

DOCTOR

I have truly astonishing news! You are cured! There is no trace of cancer in your body!

FRIEND

But, Doctor, how can that be?!

DOCTOR

The body is a mystery. Perhaps it's a miracle. I don't know.

SICK MAN

I know. And you're correct, it is a miracle.

Everyone looks at the sick man expectantly.

SICK MAN (CONT'D)

I have been healed through the power of love.

The doctor looks at the Sick Man in disbelief.

SICK MAN (CONT'D)

I know that sounds crazy. And perhaps it is. But I can tell you with certainty that my cancer brought all of us together in a way we never had been before. It reminded us what is truly important. And it renewed our love for each other. And now that love has saved my life.

FRIEND

It saved all of our lives.

The Sick Man and his friends join together for a group hug.

BACK TO SCENE:

Wren smiles drowsily, tears in her eyes, and drifts off to sleep with the image of those hugging friends imprinted on her brain.

18

INT. DOCTOR'S EXAMINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

18

**Start**

A **DOCTOR** stands facing Wren, who sits on an examining table.

WREN

So, what did you find?

DOCTOR

Nothing.

WREN

Okay, well that's impossible. I mean, did you even read my medical history? The part where it asks the number of drinks and cigarettes I have in a week? There's definitely something hardening or liquefying or...exploding in there. I bet you it's cancer.

DOCTOR

No, you're perfectly healthy.

WREN

You sound pretty cavalier. No offense, but maybe you need to do a more thorough investigation. Run some tests. Hard core shit, like CAT scans or X-Rays or PET scans. Really get up in there and have a good look around.

DOCTOR

Wren, you don't have cancer.

WREN

I could have cancer. The body is a mystery.

DOCTOR

You could, but you don't.

WREN

I think I do. It's probably brain cancer. I get a lot of headaches. I assumed they were hangovers, but I'm worried that I've been in denial.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry, do you want cancer?

WREN

No! Of course not. But since when does the universe care what we want?

DOCTOR

This is a ridiculous conversation. Have you considered seeing a therapist?

**End**

WREN  
I have. Yes.

19 INT. CECE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 19

Wren opens the door and walks into Cece's house, an expectant smile on her face. She looks good, dressed like a slutty teenager and ready to party.

Corey runs into the room, yelling. She turns on the TV and jumps on the couch, begins bouncing around.

Wren's smile fades just a bit.

WREN  
Hey, Corey.

COREY  
Hi.

WREN  
What are you doing?

COREY  
Watching TV.

WREN  
Isn't it time for bed?

Corey gives Wren a withering glance.

COREY  
No, dummy.

WREN  
That seems kinda uncalled for.

Cece enters the room and rushes over to hug Wren.

CECE  
Happy birthday! You look hot!

They pull apart and Wren gets a good look at Cece. She looks fine, but she's wearing flats. Nobody wears flats to party.

WREN  
(obviously lying.)  
So do you.

Wren gestures to Corey.

WREN (CONT'D)  
So, what's--