

JILL

A lot of people seem to prefer  
GoFundMe's, but this is so much  
more personal, don't you think?

Wren sees Malcolm manning a table that has a DONATIONS sign hanging from it.

A LONG LINE of people file forward to donate money for Wren's fake cancer. Families. Old people with walkers holding checks in their wobbly hands. Tiny children waddling forward with their PIGGY BANKS. Local youth sports teams in full UNIFORM.

WREN

It's agonizingly personal.

Malcolm takes a hammer and brings it crashing down on a child's piggy bank, SMASHING it to smithereens. He looks up, sees Wren and waves.

WREN (CONT'D)

You guys, this is not--

Laurel cuts her off abruptly.

LAUREL

No time! Your parents are here.

Wren freezes. Laurel and Jill stare at her, wide-eyed.

JILL

(lame)

We thought they knew. Sorry.

WREN

What?! No!

**FYI**

Wren turns to see a middle-aged couple heading rapidly in her direction from across the park. These are Wren's parents, **CAROL** and **FRED**. Carol sobs as she walks.

Cece trails behind them, looking guilty.

WREN (CONT'D)

NO! They don't know! They think I'm out of the country! I bailed on my dad's birthday last week!

JILL

Yea, that did cause some confusion.

Fred storms over, Carol on his heels.

## Sc.1 Start

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FRED

You've got one hell of a nerve,  
girlie!

CAROL

(sobbing)

You didn't even tell us! Do you  
realize how that looks?!

FRED

For shame!

CAROL

I know I wasn't mother of the year,  
but was I really that bad?!

FRED

Carol, knock it off! Christ, it's  
been like this the whole damn car  
ride! Bad mother this, bad father  
that. I'm losing my goddamn mind!

Laurel, Jill and Cece look horrified.

CAROL

We had to hear about it from Cece!  
Cece! Do you understand how  
embarrassing that is?!

FRED

I support you, but know this. I am  
both disappointed and insulted. Not  
so much as a word! To your parents!

LAUREL

So this is going well...

CAROL

(sobbing)

Cece told us! Cece!

Cece mouths SORRY to Wren behind Carol's back.

FRED

I'm getting food! Where's the beef?

Jill points, frightened. Fred stomps off. Carol embraces Wren  
in an suffocating hug, rocking her back and forth.

CAROL

Is this my fault? We didn't know  
smoking while pregnant was bad!  
Everyone did it back then!

(MORE)

CAROL (CONT'D)  
It was a different time! I knew I  
never should have tried acid...

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**Sc.1 End**

JILL  
Should we leave?

WREN  
(muffled)  
Don't even think about it.

52A EXT. PENNYPACK PARK - PICNIC AREA - LATER

52A

Wren stands sandwiched between her parents as one person after another approaches to wish her well. It's like her own twisted version of "This Is Your Life".

**MRS. O'BRIAN**, Wren's seventh grade teacher, grips both her hands as she talks to her.

MRS. O'BRIAN  
You were such a good student. So  
motivated. Always volunteering.

Carol nods solemnly. Wren looks like standing in the pit of hell would be preferable to her current situation.

MRS. O'BRIAN (CONT'D)  
I'd really like it if you came and  
spoke to my students about your  
ordeal. I'm sure it would prove  
very inspirational.

WREN  
Oh, I don't think--

FRED  
(eating his beef sandwich)  
She'll do it.

Mrs. O'Brian pats Wren's cheek and moves on. Next up is **GEORGE KENNY**, Wren's childhood sweetheart. He's holding hands with his pregnant wife, **LINDA**.

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**Sc.2 Start**

CAROL  
It's George Kenny! Wreny's great  
love! And you're having a baby!

GEORGE  
I am. This is my wife, Linda.

CAROL  
Yes, Wren told me about you!

WREN  
 (mortified)  
 No, I didn't, Mom.

CAROL  
 Wren, don't you remember? You said  
 you looked her up on the Instagram.

**Sc.2 End**

Wren shuts her eyes, pained.

GEORGE  
 Yea, we were gonna say that Linda  
 has some connections so if there's  
 anything we can do...

LINDA  
 I'd be happy to make some calls.

WREN  
 Oh, wow. You know that's nice, but--

FRED  
 (picking beef from his  
 teeth with a toothpick)  
 Give us your number.

52B EXT. PENNYPACK PARK - PICNIC AREA - LATER

52B

Wren stands in the exact same spot, sandwiched between her  
 parents, talking to well-wishers. She's completely miserable.

Wren looks up and spots Leo talking to Laurel by a picnic  
 table. They lock eyes and Wren brightens. Leo ambles over.

FRED  
 Who are you?

LEO  
 Leo. Who are you?

FRED  
 Pardon me, boyo?

WREN  
 Dad! This is Leo. We met in a  
 support group.

LEO  
 I got cancer.

CAROL  
 Oh boy.