

# NO TOMORROW

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ACT I

OVER BLACK, an IMPASSIONED FEMALE VOICE...

SARAH (V.O.)  
Listen up, everybody. The clock is  
ticking.

INT. BIG BOX WAREHOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON SARAH CALLAHAN, 30, cute, put-together, delivering a  
heartfelt pep talk to an unseen audience.

SARAH  
There's no time to waste. Every  
moment counts.

And now we WIDEN OUT to see we're at the headquarters of BIG  
BOX WAREHOUSE, an Amazon fulfillment center-type space, the  
edges lined with cubicles.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
So let's get those items in those  
boxes! And let's try to make sure  
it's the right items in the right  
boxes, okay? As we learned last  
week, "The Analyst" and "Anal Lust"  
are two very different books.  
(call and response)  
I say "quality," you say "control!"  
(pointing to herself)  
Quality!

She points outward as we REVERSE to REVEAL: a handful of DAY  
LABORERS staring back, deadpan.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
... control.

A forklift operator, TEDDY, calls out:

TEDDY  
Can we go now?

Sarah shoots him a thumbs up.

SARAH  
Go get 'em, Teddy! I like the  
initiative!

Teddy throws his FORKLIFT into reverse and slowly backs out  
of frame, BEEPING.

INT. SARAH'S CUBICLE - DAY

Sarah sits down in her plain white cubicle.

SARAH

Gonna be a good day, Sal.

REVEAL: she's addressing the only decoration in her bare-bones cube: one sad succulent. Evidently named Sal. She mists it with a spray bottle and immediately wipes up the few drops of water that land on the desk.

She opens a drawer -- it's immaculately organized, pens of all styles separated into compartments, highlighters arranged by color. As she selects a pen and starts in on some paperwork, a dry voice behind her --

KAREEMA (O.S.)

Your pep talk was deeply inspiring.

Sarah answers without turning around, her pen never slows.

SARAH

Hi, Kareema. I'm working.

KAREEMA, 28, droll nihilist, leans against the cubicle wall.

KAREEMA

I think I saw Teddy tear up.

SARAH

What can I say? I move people.

Sarah continues working, unperturbed.

KAREEMA

Honestly, I can't decide what's sadder: the utter meaninglessness of this job or your attempt to imbue it with meaning. But then I remember: there is no sadness. We're all just specks of dust in an infinite universe.

Finally, Sarah turns around. Smiles at Kareema.

SARAH

Your hair looks cute today.

KAREEMA

Thanks, I know.

They're interrupted as a heavy-set thirty-something Asian man, HANK, rushes over:

HANK

Demon breath incoming.

All three of them inhale deeply, holding their breath as their boss, DEIRDRE HACKMEYER, suddenly appears. She's mid-40s, a petty, vindictive control freak with breath that could kill a plant. (Watch out, Sal!)

DEIRDRE

Hello. I fired Melinda.

Behind her, MELINDA crosses, crying.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

Please inform Human Resources.

Deirdre turns to go and they all finally exhale.

SARAH

I don't know how you cover her desk all day.

HANK

Scuba diving lessons. I've mastered breath control.

(then)

Hey, if Melinda's out, that means there's an open spot on the Big Box Big Hearts team...

KAREEMA

Not it.

SARAH

What?! Traveling the world to research the charities the company donates to? It's a dream job.

KAREEMA

So why don't you apply?

SARAH

I don't know. I floated it before and Deirdre said I wasn't qualified.

KAREEMA

Deirdre can suck my --

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

HANK

Weinerschnitzel, yum.

Sarah, Hank and Kareema move through the cafeteria line.

SARAH

So listen, big news.

HANK

Gluten allergies are a myth  
perpetuated by the quinoa lobby?  
Already knew.

SARAH

No. I finally saw him again  
yesterday. Dream Guy.

HANK

So I take it you and Timothy are  
off again?

SARAH

Yes.

HANK

Like a light switch.  
(gesturing)  
On again, off again. On again--

Kareema shushes him. Turns to Sarah:

KAREEMA

Look, this other guy, he's not your  
dream guy. He's just a stranger  
you've projected all your fantasies  
onto.

SARAH

He's not technically a stranger.

KAREEMA

Please don't tell the rutabaga  
story again --

SARAH

I was at the farmer's market...

**EXT. ECHO PARK FARMER'S MARKET - DAY - FLASHBACK**

The weekly farmers' market in the half-gritty, half-beautiful  
melting pot of Echo Park, where tattooed young dads navigate  
their strollers around homeless people sleeping on the  
sidewalk.

At one farm stand, Sarah inspects a rutabaga. She turns to  
the vendor.

SARAH

Excuse me, sir? What kind of listeria precautions do you take with your rutabagas?

VENDOR

(shrugs)

All of them?

An amused voice pipes up behind her:

XAVIER (O.S.)

Can I get a few dipped directly in E. coli?

SARAH

Ew.

Sarah turns to find XAVIER, 30, dreamy. He smiles at her playfully. She's immediately smitten.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh.

XAVIER

Hey. I'm Xavier. With an X.

Sarah's frozen, transfixed by him. An awkwardly long beat.

SARAH

I'm... gotta go.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Sarah's agonized by the memory.

SARAH

Xavier with an ex! He was telling me he was single! And I blew it.

KAREEMA

Pretty sure he was just telling you how his name was spelled.

SARAH

Either way, I want a do over.

HANK

You want to find this guy, Sarah? Here's what you do. Go on the dark net and hire a Korean hacker to steal his address.

SARAH  
Is that legal?

HANK  
It's effective. For \$35 I found  
out where Vin Diesel lives.

KAREEMA  
Why?

Hank shrugs.

HANK  
I like his movies.

A beat. Okay.

SARAH  
You know, the average woman gets  
married at age 27, after dating for  
a median of 3.6 years. Which means  
most women meet their spouses at  
23.4 years old. I'm 30.

KAREEMA  
And great with statistics.

SARAH  
So from a probabilistic standpoint,  
I'm way overdue to meet my husband.

HANK  
Maybe you already did.

SARAH  
That's what I'm thinking! And he's  
a quick-witted organic produce  
buyer, with a smile like --

HANK  
I meant Timothy.

SARAH  
Oh.

HANK  
I really like him. He says yes to  
every invitation. Showing up is a  
skill.

Sarah is surprised.

SARAH  
You guys hang out?

HANK

Yeah. We do trivia night together.  
First runners up two weeks in a  
row.

SARAH

I don't know. There has to be a  
reason Timothy and I keep breaking  
up...

KAREEMA

Like monogamy and marriage being  
unrealistic social constructs?

HANK

Here we go.

KAREEMA

Just don't be one of those women  
defined by the quest to find the  
guy. It's boring.

SARAH

You know what? You're right. I  
mean, if he shows up at my  
doorstep, fine. But in the  
meantime, I'm living life. Doing  
ma thang.

Hank gives her a thumbs up. Kareema nods.

KAREEMA

But maybe just don't say "ma thang"  
anymore.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

A cheery SIGN in front of a cute Craftsman: WELCOME TO 1031  
WEST KENSINGTON RD.

Sarah heads up the stairs, spotting a PACKAGE by the front  
door. It's stamped CARPE DIEM BREWERY - "Seize the Day - and  
the beer!"

Sarah frowns, puzzled. She didn't order this. And as she  
looks closer the delivery address is 1031 *East* Kensington Rd.  
And the delivery name: XAVIER HOLLIDAY. Sarah GASPS.

SARAH

No way...

And off Sarah, thrilled, eyes darting between Xavier's name  
and "Seize the Day"...

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Holysmokes.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah's on the phone as she peruses her immaculate, color-coordinated walk-in closet.

SARAH  
I mean, how many Xaviers can there be in this neighborhood? Gotta be him. And at 1031 East Kensington. What are the chances?

INT. MARY-ANNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - INTERCUT

Sarah's sister, MARY-ANNE, 32, a kind-hearted but flighty mother, on the other end, in a chaotic and toy-strewn house.

MARY-ANNE  
This is amazing --

SARAH  
Right? So I --

MARY-ANNE  
-- Joshie is having his first applesauce!

REVEAL: BABY JOSH in a high chair, adorable but a total mess.

SARAH  
Oh. That's great. Anyway, It's not crazy to just go over there, is it? I won't go inside.

MARY-ANNE  
Oh my god, no! No --

SARAH  
Relax, it's --

MARY-ANNE  
-- Josh is doing his first applesauce barfie.

SARAH  
Maybe this isn't the best time.

MARY-ANNE  
Listen, hon. Just deliver the thing and meet this guy already. But get out of there if any alarm bells go off for you.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A nervous Sarah examines herself in the mirror. She's wearing a silky blouse... and hates it. She holds up a vintage Whitesnake T-shirt. Nah. Moves on to a different shirt. And then another. And then back to the silky blouse.

She strides out of frame. And then back into frame. Takes off the blouse.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON

Sarah finally exits, goes to grab the package --

SARAH

Okay, wow, heavier than I expected.

She staggers down the stairs.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Sarah speedwalks down the street, groaning from the exertion, her arms quivering...

She passes a MOM pushing a stroller down the sidewalk.

MOM

You okay there?

SARAH

Not really!

MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON the package in the stroller... being pushed by Sarah. Beside her, the Mom carries her baby in her arms.

SARAH

Thank you so much. I should really join a gym.

EXT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - MAGIC HOUR

They reach 1031 East Kensington Rd.

SARAH

Well, this is it. Thank you.

Sarah picks up the package and turns to take in the beautifully restored Victorian. There's a trampoline in the front yard... near a motorcycle with a sidecar. Hmm.

She takes a deep breath. Rings the doorbell. A moment later, Xavier answers, friendly but surprised -- he doesn't seem to recognize her.

XAVIER

Hey.

Sarah freezes. She hadn't thought this part out.

SARAH

Hi. I have for you, this...

She gestures at the box.

SARAH (CONT'D)

They, um, brought it to my house, but... it should have been your house, which is where it is now...

Xavier looks at the box, realizing --

XAVIER

Heck yeah! My Carpe Diem beer. You know they only make 100 cases of this a year? You have to try one.

A drink with her dream guy?! Sarah's heart races.

SARAH

Sure, okay. I'm Sarah, by the way.

In one slick move, Xavier pulls off his flip-flop and uses the BOTTLE OPENER built into it to open two beers.

XAVIER

Xavier. I think maybe I've seen you around the neighborhood.

SARAH

Really? Huh.

He hands her a beer.

XAVIER

So you like Whitesnake, Sarah?

SARAH

Yeah. How did you...?

Xavier nods at her shirt.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah, I forgot I was wearing this, because I was wearing a lot of different things before, and then I was wearing this, and I still am, I guess.

She nervously sips her beer... And immediately GAGS. She spits the beer out into a potted plant.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Ugh, the beer... it's turned. It's real bad...

XAVIER

It's sour beer.

SARAH

Exactly. Ugh.

Xavier sips his beer and then smiles, unperturbed.

XAVIER

No, I mean, it's perfectly fine, just kind of an acquired taste.

SARAH

Oh. Well, now I know why they only make 100 cases a year.

Xavier laughs.

XAVIER

C'mon, I'll make you something else to drink.

He turns and walks inside, leaving the door wide open behind him. Sarah smiles, thrilled, and then follows him inside.

INT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's incredible. Exotic plants, arcade games, giant massage chairs...

SARAH

It's like you live in a SkyMall catalogue.

XAVIER

Thanks.

She takes in framed photos: the Pyramids, the Galapagos, Machu Picchu.

SARAH

Is this -- did you hike the Inca trail to Machu Picchu?

Xavier nods.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Wow. I've always wanted to do that.

He hands her a cocktail garnished with kiwi.

XAVIER

Have you also always wanted to play Pop-A-Shot?

MOMENTS LATER

Sarah, it turns out, is amazing at Pop-A-Shot. She sinks one shot after another. Xavier shakes his head.

XAVIER

I have a very serious question for you, Sarah: Are you now or have you ever been a member of the WNBA?

Sarah laughs.

SARAH

God, your life is so much fun.

XAVIER

Right?

SARAH

You must have a pretty good job...

XAVIER

Oh, I don't work.

SARAH

Really? So do you just like rob banks, or...?

XAVIER

I just don't think spending all day in a cubicle checking off boxes is the best way to live.

As this lands on Sarah...

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Plus, I gotta live it up while I can.

Sarah frowns.

SARAH

What does that mean?

Xavier sizes her up.

XAVIER

Well, there's no easy way to say this.

SARAH

Oh, my god. Are you sick?

XAVIER

No, no, it's not that, it's...

SARAH

What? What is it?

XAVIER

The world is ending.

SARAH

(beat)

Excuse me?

XAVIER

Humankind only has eight months and twelve days left on Earth.

SARAH

Are you... serious?

XAVIER

Yeah. The apocalypse is, you know, nigh.

On Sarah, ALARM BELLS literally going off as the red light on the Pop-A-Shot machine BLARES and FLASHES...

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Can I refresh your drink?

END OF ACT I

ACT IIINT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Xavier follows Sarah toward the front door.

SARAH

Well, it's certainly been interesting.

XAVIER

Hold on! I get it, you think I'm nuts.

SARAH

No, you're just not what I thought you'd be.

XAVIER

What's that?

Beat.

SARAH

Not... nuts.

XAVIER

Look, I used to be just a regular guy with khaki slacks and a job.

SARAH

Doing what?

XAVIER

Copy editing for a science magazine.

INT. XAVIER'S CUBICLE - FLASHBACK

**A clean-cut Xavier, with short, neatly trimmed hair and a pressed shirt and tie, sits at a plain white cubicle. There's even one sad succulent as decoration. It's uncannily similar to Sarah's current cube. As he peers closer, riveted by the article on his screen...**

XAVIER (V.O.)

Then I read about an asteroid named 2000 WX 354.

INT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - BACK TO PRESENT

XAVIER

And how it's going to buzz right by the Earth in 8 months and 12 days.

(MORE)

XAVIER (CONT'D)

But I believe, based on atmospheric expansion from global warming, that there's actually going to be an impact.

A beat.

SARAH

An asteroid? Is going to crash into Earth?

XAVIER

You got it.

SARAH

Then why hasn't NASA said anything about it?

XAVIER

Maybe they don't know about it. Or maybe they do. I don't know, they won't answer my emails.

SARAH

I think they'd tell us if an asteroid was going to hit us.

XAVIER

Would they?

SARAH

Yeah.

XAVIER

Unless they were afraid people would start freaking out.

Sarah pauses. This is crazy. Right?

SARAH

This... this is preposterous...

XAVIER

No, it totally checks out. I did the math.

Xavier pulls down a roll-up projection screen. Clicks on a Power Point presentation: Xavier Holliday's Apocalypse Theory. Slide 1 of 223.

SARAH

Oh, god.

XAVIER

Too much?

SARAH

Yep.

He lets go of the screen and it SNAPS back up.

XAVIER

Why don't I just show it to you?

EXT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP DECK - NIGHT

POV of a starry night's sky.

XAVIER (O.S.)

You see that one in the top left?

It's a little bit brighter?

WIDEN OUT to reveal: a beautiful rooftop deck with a stunning view of Los Angeles, a hot tub, and an impressive high-powered telescope. Sarah looks through it.

SARAH

Yeah. Kind of.

XAVIER

That's our boy. It's the size of Mt. Everest and it's coming right at us at 30,000 mph. Give or take. Incidentally, have you ever climbed Mt. Everest? Because now would be the time.

SARAH

If this is all really true --

XAVIER

It is.

SARAH

Then why aren't you doing anything about it? Why aren't you telling people?

XAVIER

I'm just a guy. No one's going to listen to me.

SARAH

How do you know?

Xavier shrugs.

XAVIER

Because I tried. I called people,  
posted on Facebook about it, and  
when that didn't work...

**EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Xavier stands on a busy street corner, handing out pamphlets.  
But everyone brushes past him, uninterested.

XAVIER

The apocalypse is coming. Ma'am?  
The apocalypse? Sir?

Suddenly, a MILKSHAKE hits and splatters all over Xavier. He  
turns to find a wild-eyed MAN wearing nothing but a sandwich  
board that reads **FEAR GOD! THE END IS NEAR!**

WILD-EYED MAN

Back off, asshole! This is MY  
corner!

Xavier suddenly realizes that if he's in a turf war with this  
guy, he must look crazy. He throws the pamphlets in the  
trash. Walks off.

**EXT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP DECK - BACK TO PRESENT**

Sarah looks at him, skeptical.

SARAH

So we're all doomed.

XAVIER

No. We've all been liberated. No  
more flossing. No more separating  
whites and colors. I'm racking up  
parking tickets that will never get  
paid. It's great. Living life on  
exactly my own terms.

SARAH

Are you the guy who keeps parking  
on the sidewalk in front of  
Starbucks?!

XAVIER

I don't have time to wait for a  
spot to open up. We're all doomed!  
(then)  
Aren't there things you wish you  
never had to do again?

SARAH  
I mean... yeah.

XAVIER  
Like what?

Sarah considers this.

SARAH  
Wear a bra.

XAVIER  
Love it. Lose it!

SARAH  
Deal with my obnoxious boss.

XAVIER  
Sure. Yuck.

SARAH  
Go to a hospital. I mean, if  
you're worried about your health  
why would you ever go to the  
epicenter of germs?

XAVIER  
Fair enough. What else?

SARAH  
And I'd stop waxing, definitely.  
Eyebrows, vagina, moustache...

XAVIER  
Great - Tom Selleck's 'stache made  
him a sexual icon.  
(off her laugh)  
We need to stop doing the things we  
feel obligated to do and spend that  
time doing the things we want to  
do.

He pulls a folded-up paper out of his pocket.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
That's why I made this.

She clocks the heading: APOCALYST.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
My Apocalyst: every fantasy I've  
ever had, every regret I want to  
fix, every last thing I want to do  
before things go kaput.

SARAH

Like... get a tattoo?

Xavier rolls up his sleeve to reveal a TATTOO that reads:  
~~#42: Get a tattoo.~~

XAVIER

Already crossed that one off. I  
try to do one every day. Pick  
something. We'll do it together.

Sarah looks over the list:

Run with the bulls.  
Try psychedelics.  
Touch the North Pole.

No, no, no. She scans down.

Sleep with taco truck girl.  
~~Sleep with other taco truck girl (redhead).~~  
Sleep with Andie MacDowell.  
Sleep with hot rutabaga girl from farmer's market.

Sarah's eyes widen.

SARAH

Wait! I'm hot rutabaga girl!

Xavier smiles.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You remembered me.

XAVIER

You make an impression. I didn't  
know how I was going to find you...  
but then you showed up on my  
doorstep. Almost like...

SARAH

A statistical anomaly?

XAVIER

I was going to say fate. But yours  
is much more romantic.

(then)

So what do you say? Want to join  
me?

She's conflicted. So drawn to his energy, his joie de vivre,  
his face... and yet so worried he might be an absolute raving  
lunatic.

SARAH

Let me, um, get back to you.

SARAH (PRELAP) (CONT'D)

Hank, you're a conspiracy guy.  
What do you think? He's nuts,  
right?

INT. BIG BOX WAREHOUSE - HANK'S CUBICLE - DAY

Sarah perches on the edge of Hank's desk, which is cluttered with tech devices.

HANK

Totally nuts. An asteroid is not going to destroy the world.

SARAH

Thank you.

HANK

The Russians are.

SARAH

Say again?

HANK

Nuclear holocaust.

Hank snaps open a drawer in his desk, revealing it's full of PRE-PACKAGED FOOD.

HANK (CONT'D)

I've spent four years hoarding office snacks high in preservatives to survive the fallout.

She looks at the piles of candy.

SARAH

And how do you plan to survive Type 2 diabetes?

He snaps the drawer shut.

HANK

Laugh if you want, but the government knows all about it.

He beckons her to lean in: who knows who could be listening?

HANK (CONT'D)

You've heard of Jade Helm, right?

SARAH

No.

HANK

On May 22nd, the U.S. Military is conducting a massive so-called "training exercise" that involves ferrying government elite into deep underground bunkers as a "drill."

SARAH

So?

HANK

So?! So that's exactly what you do when there's nuclear annihilation on the horizon. And mark my words, I will fight my way into one of those bunkers.

He lifts up the pages on a wall calendar and points to May 22nd, circled in red. He's also written Nuclear Annihilation? on the day, and Survive on every day afterward.

HANK (CONT'D)

I already got that day approved for vacation by Deirdre.

Kareema walks over and drops a file on Hank's desk.

KAREEMA

You should be living every day like it's vacation. We're all just bags of molecules riding a rock through space, so you might as well do what you want. I just did whippets in the bathroom.

HANK

Why do you even work here?

KAREEMA

The second my student loans are paid off, I'm walking. Until then, can you make copies of these?

She thrusts a stack of papers at Hank.

HANK

No, do it yourself.

KAREEMA

I wish I could, but you're not supposed to operate heavy machinery under the influence. Right?

SARAH

Technically, yes.

Hank sighs. Takes the papers and walks off. Kareema winks at Sarah.

KAREEMA

If you get bored, I hid the whipped cream can inside the paper towel dispenser.

Sarah holds up her hand: thanks, I'm good.

INT. MARY-ANNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

CLOSE ON whipped cream topping off an ice cream sundae. Reveal Sarah, Mary-Anne and their mother, GAYLE, a New Age-y nurturer in her 50s, serving the sundaes to guests. A banner reads: HAPPY 5th BIRTHDAY, TUCKER!

SARAH

Hey, have you guys ever heard of Jade Helm?

GAYLE

Is she a new judge on The Voice?

SARAH

Um, no.

Her dad, GARY, a live-action Ned Flanders working on his third piece of cake, pipes in.

GARY

Still think you should try out for that show, sweetheart.

SARAH

No way.

GARY

Voice of an angel. You'd get a four-chair turn.

MARY-ANNE

If she didn't faint first.

GAYLE

Or worse. Remember fourth grade  
chorus?

**INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY - FLASHBACK**

On stage, a 10-year-old GREASER BOY sings "Summer Lovin'."  
PAN TO YOUNG SARAH in a poodle skirt.

YOUNG SARAH

Summer Lovin'--

She stops. Leans behind a cardboard cutout of a 1950's hot  
rod and VOMITS. The audience gasps. Sarah wipes her mouth,  
tries to continue:

YOUNG SARAH (CONT'D)

... had me a bla--

She ducks behind the hot rod again and vomits. Again.

**INT. MARY-ANNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - BACK TO PRESENT**

SARAH

Having a powerful diaphragm cuts  
both ways.

The DOORBELL RINGS. A swarm of sugar-rushed kids react,  
excited, and fling open the door to reveal:

An extremely pale, slight 20-something man. This is Sarah's  
ex-boyfriend, TIMOTHY, 26, kind but meek. (Note: In a group  
setting, he's so soft-spoken that when he speaks it has to be  
subtitled. Sarah is the only one who can understand it.)  
She's stunned he's here.

GARY

Well hey there, Timothy! This is a  
surprise! What brings you here?

TIMOTHY

I brought a gift for Tucker.

Gary looks around.

GARY

Anybody get that?

SARAH

He said he's got a present for  
Tucker.

CLOSE ON a beautifully wrapped present as Tucker rips it open  
to find...

TUCKER  
(disappointed)  
Kneepads.

Timothy holds up his own pair.

TIMOTHY  
I have them, too! It's fun to be safe.

MARY-ANNE  
Tucker, what do you say?

TUCKER  
Thanks, ghost man.

He tosses the kneepads aside and mopes out.

TIMOTHY  
You're welcome. I'm not a ghost.

Mary-Anne smiles at Timothy.

MARY-ANNE  
Thank you, Timothy. Tucker's mom  
appreciates it, even if Tucker  
doesn't.

Gayle hugs Timothy. The family has real affection for him.

GAYLE  
(pointed)  
You'll make such a wonderful father  
some day!

GARY  
He's already one heck of a writer!  
I read your article on two-channel  
password authentication in the new  
issue of Wired there.

TIMOTHY  
Thanks, Mr. Callahan.

GARY  
Didn't understand a lick of it, but  
I clipped it out and mailed it to  
Sarah. Isn't that right,  
sweetheart?

Off Sarah's uncomfortable smile...

EXT. MARY-ANNE'S HOUSE - LATER

Sarah walks Timothy outside and down onto the sidewalk.

SARAH

It was sweet of you to get Tucker a gift, but people who are spending some time apart probably shouldn't be spending time together.

TIMOTHY

Unless one of them wants to spend forever together.

Sarah reacts, thrown. Timothy takes a deep breath, summoning his strength to "shout" the following (which comes out at barely a normal volume, despite his strain).

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I know sometimes I can be soft spoken, but today I am not afraid to shout my love at peak volume, so that everyone will know the intensity of my passion for you.

GARY (O.S.)

What's he saying?

EXT. MARY-ANNE'S HOUSE - PORCH - INTERCUT

The whole family has gathered on the porch to watch the scene on the sidewalk. Through the window behind them, children run rampant.

GAYLE

I still can't hear him.

Timothy pulls one of his kneepads on over his khaki slacks. Gets down on one knee. Sarah's stunned.

MARY-ANNE

He's proposing...

Gary puts his arm around Gayle, touched.

Back on the sidewalk, Timothy opens a ring box to reveal a plain, single stone ring.

TIMOTHY

Sarah Bethany Callahan, your love was like a trojan virus that snuck past my firewall and melted my motherboard.

(then, sincere)

I love you. I love your kindness and your spazzy dance moves and your organized pen drawers.

(MORE)

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

And more than anything, I love the idea of you and I spending the next 70 years together. Will you make me the happiest man in the observable universe and be my wife?

Sarah's floored. He hands her the ring box.

SARAH

Oh my gosh. Timothy. That was...

Sarah glances to the porch, where her entire family excitedly gives her the double thumbs up.

SARAH (CONT'D)

... So sweet and... Such a surprise. Can you, can I... Let me, um, get back to you? Okay?

Still down on his knee, Timothy nods.

TIMOTHY

You can hold onto it until you're ready.

He thrusts the ring box into her palm. Then closes her hand around it.

And off the stunned smile plastered on Sarah's face...

END OF ACT II

ACT IIIINT. MARY-ANNE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Gayle and Mary-Anne corner Sarah in the guest bathroom.

MARY-ANNE

Let me get back to you? He's not offering you his extra ticket to a Dodgers game.

SARAH

He caught me off guard. We're not even dating anymore!

GAYLE

Well, I think this is wonderful news. You know, my psychic, Miss Yvonne, told me it was going to be a big year for you.

SARAH

She said that last year, too.

GAYLE

Yes, and remember you won those tickets to the Renaissance Faire?  
(then)  
Maybe this is the year you finally start a family.

SARAH

Because that's the main benchmark of a successful life.

Gayle NODS, missing the sarcasm.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I have plans, Mom. Life goals that don't involve diapers. There's this position at work, traveling all over to vet charities -- it's a dream job, and sure, I technically haven't applied yet, but I might! I could.

(then)

And I'm not saying no to Timothy. I'm just not saying yes.

GAYLE

Honey, that's my point. Even if you said yes today, time is running short for kids.

SARAH

I know.

GAYLE

Do you? Let me break it down for you. You'll have a year to plan the wedding, then another year of good-to-decent married sex, 3 months of trying to get pregnant, 9 months of being pregnant and then suddenly you're in your mid-30s, advanced maternal age, and by then your eggs are cooked, scrambled, it's like a 3-day-old quiche --

She pokes Sarah in the abdomen.

SARAH

Alright, I get it! I'm a sad old omelette.

MARY-ANNE

I will say, to me, children are the most precious gift life can offer.

ANGLE ON Baby Josh, hands down his diaper, fishing around, a weird look on his face.

GAYLE

Just think about it, sweetheart. Don't let a good man get away.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON Sarah's phone as Timothy calls. In his picture, he's holding a vanilla ice cream cone in one hand and giving the thumbs-up with the other.

Sarah declines the call and bounds up the steps of her porch to find... Xavier. (They've got to stop meeting like this!) He grins. Holds up a six-pack of Miller Lite.

XAVIER

Hey. They, ah, accidentally delivered this flavorless domestic light beer to my house. Figured it must have been yours.

SARAH

Oh, right, you prefer that carbonated sewage runoff.

He smiles, offers her his Apocalyst.

XAVIER

So now that you've had some time to think on it, you ready to pick one?

Sarah hesitates. She has to ask:

SARAH

Why me? Of all people...

Off Xavier...

**EXT. FARMERS' MARKET - DAY - FLASHBACK**

As Xavier makes his way through the farmers' market alone, something catches his eye. ANGLE ON: an ebullient Sarah, holding Josh, laughing with Tucker and Mary-Anne. She's magnetic. Chatting with vendors. Making people smile. Sarah hands Josh off to Mary-Anne and goes to check out the rutabaga stand. Xavier approaches - this is his chance! - as Sarah turns to the vendor.

SARAH

Excuse me, sir? What kind of listeria precautions do you take with your rutabagas?

And we realize -- *he saw her first...*

**EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - BACK TO PRESENT**

Xavier shrugs.

XAVIER

Because I like your butt.  
(then, the truth)  
And because you're charming and funny... and awkward, which is also funny. And I just want to spend time with you. And your butt. I want to spend time with both of you.

Sarah laughs. Xavier holds up the list again.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Just think of it as making a dying man's dreams come true.

SARAH

Gimme the list.

She scans it:

Get shot out of a cannon

Complete the Iditarod

Go on one of those crazy Japanese game shows where you end up naked and covered in goo

Nope, none of those.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Okay, how about #12: Go to the beach with Daniel?

Xavier hesitates.

XAVIER

Well, the beach is in St. Croix and my brother Daniel is currently in federal prison for tax fraud. So we have to put a pin in that one.

Oh. Sarah consults the list again.

SARAH

Okay, what about #88: Take a joy-ride with Big Carl?

A huge smile breaks across his face.

XAVIER

It is Sunday.

SARAH

Sunday?

INT. MONSTER TRUCK RALLY - NIGHT

XAVIER

Sunday!

Sarah and Xavier stand on the side of a dirt track in a small indoor arena. Monster trucks crush cars mere feet in front of them. Xavier looks thrilled. Sarah, not so much.

SARAH

I was imagining Big Carl had, like, a vintage Chevy that we would cruise down Sunset.

A massive Monster Truck with devil horns rumbles up beside them. Sarah's barely taller than the wheels. She looks up at the name stenciled on the door: END OF DAYZ.

BIG CARL drops down from the cab. He's five feet tall, if you're feeling generous, and caked in mud.

BIG CARL  
Y'all ready to wreak some havoc?

INT. END OF DAYZ - LATER

Sarah and Xavier sit in the cab next to Big Carl, helmets strapped on. Sarah buckles a seatbelt across her waist. She's clearly nervous.

SARAH  
Maybe we could just do a slow lap  
and leave the jumps for next time?

Big Carl checks with Xavier, who surreptitiously shakes his head. Big Carl smiles, hits the ignition, and the engine roars to life. Xavier and Sarah both jump in their seats. The sound is deafening.

XAVIER  
Holy hell!

BIG CARL  
Sexy, ain't it?

SARAH  
WHAT?

BIG CARL  
I SAID, IT'S SEXY, AIN'T IT?!

SARAH  
WHAT?!

BIG CARL  
HOLD ONTO YOUR BE-HINDS!

Sarah and Xavier grab hold of each other as the truck rockets forward.

Both scream as they hit the first jump and launch in the air.

Sarah slides into Xavier as they careen around a corner, up on 2 wheels.

Teeth rattling, hanging onto each other for dear life, they flatten every last junker car in their path.

Finally, the truck screeches to a halt. A stunned beat, then:

SARAH  
Can we go again?

Big Carl smiles and guns it.

INT. MONSTER TRUCK RALLY PITS - LATER

Xavier helps Sarah down from the truck. They're exhilarated, filled with adrenaline and covered in mud.

And there, as welders working on their trucks cause literal sparks to fly around them, Xavier pulls her in close and kisses her. And off Sarah, living in the moment...

EXT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah and Xavier kiss again on the sidewalk in front of his house. They break apart.

XAVIER  
Oh, shoot...

SARAH  
What?

XAVIER  
I just realized I forgot to walk  
you home.

Sarah smiles.

SARAH  
Yeah, I noticed that.

XAVIER  
But you didn't say anything.

SARAH  
No.

XAVIER  
I could do it now.

SARAH  
You could...

XAVIER  
But it's so far away.

SARAH  
Yeah. Almost two blocks.

Xavier exhales.

XAVIER  
Oh, man, well, I guess you're going  
to have just... call a cab.

Sarah smiles.

SARAH

You know, the longer we do this,  
the less time there is to--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. XAVIER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Xavier and Sarah are all over each other, their clothes flying off...

HANK (PRELAP)

Some Like It Hot.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD PUB - NIGHT

It's trivia night. Hank and Timothy and a couple other TEAM MEMBERS crowd into a booth and huddle over an answer sheet.

HANK

Or was it Love Nest?

The Trivia Leader announces into a cruddy PA system:

TRIVIA LEADER

Ten seconds left, folks. What 1952 screwball comedy starred Cary Grant and Marilyn Monroe?

Timothy shakes his head.

TIMOTHY

*It's Monkey Business.*

Timothy scribbles his answer on a napkin and hands it to a teammate, who races it to the front.

TRIVIA LEADER

Point to Mumble in the Jungle!

Hank slaps Timothy on the back.

HANK

My friend, you are a rockstar!

Timothy offers a tight smile.

TIMOTHY

*Tell that to Sarah.*

HANK

You still haven't heard anything from her?

Timothy shakes his head. Hank tries to buck him up.

HANK (CONT'D)

You know, it's a big decision. I'm sure she's just giving it some real thought.

INT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah and Xavier, in the midst of the hottest sex we can get away with...

END OF ACT III

ACT IVINT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - MORNING

Sarah and Xavier lay tangled in the bed sheets.

XAVIER

(sotto)

Hey. Something kind of weird happened last night.

SARAH

Hmm?

XAVIER

I don't know how, but...

He holds up his Apocalyst.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Somehow "Sleep with hot rutabaga girl" appeared on my list like fourteen more times.

Sarah laughs. Xavier moves in.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

So we better get crackin'.

SARAH

Wait, what time is it?

XAVIER

I don't know, morning.

Sarah finds her cellphone in the pocket of her crumpled up pants. It's 8:23 a.m.

SARAH

Shit, I have to get to work.

She jumps out of bed and starts reassembling her outfit.

XAVIER

Skip it.

SARAH

I would if I could.

XAVIER

Let's go to the beach. I'll teach you how to surf.

SARAH  
That sounds amazing...

XAVIER  
Yes!

SARAH  
But my boss --

XAVIER  
Demon breath?

SARAH  
Yep. She hates when people are late. Or tired. Or generally human at all. So I better boogie.

XAVIER  
Fine. Tonight let's do something off your list.

SARAH  
I don't have a list.

XAVIER  
Well, what's something you've always wanted to do?

Sarah thinks, leans in, excited.

SARAH  
Okay. I've always wondered... What would actually happen if you put aluminum foil in the microwave?

Beat.

XAVIER  
What's something else you've always wanted to do? Bigger than that.

Sarah frowns.

SARAH  
That seems pretty big. Sparks, maybe a fire? Who knows.

XAVIER  
What else? Even bigger.

SARAH  
I don't know... Maybe try a pogo stick?

XAVIER

Eh.

SARAH

Um... read all of the Nancy Drew books? Dye my hair pink?

XAVIER

What would you do if you had 8 months to live?

SARAH

Honestly...? Sing in public.

XAVIER

Yes!

SARAH

Nooooo.

XAVIER

C'mon!

SARAH

No, absolutely not. I couldn't. I wish I was that person, but it's... I'm just not.

XAVIER

Fine. But we're going to continue this discussion over drinks tonight.

SARAH

Deal.

XAVIER

Also, before you go, let me just say --

He cuts himself off, kissing her. Then:

SARAH

You make a very good point.

INT. BIG BOX WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Still in her ruffled outfit from the night before, Sarah stands in a blissful haze. Coworkers pass by but she doesn't even notice them.

HANK (O.S.)

He's amazing, isn't he?

SARAH

He really is.  
(snapping out of it)  
Wait, who?

He takes Sarah by the shoulder and turns her 45 degrees. Just feet away, a handful of the WAREHOUSE WORKERS have unpacked a BADMINTON SET and volley a birdie back and forth.

HANK

Teddy. It's like he's got that shuttlecock on a string.

TEDDY

4 serving 5...

SARAH

Crap...  
(to workers)  
Game over! Everyone back to work!

The players all scatter and scurry back to work as the birdie drifts to the ground.

HANK

You feeling okay?

SARAH

Yeah. Yeah! I'm meeting Xavier at City Tavern for Happy Hour tonight.

Hank regards her, leery.

HANK

Oh, cool. Are you guys celebrating your engagement to Timothy?

She gives him a look.

SARAH

I can't make a decision about that until I get this Xavier thing out of my system.

HANK

So he's already been in your system?

He inserts his index finger into his fist to indicate bonin'. She slaps it away.

SARAH

Don't be --

INT. CITY TAVERN - LATER

XAVIER

Disgusting!

Xavier grimaces at the tequila shots he and Sarah just took.

SARAH

That'll put some hair on your nips.

They're in a dimly-lit dive bar. On a small platform stage, an aging classic rock cover band finishes up the Blue Oyster Cult song "Don't Fear the Reaper". The BRITISH LEAD SINGER, a pot-bellied former heartthrob, takes the mic.

LEAD SINGER

Alright, party people, everyone  
having a good time tonight?

The audience cheers. Sarah looks at her phone. 5 missed calls from Hank. Weird.

LEAD SINGER (CONT'D)

The only thing I love more than  
rock 'n' roll is a rockin' raffle.

He takes a folded up bar napkin out of his back pocket. Sarah goes to text Hank, as --

LEAD SINGER (CONT'D)

And tonight's big winner is...  
Sarah Callahan. Are you here,  
Sarah?

XAVIER

That's you.  
(to the stage)  
She's right here!

Sarah, baffled, sets down her phone. Sorry, Hank.

SARAH

I didn't enter a raffle...

XAVIER

Weird.

LEAD SINGER

C'mon on up here and claim your  
prize, darlin'.

Sarah walks up on to the stage.

SARAH

Um, what did I win?

The lead singer drops the raffle ruse.

LEAD SINGER

The right to rock!

He thrusts the microphone into her hand as the band launches into Whitesnake's "Here I Go Again".

Sarah looks terrified.

SARAH

No! I can't...

She tries to leave, but the lead singer throws his arm around her shoulders and starts swaying. She looks out at Xavier, mouths, "What the hell?" He gives her a confident thumbs up.

XAVIER

Woo! You got this, Sarah!

LEAD SINGER

(sotto)

You know the words?

Sarah nods.

LEAD SINGER (CONT'D)

Here comes the first verse.

Staring at her feet, Sarah whisper-sings the first few lines. The lead singer claps along, but the crowd grows restless. She's losing the room.

Xavier WHISTLES sharply. When Sarah looks up, Xavier's shirtless in the middle of the bar. He shouts up at her:

XAVIER

I'm going to keep stripping until you start singing for real. Which is going to be really embarrassing for... well, mostly me.

Sarah has totally stopped singing now. Xavier undoes his belt and drops his pants to his ankles.

Sarah laughs, and the laugh loosens her up... and she starts to really go for it. Belting it out. Gary was right, she does have the voice of an angel (with spazzy dance moves). And as she builds to the chorus --

SARAH

*And I've made up my mind, I ain't  
wasting no more time, Here I go  
again!*

-- the band shares a look: they haven't rocked like this in years. The entire bar goes wild, bursting into applause.

Well, almost everyone. Xavier can't clap, because he has his hands full. Of his junk.

Off Sarah, happier than she's ever been, dancing around the stage to a guitar solo before coming back to the mic at just the right moment... Here she goes again...

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER

Sarah, elated, leans against the bar next to Xavier, buttoning up his shirt. He looks at her with genuine admiration.

XAVIER

That was incredible. You were  
incredible. You should do that  
professionally.

A TIPSY GIRL stumbles up to the bar next them. Puts her hand on Sarah's shoulder.

TIPSY GIRL

I don't know who has better pipes,  
you or him!

SARAH

Thanks. Kind of.  
(to Xavier)  
And thank you.

XAVIER

To conquering our fears.

And just as they toast... Hank, frantic, bursts into the bar and beelines for Sarah.

HANK

What the frickin' heck did you do?!

SARAH

Whitesnake! It was pretty epic.

HANK

No, this. Deirdre forwarded it to  
me.

He holds up his phone:

From: Sarah.Callahan@bigboxwarehouse.com  
To: Deirdre.Hackmeyer@bigboxwarehouse.com  
Subject: YOU SUCK ON EVERY LEVEL

Sarah grabs the phone out of his hand and reads, bewildered.

SARAH

Oh my god...

We see pops of the email text: "...petty, vindictive tyrant..." "I hereby resign from this shitshow."

Sarah's reeling.

SARAH (CONT'D)

No...

HANK

She made me clean out your desk.  
Your stuff's in my car.

SARAH

But I didn't write this!

Xavier, sipping his beer, pipes up.

XAVIER

I wrote it for you.

Sarah whips around.

SARAH

You did what?!

XAVIER

You needed a nudge.

Sarah's stunned, speechless.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Life's too short to waste in a  
place like that, Sarah.

SARAH

What the hell is wrong with you?!

Sarah goes to throw her drink at Xavier, but it's almost empty, only a few drops spill out.

Hank grabs a nearby beer off the bar and throws it in Xavier's face, drenching him.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
(to Hank)  
Thank you.  
(to Xavier)  
Prick.

As she marches toward the door...

SARAH (CONT'D)  
You really are out of your mind!

XAVIER  
You'll thank me one day.

But she's gone.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
One of the 243 days we have left.

END OF ACT IV

ACT VINT. SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Still in a panic, Sarah paces around her living room, straightening up things that are already organized.

SARAH

Oh my god, I'm so stupid... I'm so stupid... What am I going to do?

She picks up the phone, dials. Timothy's face pops up on the screen.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hi. Can you come ov--

The doorbell rings.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hang on.

She answers the door to find Timothy, his phone to his ear.

TIMOTHY

You needed me?

Sarah hugs him, instantly comforted by his presence.

TIMOTHY (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

Wait, so who is this guy? How do you know him?

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sarah considers how to answer this.

SARAH

He's... They delivered a package for him here by mistake and I returned it.

TIMOTHY

And he just started stalking you? Do we need to think about a restraining order?

SARAH

No. It's... more complicated than that.

Beat.

TIMOTHY

I see.

SARAH

It was a mistake. And it's over now. I just... I just need to get my job back.

Timothy swallows his pride.

TIMOTHY

Okay... Okay, here's what you do. Tomorrow morning just go into Deirdre's office and say...

INT. DEIRDRE'S OFFICE - MORNING

SARAH

As you can see, my computer has a different IP address than the one that sent you that nasty email.

Sarah sits across from Deirdre, who consults a printout with two IP addresses circled in red.

DEIRDRE

You're saying someone else sent it?

SARAH

Yes! Some wackadoo hacked my account. Believe me, there's nothing I want more than this job.

A deadpan Deirdre stares back at her, inscrutable.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Because it's such a great place to work... And you're an incredible and inspiring person to work for...

DEIRDRE

So you don't think that I --  
(consulting email)  
quote, "look like Judge Judy's birth mother?"

Sarah shakes her head.

SARAH

Nope.

DEIRDRE

Or that my breath smells like a loaf of baked barf?

SARAH

Ma'am, I find you and your breath  
just... delightful.

DEIRDRE

Good.

Deirdre comes around her desk and gets right up next to Sarah's face. Unleashing her breathiest voice:

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

I would hhate to hhhear that you  
hhaven't been hhappy hhhere.

Sarah plasters on a smile, her eyes watering. Finally, Deirdre relents.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

Fine. I'll rehire you...

Sarah exhales, relieved.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

On one condition.

SARAH

Anything.

DEIRDRE

I'm sure you've noticed that I  
harbor feelings for Hank that go  
beyond appreciation for his extreme  
competence as an assistant.

Sarah tries to conceal her surprise. She had no idea.

SARAH

Oh... Yeah, you two have a lot of,  
a lot of chemistry.

**INT. BIG BOX WAREHOUSE - FLASHBACK**

Deirdre approaches a unisex bathroom just as Hank exits.

DEIRDRE

Is it safe to go in there?

HANK

I'd give it a minute.

Deirdre smiles. Thinks they're having a moment.

DEIRDRE

I appreciate your honesty, Hank.

INT. DEIRDRE'S OFFICE - BACK TO PRESENT

DEIRDRE

I agree. The connection is palpable, yet he seems unaware of our potential. So I will require your help to win his affection.

She holds up a hefty HANDBOOK and thuds it on the desk.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

These are the HR guidelines on interoffice fraternization. Study them. Like all good love stories, our romance must be both passionate and legally permissible.

And off Sarah: oh, boy...

INT. SARAH'S CUBICLE - LATER

Back at her desk, Sarah unpacks her stuff: the pen organizer, Sal the succulent. She slips the HR handbook into a drawer.

REVERSE to REVEAL: Hank and Kareema helping her settle back in. She gives them a grateful smile.

SARAH

Really nice of Deirdre to take me back. She's not that bad, you know? She has nice...

And here Sarah struggles to think of something, anything, complimentary.

SARAH (CONT'D)

...eyes.

HANK

Nice eyes?

SARAH

Yeah. They're the same size and...

KAREEMA

Dead inside.

SARAH

I was going to say blue.

HANK

They're hazel, actually.

Sarah turns to look at him. Huh. So he's noticed. There's a sliver of hope here. As Hank hands her a wall calendar:

HANK (CONT'D)

What?

SARAH

Nothing.

She smiles. As she hangs the calendar back up...

**INT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

XAVIER

... humankind only has 8 months and  
12 days left on Earth...

**INT. SARAH'S CUBICLE - BACK TO PRESENT**

Curiosity gets the best of her and she leafs forward in the calendar, counting off the time, her fingers tracing the days. She stops at May 23.

HANK

Actually, it's May 22nd.

She turns to Hank.

SARAH

What?

HANK

Jade Helm. It's happening on May  
22nd.

Sarah blinks.

SARAH

All the most important people in  
the country are being ferried to  
underground bunkers exactly one day  
before Xavier thinks an asteroid is  
going end the world?

Kareema shrugs.

KAREEMA

Must be a coincidence.

SARAH

Yeah... Coincidences happen all  
the time. It doesn't mean Xavier's  
theory is --

EMPLOYEE (O.S.)

RIGHT!

From off-screen comes the urgent cry of a warehouse EMPLOYEE--

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Turn right, Teddy!

-- as he tries to help Teddy steer the FORKLIFT around a stack of boxes.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Stop! Stop! Stop!

INT. SARAH'S CAR - LATER

A TRAFFIC COP holds his hand up, stopping Sarah at an intersection. "This is the End" by The Doors plays on the radio. Behind the cop, FOUR HORSEMEN (riders of the Apocalypse?) trot past...

Followed by the rest of a bright and cheery PARADE. Sarah exhales, relieved.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - EVENING

Sarah heads up the stairs to find a brand new POGO STICK with a red bow leaning against her front door. Sarah opens the note: "Have fun -- X."

Sarah scoffs.

SARAH

Like this is going to make up for what he did.

She snatches the pogo stick and marches it over to the trash bin. She opens the lid and tosses the pogo stick in -- but it BOUNCES right out again (because it's a pogo stick!) and lands at her feet.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Huh.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

Sarah bounces along the sidewalk on the pogo stick, grinning. She's catching some pretty good air.

EXT. XAVIER'S ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

REVEAL Xavier watching her through his telescope. It warms his heart to see her enjoying herself so much.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She's really getting into it now. Bouncing with abandon. She can't keep the smile off her face. Bounce, bounce -- CRASH!

Sarah hits the curb and flies headlong into a parked car. Knocking herself OUT COLD.

EXT. XAVIER'S ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Xavier shoots up from the telescope.

XAVIER

Oh, shit.

He grabs his cellphone. Calls for help.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

9-1-1, what's your emergency?

XAVIER

A, ah, a pogo accident.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Say what now?

SARAH (PRELAP)

You have to be kidding me!

INT. AMBULANCE - LATER

Sarah has woken up on a stretcher in the back of the ambulance.

SARAH

You cannot take me a hospital. I hate hospitals!

A PARAMEDIC gently restrains her.

PARAMEDIC

Just relax, ma'am. You've experienced some head trauma. Your boyfriend called us.

XAVIER (O.S.)

Boyfriend seems strong. I'm more into ethical non-monogamy.

REVEAL: Xavier crammed in the back with them.

SARAH

Nope! Unh-uh... Get him out of here! He's a lunatic!

XAVIER

Okay, listen. I was out of line, and I'm sorry. Just calm down --

SARAH

You calm down! You're the whole reason I'm here!

The BEEPING heart monitor reading Sarah's vitals picks up speed - she is pissed!

PARAMEDIC

Ma'am, you have to relax--

SARAH

I want him out!

EXT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a flashing blinker.

WIDEN OUT as the ambulance pulls over. The back doors fling open and Xavier stumbles out. The doors slam shut and the SIREN kicks back on as the ambulance speeds away.

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah exhales. But even as her anger fades, the rapid BEEPING of the heart monitor doesn't slow. The paramedic looks worried.

SARAH

You know what? I think I'd like to get out, too. I don't really do hospitals. And I feel great, I do. I'm good.

She tries to sit up, but the paramedic pushes her back down.

PARAMEDIC

Ma'am, please lay back!

Sarah goes quiet, scared. Something is clearly awry. And off the insistent beating of the heart monitor...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A DOCTOR checks in with Sarah, who sits on the edge of a hospital bed, eager to leave.

DOCTOR

In terms of the fall, it's pretty minor, just a mild concussion.

SARAH

Oh, thank god.

DOCTOR

But we found a problem with your heart.

A beat.

SARAH

What kind of problem?

DOCTOR

You have Wolff-Parkinson-White Syndrome. It means there's an extra electrical pathway in your heart that's causing it to beat too fast.

Sarah takes this in, stunned.

SARAH

How serious is it?

DOCTOR

We're going to need to get you into surgery immediately.

Off Sarah, scared and alone...

END OF ACT V

ACT VIINT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

CLOSE ON Sarah in a hospital gown as she's wheeled down the hallway toward the operating room and her uncertain future...

INT. OPERATING ROOM - LATER

An ANESTHESIOLOGIST attends to Sarah, now laying on a gurney.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST (O.S.)  
Count backward from 100.

SARAH  
100... 99... 90... 8 months  
until... asteroid... SkyMall...

Sarah's eyes slowly close.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST (O.S.)  
Keep counting, please.

As she falls under and DOCTORS get to work...

GAYLE (PRELAP)  
How do you feel, sweetheart?

INT. SARAH'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Sarah's just woken up, still a little loopy from the drugs. She looks past the doctor to see Gary, Gayle, and Mary-Anne, holding Josh.

SARAH  
I feel... really happy to see you  
guys.  
(then)  
And a little constipated.

GARY  
Want me to find you some ex-  
laxatives?

GAYLE  
Try not to move too much. I put  
some of Miss Yvonne's healing  
crystals on your chest.

Sarah looks down to find a line of colorful CRYSTALS from her collarbone to her navel.

SARAH  
Thanks, mom.

MARY-ANNE

You know, you look pretty good for someone who just had a major organ soldered.

DOCTOR

She's right, Sarah, you did great. But you'll definitely need to take it easy for a few days.

GARY

She's out of the woods though, right?

DOCTOR

Yes. Early detection is key in cases like this. If you hadn't had that accident... you very well could have been dead in a month.

Sarah stares at him.

SARAH

You're saying a pogo stick crash saved my life?

DOCTOR

I suppose so.

Sarah bursts out laughing.

GARY

Here's a sentence I never thought I'd say: Thank goodness you weren't wearing a helmet!

This makes Sarah laugh even harder. The crystals clatter as they hit the ground.

GAYLE

Be careful!

SARAH

I'm good. All good. I'm gonna live my life. Do ma thang!

Sarah goes to climb out of bed --

DOCTOR

The painkillers haven't worn off --

-- and her legs immediately give out. Gary and Gayle support her.

SARAH

As soon as I get my legs underneath me. Then I'm gonna do ma thang.

PRE-LAP: KNOCKING on a door.

EXT. TIMOTHY'S HOUSE - DAY

Sarah stands on the stoop. Timothy answers, surprised and happy to see her.

TIMOTHY

Hi.

Sarah smiles.

SARAH

Can I come in?

INT. TIMOTHY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

His apartment is nerd-chic: tech gadgets, vintage typewriters, framed posters of classic sci-fi films. Sarah and Timothy sit at the table.

TIMOTHY

Tea?

SARAH

I don't want to get married.

A beat.

TIMOTHY

So no tea?

SARAH

It's not because I don't think you're a great guy. You are. I'm just not ready.

TIMOTHY

Is this because of that other guy? The one who sent the email?

Sarah hesitates.

SARAH

It's not about -- I'm just not ready to get married. It doesn't mean I won't ever be...

TIMOTHY

Oh, cool, so I should just stand by and wait to see if you ever come around?

(then)

I get it. I'm not exciting, but I'm reliable, and that makes me a great backup plan.

SARAH

You're not a backup plan...

TIMOTHY

You're right. I'm not. And when it goes to shit with this guy -- and it will -- I'm not going to be there to pick up the pieces. Okay? I get to move on, too.

And his anger softens a bit to sadness.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Even though it will be unbelievably hard. I have to move on. And I will.

A beat. Sarah nods, then turns and exits. As he watches her go, R.E.M.'s "It's the End of the World As We Know It" carries us to...

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - LATER

REVEAL: Sarah has made her own Apocalyst. She crosses out:

1. ~~Tell Timothy the truth.~~

She looks at the next item on the list:

2. Tell Xavier the truth.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Sarah heads toward Xavier's place, not even noticing the CUTE BRUNETTE climbing into the TACO TRUCK parked in front of Xavier's house (looks like he just crossed off #73!).

EXT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Xavier opens the door to see Sarah standing there.

SARAH

Shut up, listen. I don't care if an asteroid is going to kill us all.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

I mean, of course I would care, but the point is, I'm the one who decides how I live my life. Not you. And I'm keeping my job. In fact, I'm applying for a new position there that I'm incredibly excited about and yeah, maybe you helped me learn to seize the day, but I will be seizing it at my own pace, thank you very much.

XAVIER

Okay.

SARAH

In addition, I like your butt too, probably even more than you like mine --

XAVIER

I doubt that --

SARAH

-- and I think we should keep hanging out.

With that, she takes out a pen, crosses item #2 off her list.

2. ~~Tell Xavier the truth.~~

XAVIER

(awww)

You made a list.

SARAH

I did. I happen to love lists. And this way we can do one off of yours and then one off of mine. It's only fair.

Xavier smiles.

XAVIER

Alright, what's next?

Sarah pulls out a potato wrapped in tin foil.

SARAH

Can I borrow your microwave?

INT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sarah sticks a baked potato wrapped in tin foil in the microwave. Turns it on. They watch as sparks fly...

getting bigger and bigger... until one last jolt shorts the circuit and kills the power.

OVER BLACK:

XAVIER (O.S.)  
Okay, you're right. That was way cooler than I expected.

SARAH (O.S.)  
See? Told you.

XAVIER (O.S.)  
Come here and put your face next to my face.

She laughs as they try to find each other to kiss - but then the doorbell RINGS. They fumble their way toward the front door, laughing.

XAVIER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hold on - the breaker switch is over here...

He flips it and the lights come back on. He pulls the front door open to REVEAL:

His brother DANIEL... wearing an ORANGE PRISON JUMPSUIT.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
Daniel!

Daniel rushes inside, shutting the door, and hugs Xavier.

DANIEL  
We did it, little brother!  
(then)  
I'm going to need a change of clothes, some hair dye and whatever tool gets this off my wrist.

He holds up his arm. Broken handcuffs dangle off his wrist.

A stunned Sarah turns to Xavier.

XAVIER  
What? We've only got eight months left. Why should he waste it in prison?

And off Sarah, wondering what the hell she's gotten herself into...

END OF EPISODE