love that.

The boys are stunned as April pushes her way inside.

50 INT. A SKETCHY BRIGHTON APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 50

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.

51 INT. CARVER HOUSE - BRENNNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 51

Brenna dry heaves over a small wastebasket by her bed. April holds her hair back.

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

APRIL  
Shhh, I love you too. Have some water.

She hands Brenna a glass. Brenna takes a sip, then curls up in bed and closes her eyes, mumbling as April tucks her in.

BRENNNA  
Don't tell Mom...she'll freak out...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

APRIL

I won't.

BRENNA

Thanks. Ape, I'm so glad you still  
live here with us. If I didn't have  
you at home with me...

April's breath catches.

APRIL

Bren...

BRENNA

I would die.

April struggles not to cry as she strokes Brenna's hair. \*

52 OMITTED

52

\*

53 INT. CARVER HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

53

A teakettle heats up on the stove. At the table, April sits  
with two teacups, waiting for Sara. She rereads a PRINTOUT  
from the earlier website about telling your loved ones. \*

Then we hear SARA'S LAUGHTER outside. April steels herself,  
expecting Sara to enter the house. But she doesn't. Confused,  
April crosses to the window and pulls back the curtain...  
revealing SARA outside, KISSING her DATE under the gaslamps. \*

April reacts. Sara looks so happy. How can she ruin that now? \*

Then Sara's DATE notices April standing there and jumps,  
startled. Then Sara sees her too. Awkward. April quickly  
replaces the curtain, grabs the printout from the table and  
folds it up just as SARA enters the house, sheepish. \*

APRIL

Sorry, I wasn't trying to spy on  
you, I just heard-- \*

SARA

No, I'm the one who should  
apologize! Please, no daughter  
wants to see her mother doing that-  
not that I was doing anything  
wrong, it's natural, it's just- \*

APRIL

Mom. It's okay. So you had a nice  
date? \*

(CONTINUED)

SARA  
(rhapsodic)  
It was better than nice...it was just...first he took me to see an incredible flamenco performance - a woman from Argentina, Irina something - and then we went to Harvard Square for dessert and talked til the cafe closed. And it was...I just haven't felt this happy in a really long time.

\*

April smiles, but Sara finally realizes something's off.

SARA  
Sweetie? Is something wrong? You look stressed.

April hesitates. This is her opening. But she can't.

APRIL  
I'm just tired.

SARA  
Well, try to get some sleep. Maybe you should skip that tea. They always say it's caffeine-free but I don't believe them.

April manages a smile as Sara kisses her head.

SARA  
Thank you for tonight. I never could have done it without you.

She heads upstairs, leaving April alone. Then the TEA KETTLE WHISTLES. April walks to the stove. But she lets the whistling continue. The noise masks the sound of April finally letting herself CRY.

54 OMITTED 54

55 OMITTED 55

56 EXT. A CEMETERY - MORNING 56

April stands in front of a headstone. IN LOVING MEMORY OF THOMAS CARVER (1960-2011).

APRIL  
Happy birthday, Dad. So um, I kinda have some big news.  
(dramatic pause)  
I got promoted.

She laughs a little at her own joke.

APRIL  
Just kidding.  
(beat)  
I meant my other news. But maybe  
you already know it. I'm not sure  
how all this works.

April finds herself getting emotional and collects herself.

APRIL  
Anyway, it looks like I'm supposed  
to be seeing you sometime soon.  
Well, don't take this the wrong  
way, but...you're gonna have to  
wait awhile. I'm not ready yet. But  
I love you.

April turns to leave. On her way out of the cemetery, she  
passes someone walking in. A PRETTY GIRL (20s) in a short  
skirt, less professional. More makeup. She carries a BOUQUET.

APRIL  
Hey.

GIRL  
Hi.

APRIL  
Those are really pretty.

GIRL  
Thanks. They're for my dad.

April smiles and watches the girl idly as she retreats. But  
as we stay on April's face, April starts to look confused.  
Then her eyes widen and we reveal what she's seeing.

The girl is putting the flowers on THOMAS'S GRAVE.

END OF PILOT