

APRIL IN MAY

Written by

Preston Tholan

INT. HOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

MARGARET (31) cuts the corners off of a PBJ sandwich. She passes a fridge with crayon colored pictures, and magnet-hung photos of a little girl, her daughter APRIL (4).

She places the sandwich in a ziplock bag then into a brown lunch bag. She happily sneaks a folded piece of paper into the bag

MARGARET

I don't want you sitting next to that girl...You know, the one with the peanut allergies? I don't want to deal with that mess again. I know. The whole school probably thought I was one of those psycho moms packing peanut butter in your lunch. And if we have Betty over to your birthday party, we'll have to get a gluten free cake.

(Under her breath)

Yuck.

Margaret throws in a bag of baby carrots and a bag of chips.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Hey! And no playing with your food today. If I pack you fruit-

Margaret quickly finds a banana.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

-You have to eat it.

She stuffs it in the bag. The clock in the kitchen reads "7:46 AM".

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Shoot. Come on honey, we're going to be late.

The kitchen table is revealed to be EMPTY except for one set of silverware with a placemat and an unused bowl.

Margaret walks over, and sits across from the empty chair with a smile. She places the sack-lunch down in the center of the table.

She looks at the quiet chair.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Aren't you gonna read your note?

Silence.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
It's okay! Honey, it's a special
occasion.

Margaret's happy expression glitches to a look of extreme concern for a second. She fumbles through the bag.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Where is that little note?

She takes out most of the items, scattering them on the table. The sandwich, the carrots, the banana.

She finds a small piece of paper. She keeps it her hands.

She looks at nobody across from her. She smiles, holding her breath.

Margaret looks down at the note. Then back up across from her.

The note reads, "Happy Birthday, April! Love, Mommy"

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Ha-

She stutters. She knows something is wrong.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Happy-

She tries to smile again, but the expression seems like it's too heavy for her face to carry.

Her face switches to being stone cold, while she tries to smile. Her voice croaks.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Happy... Birth-

The reality finally sets in. She breaks.

She drops the note on the table and puts her hands on her face. Her body shakes from her tears.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
(Crying)
What am I doing? April, I- I wish I
could hear your voice again.

Margaret continues to cry when she hears a buzzing sound. A phone call.

She looks up, her hair is a mess. Confused, she can't believe her eyes.

It's the banana. It's... VIBRATING?

She cautiously picks it up, and slowly puts it to her ear.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Hello?

She almost cries again. This time, tears of happiness.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

April?

TIME CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Margaret's husband, DAVE closes the door behind him.

DAVE

Hello??

No response.

Dave walks past the kitchen, to the table where he sees the lunch items, glancing at the note that says "Happy Birthday, April! Love, Mommy".

DAVE (CONT'D)

(Under his breath)

Shit.

He puts his keys down.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Margaret?

MARGARET (O.S.)

Yeah!

DAVE

You in our room?

MARGARET (O.S.)

What?!

DAVE

Are you in our room?

MARGARET

I'm in our room!

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE OF THEIR BEDROOM

Dave knocks on the bedroom door lightly.

MARGARET

Come in!

INT. BEDROOM

DAVE

What's this?

Photos of their daughter are sprawled out on the bed.

MARGARET

Oh I was just doing
some...organizing.

Dave looks concerned.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

But something unbelievable
happened!

DAVE

Margaret-

MARGARET

I spoke to her!

DAVE

Honey what are you talking about?

MARGARET

With this!

Margaret picks up a banana next to her.

DAVE

Margaret you were speaking with
whom?

MARGARET

April! I was sitting there...And
out of nowhere, I mean it was like
it was straight out of a movie. I
hear this buzzing sound!

DAVE

Margaret. Our daughter...

MARGARET

She told me all about herself. She can speak so well, Dave. You wouldn't believe she's only five!

DAVE

Let's just-

MARGARET

She told me to tell you that your new boss, Larry? His dog died yesterday. So, you know...Not that it's justified but- kinda makes sense that he's been a dick recently.

DAVE

Our daughter is DEAD, Margaret.

She looks at her husband. Then at the mess she created. She's confused. What has she done? Is she going CRAZY?

Dave walks up to her and they hug. Margaret cries.

MARGARET

I'm sorry.

DAVE

(Genuinely)
Shhh, it's okay. I miss her too.

INT. HOUSE KITCHEN - DAYS LATER

A coffee brews. Dave tiredly puts the mail on the counter. He notices something under the stack. A childish crayon drawing of monkeys holding bananas. Which reminds him-

ANGLE ON: A bundle of bananas.

Dave looks around to make sure his wife doesn't see. He throws them in the garbage. He turns back to focus on his coffee.

Margaret bends the corner. She looks tired, in PJs.

MARGARET

(Yawns)
Good morning.

DAVE

Dave walks over to her, kissing her forehead.

Beat.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You feel a little hot. You need
Advil?

MARGARET
No, I'm fine.

DAVE
C'mon, there's probably still some
in our closet.

MARGARET
(Defensive)
I said I'm alright.

DAVE
It's not a big deal.

He begins walking. Margaret looks defeated.

INT. BEDROOM

Dave opens the closet. About 15 bananas fall from the top
shelf.

INT. COUNSELING & THERAPY WAITING ROOM - DAY

DAVE
Hi I'm here for Margaret.

The receptionist looks at his list of patients.

RECEPTIONIST
How do you spell it?

Dave looks slightly put-off.

DAVE
Um... "M" -

RECEPTIONIST
Oh, I see it here. Yeah,
"Margaret". She's in that room over
there.

DAVE
Thanks.

Dave walks over to the nearest closed room. He opens it and
flinches. It's clearly the wrong room.

He glares back and gestures to the receptionist like "Gee, thanks". The receptionist shrugs apathetically.

INT. THE *CORRECT* DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A therapist flips to a rorschach image.

THERAPIST

And this one?

Dave and Margaret sit next to each other supportively.

MARGARET

I see, like a boat or something.

THERAPIST

Interesting. It's funny most people see like a- what do you call it? Like a sea antenna or uh, sea anemon-

The therapist looks at the card skeptically.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

I guess it doesn't matter.

DAVE

With all due respect Doctor, don't you think we can just move on. Is there something you can prescribe?

MARGARET

(To Dave)

Prescribe?!

THERAPIST

Oh, I'm not a doctor.

DAVE

I'm sorry?

THERAPIST

Yeah, no. I'm just a psychologist. What you're thinking of is a *psychiatrist*.

Dave has grown frustrated.

DAVE

Well which one can help my wife?

MARGARET

Dave!

DAVE

Honey...

THERAPIST

I understand your concern, sir. But what we do in these sessions are actually very beneficial at times like this. Margaret- would you like to try another?

He flips to another rorschach image. It looks like nothing in particular.

MARGARET

A banana.

Dave looks embarrassed. He knows Margaret is messing with him.

THERAPIST

(Enthusiastically to Dave)

Wow! Right?

MARGARET

Yep. A big. Fat. Banana.

DAVE

I don't need this wasting my-

MARGARET

Dave, wait!

Dave gets up.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I know what I heard. It was April, you have to believe me!

DAVE

Don't do this...

MARGARET

You can talk to her too, Dave!

DAVE

Marg-

The room is tense.

DAVE (CONT'D)

No offense, Mr... What was it?

THERAPIST

Mr. Fickleboomer.

DAVE

What?

THERAPIST

Mr. Fickleboomer.

DAVE

Mr. Fickle-?

THERAPIST

You can call me Steve.

DAVE

Steve, I think you've done what you could here, thank you.

Dave grabs his coat.

DAVE (CONT'D)

But when my wife, the mother of our dead daughter, claims to have spiritual talks with our four-year-old on a banana phone, I would at least hope that she gets better treatment than a bunch of inkblots on poster-board!

The therapist gulps.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(Now very sincere)

You wanna know what I see? I see what we used to be, Margaret. I see a father and a mother. I see a beautiful baby girl who was so loved. And now that she's gone, our family doesn't mean anything less. I still love her, and I still love you. Sometimes. Sometimes I wish I could talk to her too! But we can't.

The tone is sober. Margarets eyes are wet.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Steve. I'll write you a check. Margaret?

Dave gestures toward the door.

Margaret hesitates. She doesn't know what to believe.

Suddenly a buzzing sound interrupts them. It sounds like a vibrating phone.

The therapist's hand is shaped liked the "shaka", or "hang loose" sign. It continues to vibrate. The therapist is terrified.

THERAPIST

What the- what the hell is going on!

Margaret smiles with relief. Dave stares in awe.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

What the fuck is wrong with you people? SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!

The receptionist bursts through the door to see a ringing hand.

RECEPTIONIST

Holy...

Margaret slowly reaches for the Holy Mr. Fickleboomer's hand. She puts it to her ear. She waits. Her eyes start to form tears.

MARGARET

It's her.

THERAPIST

What? WHAT?!

Dave has no idea what to think. His whole mind is blown. He just stares with similar wet eyes.

MARGARET

It's for you.

She walks with the therapist over to Dave. He puts it up to his ear.

BEAT.

APRIL (O.S.)

Daddy?

CUT TO BLACK.