

AFTERLIFE

Written by

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INT. DOCTOR YU'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Eyes, fresh from an afternoon cry, dart left to right.

SOOTHING AI VOICE (V.O.)
The AFTERLIFE procedure is simple,
painless, and non-invasive.

APRIL -- mid-thirties, former artist, current columnist --
sits slumped over an open brochure.

Graphics of brains, cybernetic implants, and government
stamps of approval line trifold pages.

SOOTHING AI VOICE (V.O.)
First, you are sedated. Then, a
small syringe...

With "small syringe," April looks up at the source -- a
waiting room TV. On it, an animated probe rockets through a
skull and into a brain.

SOOTHING AI VOICE (CONT'D)
...gently penetrates the outer
cortex and implants the device.

Animated arrows point from outer brain regions to the chip,
now copying information.

SOOTHING AI VOICE (CONT'D)
When fused and activated, AFTERLIFE
interfaces with your unique neural
network, creating a model of what
makes you, you.

The chip powers on, pulsing.

SOOTHING AI VOICE (CONT'D)
Once complete, your brain is
rebooted --

A TV-side door swings open, interrupting the video.

It's DOCTOR YU. With the confident melancholy of a caged, mad
scientist, he scans the room, clipboard in hand.

DOCTOR YU
April?

Aside from Yu, April's alone in an otherwise empty room. She
looks around, looks back to Yu, raises an uncertain hand.

Yu looks to his notes then back to April. Back to his notes.

INT. DOCTOR YU'S OFFICE - DAY

April sits across from Dr. Yu, thinking. He stares back, waiting.

A glass case filled with tied knots spans the wall between them. Another decorative knot haunts the corner of his desk -- an infinite, Gordian loop. A migraine-cluster of petrified rope.

APRIL

Are you...?

DOCTOR YU

AI?

He laughs.

DOCTOR YU (CONT'D)

Maybe. I wouldn't know. That's the beauty of it, really. There are certain... fail-safes built in. To keep the device from recognizing that it's artificial. It believes that it *is* you. That's the only way it works. The only way it's... *convincing*.

April's unconvinced.

APRIL

There's no way to tell?

Yu shakes his head.

APRIL (CONT'D)

How? How could it be the same... *me*?

Yu leans in.

DOCTOR YU

What *is* consciousness if not the body's history of suffering?

He leans back, satisfied. April squints, tries to decipher whatever the fuck that means.

DOCTOR YU (CONT'D)

Trust me. No one can tell. Not friends, family. Not even the new you! It won't even remember the procedure.

April stares back.

DOCTOR YU (CONT'D)
If it helps, think of it like a
clone -- a perfect clone -- one
that's born inside your mind and
makes use of the body after you...
transcend.

APRIL
You mean... *die*?

Doctor Yu leans further in.

DOCTOR YU
We prefer transcend.

Leaning back again, less satisfied:

DOCTOR YU (CONT'D)
Your last conscious experience is
at the clinic, during prep. You're
under general anesthesia, so...
it's seamless. Painless. Really the
best way to...
(prolonged, reaching
silence)

APRIL
Transcend?

Dr. Yu smiles. Nods.

APRIL (CONT'D)
And insurance covers it?

DOCTOR YU
All of it.

Brow furrowed, April slow-nods with more skepticism.

DOCTOR YU (CONT'D)
Most enhancements are covered. It's
an attractive option for providers.
Unenhanced humans tend to be...

He chooses carefully.

DOCTOR YU (CONT'D)
More reckless.

APRIL
Is it reversible?

DOCTOR YU
Totally irreversible.

He pulls out a pen and pad, starts scribbling.

DOCTOR YU (CONT'D)
It's a lot to consider, I know.

He hands over the slip.

DOCTOR YU (CONT'D)
Here.

It's impossible to read.

DOCTOR YU (CONT'D)
Just a mild dose of psilocybin. I
think you should take it and...
maybe the rest of the day off?
Really think about it.

She nods, her pursed lips flatly appreciating the irony.

APRIL
Thanks.

Yu nods back. Salutes. April stands, brochures in hand, turns to the door. Before she reaches it, Yu sits up.

DOCTOR YU
Sleep study!

April turns back, a little jolted.

DOCTOR YU (CONT'D)
Other than a brain scan, that's
about the only way to tell. No REM
sleep. The implant doesn't need it.

APRIL
So no dreams?

DOCTOR YU
Some report dreams, but we're not
sure why. Or how. So... dreams,
maybe. REM, no.

April smiles, nods, waves, exits.

INT. DOCTOR YU'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

April's swift retreat is abruptly stifled by the shock of a now-crowded waiting room. All eyes, looking up from new-patient paperwork, now on her.

INT. CAR - DAY

JAMES -- mid-thirties, former athlete, current health nut -- sits in a driveway swiping through old phone photos -- April and a young boy tube down a lazy river, latched together.

James flips, flips, eyes drawn and distant.

A smartwatch alarm breaks his concentration. It's 5:30 pm.

He checks his watch for vitals, mentally logs his heartbeat and step count.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

James stands at a trail head, warming up. One final stretch and deep breath. He presses some watch buttons and starts down a wooded path.

He runs. Runs.

Brief flashes of April and the boy. Different photos. The boy swimming in a lake, April smiling.

James grimaces, picks up the pace.

Another photo. April and the boy fishing, his line stuck in a tree. Smiling.

He runs faster. Faster. Slowly, his face relaxes, and his eyes empty. Pain wagers for a moment of peace.

Black.

Sounds of a still lake baking in Florida heat rise and swell.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Dark glasses reflect six-o'clock sun. April lies motionless in a canoe, sunbathing, tripping.

She pulls a joint to her mouth, hits it, melts back to the eerie, croaking symphony of summer bugs and Spanish moss.

She floats as offscreen footsteps grow louder. Louder.

A voice from above. It's her husband, James, sweat-drenched and red.

JAMES
(panting)
Baby?

April's startled to attention. Sits up.

James towers over her, standing on their old, splintered dock.

Tied to the same planks with thick, frayed rope, April's canoe drifts just inches from its edge.

APRIL
What time is it?

He presses more watch buttons.

JAMES
After 6. You ok?

APRIL
Yeah... I'm good.

He doesn't believe her.

JAMES
Well... I'm happy to see you out here.

Half-smiles and brief, silent recognition.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I'm gonna shower.

He blows her a kiss. She blows one back. He turns and jogs to their stilted lake house.

April's eyes follow his shrinking silhouette as sounds of a running shower fade in.

She looks down at her phone -- it's 6:17. A new text from INDI reads: "It's creation, darling. It counts." She looks up. Back down again -- a tic for anything she finds incredulous. The sound of water now menacing and loud.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

April watches steam radiate from a cracked bathroom door. James reaches from behind, puts his phone on the vanity, pulls a towel, shuts it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

At the sound of curtain rings, April rushes to the living room, rummages through her bag, and grabs the AFTERLIFE brochures from Yu's office.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

James "sings," his voice distorted under running water.

JAMES
(impersonating One.Will's
Modern Art)
Feelin' like a modern piece-a
arrrrt. In this modern
renaissaaance. A modern piece-a
aaarrr --

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

April opens a closet door and digs out a hidden box from the back corner while James butchers lines in the background. She hesitates to open it.

Inside, there's a DSLR camera sitting atop black-and-white framed photos. She picks it up. Holds it. Brief nostalgia coated in pain. She puts it back. Flips through the photos.

Each features the same boy from James's phone -- a small, moppy-haired kid, maybe 3-4 years old. She picks one up, stares, puts it down, flips through the rest, taking a little too long with each.

James stops singing. The shower squeaks shut.

April jams the photos, camera, and AFTERLIFE brochures inside the box and slides it back in place.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Later that night, April and James sit at a table, quietly eating dinner.

A black-and-white wedding photo hangs between them. In it, April and James stand face-to-face, their wrists bound with decorative rope.

Leaning back from the table, April thumbs through art on her iPad. She stops at a badly imitated *Creation of Adam* piece -- a human hand passes life to a robotic one. She winces, scrolls past.

James flips through his fitness app, comparing run data.
Looks up. Remembers something.

JAMES
Oh yeah. I know what I want to do.
For my birthday.

April keeps scrolling, head down.

APRIL
Oh?

JAMES
Lisa has a show. At 621. We should
go.

APRIL
(with dread)
Oh.

Silence.

April's self-awareness kicks in. She looks up.

APRIL (CONT'D)
Sure. Yeah. That'd be great.

She's a bad liar. Back to silence. James can't let it go.
Picks a fight.

JAMES
You're working?

April looks up, head tilted, gazing from the top of her
reading glasses.

APRIL
You're scrolling?

He puts his phone down. She returns the courtesy.

JAMES
What's the new assignment?

APRIL
It's just a review on... some AI
artists that're popular right now.
It's kind of a tangled mess to be
honest.

JAMES
AI artists?

APRIL
(flat)
Yes.

JAMES
Like, not human artists that use
AI? You mean like actual AI...
models? Making art?

APRIL
(more flat)
Yes.

JAMES
Wow. Ok.

APRIL
What?

JAMES
I'm surprised you took that one.

APRIL
Yeah?

JAMES
Yeah. You just have some... pretty
strong opinions. About what is and
isn't art.

APRIL
Well, it is my job.

Brief satisfaction and a bite of food followed by:

JAMES
You think it counts? The AI shit?
Is that art?

APRIL
Sure. Maybe.

JAMES
You don't think "art" depends on...
I don't know... emotional
connection? Like maybe...
channeling grief into something
positive? Something people can
relate to? How does a... *program*
or... whatever-the-fuck-it-is do
that?

April shakes her head.

APRIL

That's a pretty limited definition of "art."

JAMES

What's your definition?

APRIL

I don't know, man. Creative expression? Maybe just... creation in general? I'm pretty sure we all have our own very-fuckin'-subjective internal definitions of what makes art, art, so... fuck it. Anything goes.

JAMES

That's an incredibly broad and borderline useless definition.

APRIL

Why do you care?

He breathes. Thinks a little harder.

JAMES

Just doesn't sit right with me, I guess. All this AI shit we're inundated with. Feels like we're the last of a dying species, ya know?

April motions to his watch.

APRIL

That app that you're so obsessed with. It doesn't use AI?

JAMES

It's not the same.

APRIL

No?

JAMES

No. It's not. One tracks health stats, and one plays God.

April shrugs, pushes her glasses back in place, and picks up her tablet.

APRIL

You're being very judgy right now,
James. I didn't choose the story. I
just do what I'm told.

JAMES

I'm being judgy? You don't think
you were being... a little
dismissive?

APRIL

Of what?

JAMES

Of my sister's show. I know I'm
alone in this, but I consider her
an artist.

April's a little embarrassed at the call-out.

APRIL

(almost mumbling)

I said I was down to go.

James shifts the corner of his mouth, subtly shakes his head,
returns to his phone.

Back to silence. More scrolling.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

April and James sit in bed, lamps on. April still swipes
through her iPad, jotting notes.

A large, black-and-white rasterized poster of their dock's
view of the lake hangs over the headboard.

James opens the fitness and health tracking app on his phone,
adjusts his watch, clicks his lamp off. He turns to April.

JAMES

Goodnight. Love you.

April lowers her glasses, smiles, puts her hand over his.

APRIL

Forgive me. For earlier.

He smiles back, squeezes her hand.

JAMES

I've already forgotten it.

He rolls to the opposite side, snuggles a spare pillow.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Sweet dreams.

April looks back at him, thinking hard.

APRIL
James?

JAMES
Yeah?

APRIL
Do you remember them? Your dreams?

JAMES
Like what I want to be when I grow
up or what my brain does when I'm
sleeping?

Silence.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Yeah. Mostly.

He turns to face April.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Why?

She shrugs.

APRIL
I can't really remember the last
dream I had... Or nightmare.

JAMES
You smoke too much weed to remember
your dreams.

April remembers that's a thing. Finds it comforting.

APRIL
True. Ok. Goodnight. I love you
too.

James rolls back over.

JAMES
Let me know if you have any
nightmares, though.
(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)
(falling asleep)
I'll wake you up.

April smiles, appreciates the request, and shuts her lamp.
Tablet light briefly ignites each pupil as her eyes close.

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

Eyes open. April scrolls through photos and art pieces on her desktop monitor. She hits a THC vape then puts it back on the far corner of her desk, beside the psilocybin prescription bottle.

Her phone trembles with an incoming call. It's INDI, her editor -- the voice of a fashion designer turned magazine mogul -- comically villainous but in vogue.

APRIL
Hello.

INDI (O.S.)
Darling, how are you?

APRIL
Great.

INDI (O.S.)
Fantastic. Listen. I hate to do this, but... how close are you? To finishing the piece?

APRIL
Uhh...

INDI (O.S.)
Well, not to bore you with the nitty gritty, but there were some... allegations, so... we need a new cover. Can you swing it, darling? A solid draft this week?

APRIL
This week?

INDI (O.S.)
I know. I know. But you know how these things go. And it's not *that* bad, is it? This's your first cover, yes?

April looks back at the prescription bottle and vape.

APRIL
I have until Friday?

INDI (O.S.)
Friday, yes! Magnificent! Friday
morning is perfect! Thank you. I'll
owe you one. *Ciao-ciao.*

April finds the sign-off odd, stares back at the phone,
mouths "*ciao-ciao?*"

Quickly, she re-centers, closes her eyes, takes a deep
breath, exhales, reaches for her ear buds. As she puts them
in, the first verse of One.Will's *Modern Art* plays, and the
screen splits in half.

On the left: April scrolls through more art, hits her vape,
jots notes, types.

On the right: A time-lapse of the canoe, still lashed to the
end of the dock. It starts in real time, gently swaying, then
picks up pace, the sun and moon circling rapidly overhead.
The drifting canoe is divided by select shots of April's
reviewed art -- pieces that invoke creation, g/God/s,
abstract-renaissance windows into unbound, digital souls.

On the left: Between shots of work, she hand-makes James a
birthday card. She cuts the stock, sketches a running scene,
writes a long message inside. She wraps a cardboard box in
birthday paper, finishes her article. Submits it.

On the right: Time-lapse shots gradually slow to real time --
just the canoe tethered to the dock.

On the left: April pushes through the back door, down the
stairs, and out over the lake, into the right frame.

As she enters, the split screen snaps back to one shot --
just April.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

April, towel over shoulder, hits a joint, exhales, scans the
lake. Slowly, she looks down at the rope anchoring canoe to
dock.

EXT. CANOE - DAY

April lies motionless, the rope attaching her canoe now laid
several feet over the lake.

From the top, it's an aquatic fetus attached with a rope-umbilical cord.

Sudden footsteps grow louder. Louder. She pops up.

It's James, standing on the edge, sweat-drenched in running gear, tapping more watch buttons.

APRIL
You're early!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Freshly showered, robe-dressed, and still toweling off, April hands James an envelope and wrapped gift.

He opens the card. Reads. Laughs.

JAMES
Incredible. Wow.

He reaches for a hug. Squeezes.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You're so good to me.

He moves on to the box, unwraps it. Running shoes -- some space-age lookin' mother-fuckers. James is genuinely surprised and happy.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Oh my God! I've been looking at these!

APRIL
I know. We share an Amazon account.

Smiles.

JAMES
Thank you.

James squeezes her even more tightly into his chest.

APRIL
(struggling)
You're welcome.

He kisses the top of her head. Pulls away.

JAMES
You ready?

April, still in a bath robe, hair wild and towel-frizzed:

APRIL

Yes.

EXT. 621 GALLERY - NIGHT

The entrance to 621, a contemporary gallery, swarms with life. A wine and concessions line forms in front of an open garage door.

James and April approach a circling group. It's Indi (~60, chic, modern), Lisa (~30, cottage-chic, not as modern), and an art-district power couple, MARK and ELTON, dressed like ill-fitted astronauts at a retro-futurist space bar.

James wears his fresh running shoes.

With drinks in hand, they all greet with side hugs. April's surprised to see Indi.

LISA
Happy birthday!

APRIL
Indi?

JAMES
Thank you!

INDI
Darling!

Gracious and magnanimous, Indi steps in for arm-hugs and cheek-kisses.

INDI (CONT'D)
Star of the show! Your work was magnificent. So good to see you.

APRIL
Thank you. Sorry it was a little late.
(motioning to Lisa)
I didn't know you two knew each other.

INDI
We just met.

APRIL
Oh. Wonderful.

Lisa turns to April, sincere.

LISA
Thank you so much. For coming. I'd love to hear your thoughts after the show.

APRIL

Of course. Wouldn't miss it.

April looks back to James for an exit. An extra awkward beat while Elton critically eyeballs James's new kicks.

JAMES

Whelp. We're gonna browse.

INT. 621 GALLERY - NIGHT

April and James saunter an expansive main gallery, all stocked with Lisa's art. Big, aggressive, painfully abstract squares over-stuff each wall -- reds, yellows, blues, and blacks splattered like blood.

Slowly, they drink, stand too close, drink, observe.

In the back of the gallery, a large piece commands attention. It's a chaotic, splotchy-brush-style painting of Alexander the Great cutting the Gordian knot, its painted loops eerily similar to the paperweight from Dr. Yu's office.

April stares, wondering why it feels so familiar. Before it clicks, her restless eyes catch on the entry sign to an adjacent side-gallery. Her name, April Neal, is posted in bold letters beside the door.

She looks back at James, stunned, confused. He smiles, nervous.

INT. 621 SIDE GALLERY - NIGHT

The small, rectangular side gallery features the same black and white framed photos hidden away in the guest room closet - the moppy-haired boy. They line every wall.

Like wet concrete, April slogs to the middle of the room. There, she stands, stares. Shaken. Frozen.

James steps up, sheepish, a few feet behind.

Suddenly, with burning panic, she begins to pull the photos from their places, pleading with James.

APRIL

Can you help me?

Frantic, she elbows her way to each frame, cutting people off, ripping and stacking.

APRIL (CONT'D)
How did they get these?!

She hands some to James, struggles to hold others.

APRIL (CONT'D)
Help me!

He takes a few, tries to keep up, his face a nearly blank canvass, softly outlined with guilt and regret.

April notices.

APRIL (CONT'D)
You did this?!

A quickly spreading social virus, the crowded room now watches with silent dread.

Ignoring James, April arms as many photos as she can and rushes out, past the open mouths of gallery patrons and the open hands of Indi and Lisa, still hovering a make-shift bar at the front entrance.

INT. CAR - DAY

April sits in the passenger seat. Through the driver's side window, James carries a box of frames, says some awkward goodbyes to Indi and Lisa, walks to the car, gets in.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

April and James drive in silence, staring straight ahead.

Slowly, James reaches for a hand, attempts to comfort.

JAMES
I'm sorry.

April pulls away, turns to the passenger window. Her eyes trace passing streetlights -- right-left, right-left.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

April stands behind the island, prying a wine bottle open.

James rests the photo box on the kitchen counter, followed by the keys.

JAMES

I recognize that I overstepped. I just... wanted to surprise you.

April pops the top and splats a glass of wine. Takes a long swig.

APRIL

I'm stuck right now. In this loop. I keep thinking that either you're really fuckin' dumb or you don't know me at all, James, and I'm not sure, like, which direction to go with it.

JAMES

I thought it was the right thing.

APRIL

Yeah? The right thing?

JAMES

Yeah. I thought that *maybe*, if you could see them in a show, and see how much people liked them, then *maybe*... you'd kinda snap out of it?

APRIL

Snap out of it?! Snap out of what, James? What the fuck is *it*?!

JAMES

It's been more than two year --

APRIL

You don't think I know how fuckin' long it's been, James?! I know *exactly* how long it's been! Believe me, I want to be over it, like you are, but I'm not! I'm just not.

James is noticeably hurt by the call-out. April's anger falls to grief. She breathes, looks for contact but James averts.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Fuck whatever people think about the photos. I can't even look at them. It makes me physically sick to just think about them. I don't even want to think about Sam, honestly. When I do, that's it.

(MORE)

APRIL (CONT'D)

Another happy memory turned to
shit. So I'm trapped. With my own
fucked-up brain and nothing else.

JAMES

Nothing else?

APRIL

(a tinge of guilt)
You know what I mean.

JAMES

I know that I've lost you too.

Another reflective pause as James summons some resolve.

JAMES (CONT'D)

There's this version of me that
can't stop thinking about it. So...
at some point, I had to just kinda
separate myself from myself, ya
know? It's still there, just...
right outside earshot. When I run,
I let it get loud. I let it all...
consume me. And the louder it gets,
the harder I run. Until I can't
fuckin' feel *anything*. And then I
do it the next day, and the next.
And it gives me some peace. And I'm
sorry, that it gives me some peace,
but it does.

He looks at April.

JAMES (CONT'D)

And you have to find that. For
yourself. If it's not photography,
fine. Find something else.
Anything.

(voice cracking)

But find it. Please. And come back
to me.

APRIL

(breaking)
I'm with you.

James walks to the adjacent dining room table, pulls a
brochure out from his laptop bag, and holds it up to April:
AFTERLIFE. She's shocked, ashamed.

JAMES

Are you?

He shakes it.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I'm sad too, April. And I know I'm
not enough. But I don't want to
leave you. Alone.

He breaks down, slumps against a wall, crying into his shirt,
hugging his legs.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I wouldn't leave you.

Guilt-ridden, April rushes to his side, takes the brochure.

APRIL
I was just curious about it, James.
I'm sorry. I don't want to leave
you. I'm sorry. Come here. You are
enough. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm
sorry.

They sob into each other, holding tightly, rocking on the
dining room floor. The black-and-white wedding photo of their
bound wrists looms over them.

FADE TO:

EXT. LAKE - DAY

The next morning. It's quiet. Peaceful.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

James sleeps.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

April flips through the AFTERLIFE brochures as she brews a
pot of coffee.

She scans one last time, considers the repercussions, throws
them in the trash.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

April sits at the edge of the dock, drinking coffee. Beside
her sits the DSLR camera from the hidden box.

She finishes her cup, grabs the camera, clicks some photos of the lake -- trees, grass, birds.

She looks at the canoe. It's still tied to the dock. She looks back over the lake. Unties the rope.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

April paddles a now-free canoe across an open lake. She smiles, explores, snaps some photos, enjoys the summer heat. Repeats.

Finally, she heads back in. James waves from the dock, fresh from another run. April zooms, snaps a photo of him on his watch.

Through the viewfinder, James wiggles his fingers, lifting his arms up and down, motioning that he's headed up to take a shower. He blows a kiss. She blows one back.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

April walks the dock, back towards the house, holding the camera.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

She slides the glass door back in place. The sound of a phone ringing.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

The bathroom door's closed. Some steam escapes the bottom crack. The sound of a shower running, James singing. Poorly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

James's phone vibrates on the counter. It's Lisa.

April's just in time. She misses the call.

Lisa rings again. April hesitates. Picks it up.

APRIL

Hey Lisa. James is in the shower.

(listens)

Yeah... I'm ok. I'm sorry about that.

(listens)

(MORE)

APRIL (CONT'D)
 No... really. It's ok. I
 overreacted.
 (listens)
 Yes. I appreciate that.
 (listens)
 Of course! I'd love to. I really...
 liked your work.
 (listens)
 Ok. Yeah. Sounds good. Bye.

From the muffled ear piece, Lisa signs off with "ciao-ciao."

April scrunches her brow, ends the call.

She looks up, weighing Lisa's try-hardness, looks back down, shaking her head. On James's phone, his last app is still open -- fitness and health tracking.

On the screen: Summary stats -- his last run, heartrate, blood pressure, steps. There's also a tab for sleep statistics.

April looks at the tab. Thinks. Looks at the tab.

She presses it, opening a new screen -- James's stats from the previous night divided into *Deep Sleep*, *Light Sleep*, *REM*, and *Awake*.

SATURDAY: 0% REM.

Startled, April thumbs to FRIDAY: 0% REM. THURSDAY: 0% REM.

She desperately navigates, finds stats for the previous year: 0% REM.

The sound of a handle squeaking and water stopping.

JAMES (O.S.)
Baby?

Music swells and crashes.

ECU -- April's eyes are fixed to James's phone screen -- horror. Shock. Panic.

Black.

Music -- One.Will -- *Modern Art* -- chorus.

Credits.