

BREASTLESS

Written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - 1994 - DAY

KIDS of various ages play an intense game of soccer in sweltering heat. Soccer moms and dads sit on the bleachers cheering. A 6 year old EDEN DAVIDSON scores a winning goal for her team. She runs to her DAD on the sidelines.

EDEN'S DAD

You're ready to play for Manchester United!

EDEN

I'd rather play for Manchester City.

EDEN'S DAD

Any team but Arsenal.

Wiped out and sweaty, Eden takes a swig of bottled water.

EDEN

(heavy breathing)

Dad, it's so hot, I think I'm gonna faint.

EDEN'S DAD

I know, global warming is relentless. Just take your jersey off.

Eden removes her soccer jersey. She's completely nude from the waist up. EDEN'S MOM comes over with a towel to cover Eden's chest.

EDEN'S MOM

Why did you tell her to do that?
We're in public. This isn't France!

EDEN'S DAD

(chuckles)

Calm down, she doesn't have anything to hide- yet.

Eden quickly puts her shirt back on, red with embarrassment. She crosses her arms around her chest.

EDEN (V.O.)

That's when I realized how powerful breasts are.

(MORE)

EDEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 That I'll need to make choices
 about how I want to show my boobs.
 Good choices, the best choices.

OVER BLACK

TWENTY FOUR YEARS LATER

INT. EDEN'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

EDEN, now 30, has sex with Jason, 32, a hot, nerdy guy that looks like a member of Vampire Weekend. She reaches up and kisses him. He kisses her back, gently. She kisses him harder. He puts his fingers in her hair and pulls her towards him. Eden's anxiety is palpable. Suddenly, she FARTS a tiny little bit.

JASON
 Did you just--

Eden ramps up her moves to get past this

EDEN
 (covering, "sexy")
 MM YEAH, YOU LIKE THAT?

Jason looks confused but keeps going. He runs his hand across her breast.

JASON
 Your boobs are kinda lumpy.

EDEN
 (still in "sexy" mode)
 I'm waiting for lab results on
 that... Sailor..
 (then, anxious)
 You know what? Hang on.

Eden backs off, turns over on her bed, reaches for her phone, and checks WebMD. Jason notices what she's looking at.

JASON
 You seriously stopped having sex to
 check WebMD? You know all roads
 lead to cancer on there.

EDEN
 (still in "sexy" mode)
 I know. I'm sorry.

She puts the phone away. He kisses her cheek.

JASON
We'll finish this in the morning.

EDEN
Morning sex? You do realize I look like the dead girl from "The Ring" when I wake up, right?

Jason smirks and turns off the lights. They get under the covers to go to sleep.

EDEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Just once I would like for WebMD to tell me "It's just gas".

END OF COLD OPEN

INT. EDEN'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Eden's cellphone RINGS, she rolls over. Awake.

EDEN
Oh god, I hope no one died.

Jason hands her the phone and goes to the bathroom.

EDEN (CONT'D)
Hello?

Intercut with Eden's oncologist, DR. BETTY DANG, 45, sits at her desk and talks with Eden on speaker phone while she signs a bunch of papers.

DR. DANG
Hi, it's Betty Dang. Listen, honey, your biopsy came back and looks that lump was just a lipoma.

EDEN
(freaking out)
Oh my god, what is that?!

DR. DANG
Don't worry, it's just a fancy word for fatty breast tissue.
(beat)
Oh and your genetic tests came back and looks like you tested positive for the BRCA gene mutation.

Dr. Dang starts to peel a BANANA and eats it.

EDEN

And what is BRCA a fancy word for?

DR. DANG

You have a genetic mutation that puts you at a high risk of getting breast cancer.

Dr. Dang makes audible and obnoxious BANANA NOISES as she eats. Eden hears it.

EDEN

How high is high?

DR. DANG

(mouth full of banana)
About an eighty seven percent chance.

EDEN

Are you eating?

DR. DANG

Yeah, sorry. Skipped breakfast.

Dr. Dang throws the banana peel away.

DR. DANG (CONT'D)

It's the same thing Angelina Jolie has. With your mom dying from breast cancer so young and all, you should think about getting a preventative mastectomy.

Eden's anxiety rises, she's about to hyperventilate.

EDEN

Why are you telling me this over the phone? Aren't you supposed to tell me to come into your office or something?

DR. DANG

They only do that in movies and TV shows. We usually don't ask you to come in for test results.

Eden takes this in, on the verge of tears.

EDEN

I'm having really bad anxiety about this. Can I make an appointment to see you anyway?

DR. DANG

Well, last time you came alone and you nearly had a panic attack. I really wish you'd start bringing a friend or someone to appointments.

EDEN

I have lots of friends on Facebook, can I just bring my phone?

Dr. Dang starts typing on her computer.

DR. DANG

I'll e-mail you about this BRCA support group the hospital organizes. You should go. Make some friends that can relate.

EDEN

I'm thirty, no one makes new friends after thirty.

Jason leaves the bathroom and starts getting dressed.

EDEN (CONT'D)

Thanks for calling, I'll let you know what I decide.

Eden hangs up.

JASON

Who was that?

EDEN

(anxious)

It was my boss. Do you wanna come with me to my office holiday party this weekend?

JASON

As your date?

EDEN

Sure. I mean, if you want to. Totally no pressure. I mean, it's Playboy magazine, so it'll be more fun for you than it will for me. I'm just going because they're laying off half our staff and I don't want to be next on the chopping block.

JASON

You're great, they're morons if they fire you.

(beat)

I'm also not sure I'm ready to meet your friends and all that.

EDEN

They're not my friends, they're more people I'm forced to be nice to. But I totally get it.

Jason's phone BUZZES. He checks it and types away as Eden sits in awkward silence for a few beats.

JASON

I gotta head out.

EDEN

Thanks for hanging. Sorry I was such a bumner last night.

JASON

No worries.

Eden leans in to kiss him but he gives her a light peck, not what she was hoping for. He grabs his keys to head out.

JASON (CONT'D)

Don't forget, you're really great.

Eden smiles and nods. As soon as Jason exits, she lies back in bed, tears begin to stream down her face. She lets out a LONG-ASS FART she's been holding in all morning.

EDEN (V.O.)

Great.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Eden stands with her sister, ABBY, late 30's, a hippie mom, the kind of person that would put urine samples in mason jars if she could. Her son, WALNUT "WALLIE", 7, holds her hand as they wait in a long queue of kids and parents waiting to visit a mall Santa.

WALLIE

How much longer?

EDEN
(to Wallie)
An hour, maybe?

WALLIE
Well that's just great. And I don't mean that's great, like it's awesome, I mean that's great like that sucks.

EDEN
(to Abby)
Aren't you proud? Your seven year old just mansplained sarcasm to me.

WALLIE
Mom, can we get a cat?

ABBY
What? No, your father's allergic.

WALLIE
If dad dies can we get a cat?

ABBY
Sure.

A Muslim woman wearing a HIJAB covering her face walks by with a stroller and her kids. Wallie points at her.

WALLIE
Look mom, a ninja!

Embarrassed, Abby immediately forces Wallie's hand down.

ABBY
Wallie, we don't say whatever we're thinking out loud.

EDEN
Except for me. Like I don't understand how anyone could be a pedophile, kids are so annoying to be around.

The line starts to move slightly.

ABBY
How's work?

EDEN

I'm getting kinda bored of editing articles on why eating ass is an art, but we got sent a bunch of promotional gummy bears yesterday.

ABBY

I hate gummy bears. I never understood why you and mom loved them. I didn't get the gummy bear gene.

EDEN

Speaking of getting things from mom, I found out I have that weird breast cancer gene. My doctor said I should get a double mastectomy.

ABBY

Dad died of brain cancer, you wanna remove your brain too? Don't listen to doctors, they just tell you to get surgeries so they can make money.

EDEN

I don't know, every disaster movie starts with a president ignoring a scientist. Anyway, you should probably get tested too.

ABBY

Good thing I'm not the president.

Eden smirks.

ABBY (CONT'D)

You should see my acupuncturist. I know you've been struggling with depression-

EDEN

Oh no, I don't struggle with depression. At this point, I have it down. I'm very good at depression.

The line hasn't moved much. Fed up, Eden digs through her purse and takes out a BEANIE and puts it on Wallie's head.

EDEN (CONT'D)

(to Wallie)

Here. Keep this hat on.

Eden grabs Wallie's hand and walks to the front of the line and taps the shoulder of a MALL WORKER dressed like an elf.

EDEN (CONT'D)

Excuse me. I really hate doing this, but could my nephew go see Santa next?

Eden leans in closer to the elf.

EDEN (CONT'D)

(whispering)
He has cancer.

WALLIE

I do?!

INT. PLAYBOY MAGAZINE OFFICE PARTY - NIGHT

Party consists of mostly men in suits while women in sexy bunny outfits pass out appetizers. Eden wears the same outfit she wore at the mall. She always wears the same outfit. A purple button-down blouse that slightly reveals a lacy bra and black skinny jeans. Eden's colleagues, AARON, a lovable idiot, ZACH a wise-ass idiot, and MIKE, an idiot idiot, all in their 30's, chat with Eden.

MIKE

(to Eden)
Hey, I can see your bra.

EDEN

Good, it was expensive.

Mike smirks and stuffs a canape in his gross mouth.

ZACH

(to Eden)
Hey, how are you doing? You seem kinda down lately.

EDEN

I'm fine.

ZACH

We're totally here for you if you wanna talk about it.

EDEN

That's so nice of you guys.
(beat)

(MORE)

EDEN (CONT'D)

I am actually coming out of a sort of depressive episode since I got a cancer scare, but I'm trying to stay positive-

AARON

(interrupting)

Whoa, whoa, not like that.

MIKE

Jesus, Eden, this is a holiday party. Lighten up.

Mike gets distracted and stares intensely at a WOMAN in a bunny costume's BUTT. Eden notices and gestures to the woman's butt.

EDEN

(whispering to Mike)

That's where poop comes out of.

INT. EDEN'S CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Eden drives back from the party. She notices a BILLBOARD with an ad for probiotic yogurt with two women with enormous BREASTS on them. This makes her cry. She stops at a red light, looks down at her boobs and starts crying louder. A SIREN sounds startles her. There's a COP behind her. She pulls over.

EXT. EDEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The cop walks up to Eden's car, she rolls down her window.

COP

Hello there ma'am.

EDEN

I'm a ma'am?!

Eden cries louder. The cop looks confused and feels awkward.

COP

I'm sorry, is "lady" better? Do you know why I pulled you over?

EDEN

Why do you guys always ask that? I'm not a cop, I didn't go to cop school or University of Cops. I don't even like that TV show.

COP

Ma'am- I'm sorry, lady, you were driving forty in a school zone.

While Eden digs into her purse to get her license, a button on her blouse unbuttons and accentuates her cleavage. The cop stares at her chest.

EDEN

I'm sorry. I promise I'm usually a really good driver. I've just been-

COP

(distracted)

It's OK, seems like you've had a hard night. Just drive slower here.

EDEN

Thank you.

COP

(staring at her breasts)

Have a good night, ma'a- lady.

Eden nods and rolls up her window. She stares down at her breasts, notices how much of her cleavage was exposed.

Eden wipes her tears and sits quietly in her car, still parked on the side of the road. She takes her phone out and opens up an e-mail from Dr. Dang about the support group. She sighs and aggressively hits "delete".

INT. SUPPORT GROUP MEETING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Room's full of ladies in the their 50's and 60's catching up before the meeting starts. Not knowing anybody, Eden sits politely aloof, like an outcast in high school, afraid to interrupt all the cliques. An annoyingly happy woman, ALICE, 50's, wearing a bright pink shirt notices Eden and walks towards her with a tray of weird looking cookies.

ALICE

Would you like a "mammo-graham"?

Eden stares at the weird cookies.

ALICE (CONT'D)

They're just graham crackers and marshmallows squished together. Get it? Mammo-graham?

Alice giggles. Eden shakes her head and smiles politely.

EDEN

No thanks, I'm good.

Eden takes her phone, pretends to text someone but instead Googles "donut shops near me". A woman, JOYCE, 50's, stands in the front of the room.

JOYCE

Everyone, we need to get started because the Crohn's group booked this room at four.

Eden puts her phone away.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Oh and I wanted to thank Alice for bringing refreshments. And can someone in the back open a window? It's too warm in here.

A WOMAN in the back opens a window.

WOMAN

I hear ya, early menopause is such a bitch. My vagina is dryer than a sand dune.

Eden's grossed out. This isn't what she expected.

JOYCE

Let's all go around and say our names, age, diagnosis, and how about our favorite candle scent?

Eden doesn't want to participate, she grabs her purse and quietly sneaks out.

EXT. HOSPITAL BUILDING ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Eden bursts out into the alley through an emergency exit. Overwhelmed with tears in her eyes, she leans back against the wall and lets out a loud FART.

HERA (O.S.)

Jesus Christ, how much hummus did you eat?

Startled that someone is there, Eden turns and sees HERA, 16, a plucky, artsy looking teen with blue hair.

EDEN

I didn't think anyone was here. I'm sorry, I get kinda gassy when I'm anxious.

Eden wipes the tears off her cheeks.

HERA

Pretty impressive fart though. It sounds like my brother's. It's like a well tuned tuba.

(beat)

Were you crying?

EDEN

Yeah. It's no big deal, I cry all the time.

HERA

I never cry. I think I'm allergic or something.

Hera pulls a joint from behind her ear and reaches for a lighter in her back pocket.

HERA (CONT'D)

This might help.

Hera offers her the joint.

HERA (CONT'D)

I'm Hera, by the way.

EDEN

No thanks. I'm Eden.

(beat)

Hera? Never met anyone with that name before.

HERA

Yeah, my mom was like really obsessed with Greek goddesses.

Hera starts smoking the joint herself.

HERA (CONT'D)

So did Joyce's dumb commencement speech make you fart or was it the boob panini cookies?

EDEN

I don't know, both? It's all a bit much.

Hera keeps smoking her joint, blowing O's as she exhales.

HERA

It's a pretty retarded support group. And I can say the word "retarded" because my brother is actually retarded.

EDEN

So why do you go?

HERA

My mom makes me. She feels guilty that I have the BRCA gene and she doesn't.

EDEN

If your mom doesn't have it, how did you inherit it?

HERA

I'm adopted. They make you take a bunch of genetic tests before you're adopted. You know, so parents can see how busted you are.

Hera takes another drag.

HERA (CONT'D)

My mom thought talking to a bunch of women who wear clothes from Chico's about breast cancer would make me feel better. But it just makes my mom feel better, and that's why I go.

(beat)

But it's stupid. I'm the youngest one there. No one there is even on Instagram.

Eden smirks, her anxiety calming down.

EDEN

I'm on Instagram. I mean, mainly to stalk my ex, but I'm on it.

Hera extinguishes her joint and pulls out a jar of hot dogs out of her backpack and starts eating.

HERA

Hot dog?

Eden cringes.

EDEN
Ugh, no. I'm ok.

HERA
You sure? I pickled them myself.

EDEN
I'm fine, I just need some carbs.

INT. DONUT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Eden and Hera sit at booth in the donut shop.

HERA
Why were you crying?

EDEN
This whole BRCA gene freaks me out.
I mean, I saw my mom die of cancer.
I saw her lose all her hair.

HERA
Yeah, chemo's a bitch.

EDEN
And I just turned thirty. I already
have a biological clock ticking,
now I have a cancer clock in my
boobs. I can only handle one set of
clocks.

HERA
You should be able to hit snooze.

EDEN
On top of that, I'm in a weird
situation with this guy I was
seeing. I thought I finally met a
decent guy who wasn't a creep.

HERA
He's probably a creep.

EDEN
No, we're just taking it slow and
he's not ready for a super serious
relationship. We're in a
"situationship".

Hera takes a huge bite of her powdered donut.

HERA
(mouth full of donut)
Yeah, that's creepy.

Hera has a mustache of powdered sugar on her upper lip from the donut, she looks like a coke-head.

EDEN
What guy will want to fuck me with no boobs?

HERA
You could always like, not get a mastectomy.

EDEN
(spiraling)
But if I do that, I might get cancer and have to do chemo, then REALLY no guy will want to fuck me cause what guy has a kink for bald and boobless? I get anxiety choosing what sandwich to get, how am I supposed to decide if I should cut my boobs off?

HERA
I had a English teacher once tell me to write a list when I have trouble with deciding about something. Why don't you do a boob bucket list? Things you'll never get to do if you cut off your boobs?

EDEN
That sounds like something from BuzzFeed. But it also doesn't sound half bad.

HERA
I know.

Eden takes out a small note pad from her purse and a pen.

EDEN
OK, what things can I not do after I cut my boobs off?

HERA
Well you definitely can't breast-feed.

Eden nods, writes it down.

HERA (CONT'D)
And you should definitely flash a bunch of strangers.

EDEN
Like "Girls Gone Wild"?

HERA
No, it's not 2007. Like Mardi Gras. You should get as many beads as you can. And get really drunk. And have a bunch of boys feel you up.

Eden writes all this down.

EDEN
How do you even know about all this stuff? When I was fourteen, I didn't even have boobs, I had two mosquito bites on my chest.

HERA
I'm SIXteen, not fourteen. I'm actually supposed to get my license next week.

Hera's phone BUZZES. She glances at it.

HERA (CONT'D)
That's my mom. I gotta head back and pretend I went to the meeting. What's your number?

EDEN
Are you asking me out?

HERA
No, but you seem cool and you're the only person from that group that's not fifty and knows what Snapchat is.

EDEN
What's Snapchat?

HERA
I'll teach you.

Eden's amused, for the first time in a while. Hera grabs her backpack and the rest of her donut.

HERA (CONT'D)
Sweet, don't forget your boob list!

Eden looks down at the list and puts it in her purse.

INT. FANCY ASS HOUSE - MORNING

Eden and Abby are at a posh baby shower of one of Abby's friends. Toddlers play around while a bunch of hipster moms hold babies, mingle and drink juice from mason jars.

ABBY

I can't believe you let a kid talk you into getting a mastectomy.

EDEN

She's not a kid, she's a teenager. And I haven't decided yet. That's why I'm here, to see what all this breast-feeding fuss is about.

ABBY

I'll tell you. Breast-feeding has been one of the most magical bonding moments of being a mom.

EDEN

I'm here to see what OTHER moms think.

Eden spots a YOUNG MOM holding a newborn. She walks up to her.

EDEN (CONT'D)

Your daughter is adorable.

YOUNG MOM

Thank you, but it's my son.

EDEN

Oops, I'm sorry-

YOUNG MOM

No need to apologize. Maybe it won't want to be male, we're not assigning it a gender yet.

EDEN

Of course.

YOUNG MOM

Do you have kids?

EDEN

No, but I have a old ficus tree
that I've managed to keep alive, so
I'm almost ready to be a parent.

Her baby starts crying. She opens her blouse and pops out a
BREAST and starts breast feeding. It's awkward.

YOUNG MOM

I'm sorry. What did you say?

EDEN

Oh, just that I don't have kids.

Eden cringes at the breast feeding situation happening right
in front of her.

EDEN (CONT'D)

But when I do have them, I hope
they're as cute as yours.

YOUNG MOM

Would you like to practice?

The young mom hands the baby over to Eden before even hearing
Eden's answer.

YOUNG MOM (CONT'D)

Thanks. I really need to pee.

The young mom rushes off. Eden is left alone with a crying
baby. All the other guests look over at her as if she's a bad
a mom for not being able to control her crying baby.

She goes into one of the bedrooms so no one will hear. The
baby's cries get even louder. Eden lifts up her shirt and
tries to give the baby her nipple to suck on. He sucks on it
like a pacifier for a few seconds.

EDEN (V.O.)

That baby was definitely a man.

The baby BITES her nipple.

EDEN

OWWWW!

The baby starts crying again.

EDEN (V.O.)

Jerk.

INT. PLAYBOY MAGAZINE OFFICES- DAY

Eden sits at her cubicle, scans through e-mails while eating a salad. Her boss, SHANE, 35, sexy as hell and knows it, approaches Eden's cubicle.

SHANE

Hey, Eden. How's it going?

EDEN

I'm OK.

SHANE

Really?

EDEN

Actually, no. I just found out-

SHANE

Look, I don't care, I just asked how it was going because I think it's polite. We let Zach go yesterday.

EDEN

Really?

SHANE

I think you should take on his advice column.

EDEN

But I'm a woman.

SHANE

That's exactly why I want you to write it. I'm sick of dudes giving dudes advice. It's the blind leading the blind.

EDEN

I don't know, I work with a ton of guys but I'm not an expert on them.

SHANE

But you know women. Our readers not only want your advice, they'll probably ONLY listen to it.

Shane's phone BUZZES.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I gotta take this but I just e-mailed you the first batch of questions. Let me know if you're up for it.

Shane takes off. Eden opens her e-mail to the first batch of letters. CLOSE ON the computer screen -- Written on it: "Dear Playboy advisor..."

EDEN (V.O.)

Dear Playboy advisor, my girlfriend won't do anal. She tells me she's embarrassed her asshole isn't pretty. I don't care what it looks like, I just want to do butt stuff. What gives?

Eden rolls her eyes and looks at the next question.

EDEN (V.O.)

Dear Playboy advisor, my girlfriend said her birth control gave her headaches. So I stepped up to the plate and took it instead. Now she's pregnant. How could this happen?!

Eden can't believe the questions. She's exasperated.

Her phone BUZZES, it's a TEXT from Hera: "*Yo. What are you doing? Help me practice parallel parking! (poop swirl emoji, car emoji, eggplant emoji)*".

Eden's baffled. She Googles on her computer what those emojis mean. Hera keeps texting: "OMG! THERE'S A PUPPY ADOPTION AT PETCO! LETS GO!".

EXT. PETCO PARKING LOT - LATER

Eden and Hera browse the adorable puppies and kittens under the adoption tent outside of Petco.

HERA

Thanks for coming.

EDEN

Came at a good time, I just got offered the advice column at the magazine and everyone has such dumb, insignificant problems. I don't think I can deal.

HERA

Yeah, that's a lot of pressure. Just tell everyone to go get a therapist. That's what my mom says and she should know because she's a therapist.

Hera picks up a puppy to pet.

HERA (CONT'D)

I think was a dog in a past life. I love attention and peanut butter and I hate fireworks.

EDEN

Maybe I was a cat. I hate most people, I love being clean, and I thrive on the internet.

HERA

Do you like shoving things off the counter and showing your butt-hole?

EDEN

No.

HERA

Then you're definitely not a cat. Cats love their butt-holes.

Hera points to a cat in a cage whose tail is up in the air, exposing his butt-hole.

HERA (CONT'D)

See like that cat is all like "la-di-da my name is Mittens and this is my butt-hole, bitch!".

Hera laughs, Eden lets out a smile.

HERA (CONT'D)

Didn't you wear that same shirt a few days ago?

Eden looks down at her outfit.

EDEN

Yeah. After my mom died, my life felt too complicated so I decided to buy thirty of the same shirts so I wouldn't have to have worry about what to wear everyday.

HERA
Like a cartoon character.

EDEN
Yeah, I guess.
(beat)
Do you have a dog?

Hera picks up a PUPPY and strokes it.

HERA
I had a mutt. He was half boxer,
one-fourth poodle, one-eighth
Tibetan mastiff, and one eighth
Labrador. But he died so my mom got
us a cat.

EDEN
What kind of cat?

HERA
I dunno, an orange one.

EDEN
Oh, I meant to tell you. I can
cross something off the boob bucket
list.

HERA
Did you flash someone!?

EDEN
No, I tried breast feeding. Sorta.

Hera cringes.

HERA
Ew.

EDEN
Yeah, it was very ew.

Hera puts the puppy down, they keep browsing.

HERA
Boobs are so weird. Do you have a
favorite one?

EDEN
I don't think so. Maybe my right
one?

Eden looks at each of her breasts, cupping each one in her
hand, comparing them.

EDEN (CONT'D)

You know what, I think my left boob is better. But I guess it won't matter if I remove them.

HERA

Well, you'll get new fake ones and then you can chose which one will be you're favorite.

A cat MEOWS loudly like he's crying near a big bowl of milk.

EDEN

I'm definitely a cat.

INT. EDEN'S CAR

Hera drives, Eden sits anxiously in the passenger seat.

EDEN

There's a spot on the other side of the street. Let's try parallel parking.

Hera makes a sharp U-turn to go back to the spot. Suddenly, a FANCY CAR zips right in and takes the spot.

HERA

That turd-bucket took my spot!

EDEN

It's OK, we'll find another.

Hera aggressively puts the car in park.

HERA

No way, we saw it first.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Hera gets out of the car. A DOUCHEBAG in his 50's comes out of the fancy car.

HERA

Hey man, that was my spot.

DOUCHEBAG

Listen kid, I have cancer. I'm late to my chemo treatment.

HERA
 (shouting)
 Big deal, so do I!

Hera takes off her BLUE WIG, exposing her shiny BALD HEAD.
 Eden gasps in shock, still in the passenger seat.

DOUCHEBAG
 Mine's probably worse.

HERA
 Well, I'm stage 3.

DOUCHEBAG
 I'm on my fifth cycle of chemo.

HERA
 I'm on my sixth, AND radiation AND
 I'm too old to qualify as a "Make A
 Wish" kid!

DOUCHEBAG
 Whatever.

He gives up, gets back into his car, and pulls out. Hera gets
 back in the car and does a terrible parking job.

HERA
 How was that?

EDEN
 You did a great job roasting that
 guy. But your parking job set
 feminism back twenty years.

Eden undoes her seat belt.

EDEN (CONT'D)
 I didn't you know had cancer. I
 thought you just had the gene and
 like, really chill parents that let
 you dye your hair blue. Oh god, I
 said all that stuff about chemo the
 other day. I'm so sorry.

HERA
 I got breast cancer last year, I'm
 one of the youngest women to ever
 get it. I should get some sort of
 award.

Eden starts tearing up.

HERA (CONT'D)
 Jesus, why do you always cry?

EDEN
 What's your problem with crying?
 It's OK to let yourself be sad.

HERA
 I'm FINE! You're not my therapist.
 I thought you were cool. You were
 the only person that treated me
 like a person and not a cancer
 patient. Just because I have cancer
 doesn't make me any less of an
 asshole. Don't cry about me.

Eden tries to pull herself together.

EDEN
 You shouldn't hang out with me. You
 need a role model. I'm also an
 asshole. I'm like the worst aunt
 ever, I suck at this. You need a
 mentor or big sister or whatever.

HERA
 I don't want a role model. I just
 want a human that will treat me
 like a human.

EDEN
 Did you know that humans are 90%
 water? I'm basically just a
 cucumber with anxiety.

Pissed, Hera she grabs her backpack and gets out of the car.
 Eden rolls down her window.

EDEN (CONT'D)
 Hey, how are you gonna get home?

HERA
 I'll walk. I'm bald, not
 handicapped.

Eden sinks into her car seat. She stares at herself in the
 rearview mirror for a beat and emits an audible LONG FART.

INT. EDEN'S CUBICLE - DAY

Eden sits at her desk and opens an e-mail from her boss. It's
 the first advice letter for her new advice column.

EDEN (V.O.)

Dear Playboy advisor, I'm 30. I lived with my girlfriend for four and a half years, and I'm deeply unhappy. I've been meaning to break up with her. Then, last week, she gets a terminal cancer diagnosis. They give her 18 months. What do I do? I love this person, and she has few friends and no family. I want to travel and move on, try being alone. I am devastated that my girlfriend is going to die, that all her dreams mean nothing, and I'm terrified to leave her in such a situation. She'll never forgive me, and I may never forgive me either. I could stay and take care of her but I feel like I'll miss out on my life. What do I do?

Mike and Aaron stroll by her cubicle. Eden tries to hold back tears from the letter she just read.

MIKE

Hey Eden.

Mike looks at the pictures of adorable cats posted all over Eden's cubicle.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Nice cubicle decor.

EDEN

It's less of a cubicle and more of a starter coffin.

There's a long pause, nobody laughs or appreciates her morbidity.

AARON

Hey, you ever think about work when you're at home?

EDEN

I have so much anxiety, I don't even think about work at work.

MIKE

Are you taking Zach's column?

EDEN

No, I mean, yes. Fuck, I'm not sure yet.

MIKE

Well I can do it if you it's too much for you to handle.

EDEN

I can handle it. I'm just not sure yet.

(beat)

Can I ask you guys something? How important are breasts to you?

AARON

I'm more of an ass man, but I appreciate a nice rack.

Mike interjects.

MIKE

Did you see how big Beyonce's tits got during her pregnancy? Kanye's a lucky man.

AARON

Actually, it's Jay Z.

MIKE

What are you, his biographer?
(to Eden)
Are you getting implants?

EDEN

Actually, maybe. I just found out-

MIKE

You should definitely get like a C.

AARON

Nah, at least a 36D.

EDEN

Do you guys even know what a 36D means? I could say like 32P and you'd probably cum.

AARON

(giggling)
Mike will cum at anything.

Mike punches his shoulder. Eden can't deal with their drama. She grabs her purse and bolts.

INT. ABBY'S KITCHEN - LATER

Eden sits at the counter as Wallie snacks on a banana beside her, making the same annoying banana noises Dr. Dang made earlier.

EDEN

Wallie, you sound like my doctor.

Abby pours Eden some green juice she just made.

ABBY

Drink this. It's got kale, ginger, apples, and everything that prevents cancer.

Eden sips slowly, makes a sour face as she swallows.

EDEN

Does bourbon prevent cancer?

Wallie grabs an iPad to play with.

WALLIE

Mom, can you put some money in my prison commissary account?

ABBY

Stop calling your school lunch account the prison commissary.

Eden smirks. She takes another sip of the gross juice.

EDEN

I think maybe a double mastectomy will be the best thing for my anxiety. That way I might not get a panic attack every time I have sex.

Abby shakes her head.

ABBY

Cutting off healthy body parts is crazy. I'm not gonna support dealing with problems by creating more problems.

EDEN

I'm not creating problems, I'm preventing them. Look, if I do this, I'm gonna need your help. I won't be able to drive myself to the hospital or dress myself-

ABBY

What about Jason or one of your
work friends?

Annoyed, Eden pours the juice down the drain and puts on her
jacket to leave.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

EDEN

I need bourbon.

INT. TRENDY BAR - NIGHT

Eden, slightly drunk, sits at the bar hunched over her phone,
scrolls through Jason's Instagram profile.

EDEN

Hey, Luke. Get me another.

LUKE, 30's, the bartender, leans over to Eden.

LUKE

You're like ninety pounds, two old
fashions will kill you.

EDEN

You're sweet for thinking I weigh
that little. But listen, if I don't
get my boobs removed, I'm going to
get cancer, and if I DO get them
removed, I'll become the reason
some dude writes to the Playboy
advice column. Don't deny me
bourbon.

HERA (O.S.)

Luke, just get her some donuts if
you've got any.

REVEAL Hera sits at the other end of the bar, with a Shirley
Temple and snacks on her weird jarred hotdogs.

EDEN

How did you get in here?

HERA

Luke's my cousin. He lets me hang
around when my mom's having a
dinner party I don't want to be at.

EDEN

And honestly, what the fuck is up
with those hot dogs?

HERA

Chemo killed like all my tastebuds.
Pickles is like the only thing I
can taste, so I figured I'd pickle
hotdogs.

LUKE

It's actually not terrible.

Eden, notices someone familiar at the bar.

Eden squints her eyes. She spots JASON kissing ANOTHER WOMAN
at the bar. She can't believe it. She opens her purse and
opens a compact mirror to make sure she looks hot.

HERA

What?

EDEN

(whispering to Hera)
Remember the guy? The
"situationship"?

HERA

Oh yeah, the creep.

EDEN

He's here, with another woman.

HERA

I told you.

Jason sees Eden, he can't avoid her, there's too many people
trapping him.

JASON

Eden?

EDEN

Hey, Jason.

The OTHER WOMAN joins Jason, wraps her arm around his waist.
Eden can't take her eyes off her.

OTHER WOMAN

(in a thick French accent)
I'll just get a soda, mon cheri.

Hera took enough high school French to know what "mon cheri" means. The other woman looks at Hera and Eden

LOLA
Hello. I'm Lola.

EDEN
I'm confused.

Hera smiles the biggest "I don't give a fuck" smile.

HERA
(to Jason)
Jake? Does your girlfriend know
you're not looking for anything
serious?

JASON
It's Jason.
(to Eden)
Eden, I'm sorry. I kinda met Lola a
while back-

HERA
Fuck you and fuck your Amélie
girlfriend. We should impose some
sort of foreign tariffs on people
like that. Did you know Eden may
have breast cancer?

JASON
Oh my god. Why didn't you tell me?

Eden's on the verge of tears. She grabs Hera's hand and squeezes it.

EDEN
Excuse me, I need some air.

Eden looks queasy, she bolts, grabbing Hera with her.

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Eden and Hera rush outside. Eden vomits into a garbage can on the side walk. Hera holds her hair back.

HERA
Keep going, you'll feel better if
you barf more.

EDEN
I don't think I have any barf left.

Hera helps Eden sit down on the curb.

EDEN (CONT'D)

Thanks for that.

HERA

Hey, I'm all for using the cancer card to make people realize they treated you like shit when they thought you were healthy. Are you OK?

EDEN

I think so.

HERA

It feels good asking someone else if they're OK. I get asked it all the time by everyone. "How are you?", "Are you OK?". But they're really asking about the cancer. What they really mean is, "Glad you're not dead, but I won't be surprised when you are".

Hera lights up a joint. Takes a few puffs and offers it to Eden.

HERA (CONT'D)

It helps with anxiety. I also don't want you farting if Jason and Lolita come out.

Eden smirks, takes the joint, and starts smoking.

EDEN

You're a fighter, you know that.

Hera shakes her head.

HERA

I hate when people tell me to "be strong" and "you're such a fighter" and all that crap. My closest experience to a fight is me getting punched in the face over and over again by my brother.

Eden pulls out the "Boob Bucket List" she wrote. She stares at it and looks up at Hera.

EDEN

I'm gonna do it. You did it and you seem OK. Plus, I'm sick of other people making decisions for me. I want to be in control, for once.

HERA

I'll be able to drive you!

Hera pulls out her DRIVERS LICENSE and holds it up proudly.

EDEN

Oh my god! You did it. I'm not trying to be an asshole, but I literally can't believe it.

HERA

Thanks.

(beat)

Boobs are kinda overrated anyway.

EDEN

Right? It's not like I walk or type with them.

Eden puts out the joint and turns to Hera.

EDEN (CONT'D)

I want to be your friend. But me being so scared of cancer and you actually having cancer makes me feel weird. I'm not always gonna know how to handle this whole cancer situation. And I'm going to fuck up.

Hera's eyes tear up.

HERA

I have no idea what I'm doing either— we're all just figuring this out. We're all gonna make mistakes, but I'm not alone. You're not alone. We're just standing in this pile of vomit together trying to figure this shit out.

Eden notices Hera's tears.

EDEN

Are you crying?

HERA

No! I'm allergic to your perfume.

EDEN

Liar.

INT. PLAYBOY MAGAZINE OFFICES- DAY

Eden at her desk - typing. CLOSE ON the computer screen --
Written on it: "Dear Heart Breaker..."

EDEN (V.O.)

Dear Heart Breaker: there's no way
I can answer for you. You're the
only person who can make this
decision. But I'll leave you with
this: anyone can get sick at any
time. Sickness is not some moral
judgment.

INT. CHEMO WARD - DAY

Hera sits beside Eden in a big comfy chair, receiving a chemo
infusion, eating hot dogs from a jar. They scroll on their
laptop a Google image search of reconstructed breasts.

EDEN (V.O.)

Everyone makes big mistakes. We've
all done things we're not proud of.
No one breaks up with anyone else
the SECOND they first feel
ambivalent. We like to delay hard
decisions. Forgive yourself. Look
into your heart and decide how to
move forward.

Eden scrolls through Instagram on her phone and UNFOLLOWS
Jason.

INT. EDEN'S BATHROOM

Eden's in her bra and the jeans she always wears. She stares
at her breasts in the mirror. Feeling them, cupping them,
poking them.

EDEN (V.O.)

Whatever you decide, commit to
facing the truth instead of running
away. Ask yourself what you believe
in, what matters the most.

(MORE)

EDEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Honor those things, even when it's
inconvenient, even when it's hard,
even when it hurts. What matters
the most? Who matters the most?

Eden finds her "Boob Bucket List" in her pocket and tapes it
inside her medicine cabinet.

EDEN (V.O.)
Make a list. Tape it to the wall.
Don't let yourself forget. I'm
making my list right now.

Eden slams her medicine cabinet shut.

FADE OUT.