

WOMAN WITH BABY

Yep, I was. Then this happened. And now my life is over.

The woman hears herself and laughs, chagrined.

WOMAN WITH BABY (CONT'D)

That's a joke, of course. I'm happy. I am. I just really miss Trey...and the whole gang...

The woman trails off as Wren hands over her package. She accepts it and shuffles out of the store.

Sc.1 Start

At that moment a man in his 40's marches over and joins Wren behind the counter. He sports a crew cut and has accessorized his outfit by cinching a weight belt around his waist.

This is **MALCOLM**, Wren's boss, an ex-military man.

WREN

Did you see that lady? The one breast feeding?

MALCOLM

Disgusting.

Malcolm grabs some tissue paper and starts cutting it into elaborate shapes.

WREN

Oh, uh, okay. That's not...anyway, back in high school, she was crazy. I'm talking parties, drugs, sex. She was like a rock star. She was my hero.

Malcolm doesn't respond, he's busy working on his creation.

WREN (CONT'D)

What were you like when you were young? Were you wild and crazy?

MALCOLM

I had my moments. I enjoyed creating comic books.

WREN

Ok. So you get it. Sorta.

MALCOLM

My staff sergeant frowned on those frivolities. Knocked the habit right out of me.

WREN
That rat bastard!

Wren leans on the counter, scattering Malcolm's carefully assembled materials. He frowns.

WREN (CONT'D)
What's the worst lie you ever told?

MALCOLM
I don't lie. It's a sign of weakness.

Wren digests this. Then...

WREN
Would you be mad if someone implied you peaked in high school?

MALCOLM
I was home schooled.

WREN
That makes sense.

MALCOLM
But no, I would not be mad. Because ninety-eight point nine percent of people are sheep. Their opinions are meaningless.

Malcolm returns to his craft project.

WREN
But suppose you did care. And that caused you to do something crazy, some might even say unforgivable, in the heat of the moment. You couldn't technically be held responsible, for that right? Because you were provoked. Right?

MALCOLM
I have lost interest in this conversation.

The door to the shop JINGLES and Cece, Jill and Laurel slip in as solemnly as if they were on their way to a funeral. Jill whispers into her cell phone.

CECE
(hushed)
Knock, knock. Hey, Malcolm. What's up?

MALCOLM
Who are you?

CECE
(baffled)
We're Wren's friends. We've met you
numerous times...

Malcolm stares at her blankly. Wren shakes her head at Cece,
just let it go.

LAUREL
We're here to steal Wren.

CECE
Is that cool? We don't want to use
any of her sick days.

Jill hangs up the phone and walks over to join them.

MALCOLM
Why are you whispering?

JILL
We're trying to be gentle. Because
of the cancer.

MALCOLM
You have cancer?

JILL
(surprised)
No. Wren.

MALCOLM
Wren has cancer?

Wren cringes, SHIT!

JILL
You didn't know?

Malcolm looks from girl to girl, floored, trying to digest
this information.

MALCOLM
What kind? How? What are you doing
about it?

JILL
(confused)
Me?

MALCOLM
Yea! Her, you, whoever.

JILL
We were gonna take her to a salon
for a foot massage.

MALCOLM
Will that help?

JILL
It's called Healing Hands...

Beat.

MALCOLM
Wren has used all of her personal
days. And her sick days. But I
suppose I could disregard all the
tenets of honor and personal
accountability I hold dear and let
this one slide.
(beat)
Go. Immediately or I will change my
mind.

WREN
(surprised)
Really? Ok!

Wren turns and quickly escorts her friends out the door. As
an afterthought she coughs a few times pitifully.

Sc.1 End Malcolm watches them go, concerned.

24 INT. HEALING HANDS NAIL SALON - AFTERNOON 24

Wren, Cece and Jill sit in a row of salon chairs having their
feet massaged. Laurel sits across from them, watching.

SALON WORKER
(to Laurel)
No massage?

LAUREL
(firm)
Nobody looks at my feet.

JILL
I have gorgeous feet.

Cece turns to Wren.

33F INT. WREN'S APARTMENT - LATER

33F

All four girls have piled onto Wren's couch to watch TV. They are basically one entangled body with four heads, draped in blankets. It's heaven.

CUT TO:

34 INT. CRAFTS FOR YOU - DAY

34

Sc.2 Start

Malcolm and Wren sit at a table with a group of kids. They're teaching the kids how to make paper flowers.

Malcolm surveys the kids work, frowning. He points at one boy's creation with his scissors.

MALCOLM

Is that supposed to be a flower?!
What is that?

KID

It's a poop.

All the kids start to giggle.

MALCOLM

Oh, you think that's amusing?
Saying the word poop? News flash
kids, stupidity is never funny!

The kids laugh harder.

Across the table, Wren makes room on the bench for a **LITTLE GIRL** arriving late. The girl is upset, sniffing.

WREN

What's wrong?

LITTLE GIRL

I got in trouble. I lied.

WREN

You lied, huh? About what?

LITTLE GIRL

I peed in the bath but I lied and
said I did not pee in the bath.

WREN

So what? I pee in the shower all
the time.

The kid looks at Wren, awed.

LITTLE GIRL

You do?!

WREN

Sure. Everybody does. So, how'd you come clean?

The kid picks her nose and stares at Wren, baffled.

WREN (CONT'D)

The truth. How'd you tell it?

Wren delicately pulls the kid's hand from her nose.

WREN (CONT'D)

Okay. That's, ew. Don't do that. That's an alone time activity. So, what were you saying?

LITTLE GIRL

I drew a picture and wrote I'm sorry. Daddy helped. I gave it to my mommy and then she hugged me.

WREN

(sighs)

That's not at all helpful.

Back on Malcolm's side of the table, the poop debate rages on...

(Cont.)

MALCOLM

Oh, you're a regular Jack Benny, aren't you?

KID

Poop Benny.

MALCOLM

Okay, you're done. Drop the crayon.

Wren glances at her watch and stands.

WREN

Malcolm? I have to...

MALCOLM

Yea, yea, go.

(turns back to the kid)

I said DROP THE CRAYON!

Sc.2 End