

DHC

An Excerpt from Episode 7

Written by

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INT. RADIATION ROOM - DAY

TITLE: ONE WEEK UNTIL THE WEDDING

Dorothy lays on the table while LARS sits over at the CONTROL firing up the radiation machine. It clunks and moves over Dorothy's breast.

LARS

Are you feeling better?

DOROTHY

Why do you ask?

LARS

You looked pretty rough for the past couple of days.

DOROTHY

I'm okay. Thanks for asking. What are you doing this weekend?

LARS

Preparing the yard for winter. How about you?

DOROTHY

Sister's bachelorette party.

LARS

That sounds like fun. Will there be strippers?

DOROTHY

I wish. Everyone at the party is in a relationship so it'll be just one giant vagina fest and no dicks.

LARS

My wife had strippers at her bachelorette party. It was actually a combined bachelor and bachelorette party. There's this great company that provides both male and female strippers.

DOROTHY

Now that's what I'm talking about!

LARS

I ended up getting a lap dance by a dude.

DOROTHY
 (excitedly begins to rise)
 Tell me more!

LARS
 Stay still!

Dorothy back down on the table.

DOROTHY
 What happened? Did you like it?

LARS
 At first it was weird, but I
 didn't mind.

DOROTHY
 What!

LARS
 I am comfortable with my
 masculinity.

DOROTHY
 Amen brother.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Dorothy sits on the exam table as DR. GRAYSON examines her. We see a slice of some RED and INFLAMED skin on her breast.

DR. GRAYSON
 There's not much I can do at the
 moment. I would recommend aloe
 vera and some ibuprofen. Don't ice
 it.

Dr. Grayson turns his attention back to Dorothy's chart. She hops off the table. She winces.

DR. GRAYSON
 It's going to hurt for a while.
 And it'll probably be best not to
 wear a bra.

Dorothy sighs.

DR. GRAYSON
 How are you hanging?

DOROTHY
 I'm hanging.

DR. GRAYSON

In light of the news you received last week about your compromised fertility, I recommend you talking to someone. You don't have to do it alone.

DOROTHY

No, I think I have to now.

INT. COSTCO - DAY

Surrounded by the superstore madness, boxes of super-sized chips and loaves of bread, Dorothy and GRACE check their full cart of snacks and booze in the store aisle.

GRACE

Fresh fruit?

DOROTHY

Yea.

GRACE

Veggie platter?

DOROTHY

Yea.

GRACE

Booze?

DOROTHY

Clear liqueurs, as requested.

GRACE

Pumpkin spice lube?

DOROTHY

(swiftly lifts her head up)
What are you planning to do tonight?

GRACE

I meant liquor! Pumpkin spice liquor!

DOROTHY

(disbelieving)
Uh huh.

GRACE

(distracting)
First one to the check out line doesn't have to pay!

Dorothy scrambles and almost slips as they race down with their carts. Grace makes it to the check-out first, indicating her more natural athleticism. Dorothy pants while holding onto her knee.

DOROTHY

How could I not win? I always win?

GRACE

I let you win when we were little.

They put the food and alcohol onto the check-out line. Grace pushes Dorothy's hand away when she pulls her wallet from her coat pocket.

GRACE

I got this.

DOROTHY

Okay.

GRACE

Just make this be the best bachelorette party ever, okay? I don't want Sarah to be my only maid-of-honor.

Dorothy opens her mouth, about to say something. She subtly shakes her head places the items back into the cart.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY, CONTINUOUS

Dorothy and Grace walk to the car with their cart.

GRACE

At 7, everyone will arrive at Sarah's house. And at 7:15, we'll drink pumpkin spice cocktails. At 8:30, we will have dinner. At 10, we'll get into the limo for the bar. At midnight, we'll move to the club. At 1:45 am, the limo will pick us up and bring us to Sarah's house. At 11:30 we'll have brunch. At 1, facials and manicures.

Dorothy opens the trunk and starts putting the groceries in the trunk.

DOROTHY

(under her breath)

Jeez bridezilla.

GRACE

What?

DOROTHY

(guilty)

What?

GRACE

Can you make sure and pack some cute going clothes?

DOROTHY

Everything I wear is cute.

GRACE

No sneakers.

DOROTHY

My sneakers are tight as hell!

Grace snorts and points at Dorothy's dirty sneakers. Dorothy opens her mouth, but decides against making a snide comeback. She sticks out her tongue instead.

INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dorothy opens her closet door and rummages around, looking for a dress. At the bottom is the torn-up dress from the previous episode. She ignores it and picks a simple black one instead.

Walking over to her bed, she shoves the dress into a tote bag, next to her phone.

BEEP. A series of text messages rapidly appear on the phone:

Sarah: Did you get the pink penis boa?

Grace: Did you get the crown?

Grace: I need you to get penis noodles.

Sarah: Pick up more pumpkin spice liquor.

Grace: Should we get matching necklaces?

Sarah: Get trash bags!

We continue to hear the BEEPs until she she flips the "silent" knob and shoves the phone into the pocket of her jeans.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

JACK and NICKY sit table away from the bar with two large pints of beer. They're watching the game when Dorothy enters with an air of annoyance.

JACK
What's up?

DOROTHY
I need to drink.

BEEP. Her phone screen lights up, another text from Grace.

JACK
Are you and Alan fighting?

BEEP. Another text from Grace. Dorothy ignores it.

DOROTHY
No. Wait, why? What did he say?

JACK
Nothing. But there's something
going on?

Dorothy shakes her head and downs the rest of her beer.
Dorothy walks to the bar. Nicky follows her.

DOROTHY
What Nicky?

NICKY
You haven't told anyone.

DOROTHY
I don't know what you're talking
about.

NICKY
This is serious. You have breast
cancer.

DOROTHY
(insincere)
Oh thank you! I didn't know!
(off Nicky's look)
You cannot tell anyone. My
sister's wedding is in a week.
I'll tell everyone afterwards.
Until then, keep your mouth shut.

NICKY
This isn't a good idea. You
shouldn't do this alone.

Dorothy looks over to Jack, laughing with ALAN.

DOROTHY
Nicky. Don't say anything.
(MORE)

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
 Plus you're employed by the hospital and you can't say anything because of privacy, right?

NICKY
 That's low, Dorothy.
 (beat)
 No one is going to be mad at you if you have cancer. But everyone will be mad because you didn't tell them.

Dorothy pats her pants.

DOROTHY
 Forgot my wallet.

NICKY
 Dorothy!

Dorothy turns around. She walks back to Nicky.

NICKY
 We can talk. We can help.

Dorothy tilts her head no. She returns to the table.

DOROTHY
 Hey Alan.

ALAN
 Hi.

JACK
 Man you guys did fight! What about? Which Asian ethnicity is better?

Jack laughs at his joke, slapping his thigh. Dorothy and Alan weakly laugh along with him.

BEEP. Another text from Grace.

ALAN
 You gonna answer that?

DOROTHY
 No.

Dorothy checks the time. It's 4:45. A couple of hours until Grace's bachelorette party. Nicky approaches the table with their beers.

DOROTHY

Oh shit, I'm sorry, how much do I owe you?

NICKY

It's on me because we're *friends*.

Dorothy purses her lips. She's about to say something when a HOT GIRL walks by and Alan's eyes follow her to the bar. Alan takes off his jacket and gets up.

JACK

Where're you going?

ALAN

I'm gonna ask if I can buy that hot girl a drink.

NICKY

Nice!

Dorothy downs the rest of the beer as Alan walks to the bar to talk to the HOT GIRL.

BEEP. Dorothy looks down at her phone.

A text from Grace: I NEED ROSE GOLD CUPS PRONTO!

INT. BAR - NIGHT, LATER

CLOSE ON clock. It's 6:30.

Dorothy continues to watch the game, but at the bar counter with a glass of whiskey, away from the guys, and away from Alan and his Hot Girl sitting real close at a table.

BEEP. Dorothy looks at her phone.

Text from Grace: And two more bottles of apple vodka!

She turns her attention back to the TV.

CUT TO:

FOOTBALL ON T.V.

The running back ices a knee injury.

CUT BACK TO:

A disappointed Dorothy stares at Alan and the Hot Girl. She downs the rest of her whiskey.

DOROTHY

God damnit.

She looks over to her right and sees MC-DRILL-ME sitting a couple seats down. SCORE, the hot doctor in the flesh. She sits next to him.

DOROTHY

Hopefully he can still play in the third quarter.

MC-DRILL-ME

I doubt it.

MC-DRILL-ME looks over to Dorothy, he recognizes her.

MC-DRILL-ME

Have I met you before? You seem familiar.

DOROTHY

I'm a nobody.

MC-DRILL-ME studies her. His face lights up in recognition.

MC-DRILL-ME

You ran into me at the hospital.

DOROTHY

Sorry about that.

MC-DRILL-ME

What were you doing there?

DOROTHY

(blabbing)

Trolling for hot doctors to be my future husband.

MC-DRILL-ME laughs. Dorothy realize what she says and rubs her forehead in mortification.

MC-DRILL-ME

So, when are we getting married?

DOROTHY

You pick a date.

MC-DRILL-ME

Tomorrow, after work?

Dorothy blushes and coughs. MC-DRILL-ME rubs her back. He smiles. Jesus, this shit is straight out of a cancer movie.

MC-DRILL-ME

What do you do when you're not watching football and shit talking?

DOROTHY

I write.

MC-DRILL-ME

That's awesome!

DOROTHY

I've been getting back in the swing of it.

MC-DRILL-ME

Can I ask what you're writing about?

Dorothy shakes her head no. She glances to where Alan and the Hot Girl sit.

Dorothy and Alan lock eyes. Dorothy, angry that Alan would even glance at another woman, leans into MC-DRILL-ME. Alan, disappointed, tosses back the rest of his beer and puts his arm around Hot Girl.

INT. BAR TABLE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON clock: 8:45.

Dorothy is alone at a booth. She checks her phone and sees many missing text messages from Grace.

The most recent message says: WHERE ARE YOU?!?!

Dorothy begins to type: Sorry. She turns her phone off when MC-DRILL-ME returns with two more glasses of whiskey. He takes a seat next to her.

MC-DRILL-ME

Do you want to catch the bouquet?

DOROTHY

No.

MC-DRILL-ME

Why?

DOROTHY

I'm not a flowers kind of gal.

MC-DRILL-ME

Even if a special someone sent you
flowers?

DOROTHY

I'd rather get a box of steaks.

MC-DRILL-ME

Really?

DOROTHY

Five pounds of fine butchery is
way more romantic than weeds that
will die.

He laughs. She drinks. She nervously taps the pad of her
middle finger to her thumb three times. She repeats. She looks
up and studies MC-DRILL-ME's kind face.

DOROTHY

Do you want to go back to my
place?

MC-DRILL-ME

Yes.

INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She pushes him down on the bed and straddles him. They
furiously make-out. Things get steamy and she takes off his
shirt. She gawks at his body. He smiles, and leans in for
another kiss. Hands touch and caress different body parts. We
hear sounds of pleasure until...

He touches her right breast. She pushes away. Her body, no
longer relaxed, is rigid with tension.

DOROTHY

Excuse me.

She rushes off. MC-DRILL-ME, shocked, sits on her bed.

INT. DOROTHY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dorothy enters and urgently closes the door shut. She turns on
the light. She looks at herself in the mirror.

She examines the irritated and peeling skin from radiation. We
only see **part** of the skin near her armpit.

Her eyes water while she traces the scars with her finger. She
takes a deep breath, willing those tears away.

She leans over the sink. She braces her hands on the counter. Her breaths begin to get shorter and shorter, as if she's about to hyperventilate.

She takes a couple of deep breaths to calm herself. She places her hand on her chest, an attempt to slow her pacing heart.

Dorothy TURNS on the faucet. She sprinkles some cold water on her face. She pats her face with a towel.

INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She returns to the bed. MC-DRILL-ME sits on the edge, buttoning his shirt.

DOROTHY

I can't have sex with you.

MC-DRILL-ME

It's okay.

DOROTHY

It's not you. You're very nice to look at.

MC-DRILL-ME

It's okay.

Dorothy looks at her hands. She taps the pad of her middle finger to her thumb three times, her nervous habit.

DOROTHY

(quietly)

I have breast cancer.

(beat)

I'm currently doing radiation. When you touched -- um, uh, the skin around there is pretty sensitive.

MC-DRILL-ME

What stage?

DOROTHY

One.

MC-DRILL-ME

I'm sorry.

He takes her hand, strokes, then kisses it. He lays down. She joins him. He hugs her to him, her face smushed against his chest. He strokes her hair.

They stay still for a moment, or so. She too tense, too hurt, too distressed. She can't relax in his arms.

She moves from his arms. She sits up. MC-DRILL-ME sits up too.

DOROTHY

Can you go?

MC-DRILL ME nods. She looks at the floor while he picks up his clothes and puts them back on.

INT. APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

MC-DRILL-ME reaches for the door knob. He stops.

MC-DRILL-ME

If you ever want to talk or hang
out, call me?

She doesn't answer him.

MC-DRILL-ME

Take care.

He leans down to kiss her, but she turns her head. He ends up kissing her cheek. He exits. Dorothy closes the door. After a moment, she swings the door open.

DOROTHY

Hey!

MC-DRILL-ME turns around and walks back. He looks hopeful.

DOROTHY

Can you not tell anyone?

MC-DRILL-ME

(disappointed)

Sure.

Dorothy closes the door again.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

Dorothy onstage under the spotlight.

DOROTHY

When you're young and you have
breast cancer, you have to face a
certain reality. I was in denial
about it.

(beat)

You're damaged goods. You're
undesirable.

(MORE)

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

It's what happened to me. I became
damaged goods. I'm damaged goods.
Why even try?

She laughs. She opens her mouth and lifts up her arms. She attempts to find the words, the actions of what she really feels, but she just lets her arms drop in defeat.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. DOROTHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dorothy walks out without her coat. A CONCERNED PERSON walks by, bundled in their hat, coat, and gloves. They look at her strangely. Dorothy doesn't notice.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Dorothy is unconscious on hospital bed covered in blankets upon blankets, wrapped around her like a burrito. COLLEGE NURSE adjusts her IV. A DOCTOR (open ethnicity, over 40) enters. College Nurse hands the Doctor Dorothy's charts.

DOCTOR

Okay.
(looks back at charts)
Breast cancer too? Dear lord.

College Nurse places another blanket on top of Dorothy.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. DOROTHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As we left her. She finally notices Concerned Person behind her, quietly following.

PERSON

Are you okay? Do you need
anything?

She thinks for a moment.

DOROTHY

(firmly)
Everything's great.

Concerned Person walks away. Dorothy continues to stand for a moment and walks back to the apartment building. She unlocks the door and enters.