

IS THIS YOU

Written by

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Based on "Is This You" by Kathryn Harlan

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INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The bright and cheerful maximalist chaos of an empty elementary school classroom. Art projects. The alphabet. A whiteboard full of drawings and affirmations.

One wall displays a class project: WHAT IS FAMILY? With various drawings and representations of families both extended and small. Lots of mothers. Many daughters.

And some signs there's money here: A 3D printer; an elaborate fish tank with several species flitting back and forth. A fancy projector. A laptop with a sticker proudly branding it PROPERTY OF NEW HORIZONS MONTESSORI SCHOOL. AN ALTERNATIVE FOR YOUR FAMILY SINCE 1974.

All of this hope for the future, all of the promise of young minds, is juxtaposed with-

CHILD'S VOICE (V.O.)

(darkly)

Maura died on a Tuesday. It was raining and she was sad. This time she died, it was because she was daydreaming about the summer, when the windows were all open and she was free to go anywhere.

Gradually, the voice morphs into the matter-of-fact tones of:

PRINCIPAL DEB (V.O.)

(pre-lap)

She wasn't paying attention and it was too late when the truck came around the corner-

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

An equally maximalist and cheerful office space, where PRINCIPAL DEB (50s, high-piled hair, lofty ideals) perches on the desk and reads from a student's work.

PRINCIPAL DEB

-and crushed her against the side of the school. It was the worst time she'd died yet.

Principal Deb is disturbed. She shakes her head as if to get rid of a bad taste. Thrusts the booklet she's holding at **MAURA** (20s, searching for something, hates it here).

PRINCIPAL DEB (CONT'D)
I thought the picture was
particularly...specific.

Maura flips to the back page where, after THE END, the child has drawn a brick wall with a drawing of Maura mashed against it. Lots of red crayon blood.

The corners of Maura's mouth play up.

PRINCIPAL DEB (CONT'D)
Maura, this is not a funny
situation. It's a scary situation.
Hitler was an artist, you know.

MAURA
Oh, yeah. I think most people know
that.

PRINCIPAL DEB
You gave this an A+.

Maura flips to the front of the booklet (a few pieces of 8.5 X 11 paper, stapled and folded like a book). In crayon, but perfectly spaced: *MAURA'S DEATH, AGAIN. By Helios Grantham.*

On the front, in red pen: *A+ Nice work! Very imaginative.*

MAURA
Well, he nailed the assignment. His
grammar, spelling, and use of vivid
detail was superlative. It's
exactly what I asked for.

Principal Deb sighs. She sits behind her desk.

PRINCIPAL DEB
I'm sorry to turn this casual chat
into a reprimand, Maura. But. The
content. The content is what I'm
concerned with. Aren't you?

MAURA
Am I worried that an 8-year-old is
going to kill me with a truck? No.

PRINCIPAL DEB
We can't send work like this home
to parents. His mother was beside
herself. (Beat) I need to take a
point from your wellness chart.

She gestures to a chart with teachers' names in a neat line, tracking their "wellness score." Maura's the lowest by far.

MAURA

Okay.

PRINCIPAL DEB

And I need you to think about other ways to encourage this child.

MAURA

Will do. I will. I promise.

Suddenly, the intercom fuzzes to life. TING. TING. TING. Three sweet chimes. No bells at this school.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(over intercom)

Meditation time has ended. Please gently proceed to your next class.

MAURA

Shouldn't it be "proceed gently"?

Maura looks at Principal Deb. A beat. She nods like, "Sure, go." Maura rises to leave.

PRINCIPAL DEB

Maura, I want to acknowledge that you may feel affinity for Helios because of who you are. Were. As a child. In this very school. I remember it well. But please, go carefully.

Maura barely acknowledges this. She steps out the door.

PRINCIPAL DEB (CONT'D)

(after her)

And say hi to your mother for me.

EXT. DOWNTOWN THEATER - NIGHT

We track the back of Maura's head as she approaches a small, grungy black box theater. A sandwich board outside reads *A LIVING ROOM: IN JULY. A new play by Jeanne Pollock.*

The art on the board is a family picture: Dad, Mom, Teen daughter. Torn in half. It's cheesy, the image pixelated like it was sized up on the cheap.

Maura slows as she approaches it. Her breathing seems to grow more ragged. She studies the image.

LEO (O.S.)

Maura!

Maura turns towards the sound of her name.

INT. THEATER - LATER

In the darkness of the audience, Maura and LEO (20s, sweet, a labradoodle of a man) watch a play in progress. Maura's face telegraphs annoyance. Leo is enthralled.

On stage, a TEENAGE GIRL (Hot Topic transmuted through theater, so...Target chic) stands in a bathtub.

TEENAGE GIRL

(hysterical)

You don't understand and you've
never understood and you're never
going to understand!

The girl's MOTHER (40s, pretty, understanding) cries softly.

MOTHER

Please, Mary. Just get out of the
tub. I can help.

The teenage girl grabs a razor off the tub's edge and lifts it to her wrist, dramatically. Some audience members GASP. Leo gasps loudest. Maura sinks in her seat, stewing.

TEENAGE GIRL

I'll do it! I promise I will.

MOTHER

There is no harder job than being
your mother. I thought it would be
fun. I thought we'd grow, together.
But here I am, all reaction. A
frayed wire.

The acting is stilted, perfunctory. The audience half-in.

The mother crosses and gently takes the girl's wrist. The razor clatters to the floor.

INT. THE STAGE DOOR BAR - LATER

Maura and Leo sit at a small table. Leo sips a beer. Maura has what looks like seltzer. She fidgets.

Outside, a woman in her 50s pauses to speak with the actor who played the mother. This is JEANNE (frank, direct, a bulldozer in scarves). Maura's mother. The playwright.

Jeanne and the actor exchange terse words. Jeanne waves the actor off, then grabs the door handle. Maura tenses.

LEO
Is that her?

MAURA
Yeah, that's her.

Jeanne arrives heavily, dropping a stack of playbills that knocks Leo's beer. He gamely grabs it before it spills.

JEANNE
I could use a wine. (To Leo, who she has never met) Would you?

LEO
Oh, sure. I'm Leo, by the way.

JEANNE
Thanks, Leo.

A little shell-shocked, Leo gets up and heads to the bar. Mother and daughter regard one another.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Bangs.

MAURA
Yeah. I needed something to cover my eyebrows so you wouldn't see me doing this-

Maura raises her eyebrows in melodramatic shock.

MAURA (CONT'D)
-throughout the entire play.

JEANNE
Brava. (Beat) Is that your review?

MAURA
No. My review would be more scathing than that. But reviewing a play about myself would be a conflict of interest, I think.

JEANNE
Oh, it's not about you. Relax. It's a pastiche.

MAURA
Of me and all the other daughters you raised?

JEANNE

I did raise April, in a sense.
Where is she, anyway? She's kinder.

MAURA

She's working, but she sends her
love.

JEANNE

I send mine back.

Maura sips her seltzer. Jeanne looks over at Leo, who gamely
chats up the BARTENDER.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

He's cute. Is he smart?

MAURA

No, but he has a massive dick.

JEANNE

Congratulations.

Jeanne sweeps Maura's bangs away. Maura sweeps them back.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

I suppose you do have your father's
forehead, so it's not all bad.

They regard one another. Part smile, part scowl.

MAURA

(sincere)

I missed this.

Leo returns with a smile and a very full glass of wine.

LEO

I told them it was for the
playwright and they poured way more
than usual.

JEANNE

Good man. I'll never drink all of
this, though. Maura, you'll have to
finish it.

MAURA

I'm sober, mother. Remember?

JEANNE

Right. Still trying that on.

LEO
Jeanne, I loved the play. I felt so
sad for the daughter.

JEANNE
Thank you, Leo.

Jeanne issues side-eye to Maura. Maura ignores it.

LEO
And the part about the father was
so interesting. At first I didn't
understand he was dead, until his
ghost came back to talk to the
daughter. Spooky stuff.

JEANNE
Indeed.

LEO
The mother-

JEANNE
(caustic)
Oh. Yes, let's talk about each of
the characters.

LEO
(gamely carrying on)
The mother wasn't very good. (Then)
The actor I mean.

Maura snorts. Jeanne looks at her. Wry smiles.

LEO (CONT'D)
It's also really nice to see you
two together. I know you haven't
seen each other in awhile.

JEANNE
That's very true.

MAURA
Okay. Thank you, Leo.

LEO
(brightly)
You're welcome!

Rap rap rap! Suddenly, the actor who played the mother is
back. She insistently knocks on the window. *Rap rap rap rap
rap rap...* Jeanne ignores it and sips her wine.

LEO (CONT'D)

Jeanne, I think she's trying to get your attention.

Jeanne issues side eye to Maura again. Maura smiles broadly back and loudly sips her seltzer. Then, pointed:

MAURA

Better pay attention to her, mom.
Seems important.

With a scowl, Jeanne turns to face the actor who, with a great deal of flourish, spits on the window. Jeanne sighs.

JEANNE

Well, that's my cue, I suspect.

Jeanne stands. She pulls an envelope from her bag and *thwaps* it onto the table.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

The next six months. Hi to April.

MAURA

Yep. (Then, strangled) Thanks.

Maura collects the envelope with covert shame. She thumbs through a series of rent checks.

Jeanne swans out the door. Outside the glass, she grabs the actor by the coat sleeve and pulls her away, arguing.

LEO

Boy. Theater people are tricky,
aren't they?

INT. MAURA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Maura and Leo have sex. It's boring, perfunctory. Leo, thrusting slowly away on top of Maura, seems lost in thought. He stops, his brow furrowed.

LEO

Do you think your mom likes me?

MAURA

Oh. God, Leo!

Maura pushes Leo off her. They lie next to each other.

LEO

What? I'm sorry, babe.

MAURA

Not really a question I want to be asked while your penis is inside me, *per se*.

LEO

I see where you get your sharpness from. She's smart. And kind of like a laser. A human laser. Pew pew.

MAURA

Yes.

LEO

Was the girl in the play, you?

MAURA

To her? Maybe.

Leo appears to consider this. Then the thought seems to leave his brain as easily as it entered. Must be nice.

LEO

I'm still hard. Want to try again?

MAURA

Sure.

Leo earnestly kisses her. He's sweet, despite it all. And she wasn't lying to her mother. He turns her toward the window, spoons her, then pulls her onto him. She smiles and sighs.

Then: A shadow moves outside. As if someone was on the fire escape. Maura starts.

MAURA (CONT'D)

What was that?

LEO

What? Where?

MAURA

I think there's someone outside.

Leo leaps into action. Nude. He grabs a hairbrush from Maura's dresser and sneaks to the window, brandishing it. Pulls the curtain wide with a SHHHH! Nothing.

But then...the shadow moves again, across the other window.

MAURA (CONT'D)

There!

Leo moves fast, like a sniper. It's hot. Maura starts to touch herself to the sight of Leo's ass moving across her room balletically. With an unexpected grunt, she comes.

Leo turns to her.

LEO

Babe. What? Did you just come?

MAURA

Yes.

LEO

Was there even anything out there?
Or were you just toying with me?

MAURA

Of course there was something
there! I saw a shadow!

LEO

I thought we agreed that I would
get you off first before you did it
yourself, for awhile.

MAURA

Yes but that was a weird thing to
agree to. I regret it.

Leo scoffs. Haughtily, he starts to put his clothes on.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Leo, come on. I'm joking.

She's not.

LEO

No, you're not! What you are doing
is testing my boundaries again.

MAURA

I'm not. I swear. Not
intentionally.

LEO

If we don't have boundaries we
don't have anything, Maura.

MAURA

I'm sorry. Come lie down. (Beat)
You can still fuck me.

LEO

Ugh! You know I hate it when you say that. It's so rude. Fuck fuck fuck. A rude word.

MAURA

Shh. Leo, come on. It's late. You'll wake up April.

LEO

She won't care and you know it. Her boundaries are...I don't even think she has any. You two are codependent, you know that? My therapist told me so.

MAURA

Okay, this is a lot of things very late in the day and I would just like to go to sleep.

LEO

You're not listening to me. You never do. I thought maybe meeting your mom would be a level up for us, but you're just too selfish. And shitty. You're shitty to me, Maura, you know that? I can't do this anymore. I'm done. (Then) I'm breaking up with you.

Leo turns to face Maura. She's asleep. Snoring softly.

With an angry sob, Leo flees. But ever the gentleman, he softly closes Maura's bedroom door after himself.

After a beat, Maura's eyes pop open. She was not asleep at all, just tired of Leo's dramatics. She picks up her phone.

MAURA

(whispers)

5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

As if on cue, two texts come through from Leo: I'M SORRY. And I LOVE YOU. Emoji a-plenty. Maura sighs. Starts to reply.

In a fit of pique, she BLOCKS his number instead.

INT. BATHROOM - SHOWER - MORNING

Maura showers. Sings to herself. She appears totally unmoved by last night's events. We hear the bathroom door open.

MAURA
Good mornings!

APRIL (O.S.)
Good mornings!

Maura opens the curtain just enough to stick her face out and make kissy noises at APRIL (20s, Maura's childhood BFF and roommate, silly, a real one).

April loads a toothbrush with a massive gob of sparkly child's toothpaste. Maura resumes showering. Through curtain:

MAURA
I don't know how you use that stuff.

APRIL
And I don't know why they don't make adult toothpaste with sparkles in it, because I would pay at least four adult dollars more for it.

April begins brushing her teeth. Through toothbrush:

APRIL (CONT'D)
I heard Leo leave.

Maura groans through the curtain. April spits into the sink.

APRIL (CONT'D)
He's a dumb baby anyway.

MAURA
Incredible dick, though.

APRIL
Plenty of dicks in the sea, my love.

April pees. Doesn't flush. Closes the lid. Washes her hands.

MAURA
A bunch of dicks just floating out there? Seems dangerous for them. Sharks and stuff.

APRIL
Some of them live at the bottom. The real girth-y ones.

MAURA
I blocked his number this time.

APRIL
Interesting. Different. How do you
feel?

MAURA
(flat)
I feel alive.

APRIL
Did you see your mom?

MAURA
Briefly.

APRIL
How was?

MAURA
Annoying. But she coughed up.

APRIL
Goddess bless you, Jeanne. (Beat)
Okay, I'm getting sweaty so I'm
leaving. Byeee.

MAURA
Byeee!

April leaves the steamy bathroom. Maura resumes singing.

INT. MAURA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maura gets dressed. Picks up her hairbrush. Thinks. She
checks the fire escape. Nothing there.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Maura spins into the kitchen and opens a cupboard. Grabs a
bowl. Goes to grab her cereal, but the box isn't there. Odd.

THIRTEEN (O.S.)
(through cereal)
It's over here.

MAURA
Thanks.

Maura turns towards the voice. Pauses. Gasps. Drops the bowl,
which is shitty plastic, so it just bounces away.

MAURA (CONT'D)
April!

APRIL (O.S.)
What? I've gotta go to work.

April joins Maura. Also pauses. Gasps.

APRIL (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

Reveal: Sitting at the table, eating a bowl of Cheerios and scooping massive spoons of cinnamon and sugar into it, is...

THIRTEEN, Maura's 13-year old self.

INT. KITCHEN NOOK - CONTINUOUS

Maura and April edge towards Thirteen, like they would a wild animal. They stare at her. Not wanting to be perceived, Thirteen pulls her dirty hair over her face.

THIRTEEN
What? Stop looking at me.

Maura and April clutch each other. Maura shoves April forward. April resists. They tussle. Finally, Maura shoves April at the table. She slowly sits across from Thirteen.

APRIL
Hey. (Then) Maura...

THIRTEEN
Hey.

APRIL
Um, what's shakin' bacon?

THIRTEEN
Not much, Starsky and Hutch.

April leaps from her chair. Maura silently encourages her on. She sits back down. Panic pervades, but she steadies herself.

APRIL
(shaky, trying something)
Can you believe we have a math test again?

THIRTEEN
Ugh. Mrs. Damon is such a slit.

APRIL
Massive slit. A gaping one.

Thirteen looks up. Laughs. Her left eyebrow has been recently pierced and is wildly infected. Pus. Blood. It's disgusting.

April slides out of her chair and yanks Maura towards the kitchen door. They panic-whisper.

APRIL (CONT'D)

That is you.

MAURA

No shit, Sherlock.

APRIL

Fourteen-year-old you.

MAURA

Thirteen. I think. Jeanne made me take the piercing out for picture day. Fuck.

Maura absently scratches at her left eyebrow. April yanks her hand away.

MAURA (CONT'D)

What is this? Is she real?

APRIL

She seems real. She's eating Maura's Special Cinnamon O's.

MAURA

Go touch her.

APRIL

You go touch her!

MAURA

No, it's too fucking weird. You go.

APRIL

I don't want to. I'm scared.

Maura pushes April over. April succumbs. She always does.

April approaches Thirteen, who is shoveling cereal like it's her job. April bats at her.

THIRTEEN

Ow, bitch! Don't hit me. Cow.

April returns to Maura.

APRIL

It's real. She's real.

MAURA

What do we do?

APRIL

How should I fucking know?

THIRTEEN

We're gonna be late for school.

Maura looks at her watch.

MAURA

Fuck, she's right. Kind of.

APRIL

We can't go to work. Are you kidding me? Let's call in sick!

MAURA

I don't have any sick days left.
(Then) Would you...?

APRIL

No way. I am not doing this alone.

INT. MAURA'S CAR - DAY

Maura drives. April in the passenger seat. Thirteen in the backseat. The radio plays Top 40.

APRIL

Do we, like, call someone?

MAURA

Who? Who do you call? What do you say? Hello I woke up and my 13-year-old self was sitting at the kitchen table eating all of my cereal?

THIRTEEN

I have my period. I need calories.
(Then) Change the station.

MAURA

Bullshit, you don't get your period until next spring. I think. Unless you're not from the same time of year as now?

APRIL

This is fucking messed.

MAURA

What if we just drop her off at school?

APRIL

Cool plan until she immediately is not on record anywhere.

THIRTEEN

I know you're talking about me. I hate it when people talk about me like I'm not there. I'm here.

MAURA

Sorry. I hate that too. Which, yeah. Makes sense.

A beat. Maura regards...herself...through the rear view mirror. Thirteen scratches at her eyebrow. Maura too.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Do you understand that I'm...you?

THIRTEEN

Yeah. Our bangs are fugly, by the way. (Then) Change the station.

APRIL

Oh, "fugly." What a moment in the culture that was.

MAURA

Okay, so, I'm trying to figure out why you're here. Do you know why you're here?

THIRTEEN

Yes.

April and Maura sit up straighter. Thirteen leans forward.

THIRTEEN (CONT'D)

I'm here with a message from the past. (Then, ominous) Don't get fugly bangs.

Thirteen sits back and roars with laughter. April cracks up, too. Maura glares at her.

APRIL

What? Your sense of timing has always been really good.

INT./EXT. MAURA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Maura pulls up outside a shitty suburban mall. April pulls on a Target-branded smock.

THIRTEEN
This mall still sucks.

APRIL
What are you going to do about it?

THIRTEEN
Kill myself, probably.

April whips around, suddenly serious.

APRIL
That's not funny. Seriously.

THIRTEEN
Okay, jeez. Fuck. Sorry.

Maura touches April's shoulder. They exchange a look.

APRIL
What are you going to do?

MAURA
I don't know. Will you help me think of a plan? Text me?

APRIL
Of course. Thanks for the ride.

MAURA
Ah, shit. I have AA tonight.

APRIL
I think they'd understand.

MAURA
I can't miss a meeting.

She means it. April nods solemnly.

APRIL
It's cool. I'll hang with her.

MAURA
Yeah? Thank you.

THIRTEEN
AA? Lane.

MAURA

Super lame, and we're doing it anyway, so...get used to that.

Thirteen huffs.

APRIL

Well, this is a weird energy to bring into my low-paying retail job, but here we are. Thanks for the ride. Love you.

MAURA

You're the best. Love you, too.

THIRTEEN

Ugh. Why don't you kiss about it?

APRIL

Because I'm straight, asshole.

THIRTEEN

So what. I'm straight, too.

April snorts. Maura hits April. Ow. Thirteen seems intrigued for a minute, then loses interest. Spots something outside.

THIRTEEN (CONT'D)

Since when do we have a multiplex?

Maura and April exchange looks.

INT. MULTIPLEX THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

Thirteen pumps copious amounts of movie theater "butter" onto a massive popcorn. Maura stuffs money into Thirteen's pocket.

MAURA

Stay here. Watch movies. Be good.

Thirteen pauses the butter dump to salute. Then starts again.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Maura's students quietly make art at their desks. Maura hides her phone under her desk and furiously types.

She Googles: *Doppelgangers*. Then: *Younger self appearing*. A Psychology Today article about Reparenting pops up. She clicks it. Scans. Shakes her head. Scratches her eyebrow.

Suddenly, Maura hears a loud THUMP. She looks up to see that HELIOS (8, dark nature, wrote about Maura's death) has thrown a clump of clay at the window and is now staring at it.

MAURA

Helios. Bud. No throwing, remember?

Helios turns slowly and stares at Maura. He runs his finger across his neck menacingly. In response, Maura shoots a finger gun at her head. She mimes her brains spraying.

Helios laughs. She laughs back. Points at his seat. He sits.

Maura directs her attention back to her phone. A knock.

She shoves her phone in a drawer and looks up. Principal Deb's face looms in her classroom window. She waves. Maura gives a thumbs up. Deb knocks again.

Through the glass, she mouths, "No phones!" Maura gives two thumbs up this time. Deb leaves. Maura retrieves her phone.

Suddenly, Maura's stomach gurgles. She clutches it. Uh oh.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Uh, kids, just keep going. Art.

She practically dives out the door.

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - STALL - MOMENTS LATER

Maura lands heavily on a tiny child's toilet. Unleashes.

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - SINKS - MOMENTS LATER

Maura washes her hands. Scratches her eyebrow. Regards the pink lump rising beneath it. Another gurgle.

She burps into her hand. Smells it. Recoils.

A KID comes in the bathroom. Smells it. Makes a face. Leaves.

INT. CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maura Googles under her desk. Suddenly: There's Helios.

MAURA

Oh. You scared me.

HELIOS

Your face is gross and swollen.

He's right: Maura's eyebrow is worse. She burps again.

HELIOS (CONT'D)
Your burp smells like butter.

MAURA
It's not polite to point out things
like that.

HELIOS
Can I touch your face?

Maura produces a small jar full of quarters and shakes it.
It's labeled "Helios Tax."

Helios takes a quarter out of his pocket and deposits it.
This is clearly a thing between them. Maura leans in. Helios
pokes her eyebrow. She winces. He smiles devilishly.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - LATER

A circle of chairs. A bevy of ANONYMOUS ALCOHOLICS.

EVERYONE
...the things I cannot change, and
the wisdom to know the difference.

Maura fidgets in her seat. Looks up at the clock. 4:53.
Across the circle, CLINT (50s, magnetic, Silver Fox) eyes
her. She meets his gaze. Settles her fidgeting.

CHAIRPERSON
Alright, friends. That's all
tonight. Get home safe.

Maura bolts out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Maura hustles to her car. Clint is hot on her heels.

CLINT
Maura.

MAURA
I can't really talk right now.

Maura reaches her car. Clint gently, but expertly, gets in
her way. Puts his hand on the door.

CLINT
Give me just a minute.

MAURA

It's kind of an emergency.

CLINT

Okay. But as your sponsor I see a lot of physical energy here.

MAURA

It's just sugar. I had like 64 ounces of soda today. I think.

Maura scratches at her eyebrow. Clint watches her.

CLINT

Maura, be serious.

MAURA

I am. You don't need to worry. I'm not drinking. I just need to go.

A beat. Clint takes Maura into his arms. It's not exactly fatherly. She melts a touch. He kisses the top of her head.

They part. Both check to see if anyone saw. An old habit.

MAURA (CONT'D)

I promise I'm okay. Let me go.

CLINT

Okay. But you can call me anytime.

He moves aside. She gets in her car. Starts it. Clint lingers. After a moment, he steps back. She pulls away.

INT. CAR/EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Maura pulls up outside the mall. Thirteen sits on a bench outside, swinging her legs. Maura observes her younger self.

Suddenly, her vision swims. Goes fractal. Almost like she's looking through a kaleidoscope. Like she's an atom being split. A sperm swimming away from the egg.

Maura drops her head to the wheel. Tries to get steady.

Then: The back door opens. Thirteen gets in.

THIRTEEN

Once around the park, Jeeves.

Maura lifts her head. Her vision steadies. She looks back through the rear view. Starts to drive.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Maura glances back at Thirteen as she drives.

MAURA

You okay?

THIRTEEN

Yeah. Except I've had fake butter
shits all day. You?

MAURA

Same. (Then) Where's April?

Thirteen shrugs.

MAURA (CONT'D)

She never came to get you?

THIRTEEN

She did but I told her to fuck off.

MAURA

Why?

THIRTEEN

Because, okay? She was asking me
all these questions and pissing me
off. It's like, get off my jock.

A beat. Maura studies Thirteen through the mirror. Thirteen
scratches her eyebrow. So does Maura. Then Thirteen gathers
her dirty hair in front of her face.

MAURA

Did you see any good movies?

THIRTEEN

Not really. One about these three
people in a love triangle that was
pretty juicy.

MAURA

They let you in that one?

Thirteen peaks through her hair, like "Be serious."

THIRTEEN

I'm very advanced for my age.

MAURA

I remember thinking that. (Then) I
think when you do stuff I feel it.

THIRTEEN

(affirming)

Butter shits. (Then) Do you have a boyfriend...or girlfriend?

MAURA

Both. Sometimes. Right now, a boyfriend.

THIRTEEN

Is he hot?

MAURA

Yeah. But kinda dumb.

Thirteen laughs. Maura, too. It turns into giggles. The wild and uncontrollable kind. Like they're hopped up on too much soda and fake butter. Which they are.

THIRTEEN

(through giggles)

Remember that kid with who jumped off the cliff into the river...what was his name? Mason something. The one who burst his one ball open. Uniball Mason.

MAURA

(through giggles)

Matt Morrison? I think?

Their laughter begins to subside.

THIRTEEN

No, it was Mason. He's kind of cute, right?

MAURA

It was definitely Matt Morrison and I didn't think he was cute.

Thirteen shrugs.

THIRTEEN

I do.

Maura considers this. Something's...off.

MAURA

No, Jeanne thought he was cute. She told me I should ask him out. And she kept calling him Mason, too.

THIRTEEN
Literally whatever. (Then) Uniball.

Thirteen starts to giggle again. Maura compulsively joins.

Suddenly, Maura's vision is fractured again. The world in front of her all tiny shards. Through the laughter:

MAURA (V.O.)
I thought about killing you today.

THIRTEEN (V.O.)
If you kill me, you'll die too.

For a moment, it's like they're in one another's thoughts, perspectives. Maura's vision tunnels from the backset to the front, and back again.

Then: The fractured vision goes red. Red light. Maura hits the brakes. The laughter dies. Maura blinks back to herself.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

From outside the car: The windows have fogged up. We hear Maura hit some buttons, and it begins to clear.

Thirteen is gone.

INT. CAR - SAME

Maura turns to look in the backseat. It's empty. She takes a deep breath. It's like a weight has been lifted. She's alone, again, inside herself.

She looks in the rear view mirror. Her eyebrow is better.

The light turns green. Maura drives.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maura enters. She melts to the ground. April's on the couch. Glass of wine. Laptop. She glares at Maura.

MAURA
What?

APRIL
You were an asshole to me today.

MAURA
Not me. Her.

APRIL

Where is that little shit, anyway?

Maura lies fully flat on the floor.

MAURA

Gone. She disappeared. I felt it.
(Then) You left her alone.

APRIL

Nuh-uh. She dismissed me. I forgot
how fucking shitty you used to be.
Horrifying.

Maura, lying down, tries to take her coat off. Struggles.

APRIL (CONT'D)

What do you mean, you felt it?

MAURA

Like we were together and then we
weren't. Like a ripping. And now I
feel really fucking sad?

APRIL

Then you probably don't want to see
this.

April turns her laptop around to face Maura. Maura peels
herself up to the lip of the coffee table and sees:

The main page of the NEW YORKER. An essay called MAURA, AGED
13 by Jeanne Pollock. Maura pulls herself up to seated.

MAURA

What the fuck?

APRIL

Yeah.

MAURA

It's...the eyebrow ring!

APRIL

It came out today.

MAURA

This is...

APRIL

It's kinda good. Like, actually
really good. Not like the plays.

MAURA

Fuck this.

Maura lies back down.

APRIL

So my theory is that your mom
writing this made younger you
happen.

Maura groans from the floor.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Maybe you should call Jeanne?

Maura groans louder.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Maura and April sit across from each other on the couch, feet
pressed together. April drinks wine. Maura, seltzer.

APRIL

What would you have asked her? If
you had more time.

MAURA

I dunno. Why?

APRIL

I mean, how often do you get to
talk to your younger self?

MAURA

But I know everything she knows.

APRIL

I don't know, I feel like a totally
different person now. I'd want to,
like, interview little me.

Maura considers this.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Also, if she's how Jeanne remembers
you, the answers will be different.
It might be a way to learn about
Jeanne.

MAURA

Why would I want to do that?

APRIL

To improve your relationship with
her? To understand one another?

She's right, of course. But Maura dismisses this with a tight
shake of the head.

MAURA

I dunno what I'd ask little me. I
have some things I want to tell
her, though.

APRIL

Man, get in line sister.

Maura reaches between them, pressing her feet to April's,
harder. April puts her glass down. Grabs Maura's other hand.
They pull each others arms and see-saw back and forth.

It's peaceful, sweet. An old gesture. Childlike.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Maura and April stand at the doorways of their bedrooms.

APRIL

I think I speak for both of us when
I say that today was whack, and I
welcome the sweet release of sleep.

MAURA

Amen.

They hug. April turns away. Maura opens the bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the door swings open, Maura's eyes go wide.

TEN (O.S.)

Mommy.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Light streams out of the bathroom into the dark apartment.

MAURA

Fuck!

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maura and April huddle in the bathroom doorway. They look down at...

TEN (Maura's 10-year-old self, small, shivering).

Ten crouches on the closed toilet seat in a t-shirt and underwear. She sniffles, crying softly.

TEN
I want mommy.

MAURA
Yeah, we got that.

APRIL
Don't be mean.

MAURA
I'm not, it's just...fuck. FUCK!

APRIL
How old is this one? I don't remember her.

Maura regards her.

MAURA
Ten, I think.

APRIL
Huh. Seems younger.

MAURA
I was sick a lot that year.

APRIL
Is this going to keep happening?

MAURA
Why would I know that? How?

TEN
I want mommy!

Maura squats down next to Ten roughly. April tenses.

MAURA
You don't want Mommy. I promise you don't. You think you do, but she's just going to pathologize you and make you feel guilty for crying.

Ten cries harder. Through sobs:

TEN

I (sob) want (sob) mommy!

Maura seethes. She pushes out of the bathroom. April moves to comfort Ten. Maura pushes back in. Roughly grabs Ten's hand.

APRIL

Careful!

MAURA

Let's go. I'm driving.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Maura's car edges up to a dark Brownstone apartment building. Ten snivels in the front seat. April leans forward.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Maura hesitates. April senses her uncertainty.

APRIL

What's the plan, stan?

MAURA

Confrontation.

APRIL

Mkay.

Maura looks at Ten, who continues to snivel. Her anger softens. She reaches over to pat Ten's arm. Ten bites her.

MAURA

Ow! Fuck. (Beat, darkly) We're home, dummy. Mommy is in there.

Ten perks up and grabs for the door handle.

PRE-LAP: DING-DONG!

EXT. BROWNSTONE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens to reveal Maura, arms folded, and April, holding Ten's shoulders. Jeanne, in a robe, looks at them.

Maura opens her mouth. Ten breaks free and hugs Jeanne.

TEN

Mommy!

Jeanne's face melts. She pulls Ten close, then inside the house. BAM. The door closes in Maura's face.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Maura drives. April leans back in the passenger seat. Maura starts to cry. Not adult tears, but big, snotty kid tears.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Still sobbing, Maura collapses into bed. April tucks her in, as a mother would. Rubs her friend's back for a moment. Gets up to leave.

MAURA

No, please. Stay.

With a sigh, April tucks in behind Maura like a big spoon.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Maura stares distractedly out the window of her classroom.

She looks down at her hidden phone screen. A series of texts to Jeanne: *Mom, what is this? Are you doing this? Hello? I hate this so much!* No responses.

The bells chime. Kids get up and leave. She barely notices.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Maura wanders the aisles of a pharmacy. She stops in front of a wall of pregnancy tests. Dumps a bunch in her basket.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Maura exits the pharmacy with a giant bag of tests. A car horn HONKS. Then again. HONK. Then: HONK HONK HONK.

Maura looks up. Her face falls. She breaks into a run.

EXT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

FIFTEEN sits in the front seat of Maura's car. She leans on the horn. She looks eerily like the version in Jeanne's play: Dark eye makeup, dark demeanor.

Maura tries to open the passenger door. Fifteen locks it.

MAURA

Let me in, goddammit.

Fifteen gives Maura the finger against the window. She picks her nose and wipes a booger on the glass.

EXT. MALL - LATER

Maura pulls up at the mall. April waits for her there. Maura rolls down the passenger window. April looks in. Sees Fifteen in the backseat, lying down.

FIFTEEN

Heya, ya slit!

APRIL

Oh, goody.

MAURA

Yeah, get in.

A reluctant beat. Then April gets in.

INT. CAR - LATER

Maura drives. April in the passenger seat. She's edgy. Fifteen lies across the back seat, her feet up on the window.

APRIL

We can't just keep doing this.

MAURA

Doing what?

APRIL

Waiting for them to show up and, what? Dropping them off at Jeanne's house?

From the backseat: Snorting laughter. Maura snort laughs, too. Her driving has gotten a little...loose.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Hey. Maura?

Maura turns to look at April, like "What?" The car jerks along with her head turn.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Maura! Jesus. Are you drunk?

Maura snorts and laughs again. Fifteen, too. Fifteen holds up a flask from between the seats.

FIFTEEN (O.S.)

You want some, Ape-y?

APRIL

Jesus Christ.

April looks up just in time to say:

APRIL (CONT'D)

Maura, look out!

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Maura lifts her head from the steering wheel: She's crashed into a stop sign. April opens the door and gets out.

MAURA

(from within)

Oopsy! (Then). I knew this airbag didn't work.

April looks at the car: the front end is caved in. She looks around. Maura starts laughing hysterically. Fifteen sits up from the backseat and joins her. April sighs.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Maura and Fifteen sit side by side on a curb. They're on their best behavior, but both sway a little.

A tow truck pulls Maura's car away. Maura and Fifteen wave at it. April talks to a COP.

COP

And you were driving, is that right?

APRIL

Yes, officer. My friend and her sister distracted me and I lost control of the car.

The cop looks over at Maura and Fifteen. They do their best to look respectable. The cop looks dubious. April holds her breath. The cop scribbles a note.

COP
Okay. You have a way to get home?
Tell them to stop distracting you
while you drive, okay?

APRIL
Will do, sir.

The cop leaves. April turns to Maura and Fifteen.

FIFTEEN
We're hungry.

MAURA
So hungry!

They laugh, again. This is all so very funny to them. Pass the flask. April swipes it and takes an angry swig.

INT. DINER - DAY

April, Maura, and Fifteen eat diner burgers. Maura and Fifteen wolf theirs with an abandon. Both burp. Laugh.

April regards them. She picks at her fries.

APRIL
(to Fifteen)
Hey. Go pick some songs.

April passes Fifteen a \$10 bill.

FIFTEEN
Hell yeah.

Fifteen leaps up. Maura watches her stumble away. Laughs. She catches April's accusatory eye.

MAURA
(through burger)
What?

APRIL
I can't.

MAURA
Can't what? Don't be obtuse.

APRIL

She's only fifteen. You can't just sit here and let her do all the same horrible shit again. Stop her.

MAURA

She's fine. She's having fun. And so am I.

APRIL

You know that's not true.

Maura laughs. Eats some of April's fries. April folds her arms and stares out the window. Livid.

MAURA

What? What, bitch! What?

April gestures to Fifteen, who kicks the jukebox. Hard.

APRIL

This one's stickier than the others, have you noticed that? This is when you started wanting to die.

Did Maura hear that right?

MAURA

When I what?

APRIL

Nothing. Nevermind. I worked really hard to stay your friend after all of this, and it would be nice if you returned any of that energy to me. (Then) This version of you sucks, Maura.

MAURA

I was 15.

APRIL

Not her. You. Drunk you. Asshole, holier-than-thou, pushing people away you. (Then) When I first came here I thought I found my soul mate. Then I fought to keep you alive for years, out of love for you. My friend. I thought we were done with all of this.

MAURA

I'm not doing this. It's not my fault. Blame Jeanne.

APRIL
Being an adult means taking
responsibility for your actions.

MAURA
Boring. You sound boring.

APRIL
I'm going. You're paying.

April gets up. She swipes the flask. Leaves.

MAURA
April! C'mon.

Fifteen crashes back down in the booth.

FIFTEEN
Where'd she go? The slit.

The jukebox clicks. SLEIGH BELLS' RILL RILL starts. An
excited Fifteen stands on the booth and dances.

FIFTEEN (CONT'D)
It's our song!

Maura can't help it...she smiles and leaps up on the booth.
As the music rises, a SERVER arrives to chase them off.

MONTAGE: MAURA AND FIFTEEN'S EXCELLENT JOURNEY - VARIOUS

--Maura exits a liquor store with a small bottle. Slips it to
Fifteen. A PASSERBY eyes them. Maura gives them the finger.

--They hop on rental scooters and weave the sidewalks, almost
taking out several people.

--They abandon their scooters in a clatter outside the mall.

--They stalk several stores, leaving clothes and shoes in
their wake, until-

--Finally, they land in a dress store.

INT. CHANGE ROOMS - DAY

Maura arrives with a heap of dresses and lobs it over the
change room door.

MAURA
Try these ones!

FIFTEEN (O.S.)
Most of these suck, though.

MAURA
Styles have changed in the last
decade. Get used to it.

FIFTEEN
Get used to sucking my dick.

MAURA
Charming.

Maura crashes against the wall. Slides down.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Why do you want a dress, anyway?

FIFTEEN
Duh, junior prom?

MAURA
Oh, fuck. Right. Well. We're not
allowed to go to that.

Fifteen emerges in a very short dress. We can see lines of
recent scars across her thighs. Fifteen is a cutter.

Maura looks at her Fifteen year old self. Eyes the scars.

MAURA (CONT'D)
I can't believe I hated that body
so much.

FIFTEEN
I look like shit.

Fifteen goes back inside the change room.

FIFTEEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dad will let us go. To junior prom.

A beat as Maura ponders this. Grief crosses her features.

MAURA
(quietly)
Yeah, maybe. (Then) I'm going to
the bathroom. Stay here.

INT. MALL BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maura settles heavily onto a toilet. She's a bit spin-y. She
reaches into her purse and pulls out a pregnancy test.

INT. MALL BATHROOM - SINKS - MOMENTS LATER

Maura sits on the counter with her head on the cool mirror. A timer goes off. Maura looks at her test. Negative.

INT. MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Maura reenters the store. Fifteen fast-walks towards her.

MAURA

Oh fuck.

FIFTEEN

Turn around. Hurry.

Maura turns, but falls in step with Fifteen.

MAURA

What did you take?

FIFTEEN

Nothing. Go.

They reach the entrance of the store. Maura waits for something to happen. It doesn't. Once they're clear, both break into a run.

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - DAY

Maura sucks on an Orange Julius. She watches Fifteen try to pry a dye tag off a dress.

FIFTEEN

Fuck! Do you have a knife?

MAURA

No, why would I have a knife?

FIFTEEN

Okay, bitch. Sorry.

Maura looks around. A few people are looking their way.

MAURA

Maybe hide that a bit better.

FIFTEEN

Maybe bite me. (Then) Which of these dresses says "Daddy, I'm a good girl I swear. Let me go to prom, pretty please?"

Maura's face darkens.

MAURA

I don't know.

FIFTEEN

C'mon! Look. I think it's this one.
The color is more innocent.

Maura shrugs.

FIFTEEN (CONT'D)

He'll let us go. Mom's a slit but
Dad will let us. We're daddy's
little angels. (Then) Dude. The
other day when we got home at 2, I
think he totally knew. He winked at
breakfast, did you see that? I love
Dad. He gets it.

Maura can't take it anymore.

MAURA

Dad's dead. Dad's dead. He's dead.
Dad is dead. Okay?

Fifteen crumples. She gets up in a rush, grabs her stolen
goods, and flees. After a beat, Maura follows her.

INT. MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Maura chases Fifteen through a crowded THRONG. Suddenly,
Fifteen stops...right at the foot of a SECURITY GUARD. Maura
hangs back. Turns to run away, but can't seem to.

INT. MALL SECURITY - HALLWAY - LATER

Maura and Fifteen sit with their arms folded in the cold
hallway. Fifteen's eyes brim with tears. She runs her fingers
across her thigh, line by line. Where the scars are.

Maura sees her do this. Bats her hand away. Fifteen looks
down the hall. Her face goes sour.

FIFTEEN

Fuck a duck.

Maura looks. Her face goes sour, too. Jeanne arrives.

JEANNE

Well, isn't this just perfect.

Jeanne grabs Maura's arm and yanks her up to standing.

MAURA

Ow! ME? I didn't do anything! She did.

Jeanne yanks Maura away. Fifteen smirks. Shuffles after them.

INT. PARKING GARAGE ELEVATOR - LATER

Jeanne, Maura, and Fifteen ride a too-small elevator to the mall parking garage. Total silence.

Finally, Fifteen smirks, which turns to laughter. Maura tries not to join, but can't help it. Jeanne bristles.

JEANNE

Stop it, you idiots. Stop it. You're embarrassing.

MAURA

Sorry.

She tries to contain herself but can't.

JEANNE

You both smell like low grade gin.
(Then, to Maura) So much for your sobriety, hmm?

Maura's face drops. It's almost like she'd forgotten she was sober. Maybe she had. Oh well. Snickers. Laughter.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jeanne exits the elevator swiftly. Looks around for her car.

FIFTEEN

Uh oh. Did you lose your car again, Jeanne?

MAURA

Fucking classic.

Jeanne ignores her daughter(s) and presses the unlock button, repeatedly. No luck. They stalk the garage together.

A few SHOPPERS walk by, eyeing this ragged trio. Jeanne continues to push buttons.

FIFTEEN

This is humiliating, Jeanne.

Jeanne stops. Turns. Faces Maura.

JEANNE

The one who should be humiliated is you. Stealing slutty dresses with a fifteen year old. Drunk in the middle of the day. A waste of a person.

Maura reels.

MAURA

You're the one who's doing this, mother!

JEANNE

Doing what?

MAURA

Oh, don't even-

FIFTEEN

She's lying. She's a liar.

MAURA

You're a liar! You made her. You take responsibility for her.

JEANNE

Maura. I don't know why this is happening any more than you do.

MAURA

C'mon.

JEANNE

You always ascribe some sinister plot to me. You've always done that. Like my sole purpose on this earth is to torture you, when it's the other way around and always has been. Look inward, Maura.

MAURA

Oh believe me, I have. Whatever this is isn't coming from me. It's from your stupid essay. The New Yorker thing. Right?

Jeanne is taken aback. Maybe even cowed. Softened.

JEANNE

You read it?

MAURA

April did.

JEANNE

(nevermind)

Of course. (Then) This is my best writing, you know. Clear, emotional. Specific.

MAURA

And all you had to do was trample on your daughter's past. Well done. My life, my secrets. Your success. Great work, Jeanne.

JEANNE

Do you want me to stop?

MAURA

Of course I want you to stop! I'm tired of waking up with myself.

This slips out. Maura regrets it, instantly. The corner of Jeanne's mouth twitches. Is that...amusement?

Then: Fifteen doubles over between cars. She pukes. Maura tries to resist, but she's sick too.

JEANNE

Next time, spring for the good gin. It's always worth it.

Jeanne strides off. Maura and Fifteen try to follow.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

No, no. I think you'll get yourselves home.

She presses her car fob. BEEP. There's the car.

MAURA

But what about her?

FIFTEEN

Fuck you.

JEANNE

You'll have to figure it out.
(Then) Motherhood is awful, isn't it?

And with that, Jeanne leaves them behind.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Maura soaks in the tub, her eyes closed. She runs her fingers absently over old scars across her thighs.

INT. MAURA'S BEDROOM - SAME

An empty bed. The soft glow of light from the floor.

Reveal Fifteen. With Maura's laptop. A password space blinks in front of her. She chews her nail, then guesses. Bingo.

She navigates to Facebook. Starts looking up old friends. Clicks back through pictures of them together in high school. Stops on a photo of Maura and her dad. Frowns. Digs her nails into her thighs. Squeezes her eyes shut.

Then: Back to Facebook. She fast forwards to now. Through wedding photos, kids, job successes. Her face registers disappointment, over and over.

She opens the messages. Messages someone called REBECCA.

"I see you got married." The cursor blinks beside it. Fifteen thinks. Snorts. Writes. "You sure got a fugly husband."

The telltale dots appear...Rebecca is writing back.

A beat. A response: "What the fuck, Maura!" Then: "I haven't heard from you in like ten years, and this is the first thing you say to me? Fuck you."

Fifteen laughs into her sleeve. Posts some more:

To Megan, now a fancy lawyer: "Does your work know you used to do whippets in the bathroom at school?"

To Devin, now married with kids: "Remember when I blew you behind the gym?" Fifteen's responses blow up. She doesn't answer, just laughs.

Then, as she's about to close the laptop, a message from Leo. "Hey. Did you block my number? I've been texting."

Fifteen clicks through Leo's profile. Sees a few pictures of him and Maura together. Forms a plan. She writes:

"Oh, babe. I'm so sorry. I just needed some space." Then: "But I miss you." Leo replies: "I miss you too."

Fifteen smirks. Types some more. Off the glow on her face.

INT. MAURA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Maura wakes up in bed. The sheets next to her are a tangle, the remnants of Fifteen. But Fifteen herself is gone.

Maura looks at the tangle with a mix of sadness and disdain. She lies still for a moment, her hand on her chest. Deep breath. Then she gets up.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Maura trudges the hallway, disheveled and hungover. Gets a text from April: "Still no sign of her. Maybe she's gone?" With a fingers crossed emoji. Maura brightens slightly.

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - LATER

Maura takes another pregnancy test. Negative.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Maura stands at the blackboard. Her students are in various states of attention. Helios rests his head on his desk.

MAURA

So you see that when a new cell is formed, the cell splints...the cell splints. Splints.

Maura snorts. Helios raises his head, suddenly intrigued. Maura turns to look at her class. Laughs a little.

MAURA (CONT'D)

What word am I trying to say?
Helios, help me out. Buddy.

She leans over Helios's desk, heavily. He sits up.

HELIOS

Splits?

MAURA

That's what I said!

The kids shift uncomfortably. Some look at each other.

PRINCIPAL DEB (O.S.)

Maura, can I see you in my office,
please?

Maura straightens. Reveal Principal Deb, who's been watching this scene unfold.

HELIOS

Uh oh.

MAURA

Uh oh is right. (To class) I'll be right back. Maybe.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Maura slumps like a chastised child across from Principal Deb. She's clearly drunk.

PRINCIPAL DEB

Maura, what is going on with you? I don't want to lob accusations, here, but you seem (sotto) intoxicated.

MAURA

I seem intoxicated.

PRINCIPAL DEB

Yes. (Then) Are you agreeing?

Maura stifles a laugh.

PRINCIPAL DEB (CONT'D)

Maura, my understanding when you came to this job was that you were sober. Jeanne assured me-

Maura snort-laughes.

PRINCIPAL DEB (CONT'D)

Jeanne assured me that you were ready to work, and that you were an excellent teacher. Neither have proven to be true.

MAURA

Well, Jeanne exaggerates.

Maura's cavalier expression turns pained. She puts her hand on her leg. An old scar has been sliced open. The line of blood trickles down her leg. She swipes uselessly at it.

PRINCIPAL DEB

I also want to ask you, Maura: What do you want from your work? And is New Horizons where you'll find it?

MAURA

What do I want from my work?

The question hangs in the air. Panic rises in Maura. She looks out the window, then back at Principal Deb. Blood continues to trickle. It finds her sock.

Maura's vision goes fractal. A fly's eye of Principal Debs swims before her. Each one disappointed in her.

PRINCIPAL DEB

(forging ahead)

Maura, I have no choice but to put you on leave. Your behavior has become unwieldy, at best. My hope is that a little break will help.

Maura nods, absently. Shakes her head to get rid of the fractal feeling. Her vision steadies.

MAURA

Oh, okay. Then I have no choice but to tell you to fuck off.

A beat. Principal Deb looks at Maura. She looks down.

PRINCIPAL DEB

Oh, Maura. (Then) You're fired. I have to fire you. I'm sorry.

Maura nods. She fights tears and laughter at once.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Maura stumbles from the school with a bag of her stuff. An UBER DRIVER waits for her outside.

THUNK. Maura looks back to her classroom window to find Helios there. He hits the window with his fist. THUNK. He does it again. Maura waves at him, sadly.

He blows on the window, then gives her the finger. She laughs, ruefully. Gives him one back.

Principal Deb pries Helios from the window. She issues a final, disapproving shake of the head in Maura's direction.

INT. UBER - LATER

Maura slumps against the window of the Uber, breathing against it. Her eyes trace lazily, drunkenly across the landscape. Then, she sees something and sits up.

MAURA

Wait, stop. Stop the car, please!

UBER DRIVER

Lady, don't puke in here.

MAURA

I'm not going to, just stop!

He does.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Maura steps out of the Uber. She clutches her bag and, with a look of horror, studies a store window.

Reveal a book store window display:

**PARTHENOGENESIS: Essays on a Daughter Lost
and a Mother Found**

Beside a stack of books is a big, cardboard standup with Jeanne's headshot. Maura stands back to look at it.

After a beat of realization, Maura SCREAMS. She pounds on the window of the store repeatedly. The Uber speeds away.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

From across the street, we see an employee exit the bookstore and speak to Maura. She flails and fights back. People stare.

Then, after a moment, she gives in and leaves. A beat. She returns and goes inside the store.

EXT. MAURA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Maura shuffles heavily down the street, her bag dragging behind her. Jeanne's book in a bag swinging by her side. She pauses at the foot of her building.

April sits on the stoop, a suitcase and backpack beside her.

MAURA

Where are you going?

APRIL

She's back.

MAURA

Oh. (Then) Sorry.

APRIL
I can't do this again. It was hard
enough the first time.

MAURA
What was?

APRIL
Watching you...just watching you.

MAURA
I lost my job.

APRIL
That sucks. I'm sorry.

An Uber pulls up to the curb.

MAURA
Where are you going?

APRIL
To stay with a friend.

MAURA
(sarcastic)
You have other friends?

Maura meant it as a joke, but it didn't land.

APRIL
Bye Maura.

April hugs Maura, hard. Maura leans into it. April
disentangles. Gets in the Uber. Goes. Maura watches her go.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Maura enters to find the apartment trashed. Clothes
everywhere. Food on plates. TV on full blast. Music playing
from the other room. Maura turns the TV off.

INT. MAURA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maura follows the music into her own bedroom, where Fifteen
has pulled most of Maura's stuff onto the bed. She sings and
takes sips from a bottle of vodka. Sees Maura.

FIFTEEN
Oh my god! Bitch! I can't believe
you still have this.

Fifteen holds up a summer camp shirt cut into a crop top.

FIFTEEN (CONT'D)
I made it better, though.

Maura slams her computer shut, stopping the music.

FIFTEEN (CONT'D)
Uh oh. Am I in trouble?

Fifteen laughs and swigs from the bottle. Maura swipes it.

MAURA
What did you do to April?

FIFTEEN
What did you do to her? She's lame
now. Tired of your shit.

Fifteen swipes at the bottle. Maura fights her off. They slap at each other. Maura turns. Fifteen grabs her hair. Yanks.

MAURA
Ow! Fuck!

Maura turns and takes a swing at Fifteen. But Fifteen does the same thing, at the same time. Their fists collide, painfully. They shove at each other.

Maura slips on a shirt and lands on the ground, the bottle rolling off heavily, dousing her. Fifteen grabs at her feet. They kick each other in the foot.

Whatever move the other makes is met and deadened by the same move back. It's brutal and ineffectual. Fighting yourself.

Finally, Fifteen is on top of Maura. She slaps her across the face, hard. Maura's lip splits, bloody. She's stunned.

For a moment, everything goes fractal again. A dozen blurry Fifteens stare down. Maura's vision steadies.

Fifteen laughs, and rolls off. Leaves the room in a huff.

FIFTEEN (O.S.)
I'm going out!

SLAM! The front door slams shut.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Maura has cleaned up. She lies on the couch, exhausted. Tongues her split lip. Thinks.

After a beat, she gets up and goes to her bag. Pulls out Jeanne's book. Lies back on the couch. Cracks the spine.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Maura is deep into the book, now. Her face is a wash of emotion. Tears, recognition, anger. This book is...good.

A mind fuck. Maura slams the book shut.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maura pees, her hands between her legs. Pulls out another pregnancy test.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We stay on the test. Maura's hand grabs the test. Negative. She tosses it. Maura's phone rings.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maura picks up the phone, almost without thinking.

MAURA
(into phone)
Is she there?

JEANNE (O.S.)
(through phone)
Lost yourself again, darling?

MAURA
Funny.

JEANNE
It is, a little.

Maura eyes the book on the table. Jeanne's headshot stares beatifically from the back cover. Maura flips the book over.

MAURA
Why'd you call?

JEANNE (O.S.)
I was wondering if you're busy
Friday.

A beat. Jeanne is up to something. It's all there in the tone. Maura simmers.

MAURA

Why?

JEANNE (O.S.)

Because...well, I am having a party. A launch. For the book. And I'd like you to be there. (Then, gently) You're part of this story, too, Maura.

Maura's simmer goes full boil.

MAURA

No, Jeanne. No. I won't be there. And you know, I think I understand why dad stopped coming to your plays. We both got tired of you standing on our necks to make yourself taller.

She hangs up. Lays back down. Feels spinny. Sits up. Fifteen must be drinking again. She laughs. Grabs her coat. Goes out.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Maura descends into a crowded, dark dive. Sidles up to the bar. The bartender - SOPHIE, 20s, a cute queer woman - turns to her. A beat of recognition. A spark of something.

SOPHIE

As I live and breathe. If it isn't Muh-muh-Maura. I thought you died.

MAURA

No, I went to AA.

SOPHIE

Damn. Well, you've been missed. By me. I missed you. (Then) Do you need me to intervene?

MAURA

Probably. But not now.

The Bartender smiles. Proffers two shots. They meet eyes. Smile. Cheers. Drink.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Maura and Sophie enter the apartment with a clatter. They laugh. They're drunk. And maybe they've done this before.

Maura half trips over the table. They come together again. Kiss. Start to undress each other.

Sophie steps backwards into the bedroom with a come hither look. Maura follows. Then, remembering herself (herselves), takes a quick look around.

No other Mauras. Whew. She throws herself into the bedroom with gusto.

INT. MAURA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Maura and Sophie fuck furiously. Maura smiles. For a moment, she's happy.

INT. MAURA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sophie spoons Maura. Maura wakes, gently. Sophie kisses Maura's neck, then opens her eyes. Sees something. Sits up.

SOPHIE
What the fuck?

Maura looks, too. There's **EIGHT**, standing in the corner like a ghost child in a Victorian novel.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
You have a kid?

Fuck.

MAURA
Not exactly.

SOPHIE
I mean, it's cool. She just scared me. Kids are cool. (Then) Hi, I'm Sophie. What's your name?

EIGHT
Maura.

MAURA
(calculating)
This is a game she likes.

EIGHT
Can we go to the zoo?

MAURA
Maybe later, buddy.

EIGHT

Okay.

Eight's easy enough. She skips towards the bedroom door.
Takes an old teddy bear off the desk. Squeezes it. Skips on.

SOPHIE

Well. I should probably-

MAURA

Yeah.

INT. APARTMENT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Sophie makes her way out the door. Cartoons can be heard from within. Maura pulls the door half shut around her. A barrier.

SOPHIE

I was really stoked to see you last night.

MAURA

Me too.

SOPHIE

Come around whenever.

MAURA

I will.

SOPHIE

You can come when you're sober too, you know. We could even go for walks. With the little one.

Maura (now, this Maura) sits with this. Smiles.

MAURA

I know.

Sophie leans in to kiss Maura. Maura closes her eyes and receives it. Shuts the door.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

As soon as the door clicks shut, Eight pulls on Maura's hand, urgently. Maura turns toward her to find **FIVE** and **THREE** on couch, jumping up and down.

EIGHT

They won't let me play.

MAURA

Oh...shit.

Ten skips out of the bathroom and toward the kitchen.

THIRTEEN (O.S.)

Get out of here, you freak!

Ten scurries out and throws her arms around Maura. Maura hears the telltale "click click click" of the gas stove.

Maura, with Eight holding her hand and Ten wrapped around her, shuffles to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Thirteen and Fifteen hover over the stove, doing something unseen. Maura muscled in between them. Fifteen has a number of hot dogs in a pan.

They're not cooking, just rolling around and blackening.

MAURA

Stop that. Turn it down!

FIFTEEN

Fuck off! We're hungry!

MAURA

Boil them, then.

THIRTEEN

Oh right, that's how you do it.

FIVE (O.S.)

I want juice!

Five has thrown open the fridge and is pulling items off the shelves. Three stands behind her, drooling.

THREE

Potty!

MAURA

It's over there.

Three shakes her head, her eyes wide.

THREE

No. I'm scared of it.

MAURA

Of what?

THREE

The toilet.

Maura can't process this. She tries to stop Five from ransacking the fridge, but Ten has her in a vice grip.

MAURA

Please get off me.

TEN

No. You'll leave.

Eight has broken away.

EIGHT

What's this knife for?

Maura turns (as much as she can). Eight has a giant knife.

MAURA

Cooking. Cutting. Put it down.

Eight holds out her arm and raises the knife. Fifteen's suddenly interested.

FIFTEEN

Do it!

THREE

Potty!

MAURA

Stop! No one do anything!

No one stops. Eight still hovers the knife. Three dances the potty dance. Thirteen chews on a blackened hot dog.

THIRTEEN

This is gross.

She dumps the pan's contents in the sink. Five chugs a big container of juice. She burps.

Fifteen muscles in on the fridge, shoving five out of the way. Five starts to cry.

FIFTEEN

Oh sick, there's cheese. (Then) Do we have any wine?

FIVE

She hurted me.

THIRTEEN

Hurt you. Not hurted. Hurt. Say it
right or mom will get mad.

Thirteen scratches at her eyebrow. Maura does too.

MAURA

Please...

Maura tries to stay present but the fractal feeling is back.
And worse. Now it's less like a prism and more like a wave. A
wave threatening to crush her.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Stop...

THREE

Potty!

Eight pulls on Maura, her face swimming in multiple.

EIGHT

Don't be sad, mom. I put the knife
away.

EXT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Maura, her jacket on inside-out, slide-stumbles down her
front stoop. She makes her way down the street.

She has a juice stain around her mouth. Food on her shirt.
She scratches at her eyebrow.

Everywhere she looks is waves. Motion. She stops to lean on a
bench. Vomits.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Maura babbles like a toddler. Snorts derisively, teenaged.
Skips. Smells flowers. Shoves at the air. Laughs. Cries.

Fractures apart into many Mauras, tries to pull them all back
into one.

MAURA

Mommy. Mommy. Not you. Not you!

Suddenly she stops, her fingers in her mouth. A look of panic
crosses her features.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Potty!

EXT. HEDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Maura squats in a hedge and pees. She laughs, a childlike sound. A passing WOMAN sees her, looks concerned. Maura levels a teenage laser gaze.

MAURA

What do you want, slit?

The woman speeds up.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A shaky and woozy Maura stumbles toward a stately Brownstone.

In front, there's a sign that reads DOCTOR'S OFFICE. Beneath that: DR. ROBERT POLLOCK (Maura's father), which has faded. And beside his name: DR. CLINT HAYNES.

Maura stumbles towards the front door.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

Maura enters the quiet waiting area of the medical clinic. She sways a little, but keeps it together.

She approaches the desk. Leans heavily on it. The RECEPTIONIST keeps her head down. Types.

RECEPTIONIST

(automatic)

Can I help you?

The Receptionist looks up. She softens.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Oh! Maura. It's...been a long time.
What do you-

MAURA

Is he here?

The Receptionist processes this. Pity crosses her features.

RECEPTIONIST

Your father?

Maura snorts.

MAURA

No, idiot. (Then) Sorry. I'm not here to see my father, because he's dead and that would be pretty tricky, wouldn't it?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes. I'm sorry.

MAURA

No, I am. I'm not myself right now and I'm trying to get a hold of it, but it's not easy.

Maura laughs. Puts her fingers in her mouth. Puts her hands on the desk and messes up a stack of folders. Claps. Sneers at herself. Pulls her bangs over her face.

Hits the counter with both fists. A plant falls. Shatters. The receptionist remains steady, unflappable.

RECEPTIONIST

Grief is a monster.

The effort of containing all the Mauras is a strain. Tears run down Maura's face. She clenches her jaw, her face, her entire body. A waiting PATIENT eyes her.

MAURA

Stop looking at me. I just want everyone to stop looking at me.

The patient looks away. Maura grabs at the Receptionist.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Play with me. (Then, through teeth) Clint...I want to see Clint. Dr. Haynes.

INT. CLINT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Maura slams into the office. Shuts the door. Slides down it to the floor. Clint (Maura's AA sponsor, who we met earlier) stands up in shock. He has a stethoscope around his neck.

He and Maura's father were partners in their medical practice.

From the floor, Maura laugh-cries. Her head lolls.

CLINT

You're off the wagon.

Maura nods. She tries, but can't seem to pull herself up. Clint watches her. His brow furrows. He gets up to help her.

Clint pulls Maura to standing. They look into one another's eyes. Maura tries to stay upright. Mumbles something.

CLINT (CONT'D)
(gently)
What is it?

MAURA
Examine me.

CLINT
Maura. You're drunk.

MAURA
Please! Please. Please.

INT. CLINT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Maura sits on the examining table. Struggles to keep steady. Clint leans in close. Inserts a breathalyzer between Maura's shaking lips.

CLINT
Breathe in.

Maura breathes in.

CLINT (CONT'D)
And exhale.

Maura breathes out, hard. A beat. While they wait-

CLINT (CONT'D)
Do you want to tell me why you had
a drink today?

Maura shakes her head, no. The breathalyzer beeps. He looks at it. That can't be right.

CLINT (CONT'D)
You're not drunk.

Maura nods. Clint looks at her. He touches her eyebrow. Picks up a piece of gauze. Expertly drains the sore.

Maura winces, then leans into the care. Clint bandages her.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Maura, I'm sorry to ask you this,
but: Could you be pregnant?

Maura shakes her head. No. She laughs. HA! No. Then, she cries. Big, ragged sobs.

Clint moves to comfort her. Touches the side of her face. Maura grabs him, pulls him in. Their lips graze, and then-

Maura COUGHS. Big, hacking, choking coughs. She can't get her breath. She heaves. Clint lays her back. Grabs an oxygen mask. Sets the mask on Maura's face. She shoves it off.

MAURA
(through coughs)
No. My apartment. Now.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Maura and Clint crash into the apartment. It's full of smoke. The various versions of Maura run amok. All of them cough. Cartoons on full blast. Food everywhere.

Three cries on the couch.

THREE
I peed my pants.

Maura immediately wades towards the kitchen. Clint looks around, his eyes wide in disbelief.

Clint looks up to see the smoke detector pulled loose from its housing. Swinging free.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Maura crashes into the kitchen. Thirteen, Fifteen, and Eight are standing at the stove. Eight rips pages out of Jeanne's book. Thirteen and Fifteen burn them on the stove.

Ash and half burned pages litter the floor, counter, and sink. Thirteen and Fifteen giggle. Everyone coughs.

FIFTEEN (O.S.)
Oh shit! Open a window.

Maura tries to lunge toward the stove. Instead, she passes out into Clint's arms.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

From Maura's POV: She comes to on the couch, with all the versions and Clint looking at her. The smoke has dissipated.

Maura sits up slowly. Coughs a little.

CLINT
Take your time. You might have
smoke inhalation.

The versions all hover. Looks of fear on their faces. Even Fifteen, who's cozied up to Clint. Maura looks at them all.

MAURA
I'm okay.

Eight crushes onto Maura with a big hug.

CLINT
(to all of them)
Go play in Maura's room, okay?

THIRTEEN
I don't play anymore.

CLINT
Supervise.

Thirteen sulks, but follows the others out. Except Fifteen, who stares at Clint, pleading. Clint looks at Maura.

MAURA
It's okay. Let her stay.

CLINT
What...is this?

MAURA
I don't know. I think it's Jeanne.

CLINT
(to Fifteen)
Is it Jeanne?

Fifteen just shrugs. She puts a finger in her mouth coquettishly. Clint refocuses on Maura.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Are they always here, now?

MAURA
Not all at once, usually. This is
new.

CLINT
And how are you...managing?

MAURA

Is this the doctor asking? Or my
sponsor? Or my-

She stubs that thought out like a cigarette. Clint tries to take her hand. She lets him, for a moment. Then she pulls away. Fifteen watches all this with something close to envy.

CLINT

Let's say it's your sponsor asking.
(Then) If this happened to me, I
would drink. Proud of you for
holding onto your sobriety.

Fifteen snorts. She shifts sideways on the couch, her feet pushed against Clint's leg. He moves away slightly.

MAURA

I didn't. I haven't.

CLINT

That's okay. It's always a good day
to start again.

MAURA

Did you read that on AA dot com?

Clint looks at Maura. All regret. She looks away.

FIFTEEN

Uncle Clinty... do you still have
that flask with the rabbit on it?

Fifteen rubs her feet on Clint, a teenage version of seduction. He grabs her feet and swings her legs around to sit her up. She sulks.

Clint looks at Fifteen with tremendous sorrow.

CLINT

(to Maura)

Were you really that young when
we...

He leaves that hanging in the air. Maura grabs it.

MAURA

You know I was.

CLINT

I need a meeting.

Clint goes to get up. Maura grabs his hand.

MAURA

I need your help with something first.

INT. AVIS CAR RENTAL - DAY

Maura (dressed for an event, black dress and heels) and the Versions all linger in the lobby of a car rental place. The EMPLOYEE eyes all of them suspiciously.

Clint stands at the counter, avoiding the employee's gaze.

EMPLOYEE

Okay. So, a fifteen passenger van will be \$375 for the day.

Clint eyes Maura.

MAURA

Sorry. I'll pay you back. It's just that that one-

She gestures to Thirteen.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Maxed out my credit cards shopping online.

Thirteen makes the "eat out" gesture (peace fingers, tongue between them). Clint looks away.

CLINT

You know what you're doing, here?

MAURA

As much as I ever have. (Then) No.

CLINT

You don't have to pay me back.
(Then) And when you're...done with this... we should get you a new sponsor.

Clint gives Maura a cautious side hug. Fifteen tries to muscle in. Clint spins away. He leaves. The doors chime.

VERSIONS

Bye Uncle Clinty/Bye/See ya!

The Employee puts the keys to the van on the desk. Maura snaps them up. Off the Employee's judgy look-

FIFTEEN
We're Mormons.

Maura yanks her away.

INT. VAN - DAY

A van full of Mauras ambles down a side street. Fifteen rides shotgun. She holds Maura's shoes in her lap.

FIFTEEN
You look nice.

MAURA
Thanks. It's Jeanne's favorite dress.

They smile at each other wickedly. Thirteen leans through the front seats and toggles the radio, finding MY FAVORITE GAME by the Cardigans. Satisfied, she leans back.

EXT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The van hits the open road. Chock full o' Mauras.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Maura and her selves cruise along on their mini-road trip, as harmonious as could be. They sing along to the radio, sway together, play. Hold hands. Smile and laugh.

Fifteen pulls a sneaky mini-liquor bottle from her pocket. Raises it to her lips. Maura snatches it and throws it out the window.

Fifteen sneers, as good-naturedly she can. Folds her arms.

FIFTEEN
What's the plan, stan?

MAURA
Confrontation.

FIFTEEN
You're sure?

MAURA
Of course I'm sure. Why?

FIFTEEN

I mean, you're not just trying to get rid of us right? To give us to her?

Maura considers this. She's not sure.

FIFTEEN (CONT'D)

Because we like it better here with you. Or whatever.

Fifteen tucks her legs up under herself and turns to the window. Vulnerability like this almost seems to hurt her.

Maura glances over at Fifteen, then through the rear view. The other versions look at her, expectant.

EXT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maura pulls the van up to a venue that's set up for an event.

MAURA

I'm not trying to get rid of you, okay? After this we'll get ice cream.

That seems to pacify most of them. They hop out of the van.

She tosses her keys to the valet. Strides triumphantly up the steps, Versions in tow.

EXT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - FRONT DOORS - CONTINUOUS

Beside the door, a placard reads PARTHENOGENESIS BOOK LAUNCH, with Jeanne's author photo front and center.

Maura glances at it with a grin. Looks back at many Mauras. They look nervous. Three is in Thirteen's arms.

Thirteen scratches at her infected eyebrow. Maura pulls Thirteen's bangs down over it. Resists scratching her own.

She nods, satisfied. Opens the door.

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Maura and the Versions approach the salon. Maura leans towards the door. Hears Jeanne's voice. Light crowd laughter.

Maura turns back. She straightens shirts, licks her thumb to wipe off dirty faces. Flattens hair.

MAURA

Now remember everyone: Big smiles.
Jeanne's going to be really
surprised to see us.

Maura throws open the salon doors, dramatically.

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - SALON - CONTINUOUS

A ripple of laughter hits Maura, loud enough to mask her entrance. Up on a raised platform, Jeanne holds her book open on a pedestal. The room is full and rapt.

JEANNE

(reading)

Suffice to say Maura's late teens
hit me like a tsunami. Just when I
thought I understood her, when I
could still catch glimpses of the
sweet, curious child who never left
my side, she became a creature of
rage and imbalance.

This is no shitty black box play. Jeanne is at full power.

And there, at side stage next to Jeanne: April (that fucking traitor!) and Maura. In Jeanne's favorite dress.

But...? What? She's Maura. Who is that? How could that be?

Maura catches her breath, like she's been punched in the gut. She turns for support, but the Versions have all disappeared.

She's alone. She blinks back to herself and looks again.

Another ripple of laughter at whatever Jeanne has said. About her. Maura is frozen. She looks up at April and...herself.

But of course it's not her, exactly. This Maura is poised. A little taller, more feminine, skinnier. Silkier hair. Laughing at Jeanne's words. Supportive, serene. It's...

PERFECT MAURA.

Off another ripple of laughter, Maura stumbles out.

EXT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A breathless Maura flees the scene, blind with sorrow. SLAM! She runs right into...Leo.

Oh no.

LEO

Hey! Babe. Where are you going?

MAURA

What are you doing here?

LEO

What do you mean? You invited me.
On Facebook.

MAURA

That...wasn't me.

LEO

Yes it was. You...

MAURA

Leo, please move.

LEO

Why do you always try to hurt me?

He tries to ensnare her. Maura wrestles free.

MAURA

Because I'm an asshole. (Then) I'm
sorry, Leo. You deserve someone
with good boundaries who listens to
you and is kind. I am...actually
really sorry.

She runs off. Leo stares after her, bereft.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Maura stares at herself in the mirror. Makeup smeared. In
Jeanne's favorite dress. Alone. Miserable.

A phone ALARM sounds. She lifts a pregnancy test into view.
Still negative. It's a compulsion, now.

She throws the test in the trash. Looks back at her
reflection. She forces a smile. It fades immediately.

But then: From within her, a deeper well surfaces something
darker, and worse. It crosses her face like a shadow.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maura collapses, face first, onto her unmade bed. Her room is
a disaster, churned up by various Mauras.

Maura turns her face to the side. She breathes deeply in, then out. In, out. Again.

As her back rises, a hand with chipped black nails traces across it. In the hollow between breaths comes a whisper:

SEVENTEEN (O.S.)

Kill yourself.

Maura closes her eyes. A black-sleeved arm pulls the bedsheet from under her. Wraps it deftly around Maura's neck. Maura doesn't fight it.

With a yank, Maura is lifted from her bed. Her eyes pop open.

We travel the bed sheet wrapped around her neck and find the other end wrapped around the neck of...

SEVENTEEN (Maura's darkest point).

An umbilical connection.

Maura gazes at Seventeen. She seems about to speak, but Seventeen turns away. Maura lurches, neck first, after her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maura and Seventeen stand face to face on the coffee table. Seventeen steps towards Maura. Maura recoils, afraid.

Seventeen places a finger on Maura's lips to quiet her. She pulls the sheet from around Maura's neck. Maura relaxes.

Skillfully, almost too quickly, Seventeen tosses the end of the sheet up like a lasso. The end drops down beside them.

Seventeen curls the sheet back around Maura's neck and secures it. Maura seems unable to do anything. She looks up.

The sheet is draped over the ceiling fan.

Seventeen rises onto her toes, then uses her other foot to kick the coffee table over and away.

Maura and Seventeen both drop several inches. The bedsheet goes taut between them.

A moment of scrambling, searching. Gasping. Finally, Seventeen's arms drop to her side. Her face peaceful.

Maura's arms drop, too. Time slows. The sheet twists.

And then: Maura's eyes pop open. She gasps again, and grasps at herself, at the sheet.

She finds a little purchase with a toe on the tipped coffee table and swings herself towards a limp Seventeen.

She can't quite reach. It's getting harder to breathe.

She pushes herself back a little further, tightening the sheet around her neck. Gasps for air. Pendulum swings herself forward, bashing into Seventeen.

Seventeen blinks awake. Tries to shove Maura away. But Maura's eyes flash with determination: She wants to live.

Maura throws her arms around Seventeen's waist. They struggle and swing, gasping and grasping at each other.

The ceiling fan begins to buckle under the weight of the swinging Mauras. The plaster cracks and breaks.

Maura looks up and-

BLACKS OUT.

OVER BLACK:

THE CRASH OF THE FAN AS IT FALLS. THEN: RUNNING WATER.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

With a massive gasp, Maura comes to on the floor of the apartment. The bed sheet still around her, looser now.

Somewhere nearby, water continues to run.

The ceiling fan has fallen and smashed beside her. One of the blades has sliced her arm. As she sits up, she looks at the line of blood trailing down her wrist.

As she stares at it, another line starts, parallel to it. Maura winces. Then realizes.

INT. APARTMENT - OUTSIDE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maura throws herself at the door of the bathroom. From within, water runs. Blood drips down her arm.

MAURA

Maura! Let me in!

Maura tries the door. It's locked. She throws herself at it. Nothing. Kicks at the bottom, hard. With her full life force.

Nothing.

She slumps down the wall, crying. Gasping. Bleeding. Losing hope. Then she sees that her kick has loosened the lowest hinge on the door. She shoves at it. It loosens further.

Maura scrambles up. Kicks the door again. Again. As she does, water starts to seep under the door frame, pooling out towards her toes.

Panic crosses her face, then she focuses. Kicks again.

Maura gasps for breath. She coughs, and water comes out of her mouth in a dribble. She kicks with new urgency.

The hinge squeals and rips. Maura shoves her body weight against the door. It breaks off its hinge. One more shove. The wood splinters and breaks around the lock.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maura bursts into the bathroom. Her breath in ragged gasps. Her eyes go wide.

Seventeen floats in a pink bath in her underwear. The water runs over. Her head beneath the surface. A razor floating beside her.

Maura stops the water. She throws herself in the tub and yanks Seventeen out of the depths. Displaced water sloshes.

They both take big gulps of air.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Water puddles on the floor. Various towels stop it from traveling too far. The sound of sweet, soft humming is heard.

In the bathtub, Seventeen lies back, peaceful. Her eyes are closed. Her wrist sports a makeshift bandage of sticky toilet paper. It's not perfect, but it's holding.

Behind her, Maura sits upright. Cradles Seventeen. She hums. Clear eyed. She's still in Jeanne's favorite dress, half-submerged.

But she's here. Alive.

Maura washes Seventeen's hair. It's loving, slow, careful. Seventeen cries quietly, tears streaming down her face. It's clear Maura's hum soothes her.

Maura closes her eyes and kisses the top of Seventeen's head.

As she does, Seventeen disappears. Maura feels the absence invade in fractal bursts. Her eyes pop open. She breathes.

INT. JEANNE'S BROWNSTONE - FOYER - NIGHT

Jeanne, April, and Perfect Maura enter the Brownstone, in high spirits.

Jeanne and April cradle bouquets of flowers and gift bags. They remove shoes and coats.

JEANNE

Well, naturally he'd be jealous.
He's a pig. Hates all my plays.

APRIL

(tickled)
Oh my god, Jeanne!

Perfect Maura laughs in response. It's canny and ill-timed.

MAURA (O.S.)

Everyone having fun?

April straightens. She drops a bouquet of flowers.

Reveal Maura, still in Jeanne's favorite dress. Wrung out. Exhausted. Damp. Sitting on the stairs leading up to her childhood bedroom. Home.

APRIL

Maura. You scared me.

MAURA

So. This is the friend you've been
staying with. My mother.

April nods.

JEANNE

I practically raised her, darling.

MAURA

That makes one of us.

A low growl emanates from somewhere. It takes everyone by surprise. Jeanne turns to find Perfect Maura crouched low in the shadows. Like an animal. Like a predator.

A tense beat as April and Jeanne both turn to look at Maura.

Maura stands, slowly. Backs away. Like prey.

Perfect Maura leaps, improbably, over the balcony. Maura barely escapes her clutches as she runs upstairs.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Maura speeds up the stairs and down a long hallway. Perfect Maura lopes after her on all fours.

Maura dips into a bedroom and slams the door.

INT. JEANNE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maura collapses against Jeanne's bed. Perfect Maura scratches and bashes at the door from outside.

Maura quickly surveys Jeanne's room for a weapon. It's all scarves and books. Maura grabs the biggest book she can find.

Slam. Kick. Kick again. A beat.

Unlike Maura, Perfect Maura seems to have superhuman strength. She effortlessly rips the door from its hinges. A beat as they look at one another.

Perfect Maura cocks her head sideways like a dog.

MAURA

Fuck.

Perfect Maura flies at Maura. Maura SCREAMS and throws the book at her.

INT. DINING ROOM - SAME

Jeanne and April huddle together, their eyes and ears trained upwards. The sounds of Maura and Perfect Maura scuffling above can be heard.

Grunts and slams. Books flying and thumping to the ground.

Then the sounds migrate. Jeanne and April follow. Screams. Thumps. They follow back out into the foyer.

INT. HALLWAY - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Maura crawls from her mother's room on all fours. She's scratched and bleeding. Perfect Maura crashes onto her from behind. They struggle.

Maura flips around so Perfect Maura sits atop her, like Fifteen did before. But this time, Perfect Maura has one of Jeanne's scarves.

She loops it around Maura's throat. Pulls it taut.

INT. DINING ROOM - SAME

April and Jeanne listen to the sounds of strangulation. April moves to go help. Jeanne pulls her back. They gently scuffle.

April breaks free.

MAURA (O.S.)

No! Fuck you!

Something falls from upstairs. Or floats, rather. It's Jeanne's scarf. Jeanne eyes it.

JEANNE

Tsk! Really? That's vintage.

Jeanne snaps the scarf up. From above: A series of grunts, then a BANG! All quiets.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

April and Jeanne look cautiously up the stairs. A beat.

MAURA/PERFECT MAURA (O.S.)

No!

A disheveled blur that could be either Maura or Perfect Maura slams onto the landing, then tumbles down the stairs.

Jeanne flees into the drawing room, pulling April with her.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeanne pulls the pocket doors shut. April and Jeanne huddle behind an armchair. A BANG! as someone's body hits the floor. A smaller BANG! as the second one does.

More scuffling. The pocket doors rattle with the force of someone hitting them.

Whoosh! The pocket doors slide open.

Maura and Perfect Maura, both scuffed up, torn, bruised, bleeding – both still in Jeanne's favorite dress – enter. In this state, you can't tell which is which.

MAURA

Help me. Stop her.

JEANNE

Darling, I-

PERFECT MAURA

Please...I need your help stopping her. I'm the real one.

MAURA

Don't listen to her. This has been so much fun, truly, but it's over now. Help me stop her. She's an animal.

PERFECT MAURA

She's saying that to trick you. I'm not an animal! Look at me! I'm the real Maura. April, please!

APRIL

Maura...

April looks between them. She doesn't know which is which.

JEANNE

April, leave it.

APRIL

Jeanne, stop this. Stop her. The new one. Just...stop it!

MAURA

Please, she'll kill me.

PERFECT MAURA

She's the one who will kill me! She lunged at me!

MAURA

She lunged at me! Jeanne!

JEANNE

(a growl)
Enough!

They all come to attention. Jeanne sinks into the armchair. She covers her face.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
It's insane. I made you. I never
get over that.

She starts to laugh. Long, deep laughter. Almost sinister. April backs towards Maura.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
I don't know which one is real!
Isn't that wonderful? I wrote the
Perfect You and within ten minutes
of the two of you being in the same
house I can't tell which is which.
That's how destructive you are,
daughter dear. Whichever one you
are. Like a fucking tornado.

With this, Jeanne leans forward. Sneers.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Flattening the landscape for all of
us.

Then: Two black-sleeved arms descend around Jeanne's neck. Two hands with chipped black nail polish almost go for her throat. Instead, they grab her shoulders and pull her back.

Jeanne startles.

SEVENTEEN (O.S.)
(whisper)
*Oh, mommy. There is a way to know.
But you know that.*

April, Maura, and Perfect Maura back away. Seventeen circles around to the front of the arm chair. Jeanne looks up at her.

Jeanne's face falls. Not in fear: Sadness. Something akin to remorse. Jeanne is, for the first time, truly vulnerable.

Jeanne grabs for Seventeen's hand. Seventeen pulls it away. She kneels at Jeanne's feet.

SEVENTEEN (CONT'D)
Slap me as hard as you can.

JEANNE
I-

SEVENTEEN
The real Maura will feel it.

JEANNE
Darling, I can't do that.

SEVENTEEN
Yes you can, Jeanne. You're capable
of inflicting so much pain.

Jeanne begins to cry. Her power dissipates.

JEANNE
No. Not you. I can't hit you. I
almost lost you so many times.

Jeanne reaches out to touch Seventeen's face. Seventeen takes
her hand. Holds it tight. Too tight.

SEVENTEEN
Hit me, Jeanne.

Jeanne crumples, devastated. She can't do it. Seventeen
stands up, annoyed. She turns and-

SLAP!

April hits Seventeen across the face. HARD. Delight dances in
her eyes: She needed that.

SEVENTEEN (CONT'D)
Ow! Bitch!

Seventeen and April look at each other. Big grins. April
takes Seventeen into a massive hug. A restorative hug.

APRIL
You're alive. Remember? You're
alive.

Seventeen disappears.

April falls into the space Seventeen left behind with a
shudder of grief.

Maura recoils from the proxy slap. She holds the side of her
face in pain. After a beat, Perfect Maura catches on. She
glances around the room, then puts her hand to her face.

PERFECT MAURA
Ouch! Owie! My face!

Maura can't help it. She laughs. April too. Then Jeanne.

JEANNE

The real one's completely fucked
and the perfect one is dumb as a
bag of rocks!

Maura could be angry, but she just laughs louder. April too.
Jeanne cry-laughes. A release.

Even Perfect Maura joins in, but she would, wouldn't she?

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

A massive dinner spread crowds the dining room table. Around
it, Jeanne, Maura, April, and Perfect Maura dine. There's a
camaraderie and seemingly, a peace. Maybe an uneasy one.

APRIL

Good chicken.

Maura eyes her. April shrugs, like "What? It's good!"

JEANNE

Isn't it just? The recipe was
Maura's grandmother's. I thought
I'd lost it, but it was just tucked
away somewhere deep.

Perfect Maura gnaws on a chicken bone, growling. Maura
regards her.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

The thing about my mother is she
lacked a sense of organization.

Perfect Maura growls as she tears through the chicken bone.
She crunches it. Maura watches her. Perfect Maura chokes.
Hacks, really. Like a starving stray dog.

Jeanne and April seem not to notice. But the sound penetrates
Maura's soul. Perfect Maura recovers. Begins to gnaw again.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

She was kind of like Maura that
way, my mother. Brilliant but
unfocused.

Jeanne grabs Maura's hand on top of the table. It startles
her back into the conversation.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

But the difference is, in my mother's generation you could just kind of fade back into the wallpaper, you know? That was permitted. My generation, your generation...we have to produce. Constantly. It's exhausting.

APRIL

I don't know about that.

JEANNE

I do. Watch you don't give your best years to retail, darling.

April sits back, affronted. Maura tries to tune in, but the crunching is incessant. It keeps pulling her back. Perfect Maura piles more chicken on her plate.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

And this one-

Jeanne squeezes Maura's hand. Too hard. Maura tries to pull it away, but Jeanne won't let go.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

This one will need to get a new job since I believe she told her boss to fuck off?

Jeanne looks at Maura. Maura's both here and not. Disassociating. They're just going to...eat?

JEANNE (CONT'D)

I have a colleague at my publisher I can talk to...maybe some kind of editorial assistant job is there for you, darling.

Perfect Maura simply transfers the entire chicken carcass to her plate. She bites into it, wrestling a wing free with her teeth. Chomps happily.

Maura stands, scraping her chair back. She wrenches free of Jeanne's grasp.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

What is it?

MAURA

Are we going to pretend nothing happened?

JEANNE

Oh, come now. You're exhausted.
Sit. Take a reprieve.

Maura does not sit.

MAURA

(re: Perfect Maura)
And her? We're just going to
pretend she's not here?

Perfect Maura continues devouring, unabated.

JEANNE

She's fine. Let her be.

PERFECT MAURA

(through chicken)
Thank you mama.

JEANNE

Just be careful you don't swallow
any bone fragments, darling. You'll
shred your esophagus.

MAURA

Jeanne, what is this? Why did you
do this to me?

JEANNE

I didn't do anything to you. Sit.

Maura does not sit. Jeanne picks up and slams her plate down
with a noisy clatter. Perfect Maura whimpers.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

Goddammit, Maura. Sit.

Maura sits. April starts to flee. But then-

JEANNE (CONT'D)

April, have I ever told you the
story of Maura's birth?

April looks at Jeanne. At Maura, eyes darting. April's
unsettled. She shakes her head gently. Sits down.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

Maura was born on a Tuesday. It was
raining. She wasn't due for a few
more weeks. Her father was gone on
one of his conferences, some excuse
for him and Clint to chase skirts
in another city, no doubt.

(MORE)

JEANNE (CONT'D)

I was lying in bed when the pains came. And I thought about getting up, for several minutes, then an hour, then hours. Instead, I just lay there with the pain and let it come. In waves. My vision fractured. Swam. But still, I sat there with it. And I pictured her. My baby. What she would look like, who she would be. And just when I thought I should get up and go to the hospital, I felt this urge to push.

April breathes. Maura watches her mother. Perfect Maura eats.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

And so I got on all fours, just like we have done for generations, and I pushed. And I pushed. And I pushed. Alone. The pain was blinding. Clarifying. And then all at once and forever later there she was. Born in bed. With me. Just the two of us.

Jeanne again grabs Maura's hand on the table.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

You were so beautiful and slick and bloody and I loved you immediately.

Jeanne looks deeply at Maura. Brings Maura's hand to her mouth. Kisses it. Almost a bite.

APRIL

So Maura was born in this house.

JEANNE

Oh yes. In what would become her bedroom, actually. It's cooler in there in the summer so I was sleeping in her room.

Jeanne resumes eating, as though all is resolved.

MAURA

Why?

JEANNE

Why what, darling? Why did I have you at home? It just felt right, I suppose. I knew I could do it, so I did.

MAURA

No. Why did you make them? The other versions of me.

JEANNE

I simply don't know what you mean, darling.

APRIL

You do, Jeanne.

Jeanne looks at April, surprised. Then at Maura.

JEANNE

Ganging up, are we?

MAURA

Just tell me. Did you do it on purpose? Did you send them to me?

JEANNE

Alright. I can see we're not going to let this go.

Jeanne puts her silverware down.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

The first time, it was a surprise. I was asleep. Earlier, I'd written a few pages about you at thirteen. I didn't even know what they were yet. They could have been notes towards a new play. I went to bed, and a few hours later, she scurried by my window. I thought she was an animal, at first. But then I saw her, and I knew. I let her in. She slept in your bed.

Maura stares at her mother.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

I was fascinated, but she wouldn't tell me anything. Just like you, back then. Now, too. Defiant and withholding. In the morning, she was gone. For awhile, I thought it was a dream. And then I kept writing. My best writing in years. Not a play. Something else. The truth. And they kept coming. And going. I realized I had a book on my hands. I kept writing. And I sent the book off.

(MORE)

JEANNE (CONT'D)

They stopped coming. And it was only when you brought Ten back to me-

MAURA

Ten?

JEANNE

Ten-year-old you. I started calling them by their ages. I couldn't call them all Maura, could I? (Then) When you brought her back I realized they were coming to you, now.

MAURA

How long? When did you start?

JEANNE

Last year. When you stopped talking to me. After your father died. (Then) It was almost like we were talking again. You were visiting me, in a way. I didn't miss you. I even found I liked the difficult ones. They at least wanted my attention. You didn't anymore. You just wanted my rent money. (To April) You, too.

April sinks. Guilty.

MAURA

You unleashed them on me.

JEANNE

Dramatic.

MAURA

You could have told me. Warned me.

JEANNE

What, like I owed you a warning? Did you warn me back then? Before you became that thing? Before you hurt all of us? Hurt me, hurt April? Hurt yourself? Before I came home to find you in the bath? The time you hoovered pills and puked on the rug? Which time, Maura? When did you warn me?

MAURA

I was a kid.

JEANNE
(steamrolling now)
Before you cut your legs open to
make me take you to your favorite
uncle to be "treated"?

Maura shoots daggers at her mother.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
And how did that serve you,
darling? The attention of a grown
man! Did it give you all the love
and respect you needed?

APRIL
Jeanne.

MAURA
You knew about Clint?

JEANNE
Not the extent of it. Not until
later. I thought it was a silly
crush.

MAURA
It was a lot more than that.

JEANNE
I know that, now. I would have-

A rare moment of speechlessness from Jeanne. She recovers.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
This all happened to me too, Maura.
Me and April. We suffered.

APRIL
Jeanne!

JEANNE
Oh come on, April. You were there,
too. You watched them. Little
April, lost, pinned to her, pining
as you were for something like that
for yourself.

April stands.

APRIL
Fuck you, Jeanne.

April takes her glass of wine and leaves. She shoots a
backwards glance at Maura.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Whatever this is, whatever fucked
up dynamic you two are playing out,
I'm not doing it with you anymore.

A beat in April's absence. Perfect Maura sniffs after her a
moment. Returns to her plate.

JEANNE

You're both so sensitive. It would
serve you well to lose that. You're
not children anymore.

SLAP!

Maura slaps her mother across the face. Perfect Maura comes
online, in predator mode. Leaps into a crouch on her chair.
Growls at Maura.

Jeanne laughs and clutches her face.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

You've never hit me before. (To
Perfect Maura) Sit. Stay.

Perfect Maura sits back down. Momentarily deterred.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

(re: Perfect Maura)

She, on the other hand, was on
purpose. Not like the others. You
wouldn't come to my book launch.
And I needed you to. I wrote
Perfect Maura because I needed her.

Jeanne reaches over to touch Perfect Maura's face. Perfect
Maura nuzzles up, like she's being petted. Then she dives
back in on the chicken.

The carcass picked clean, she reaches for April's plate.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

Of course, I didn't write this...
aspect. Every child has their own
soul, despite a mother's efforts.
(Then) She seems to want to be
here. Unlike you. Or the others.

MAURA

I want to be here.

JEANNE

Here as in this house, or here on
this planet?

MAURA

Both. I've always wanted to.

JEANNE

Maura. You know that's not true.
Don't rewrite.

Maura starts to cry.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

Oh, darling. Come on. It's past!
You're past it. You made it
through.

MAURA

You didn't ask me if you could
write about me, you just did it.

JEANNE

It's my story, too, darling. You
don't get to tell me no.

MAURA

You could have told me about the
book.

JEANNE

But I chose not to. That was my
choice. You have choices too.

MAURA

I hate you like this. I hate that
you do this. Make yourself queen of
the martyrs. Above us and everyone.

JEANNE

Yes, well. That's the price mothers
pay. And, I suppose, the price
daughters pay, too.

An ancient, eternal beat passes between them. A generational
standoff that never ends, is only reborn and reconstituted.

Maura straightens, newly resolved.

MAURA

Why can't you love me now, instead
of hating the versions of me you
knew as a teenager?

This gives Jeanne pause. Tenderness finds her.

JEANNE

I don't hate you, Maura. I love you. I've always loved you. (Then) But I can only ever love you my way. I refuse to be someone else, to love like someone else. And anyway, you made me this way, darling. I may not be the mother you wanted, but I am the mother you needed. You wouldn't have survived otherwise.

She's right, in a sense. Maura weeps. Jeanne wraps her in a massive, bone-crushing hug. For once, Maura lets her.

As they embrace, a low growl starts from beside them. Jeanne *tsks* - not this again. From inside the hug:

JEANNE (CONT'D)

(to Perfect Maura)

Oh, stop it. Heel.

But this time, there is no heeling. Perfect Maura is too jealous. She leaps over the table and dives at Jeanne, knocking her over backwards. Maura leaps up.

Jeanne embraces Perfect Maura on the ground, squeezing her tight. Then she rolls Perfect Maura off her.

There, sticking out of Perfect Maura's side: A gleaming steak knife. Blood seeps from the wound.

Jeanne has stabbed Perfect Maura.

Maura helps Jeanne to her feet. She looks down at her side: No blood. Maura kneels down beside her so-called perfect self. Her face crumples.

She cups her hand to Perfect Maura's mouth. She listens for breath and finds none.

She turns to Jeanne and shakes her head. She turns back just as Perfect Maura's eyes shoot open. She yelps. Bites Maura.

MAURA

Ow, fuck!

In one swift move, Perfect Maura leaps up and, like the wounded animal she is, jumps out the nearest window and away from the cause of her pain. The bushes rustle as she flees.

Off Maura and Jeanne, side by side, framed by the window. They stare out into the gathering dark.

INT. MAURA'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - LATER

Maura opens the door to her childhood bedroom. Aside from the twin bed – the bed she was born in – it's not hers anymore.

An exercise bike is squished into a corner, along with boxes and baskets of Jeanne's crap. Maura surveys.

One bookshelf seems to have been reserved for Maura's past. A handful of cracked CDs. An old iPod. Some yearbooks. A small, dusty trophy. Maura touches them, idly.

She winces. Wraps her hand around the spot on her forearm where Perfect Maura bit her.

On a lower shelf, less dusty, stands a line of binders. They read "Maura, 13," "Maura, 15," etc. One for every age up to 18. Maura doesn't seem surprised to see them. She pulls one.

Settles onto the bed. Cracks it open. Reads. There's a soft knock. She looks up. It's April.

Maura smiles. Pats the bed beside her. April bounds over.

APRIL
Whatcha reading?

Maura lifts the binder to reveal the spine: Maura, 13.

APRIL (CONT'D)
Right. I forgot about those. Kind
of creepy, no? That she kept all
this stuff?

Reveal the binder contents: More like a scrapbook. Bits of Maura ephemera glued next to copious notes. A bloody bandaid. A doctor's note. A prescription. A lock of hair.

MAURA
I used to think so.

APRIL
And now?

MAURA
Now I think it's how she tried to
protect me. And control me. So...

Maura closes the binder and puts it down. She lies on her side and pats the bed. April becomes the little spoon.

APRIL

I'm sorry I didn't tell you I was staying here. I honestly meant to go somewhere else, but-

MAURA

You feel safe here.

APRIL

Yeah, why is that?

MAURA

Because you were. She protected you, too. When you needed it.

April glances at the Jeanne-cave that is Maura's old room.

APRIL

She didn't touch my room at all.

MAURA

Brag. (Then, realizing) You were easier to raise. You reminded her less of...herself.

APRIL

I should have told you I was here.

MAURA

Pretty slitty of you, to be sure.

APRIL

But you...all of the yous, they scared the shit out of me. Because I knew what happened to them. Like watching the Titanic sink but all the passengers are your best friend on her worst day, over and over.

MAURA

I know. I'm sorry.

A beat. Maura squeezes April tightly.

APRIL

And I swear I didn't know about the other Maura til we were already at the book event. (Then) I didn't want to like her, but she's kind of awesome. Like you, but also like a big dog.

They laugh.

MAURA
Jeanne stabbed her.

APRIL
To death?

April turns to look at Maura. Maura shrugs.

MAURA
She ran off.

APRIL
Wow. Jeanne. Say what you will
about her, she's never boring.

These two friends are cozy. They start to drift to sleep.

APRIL (CONT'D)
She loves us.

MAURA
She does. She's also the worst.

APRIL
Terrible. Like Victorian novel
level mothering. Like Dickensian.

MAURA
Big word. Want a trophy? There's
one on the shelf over there.

APRIL
What's it for? Best Piece of Shit?

MAURA
Yeah, they tried to give it to you
first but you were too busy sucking
wieners.

APRIL
(loving, sleepy)
Fuck you, bitch. Stick your trophy
up your anus.

MAURA
Maybe I will. If you'll help me.

Maura hugs April closer. Nuzzles into her back.

MAURA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for everything. Forever.

APRIL

Mm. Thank you. (Then) It felt so good to hit you.

MAURA

I bet.

Maura kneels April from behind, not entirely gently.

APRIL

Ow! My butt!

MAURA

We're even.

APRIL

Oh, no, we'll never be that.

Gentle laughter. They fall softly and sweetly asleep.

INT. BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Maura sleeps in her childhood bed, alone. The sun begins to peek through the window blind. She startles, but doesn't wake up. Thrashes. She's dreaming.

Tangled in the sheets and blankets, Maura sweats. She thrashes some more. Mumbles.

Her back arches. With her eyes still closed, Maura lets out a painful moan. She turns and launches onto all fours, gasping. Her eyes snap open. She comes to, alarmed.

Fractal visions. She grips the sheets until they pass.

Maura sits up. Touches her torso. She breathes. Just a dream.

But then: Under the sheets, movement. Something small, flailing. Maura lifts the blankets slowly. Her eyes go wide.

She reaches down between her legs and pulls out a baby.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Baby cries echo through the Brownstone.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We stay on Maura's tired, bewildered face as she enters to find Jeanne and April staring expectantly.

Jeanne looks at her daughter. Her eyes brim with happy tears. She stands. April too.

JEANNE

I thought so. Can I hold her?

Reveal Maura holding **ZERO**. Her sweet, newborn self. Wrapped in an old shirt. Maura holds the baby out to her mother.

MAURA

Sure, Jeanne. She's yours.

Jeanne carefully takes the baby and sits in her armchair. April stands behind the chair, cooing.

APRIL

I see it. In the forehead. The crinkle.

JEANNE

Oh, this takes me back. Before everything else, she was such an easy baby. Of course they tell you to watch out when that happens. And they're right.

Jeanne laughs to herself. She doesn't look at Maura. She's dialed in on Zero. The beginning.

Maura stands at a remove. This moment does not belong to her. But it's not painful. It's wonderful. Light. Unburdened.

She expects nothing from them. But then:

JEANNE (CONT'D)

Maura, come here. Look at her.

Maura steps in to the family portrait. She regards Zero with trepidation. April wraps her arm around Maura's waist.

Jeanne takes Maura's hand from behind and holds it. She looks up at her daughter, the current one. With laser focus.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

If I knew about Clint, really knew, I would have hacked his prick off with a bread knife and stuck it on a pike for everyone to see.

APRIL

Visceral.

JEANNE

I still can. Say the word.

MAURA
I know, Jeanne.

Jeanne nods, her eyes still on Maura's. Zero coos. Jeanne and April refocus on the baby.

APRIL
I love babies. I should have one.

MAURA/JEANNE
No!

Laughter. Maura watches her mother, her best friend, and her baby self a moment. She smiles. At peace.

MAURA
I'll go make coffee.

Jeanne and April nod absently, releasing her.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Maura pushes the kitchen door open and enters. She takes a deep breath and lets out a ragged sigh.

She heads to the counter and measures out coffee into the coffee maker.

Suddenly, there's a creaking sound, like a door slowly closing. She straightens.

Maura turns her head slightly towards the noise. She clocks something we don't see. Turns back. She calmly fills the coffee maker and turns it on.

With a sense of measured self-possession, she reaches for a massive knife. It slides out of the rack with a soft *shing*.

Behind Maura, the door to the kitchen creaks fully closed.

Out from the shadows steps Perfect Maura, in last night's clothes. She's bloody, desperate, and ready to fight.

Maura flips the knife in her palm. She's ready, too.

Maura smiles. She's not afraid. This next part's going to be wild. Perfect Maura growls and leaps.

Maura screams like there's nothing to lose. She lifts the knife and turns to meet her fate. And we-

BLACK OUT.

