

CLEAN AND SOBER

by

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Second Revised Draft by

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&

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SECOND REVISED DRAFT

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CLEAN AND SOBER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. RAILROAD REPAIR YARD - DAY

...the yellow of SUNRISE mixes with the fire of welders' torches. Men in MASKS hover around lifeless freight cars ...the long line of welding torches working as far as the eye can SEE as A GANTRY CRANE hooks an immense steel beam ...its HARD-HATTED OPERATOR looking out the window...

2 CHARLIE STANDERS

...brusque...defensive...a tough-girl in her middle 20's with a smudged, attractive face, oily T-shirt and no patience whatsoever...and as A LEVER STICKS...she BASHES IT with the bottom of her boot...as...

3 FOUR MEN

...hard-hatted...WALK THROUGH the yard...swinging lunch boxes...one playfully grabbing a pack of cigarettes from another's shirtsleeve...and THE VICTIM immediately drops his hard hat and lunch box...challenging the thief to a fight...a smile across his face...the thief tossing the pack to ANOTHER WORKER...who in turn sails it back toward THE VICTIM...and just as he reaches them...a...

4 TEN-TON I-BEAM

...CRASHES to the ground...obliterating the hard hat... lunch box...and cigarettes forever...

5 ON THE MEN

...standing in STUNNED SILENCE...a CASCADE of DUST and DIRT RISING from the SPOT where the BEAM fell...as we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

6 A DOCTOR

...behind a cluttered desk examining a long computer print-out as CHARLIE sits restively across from him...scraping something off her hard hat with a coin...and...after a LONG MOMENT...

CHARLIE

I only got about ten minutes  
left on lunch...

...and the Doctor looks up at her...then down at the printout...

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR

(reading)

Miss Standers...we've gotten the  
lab report from your physical  
last week...and I'm afraid I'm  
going to have to put you on  
suspension.

CHARLIE

Huh?

DOCTOR

There were a number of controlled  
substances in your urine.

CHARLIE

Well, gee, Doc...nobody told me  
about any fucking urine test,  
okay? What kinda substances?

DOCTOR

Marijuana...

CHARLIE

(a relieved smile)

...You kidding me?...

DOCTOR

(still reading)

...Alcohol...Amytal...Tuinal...  
Demoral...Codeine...Valium...  
Psilocybin...Cocaine...Methadrine...  
Quaalude...Caffeine...Elavil...

CHARLIE

Hold it...what's Elavil?

DOCTOR

Tranquilizer.

CHARLIE

Well...I never heard of that...

DOCTOR

(looking up)

Miss Standers...I understand  
you had an accident with your  
crane.

7

ON CHARLIE

...saying nothing...as we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

8

## INT. SMOKE-FILLED MEETING HALL

...RICHARD DIRKS...a fatherly little man in his early forties with thinning hair and the soft, benign physique of a dinner roll. An upright fan swirls behind him, amid stacks of boxes and folding chairs. His audience is large, yet unseen...suggested by loud and faint blasts of laughter and throat noise, and the exhaust of two or three hundred cigarettes...

DIRKS

Y'know...I was waiting for a ride here tonight...watching headlights go by...and I thought about how different it was, back in the old days...standing in front of a Burger King...waiting. Yeah, those were the days of the really important headlights..."Is that him?...No, too narrow...That him? ...no, that's him."

(and then)

After seven or eight hundred cars you'd think you'd lose interest... but that's the one thing about waiting for drugs...you never lose interest.

...and FROM SOMEWHERE UNSEEN we HEAR LAUGHTER...and...

SHOCK CUT TO:

9

## WHITE

...flat and bright...and from SOMEWHERE UNSEEN A PHONE RINGS...and the white SUDDENLY MOVES...the plane shifting...shadows forming...and DARYL POYNTER...31 years old... suddenly jolts and twists in his bedsheet...reaching for the phone...trying to kill the noise...pulling the sheet half off a nude girl asleep next to him on her stomach... afternoon SUNLIGHT cutting through closed blinds...and he speaks quickly...his throat still filled with sleep...

DARYL

Hello?...Hey, Martin...What?... the account?...what account?...oh, that account...What problem? No, no, no...the account's just... well of course the balance shifts from time to time...it's a very fluid account...

...the room is condo-sterile...littered with clothes... newspapers...loose files...and we watch as Daryl reaches for a creased scrap of paper on the nightstand...brings it to his nose...and snorts...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARYL

So you're telling me the whole  
\$80,000...all right, the whole  
\$92,000 isn't there?...Martin,  
it's there. We're talking about  
the same thing, aren't we?...the  
escrow account?...believe me, it's  
all there...check with the bank  
on Monday...Martin...check with  
the bank on Monday...Martin...

(and then; a  
small smile)

No. No problem, pal...absolutely  
...Monday...Martin...it's okay.

...and Daryl returns the phone receiver to the cradle...  
and sits there a LONG MOMENT considering this...finally  
taking another snort...then extending the scrap of paper  
to the girl...

DARYL

Here...get your heart started.

...but the girl SAYS NOTHING...and after a MOMENT Daryl  
rolls over and once again reaches for the phone...

DARYL

(punching numbers)

It's two-fifteen. Whadaya want to  
do? Get some breakfast? See a  
movie?

(SUDDENLY; into phone)

Gordon?...Daryl Poynter. Sorry  
to bother you on the weekend, but  
I missed the closing on those  
options...D.W. Industries...yeah...

(to himself)

Up...

(into phone)

Down...? But they just got a \$200  
million contract...

(searching through  
scraps of newspaper)

It's here...it's in the paper...  
they're building bomb racks for the  
entire fucking Air Force...Old  
news? It was right here.

(accidentally whack-  
ing the girl with  
the paper; to the  
girl)

Sorry.

(into phone)

Look...all I know, Gordon...is  
that I gave you 92 fucking thousand  
dollars last week...and now it's  
worth sixty.

10

## CLOSER ON DARYL

...listening for a LONG MOMENT...and then...

DARYL

What do I want you to tell me? I want you to tell me it's gonna go up, okay...? ...A seasonal adjustment? ...A seasonal adjustment? Fine...well...I haven't got a whole fucking 'season,' okay?...Okay, okay...I'm calm...I trust you...Good...get aggressive... exactly...I'm relying on you, man...'Bye.

...and he hangs up...sitting for a LONG MOMENT...finally giving the creased scrap of paper a final vacuuming with his nose...he leans back...his head on her ass...

DARYL

Where'd you get this stuff, anyway? It's got a nice tooth to it.

...and he TURNS...and looks at her...smiling...giving her a frisky play-bite on her exposed ass...

DARYL

Come on, you little munchkin... nice tooth, huh?

...and the girl says nothing...doesn't move...and Daryl feels her behind against his cheek...and SUDDENLY realizing something is amiss...SLOWLY lifts his head from her ass...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

11

## MEDICS AND COPS

...everywhere...PARAMEDICS working on the girl even as they wheel her out...DARYL numbly watching all this swirl around him in his living room...a DETECTIVE standing next to him...watching him watching...

DETECTIVE

You got anything for me?

...and Daryl just LOOKS at him...not understanding...

DETECTIVE

Where's the coke?

DARYL

Coke?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

...and behind them...ANOTHER COP appears with the girl's purse...withdraws a small vial and a bottle of pills... and the Detective regards them momentarily...his gaze returning to Daryl...

DARYL  
(a shrug)  
I hardly knew her...

...and from SOMEWHERE UNSEEN...the telephone RINGS...

DARYL  
Excuse me a moment.

...and the Detective SAYS nothing...just watches as Daryl finally TURNS and walks out of the room...and we...

CUT TO:

12 DARYL

...sitting on the bed...hunched over the phone...

DARYL  
(into phone; whispered)  
Yeah...but now's not a very good  
time...No...it's not the quality  
...it's just a bad time...No.  
Don't...I won't be home...Hey...  
I will pay you...  
(his voice rising)  
No...don't come over...DO NOT...

...and behind him the Detective APPEARS in the doorway... and Daryl sees him and instantly changes gears...

DARYL  
(whispering again)  
Listen to me...I had the World  
Book as a kid...and frankly I just  
outgrew it...Thanks anyway...

...and he hangs up...TURNS and SMILES at the DETECTIVE... and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

13 DARYL'S LIVING ROOM

...the last of the police and medical people making their way out...

DARYL  
(calling to the Detective)  
Is she gonna make it?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

...and THE DETECTIVE stops as he reaches the door... turns.

DETECTIVE

You better hope so, asshole.

...and DARYL tries to muster up a pleasant "fuck you" smile...but can't...and the Detective once again reaches for the door...

DETECTIVE

Stick close to home...

DARYL

Absolutely.

...and the Detective closes the door behind him...and as he does...we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

14 GLASS DOORS

...as Daryl hurries through them...and makes his way across...

15 INT. AN AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

...and we watch...as Daryl moves to the RESERVATIONS CENTER...no one in line ahead of him...and scans the departures...

DARYL

(to the agent)

Yeah...I'd like a seat on the 8:45 flight to Toronto...

...and THE AGENT smiles a pleasant smile...punching up the schedule on her computer...

AGENT

Sir, I see a delay on our connecting flight in Buffalo...

DARYL

(pushing her a credit card)

Okay...well, whataya got?

AGENT

What do you mean? Going where?

DARYL

Ottawa. Vancouver. I don't care.  
Whataya got?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

AGENT  
(pulling his card from  
the computer)  
Mr. Poynter, I'm afraid we aren't  
getting an authorization on this  
credit card.

DARYL  
Bullshit...Come on...it's paid.

AGENT  
I'm sorry...If you have another...

DARYL  
(indignant)  
How about cash? You take cash?  
(reaching into his  
pocket; clearly  
coming up empty)  
Gimme the card.  
(taking it; stomping  
away; under his  
breath)  
Jesus fuck.

...and as he does we can't help but notice a woman in  
line covering her child's ears...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

16 "THE BUSINESS CENTER"

...a wall of CASH and TRAVELLERS CHECK MACHINES grouped  
on one side of the terminal...and Daryl shoves a credit  
card into a machine...punches some numbers...and waits...  
and...and AFTER A MOMENT THE MACHINE SCREEN answers...  
"PLEASE WAIT"...and Daryl moves down the line...inserting  
a card into each machine...punching more numbers...then  
returning to the first machine just in time to hear a  
BEEPING sound and SEE ON THE SCREEN..."Card retained...  
see account service representative"...and Daryl is not  
surprised but clearly not pleased...and farther down the  
line ANOTHER MACHINE...begins to make a BEEPING SOUND...

17 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as the others begin producing loud BUZZES and CLICKS...  
all eating Daryl's cards...

18 ON DARYL

...watching this...incredulous...

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

DARYL  
What is this shit?  
(KICKING a machine)  
What is this shit?

19 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as a POLICE OFFICER glances over at...

20 DARYL

...who quickly stops kicking...hiking up his pants...  
moving off...

DARYL  
(to himself)  
What is this shit?

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

21 DIRKS

...as before...seen through a HAZE of cigarette smoke...  
throaty LAUGHTER heard in the background...the upright fan  
swirling behind him...

DIRKS  
You always remember the moment  
you knew. The time you went...  
'this is it.' Mine was in July...  
'79. I was in the shower after a  
little two-day extravaganza and I  
slipped. Looked in the mirror,  
and my nose was completely bent...  
all the way to one side. Decided  
to fix it. Got a hammer and began  
banging it back to a right angle  
with my face...and suddenly, I saw  
myself in the mirror...hammer in  
hand...blood on my face...and  
something inside of me said...  
'Richard, your life is no longer  
manageable.'

...and we HOLD for a LONG MOMENT...and from SOMEWHERE  
UNSEEN we HEAR the SOUND of a JET PLANE ROARING OVERHEAD...  
...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO.

22 DARYL

...suddenly LURCHED awake from sleep...hair matted...eyes filled with blood shot...as the jet ROARS OVER...

23 ANOTHER ANGLE

...to REVEAL that he is in his BMW in the nearly empty airport parking lot...a TRANSISTOR RADIO hanging by a strap on the REARVIEW...the yellow light of daybreak making us aware of his day-old beard...and as the SOUND of the jet recedes...we HEAR....

RADIO (V.O.)

(filtered)

And it shall be, when thou art  
come in unto land which the LORD  
thy God giveth thee for an  
inheritance...and dost possess it,  
and dwell therein...that thou  
shalt take of the first of all the  
fruit of the ground which thou  
shalt bring in from thy land that  
the Lord thy God giveth thee...

...and Daryl stretches for a moment...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

24 MARTIN LAUX

...a responsible...well-groomed, 33-year-old executive...

MARTIN

(mustering a smile)

If you'd like a sandwich, or...

25 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Martin's pert, equally conservative WIFE arrives in a tennis dress...a tray of foreign coffee on her arm... Daryl sitting on the SOFA across from Martin...

DARYL

No thanks...You got any beer?

WIFE

(dubious)

I think so...

...Daryl stares at Martin's wife's hands...trying to lighten the mood...

DARYL

You've got the most amazing hands.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

...and Martin's wife just looks at him...finally TURNING  
...disappearing into THE KITCHEN...

DARYL

I'm serious...I knew this girl  
once, she was a hand model, she  
got \$7,000 for holding up a can  
of creamed corn.

...and at that moment...Martin's wife returns with Daryl's  
beer...and handing it to him...flashes her husband a  
covert "get rid of this guy" look...then leaves as Daryl  
downs three-quarters of it in a single trembling gulp...  
Martin just sitting...watching...

DARYL

Some girl had a fucking heart  
attack in my bed.

...Martin chokes...

DARYL

The cops think it might have been  
drugs.

MARTIN

Who was she?

DARYL

I met her in a mall...Look, Martin  
...I need a place to stay.

...and Martin says NOTHING for a long moment...

VOICE (O.S.)

Honey?

...and the two men turn with a start to discover...  
MARTIN'S WIFE...her head in the doorway, a pair of tennis  
racquets in her hands...her meaning is clear...

26

ON MARTIN

...as he RISES...starting out of the room...toward THE  
HALL...

MARTIN

Hey...I don't mean to be rude...  
but we have this tennis thing.  
Go ahead...finish your beer.

SHOCK CUT TO:

27 INT. THE BEDROOM

...Martin in his underwear...pawing a drawer for tennis shorts...and Daryl comes through the door...surprising Martin...

DARYL

Just for a couple of weeks.

...Martin modestly turns his back...putting on his shorts...

MARTIN

Here?

SHOCK CUT TO:

28 THE HALL

...Daryl following Martin down it and...into the kitchen...

DARYL

The police'll be all over me,  
Martin...I mean, if she dies  
they'll say I did a John Belushi  
on her. How'm I gonna deal with  
the escrow thing if I'm downtown  
in some fucking interrogation  
chamber?

MARTIN

You took the money, didn't you?

DARYL

(clearly overwrought)  
No...Well...it's complicated. One  
week, Martin...I'll sleep on the  
couch.

...and a HORN HONKS outside and Martin moves quickly to  
the BACK DOOR...

MARTIN

(no way in hell)  
I don't know.

...and Daryl just glares at him...and Martin stands in  
the doorway...and nothing is said...and the car horn  
HONKS once more....

MARTIN

You don't look very well...Maybe  
you should see a doctor.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

DARYL  
Oh...okay...I get it...basically  
then it's 'fuck you, Daryl.'  
(and then)  
Gimme another one of those beers.

SHOCK CUT TO:

29 INT. DARYL'S BMW - DAY

...as Daryl drives along...CHURCH MUSIC BLARING from the  
radio...Daryl half-listening...swilling the rest of  
Martin's beer...when SUDDENLY...

RADIO (V.O.)  
Did you know that alcoholism and  
drug addiction affect the lives of  
more than 70 million Americans?

DARYL  
(mock horror)  
Seventy million!!! Who's that  
leave?

RADIO (V.O.)  
Hello. I'm Dr. Paul Thanstead...  
Director of the Rochester Center  
for Chemical Dependency. If you  
or someone you know has lost  
control of his life to the disease  
of addiction...please know  
effective treatment is available  
now...

DARYL  
(simulating an echo)  
Now-now-now-now-now-now-now-now-  
ow...

RADIO (V.O.)  
Our twenty-one day program is  
conducted under caring medical  
supervision, in a pleasant hospital  
setting, with absolute discretion  
and confidentiality. No one need  
ever know you're here.

...and Daryl PAUSES in mid-sip...

RADIO (V.O.)  
Furthermore, our program at  
Rochester Center is fully covered  
by most medical insurance...making  
it...

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

...and a SWITCH is thrown in Daryl's mind...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

30

AN ELECTRONIC TELEPHONE

...chirping its soothing electronic non-ring...when a HAND reaches INTO FRAME...lifting the phone to a face...pleasant enough...mid-twenties...an efficient if slightly bored-looking young woman named Jan...

JAN

Chemical dependency...Jan speaking  
...This is admissions...I'm sorry.  
I can't supply you with that  
information...you're going to have  
to call your insurance company.

...and we PULL BACK to REVEAL a room full of muted,  
brain-warming pastels...decorated with photos of country  
barns...and SUDDENLY Daryl appears in the doorway...  
SMILING his most winning real estate smile as Jan fires  
back her best hospital administrator grin and holds up a  
single finger asking him to wait...

JAN

(into phone)  
Absolutely you can write them...  
it'll just take longer...No problem.  
Let me know if I can do anything  
else.

...and she HANGS UP the PHONE GLANCING up and over AT  
DARYL...moving into the room now...cool as a cucumber...

DARYL

(simple; winning)

Hi...

JAN

Hello.

DARYL

(looking around him)  
These your barns?

JAN

No. 'Fraid not...Can I help you?

DARYL

Yeah...well...I heard about your  
program...and I just wanted to be  
sure I understood the deal as far  
as the confidentiality aspect is  
concerned.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

JAN

Yes...well...the program is  
entirely confidential...

DARYL

So nobody would have to know I was  
here...right?

JAN

(smooth; assuring)

Not unless you want them to...no.

DARYL

And you take Blue Cross?

JAN

Yes, we do.

...and Daryl seats himself in one of the plastic chairs  
opposite her desk...leaning forward...

DARYL

What about someone...say...if he  
found out you were here? And he  
tried to call you or get in and  
bother you or something?

...and she just looks at him...not sure what to make of  
this...and Daryl smiles another smile...

DARYL

I got the police after me on some  
old traffic tickets. I just think  
it'd be good for me to avoid any  
outside pressure for a while.

JAN

Well, then...this is probably the  
safest place you could be.

SHOCK CUT TO:

31

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR DOORS

...as they SMASH OPEN...the words "DETOX WARD" emblazoned  
on a sign just beneath the window glass...Daryl and a  
DOCTOR in his mid-forties making their way down a hospital  
corridor...the Doctor leading...Daryl following...now  
dressed in a hospital gown...clutching the transistor  
radio from the car...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

DOCTOR  
(he's done this a  
hundred times)  
We have a 21-day program, which  
begins here in detox. I'll  
examine you to determine what  
chemicals you've been using...  
prescribe medication...probably  
Valium, to moderate the effects  
of the detoxification on your  
body. Most patients...for example  
those using cocaine, remain here  
in detox for about forty-eight  
hours...

...and we can't help but notice the concern growing on  
Daryl's face as he tries to keep up with the Doctor...

DARYL  
When you say 'about' forty-eight  
hours...

DOCTOR  
The time necessary for full  
detoxification varies with body  
weight and levels of consumption...

DARYL  
But forty-eight hours is the norm?

DOCTOR  
Give or take...

DARYL  
Great. You got a phone?

DOCTOR  
Sorry...no calls till you're  
downstairs.

...and as they RUSH by us...we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

32 VENETIAN BLINDS

...SUDDENLY pulled up to REVEAL an OVERCAST ROCHESTER  
DAY...

VOICE (O.S.)  
You'll probably suffer from acute  
nausea and repeated vomiting...

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

...and we PULL BACK to REVEAL Daryl's DETOX ROOM...a small private hospital room...a STOUT, MIDDLE-AGED BLACK NURSE moving around the room while Daryl sits on his bed watching...

NURSE

(indicating the  
bathroom)

If you don't make it to the bowl  
...fine...

(holding up a call  
button)

...just push this button and  
someone will be by to clean up...

(adjusting the  
thermostat)

We keep the room cold 'cause as  
the chemicals leave your body  
you're gonna begin to sweat...  
There's a television lounge down  
the hall...but most patients end  
up spending their time in bed.  
You'll sleep...on and off...but  
you'll sleep. And you'll probably  
have one or two 'poison dreams.'  
Little nightmares. The thing to  
keep in mind is...it only lasts a  
couple of days.

DARYL

About forty-eight hours...right?  
The doctor said it would be about  
forty-eight hours.

...and the NURSE just looks at him...

NURSE

You need anything...you feel any  
discomfort...just hit the button...

...as she TURNS...and starts to go...

DARYL

(suddenly)

Anywhere I can use a phone?

NURSE

(turning; smiling)

Lie down and go to sleep, baby...  
it's going to be all right.

...and with that she TURNS and GOES...

33 ON DARYL

...and we hear the SOUND of the ROOM DOOR CLOSING...and he SITS there for a LONG MOMENT...finally EASING his BODY DOWN onto the bed...lying there...reaching over and switching on the radio...

RADIO (V.O.)

(filtered)

...and Jefferson Road continues to move at a snail's pace with I-90 averaging speeds of 30-35 miles an hour and the 'Can of Worms'...well  
...a can of worms...

...and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

34 DARYL

...from ABOVE...clasping his hands behind his head... and as we DESCEND from the ceiling...moving CLOSER and CLOSER to his head...we can't help but notice the beads of sweat forming above his lip...

RADIO (V.O.)

(filtered)

...and repeating...A group of unidentified terrorists has seized an American passenger plane in Lima, Peru...and claim to have set explosives timed to go off approximately 46 hours from now.

...and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

35 A TELEVISION IMAGE

...dots and lines...a static shot of a jetliner on a runway...and we PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

36 A TELEVISION LOUNGE - NIGHT

...as Daryl makes his way in...walking somewhat weakly now...nodding to a giant black man in his middle twenties...XAVIER FOLEY...who sits in a corner...staring at a mug of coffee between his knees...and AFTER A MOMENT Daryl selects an empty couch across from the T.V. and looks over at JUNE...a pudgy woman in her forties with stiff, curly hair who stares vaguely toward the set...fiddling uneasily with a plastic name bracelet on her wrist...

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

DARYL

Hi.

...and June looks up and SMILES a weak noncommittal smile while ON THE TELEVISION we SEE the same lifeless picture of the jetliner...

NEWSMAN (V.O.)

...and with forty-three hours left  
there appears to be no movement  
here in Lima...

37 ON DARYL

...watching this...pushing himself off the couch...making his way to the television...tweaking the knob...

DARYL

(to June)

That color seem better?

...and SUDDENLY the TELEVISION IMPLODES...a 100 MPH coffee mug BLOWING out the TUBE...as XAVIER rushes over to the set...kicking it over...

XAVIER

Fuck this place, man...fuck it!

...Daryl scrambling over the back of the couch for cover...

38 ON THE DOORWAY

...as TWO NURSES appear...Xavier stampeding between them... his vast black ass now exposed between flying flaps of his gown...

NURSE #2

(to Xavier)

Stop it!

(and then)

Someone get a doctor...

...and Xavier pushes past them and into the hospital corridor...Nurse #1 rushing to Xavier as he tries to open a LOCKED DOOR...

XAVIER

(bashing the door)

Open this fucking door, man.

39

## ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Daryl steps half-dazed into the lounge doorway as the DOCTOR WALK-RUNS toward Xavier with Nurse #2...other bleary patients peeking into the hall from their rooms...

XAVIER

Step back, Motherfucker.

DOCTOR

Xavier, we're here to help you...

...and Xavier suddenly BLASTS past the Doctor and the Nurses...running past Daryl and other patients and back into the TELEVISION LOUNGE...

XAVIER

(passing Daryl)

Curly-headed Mercedes  
motherfucker...help my ass outta  
here.

...and through it...and out a door on the opposite side...  
DARYL just standing there...watching the Doctor walk-run  
after the HUGE BLACK MAN...finally disappearing...and  
AFTER A MOMENT...Daryl turns back into the lounge...  
where...the T.V. lays shattered on the floor... and June  
swabs a cut on her shin with a Kleenex...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

40

## BLACK

...and Daryl suddenly sits BOLT UPRIGHT in the darkness  
of his room...startled by a poison dream...sweat covering  
his face...gasping for air...then...in a rush of nausea...  
LUNGING from the bed...tripping...CRASHING to the floor  
and THROWING UP...VIOLENT...convulsing...and he hauls  
himself to his hands and knees...trying to clear his  
throat...but his voice won't engage...

DARYL

(scratchy-voiced)

Nurse! Goddamn it!

...and he turns to see...A NURSE... her silhouette in the  
doorway...already there...WATCHING him...

DARYL

(weakly)

I could use another Valium...

DISSOLVE TO:

## DARYL'S FACE

...lit by morning light...in his bed...on his back...  
still sweating...cotton-mouthed...

RADIO (V.O.)

(filtered)

...and so...less than 31 hours  
remain before a 767 airliner with  
196 people aboard is scheduled to  
explode...and all we can do...is  
sit and wait...

...and Daryl SUDDENLY JUMPS UP...RUSHING TO THE BATHROOM  
...perching himself over the bowl and starting to dry  
heave...and we...

CUT TO:

42

## THE HALL

...as Daryl PACES...anxious...tense...holding the  
portable radio like a touchtone...

RADIO (V.O.)

(filtered)

...meanwhile frightened...  
sweltering passengers must wait  
the next 26 hours to know if they  
will live or die.

...and Daryl...sensing someone's eyes on his back...  
STOPS...and LOOKS UP to SEE A NURSE...sitting behind her  
station...watching him...he lowers the radio from his  
ear...

DARYL

Fucking heroin addicts kept  
ripping off my stereo...Now I got  
this thing. All it gets is God  
and the news.

(and then;  
desperate)

One more day, right?

...and the Nurse offers a comforting nod...

DARYL

Maybe I should have a couple more  
Valium, huh?...40 milligrams...?

...and the Nurse just smiles...returning her eyes to her  
work...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

43 DARYL

...his UNSHAVEN face covered with sweat...EYES CLOSED...  
sitting sideways in a chair in the corner of the TELE-  
VISION LOUNGE...HALF-ASLEEP...resting his head against  
the cool plaster wall...the radio in his lap...turned  
off-signal...the NEWSCASTER'S VOICE distorted...too  
clogged with static to understand...and we can't help  
but HEAR...

NURSE (O.S.)

...although you are free to move  
around. And here we have T.V. and  
coffee...

...and Daryl FORCES his EYES OPEN A CRACK...

44 DARYL'S POV

...fuzzy...ill-defined...and there STANDS a NURSE...and  
beside her...a YOUNG WOMAN...CHARLIE STANDERS...

CHARLIE

(regarding Daryl)

Great...is that what I'm going to  
look like tomorrow?

45 ON DARYL

...and he CLOSES his eyes...and we...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

46 DARYL

...lying on his bed in THE DARK...his face up against the  
portable radio...hanging on...

RADIO (V.O.)

(filtered)

...twelve hours and twenty-two  
minutes...and the death watch...or  
perhaps the hope watch continues...

...and Daryl pushes himself OFF the bed...and walks to  
THE BATHROOM...and tries to cough up something in the  
sink...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

47 A NEW TELEVISION

...being set into place in the TELEVISION ROOM...Charlie  
and the others waiting and watching as THE TELEVISION is  
plugged in...SUDDENLY springing to life...

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

NEWSMAN (V.O.)  
...repeating...this word just in...  
the passengers will be released...  
once again...the passengers will  
all be released...

48 ON THE GROUP

...no one responding...no one caring...no one that  
connected at the moment...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

49 DARYL

...pacing back and forth in his ROOM...more restless than  
suffering now...the radio playing on the nightstand...

RADIO (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
...and...  
(SUDDENLY)  
Oh, my God...Oh, my God...

...and SUDDENLY a NURSE appears at the door and smiles...

NURSE #3  
You ready?

...and on the T.V. SCREEN...lines and dots...as the jet  
EXPLODES on the runway...

NEWSMAN (V.O.)  
...Oh, my God...

SHOCK CUT TO:

50 HOSPITAL CORRIDOR DOORS

...as they SMASH OPEN...the words "SOCIAL REHABILITATION  
CENTER" emblazoned on a SIGN just below the window glass  
...a Nurse and Daryl making their way through them...  
Daryl in street clothes...unwashed...unshaven...a com-  
pletely wrinkled, wretched, disintegrated mess... grin-  
ning from ear to ear...as if nothing happened...ready for  
action...

DARYL  
So what's next, huh?

CUT TO:

51

## A VINYL-COVERED CHAIR

...as Daryl FALLS INTO IT...and we SEE the NURSE only from the WAIST down...

## NURSE #3

Welcome to the Social Rehab Center. This is where you'll spend the rest of your time. Someone will get you a schedule. All therapy, education, and other activities are mandatory. If you leave the area for any reason, you'll be tested for chemicals. If you fail to participate or comply, you'll be discharged. Each patient is given one twenty-four hour pass during their stay when their counselor feels they're ready for the outside. When you return you'll again be tested for drugs. If you have any questions, just ask your counselor...he's an ex-addict himself...his name is Craig. This is his office. He should be back in a minute.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

...and the NURSE'S body walks OUT OF FRAME...and Daryl SITS there...waiting...and A LONG MOMENT goes by... Daryl's eyes making their way around the SMALL OFFICE... white walls...a small inexpensive desk and two vinyl-covered chairs across from it. And as DARYL looks around ...and can't help but notice...

52

## THE PHONE

...and his hand REACHES into FRAME...dragging it ACROSS the surface of the desk...TURNING it around...pressing it to his cheek...punching buttons with one hand...easing the door behind him closed with the other...

## DARYL

(HUSHED; URGENT)

Hey, Spence...it's me...Big D.  
Look...you gotta do me a favor...  
Fuck you...you gotta send me some  
product...okay? I don't know...  
five grams. Whataya mean...  
'none'? That's your fucking job,  
man...I'll pay you. Of course  
I'll pay you. Spence? Spence?  
(he's hung up)  
Goddamn it.

...and he SLAMS the receiver back into its CRADLE...

53

TIGHTER ON DARYL

...and he sits there for ANOTHER LONG MOMENT...finally reaching across...PICKING up the receiver one more time ...punching some numbers...

DARYL

Coronary care, please.

(A LONG MOMENT)

I was wondering if you could tell me the condition of Karen Peluso. I don't know how you spell it... No...I just want to know her condition...if she's all right... What's I.C.U.?...Well, who's her doctor?...Whaddaya mean you don't know?

...and at that EXACT MOMENT the DOOR behind DARYL OPENS ...and a FIGURE walks into the room...and we HOLD on DARYL...

VOICE (O.S.)

You wanna hang up the phone, please?

...and Daryl holds up a single finger to the figure behind..."just give me a second"...

DARYL

(into phone)

Yes...obviously I'm a relative. Of course I'm a relative.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hang up the phone.

DARYL

(covering the mouthpiece)

Gimmee a fucking minute...willya? (into the phone) I'm her uncle. All right?

...and SUDDENLY the expression on Daryl's face changes... as though someone had just drawn a curtain somewhere... and he TURNS to SEE...

54

CRAIG

...a tall, lank BLACK MAN...early forties with scuffed pastel shoes and a cheap sport shirt...a man who at once manages to look and sound mildly disinterested even while impressing you with the fact that he could break you in two with no effort whatsoever...and we can't help but notice the cigarette that hangs from his lip...or the end of the PHONE CONNECTION CORD that hangs from his hand...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRAIG

We like to get people focused on  
the program before they start  
dealing with the outside.

...as Craig bends down and reconnects the phone to the  
wall...

CRAIG

You must be Daryl...

...and then...RISING from his crouch...starting AROUND  
the DESK...

CRAIG

...I'm Craig.

...and Daryl clearly doesn't know what to make of this  
guy...so he just SMILES...a lilt in his voice...but  
daggers in his eyes...

DARYL

Well, Craig...it's a pleasure to  
meet you...but I was making a  
pretty fucking important phone  
call.

...and Craig just looks at him...and Daryl WAITS a  
MEASURED MOMENT...and then...

DARYL

I mean...hey? What's the deal  
here? It's just a fucking phone  
call. I mean...life goes on...  
right?

CRAIG

My phone.

...and Daryl reaches into his pocket...and TOSSES Craig a  
QUARTER...which he catches...reflexively...

DARYL

We're even.

CRAIG

(tossing the coin  
back)

I don't think so...Know what the  
addict's least favorite word is?

...and DARYL says NOTHING...

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

CRAIG

'No.'

(and then)

Ask me if you can use my phone,  
Daryl.

...and Daryl looks at him...at once amused and bored...

DARYL

(finally)

May I use your phone?

...and Craig smiles a BIG SMILE and RISES from his  
chair...

CRAIG

No.

(and then)

Come on...I'll show you to your  
room.

...and Daryl rises from his chair...

DARYL

Hey...I feel better already.

CRAIG

(OPENING the DOOR  
for Daryl)

I knew that you would...

...and as the two men make their way out of the office...  
we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

55 EXT. CONDOMINIUM BUILDING - DAY

...and SUDDENLY...a NEW CHRYSLER pulls INTO FRAME...and  
from it alights a beefy, 48-year-old executive in a suit.  
And we FOLLOW HIM...as he CLIMBS the STEPS to one of the  
units and RINGS the bell...and he WAITS for an answer...  
and SEEING that none is forthcoming begins to POUND on  
the DOOR...and AFTER A MOMENT he PEERS into a window...  
a sticker on the glass reading: "REAL ESTATE AGENTS DO  
IT AT A VARIABLE RATE." And seeing no one through the  
glass...the man returns to the door...notices mail in the  
box...and PULLING it out...sorts through it...pausing on  
a BROWN ENVELOPE reading "W-2 enclosed"...and pockets the  
letter...as we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

56 WHITE

...and SUDDENLY a METAL BLADE SWEEPS ACROSS the FRAME slicing down facial hair as it does...and FROM SOMEWHERE UNSEEN we HEAR a SOUND...A DOOR OPENING...and...

57 AN EYE

...DARYL'S EYE...moves in the direction of the SOUND...

58 ANOTHER ANGLE

...to REVEAL Daryl...standing in the small steamy bathroom just off the small dorm-like bedroom...a SCAR running down the length of his back. And BEYOND HIM...a SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD boy stands just inside the doorway to the room...a suitcase in one hand...waiting for some acknowledgement...and Daryl turns back to his shaving...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DONALD

Hi...

...and Donald WAITS for a response...and Daryl simply continues to shave...and after a LONG MOMENT...

DONALD

I think I'm your roommate.

...and STILL NOTHING is SAID...and Donald puts his bag down.

DONALD

Is this yours? Your bed?

DARYL

(without looking  
at him)

Go ahead.

...and Donald lifts the bag onto the bed...opening it...then glancing above it to Daryl...still shaving...and the kid moves towards the bathroom...no smile...hands jammed into pockets...

DONALD

I'm Don. Donald Towle...

DARYL

Daryl. Daryl Poynter.

...Daryl's eyes remain fixed on the mirror...and Donald stands there for a LONG AWKWARD MOMENT...waiting for more...but there is no more...

DONALD

I was in Detox five days.

(CONTINUED)

6 WHITE

...and SUDDENLY a METAL BLADE SWEEPS ACROSS the  
slicing down facial hair as it does...and FROM SO.  
UNSEEN we HEAR a SOUND...A DOOR OPENING...and...

7 AN EYE

...DARYL'S EYE...moves in the direction of the SOUND...

8 ANOTHER ANGLE

...to REVEAL Daryl...standing in the small steamy bath-  
room just off the small dorm-like bedroom...a SCAR run-  
ning down the length of his back. And BEYOND HIM...a  
SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD boy stands just inside the doorway to  
the room...a suitcase in one hand...waiting for some  
acknowledgement...and Daryl turns back to his shaving...

\*  
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...and Donald WAITS for a response...and Daryl simply  
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(without looking  
at him)

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jammed into pockets...

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DARYL

Daryl. Daryl Poynter.

...Daryl's eyes remain fixed on the mirror...and Donald  
stands there for a LONG AWKWARD MOMENT...waiting for more  
...but there is no more...

DONALD

I was in Detox five days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...once again waiting for a reaction...finally realizing there will be none; seating himself on the bed.

DONALD  
Five days is the longest I've ever  
been without a drink. Ever.  
(and then)  
I've been drinking since I was  
nine...

(and then)  
So, how 'bout you? What's your  
stor...

...but before he can complete the sentence...Daryl LEANS  
forward and GIVES the BATHROOM DOOR a PUSH...and as it  
SLAMS CLOSED on the boy...we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

59

BOB

...gin-nosed...a 55-year-old fellow...sitting on a chair  
...talking to OTHERS we can't see...

BOB  
Bob. Alcoholic. I'm a purchasing  
agent. American Cyanamid...  
I gotta stop. I know I can stop.  
I gotta stop.

60

ON TILLER

...late thirties...gay...he holds his head in his hands  
and speaks without feeling...

TILLER  
Roger Tiller. Alcoholic. Addict.  
I'm a hair consultant. Color and  
what-not. I promised a friend  
I'd do this.

61

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Daryl RISES and goes to Craig...hands on stomach...

DARYL  
(a private whisper)  
Listen...I gotta go to the bathroom  
for a sec.

...and not waiting for a reply...Daryl starts out of the  
room...CRAIG giving him a sidelong glance...and we...

CUT TO:

62

INT. CRAIG'S OFFICE - DAY

...as Daryl tips into the room...closes the door...and begins dialing the phone...

DARYL

(hushed; urgent)

He, Spence...it's me...Big D  
again...Look...don't hang up!  
.. Shit.

...and Daryl SLAMS the phone down...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

63

A WASHED-OUT IMAGE

...jiggling into focus...a doctor pointing to a pair of human livers in specimen trays...one normal liver beside a yellowy cancerous one...swollen to twice the other's size.

64

REVERSE ANGLE - A SMOKE-FILLED ROOM

...patients watching the film through a near-opaque murk of cigarette smoke...Daryl sitting apart from the others...rocked back against a rear wall...suddenly RISING... CLUTCHING his STOMACH...starting for the door...Craig obligingly holding it open for him...his face unreadable...and we...

CUT TO:

65

DARYL

...sweating now...the phone pressed to his cheek...

DARYL

(into phone)

Look...all you gotta do is go to my desk. There's an envelope in the back of the bottom drawer... It's just a little recreational stuff...seal it up and take it over to Federal Express...tell 'em it's a priority delivery.  
A fucking top priority. Bang that into their heads...

\*

66

INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY

...Martin sitting at his desk in this sterile corporate space...two Texans in cowboy hats across from him...

MARTIN

(into phone)

Daryl...I'm with clients.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

DARYL (V.O.)  
(FILTERED)  
Fuck em...it'll take two minutes.

\*

MARTIN  
(getting desperate)  
All right...give me the address...  
That's a hospital?...You're in a  
hospital?

67 TIGHTER ON DARYL

...he doesn't have time for this shit...

DARYL  
It's just...tests. Just some  
tests

SHOCK CUT TO:

68 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

...a small cafeteria looking onto an enclosed  
courtyard...June sitting next to Craig...surrounded by  
other patients at a small table.

JUNE  
(seeing something we  
can't)  
Right now...  
(looks at her watch)  
...Well...in about ten minutes...  
I'd pour about this much Bombay  
gin into a tumbler with half a  
lime...I always waited until  
exactly twelve-thirty...God...I  
can still feel it going down.

...and Daryl walks past them...carrying a tray...  
realizing Craig's back is to him...and seeing his chance  
...walking out...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

69 DARYL

...the phone pressed to his cheek...

DARYL  
Well, how the fuck can I get  
permission from her doctor for you  
to tell me how the fuck she is if  
you won't tell me who the fuck he  
is?

SHOCK CUT TO:

70

MORNING LIGHT AND DUST

...tumbling in a window...as we FOLLOW the BEAMS of SUN  
to Daryl...who STIRS for a moment...OPENING his eyes to  
SEE Donald...fast asleep...his arm hanging out of his bed  
...Daryl's face directly across from his hand...his wrist  
lined with the healed scars of a razor...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

71

A DOORWAY

...Craig filling it...

CRAIG

Exercise!

72

INT. MULTI-PURPOSE ROOM - DAY

...thirty or so patients struggling to perform calis-  
thenics on narrow wrestling mats spread along the floor...  
most are totally exhausted...wheezing, sagging, anatom-  
ical wrecks...Daryl barely moving his body while sneaking  
a look at...IRIS...a thing of beauty...stretching and  
twisting beside him in a dance exercise leotard...and it's  
hard to tell from the downcast expression on her face  
whether she is unhappy...or simply bored...

73

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Craig walks among his charges...

CRAIG

Some of our little chemically-  
dependent bodies are still on a  
different schedule...Right, Daryl?  
...Best way to break the old habits  
is to start new ones...right, Bob?

\*  
\*  
\*

BOB

(barely breathing)

Yes, sir.

...and Daryl SMILES a small smile to Iris...

DARYL

Fun, huh?

...but Iris doesn't answer...just keeps exercising...

DARYL

Focusing on the program, huh?...  
'That's right, Daryl...thanks for  
asking.' 'And basically...fuck  
you, Daryl.'

SHOCK CUT TO:

74 CHERYL

...thirty-two...not bad-looking ..smoking a cigarette nervously...

CHERYL  
(and then; embarrassed)  
Cheryl-Ann. I'm an alcoholic.  
I'm an addict. I'm a mother, too.  
'Least I was when I got here.  
(and then; the truth)  
I'm having a pretty hard time in here...

...and we WHIP PAN OVER to...

XAVIER  
(to the ceiling)  
No shit.

...and we WHIP PAN OVER to CRAIG...sitting in a chair... listening with one ear and looking at...

CHERYL (O.S.)  
I just...really...want to get my life back...

75 CRAIG'S POV

...through the window and ACROSS the NIGHTTIME courtyard  
...Daryl on the phone at Craig's desk...

76 ON CRAIG

...a small shake of the head to himself...

JUNE (O.S.)  
Me, too. Gimme a drink.

...and as the room fills with the SOUND of APPRECIATIVE LAUGHTER...we...

CUT TO:

77 DARYL

...on the phone...extra furtive...

DARYL  
C'mon, Gordon...where are we on  
the D.W. Industries?

...and behind him...the door OPENS...and Charlie steps in  
...looking for the phone...seeing Daryl...looking confused  
...and Daryl gives an annoyed SIGH as Gordon puts him on hold...

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Craig said I could use the phone.

...and Daryl holds up a single finger.. 'just a minute'...

CHARLIE

I don't understand...did Craig say  
you could use the phone?

DARYL

(into phone)

Then use someone else's terminal.  
I gave you ninety thousand dollars  
for Chrissake and you want me not  
to know how my money's doing  
'cause some asshole spilt a T b on  
your terminal?

CHARLIE

You gonna be on there long?

DARYL

(looking up; bothered)

A minute.

...and he turns away for privacy...

CHARLIE

Well, pardon me, asshole.

DARYL

(over his shoulder)

Delicate little rascal, aren't  
you...

(into the phone)

...Gordon...

CHARLIE

(turning for the door)

Fuck you.

...and she is through it...gone...

DARYL

(oblivious; into phone)

No shit...really? If it goes from  
60,000 to 40,000 in three days  
it's obviously 'sloping downward,'  
Gordon...Well...okay...sell it all  
and we'll short it...

...and behind him we can't help but notice the door OPEN  
again...a figure stepping into the room behind Daryl's  
back...

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

DARYL

Yeah...Yeah...Listen...do me a favor, willya? Call this guy for me and tell him I'm still waiting for a package...okay? His name's Martin...

(looks up; sees

Craig)

Listen...I'll have to get back to you.

...and Daryl HANGS UP the PHONE...and Craig MAKES his WAY around his desk...FALLING INTO his CHAIR...sliding his feet up onto the desk top...and neither man say anything for a LONG MOMENT...

CRAIG

I think you better go.

DARYL

There a problem?

...and Craig unlocks his file drawer...pulls out Daryl's file...and tosses it across the desk...

CRAIG

Take these to the front office.

78 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Daryl...his best professional smile in place looks at Craig...

DARYL

Wait a second. I don't understand. Something's wrong?

CRAIG

(simply)

Outta here.

DARYL

(an even bigger smile)

Why? 'Cause I used a phone?  
(leaning forward)

That was a ninety-thousand dollar call, man...Ninety...thousand...dollars...

...and Craig simply pulls himself up and out of his chair...

(CONTINUED)

78

CONTINUED:

CRAIG  
(heading for the  
door)

You want to get straight, Daryl?  
I can't help you 'til you want it.

...and as he reaches for the doorknob...Daryl JUMPS out  
of his seat...

DARYL  
Ninety grand! That's the stock  
market, babe. And it don't give  
a fuck if I'm in the hospital or  
not...

...and Craig makes his way through the door...closing it  
behind him...and Daryl FLINGS the door back open...moving  
out into...

79

THE HALL

...Craig already a good distance down it...paying Daryl  
no mind...not even turning back...Daryl calling after  
him...

DARYL  
The American Stock Exchange  
doesn't care that some asshole...  
makes three hundred dollars a  
week says I can't use the phone.  
That's some job you got, man.  
Guard the fucking phone. Keep  
the zombies away from the fucking  
stock market...

...but Craig just keeps moving down the hall...paying this  
no mind...

DARYL  
I'm close...right? Like...  
three-ten...maybe three-fifteen.  
That's about right...isn't it,  
Craig? Big three-oh-seven a week?  
Gotta allocate that motherfucker...  
don't we? Pork and beans? Lean  
Cuisine? How 'bout another pair  
of those plastic shoes, man?

...and Daryl is over the edge now...four days without  
drugs...locked in this place have taken their toll...wait-  
ing for a response from Craig...but there is none...

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

DARYL

Fine. You want me outta here?  
...I'm outta here.

...and Craig TURNS the corner...continuing down another hall...leaving Daryl still standing in Craig's office doorway...

DARYL

You hear me, fucker? I'm outta here!

SHOCK CUT TO:

80

A SUITCASE

...on a bed...clothes randomly thrown in...being SLAMMED SHUT...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

81

THE DOORS OF THE CLINIC

...as they SMASH OPEN...and Daryl makes his way out into THE NIGHT...suitcase in one hand...transistor radio in the other...

DARYL

(to himself;  
muttering)

Gone, baby. The big fade...

SHOCK CUT TO:

82

DARYL'S CAR DOOR

...SLAMMING SHUT...and his REAR TIRES grab the asphalt in the PARKING LOT...squealing as they push the car away from the CLINIC at HIGH SPEED...

83

INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

...the windshield covered with bird shit...Daryl clearly possessed as he drives through the night...REFLECTIONS of traffic signals and street lights CLIMBING the windshield in front of him then SLIDING DOWN the glass and CRASHING into his hood...

DARYL

Fuckin' 'A,' baby! Fuckin' 'B,'  
'C' and 'D' too. We're out of there!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

DARYL (CONT'D)  
 (banging on the  
 wheel; singing)  
 'Coming into Los Ang-e-lees...  
 Bringing in a couple of keys...  
 Don't touch my bags if you  
 please...Mr. Customs Man...  
 Aaaaaaaaaaannnnnnnnnn!!!'  
 (and then; SUDDENLY  
 noticing where he is)  
 Wooooo...

84 EXT. THE CAR - NIGHT

...as Daryl SUDDENLY LOWERS his window...sticking his  
 head out of it...and JAMMING HIS CAR into the next lane  
 of traffic...forcing the car behind him to come to a  
 SUDDEN HALT...as Daryl edges his car into and across that  
 lane and into the next...

DARYL  
 (to the other  
 cars)  
 Sorry...Excuse me...That's  
 right...honk your horn if it's  
 going to make you feel better.  
 (to himself;  
 hearing more horns  
 honk)  
 Yes, yes, yes...I know. But I'm  
 on a pharmaceutical mission from  
 God.

85 ON THE INTERSECTION

...as Daryl finally EXECUTES his TURN...and then ZOOMS  
 AWAY...and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

86 EXT. A MIRRORED GLASS BOX BUILDING - NIGHT

...as Daryl pulls up in front of it...and quickly springs  
 from his car...and STARTS UP the PATH...as we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

87 ELEVATOR DOORS

...as they OPEN...and we FOLLOW DARYL...as he makes his  
 way down the hallway...fishing through his pockets for  
 his keys...the hallway lit with only the DIMMEST LIGHT...  
 finally arriving at...A DOOR..."DARYL POYNTER" on the  
 metal nameplate...and Daryl quickly stabs the door with  
 his key...

88 INT. DARYL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

...as he charges in...going right to the bottom drawer of his desk...not even bothering to switch on a light...  
...fishing through the desk with his arm...

DARYL

Okay, Martin...what'd you do with it?

...and realizing it's not there...he PULLS himself up from his crouch...and makes his way back into...

89 THE HALL

...moving quickly through the pockets of light to what must be A SECRETARY'S DESK...knowing right where to go  
...top drawer...pulling out a SET OF KEYS and quickly moving to ANOTHER OFFICE DOOR...this one with "MARTIN LAUX" on the nameplate...and he quickly OPENS the door and moves into...

90 INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

...and begins searching Martin's desk...OPENING and CLOSING drawers...simply PULLING OTHERS OUT and DEPOSITING them ON the FLOOR...REACHING the TOPS of CABINETS and running his hands along them...and we WATCH as SUD-  
DENLY he realizes it's not there...

DARYL

Fuck!...

...and charging out of Martin's office...SLAMMING the DOOR BEHIND him...making his way quickly back into...

91 INT. DARYL'S OFFICE

...still dark...nothing but wayward streetlight tumbling through half-closed blinds to light his way as he throws himself into...his DESK CHAIR...quickly SEARCHING through his Rolodex...FINDING a number...PUNCHING up the speaker phone and DIALING...

92 TIGHTER ON DARYL

...as the number rings...

DARYL

(to himself)

Come on...come on...come on...

...and then finally...FILTERED...through the speakerphone...

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

VOICE (V.O.)

Hi. Marty and Debby aren't home  
right now...but if you'd like to  
leave your...

...and Daryl BANGS THE SPEAKER off...

93 ON THE SECRETARY'S DESK

...as Daryl charges back to it...starting to PULL DRAWERS  
out of the desk...DROPPING THEM and their contents on the  
floor...TOSSING papers and files...PUSHING THEM off the  
desk top...

DARYL

Where are you? I know you're  
here...

...and he TURNS to A GIANT FILE CABINET...opening up the  
huge horizontal drawers...LIFTING the files...feeling  
them for their contents...then TOSSING them to the floor...  
then moving to...ANOTHER DESK...TURNING OVER PLANTS and  
SIFTING through their SOIL...knocking a coffee mug to the  
floor...CHECKING BENEATH the BLOTTER...INSIDE the PHONE  
MOUTHPIECE...finally starting to RIFLE the DRAWERS...

94 TIGHTER ON DARYL

...SUDDENLY sensing that he's not alone...stopping and  
turning to DISCOVER...IN THE DOORWAY...a HAITIAN CLEANING  
WOMAN...rolling garbage dumpster and cleaning supplies at  
her side...standing FROZEN BENEATH a RED EXIT sign...

95 HER POV

...Daryl...FROZEN as well...in what looks like an office  
war zone...paper everywhere...dozens of file cabinets...  
desks...closets...shelves are ransacked...paper covering  
the floor like snow...

DARYL

It's okay. I work here.

...and the woman SAYS NOTHING...just stands there...  
clearly not sure who this is or what is going on...

DARYL

I just need a contract...It's an  
emergency deal...this guy never  
sleeps. Really...it's okay.

...as she slowly starts moving BACKWARDS...back down the  
hall and towards the elevators...

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

HAITIAN LADY

I come back...

...and Daryl stands there...watching her go...growing smaller in the FRAME as she walks away from him...

DARYL

Okay...well...I'll just get all  
this paperwork straightened out...  
you won't even know I was here.  
Okay?

...and the Haitian woman says nothing...just continues to  
back away...DARYL starting to get concerned...

DARYL

Okay?

96 ON THE HAITIAN WOMAN

...but she is GONE...swallowed up by the darkness of the  
hall...

97 ON DARYL

...thinking about that for a moment...and we HOLD...and  
then...

SHOCK CUT TO:

98 INT. DARYL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

...as he SITS THERE in the dark...behind his desk...  
stealing himself for something...finally REACHING forward  
and DIALING the phone...

99 TIGHTER ON DARYL

...WAITING...and then hearing the phone picked up on the  
other end and...

DARYL

(CLOSING HIS  
EYES; this is  
HARD)

Hi, Mom...Daryl.

(and then)

Is it? Geez...I'm sorry. I'm  
still in the office. Guess I  
didn't realize how late it had  
gotten. No...I'm fine. I just  
remembered how I hadn't called in  
a while...No...really.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DARYL (CONT'D)

Everything's great. How are you guys doing? Well then hell...make him get someone to do the lawn. You get someone to do the lawn. Lawn's not going to look much good if there's a dead guy in the middle of it clutching his heart ...No...really...I'm fine...Well ...there is one thing. I'm having sort of a cash crunch thing here ...and uh...I was wondering if I could maybe hit you guys up for a little advance.

...and he listens for a LONG MOMENT...and then...finally... this is the hardest thing he's ever done...

DARYL

About thirty thousand dollars. Yeah...well...of course I know how much money that is. You didn't bring me up stupid, Ma...Well...as a matter of fact I do know where you can get that kind of money. Yes...I'm talking about the house. You could do a second...send me the payment book...Yeah...I know how long you've lived in that house. Ma...calm down. Nobody's telling you to move. You go to a bank... Ma...it's done all the time... Ma?...Okay...okay. Forget that... Let's just talk about that will you and Dad went to Fort Wayne and had drawn up last year. Were you going to leave me anything?...What are you crying for?...Ma? What are you crying for? I'm just trying to figure out a way...Ma? Wait a second. Which is going to give you more pleasure? Giving me that money now while you're alive to enjoy seeing me get some use out of it...or later when I may or may not...Ma? Stop crying...Ma? Put Dad on the phone...Put...

...and SUDDENLY Daryl's expression changes...and it's clear there is no longer anyone on the other end of the line...and he SITS there for the LONGEST TIME...and then...SUDDENLY sensing someone else in the room...LOOKS UP to DISCOVER in the OFFICE DOORWAY...the Haitian Cleaning Woman...

(CONTINUED)

99

CONTINUED: (2)

HAITIAN LADY

You got somewhere to go... you  
better get there...

100

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Daryl...his mind still on the phone...his soul  
filled with self-hatred sits there for a LONG MOMENT...

DARYL

Look...could you just...

HAITIAN LADY

I called police.

...and Daryl LOOKS UP...the meaning of this not lost on  
him...and the Haitian Lady looks at him...

HAITIAN LADY

You got somewhere to be...you  
better get there.

...and off in the distance we HEAR the SOUND of SIRENS  
APPROACHING..

HAITIAN LADY

I say you got somewhere to be...  
you better get there.

101

ON DARYL

...sitting there...in a mild state of shock...as the  
SOUNDS of the SIRENS DRAW closer...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

102

BLACK

...and SUDDENLY an EXPLOSION of LIGHT as a DOOR is KICKED  
OPEN...and SUDDENLY...CRAIG sits BOLT UPRIGHT in his bed...  
to find DARYL...standing in the doorway of his room...

DARYL

He's back and damn proud of it!

103

A BATHROOM

...as the door SMASHES OPEN...echoing loudly off the  
tiled walls...Daryl making his way in...a bathrobed Craig  
right behind him...

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

DARYL

...so yeah. I'm driving around  
looking for a program...and I say  
to myself.. 'Hey...I'm already in  
one. They got all the paperwork.  
I know the people...really like  
that counselor Craig...'

...and Craig just looks at him...saying nothing...just  
setting AN EMPTY URINAL SPECIMEN JAR on top of a white  
steel partition that separates several urinals...and DARYL  
swaggers over...takes the jar...and steps behind the  
partition...

DARYL

I think you're going to be pretty  
happy with this one, Craig.  
Pre-tty fuck-ing happy.

SHOCK CUT TO:

104 A PRETTY RECEPTIONIST

...working at her desk...and on the wall behind her...  
...we can barely make out the LOGO for HORIZON EXECUTIVE  
PROPERTIES...and as she goes on about her work...A FIGURE  
...the BACK of a suit jacket...STEPS INTO FRAME...and the  
RECEPTIONIST LOOKS UP...

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

MAN (FIGURE)

(his back to us;  
measured)

I'd like to see Daryl Poynter.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, sir...he's not in.  
Perhaps another account  
executive...

...and we SEE the man now...the same man who went through  
Daryl's mail...late forties...well-groomed...he speaks  
softly...contained...as though just having swallowed a  
glass of nitro and not wanting to explode...

MAN

(CUTTING HER OFF)

When will he be in?

...and the Receptionist regards him for a moment...  
wary...

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST

I'm not sure.  
 (lifting the phone)  
 If you'll have a seat...perhaps  
 I can find someone who knows...

...and as the Receptionist DEALS SOMEONE...the MAN moves to A SEAT in the RECEPTION AREA...and behind him...we can't help but notice other people arriving for work...making their way past him...and then past the Receptionist...as Martin EMERGES from the hallway behind her...and the two whisper for a moment...and then the Receptionist nods him towards...

105 THE MAN

...sitting there...somewhat blankly...and AFTER A MOMENT...Martin moves beside him...lowering his head to the man's...

MARTIN

(softly)  
 Excuse me, Sir...you're looking  
 for Mr. Poynter?...To tell you the  
 truth...we haven't seen him  
 ourselves for several days. Why  
 don't I have him call you as soon  
 as he makes an appearance?

MAN

(simply)  
 I'm not leaving until I see him.

MARTIN

(a SIGH; and then)  
 Perhaps if you tell me what this  
 is in reference to...

MAN

He killed my daughter.

...and others passing through the reception area STOP...not certain if they heard right...and Martin draws his face closer to the man's...lowering his voice...starting to grow quietly anxious...

MARTIN

Sir...

MAN

He gave my daughter drugs...  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

MAN (CONT'D)  
(finally turning;  
LOOKING AT  
MARTIN)  
...and at eleven-thirty last  
night...she died.

...and the two men sit there for a LONG MOMENT...nothing  
is said...and beyond them...we can't help but notice an  
executive picking up the Receptionist's phone...dialing  
a number...

MARTIN  
(quietly)  
Sir...I understand that you're  
upset...maybe you should come  
back another time...

...and the man PULLS himself out of his chair...

MAN  
Fine...  
(then; RAISING HIS  
VOICE)  
Fine. Well...he's going to hear  
from me.  
(turning to Martin)  
You're going to hear from me, too.  
(then; to the others)  
You're all going to hear from me.

...and the others all stand there...FROZEN...the man  
...standing now...a SECURITY GUARD COMING UP BEHIND HIM  
and putting a hand on his shoulder.

SECURITY GUARD  
(softly)  
Sir...if you'll just follow me.

...but the man JERKS the GUARD'S HAND from him...and  
scans the room...

MAN  
You're all murderers. All of you.  
Protecting a man like that.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sir?

...but the man simply TURNS...and makes his way out of  
the office...

106 ON MARTIN

...shaking...watching him go...

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

MARTIN  
(to himself)  
Jesus...

...and AFTER A MOMENT...he too, turns...starting back towards his office...and another man...KRAMER...a grey-haired CEO...falls in next to him...

KRAMER  
(simply)  
When you hear from Daryl...tell him I'd like to speak with him...

...and just as quickly...Kramer STEPS AWAY...no longer at Martin's side...and Martin slows down...the meaning of this not lost on him...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

107 TIGHT ON DARYL

...looking out the window of a van...MOVING through town...cars' headlights RUSHING by him...

CRAIG (O.S.)  
How many of you ever been to an A.A. meeting?

\*

...and no one says a word...and we...

CUT TO:

108 EXT. A CHURCH SOCIAL HALL - NIGHT

...as a VAN..."ROCHESTER CENTER FOR CHEMICAL DEPENDENCY" painted on its side...PULLS UP...a couple hundred people milling around outside the hall...

109 INT. THE VAN

...as Craig TURNS around in his seat...facing the ten or so passengers in the van...

CRAIG  
Okay...your job tonight is to find a sponsor...What's a sponsor? Someone you can relate to. Someone who's heard all your bullshit before. Someone...you'll know 'em. You'll know 'em right away.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

## 110 INT. SOCIAL HALL - NIGHT

...a room filled with...folding chairs...a podium...a cluttered stage and stand-up fans. REFRESHMENT TABLES...heaped with brownies and Styrofoam cups and coffee urns. CLOTS OF PEOPLE...loud...chain-smoking...caffeine and chocolate-scarfing alcoholics and drug addicts...Housewives and conservative professionals...young hipsters and old hippies. Blue collar guys and fags. Ethnics and teens and 70-year-olds...few appearing to have a care in the world. And ON THE PODIUM...a short housewife...JANE...steps up to the microphone...while behind her...a dozen alcoholics and addicts mill around...one of them PLANTING a BIRTHDAY CANDLE in a CUPCAKE...

\*  
\*

JANE

(into the microphone)

Hi. I'm Jane...your alcoholic secretary.

EVERYONE (O.S.)

Hi, Jane.

JANE

Sheila's gonna run the meeting tonight...Sheila?...Where's Sheila?

...and AFTER A MOMENT a Scandinavian-looking FLESHBOMB in a leopard-skin blouse steps to the podium...

SHEILA

(accented)

Hi. I'm Sheila. Alcoholic-addict.

EVERYONE (O.S.)

Hi, Sheila.

SHEILA

(reading from a plastic card)

'Rarely have we seen a person fail who has thoroughly followed our path...'

## 111 ON DARYL

...sitting between Donald and Iris...

DARYL

(to Iris; quietly)

You wanna be my sponsor?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

IRIS  
(mildly amused)  
No, thanks.

DARYL  
Hey, I'm serious on this...it's a  
good deal.

...and Iris ROLLS her eyes...and seated behind them...we  
can't help notice Charlie...listening to all this...  
amused as hell...

112 ON THE PODIUM

...Jane checking her notes on an index card...

JANE  
We have a thirty-day chip...  
...going to Mark, for his first  
thirty days of sobriety.

...and from the CROWD...MARK...a normal enough looking  
GUY in his twenties...steps from the group beside the  
podium...Jane handing him a chip...

MARK  
(into microphone)  
Mark, Addict.

EVERYONE (O.S.)  
Hi, Mark.

MARK  
Wow...Thirty days ago...Well, I  
didn't think this was possible...I  
wanna thank my sponsor...everyone  
else who helped me get my life  
back... 'Cause getting this is like  
a miracle...Thanks.

...and as the audience APPLAUDS...Mark's sponsor HUGS HIM  
as JANE RETURNS to the mike...

JANE  
One-year birthdays...sober for one  
year...Michelle, and her cake will  
be presented by Rita.

113 ON THE CUPCAKE

...passed with a single, crooked candle from Rita to  
Michelle...

114 ON RICHARD DIRKS

...now sitting in the crowd...applauding Michelle...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

115 EXT. SOCIAL HALL - NIGHT

...as the doors open...and SLOWLY people begin to wander out of the meeting...and we...

CUT TO:

116 DARYL

still IN the hall...standing in front of his seat...the others having wandered away...and Daryl looks around... spotting TILLER...having a gushing chat with an art dealer...and BOB...talking with a paunchy 50-year-old by the refreshment table...both gobbling plates full of brownies...

BOB

Really? You work at Cyanimid?  
Me too.

...and Daryl...not knowing quite what to do...looks around some more...his eyes finally landing on...SHEILA...who sees his glance and SMILES BACK...and Daryl wanders over the several steps to Sheila...

DARYL

Hi.

SHEILA

Hi.

DARYL

Daryl. Addict. I thought you did an amazing job of running the meeting. It was my first, actually...and I was terribly moved.

SHEILA

(dubious)  
Really?

DARYL

(pitching like crazy)  
Truly...Y'know it's funny we should be talking 'cause actually I'm kinda looking for a sponsor.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

SHEILA  
(still smiling;  
TURNING)  
I'm sorry. I don't think so.

DARYL  
(calling after her)  
But I think you could help me...I  
think you could help me a lot.

...but Sheila doesn't turn...doesn't answer...just keeps  
walking...

VOICE (O.S.)  
Very nice. Very smooth.

...and Daryl TURNS with a START to DISCOVER...CHARLIE  
...clearly having seen the entire episode with Sheila...

DARYL  
You like that? I got a million of  
'em.

CHARLIE  
I'll bet you do.

...and the two of them stand there...not a whole lot to  
say to each other...

DARYL  
I'm sorry about the...you know...  
the little situation at the phone.

CHARLIE  
(lighting a  
cigarette)  
Don't worry about it.

DARYL  
I was a little wrapped up in  
something.

CHARLIE  
Uh-huh.

DARYL  
What's your name?

CHARLIE  
Charlie...Charleen...Charlie.

DARYL  
Charlie...o-kay...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

DARYL (CONT'D)  
(an awkward  
silence)  
...any luck...finding someone?

CHARLIE  
Not much...no.

DARYL  
Me, neither...I guess guys aren't  
supposed to have female sponsors.

CHARLIE  
(turning)  
Too bad.

...and she TURNS...and is gone...and Daryl stands there  
for a LONG MOMENT...and then...feeling someone's eyes on  
him...turns to DISCOVER someone staring at him...TILLER...

DARYL  
(a smile and a shrug)  
Women. Can't live with 'em.  
Can't shoot 'em.  
(and then; off  
Tiller's look)  
Great. Look who the fuck I'm  
talking to here.

SHOCK CUT TO:

117 EXT. A CHURCH COURTYARD - NIGHT

...as Daryl wanders out of the hall...alone...sipping  
from a cup of coffee...glancing back toward the crowd...  
then spotting...ACROSS THE STREET...a pay phone...empty...  
unattended...and Daryl stands there A LONG MOMENT...  
weighing...considering...

VOICE (O.S.)  
You a newcomer?

...turning with a START to DISCOVER...

118 DIRKS

...making love to a cup of coffee of his own...

DARYL  
Excuse me?

DIRKS  
Sheila said you're looking for a  
sponsor.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

DARYL

Well...yeah...

DIRKS

(a small smile)

You really wanna get to that phone, don't you?

DARYL

Yeah...well...I was just getting some fresh air.

DIRKS

(pulling a scrap of paper from his pocket)

Here...gimme your back.

...and Daryl turns hesitantly...and Dirks writes a number on the paper...

DIRKS

You wanna sponsor...you call this number.

...And Daryl turns back to him...and Dirks hands him the paper...

DIRKS

My name's Richard.

(TURNING; over his shoulder as he walks away)

Good night...

...and Daryl just stands there...watching Dirks disappear back into the social hall...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

119 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

...as the VAN PULLS UP out front...and the van door slides open...and Daryl and the others trundle INTO...

120 INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT

...and as Daryl steps through the door...an OUTSTRETCHED arm blocks his path...and Daryl GLANCES UP at CRAIG... not pleased...

CRAIG

Someone's here to see you. Says it's important...

\*

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

DARYL  
(warily)  
Who?

CRAIG  
(looking at note  
paper)  
Martin Laux...?

\*  
\*

SHOCK CUT TO:

121 INT. CRAIG'S OFFICE

...as Daryl bursts in...closing the door behind him...  
THRILLED...

DARYL  
(A WHISPER-SHOUT)  
All right, Martin!

...and Martin...clearly nervous and uncomfortable...  
pushes himself out of a chair...

MARTIN  
How are you?...Jesus...I  
practically had to beg the guy  
to let me in here.

DARYL  
Yeah...it's a classy place.

MARTIN  
You didn't tell me what it was.

DARYL  
Yeah, well...how's the office?

MARTIN  
Good...Well, somebody broke in a  
couple of nights ago...trashed the  
place.

\*

DARYL  
Jesus...

...and Martin pulls a manila envelope out of his brief-  
case and hands it to Daryl...and nothing is SAID for a  
LONG MOMENT.

DARYL  
Hey...I really appreciate this...

...flipping on the air purifier...drowning out their  
conversation and ripping OPEN the envelope...

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUE1:

DARYL  
You coulda just used the delivery  
service, Man...you didn't have to  
come all the way down here.

MARTIN  
(before Daryl  
finishes  
opening it)  
It's empty.

DARYL  
(looking inside)  
What?

MARTIN  
There's nothing in it.

...and Daryl looks up at his friend...totally confused...

DARYL  
What are you talking about?

MARTIN (O.S.)  
(finally; A SHRUG)  
I flushed it down the toilet.

...and Martin LOOKS DOWN...avoiding Daryl's gaze...and  
NOTHING is said for another MOMENT...

MARTIN  
Daryl...we had an incident this  
morning...some crazy guy came in...  
shouting and screaming...

...and Daryl just looks at his friend...speechless...

DARYL  
What guy?

MARTIN (O.S.)  
A man named Peluso. Came in and  
said you gave drugs to his  
daughter. About half the staff  
heard him, including Kramer.

DARYL  
Great. Fuckin' great.

MARTIN (O.S.)  
She died, Daryl.

...and Daryl looks UP AT HIS friend...not believing it...

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2)

DARYL

What?

MARTIN

He said she died. Last night...  
He threatened to make a lotta  
trouble...Then a guy from the  
D.A.'s office came by. Interviewed  
all of us, Daryl. Kramer too...  
Kramer really wants to talk to  
you, Daryl.

...and Daryl says nothing...just stands there...

MARTIN (O.S.)

I can tell him you're in the  
hospital...but...hey man...at  
some point you're gonna have to  
deal with him...You gotta come up  
with the money you took...

(and then)

Look...I gotta go...I hadda work  
late. Debbie's holding dinner...

(and then)

Daryl? You okay?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

...but Daryl says NOTHING...just stands there...

MARTIN (O.S.)

Look, Daryl...I really gotta go.

\*

...and AFTER A MOMENT...we HEAR the SOUND of the OFFICE  
DOOR CLOSE...and Daryl just stands there for the LONGEST  
TIME...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

122 DARYL

...stepping out of Craig's office...thoroughly dazed...  
once again running into AN ARM...dangling a urine speci-  
men jar INTO FRAME...

CRAIG (O.S.)

Shall we?

DARYL

(confused;  
overwhelmed)

Hey...the guy just...

...but before Daryl can even FINISH the SENTENCE...we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

## 123 BATHROOM DOOR

...as it SMASHES OPEN...Daryl making his way in...clearly too shocked and demoralized to fight back...Craig LAUGHING...enjoying this...

(CRAIG

Tell me how happy I'm gonna be  
with this one, Daryl. Am I gonna  
be happy?

...but Daryl SAYS nothing...just lifelessly makes his way  
behind the STEEL PARTITION to the URINAL...

CRAIG

(after a moment)

What the fuck are you doing here?

(and then)

You got a problem, Daryl?

(and then)

You don't even know you have a  
problem...do you Daryl?

(and then)

You know how long you've been  
straight?

(and then)

Twelve days. Twelve whole days.  
Two hundred and eighty-eight hours.

(glancing at his watch)

Twelve days...three hours  
actually.

(and then)

Twelve days...three hours...and  
seventeen seconds.

(and then)

Twenty-five seconds.

(and then)

Twelve days...three hours...thirty  
seconds...

(and then)

That's how we do it, Daryl. A  
second at a time...a minute at a  
time...an hour at a time.

(and then)

But you gotta know you got a  
problem.

...and Daryl TURNS to him...handing him the urine-filled  
jar...

DARYL

(despite his spirit  
being crushed)

Drink up, willya.

...and as Daryl walks by Craig...making his way through  
the bathroom door...we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

...and SUDDENLY a TRIANGLE of LIGHT...and we WATCH Daryl's FORM makes his way into HIS ROOM...and we c. see only what the SHADOWS and the MOONLIGHT will allo a form in the bed across the room...and Daryl quickly peeling off his clothes...then just as quickly MOVING TO his own BED...SLIPPING BENEATH the COVERS...laying his head on his pillow...and then...

DONALD  
(softly)  
You awake?

DARYL  
(clearing his  
throat)  
Go to sleep.

125 TIGHTER ON DARYL

...and even in the moonlight...we can make out the TEARS working their way down his cheeks...and we HOLD for a LONG MOMENT...until...

DONALD (O.S.)  
You see that girl, Iris?

DARYL  
Go to sleep, Man...

DONALD (O.S.)  
What's her deal? Booze? Pills?  
It's a crime against nature...put  
anything unnatural into that body  
...She's perfect...isn't she?

...and Daryl DOESN'T ANSWER...JUST LIES there...trying like hell not to make any noise...even as the tears continue to RUN DOWN his face...

DONALD (O.S.)  
(after a LONG  
MOMENT)  
You okay?

DARYL  
(after a LONG  
MOMENT)  
I'm fine, Man. I'm fine...Go to  
sleep.

...and as Donald turns over...Daryl closes his eyes and we slowly...

DISSOLVE TO:

126

INT. MULTI-PURPOSE ROOM - DAY

...as the Patients EXERCISE once again...still mostly out of shape...but clearly better than before...Daryl SLAGGING along at quarter speed...watching Donald...WATCHING Iris...as she OPENS and LIFTS her LEGS...KICKING...PUSHING...and we can't help but agree...she is a SIGHT to BEHOLD...and Daryl finally turns his head...a man can only take so much...when SUDDENLY...

CRAIG (O.S.)

Time for a shower, folks...

...and as the others get up...and make their way out of the room...Daryl pushes himself up on his hands...about to lift himself UP OFF the FLOOR...when SUDDENLY a FOOT APPEARS from out of FRAME...pressing against his ass...pushing his body back down to the FLOOR...and Daryl LOOKS UP to SEE...Craig STANDING OVER HIM...

CRAIG

So...how you feeling, Daryl?

...and Daryl considers the man standing over him...

DARYL

Well...I was feeling just dandy,  
Craig old pal...until you shoved  
your foot up my ass.

...and Craig looks around...making sure no one else is in earshot...crouching down...head to head with Daryl...

CRAIG

Listen...I'm starting to give some  
of the people passes...a little  
time to be on their own...You think  
you can handle that?

\*  
\*  
\*

DARYL

(considers; a  
LONG MOMENT)

Possibly...Yeah...sure...

CRAIG

You gonna fuck with me?

DARYL

No.

...and the two men look at each other for a LONG MOMENT...and finally Craig RISES...TURNS from Daryl and starts out of the room...

CRAIG

All right...

(CONTINUED)

126

CONTINUED:

...and Daryl just lays there on the floor...watching CRAIG make his way across the room...authentically surprised and pleased...and a moment later Craig's gone. . and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

127

EXT. THE HOSPITAL - DAY

...a GIANT BOX set against a grey Rochester sky...the LONG SHADOWS of morning stretching out in front of it. And we can just make out a TINY FIGURE making his way out GLASS DOORS...and the FIGURE STOPS for a MOMENT....

128

TIGHT ON DARYL

...as the sun, the hour and the fact that he is outside to conspire to make him a stranger in a strange land... and he stands for a moment...shielding his eyes against the light...taking a DEEP BREATH...and we...

\*

SHOCK CUT TO:

129

EXT. DARYL'S CONDO - DAY

...Daryl's BMW pulls INTO FRAME...and Daryl TURNS...looks out the window at the CONDO...no cops...no nothing... nobody...and Daryl makes his way OUT OF the CAR and SKULKS across the street...absently grabbing his mail from the box and making his way UP the STEPS to HIS FRONT DOOR...a XEROX taped to it...and Daryl sees it...stopping just short of stabbing his door with a key...and he mumble-reads it to himself...

130

ON THE XEROX

DARYL (O.S.)

'Daryl Poynter is your neighbor.  
He murdered a young girl with  
drugs. His employer and friends  
are trying to protect...'

...and he SUDDENLY stops reading...RIPPING the sheet from the door...and SUDDENLY realizing...TURNS to see...A ROW OF CONDO DOORS...all of them with Xeroxes stuck to them ...flapping in the breeze...and we SEE the color leave Daryl's face as he TURNS once more to see...ALL THE CARS BEHIND HIM have Xeroxes stuck under their windshield wipers...

SHOCK CUT TO:

131 DARYL

...a pay phone pressed to his ear...in some kind of  
ENCLOSED MALL...overwrought...impatient...as he listens  
to...

SPENCE (V.O.)

(FILTERED)

Hi...this is Spence. I'm out for  
a while. Just leave a name and a  
number where you can be reached  
at the beep.

...and a MOMENT LATER we HEAR the SOUND of the BEEP...  
and then...

DARYL

Spence? It's Daryl. C'mon...pick  
up. I want to do some business...

(after a moment)

Spence? C'mon. Pick up will...

...but before he can finish the sentence...the line GOES  
DEAD...and Daryl fumbles through a wad of paper scraps  
from his pocket...finds the one he's looking for...and  
quickly dials another number...BUSY...and he QUICKLY  
SLAMS DOWN the phone and dials another...

RECORDING (V.O.)

(FILTERED)

We're sorry...the number you have  
reached has been temporarily  
disconnected and there is no...

...as he SLAMS down the phone once again...drops half his  
paper scraps...snatches one and dials...and we HEAR it  
ring...and...

VOICE (V.O.)

'Nyello...

DARYL

(quickly)

Larry? This is Daryl. I'd like to  
do some business.

132 INT. DIRKS' OFFICE - DAY

...a small cubicle at a finance company...a prim elderly  
couple sit across from him as he talks on the phone...  
Dirks wears a friendly smile for the benefit of the  
customers...

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

DIRKS

You would, huh? Well I would too,  
Daryl...but I think you dialed the  
wrong number...this is Richard  
Dirks.

133 ON DARYL

DARYL

(stunned)

Richard?...I was just gonna call...

DIRKS (V.O.)

(cutting him off)

Where are you?

134 ON DIRKS

...listening carefully...giving the elderly people no  
clue what he's hearing...and he RAISES a single finger...  
"just another minute"...to his customers...

DIRKS

(after a moment)

Daryl...listen to me...I want to  
see you...I can't get away now.  
How about 12:30?

135 ON DARYL

DARYL

(dubious)

Why?

DIRKS (V.O.)

Why? Why do you think 'why'? I  
want you to do something for me.  
You know what an 'inventory' is?

...Daryl ROLLS his eyes...

DIRKS (V.O.)

It's a list of everything you've  
done that's caused harm to other  
people. I want you to make one.  
A fearless and searching moral  
inventory, Daryl. Write it down  
and have it ready by twelve-thirty.

DARYL

'A fearless and searching moral  
inventory'? Hey, look...

136 TIGHT ON DIRKS

...he's heard this shit before...

DIRKS

Daryl...just do it. It'll keep  
your mind off calling Larry...  
Now you gonna meet me?

\*  
\*

137 ON DARYL

...looking around...not answering for a LONG MOMENT...

DARYL

Yeah...sure...

DIRKS (V.O.)

Where?

DARYL

I'm at the Eastview Mall.

DIRKS (V.O.)

They got a coffee shop there?

DARYL

(looks around;  
spots one)

Yeah.

DIRKS (V.O.)

What time?

DARYL

(growing tired of this)  
12:30. Isn't that what you said?  
...12:30?

DIRKS (V.O.)

12:30. And what are you going to  
bring?

DARYL

Dope. Lots of dope.

DIRKS (V.O.)

An inventory. You've got an hour  
and a half...go park yourself  
somewhere and do it.

DARYL

Yeah...right...

DIRKS (V.O.)

Do you wanna make it, Daryl?

(CONTINUED)

137

CONTINUED:

...and Daryl SAYS nothing...just stares at the phone...

DIRKS (V.O.)

Just 90 minutes.

SHOCK CUT TO:

138

INT. THE GLASS DOORS OF A COFFEE SHOP - DAY

...the kind built onto a Newberry's or Woolworth's...and we watch...as Daryl makes his way through them...STOPPING and SPOTTING DIRKS...sitting in a booth...gorging himself ...the table filled with milk shakes, chocolate layer cake and a small dish of ice cream...and AFTER a MOMENT ...Daryl walks INTO FRAME...and SEATS himself...

DARYL

Sorry I'm late.

DIRKS

(handing Daryl a menu)

Addicts are always late.

DARYL

What's with you guys and food?  
You're like wild dogs.

DIRKS

(swilling coffee)

Addicts are compulsive...You got your inventory?

DARYL

(dubiously)

Uh-uh.

DIRKS

You call Larry?

DARYL

(quickly; angrily)

No.

DIRKS

You want something to eat?

DARYL

(repulsed)

No...that's okay...

...and DIRKS smiles...and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

## 139 THREE EMPTY MILK SHAKE GLASSES

...sitting in front of Daryl on the table...and we MOVE  
PAST the GLASSES to an ASHTRAY...overflowing with butts  
...a currently burning cigarette balanced precariously  
on its edge...

DARYL (O.S.)

'Halloween...1964...I put a cherry  
bomb in this a guy's air conditioner...  
summer of '70 I faked a stamp on  
my hand to get into a church dance...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

...past the ashtray to a three-quarters eaten piece of  
pie...past the pie to DARYL...cigarette between his  
fingers...weariness on his face...

DARYL (O.S.)

...1976...told some girls I played  
in the Pan American games when I  
really didn't...Two weeks ago...  
borrowed \$92,000 from an escrow  
account...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(a glance at Dirks)

'81...first moved here...took back  
a blender to Sears that I broke...  
told 'em it was fucked up when I  
bought it...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(and then)

You asleep yet?

...and Dirks looks at Daryl...he's smoking as well...

DIRKS

What's this thing with the ninety-  
two thousand?

DARYL

I don't know...I was a little  
short.

\*  
\*

DIRKS

For coke?

DARYL

I needed a few thousand dollars so  
I put the money into stock options.  
Made a little at first...then the  
market got weird.

\*  
\*  
\*

DIRKS

How much you lose?

\*

DARYL

Fifty-two thousand.

(CONTINUED)

139

CONTINUED:

.. and no one says anything for a MEASURED MOMENT...

DIRKS

You get along with your boss?  
There some way he'll let you pay  
it back?

DARYL

(doubtful)

I don't know.

(LOWERING his voice)

This guy...his daughter had a  
heart attack in my bed...he went  
to my office and told everyone I  
killed his daughter 'cause I gave  
her drugs.

DIRKS

Did you?

DARYL

No. She gave 'em to me.

DIRKS

What about the police?

DARYL

They told me not to leave town.

DIRKS

You an addict, Daryl?

...Daryl just looks at him...and says nothing...and Dirks  
sucks the last of a malt out of a straw...

DIRKS

It's funny how the mind works.  
The proof that you're not an  
addict is that you're not dead...  
right?

...Daryl laughs...looking around...

DARYL

I can't believe this.

DIRKS

What?

DARYL

That I'm here...

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTIN ED: (2)

DIRKS  
You an addict, Daryl?

DARYL  
(smiles back)  
Fuck you.

SHOCK C

140 THE BA' HROOM DOOR

...as it SMASHES open...Daryl making his way through it...  
Craig right behind him...an empty specimen bottle in his  
hand...Daryl takes the bottle from Craig...making his way  
to the urinal...

DARYL  
Well...I'll tell ya, Craig...all  
you're gonna find in this one?...  
a couple milk shakes.  
(his back to us;  
unzipping)  
Well...okay...more than that.  
Five, actually. Big ones, Craig.  
The chemical equivalent of  
gunpowder. Yeah...I can barely  
see straight, man...

...and then, looking down at himself, still adjusting,  
getting himself out...

DARYL  
Get that snake outta there...Still  
coiled up from lasso practice.

...and Craig doesn't hear...doesn't watch...just combs  
his hair in a mirror...he couldn't care less...

DARYL  
Yeah...you're in for a big  
surprise.

SHOCK CUT TO:

141 DARYL'S FACE

...FILLING the FRAME...SIDEWAYS...once again a mosaic of  
SHADOW and LIGHT as he lies in BED in his room...his eyes  
wide open...staring into the NIGHT...and there is a LONG  
MOMENT of SILENCE...

DONALD (O.S.)  
What do you think? You think those  
are Iris's real tits?

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (2)

DIRKS  
You an addict, Daryl?

DARYL  
(smiles back)  
Fuck you.

SHOCK CUT TO:

140 THE BATHROOM DOOR

...as it SMASHES open...Daryl making his way through it...  
Craig right behind him...an empty specimen bottle in his  
hand...Daryl takes the bottle from Craig...making his way  
to the urinal...

DARYL  
Well...I'll tell ya, Craig...all  
you're gonna find in this one?...  
a couple milk shakes.  
(his back to us;  
unzipping)  
Well...okay...more than that.  
Five, actually. Big ones, Craig.  
The chemical equivalent of  
gunpowder. Yeah...I can barely  
see straight, man...

...and then, looking down at himself, still adjusting,  
getting himself out...

DARYL  
Get that snake outta there...Still  
coiled up from lasso practice.

...and Craig doesn't hear...doesn't watch...just combs  
his hair in a mirror...he couldn't care less...

DARYL  
Yeah...you're in for a big  
surprise.

SHOCK CUT TO:

141 DARYL'S FACE

...FILLING the FRAME...SIDEWAYS...once again a mosaic of  
SHADOW and LIGHT as he lies in BED in his room...his eyes  
wide open...staring into the NIGHT...and there is a LONG  
MOMENT of SILENCE...

DONALD (O.S.)  
What do you think? You think those  
are Iris's real tits?

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

DARYL  
(with a start)  
Huh? ..Yeah...No...I don't know...  
Why?

DONALD (O.S.)  
They look so perfect. I mean...I  
know they probably aren't...but  
they look so perfect.

142 ANOTHER ANGLE

...and there is another LONG MOMENT of SILENCE...and FROM  
above...we watch as Daryl ROLLS OVER...and then...

DONALD  
Tits are always a disappointment...  
y'knew?

DARYL  
What?

DONALD  
You finally get some girl to take  
her clothes off and fuck...the  
nipple's in the wrong place. Or  
it's too dark. Or it's not dark  
enough. I mean...not that I've  
seen all that many tits...  
(and then)  
So what do you think about tits?  
What do you have to say?

DARYL  
Shut the fuck up, willya?

SHOCK CUT TO:

143 A DENTED BLACK VAN

...as it PULLS UP in front of THE HOSPITAL...and...LENNY  
...slides out of the driver's side...long hair...a  
T-shirt...flannel shirt over that which he tucks in as  
he makes his way towards the hospital...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

144 CRAIG

...seated on the FLOOR...quieting everyone...

CRAIG  
Morning...I'm Craig, and I'd like  
to welcome you to family group.

CLEAN AND SOBER - Rev. 4/22/87

ANOTHER ANGLE

...to REVEAL the MULTI-PURPOSE room...filled up with patients and their families and friends...all seated in a circle...all looking a bit uncomfortable...

CRAIG

I know how hard this is for everybody...I mean, a lot of us have been pretty angry...pretty worried for a long time...

...Daryl is sitting by himself...no friends...no family...he crosses his arms and gives a sidelong glance to Charlie...who TURNS when she HEARS the SOUND of the DOOR OPENING...and in STEPS LENNY...who quietly makes his way to a seat...as...

CRAIG (C.S.)

But don't be afraid to speak honestly...that's what we're here for.

...Charlie watches him...and Daryl watches Charlie...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

\*

146 XAVIER FOLEY

...moments later...

XAVIER

(shouting)  
What you mean, bitch? You fuckin' took my rock...

GIRLFRIEND

What the hell you expect?  
(to the others)

Your old man steal your Visa...kick your ass every day...you'd jam his damn freebase down the sink, too.

...and Cheryl and her husband look at the floor...and TILLER makes a show of putting his fingers in his ears...and we...

\*  
\*

SHOCK CUT TO:

147 CHARLIE

...looking at the ceiling...and we WHIP PAN over to...

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

LENNY  
(pointing to  
Charlie)  
I wanna know what she's doin' here?

...and we WHIP PAN back over to...

CHARLIE  
(can't believe it)  
Jesus, Lenny...they were gonna  
fire me. And I didn't get fired  
...which is good...right...?  
Since I like buying gas so you  
can make it to your probation  
officer, okay?

LENNY  
(smiling; nodding)  
Thank you. Good. Everybody hear  
that? I'm on probation. Way to  
go, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
(means it)  
I'm sorry...

LENNY  
(holding back tears)  
Fuck your job.

CHARLIE  
No...no...I can't fuck my job. I  
like having a rail yard to go to  
when you're throwing fucking  
telephones through the windows...

LENNY  
(to the others;  
a joke)  
Beats throwin' her through the  
windows...doesn't it?

CHARLIE  
(can't believe this)  
Oh, Christ.

...and she starts to cry...and behind HER...we can SEE  
Daryl digging through his pocket...pulling out some  
tissues...extending his arm to her...offering them...but  
she simply BATS the arm away...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

148 DARYL'S FACE

...pressed against his pillow...wide awake in the DARKNESS of HIS ROOM...and he just lies there for the longest time...NOTHING but silence...and then we HEAR the SOUND of SOMEONE UNSEEN TURNING OVER in a BED we CANNOT SEE...and Daryl SMILES to himself...and WAITS a MEASURED MOMENT...and then...

DARYL

Hey...I want you to know...I've given this Iris thing some thought ...and I've come to the conclusion that they are definitely DuPont.

(AFTER a LONG

SILENCE)

Hey, Beav...you hear me? I'm telling you her tits are titesterone.

149 ON DONALD

...his hands behind his head...lying in his bed...staring at the ceiling...

DONALD

(simply; quietly)

No. They're not.

150 FROM ABOVE

...Daryl looking at Donald...Donald looking at the ceiling...

DARYL

What do you mean...'no. They're not.' I think I know a little more about tits than you do. I think I know...

DONALD

(cutting him off)

They're real...They're perfect ...They're beautiful.

151 ON DARYL

...a smile creeping across his face...

DARYL

'They're real...they're perfect... they're beautiful'? Wooo...said like a man who knows. What'd you do? Sneak a peek through her window, you little pecker?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

DARYL (CONT'D)  
 (AFTER A MOMENT)  
 C'mon!...What'd you do?...You  
 didn't fuck her...did you?...Did  
 you?

...and there is ANOTHER LONG SILENCE...and then...

DONALD (O.S.)  
 (quietly)  
 Shut up, willya.

DARYL  
 (clearly impressed)  
 You little pecker.

SHOCK CUT TO:

152 CHARLIE

...sitting on the floor...staring at the carpet...

CHARLIE  
 We've been together a long time...  
 but it's hard with him...

153 ANOTHER ANGLE

...to REVEAL that we are in the middle of another therapy  
 session...Daryl, Donald and the others watching as  
 Charlie squirms uneasily...

CRAIG  
 What makes it hard?

CHARLIE  
 I don't know...He's stupid...He  
 ripped off all this cable from the  
 phone company. Those big spools  
 of it that lie underground. I  
 came home one night and there's  
 fifteen two-ton rolls of wire in  
 my back yard, and some Mafia fuck  
 who's supposed to broker it all  
 for the copper...Lenny and him  
 got into an argument. Lenny shot  
 him in the foot...the cops came  
 ...Lenny went to jail.

CRAIG  
 You do drugs while Lenny was away?

154 ON CHARLIE

...and she still doesn't look up...shakes her head "no"  
...Daryl looks at the carpet as well...glancing up from  
time to time to look at Charlie...who says nothing...her  
eyes beginning to fill with tears as she stabs her lips  
with a cigarette...lighting it...

155 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as no one SAYS anything for a LONG MOMENT...

CRAIG  
How you doin', Daryl?

DARYL  
Just groovy.

CRAIG  
Iris?

IRIS  
Okay...

CRAIG  
Oh yeah...?

IRIS  
Yeah...I'm fine.

CRAIG  
Where'd you get the stuff?

\*

156 ON DARYL, DONALD AND CHARLIE

...as their eyes go to IRIS...who looks at Craig...seem-  
ing not to understand...

IRIS  
What do you mean?

CRAIG  
The stuff you took before you came  
in here...I can see it in your  
eyes, Iris.

157 CLOSER ON DONALD

... as he TURNS to Craig...who SIMPLY waits for an  
answer...

158 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Iris avoids Craig's gaze...

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

IRIS

My eyes are fine.

CRAIG

So you don't know what I'm talkin' about...

(AFTER a LONG MOMENT)

...We got 38 people in here trying to stay clean, Iris...I think you owe it to them to tell the truth.

DONALD

Maybe she is.

CRAIG

Are you?

DONALD (O.S.)

What're you picking on her for?

CRAIG

I want an answer.

DONALD (O.S.)

She already gave you one.

CRAIG

Where'd you get it?

DONALD

What's this eye shit, anyway?

CRAIG

(simply)

Iris...if you're using, I want you to leave.

...Iris just stares at the floor...

CRAIG

(quietly; with  
certainty)

Right now.

159 ON IRIS

...looking around the room...guilty...angry and slowly  
SHE RISES...

DONALD

That's not fair.

## 160 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Iris TURNS...avoiding eye contact...stopping and glancing back at Craig...who simply watches her...no judgement on his face...and then she makes her way to the door...as Donald starts to GET UP...and Daryl PULLS him back down...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

## 161 INT. LOBBY - DAY

...as Iris exits through the glass doors...a suitcase in one hand...the other shielding her eyes from the sun...a guy in a Mercedes waiting by his car for her...

## 162 INT. HALL - DAY

...Donald standing outside his door...looking toward THE LOBBY...now empty...and after a MOMENT he TURNS...and goes back into his room...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

## 163 XAVIER

...sitting alone in his room...opening a Hershey's Kiss with his enormous fingers...and we can SEE on the floor beneath him a bag of Kisses and 30 or 40 crumpled foil wrappers...and we...

\*

SHOCK CUT TO:

## 164 INT. JUNE'S ROOM

...as she walks to her bed from her bathroom with a tall glass of water...and glances at...THE CLOCK...12:30...and she lifts the glass to her lips and drinks it all down with great savor...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

## 164A A BAKELITE TRAY

...being set down on a set of metal cafeteria guides...and we TILT UP to REVEAL DARYL...having just fallen into place on the lunch line behind Charlie who is wearing a simple black T-shirt and a pair of jeans...

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

DARYL

Hey, Chuck. What's shaking...

(noting the T-shirt)

...other than you I mean?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

...and Charlie says nothing...just keeps pushing her tray forward through the cafeteria line...

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

164A CONTINUED:

DARYL  
(keeping up  
with her)  
Too bad about Iris, huh?

CHARLIE  
(coolly)  
Yup. Too bad.

DARYL  
She was your roommate...wasn't  
she?

...and again Charlie says nothing...just grabs some rice  
pudding and puts it on her tray...

DARYL  
(grabbing two for  
himself)  
Keep that up and you'll lose your  
boyish figure.

(and then)  
So, you're going to be all by  
yourself for the last couple of  
nights...

(and then)  
Tough duty.

(and then)  
Listen...if sleeping alone starts  
getting you down...

...and she TURNS and looks at him...and Daryl SMILES...

DARYL  
I know how tough it can be to  
sleep alone.

CHARLIE  
(a smile of her own)  
I'll bet you do.

...and with that she TURNS...and makes her way into the  
LUNCHROOM...and...

165 DARYL

...stands there a LONG MOMENT...the STING of that hitting  
him...and then finally...makes his way out into THE CAFE-  
TERIA...spotting Donald sitting...staring out a window  
looking onto an enclosed courtyard...and Daryl seats him-  
self across from the boy...and AFTER a MOMENT...

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

DARYL

You know what? I just came to the conclusion that women are some cruel trick God cooked up to keep men from feeling too good about themselves...Cost me 22 fucking thousand dollars for that little gem.

166 ON DONALD

...and he doesn't hear a word...his eyes rooted outside the window at...A PAIR OF 14-YEAR-OLD GIRLS...wandering through the courtyard from another wing...

167 ON THE TWO MEN

...both of them looking through the glass...reflections of the two young girls washing over their faces...

DARYL

See that tiny blonde unit there? The one with the overbite? She's gotta be what?...nine years old?...and already she's planning how to make some guy's life miserable. You think you can stop her?...make her change? Fuck no. It's their genetic program, Man. It's motherfuckin' nature. You can't control it.

(turning to Donald)

I mean, shit...you probably think it's some big unique fucking deal ...25-year-old rich bitch coke addict screws a teenager...dumps him...gets wasted and takes off. Gotta flash for you, kid...happens every ten seconds. Nothing to be ashamed of...she could've had any guy here...and she picked you.

...and in the REFLECTIONS ACROSS their faces we SEE one of the girls WAVE at Donald...

DARYL

You know her?

DONALD

Yeah. I was in her room once. We played cards. She's from the adolescent ward, upstairs. They play out there.

DARYL

Cute...for nine.

SHOCK CUT TO:

168

## DARYL AND DONALD'S ROOM

...from ABOVE...cloaked in DARKNESS...the two of them lying in their beds...both of them staring at the ceiling...

DARYL

(after a moment)

How old you think they are?

DONALD

Who?

DARYL

Those girls.

DONALD

The ward's 16 and under.

DARYL

Jesus...

DONALD

Jesus, what?

DARYL

Jesus Christ...if I was a seventeen-year-old like you...instead of lying there and brooding over some old broad that used me and loosed me...I'd be sneaking into that ward and drilling me one of those junior cuntessas.

DONALD

I don't think so.

DARYL

You don't think shit.

(and then)

Do it, Man. She's up there waiting for you. She waved to you, for Christ's sake. Do it!

DONALD

What? Break into a hospital ward? They'll throw me out.

DARYL

So what? We got four days left. You worried about not getting your diploma? Time to get back on the horse, Man.

DONALD

No...I can't do that. Not by myself.

(CONTINUED)

168

CONTINUED:

...and Donald ROLLS over...conversation over...and Daryl laughs to himself...and ROLLS OVER AS WELL...and we HOLD for a LONG MOMENT...until out of nowhere...

DONALD

Would you go with me?

DARYL

What?

DONALD

Go with me. I'll go if you go.

DARYL

Up there? To Camp Jailbait. What am I going to do up there? They're not interested in me...I'm thirty-four years old, Man.

DONALD

They don't need to know that.

DARYL

They don't have to know it...they can see it.

(and then)

Besides...I make it a rule never to fuck anything that hasn't started menstruating...y'know?

(and then; rolling over)

Just go up there yourself. Do you good.

DONALD

(rolling over again)

No...can't do that. Sorry. Just can't.

...and there is ANOTHER LONG SILENCE...Daryl lying there ...considering this...and then...finally FLIPPING on the lamp next to his bed...

DARYL

All right...I'll go. But I'm not doing anything.

(and then; slipping on his sneakers)

Feel like Hugh Beaumont.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

169 A HALLWAY

...EMPTY...DIMLY LIT...and SUDDENLY Daryl peeks around a corner...Donald appearing behind him a moment later... and we...

CUT TO:

170 A NIGHT NURSE

...reading a magazine...and we HOLD...and AFTER a moment ...ACROSS THE BOTTOM OF THE FRAME...we can't help but notice...DONALD...crawling past the nurses' station... Daryl following...the absurdity of being 34 and on his hands and knees painted across his face...and we...

\*

CUT TO:

171 A HOSPITAL ROOM DOOR

...as Donald turns the handle...and slowly pushes it open and slips into the dark room...and Daryl looks around... and a moment later follows...

172 INT. GIRLS' ROOM - NIGHT

...as Daryl closes the door as quietly as he can...while Donald gropes toward the nearest bed...

DONALD  
(a soft whisper)  
Dorit?

...but there is NO RESPONSE...

173 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as we hear and barely see Donald PAT various places on the BED looking for a body...and behind him...Daryl STUMBLES over a CHAIR...

DARYL

Fuck.

...and SUDDENLY a small LAMP FLIPS ON by the other bed... and DORIT ROUSES from under its covers...

DONALD  
(awkward; but pleased)

Hi.

...and Dorit looks at him...and odd combination of blankness and recognition...

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

DORIT

Hi. (and then; to the bed)  
Jennie...it's that guy.

...and JENINE pops up from under the covers...and smiles...

JENINE

Hi... (and then; noticing  
Daryl)  
Who's that?

DARYL

(quickly)

Steve.

...and NO ONE says anything for a LONG MOMENT...the two girls in bed looking at the two guys...the guys looking back...

DORIT

(finally)  
We're not dykes or anything. We  
just get scared in here.

DARYL

(whispering; to  
Donald)  
Great. They're scared.

DONALD

(to Dorit)  
Is it okay if we stay?

DORIT

(looking at Jenine;  
and then smiling)

Sure...

174 ON THE TWO GIRLS

...as Jenine whispers something to Dorit...and Dorit giggles...Donald and Daryl exchange glances...

DARYL

What?...

DORIT

(to Donald)  
She wants to know if Steve's your  
dad.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

DONALD

He just looks old...because he was  
in a war.

DORIT

Sure deal.

DONALD

Show 'em your scar...on your back.

...and Donald lifts Daryl's ugly thrift-store shirt...  
Daryl reluctantly turning his back...

\*

DONALD

See...they got him with a machine-  
gun. In Granada, right? Went in  
with all these commandos to like  
...blow up the radar...and all of  
'em died except for Steve.

...and Jenine reaches over...touching the scar...

JENINE

Wow.

175 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Dorit whispers something in Donald's ear while  
Daryl tucks in his shirt...and AFTER A MOMENT Donald  
steps INTO FRAME...and gives Daryl a conspiratorial  
look...

DONALD

You got a minute?

...and Daryl looks at Donald...not understanding...and  
Donald indicates with a glance that he'd like to speak  
in private...

176 ANOTHER CORNER

...of the room...as Daryl and Donald step into it...

DONALD

(whispering)

Look...Dorit says she's up for it  
...but she wants privacy. So  
could you take Jenine in the  
bathroom or something?...and then  
we could change places and you can  
have the bed.

\*

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

DARYL

That's okay. I don't want the bed.  
You're here...you're in. Why  
don't I just go back to the room?

\*  
\*  
\*

...and Donald just LOOKS at him...crestfallen... \*

DARYL

Fine. The bathroom. I'll fuck  
her in the tub.

\*  
\*

...and Donald SMILES...and returns to the bed...Jenine  
climbing out of it...and we...

\*

CUT TO:

177 THE BATHROOM

...the door CLOSED...Daryl sitting awkwardly on the toilet  
seat...racking his head for something to say...Jenine  
fooling with her hair in the mirror...

JENINE

You know how to do braids?

DARYL

Pardon?

JENINE

Yeah, they're neat.  
(forming a strand  
of hair)  
Here, I'll show you.

178 ON THE BED

...as Donald and Dorit sit on it...and we watch their  
silhouettes as he leans to her...begins to kiss her...an  
uncomfortable and inexperienced kiss...and AFTER A MOMENT  
she backs away...and the two of them SIT there for a  
moment...and SUDDENLY Dorit leans forward...and kisses  
Donald with an odd, hard-breathing intensity...and we...

CUT TO:

179 THE BATHROOM

...Daryl leaning against the sink...Jenine's back to him...  
as he clumsily fingers a batch of her hair into a braid...

DARYL

You have a rubber band?

\*

...and before she can answer...we...

CUT TO:

## 180 ON THE BED

...as Dorit and Donald try to make love under the sheet  
...she's still uneasy and disjointed...

DORIT

(after a moment)

Will you just hold me? Okay?

...and Donald puts his arms around her...and she turns  
toward him and they slip into a tender embrace...and we...

CUT TO:

## 181 THE BATHROOM

...as Daryl finishes a single...badly-woven braid...and  
Jenine checks it in the mirror...then reaches up and  
fixes Daryl with a gaping, emotionless kiss on the mouth  
...his eyes wide open...waiting for a break...wanting to  
come up for air...until finally...Jenine takes her mouth  
from his...and looks at him...feelingless...passionless...

JENINE

You got a car?

DARYL

Yeah...

JENINE

You got a house and everything?

## 182 ON DARYL

...just looking at her silently...suddenly queasy and off-  
balance...and she nuzzles his chest with her head...  
raising her eyes to him...

JENINE

We could do it in here if you  
want.

...and Daryl says NOTHING...but we can't help but notice  
the tears forming in his eyes...

DARYL

(choked)

No...that's okay.

...and he reaches up and strokes her hair...and with his  
free hand opens the door slightly to peek into the room  
...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

183 INT. DARYL'S ROOM - NIGHT

...Donald and Daryl lie on their beds again...the dawn light starting to crawl in the window...

DONALD

You still think about getting high? \*

DARYL

(a small smile)

No. Never...

DONALD

It's such a great routine, y'know? \*  
You say hello...You do a joint...  
You have a good time. I was with  
that girl...and it's like we  
didn't even know what to do.

(looking at Daryl)

When's the last time you did  
anything?

DARYL

(a shrug)

I don't know. Couple of weeks  
ago?...Met this girl at a mall.  
She was dealing. She'd come to  
this store...The Cheese Barn,  
every day at three with the  
product. We did a little business  
for a while. Then I asked her  
over one day. A Saturday. She  
was actually pretty nice. She  
liked to have a good time. She  
had this ridiculous plan to import  
all these cats from Spain. They  
have some special kinda cat.  
Anyway, we started doing the stuff  
she sold me...and we talked...like  
for about seven hours about this  
cat business...and how you market  
the cats, and the distribution.  
It woulda worked. And then we  
just...made love...and fell  
asleep... \*

(and then)

The next day I got up. Got all  
involved on the phone...  
bullshitting on all this different  
stuff and she was lying there next  
to me...and I offered her some  
coke...and I remember her lip was  
kinda caught on her tooth...like  
stuck to it...

(turning to Donald)

...And she died.

CLEAN AND SOBER - Rev. 4/22/87

184

ANOTHER ANGLE

...and the two of them lay there for what seems like a  
SILENT ETERNITY...

DONALD

You were in bed with her?

DARYL

She was in a coma, I guess. They  
took her to the hospital, and she  
died.

DONALD

Wow. How'd you feel?

DARYL

Feel? I didn't feel anything. I  
was just living my life.

...and Daryl rolls over...and pulls a sheet slowly...like  
a shroud...over his body...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

185

A 45 R.P.M. RECORD

...DROPPING down a SPINDLE onto a TURNTABLE as...

186

TILLER

...leans into A PUBLIC ADDRESS MICROPHONE and...

TILLER

(in his best D.J.  
voice)

Okay, hipsters...let's take a  
stroll down memory lane to the  
year 1962. Kennedy's in the White  
House...Bobby's in Marilyn's house  
...haircuts are a dollar...the  
baby boom is on, and everybody  
wants to be happy...

MUSIC (V.O.)

'If you wanna be happy for the  
rest of your life,  
Never make a pretty woman your  
wife...'

\*

...and we SLOWLY PULL BACK to REVEAL...walls speckled  
with party balloons and a banner reading "Sober Social  
- Good Luck GRADUATES"...and we CAN SEE most of the  
patients and staff gathered around the room...chatting  
amid...tables full of paper cups, punch, and brownies...

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

MUSIC (V.O.)

'Oh for my personal point of view,  
Get an ugly girl to marry you...'

187 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as June takes Bob's hand...moving him to the center of the floor...and they begin to rotate slowly...in their own middle-aged way...and CHERYL ANN asks Xavier to dance...and he gives her a long African slathering with his eyes...then shows her an enormous smile...

188 ON DARYL AND DONALD

...standing by the punch bowl...and Daryl spots Charlie across the room...

DONALD

You're staring, man...

DARYL

(lurched from his  
reverie...

Who?

...but he quickly TURNS back to watch Charlie...just as a BLACK PATIENT asks her to dance...and she weighs the offer...then follows him to the floor...

189 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Daryl watches Charlie...Donald watching Daryl...

DONALD

And she's outta there...

DARYL

(feigning ignorance)

What?

DONALD

That's Ike, man...he checks in here all the time...Ike Turner.

DARYL

What are you talking about?

190 ON THE DANCE FLOOR

...as Charlie dances a primitive floor-pawing step with her partner...

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

DONALD (O.S.)

You read about what he did to  
Tina, man? God, it took her 15  
years to get away from the guy.  
He's like a fucking Svengali.

...and the BLACK PATIENT leans forward...and whispers  
something in Charlie's ear...and Charlie LAUGHS...

191 ON DARYL AND DONALD

...panic beginning to paint Daryl's face...amusement  
filling Donald's...

DONALD

Tina said he has this tongue like  
an anteater. He'd bore it down  
her throat, and then her whole  
body'd go into a trance.

DARYL

Fuck you...the guy's name is Gary.

192 ON THE DANCE FLOOR

...as the RECORD ENDS...and everyone APPLAUDS...and  
Charlie's dance partner escorts her to the sidelines...  
the two of them starting to talk to Xavier...

DONALD (O.S.)

She just told him she doesn't use  
birth control...so Ike's checking  
with Xavier...see if he's got one  
a those huge rubbers those guys  
use. Big lambskin mothers. Look  
like Tomahawk missiles.

\*

193 ON DARYL AND DONALD

...Donald having the time of his life...

DONALD

I think I'm gonna move in now  
while she's still hot.

...and Donald feigns a move toward the dance floor...and  
just as quickly jumps in front of him...GRABS him...  
STOPPING him...

DARYL

Put it in park, you little pecker.

194 ON TILLER

...as he LEANS INTO the mike...and drops another record onto the turntable...

TILLER

The year is still 1962...

195 FOLLOWING DARYL

...as he makes his way over to Charlie...standing alone...her back to him...puffing a cigarette...

TILLER (O.S.)

...the air filled with hydrocarbons and romance...

DARYL

(after a moment)

You like to dance?

...and Charlie glances over her shoulder...and SEES him...takes a drag on her cigarette...and then turning her back to him once more...

CHARLIE

(simply)

Yeah.

...and TURNS...and WALKS AWAY...

196 ANOTHER ANGLE

...and Daryl hadn't expected that...and he smiles to himself at the lady's brass...and moves to her again...

DARYL

I meant...with me.

CHARLIE

(feigning surprise)

Oh...with you.

...and the two of them just look at each other...Charlie kind of cool and noncommittal...lots of attitude...lots of cigarette...and Daryl waits her out...and then finally...reaching up...taking the cigarette from her mouth...putting it in his...and taking her now-free hand and...

DARYL

C'mon...

...and he LEADS her to the dance floor...

(CONTINUED)

196

CONTINUED:

TILLER (O.S.)

(FILTERED)

...Castro was filling his Bay with  
Pigs...The Beatles were in the  
tenth grade...and Annette bought  
her first bra. Ah, youth!

MUSIC (V.O.)

'When Sunny gets blue...  
Her eyes get grey and cloudy...  
Then the rain begins to fall...  
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter...  
Love is gone, so what can matter?...  
No sweet lover man comes to call...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

197

CN CHARLIE

...smiling...but clearly not pleased...

CHARLIE

Wonderful. A slow one.

DARYL

I could have him kick it up to 78.

...and she moves towards him...wrapping her arms around  
him...a prisoner facing the firing squad...

CHARLIE

No...that's all right...

198

ON THE TWO OF THEM

...as they dance...he with her...she with him...her head  
buried in his shoulder.

MUSIC (V.O.)

'When Sunny gets blue...  
she breathes a sigh of sadness...  
Like the wind that stirs the trees...  
Wind that sets the leaves to swaying...  
Like some violins a playing...  
Weird and haunting melodies...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CHARLIE

(a whisper)

Jesus...

DARYL

(whispered back)

What?

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Haven't done this in a long time.  
Not straight anyway...

...and the two of them continue to move around the cafeteria floor to the SOUND of Mathis...and Bob waltzes by with June...stiff-legged...uncoordinated...overly formal ...and as they pass by...

\*

199 TIGHTER ON DARYL AND CHARLIE

...having danced silently all this time...

DARYL

(softly)  
You scared?

CHARLIE

Of what?

DARYL

I don't know...Tomorrow. Getting out.

CHARLIE

A little. You?

DARYL

A little. Yeah. So...what do you do? What kind of work?

CHARLIE

I run a crane.

DARYL

(pulling back;  
smiling)  
A crane?

CHARLIE

Yeah. A gantry crane. In a rail yard. I'm the token cunt.

DARYL

No kidding...?

CHARLIE

No kidding.

DARYL

You like it?

(CONTINUED)

199

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Yeah...well...I like being in the Union. I like the medical...the dental. I like the job security.

DARYL

Lot of job security running a crane?

CHARLIE

Long as once a month I forget to wear a bra and let 'em see my high-beams there is. So what do you do?

DARYL

Real estate. Commercial real estate...

...and Charlie says nothing...just smiles...

DARYL

What? What's so funny?

CHARLIE

No. Nothing. Just kinda knew.

DARYL

Knew what?

CHARLIE

Slick guy like you?...have to do some kind of bogus tap-dancing for a living.

DARYL

(reacting to that)

Thank you.

(and then)

So you wanna get together after we get out of here?

200

ON CHARLIE

...and she pulls her head from his shoulder...and just looks at him..."When Sunny Gets Blue" continuing to play...

\*

CHARLIE

(finally)

I live with somebody...remember?

201 ON DARYL

...the meaning of this not lost on him...recovering quickly...

DARYL

No...well...that's fine. I just meant...something casual...y'know? Bring Lenny.

202 ANOTHER ANGLE

...and Charlie just looks at him...and it takes a second ...but she laughs...Daryl smiling, too...he's making some headway and he knows it...

\*  
\*

DARYL

What? Now what's so funny? All I meant was...come to my house for dinner. I'll come to your house for dinner. Perfectly innocent... Like me.

CHARLIE

You're going to come to my house for dinner?

DARYL

I'm going to come to your house for dinner.

CHARLIE

You, me and Lenny?

DARYL

People do it all the time.

CHARLIE

You're nuts.

...and she buries her head in his shoulder once more... and as the two of them dance off into the dark...we...

DISSOLVE TO:

203 TIGHT ON CRAIG

...a cigarette hanging from his lip...day-old stubble poking out of his leathery face...the cigarette smoke climbing in a spiral past his face...and behind him...a GOLDEN GLOW...as he speaks to someone we CANNOT SEE...

CRAIG

Be honest with yourselves...

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

...and we PULL BACK SLOWLY to REVEAL that the dance is LONG OVER...and a dozen patients...DARYL, DONALD, JUNE, XAVIER, BOB and TILLER sit around Craig...a five in the morning SUN rising in the cafeteria window behind him...

CRAIG

...go to your meetings...talk with your sponsors...for Chrissake talk to each other. If you don't have a number...call us. We'll put you in touch. You're gonna make it.

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

204 INT. DARYL AND DONALD'S ROOM

...FROM ABOVE...as the two men lie on their beds...both completely clothed...the room flooded with sunlight now...suitcases in the center of the floor between their beds...

DARYL

I gotta go.

DONALD

Yeah...

...and no one MOVES...no one speaks...just SILENCE and STILLNESS...

DARYL

(finally)

So when are your folks coming to get you?

DONALD

'Round two o'clock.

...and nothing is said for a LONG MOMENT...the two men just staring at the ceiling...more stillness and silence...

DARYL

Listen...I'll call ya.

DONALD

Okay.

...and still Daryl doesn't move...just lies there...

DARYL

(finally)

...and maybe I'll see you at a meeting?

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

DONALD

Yeah.

...and still Daryl doesn't move...for the longest time...  
and finally he swings his legs off the bed...and picks  
up his valise in his hand...and makes his way out of the  
room and into...

205 INT. THE HALLWAY - DAY

...Daryl at the far end...beginning a long, last walk  
from his room...and he stops to shake hands with  
Xavier...June...and Tiller...and then walks on as Bob  
...steps from his doorway and waves goodbye...

206 INT. THE LOBBY

...as Daryl makes his way into it...joining Craig and  
Dirks...and Daryl stops...and looks at...Craig...who  
smiles a small smile...

CRAIG

Twenty-one days. That's five  
hundred and four hours.

DARYL

Five hundred four hours and seven  
seconds.

CRAIG

Eight...

DARYL

Nine...

207 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Daryl SUDDENLY hugs him...and just as quickly PULLS  
BACK...and the two men stand there for a LONG MOMENT...  
until finally Dirks settles HIS HAND on Daryl's shoulder  
...and he and Daryl TURN...and make their way to the FRONT  
DOOR...and just as Daryl is about to open it...he STOPS...  
and TURNS...looking at Craig across the room...giving him  
a scared smile...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

208 EXT. THE CLINIC DOORS - DAY

...and AFTER A MOMENT...Daryl steps through them...Dirks  
right behind him...and Daryl stops in his tracks...squint-  
ting...the sun suddenly seeming white hot...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

## 209 DARYL'S APARTMENT DOOR

...as it OPENS...and Daryl takes a tentative step inside  
...Dirks right behind him...carrying a cardboard box...  
and the two men STOP in the doorway...knocked out by the  
smell and...

\*

DARYL  
(wincing)  
Jesus...

\*

## 210 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Dirks walks around the room...dotted with MOLDERING  
GLOBS OF FOOD...wading through debris...picking a rotten  
piece of fruit from the top of a stereo...stooping to  
examine the amplifier...

DIRKS  
You have ants in your tuner.

DARYL  
(closing the door)  
God...I used to think this was a  
pretty comfortable place.

...and Dirks continues picking ants from the stereo...

DIRKS  
Where's your stash?

...but Daryl says nothing...just leans against the front  
door...

DIRKS  
If you tell me where it is, Daryl,  
it'll make it easier to find.

SHOCK CUT TO:

## 211 DARYL

...pulling a small bag of coke from behind a dresser  
drawer and reluctantly handing it to Dirks...

## 212 ON A TOILET

...as the bag is flushed away...

## 213 ON A CLOSET

...as Dirks probes coats and hats and pants pockets until  
Daryl SIGHS a sigh and pulls a foil packet from one of  
the jackets...and Dirks takes it...and stares at Daryl...  
sighing again and handing over several more packets  
hidden in other clothes...and we...

\*

214 ON THE SAME TOILET

...as more drugs flush away...

215 THE BED

...as Daryl fishes a bottle of pills out from behind the headboard...

216 ON THE MEDICINE CABINET

...as Dirks SWEEPS OUT a half-dozen more bottles...  
tossing them in the toilet...

217 ON DARYL

...as he dumps dresser drawers on the bed...Dirks  
vacuuming their insides...Daryl looking over his shoulder  
at him like he's crazy...

SHOCK CUT TO:

218 A CARDBOARD BOX

...as Dirks RIPS it open...pulling out a phone answering  
machine and hooking it up...while Daryl works his way  
through the LIVING ROOM with a trash bag...filling it  
with half the contents of the room...

DIRKS

I'm going to assume that most of  
your friends these days are selling  
drugs...so I want you to screen  
all your calls.

...and Daryl finds something under a cushion...and hands  
another small bag of cocaine to Dirks...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

219 THE KITCHEN

...Dirks and Daryl doing dishes at the sink...the sun  
setting in the window behind them...Daryl washing...Dirks  
drying...

DIRKS

What's your situation at work?

DARYL

You don't let up, do you?

DIRKS

I want you to spend the next day  
or two figuring out exactly how  
you're going to straighten things  
out.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

It's okay...I'll handle it.

DIRKS

How?

...and no one says anything for a LONG MOMENT...just the SOUND of running water.

You'll dance around the problem  
until it gets so big you can't  
handle it.  
(and then)  
Pretty good excuse to get high,  
right?

DARYL

Look...

No...you look...What you do is sit  
down and write out exactly what  
you're going to tell your boss.  
If you're afraid of him...you take  
the paper with you like a script...  
whatever the case, you tell him  
everything. You tell him the  
truth.

Right. And then he congratulates  
me and gives me a raise.

...and the two men look at each other...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

220 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

...now clean to damn near sterile...and as Dirks checks  
the answering machine...Daryl lounges back on the couch...  
worn out...exhausted...

221 TIGHTER ON DARYL

...lying there...lost in thought...when SUDDENLY some-  
thing FLIES INTO FRAME...and reflexively Daryl catches  
it...a small book...

222 ON DIRKS

...standing there...having just thrown it...

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

DIRKS

A.A. guide. Don't lose it.  
(starting for  
the door)

Any time you wanna go to a meeting  
...look in there...you'll find  
one. I marked one for tomorrow  
night...Don't be late.

DARYL

(a weary smile)  
Thanks.

...and Dirks gives a small nod...and makes his way  
through the door...closing it behind him...

223 ON DARYL

...alone for the first time...and he lies there...and he  
rearranges himself on the sofa...and sits there...looking  
around himself...and CLEARS his THROAT...nothing to do...  
and we SLOWLY PULL BACK and...

DISSOLVE TO:

224 DARYL

...sitting at his KITCHEN TABLE...hands folded in front  
of him...nothing to do...and we begin SLOWLY PULLING  
BACK and finally...

DISSOLVE TO:

225 ON DARYL

...seen FROM ABOVE...lying on his back on his BED...fully  
clothed...eyes wide open...NO LIGHTS ON in the room...  
the VIOLET of DUSK snaking in the windows...and he lies  
there...STARING STRAIGHT at the ceiling...straight at us  
...and SLOWLY we DESCEND towards him...and as we draw  
closer his eyes weigh heavier...and slowly...he starts  
to close them...and we are right on top of him now...and  
they CLOSE COMPLETELY...and we HOLD for a long moment...  
and SUDDENLY...from somewhere UNSEEN...there is a KNOCK  
...and Daryl's eyes open with a START...

SHOCK CUT TO:

226 ON HIS FRONT DOOR

...as Daryl moves to it...reaching for the security chain  
...pulling it open...a remnant of sleep in his voice...

DARYL

One second...

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

...and he opens the door to REVEAL...THE MAN...Karen Peluso's father...once again dressed in a nice suit...

MAN

(calmly)

Daryl Poynter?

227

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Daryl considers the man in his doorway...clearly not knowing who he is...

DARYL

Yeah?

MAN

I just came from the District Attorney's office. Turns out you're not going to be prosecuted. Turns out you're going to go scott free.

228

ON DARYL

...a small smile...pleased...but confused...

DARYL

I'm sorry. You are...?

229

ON THE MAN

...as he quickly raises a .45 automatic...

MAN

...gonna kill you!...Move backwards!

230

ON DARYL

...moving quickly back into the apartment...

DARYL

Oh, Jesus...

231

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as the Man closes the apartment door behind him and cocks the weapon...and Daryl doesn't say anything...just stands there...breathing hard...

DARYL

(finally)

What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED:

...and the Man's eyes touring the living room...the whole time holding the gun on Daryl...

MAN

I wanted to see the place where my daughter died...

DARYL

Your daughter...? Oh, Jesus...  
I didn't kill your daughter.  
Really.

MAN

You're a lying pig.

DARYL

(gasping)

No...no I'm not.

...and SUDDENLY the PHONE RINGS...ONE RING...then TWO...  
then the ANSWERING MACHINE CLICKS on...

SPENCE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Hey, Dar... Where've you been?  
Got your messages. Just wanted  
to let you know...I got  
pharmaceutical, Man. From a  
fucking opthalmologist's office.  
Call me, willya?

...and we HEAR him HANG UP...and then the DIAL TONE...

\*

DARYL

(dying in the  
silence)

Medicine.

MAN

My daughter didn't deserve to die  
in bed with someone who cared so  
little about her...  
(beginning to cry)  
...who watched her die...and was  
too high to even know it was  
happening.

DARYL

(very quietly)

What do you want me to do?

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED: (2)

MAN  
(leveling his gun at  
Daryl's head)  
I want you to live with it...  
(and then; lowering  
it)  
...like me.

232 ON THE MAN

...and he TURNS and walks SLOWLY to the door...reaching  
for the knob...then TURNING to Daryl...who stares at the  
floor...as the Man nails him with a look of unforgiving  
contempt...then TURNS ONCE MORE...opening the door...and  
disappearing through it...

233 ON DARYL

...lifting his head...staring at the spot where the man  
just stood....

DISSOLVE TO:

234 DARYL'S BEDROOM DOORWAY

...as he STEPS into it...and stands there...and stares  
at the bed...still and mute in the dusk...and THEN...  
SUDDENLY...he LEAPS at it...attacking the mattress...  
RIPPING off the COVERS...

DARYL  
Goddamnmotherfuckingass-  
holebastard...

...tears streaming down his face as he bends down and  
PULLS the unwieldly mattress off the box spring...and...  
HOISTS it onto his back...almost CRUSHED under its  
WEIGHT...

235 EXT. THE CONDO - NIGHT

...as Daryl's front door SLAMS OPEN...and we watch...as  
he HAULS...PULLS...DRAGS the mattress out the door and  
around the side of the building...upending it into A  
DUMPSTER...

236 ON DARYL

...standing there...the weight of the thing off his back  
...listing and bobbing uneasily like a punch drunk  
fighter...BREATHING HARD...tears still rolling down his  
face...staring at the dumpster...and we HOLD for the  
LONGEST TIME...and finally...

DISSOLVE TO:

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237 INT. DARYL'S BEDROOM - DAY

...as he sleeps alone on his box spring...morning light  
seeping in through the curtains...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

238 EXT. DARYL'S BACK YARD - DAY

...such as it is...a small fenced plot behind the condo  
with clumps of grass growing two feet high...and Daryl  
studies it through a dirty sliding glass door...surveying  
the ragged...neglected mess...pushing on the door several  
times to get it open...then stepping outside and pulling  
up a tuft of grass...and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

239 THE SAME SHOT

...the entire patch of earth now bare...and Daryl picks  
up a mound of plucked grass and heaves it over the fence  
...then finds a rusted hibachi and rotting sack of  
charcoal in a far corner and moves them to a square of  
concrete by the glass door...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

240 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

...as Daryl sits in an exhausted, sweaty heap on the  
couch...breathing hard...clearly bored...and he picks  
up a small book from an end table...his AA directory...  
and begins to leaf through it...and just as quickly SLAMS  
it down...reaches for the phone and pulls it over to him  
...digs a piece of paper out of his pocket and starts to  
dial...

DARYL

(after a moment)  
Hello? Is this Mrs. Towle? Hi...  
my name's Daryl Poynter. I was  
your son's roommate at the clinic.  
I was just thinking about maybe  
going to one of these A.A. meetings  
...thought maybe he'd wantta go...  
wantta ride...I don't know.

(and then)  
Oh, he's not. Okay then...just  
...tell him I called.

...and Daryl sets down the phone...and sits there for a  
LONG MOMENT...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

241 EXT. HAIR APPARENT BEAUTY SALON - DAY

...as Daryl hustles past the window...and opens a door leading to...

242 INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

...Daryl sticking his head in...women under dryers...a beautician applying a blue coral finish to the head of a WOMAN in her chair...

DARYL

Excuse me?...Is there a...

WOMAN

Upstairs.

...and with her eyes indicates a stairwell behind her... and we...

CUT TO:

243 A ROOM

...as Daryl enters...15 or 20 chattering AA people... SMOKING...setting up a coffee urn...and he walks through the group...smiling nervously...when June appears behind him...

JUNE

There he is!

244 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Daryl turns with a start...surprised to see her...

DARYL

Hey June...how ya doin'?

JUNE

(determined;  
rapid speech)

Oh, hangin' in there...This is my fourth meeting in forty-eight hours...

DARYL

Really?

JUNE

Oh, yeah.

(clinging desperately)  
Counting the clinic I got 24 days.

(CONTINUED)

244 CONTINUED:

...and Daryl...terribly struck by her...begins to rub her shoulder...

VOICE (O.S.)

People?...Let's get started...

SHOCK CUT TO:

245 EXT. A RUN-DOWN HOUSE - DUSK

...a motorcycle...black van...and six-year-old Toyota parked in front. And we HOLD for a LONG MOMENT...and then Daryl's BMW drives THROUGH FRAME SLOWLY...in one side...then out the other...and we CONTINUE HOLDING... and AFTER A MOMENT his car backs up once more...and STOPS ...and SITS for A MOMENT...and then...having SUDDENLY made a decision...CHARGES OFF and OUT of FRAME...and we HOLD for a LONG MOMENT...and AFTER ANOTHER MOMENT...the CAR CREEPS back INTO FRAME in REVERSE...parking along the CURB...

\*  
\*  
\*

246 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Daryl walks to the front porch...can't find a bell ...straightens his appearance...and KNOCKS...and AFTER A MOMENT we HEAR SOMEONE COMING...and then the SOUND of the DOOR OPENING...and through the SCREEN we SEE Charlie... stunned...Daryl not at all sure he has done the right thing...

DARYL

Hey Chuck. Just in the neighborhood.  
Thought I'd stop by.

\*  
\*

...and Charlie just LOOKS at him...nonplussed...both amazed and intrigued with his being there...

\*  
\*

CHARLIE

(after a moment)

Yeah...well...I'm fixing dinner...

\*

DARYL

(a moment of his  
own)

Just wanted to see how you were  
doing.

\*  
\*

...and Charlie says nothing...just stands there and looks at him...and AFTER a LONG MOMENT...

\*

CHARLIE

I got an eight o'clock shift.

DARYL

(awkwardly)  
Oh...okay...maybe I'll come by some  
other time.

247 ON DARYL

...as he TURNS and STEPS OFF the PORCH and STARTS back  
TOWARD his car...

CHARLIE  
(calling to him)  
You can join us if you want.

...and Daryl stops DEAD in his TRACKS...and TURNS...  
surprised at the offer...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

248 INT. THE LIVING ROOM

...as the two of them make their way through it...warm  
light and old furniture... \*

DARYL  
(a polite lie)  
This is nice... \*

249 THE KITCHEN

...old and grey and steamy...and Daryl says NOTHING...  
feeling very much like an alien...and he LOOKS AROUND...  
through the OTHER KITCHEN DOOR...and can't help but catch  
a glimpse of...LENNY...turning down the hall carrying a  
new Sony TV in its carton...setting it in a room stacked  
with a dozen more Sony's...and Daryl turns to Charlie  
who has already begun going about her business here in  
the kitchen... \*

DARYL  
(hushed)  
You sure this is okay? \*

CHARLIE  
(shrugging)  
Why not?  
(and then; calling  
out)  
Lenny!

...and Daryl...JUMPS a bit...he wasn't expecting that...  
and a MOMENT LATER...LENNY appears in the kitchen  
doorway...

LENNY  
What?

CHARLIE  
This is one of the guys from the  
clinic.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

DARYL  
(offering his hand)  
Daryl Poynter. Hi. How ya doin'?

LENNY  
(ignoring the hand)  
I'm doin' okay.

SHOCK CUT TO:

# THE DINNER TABLE

...golden light...as Daryl, Charlie and Lenny finish  
lasagna and salad...Lenny drinking from a can of beer  
...and no one talks...no one SAYS a word...

DARYL  
(finally; desperately)  
Okay...so how come debutants hate  
group sex?

CHARLIE  
(rolling her eyes)  
Jesus...

DARYL  
(finally)  
Because they uh...have to write so  
many thank you notes.  
...and no one says ANYTHING for a LONG, LONG MOMENT...

LENNY  
(finally; quietly)  
You live around here?

DARYL  
Sort of...Kind of...Yeah...No...  
(and then)  
Just seemed like a pretty good  
idea to keep in touch with people  
in the program.

CHARLIE  
(quickly; to Lenny)  
You wouldn't believe what a mess  
this guy was.

...and Lenny says nothing...just drinks all this in...  
and no one says anything for ANOTHER LONG MOMENT...Daryl  
finally trying to rebreak the ice...

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED:

DARYL

So, Lenny?...what kinda work you  
in?

...Charlie's eyes dart to Daryl...who seems instantly to  
know he's said the wrong thing...and Lenny smiles...

LENNY

I'm a doctor. Brain surgeon.

DARYL

Oh...

251 ON LENNY

...patting his mouth with a paper napkin...starting to  
rise...

LENNY

(to Charlie)  
I'm through...

252 ON THE THREE OF THEM

...as Charlie and Daryl just sit there...and Lenny makes  
his way into the dark living room...Charlie rising and  
starting to clear plates...taking them into the kitchen...  
and AFTER a moment...Daryl RISES...grabbing a dirty plate  
...about to head into the kitchen with Charlie when he  
notices...Lenny sitting in the dark...pulling a joint  
from his pocket...licking it...lighting it...

253 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Daryl makes his way into the room and slips onto  
the couch next to Lenny...the SOUND of running water  
coming from the kitchen...and Lenny takes a deep toke  
...and Daryl waits a measured moment...and then...

DARYL

(softly; not wanting  
to be overheard)

Listen...I don't know you and it's  
none of my business...but do you  
think that's smart to do around  
Charlie?

...and Lenny looks straight ahead...and takes another  
long toke...

LENNY

Dinner's over. She got to go to  
work...Why don't you get the fuck  
out of here?

(CONTINUED)

253

CONTINUED:

DARYL  
I don't think you under...

VOICE (O.S.)  
(cutting him off)  
Lenny?

...and Daryl looks up to DISCOVER...CHARLIE standing in the half-light of the ARCHWAY between the dining room and the living room...apron over her arm...

CHARLIE  
You going to drive me to work?

SHOCK CUT TO:

254

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

...as Daryl comes through the DOOR...Charlie's staying on her side of the screen...

DARYL  
(a whisper)  
Sorry.

CHARLIE  
It's okay. Keeps life interesting...  
(and then)  
That was actually...kinda nice of you.

DARYL  
Hey...I'm a nice guy.  
(and then;  
conspiratorial)  
So can I see you again?

...and Charlie just looks at him...considering this...  
considering him...

DARYL  
Come on. I'll take you to a movie or something.

CHARLIE  
(clearly intrigued;  
looking back into  
the house for a  
second)  
He'll kill you. He'll kill me...

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED:

...and Daryl presses his face to the screen...  
whispering...

\*

\*

DARYL

He won't even know...there's a  
theater in that mall up there.  
Just say you're going shopping.

\*

...and Charlie still says nothing...not sure what to say  
...and Daryl pushes himself off the screen...starting  
backwards down the walk towards his car...

DARYL

Three o'clock...Tomorrow...

255 ON CHARLIE

...still saying nothing...watching him...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

256 DARYL

...from above...lying on the box spring...morning light  
flooding through half-closed curtains...and the phone  
RINGS ONCE...TWICE...and we HEAR the SOUND of the  
ANSWERING MACHINE KICK IN...and then...

DIRKS (V.O.)

(filtered)

Daryl? Richard Dirks. What's the  
deal with your boss? You've gotta  
take care of it right now. You  
know that. The longer you wait,  
the worse it'll get.

...and Daryl rolls over...and covers his head with his  
pillow...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

257 DARYL

...standing in the crowded mall...WAITING...SEARCHING...  
and people press all around him...a woman pushes a  
stroller over his foot...BABIES SQUAWL...and finally  
he spots someone IN THE DISTANCE...CHARLIE appears in the  
crowd...by the CHEESE BARN...and Daryl moves to her...  
catching up with her...falling in place next to her as  
she walks...

DARYL

All right...you made it.  
(MORE)

\*

(CONTINUED)

257 CONTINUED:

DARYL (CONT'D)

We got a great choice here...The Care Bears or A Hundred and One Dalmatians. Matinees...y'know?

CHARLIE

(ill-at-ease)

I haven't got too long...Where's the movie?

DARYL

(looking around)

Yeah...I guess this is a little uncool out here, isn't it?

SHOCK CUT TO:

258 INT. THE MOVIE THEATRE

...as Daryl and Charlie make their way DOWN the DARK AISLE of the nearly empty theatre...Daryl carrying drinks and popcorn...and they take their seats...and Charlie watches the screen...and Daryl watches Charlie...and Charlie continues to watch the movie for a LONG MOMENT ...then slowly TURNS and LOOKS at Daryl...who smiles a small smile...

CHARLIE

What are you doing?

DARYL

Nothing. Looking at you. I'm just glad to see you.

CHARLIE

(she means it)

Why?

DARYL

I don't know. I spend my days alone. You're nice. I don't know.

...and Charlie turns back to the screen...and Daryl smiles...and keeps looking at her...and slowly she TURNS once more to Daryl...

CHARLIE

Would you stop doing that? Would you stop staring at me?

(CONTINUED)

258 CONTINUED:

DARYL  
(turning to the film)  
All right. It's cool. I just  
wanted to talk to you about  
something...

CHARLIE  
Well, then why did you bring me  
to a movie? You're not supposed  
to talk in a movie.

DARYL  
Okay then...all right...let's go  
someplace and talk.

CHARLIE  
(the end of it)  
I don't want to go someplace and  
talk.

...and Charlie once again turns to the screen...and  
slowly...Daryl TURNS his head TOWARDS the screen...and  
the two of them sit there...watching...for the longest  
time...

DARYL  
(finally; whispering;  
this is hard)  
Look...what it is, is...

259 ON CHARLIE

...turning to him...not pleased...

CHARLIE  
(cutting him off)  
What? What it is, is what?

DARYL  
(the wind knocked  
out of his sails)  
Well...what it is, is...I'm trying  
to organize my life...right? I'm  
trying to...and so are you...

CHARLIE  
Yeah?...so?

DARYL  
(and then; this is  
hard)  
...so...I don't know...why don't  
we try and do it together?

(CONTINUED)

259 CONTINUED:

...and Charlie just looks at him...

DARYL  
Look...this isn't about sex or  
anything...it's not about cooking  
...I don't know...I don't know  
what it's about...

...and SUDDENLY CHARLIE is out of her seat...

SHOCK CUT TO:

260 THE MALL

...as Charlie rushes from the theatre...Daryl right  
behind her...

CHARLIE  
You sound like a goddamn sponsor.

DARYL  
Charlie...

CHARLIE  
...if there's one thing I don't  
need right now it's pressure.

261 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as she STOPS...turning to him...

CHARLIE  
What the fuck am I supposed to do?  
If I stay home...I get high. If  
I come here...I get steamrolled by  
you.  
(turning again)  
I'm going home...

DARYL  
You really wanna do that?

CHARLIE  
(over her shoulder)  
It's none of your goddamn business.

...and she walks away...leaving Daryl standing by the  
Cheese Barn...watching her go...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

262 DARYL

...dragging furniture in random directions...rearranging his entire LIVING ROOM...a manic blast of energy... trying to keep himself occupied...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

263 THE BEDROOM

...as Daryl brings an unwanted chair in from the living room...stuffs it in a closet...and PULLS out a pair of fishing rods and a giant tackle box to make room...glancing down and noticing his...ATTACHE CASE on the floor... and he sits on the bed...lifting the case to his lap and pondering it...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

264 THE KITCHEN

...as Daryl sits at the table...and attache case full of papers and files spread out before him...writing in feverish spurts on a yellow pad...and we HEAR...

DIRKS (V.O.)

It's been two days.

DARYL (V.O.)

I'm just getting everything I need to say on paper...like you suggested...it takes time.

\*

DIRKS (V.O.)

Not two days. You want me to drive you?

DARYL (V.O.)

No. I'm going right now.

...and Daryl spills coffee on the pad...and JUMPS UP from his chair and reaches for paper towels on a dispenser under a cabinet...unraveling a dozen feet from the roll as he pulls the towels to the table...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

265 DARYL'S BMW

...Daryl sitting in it...watching CHARLIE'S HOUSE...just sitting there...no activity...no movement...just sitting there...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

266 INT. CONVENIENCE MARKET - DAY

...as Charlie collects an armload of bread, Pepsi, and frozen pizza...and Daryl appears behind her as she passes the beer cooler...

DARYL

Hi.

CHARLIE

(surprised; controlled  
anger)

What are you doing?

DARYL

I wanted to apologize.

CHARLIE

Just leave me alone.

...and she walks away...and Daryl grabs a miniature Seven-Eleven-size shopping cart and pushing it after her...

267 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Charlie unloads her things on the register conveyor belt...and Daryl PULLS UP behind...

DARYL

Here...let me help you with some  
of that stuff.

...and he reaches into her basket...but she takes the things from him before he can put them on the belt.

CHARLIE

I'm fine.

DARYL

(taking some more)

Here we go.

(and then)

Charlie...look...if I get a little  
out of hand sometimes, it's  
because...

CHARLIE

All you think about is yourself.  
So I'm supposed to say 'fuck you'  
to a guy I've been with for ten  
years, right?

...and Daryl has no answer for that...as a mildly embarrassed clerk clears his throat...waiting for his money...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

268

EXT. THE STORE - DAY

...as Daryl follows Charlie...pushing the weaving cart...  
scraping the side of a Cadillac...

DARYL

What I'm trying to say is...

CHARLIE

I know what you're trying to say...

...and she STOPS at her car and opens it...and Daryl pulls  
up alongside her...starting to unload groceries...

DARYL

Look...I admit it...I'm not  
functioning great these days...  
I don't always know what to do or  
say...maybe it's the same for you,  
too...

...and Charlie lowers a bag into the car...considering  
this...

DARLY

(no bullshit; the  
truth)

Look...I'd like to see you again  
...come and see where I live.  
There's no hot T.V.'s...no spools  
of telephone cable...please?

...and Charlie loads the last of the groceries into the  
car...turns...and climbs in...leaving Daryl standing  
there...waiting for an answer...until finally he CALLS  
through the window glass...

\*

DARYL

Are you working tonight?

CHARLIE

(lowering the window)  
I'm off.

DARYL

I'll cook you dinner.

...and Charlie says NOTHING...just slips the CAR into  
GEAR without looking at him...

DARYL

I'm in the book.

...and with that the car ROARS away...and Daryl stands  
there...watching it disappear...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

269 INT. DARYL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

...several pots and pans going at once...Daryl's head in the oven...basting pork chops with an open can of mushroom soup...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

270 INT. THE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

...as Daryl sets a tiny table with mismatched dishes... finally adding a small tensor lamp in the center... lowering the intensity with a small dimmer on the base... damn near candlelight...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

271 DARYL

...sitting on the living room couch...writing on his tablet...and then...AFTER A MOMENT...getting up... looking out the window...no one there...nothing...and he returns to the couch...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

272 CLOSER ON DARYL

...standing in front of the oven...poking at a pan of cold, hard chops...and in disgust Daryl throws his cooking fork in the sink and SLAMS the oven door closed... and he stands there in the SILENCE...trying to regain his composure...when SUDDENLY...from somewhere UNSEEN there is A KNOCK...and Daryl FREEZES...

\*

273 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

...as Daryl flies across it...and stops at the DOOR... and flings it open...REVEALING...CHARLIE...hair combed... white Levi's and a silk blouse...looking for the first time as pretty as she truly is...and she holds up a paper sack...

\*

CHARLIE

I brought some tequila.

...and she STEPS INSIDE...handing the sack to Daryl... who pulls a quart of Pepsi from it...

DARYL

Very nice.

SHOCK CUT TO:

274 INT. THE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

...dark...save for the tensor light on the table...Charlie sits eating a stiff pork chop... Daryl across from her talking a mile a minute...

DARYL

So my dad used to make us sign out his tools. It's like if I wanted to use a hammer or a clamp or something, I'd have to fill out an index card and leave it on the nail where I got the tool.

CHARLIE

Maybe you should sign out a screwdriver for this meat.

DARYL

It's not okay?

CHARLIE

(a small smile;  
shaking her head)  
It's fine. It's fine.

\*  
\*

SHOCK CUT TO:

275 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

...the two of them sitting on the couch...a good deal of space between them...music on the stereo...a single lamp lights the room...and nothing is said for a LONG MOMENT...

CHARLIE

I think I better go.

DARYL

Why?

CHARLIE

I told Lenny I was working.

DARYL

So...

CHARLIE

So what if he calls and I'm not there?

DARYL

(biting the bullet)  
Live with me.

\*

CHARLIE

I can't.

(CONTINUED)

275

CONTINUED:

DARYL

Why not?

CHARLIE

I can't leave Lenny.

DARYL

Why not?

CHARLIE

Because...

DARYL

Because why?

CHARLIE

Because...it's not that easy.

DARYL

Sure it is. You just gotta want to do it.

CHARLIE

Well, I don't know if I want to do it.

DARYL

Yeah...well...you deserve someone who cares. I don't know...maybe it's not me...maybe it's someone else...but it's sure not him.

(and then)

You gotta get out of there...

CHARLIE

(still staring  
at the floor)

I can't.

...and Daryl SUDDENLY BOLTS from the couch...and Charlie sits there...not knowing what to make of this...and a moment later Daryl returns with his attache case...pulls out his yellow pad...peeling back a couple of stuck-together pages...

DARYL

I've been writing this script for myself...to deal with my job...  
how 'bout we write one up for you.

CHARLIE

You really buy into all this shit  
...don't you?

(CONTINUED)

275 CONTINUED: (2)

DARYL

Hey...

(starts writing)

...you're the one with the  
problem...I'm just telling you  
how to handle it.

CHARLIE

Oh, really?

DARYL

(still writing)

Yeah, really...don't give me any  
shit, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Fine. What if it doesn't work?

DARYL

(pulling himself up  
from the couch)

It will.

...and we WATCH...as Daryl makes his way into the kitchen  
...flipping on the light...as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

275A CHARLIE

...curled up on the couch WATCHING DARYL...bent over the  
kitchen table...writing furiously...and she SMILES a  
small smile as she watches his industriousness...and  
AFTER A MOMENT...he returns to the couch with several  
sheets of yellow paper...

DARYL

See? This is you...this is Lenny.

CHARLIE

(reading slowly)

'I love you for what we had...but  
now my life is a lot different.'

(and then)

Gimme a fucking break.

DARYL

You want to write it?...You write  
it. Put it in your own words...  
I don't care.

CHARLIE

(warily pointing to  
the page)

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

275A CONTINUED:

DARYL

(pointing)  
That? That's his probable  
response. You just stick to this  
and you won't get confused.

CHARLIE

Oh, man...

DARYL

(handing her the  
phone)  
You want to tell him tonight...?  
(and then)  
This'll work.

...and he HOLDS OUT the phone to her...and Charlie looks  
at him...weighing what he's said...

DARYL

(a whisper)  
You can't go back there...whether  
you live with me or not...you  
can't go back there.

276 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Charlie slowly reaches for the phone...taking it  
from him...setting it on her lap...and though her hand is  
shaking...finally starts to dial...and she finishes...and  
there is A LONG MOMENT...and then...

CHARLIE

Lenny?...Hi...Yeah...I'm still at  
work...Yeah...Listen, I got  
something to say...Yeah...Okay,  
just listen to this...

(referring to the  
page)

...'Lenny...I've had a lot of  
time to think lately...and sort  
out my feelings...'

(Daryl signals her to  
be more forceful)

'And make some hard choices...'

(and then; listening)

Uh-huh...Uh-huh...

...she turns to Daryl and cups the phone...

CHARLIE

...'Where are you, you fucking  
douche bag?'...I don't see that  
here.

(CONTINUED)

276 CONTINUED:

...and Daryl takes the script...and scans it frantically  
...as Charlie continues listening on the phone...

CHARLIE  
(into phone)  
Uh-huh...  
(and then; cupping  
the phone to Daryl)  
'Get your ass home now...bitch.'

DARYL  
(whispering)  
Tell him you're not coming home...  
tell him you're not doing anything  
until he listens to what you have  
to say.

277 ON CHARLIE

...not saying anything...not doing anything...just  
sitting with the phone in her lap...her hand cupped over  
the mouthpiece...and Daryl waits a measured moment...and  
then...

DARYL  
Do it!

278 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Charlie quickly...mechanically...brings the phone  
to her mouth...

CHARLIE  
(into phone)  
Lenny?...Uh-huh...  
(and then; caving  
in)  
All right.

...and slowly she hangs up...

DARYL  
(after a LONG MOMENT)  
Charlie...I don't understand...  
What'd you do that for?

...and Charlie says nothing...just sits there staring  
blankly off...tears starting to run down her face...as  
we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

279 EXT. DARYL'S CONDO - NIGHT

...as Charlie SMASHES through Daryl's front door...racing down the walk and towards her car...

DARYL  
(right behind her)  
Charlie?

...and she jumps in her car and STARTS THE ENGINE...

DARYL  
(calling to her)  
Charlie?

...and JAMS the ACCELERATOR laying 30 or 40 feet of rubber down the street...and Daryl stands there watching her disappear into the night...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

280 INT. HORIZON ENTERPRISES LOBBY - DAY

...as Martin Laux joins an exodus of several dozen executives and secretaries...a clock behind the receptionist reads 12 noon...

281 EXT. HORIZON ENTERPRISES PARKING LOT - DAY

...as Martin walks to his car...and SUDDENLY a HORN HONKS...and Martin jumps...and TURNS to DISCOVER...DARYL'S BMW parked beside him...Daryl in the driver's seat...dressed in shirt and tie...and Martin climbs into the car beside Daryl...

MARTIN  
Daryl! Look at you...

282 ON DARYL

...extremely shaky...unnerved...

MARTIN  
(trying like hell)  
You're back, fella...

DARYL  
(uncomfortable)  
Yeah...Yeah...I'm back...I'm  
smokin' like a chimney...have to  
go to the can every ten minutes...  
but I'm back.  
(and then)  
So...what's it like in there?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

...and Martin looks at his friend...smiles plastered on both their faces...

(CONTINUED)

282 CONTINUED:

MARTIN

Good...It's good...

(and then)

I told Kramer you were laid up.

DARYL

Thanks, Martin...I really  
 appreciate everything you've  
 done.

...and NOTHING is said for a LONG MOMENT...and the  
 SMILES slowly FADE...

MARTIN

(finally)

You're going to have to talk to  
 him, Daryl...

DARYL

I know...

(and then)

I know that...

(and then)

What should I say? What's the  
 thinking?

...and Martin is clearly at a loss for an answer...

DARYL

(loud; desperate)

Martin...my ass is on the line  
 here!

MARTIN

I know that...I know that...

Kramer's not a bad guy, Daryl...

It'll be okay...It'll be okay.

...and the two men sit there for a LONG MOMENT...and  
 we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

283 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

...Kramer and four others sit around a table...fingering  
 piles of reports as another executive erases a chalkboard  
 ...and we HEAR the SOUND of a DOOR OPENING...and the men  
 TURN to DISCOVER...DARYL...standing in the doorway...

MAN #1 (O.S.)

I'm sorry...there's a meeting here.

DARYL

I know that...I'm sorry to  
 bother you...

## 284 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as all the men regard Daryl and the situation uneasily  
...and AFTER a moment...Daryl moves into the room...  
letting the door close behind him...his nervousness  
showing...

DARYL

I thought I should clear up this  
situation with the escrow account  
...before it gets blown out of  
proportion.

KRAMER

(holding his hand  
up to silence  
objections)

Go ahead, Daryl.

DARYL

Well, I can come back another  
time if it's more convenient.

\*

KRAMER

No, not at all. This is as good a  
time as any.

## 285 ON DARYL

...standing there for a long moment...gathering his  
courage...straightening his tie...and then...finally...  
without actually looking at anyone...

DARYL

Well...I've been in the hospital  
for a while...but as best I can  
put it together...what happened  
was...I had one of the girls do a  
telephone transfer...I wanted to  
consolidate the \$92,000 with  
another account...and by mistake  
I gave her my own checking account  
number...

(looking up briefly)

...and then I was laid up in the  
hospital like I said, so I didn't  
even know about the error until  
just a little while ago.

## 286 ON THE MEN

...waiting...listening...and then...

\*

KRAMER

So you've corrected it.

(CONTINUED)

286 CONTINUED:

DARYL  
Almost.

KRAMER  
Almost?

287 ON DARYL

...as he clears his throat...starting to squirm a bit...

DARYL  
I owe a couple hundred dollars to  
the I.R.S., right?...so they've  
frozen my account. But as soon  
as I get them a check...  
everything'll be okay.

\*

288 ANOTHER ANGLE

...a great silence in the room...and none of the men  
move...

KRAMER  
(finally; gently)  
Did you take the money, Daryl?

...and Daryl shifts around a little...suddenly blunted by  
reality...falling slowly into a chair...

KRAMER (O.S.)  
Did you spend it, Daryl? Did you  
have an emergency?

DARYL  
(this is hard)  
I put most of it in the stock  
market...

KRAMER (O.S.)  
Why, Daryl?

DARYL  
(looking up)  
I had a drug problem...I went into  
a program...at a hospital...and  
now I'm back on my feet again.

...and the men exchange glances...

MAN #1  
That's fine...but we're still  
talking about embezzlement here...  
People go to jail for that sort of  
thing.

(CONTINUED)

288

CONTINUED:

DARYL

(looking up; a  
cynical smile)Christ, Hank...we should all go to  
jail.

(gesturing to Man #2)

You ever seen one of this guy's  
appraisals?

MAN #2

(a modest grin)

They're not that bad.

...and the others share a KNOWING CHUCKLE...

DARYL

This man...this All-State athlete...  
this Vietnam veteran...gets 90  
percent financing from B of A on a  
\$300,000 building...but it's only  
worth two, right? So he takes the  
extra cash and buys an apartment  
complex...sells it for double...  
pays back the bank and puts what's  
left into a company boat...How's  
the fishing, Hank? Bob? Ron?

\*

MAN #3

Better than the stock market.

...and EVERYONE LAUGHS...and Daryl begins to feel more at  
ease...

KRAMER

All right, Daryl...I think we see  
your point.

DARYL

All I ask is that you look at my  
sales record...give me a chance  
to pay you back out of my  
commissions.

KRAMER

(pleasantly)

Fine...Why don't you give us a  
few minutes.

DARYL

(nodding; a grateful  
smile)

Thank you.

...and he TURNS...and retreats from the room...as we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

289 THE OUTER OFFICE

...as Daryl sits by a secretary's desk and nervously thumbs a magazine...and AFTER a MOMENT...the secretary ANSWERS a BUZZ on her PHONE...and gives a small nod to Daryl...who quickly rises as we...

CUT TO:

290 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

...as Daryl walks in...a small smile on his face...sensing he's pulled it off...and taking an empty chair... Kramer is smiling as well...relaxed...easy...and then...

KRAMER

We've gone over everything,  
Daryl...and we've decided to give  
you a break on the embezzlement  
thing...so long as you make  
restitution.

...and Daryl SIGHS an audible SIGH of relief...

DARYL

Thank you...Thank you...  
Thank you.

KRAMER

However...we have no alternative  
but to terminate you as of today.

291 TIGHT ON DARYL

...shocked...devastated...

MAN #1 (O.S.)

We'll decide whether to report  
you to the licensing board next  
week.

DARYL

(rising awkwardly)  
Wait a minute...

KRAMER (O.S.)

That's all, Daryl.

DARYL

Wooo, wooo, wooo...You guys know  
how many properties I sold last  
month?...Twenty-three. Twenty-  
three properties...

(CONTINUED)

291 CONTINUED:

KRAMER (O.S.)  
(into a phone)  
Please tell security Mr. Poynter  
will be vacating his office this  
afternoon.

...and on Daryl's look of panic we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

292 THE OUTER OFFICE

...as Daryl walks QUICKLY past the Secretary...who is  
still on the phone with security...and he accidentally  
knocks over a stand-up ashtray...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

293 ANOTHER CORRIDOR

...as Daryl walks in a daze toward the lobby...RUSHING by  
Martin and other executives...and behind him we CAN'T help  
but notice Martin...trying to approach him...backing off  
as he reads what happened...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

294 EXT. THE PARKING LOT - DAY

...as Daryl's BMW door SLAMS closed and...the car SQUEALS  
out of the parking lot...laying 30 or 40 feet of rubber...  
and when it is FINALLY out of SIGHT...we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

295 DARYL'S WINDSHIELD

...SUDDENLY coming into FRAME...the SCREECH of the BRAKES  
letting us know he is PULLING to a STOP. And we SEE  
him...through the glass...just sitting there for a LONG  
MOMENT...then TURNING and looking at...a SMALL WOODEN  
CLAPBOARD HOUSE...OVERGROWN...badly in need of repair...a  
FLOCK of HARLEYS sit on the front lawn...and DARYL SITS  
THERE...THINKING...weighing and measuring...then finally  
pushing himself out of the car...closing the door behind  
him and making his way UP the PATH and to the front door...  
...and Daryl looks at it A LONG MOMENT...then TURNS to  
leave...TURNS again and rings the bell...waits a measured  
moment...then starts to leave again as...

VOICE (O.S.)  
(opening the door)  
Daryl...?

(CONTINUED)

295 CONTINUED:

...and Daryl STOPS...and TURNS...and DISCOVERS...SPENCE  
...through a SCREEN DOOR...a slick mess...expensive  
clothes badly cared for...hair in need of a shampoo...

SPENCE  
(holding open the  
door)  
Hey...Stranger...where've you  
been?

CUT TO:

296 INT. SPENCE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

...as Daryl and Spence make their way in...and Daryl and  
we CAN'T help but notice...THREE BIKERS...completely  
wired-up...sitting around a beat-up coffee table...the  
word "SKELS" embroidered onto their jackets ...one of them  
toying with a .45 automatic...

SPENCE  
(to Daryl)  
I'm on the phone, man...just make  
yourself comfy.

...and Spence moves into another room...leaving Daryl  
behind...

297 ANOTHER ANGLE

...and Daryl realizes he has been left...and TURNS...and  
seats himself across from the SKELS...

SKEL #1  
(after a LONG MOMENT;  
tense; suspicious)  
You a friend of Spence's?

DARYL  
Yeah...  
(queasy; staring at  
the gun)  
...you mind putting that away  
somewhere?

SKEL #1  
(yelling OFF to  
Spence)  
Hey...let's get this thing going,  
Man.

...and as if ON CUE...Spence RETURNS...and Daryl quickly  
RISES...making his way over to him...huddling with him as  
quickly as possible...

(CONTINUED)

297

CONTINUED:

DARYL  
(hushed)  
Look...I need a couple grams.

SPENCE  
Sure.

SKEL #1  
(calling to them)  
Hey, what's the hold-up here?

...and Spence TURNS...yelling back...

SPENCE  
All right...all right.

\*

SKEL #1  
(rising)  
No...it's not all right. We been  
sittin' here for forty-five fuckin'  
minutes.

\*

DARYL  
(privately to Spence)  
Just a gram would be fine.

SKEL #1  
(calling over)  
Hey!...common fucking courtesy  
tells you we been sittin' here  
and you're dealing with some guy  
who just walked in.

\*

SPENCE  
Look, yours is a lot more  
complicated, okay?  
(to Daryl)  
One-twenty-five.

DARYL  
Spence...I'm a little short.

\*

SKEL #1  
(waving the gun)  
Jesus, the guy don't even have any  
cash, and he...this is unbelievable.

SPENCE  
Hey, asshole.

...and Skel #1 looks at...Spence...who stares back at...  
Skel #1...who stares bullets back at Spence...and Skel  
#2 RISES...putting a hand on Skel #1's shoulder...

SKEL #2  
It's not worth it, man.

298 CLOSER ON THE FOUR OF THEM

...as Spence stares back...and Skel #1 glowers through hot, pellet-like eyes...finally relenting...tossing the gun back on THE TABLE...and as it LANDS...it GOES OFF accidentally...Daryl falls to his hands and belly...hitting the floor...EVERYONE hushed by that...standing rooted in place...

299 ON DARYL

...still on the floor...terrified...shaking...

DARYL  
(to himself)  
Jesus...

300 EXT. SPENCE'S HOUSE

...as Daryl comes through the front door...still SHAKING...walking as quickly as he can down the path and to his car...

DARYL  
(to himself again)  
Jesus...

SHOCK CUT TO:

301 EXT. RAIL YARD - NIGHT

...as a foreman walks to Charlie's CRANE CAB...

FOREMAN  
(yelling)  
Charlie...you got a call!

...and Charlie steps out of her CAB...CLIMBS DOWN a catwalk to a METAL PHONE BOX...and she picks up the phone...

CHARLIE  
Hello?

...and she waits A LONG MOMENT...and we...

CUT TO:

302 DARYL

...sitting on the floor of his LIVING ROOM in front of his sofa...a mess...tears streaming down his face...and he says nothing...the phone just picking up the SOUND of his breathing...the SOUND of his SOBS...and we...INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

(CONTINUED)

302 CONTINUED:

...CHARLIE...listening...and then...just knowing...

CHARLIE

Daryl?

...and Daryl...unable to speak...just lies there...crying  
...and Charlie doesn't say anything for a LONG MOMENT...  
and then...

CHARLIE

I don't want you to preach to me,  
I don't want you to ask me to live  
with you, I don't want any of your  
fucking advice on anything...I get  
off at six. I'll tell Lenny I'm  
working a double shift...It'll be  
okay, Daryl.

...and Daryl...the tears stopping for a moment...just  
listens...and Charlie slowly hangs up the phone...Daryl  
...still clinging to his...and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

303 A RED SUNRISE

...and we can just make out the SILHOUETTE of DARYL'S CAR  
...and of CHARLIE'S figure RUNNING TOWARDS IT...Daryl in  
the driver's seat...waiting for her...and she opens the  
door and slips in beside him...and though we CAN'T SEE  
their faces...we can HEAR their voices...

DARYL

(quietly)

I'm so embarrassed. I just...  
went...

CHARLIE

It's okay.

(and then)

I got about eight hours. What do  
you want to do?

SHOCK CUT TO:

304 A TACKLE BOX

...as a hand OPENS it...revealing a vast collection of  
vivid and complicated lures.

305 ANOTHER ANGLE

...to REVEAL that Daryl and Charlie are in a small ROW  
BOAT in the center of a LAKE...

(CONTINUED)

305 CONTINUED:

...two fishing rods hanging from the boat...Daryl busily working with the lures and the lines...Charlie just staring at him incredulously...

CHARLIE

(finally)

You really are an oddball...aren't you?

DARYL

Why? 'Cause I like to fish?  
You're going to love this...this is the most relaxing thing in the world...

(and then)

...Okay...the only fish still biting are the grouper.

\*  
\*  
\*

CHARLIE

(amused at the word)

The 'grouper'?

DARYL

Yeah...the grouper...Okay now... pay attention...

(holding up a lure)

This is a lure. A grouper sees this and he goes nuts.

CHARLIE

Why?

DARYL

(threading the lure)

Because he wants it.

CHARLIE

Looks like a prostitute.

DARYL

He thinks it's a bug.

CHARLIE

Groupers screw bugs?

DARYL

They eat 'em...You interested in this or not?

CHARLIE

Not.

306

ON DARYL

...ignoring that...and he stands...barely managing to keep his footing in the rocking boat...as he makes his way to its far end...

\*

DARYL

Okay...now, I'm gonna show you how to cast.

...and Daryl does...a beautiful cast...and we HOLD for a moment on this idyllic scene...when SUDDENLY Charlie SWITCHES on a TAPE PLAYER...

DARYL

Hey! Shut that off!

CHARLIE

(shutting it off)

Why?

DARYL

(reeling in his line)

You'll scare the fish.

...and the two of them SIT THERE...Charlie dropping her line into the water...and then...

DARYL

(jerking his line)

Jesus.

CHARLIE

What?

DARYL

My line's caught.  
(trying to reel it in)

Uh-oh...it's in the damn motor.

...and Daryl bumbles to the motor...struggling to tilt it up out of the water and untangle his line from the prop...

CHARLIE

I got one!

DARYL

(turning to her)

All right! Keep it taut. What'd I tell ya about those lures, huh?

307

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as she reels in an eighteen-inch bass...

(CONTINUED)

307 CONTINUED:

DARYL  
(rushing to her  
side)  
We got it...we got it.

...and they gather it in...Daryl unhooking it...admiring  
it on the floor of the boat...Charlie turning ON the TAPE  
PLAYER again and holding it next to the fish...

DARYL  
What're you doing?

CHARLIE  
Scaring it.

DARYL  
You're deeply disturbed...you know  
that?

...and he tosses the fish into Charlie's lap...and Charlie  
SCREAMS as the fish flops off her legs and onto the  
floor...

DARYL  
Now we'll fry the mother...

...and Daryl moves back to the motor...attempting to TILT  
it back into the water...PUSHING it...then FORCING it...  
and finally snapping the motor off its mount...and they  
watch the motor sink to the bottom of the lake...

DARYL  
I can't believe this.

CHARLIE  
(neither can she)  
You lost the fucking motor, didn't  
you?

DISSOLVE TO:

308 EXT. THE LAKE - SUNSET

...as Daryl and Charlie ROW...the water painted with  
color...

CHARLIE  
God...you should see your back.

DARYL  
Is it burned?

CHARLIE  
It looks like you washed in napalm.

(CONTINUED)

308 CONTINUED:

...and Daryl TURNS...and begins rummaging through the tackle box...

DARYL

Shit.

CHARLIE

Maybe you oughta put some stuff on it.

DARYL

That's what I'm looking for...  
(finding some)

Here. Could you rub this on?

CHARLIE

On you? On your back? Eeeewwww.

DARYL

Come on...I'm dying here.

CHARLIE

I'll squirt it...that's all.

DARYL

That's all? You gotta rub it in.

CHARLIE

No way. You think I'm touching that back?...you're nuts.

DARYL

Come on...

...and Charlie reluctantly swabs lotion across Daryl's back...Daryl smiling as her hands begin to work...

DARYL

Thank you, God...thank you.

...and Charlie keeps rubbing...and Daryl lolls his head and grins...

DISSOLVE TO:

309 INT. DARYL'S CAR - NIGHT

...Daryl driving...Charlie next to him...headlights crashing around them...

DARYL

I'm sorry.

CHARLIE

It's not your fault.

(CONTINUED)

309 CONTINUED:

DARYL  
Sure it's my fault. I lost the  
motor.  
(glancing at his  
watch)  
Where you gonna say you've been?

CHARLIE  
I don't know.  
(not looking at him)  
Don't take me home.

...and she turns to Daryl and gives him a warm trace of  
a smile...

DISSOLVE TO:

310 INT. DARYL'S CONDO

...as they walk in...the room only lit by the wayward  
streetlight outside his window...and Daryl sets the  
fishing equipment down on the couch...then TURNS...and  
walks slowly toward Charlie...finally standing next to  
her...threading a finger into her hand...a hairline of  
moonlight scribing the edge of their faces...

CHARLIE  
This is real comfortable, Daryl.

DARYL  
Are you nervous?

CHARLIE  
I don't know what I am.

CUT TO:

310A THE BOX SPRING

...SEEN FROM ABOVE...empty...filling the FRAME...and  
SUDDENLY Daryl and Charlie fall onto it...Daryl's chest  
bare...Charlie's blouse half unbuttoned...

310B WIDER SHOT

...and the two of them just lie there for a moment...  
nothing is said...each of them staring at the ceiling...  
and AFTER a LONG MOMENT...Daryl sits up and begins to  
peel off his shoes and socks...Charlie continuing to  
lie there...staring at the ceiling...

(CONTINUED)

310B CONTINUED:

CHARLIE  
(suddenly; softly;  
a voice out of  
the darkness)  
I've been through a lot, Daryl.

DARYL  
(stopping; not  
looking back at  
her)  
So have I.

CHARLIE  
No...I mean, really a lot.

...and Daryl TURNS to her...and helps her with her blouse  
...pulling it apart tenderly...exposing a soft, sweet  
body...and he SMILES at her...then runs his hand across  
her breast...and then...

DARYL  
(looking up)  
Are you attracted to me?

CHARLIE  
(smiling)  
Yes.

DARYL  
Then you haven't been through  
anything yet.

...and they kiss again...Daryl easing off Charlie's skirt  
...Charlie easing off Daryl's slacks and we...

311 OMITTED  
&  
312

311  
&  
312

313 THE SAME CAMERA POSITION - DAY

...Daryl lying alone in the bed...sucking on an unlit  
Winston...the SOUND of a RUNNING shower coming from the  
bathroom...and a MOMENT LATER it STOPS...and Daryl CALLS  
OFF...

DARYL  
I can't believe they make you work  
like this...all night and then all  
day.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
That's why God created time and  
a half.

(CONTINUED)

313 CONTINUED:

...and he smiles to himself...and pats the nighttable  
beside him for a book of matches...

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Maybe someday...when you have a  
job...you'll understand.

...and finding none...he PUSHES HIMSELF OFF the BED  
moving to Charlie's purse...

DARYL

Real funny. Let me tell you...I've  
had hundreds of offers...

...and he quickly rifles it...searching for a match...

DARYL

...thousands of offers. It's  
really going to boil down to who  
has the best parking and nicest  
cafeteria.

...and then Daryl sees it...a small vial of cocaine...  
and he holds it in his hand...and stares at it...and then  
SENSING someone looking at him...he TURNS to DISCOVER...  
CHARLIE...standing in the bathroom doorway...wrapped in a  
towel...and the two of them look at each other for a LONG  
TIME...and then...

\*

DARYL

This what you do with Lenny?

\*

CHARLIE

Maybe that's why I'm here.

DARYL

(tossing it to her)  
Flush it down the toilet.

314 ON CHARLIE

...catching it...looking at it...then looking up at Daryl  
...just standing there...no room for compromise on his  
face...and after a moment...she disappears from the  
doorway...

315 ON DARYL

...watching...waiting...and we HEAR the SOUND of a toilet  
being flushed...and a smile starts to grow across his  
face...and AFTER a MOMENT...Charlie reappears in the  
doorway...

(CONTINUED)

315 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE  
There's gonna be some happy rats  
in the sewers tonight.

DARYL  
(and then; not moving;  
the big enchilada)  
You gonna stay?

...and nothing is said for a LONG MOMENT...

DARYL  
You wanna stay?

CHARLIE  
(smiling)  
I don't know. This is pretty much  
a fucking dump you got here.  
(and then; turning;  
her smile growing)  
Get a job, you bum...

...and Charlie disappears...and Daryl stands there...  
his smile growing too...and we...

CUT TO:

316 DARYL

...sitting on a RED PLASTIC CHAIR in some unspecified  
Personnel Office...shirt and tie and a properly dignified  
manner...he talks to some UNSEEN RECRUITER...

DARYL  
Daryl...D-A-R-Y-L, Poynter. That's  
P-O-...

SHOCK CUT TO:

317 DARYL

...sitting in a DIFFERENT CHAIR at a DIFFERENT OFFICE at  
a DIFFERENT COMPANY...

DARYL  
Poynter. P-O-Y-N-T-E-R. 'Y'...  
not 'I'.

SHOCK CUT TO:

318 DARYL

...sitting in yet ANOTHER CHAIR...in YET ANOTHER OFFICE  
...talking to yet another UNSEEN PERSONNEL EXECUTIVE...

(CONTINUED)

318 CONTINUED:

DARYL  
Poynter? What does it mean?  
(and then; thinking;  
smiling; charming)  
It means...great employee...

SHOCK CUT TO:

319 DARYL

...back in the RED CHAIR...

DARYL  
Thirty-four. I was born in '52.

SHOCK CUT TO:

320 DARYL

...in ANOTHER CHAIR...

DARYL  
April 3, nineteen fifty-four.

SHOCK CUT TO:

321 DARYL

...in YET ANOTHER CHAIR...

DARYL  
Twenty-seven. I was twenty-seven  
last month in fact...

SHOCK CUT TO:

322 DARYL

...back in the RED CHAIR AGAIN...

DARYL  
The thing is...I was up to forty  
seven five at my last job...so I  
couldn't possibly...

SHOCK CUT TO:

323 DARYL

...in ANOTHER CHAIR...

DARYL  
Low forties...that ball park...  
I suppose I'm flexible...

SHOCK CUT TO:

324 DARYL

...in YET ANOTHER CHAIR...

DARYL

Salary...money...isn't really a  
consideration for me...

SHOCK CUT TO:

325 DARYL

...through his windshield...a cigarette hanging from his  
lip...night rushing by out the rear window behind him...  
and as he DRIVES...Sinatra plays on the transitor hanging  
from the rearview...

SINATRA (V.O.)

(filtered)

'If somebody loves you...  
It's best to let them love you...  
All the way...'

...and Daryl CRUISES to a stop in front of his condo...  
leaning forward...shutting off his lights...taking his  
key from the ignition...about to REACH UP and SHUT OFF  
the radio when SUDDENLY he SEES something...CHARLIE'S  
TOYOTA and LENNY'S BLACK VAN sitting in front of the  
condo...and Daryl sits there...numb...and he reaches up  
and shuts off the Sinatra...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

326 CHARLIE

...sitting in one of Daryl's kitchen chairs...her head  
down...staring at the floor...and sitting inches away  
from her in a chair of his own is Lenny. And though his  
back is to us...it's easy to hear from the SOUND of his  
voice that he's been crying...

LENNY

(almost a whisper)

I'm sorry. I know I'm a shit...

CHARLIE

You are a shit...

LENNY

If I did stuff to make it hard for  
you...it's only because I was  
having problems too...

CHARLIE

You always have problems.

(CONTINUED)

326

CONTINUED:

LENNY

I know I always have problems. I  
do always have problems. But if  
you're not around...I don't make  
it at all.

...and nothing is said for a LONG MOMENT...and we SEE  
CHARLIE move in her chair...her hand reaching up and  
stroking his cheek...

VOICE (O.S.)

Somebody wanna tell me what's  
happening here?

\*

...and the two of them TURN with a start to DISCOVER...  
DARYL...standing in the half light between the kitchen and  
the darkened LIVING ROOM...and Charlie looks at Daryl...  
and Lenny stares at the floor...

CHARLIE

Nothing. Nothing is happening  
here.

DARYL

Oh really? Well...I'd like him  
to leave.

LENNY

(not looking up; a  
whisper)  
Fuck you.

DARYL

(an explosion)  
Fuck me?! Fuck me!! Fuck you!!  
You're in my house now, asshole...  
so get the fuck out!

327

ON LENNY

...not moving...not speaking for a LONG MOMENT...and then  
...the GRATING SOUND of chair legs scraping against the  
floor as Lenny pushes his chair back with his body...and  
SLOWLY...WORDLESSLY RISES...turns and picks his jacket up  
off the back of his seat...looks up and GLARES at...  
DARYL...who avoids his gaze...and Lenny smiles a small  
smile to himself...threading his way past Charlie and  
then past Daryl...and we watch Charlie and Daryl...  
neither one looking at the other...and they both HEAR the  
SOUND of Daryl's front door OPENING...and then CLOSING...  
and neither one SAYS a word...although after a moment...  
Charlie's hand REACHES for her purse on the kitchen  
table...

(CONTINUED)

327 CONTINUED:

DARYL  
Where are you going?

CHARLIE  
(rising)  
You don't need me, Daryl...

DARYL  
Wooo, wooo, wooo...where's this  
coming from?

CHARLIE  
Look around you...look at all you  
got. I mean...shit...all your  
plates match...you don't drink  
out of jelly jars. You want to  
say something?...you sit down and  
figure out what to say...You cut  
your fucking grass...I mean...  
what the fuck do you need me for,  
Daryl?

DARYL  
What do you mean... 'what'? I  
need you. You need me. I mean  
...didn't you know this was  
coming? That he'd start working  
on you again? So you're gonna do  
what? Run back? Light his  
fucking pipe? Let him snort some  
coke off your tits? What part of  
him you gonna snort off of?

328 ANOTHER ANGLE

and Charlie suddenly comes around...and she HITS HIM...  
hard...across the face...and he stands there...for a LONG  
MOMENT...and nothing is said...and AFTER A MOMENT...  
Charlie TURNS...and HEADS for the door...

CHARLIE  
(barely audible)  
'Bye...

329 ON DARYL

...watching her go...the light of the NOW OPEN DOOR  
fanning across him...then starting to recede as she  
closes it...

DARYL  
(on deaf ears)  
I'll call you...

(CONTINUED)

329 CONTINUED:

...and we HEAR the SOUND of the DOOR CLOSE...and Daryl keeps standing there...STARING AT the door in the dark ...and we HOLD for the LONGEST TIME...and finally...

DISSOLVE TO:

330 EXT. THE RAIL YARD - NIGHT

...as a FOREMAN makes his way to Charlie's CRANE CAB again...and he yells up to her...

FOREMAN

Call, Standers!

...and we WATCH...as Charlie CLIMBS OUT of the cab and makes her way to the phone box...

CHARLIE

(into phone)

Yeah?

331 EXT. A GAS STATION - NIGHT

...as Daryl...dressed in a suit and tie...stands in a phone booth...the reflection of a spinning Sunoco sign playing in the booth glass in front of him...

DARYL

(quickly)

Hi...Guess what? I think I got something. I mean...it'll take a little negotiating...but...

332 ON CHARLIE

...the phone pressed to her cheek...

CHARLIE

(this is hard)

Daryl...don't call me anymore.

\*  
\*

...and she HANGS UP THE PHONE...

333 ON DARYL

...standing there...and he listens to the dial tone for a LONG MOMENT...then hangs up his phone as well...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

334 A SIMPLE BLACK TELEPHONE

...sitting on the counter in CHARLIE and LENNY'S KITCHEN ...RINGING once...twice...

(CONTINUED)

334 CONTINUED:

...and finally a HAND COMES into frame and PICKS IT UP...  
and we FOLLOW the hand to its owner's face...as it  
presses the phone to an ear...Lenny's ear...

LENNY

Hello?...No. She's not home right  
now...Who is this?

...and SUDDENLY there is a DIAL TONE. And Lenny returns  
the receiver to its cradle...and BEHIND HIM...Charlie  
WALKS INTO the kitchen...

CHARLIE

Who was that?

...and as if on cue...the PHONE RINGS AGAIN...and Lenny  
looks at Charlie...neither one of them moving to the  
phone...Lenny's eyes daring her to answer it...Charlie  
staring back at him...and then quickly grabbing her purse  
and keys off the counter...

CHARLIE

I'll be back...

335 CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM

...dark...as Charlie flies through it...making her way to  
the door...Lenny following...calling after her...

LENNY

Where're you going?

CHARLIE

Cigarettes. I need cigarettes...

...and as her FRONT DOOR SMASHES SHUT behind her...we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

336 DARYL

...lying on his back on his box spring...his phone on his  
belly...the SOUND of MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL heard from  
somewhere unseen...

SHOCK CUT TO:

337 INT. CHARLIE'S TOYOTA - NIGHT

...as it PULLS to a STOP at a LIGHT...radio CRANKED UP  
all the way...no one around...and she fusses with some-  
thing in her lap and...FRAMED by the driver's side window  
...we watch as she brings a vial of cocaine to her nose.  
And she takes four generous hits...and as the light  
changes GREEN...she DRIVES ON...as we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

338 DARYL

...as before...on his back...save for the fact that the phone is to his ear now...

LENNY (V.O.)

Hello?

...and Daryl HANGS UP...as we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

339 EXT. A CITY STREET - NIGHT

...as Charlie PASSES...MUSIC still blasting...and we can't help but notice her do another hit from the vial as she passes a TRAFFIC LIGHT as it changes from GREEN to RED...and a FIVE-TON AMERICAN SEDAN SLAMS Charlie BROADSIDE...a fifty-mile-an-hour chasis-mangling horror...NO SQUEALING tires...NO WARNING...just unrecognizable shards of fused steel...and snowy patches of busted glass...and ...puddles of oil and water and fuel...and A TIRE...sails far overhead...as a TENNIS SHOE...shot from the collision is wedged into a chain link fence fifty feet away...and a dog...dragging his leash...RUNS down a nearby sidewalk...BARKING at...A STEERING WHEEL...wiggling on the curb...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

340 DARYL

...as before...except that now the BEDROOM is FLOODED with MORNING LIGHT...and the SOUND of Monday Night Football is replaced with the SOUND of a LOCAL NEWSCAST...

NEWSMAN (V.O.)

...which the one-time Councilman flatly denied, claiming he had purchased the pipe company before the contract was awarded.

(and then)

A two car accident injured a local woman last night and took the life of another. Twenty-eight-year-old Charlene Standers of...

341 TIGHTER ON DARYL

...as SUDDENLY his eyes open...features frozen...not looking at the television...

NEWSMAN (V.O.)

...one fifteen Telephone Pole Road was pronounced dead at the scene by rescue workers. Police believe she may have been under the influence of drugs at the time of the crash.

SHOCK CUT TO:

342 EXT. A RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

...boxy homes with flat lawns and narrow driveways. And SUDDENLY Daryl's BMW PULLS INTO FRAME...and he CLIMBS OUT of the car...old Levi's and a T-shirt...and we watch ...as he walks up a path to...

\*

343 DIRKS

...sitting in a crooked lawn chair...an empty one beside him...an unseen SPRINKLER cascading WATER into the FRAME. And Daryl falls into the empty chair...as Dirks lowers his newspaper and looks at Daryl. And Daryl looks back ...forces a smile...lowers his head into his hands and starts to weep...

344 ANOTHER ANGLE

...as MRS. DIRKS comes through the door with a pitcher of iced tea...setting it down beside Dirks...then quickly receding into the background...finessing the sprinkler to another spot...and the two men sit there...the older watching the younger cry...

\*

DIRKS

I know what you're thinking, Daryl. You're thinking you could've done something...right?...it was your fault...right?...and you can give up on yourself now...right? That's what you're thinking...isn't it, Daryl? Because you gotta understand...that's absolutely conceited, Daryl. Self-important and conceited...Are you getting this? It's important...because a guy who thinks he can control someone else's addiction needs to know how overblown his thinking is...Could anyone make you stop, Daryl?

\*  
\*  
\*

(Daryl looks up  
at him)

No, sir. Nobody but you can. Not me. Nobody.

...and Daryl LOWERS his head. And Dirks RUBS his shoulder...then notices that droplets from the sprinkler are hitting his back...and he glances towards his wife...then swings his legs over either side of the lounge chair... straddling it...and making a silly duckwalking movement... drags his chair out of range.

DIRKS

Why don't you move a little, Daryl...you're getting wet.

SHOCK CUT TO:

345 EXT. DARYL'S BACK YARD - DUSK

...as a hibache smokes on Daryl's patio...and we WATCH as he OPENS his sliding glass door and emerges with Charlie's 18 inch bass...and places it on the grill...KNEELS and begins to quietly tease and cajole the coals with a fork ...blowing on them gently...a flock of long sparks fluttering towards the sky...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

346 DARYL

...seen as Dirks was earlier...an upright fan whirling behind him...an UNSEEN AUDIENCE coughing...shuffling...filling the air with thick cigarette smoke...and Daryl looks at a 30-day chip...taps it on the podium as he tries to collect his thoughts...

DARYL

A month ago I had a few problems and I figured the only way to deal with 'em was basically to disappear. One of the problems, though, was that I didn't have any cash...so I asked myself...where can a guy escape to...be totally anonymous...and have somebody else pay for it? Well, the answer was pretty brilliant. What I'd do, see, was check myself into a drug clinic. The only trick was...I had to convince the people at the clinic that I was an addict. So I sat in my car in front of the place. Had a couple beers. Figured out all the gestures...the language and everything so I could give a really convincing performance. And somehow...I did. And you fools bought it...And now it's thirty days later. I got no job ...no friends...I'm \$92,000 in debt...and all I have is this chip...and this incredibly startling belief that I actually am a drug addict...God knows what we got going for next month...but if it's anything like this last one, Jesus Christ. But it's okay ...I'll handle it.

\*

(holds up chip;  
smiling)

Thank you. Thanks for the chip.

347 ON THE CROWD

...almost invisible behind a haze of cigarette smoke...and Daryl smiles to himself...

DARYL

...and thanks for not smoking...

...and EVERYBODY laughs...then applauds LOUDLY...and we SEE...BOB and June...Donald and Dorit from the adolescent ward...and finally...Craig...all clapping as...Daryl shakes hands with Dirks...and we...

CUT TO:

348 EXT. THE MEETING HALL - NIGHT

...as a couple hundred alcoholics and addicts gradually leave the building and fill the parking lot...climbing one by one into their collection of new expensive automobiles and old wretched cars. And we LISTEN as ENGINES TURN OVER...an orchestra of different sounds...and SLOWLY ...ANONYMOUSLY...these people disperse to the world.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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