

EDGEHILL

Written by  
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PILOT

EXT. EDGEHILL - MORNING

An old Civil War-era mansion rests on a hill over-looking the small town of Winchester, Virginia. A SIGN out front reads: EDGEHILL RECOVERY CENTER

VOICE OF JERRY FRYE (O.S.)

... Why spend ten bucks on a movie when I can buy a 12-pack and go to the movies in my head??...

INT. EDGEHILL, GROUP MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We're on JERRY FRYE, 42, Head Counselor at Edgehill, as he addresses a GROUP of ADDICTS, or "CLIENTS" as they're referred to here. He's all parts handsome, rugged and charming, with cowboy boots and hair that's just the right amount of messed up. And he's got them all in the palm of his hand...

JERRY

... Trust me, we've all been there. The entire staff here is in recovery. Just got my 13-year chip last month. I was big into coke, booze and shoes. Never met a pair of Luccheses I didn't have to have...

The group chuckles.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Y'all took a big step in coming here. My mom's been drinking since she was 12, wouldn't step foot in a place like this if I lured her with a trough of vodka--

CLIENT

I just feel like this place is too close to the center of town for me. Too close to my old life. It's too easy for me to get rattled here...

JERRY

See, I think that's one of Edgehill's greatest strengths--

Jerry notices one of the clients, VIC, 40's, is sleeping with his head down.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Hey Vic, this ain't nap time.

VIC

Sorry. I'm up.

JERRY

... Edgehill's right here in town where life is. That's a strength!

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

Other places, you're isolated way out in the country, or somewhere on an island-- the Virgin Islands or shit-- and you're getting pampered and have stones, you know the hot stones on your back or your chest or whatever, and you're getting massages and horseback riding on the beach--

The group laughs--

JERRY (CONT'D)

-- And if you got the extra thirty grand to do that, then gravy. But most of us addicts don't have that. The thing is, real life is out there. You can't hide from it. So if your recovery takes place in some rarified atmosphere, what are you going to do when you get out? When you have to confront life? Well in here, yes, you're in a bubble, but we give you dosages of real life. We give you phone calls. You get contact with the real world. If you get "rattled" easily, guess what, don't call nobody! If you're such a drama junkie that you love getting wrapped up in that shit, keep calling! Remember, we as addicts have a tendency to LOVE. FUCKING. CHAOS. Cause chaos gives us what?...

THE WHOLE GROUP

Excuses!

JERRY

That's right!

(jumps into a mock voice)

*Oh, but you don't understand, I need a drink cause my life's a mess, my wife's this, my husband's that, my kids, my parents, my fucking dog--*

AMY, early-20's, alluring, speaks up.

AMY

Isn't that like... codependency?

JERRY

Holy shit yes, Amy! Bingo was her name-o!

Everyone laughs at how animated Jerry is. They're enamored.

Amy zeroes in on Jerry as he writes "codependency" on the DRY ERASE BOARD. She's sending him "fuck me eyes." Jerry catches her gaze. She's got a seductiveness that makes it hard to look away...

INT. EDGEHILL RECOVERY CENTER, DEB'S OFFICE - MORNING

CLOSE ON DEB MILLETTE, 38, alpha female with an internal anxiety that's hidden by a facade of coiffed curls and meticulous make-up.

She shuts her office door, which reads DIRECTOR.

She uses a key to open a locked desk drawer, pulling out a BOTTLE OF TYLENOL. She flips a couple pills into her mouth, swallows them down. Takes a breath... before setting the bottle back in her drawer, locking it again.

She reaches for some HAND SANITIZER on her desk. Attempts to pump a glob into her hand, but it's empty, sharting out whatever it's got left. She turns, checking the nearby cabinets for a new bottle... nothing.

DEB

The fuck's the hand sanitizer?...

She pulls open her office door, marches into the STAFF OFFICE, going through cabinets and drawers... Still nothing.

We TRACK with Deb as she heads down a LONG HALLWAY, client bedrooms on both sides of her.

There are hints of the original Civil War-era building, from the grand arched windows to the old creaking hardwood beneath her feet... SUNLIGHT shines through the imposing arches, highlighting the dust she's kicking up as she strides...

She spots ALICE GERDOT, 36, coming out of a client's room, munching from a bag of Cool Ranch chips. She's Deb's right-hand woman and looks up to Deb like a little sister looks up to her big...

DEB (CONT'D)

You seen the hand sanitizer? I just bought a 12-pack last week.

ALICE

(thinking...)

DEB

It's not a trick question.

ALICE

I haven't, no. But I'll help look.

Alice joins the search, right behind Deb, as they pop in and out of various rooms, searching for some hand sanitizer.

ALICE (CONT'D)

By the way, can you okay the order for the new drapes real quick?

Alice hands her an order form. Deb signs it.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
 I'll swing by your office later with some color choices. There are so many options... like colors I've never even heard of before--

They pass staff member JAMILLA GIBBS, 27, snacking on some "healthy" kale chips.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
 Jamilla, you seen any hand sanitizer?

She shakes her head as she shuffles past, not missing a beat.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
 Okay, but keep a look out? Thanks!

She half-nods, and they continue on, passing JIM BOB, 25, exhibiting the body of a Greek God, but the face of a beat to shit hockey player. He's a counselor that's also the resident handyman, currently trying to fix a broken radiator.

DEB  
 Jim Bob, you seen any hand sanitizer?

JIM BOB  
 I don't use that shit, it gives you cancer.

DEB  
 Pretty sure that's fake news.

JIM BOB  
 No, it's real. Google it up. Someone posted about it on Facebook.

Deb moves on, entering the GROUP MEETING ROOM... Where Jerry's still leading group, writing the word IMPULSIVITY on the dry erase board...

JERRY  
Impulsivity. You know where that's controlled, right? Up here in your prefrontal cortex. Impulsivity-- Get a thought, gotta do it. *Me hungry? Me eat. Me horny? Me fuck--* It's a big reason we're all here. Lack of impulse control...

Deb's making so much noise going through the drawers--

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 Deb? Can I help you with something?

DEB  
 I bought a 12-pack of hand sanitizer last week and I refuse to believe we're such a group of germaphobes that it's all gone. You seen any?

JERRY

Nope. And... you're kinda messing with my flow here...

DEB

Oh, my bad. Let me know if you see any.

(to the group)

And guys, focus up. Y'all are in the presence of greatness. My man Jer Bear here has one of the highest success rates I've ever seen.

JERRY

Not really a fan of the nickname--

DEB

Jer bear will get ya clean, you just gotta trust him.

Deb smiles and waves like a politician before exiting, Alice in tow.

AMY

Awww, "Jer Bear!"

JERRY

Nope. That name's off limits...

INT. STAFF OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON a NATIVE AMERICAN MAN, late-20's, staring forward with kind, gentle eyes. He's sitting across from JULIE FUNKHOUSER, 26, a counselor with blonde hair that has a streak of pink.

The Native American man has long flowing dark hair, but is wearing just a simple blue-collared shirt and black jeans. And a traditional THUNDERBIRD NECKLACE around his neck.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER

So Mr....

(looking down at his application form)

Weayaya. That's a cool name. Does that mean something in your culture?

WEAYAYA

Setting Sun.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER

Oh wow, awesome. How'd you get that name?

WEAYAYA

My parents.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER

Right. Duh. That's how I got "Julie."  
But, like, how'd *they* come up with  
it?

WEAYAYA

They taught me, with every setting  
sun comes a new chance to rise...

Julie thinks about that for a beat, then starts nodding, like  
her mind is in the process of being blown.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER

Wow. I dig that. Well, Mr. Setting  
Sun-- is it okay if I call you that?  
The other one is harder for me to  
pronounce. Maybe we can start with  
Setting Sun and build up to Weayaya?  
Is that cool?

(he nods)

Great. Everything with your  
application looks good. We got your  
payment so that's all legit. Let me  
just take you in to see our director,  
Deb, and we'll get you to your room.

Julie gets up, making her way towards Deb's office. She then  
turns to find Weayaya still sitting there, staring at Julie's  
empty chair.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER (CONT'D)

... Mr. Setting Sun? It's this way.  
Just in here...

She waves her hand in front of his face. He casually glances  
up at her.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER (CONT'D)

You okay?

WEAYAYA

Yeah. Just saying goodbye to my past.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER

(like she totally gets it)

Ah. Yes. I like to do that too  
sometimes.

INT. DEB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Julie knocks and enters simultaneously, to find Deb locking  
her desk drawer, swallowing down some more Tylenol. Deb turns  
casually, throwing on that big politician's smile.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER

Deb, this is Setting Sun. He's a new  
client.

DEB  
Well hey there, Mr. Setting Sun,  
welcome welcome!

Weayaya and Julie sit across from Deb.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER  
And before you ask, yes, that is his  
real name.

DEB  
I wasn't going to ask that. So, Mr.  
Sun--

WEAYAYA  
-- Weayaya.

DEB  
You wanna be called Weayaya or  
Setting Sun?

WEAYAYA  
They're the same person.

DEB  
I get that, I just-- Nevermind.  
Here's my spiel... You or someone you  
know paid three-grand to put you up  
here for 30 days. That's a great  
first step. But in order for the  
program to work, we need you to be  
present. We expect all clients to  
participate in the meetings-- unless  
you get sick or something, which, due  
to the recent shortage of hand  
sanitizer is a real possibility. Some  
of our counselors are sweet and kind,  
and others, well, they like to dish  
out a little tough love. We're no  
frills here. We're gonna get you  
clean so you can get your life back.  
That's our goal. Any questions?

WEAYAYA  
Your spirit is at war with itself.

DEB  
That's not really a question, FYI.  
Also, you can't be on any drugs or  
alcohol while you're here. Are you on  
anything right now?

WEAYAYA  
I'm free and clear of all that  
hinders my connection to the Earth  
and all of her children.

DEB  
 ... Okay, but seriously, you've gotta be completely drug-free to start the program.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER  
 He said he's clean.

DEB  
 No, he said he's "clear of all that hinders the Earth mother" or something.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER  
 Shhh, he can hear you. He's right here.

DEB  
 I'm not too sure of that.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER  
 He's clean. Can we not do this--

DEB  
 (giving up, yelling out her office)  
 Fine. Jim Bob!

Jim Bob enters.

DEB (CONT'D)  
 Please show Mr. Sun to room 14.

Weayaya stands, not breaking eye-contact with Deb. She's thrown by it, feeling like he sees right through her. She keeps smiling at him, hoping he'll break first... Finally, he turns, exits with Jim Bob.

Deb turns to Julie once they're gone.

DEB (CONT'D)  
 Okay, that dude's higher than a hot air balloon.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER  
 That's offensive.

DEB  
 How so???

JULIE FUNKHOUSER  
 It's just the way he talks. We took their land. The least we could do is show some respect.

Alice enters, slurping on a SLUSHY from the cafeteria.

ALICE  
Who's the hot as nuts Indian dude  
that just checked in?

JULIE FUNKHOUSER  
Are you kidding me??? He's not  
Indian, he's Native American.

DEB  
Pretty sure Native Americans are  
Indians.

ALICE  
Okay sorry. So... who's the hot as  
nuts "Native American" dude that just  
checked in? He single?

Julie gets up and exits, annoyed.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
What? What'd I say?? I didn't mean to  
date *now*. Just, if like, he gets out  
of here and is sober and available...

Suddenly, Deb's OFFICE PHONE rings. She answers:

DEB  
(bright and cheery)  
Edgehill Recovery, this is Deb.

On the other line is RICK MCGEE, mid-30's, wearing a power  
suit, sitting at his desk in his corner office, munching on a  
HEALTHY SALAD. INTERCUT CONVERSATION.

RICK MCGEE  
Hey Deb, it's Rick... calling to let  
you know the board wants to do a  
random staff drug test today. 3pm.

Deb shoos Alice out of her office. Alice doesn't seem to  
understand. Deb waves bigger. Alice nods, finally getting it.

DEB  
(into phone, charming)  
Rick, my man... you gotta give me a  
24 hours heads up. Pretty sure that's  
in the by-laws.

RICK MCGEE  
Actually, it's not. You know that.  
It's supposed to be, you know...  
random.

DEB  
It's just-- we're having a crazy day  
over here and I think tomorrow would  
be better.

RICK MCGEE  
What's going on?

DEB  
Oh man, it's just...

She's looking around, everything's status quo.

DEB (CONT'D)  
... Insanity.

RICK MCGEE  
3pm. Call in all staff. See you then.

Rick hangs up. Deb's wheels spin. She pulls out her cell, scrolls her contacts, landing on the name LINDSAY. She presses CALL, waiting as it RINGS, and RINGS...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see LINDSAY'S PHONE lighting up in her PURSE which sits on a bed, on silent mode. Through the bedroom window, we see Deb's younger sister LINDSAY, 29, dressed in a full on CLOWN COSTUME, entertaining a KID'S BIRTHDAY PARTY, making BALLOON ANIMALS.

INT. DEB'S OFFICE - DAY

Deb listens as it goes to voicemail:

VOICEMAIL  
*You've reached Lindsay. I'm not here  
to take your call, but leave a  
message and I'll call you back.*

**BEEP!**

DEB  
Linds, it's Deb. Call me AS SOON AS  
YOU GET THIS...

INT. ROOM 3 - DAY

FAWN MANET, 19, is curled in a ball on her single bed. The client rooms are small and simple, only the necessities.

Alice rubs her back as she dry heaves, groaning, going through serious withdrawals.

ALICE  
Just keep breathing, Fawn... keep  
riding it...

Suddenly Jerry knocks/enters simultaneously. Alice gets up to meet him:

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Heroin. Third this week. She's  
burning up.

Jerry nods, heads over to her with Alice.

JERRY  
(rubbing her back)  
Hey there, Fawn. I'm Jerry Frye, head  
counselor.

Fawn just groans, gritting her teeth.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Fawn, look at me. Look at me. You're  
not alone anymore. I'm here. Alice is  
here. You got an army behind you. An  
army that's been battle-tested more  
times than you can count. And we're  
not going to let you down.

Fawn tries to nod through the pain. The SUNLIGHT hits her  
eyes. She shies away from it, too much for her to handle.

Jerry draws the blinds closed. Wipes the sweat from her brow.  
Slips her some ibuprofen.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
When you can keep these down, take  
em.

He smiles as she nods. And they connect. He's got a way of  
reaching people. This is likely the first real human  
connection she's had or remembers in a while...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jerry and Alice walk the hallway, away from Fawn's room.

ALICE  
You were really great back there.

Jerry shrugs modestly.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
You know what else? And this is  
important...

She lifts a leg and FARTS on him.

JERRY  
Ah!! Fucking serious, Alice???

She laughs and hurries away. He can't help but laugh as well,  
waving away the smell, clearly a game they've played before.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Staff and clients sit around a small cafeteria. CORN DOGS, CHILI CON QUESO, MAC AND CHEESE are on the menu. The drink of choice for many is BLUE SLUSHY.

Jerry, Jamilla, Alice, and Jim Bob all eat lunch at the same table. Julie sits across the room with Weayaya, engrossed in conversation.

JIM BOB

This food's gonna kill me faster than any drugs would.

ALICE

You meet the new guy? Setting Sun. Soon as he gets out of here? Husband material.

JERRY

Why don't you go fart on him, see if that works.

ALICE

I save those for you, Jer bear.

JERRY

Not my nickname.

JIM BOB

Can we not talk about farts while we're eating?? Come on, Jer, let's see that new tat.

Jerry rolls up his sleeve to reveal a new TATTOO on his arm. It depicts a TOPLESS WOMAN with LARGE BREASTS wielding a SWORD that's ON FIRE, while gripping a BATTLE SHIELD.

JERRY

See the shield? That's the Frye Family Crest right there.

ALICE

Your ancestors must be very proud.

JERRY

Guess what else...  
(leans in, whispers)  
... The boobs are modeled after someone we all know.

ALICE

So proud.

They all look at Jamilla.

JAMILLA

Don't look at me. Those are white titties.

JIM BOB  
Yeah but only cause they're on his  
white skin. Right, Jerry?

JERRY  
I ain't saying shit.

They're all looking around, eyeing every pair of breasts that  
pass by.

JIM BOB  
I'm gonna investigate this. I'm gonna  
be like Jacques Cousteau.

JERRY  
Jacques Cousteau was an  
Oceanographer. Just so you know.

Jerry gets up, clearing his tray. Jamilla follows.

JAMILLA  
(whisper)  
Your son staying with you tonight?

JERRY  
Nope, at his mom's til tomorrow.

JAMILLA  
See you tonight then?

He hesitates for a brief second, then nods.

Amy, the client that was sending Jerry fuck me eyes earlier,  
clocks their exchange...

INT. DEB'S OFFICE - DAY

Deb's pacing on the phone when Jerry knocks/enters. She hangs  
up when she sees him, throwing on that smile.

DEB  
What up, Jer?

JERRY  
I wanted to check in on that raise we  
talked about. It's only a \$1.25 an  
hour, which shouldn't break the bank.  
But that kind of increase would  
really help me out in the long run.  
Especially if I started putting in  
more overtime.

DEB  
I hear ya, buddy. I brought it up  
with the board. They weren't too sure  
about it. But let me talk to them  
again. I'm pushing for ya.

JERRY  
Thanks Deb. I'm gonna hit some errands, be back in a few.

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Jerry sits with his sponsor, Rick McGee (who called Deb earlier) outside a Starbucks on the edge of town.

RICK MCGEE  
You look buff. If you're gonna be addicted to something, working out's it.

JERRY  
Ha, yeah, been going six days a week. One rest day. Gotta rest. Let the damage repair...

Suddenly a GUY yells out his car window as he drives past:

GUY  
Jerry! Love ya, buddy!

JERRY  
Love you too, man!

They do a little cute pointing thing at one another as the guy drives away.

RICK MCGEE  
Who was that?

JERRY  
I don't know. Probably someone that came through Edgehill. That happens all the time.

RICK MCGEE  
(nodding)  
How's it going with your son?

JERRY  
Great. Getting good grades.

RICK MCGEE  
I mean how's the saving for his college?

JERRY  
Putting away what I can when I can.

Rick glances down at Jerry's expensive new LUCCHESE COWBOY BOOTS.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
These were on sale. I treat myself from time to time.

RICK MCGEE

And that's fine. Just don't overdo it. Don't let it feed something you're missing in your life.

JERRY

I hear ya. I know Deb talked to you and the board about a little raise for me. It'd sure help me a lot.

RICK MCGEE

She didn't bring anything up about a raise to the board.

JERRY

What? You sure?

RICK MCGEE

Yeah man, positive. This is the first I'm hearing of it. She brought up something about drapes and painting and dry wall or something.

JERRY

But nothing about a buck twenty-five an hour raise?

RICK MCGEE

Buck twenty-five? Nope. She wouldn't need to get approval for something like that anyway. She can approve a raise that small on her own.

Jerry's wheels are spinning out of control internally.

RICK MCGEE (CONT'D)

How's the sex addiction?

He snaps out of it--

JERRY

(lowering his voice a bit)  
Not an issue.

RICK MCGEE

Have you told Deb?

JERRY

Don't feel the need. It's not a thing I even think about anymore.

RICK MCGEE

Good. I'm proud of you, Jer.

Jerry smiles, attempting to mask the fact that he doesn't feel the same about himself...

INT. DEB'S OFFICE - DAY

Deb's at her desk, phone to her ear, when Alice suddenly enters in a huff.

ALICE

Deb, we got a situation outside...

EXT. EDGEHILL, BACK BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

... Deb rushes outside with Alice to find a FIGHT in progress on the BASKETBALL COURT that was put up in the parking lot for the clients. A circle has formed around the fight.

In the center of the circle, Weayaya's being pinned down by TONY, a shaved-head trailer park punk.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER

Let go of him!

DEB

Break it up! BREAK THIS SHIT UP!!

Weayaya isn't fighting back. He's just letting Tony wail on him while he's pinned down. Deb grabs Tony with the help of Alice and pulls him off Weayaya.

DEB (CONT'D)

Tony man, what's the deal?

TONY

This freakshow just walked through the court while we were playing!

JULIE FUNKHOUSER

That doesn't mean you have to hit him!

TONY

I told him to get off the court, and he said "the sins of the white man have seeds within your soul" or some shit!

JULIE FUNKHOUSER

So? Maybe they do! We took their land! Do you even realize--

DEB

Cool it, Julie. Take a walk.

Julie helps up Weayaya, ushers him away.

TONY

Yeah, go home with your little whore, you punk bitch!!

DEB

That's it, pack your shit.

TONY

You fucking kidding? You're taking that Indian's side??

DEB

I don't generally take sides. But when you call a member of my staff something vile like that, you lose my sympathy. Pack your shit.

TONY

I want a refund then. Y'all can go fuck yourselves! I didn't vote for Trump to put up with this shit!  
(yelling to the group)  
Save your money, people! This place ain't worth it! Most of you will just end up back here... or worse... over there!

Tony points across the street to the town's only CEMETERY...

INT. FAMILY MEETING ROOM - DAY

Jerry sits at a circular table with Amy, her FATHER, MOTHER and YOUNGER BROTHER...

JERRY

Amy, remember, your family wants you to win. They're your biggest fans.

She nods, absorbing what he's saying.

AMY

... Dad, I know I caused you some pain with all the things I said when I was high at your office party, and I'm sorry.

Her Dad nods. Amy shifts, hoping for more from him. Jerry motions for her to keep going, to not be deterred...

AMY (CONT'D)

(building in emotion...)

I just-- I've turned a leaf. I know I've hurt each of you... I'm ready to make amends and be the best person I can be. Not just for you, but for myself and... My addiction is a part of me. It always will be. But the first step to living a clean and sober life is acknowledging that you need to live a clean and sober life. And I NEED it. And I'm committed to it. Lord as my witness, I'm committed to being the best version of myself. I'm done playing the victim. I'm done with the excuses. I'm done with it all...

Her whole family hugs her, buying every word of what she just said. Even her father breaks down, taking all of it to heart. They wanted to believe her so bad, they bought it.

JERRY

(seeing through her)

That was... something special, Amy.  
Now, I'm gonna ask you the same question I ask everyone at their family meeting... What do you want to achieve most after you leave here today?

Amy sits there, calculating. Her family waits, wiping their tears.

AMY

It can be anything?

JERRY

Sure.

AMY

... I guess I'd like to make money.

JERRY

Money?

AMY

Like, enough to support myself.

JERRY

So you wanna make a lot of money?  
That's your goal?

AMY

I mean-- Not just for me, for other people too. I want to pay back all the people I hurt and stole from.

JERRY

Anything else?

AMY

... I don't know. Should I say something else?

JERRY

This is your time. You can say whatever you want.

AMY

... I'm happy with my answer.

AMY'S MOM

It was a good answer, honey.

Her family continues to hug her...

INT. DEB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Deb's pacing. Phone to her ear. She hangs up again, frustrated. Freaking out internally.

Looks at the time: 2:48pm. Alice suddenly enters:

ALICE  
Hey Deb, I was gonna confirm the  
color for the new drapes--

Deb suddenly grabs her stomach, moaning.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Whoa, you okay?

DEB  
Think I got food poisoning. I need to  
go home. Can you hold down the fort?

ALICE  
Oh wow, I'm honored. I'm speechless--  
even though I'm currently creating  
speech. Usually I'd say yes in a  
heartbeat, but only thing, I have to  
pick up Phillip from school today.  
He can't take the bus anymore cause  
he's been getting bullied. It's this  
ongoing saga because these assholes  
think he's gay and--

Suddenly, Deb's phone rings. She sees it's her SISTER...  
Finally.

DEB  
That's crazy, I gotta take this.

Deb ushers Alice out, closing the door, answering her phone:

DEB (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Where are you???

Deb's sister, LINDSAY MILLETTE, still dressed as a CLOWN,  
sits in the bedroom that we saw her purse in earlier. The  
Kid's BIRTHDAY PARTY rages in the backyard. INTERCUT.

LINDSAY  
I'm working. Remember??

DEB  
I need a piss sample. We have staff  
drug testing in 10 minutes.

LINDSAY  
You said you were off the Oxy.

DEB  
I was, I just...

LINDSAY  
When was the last time you took some?

DEB  
Including today?

LINDSAY  
Jesus, Deb.

DEB  
How was I supposed to know they were gonna run a staff test??

LINDSAY  
That's the point-- You just aren't supposed to be on narcotics, ever.

DEB  
Can you just please step away for a minute and piss for me?

LINDSAY  
... No. I'm working. And you said last time was the last time.

DEB  
And you said that all the time when you were living in Baltimore--

LINDSAY  
-- Here we go--

DEB  
But who helped you?? Who paid for you to go through Edgehill? Who got you clean? Who got you that birthday party gig???

LINDSAY  
-- As a clown.

DEB  
Still a fuckin gig! If it weren't for me, you'd still be smoking rock in Charm City--

Alice suddenly knocks/enters simultaneously, holding different shades of DRAPES.

ALICE  
Deb, real quick on those drapes? The guy's on the phone. The drape guy.

DEB  
(forced smile)  
Let's go with blue. Looks fun!

ALICE

That's actually cerulean. Are you okay with cerulean?

Deb shoots her a "thumbs up," kicking the door closed again. Deb reaches to lock it, but remembers that there are NO LOCKS at Edgehill, not even for the staff.

LINDSAY

You can't hold that over my head forever.

DEB

I won't. I'm done with this shit. I just-- I can't get fired. If I'm gone, who's gonna run this place? Alice??? Come on, just help me out one last time.

Lindsay exhales, debating...

INT. GROUP MEETING ROOM - DAY

Jerry stands in front of a group, pacing, doing what he does best. Connecting.

JERRY

... We have a disease. It's good to say it out loud. "I have a disease." Seriously folks, say it.

EVERYONE

*I have a disease!*

Suddenly, the door swings open and Fawn shuffles in. She looks slightly better, but still not great. She's got her hoodie pulled tightly over her head, to keep as much light out as possible.

JERRY

Good to see you, Fawn. Everyone, give Fawn a warm Edgehill welcome.

Everyone in the room starts clapping, louder and louder. Building and building. She lets a slight smile seep through.

JERRY (CONT'D)

(over the clapping)

Welcome Fawn!

EVERYONE

WELCOME FAWN!

She gives a half-wave back, keeping her head down as they send her love.

INT. EDGEHILL, HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE BATHROOMS - DAY

Rick McGee stands before the staff, who's lined up outside the bathrooms, all holding URINE SAMPLE CUPS.

RICK MCGEE

You know the drill. Partner up with someone you weren't with last time. Leave your sample on the tray...

INT. LINDSAY'S CAR, DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Deb's sister Lindsay, still dressed as a clown, races in and out of traffic...

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

In a STALL, Jerry pisses into a cup, being watched by Jim Bob- He has to literally watch the urine stream out of his penis.

JIM BOB

(re: Jerry's tattoo)  
Are they Alice's titties?

Jerry shrugs, not giving it away. They sit there in awkward silence as he continues peeing...

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamilla's watching Julie pee.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER

Weayeya's way of living is so simple. Everything's from the land. The way it was meant to be, you know?

JAMILLA

I hear that... but I couldn't give up McDonald's. Nuggets are my jam.

They awkwardly scoot past each other, switching positions.

INT. LINDSAY'S CAR, DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Lindsay continues to slalom the streets, on a mission.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the OTHER LADIES' STALL-- Deb's nervous, glancing at her phone, as Alice rambles on while peeing, oblivious.

ALICE

I think Phillip will be okay if he takes the bus sometimes. He's a tough kid. I mean, he's not, but he needs to be. He needs to be tougher. But he's also so sweet.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)  
 I don't want him to lose his  
 sweetness. Ugh, bullying is such a  
 serious thing nowadays.

Deb just nods, not really paying attention, freaking out internally. Alice finishes.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
 You're up.

DEB  
 Can you not flush--

Alice flushes while Deb asks the question.

ALICE  
 Oh, sorry. You wanting to save water  
 or something?

Deb half-nods, sits down slowly, checking her phone again. She pulls down her pants, puts the sample cup between her legs. Hesitates. Thinking of some type of escape...

ALICE (CONT'D)  
 Don't have to go? I started holding  
 it as soon as I found out we were  
 doing this. That's my trick.

Deb's out of options. She lets go, accepting her fate, and starts peeing into the cup. Her heart sinks as she does it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Lindsay's car screeches to a halt. She pops out and runs across the parking lot--

INT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

-- Into a building, to find a group of PARENTS standing outside a rented PARTY ROOM. We're in a REC CENTER where people can rent rooms for kids' birthdays.

LINDSAY  
 (to parents)  
 Hey, sorry I'm a few minutes late.

MOTHER OF BIRTHDAY GIRL  
 No worries, the kids just finished  
 their pizza.

LINDSAY  
 Great. I'm just gonna retouch my make-  
 up and I'll be right there.

The Mother nods as Lindsay hurries into the BATHROOM...

... Lindsay looks at herself in the mirror. Torn. Unsure if she did the right thing by not enabling her sister...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Deb places her PISS SAMPLE on the tray next to Rick. She looks out the window at the parking lot, feeling betrayed by her sister.

She then turns to see Jerry waiting for her by her office door, pacing. They lock eyes. She exhales, not wanting to deal with this right now. But forces a smile like she always does and heads over to him...

DEB  
What's up, Jer bear?

JERRY  
Curious if you were able to talk to the board?

DEB  
... I did-- They said it's a no-go, unfortunately. They want to put the money towards painting.

JERRY  
Painting?

DEB  
Yeah, painting the interiors. Knocking down some drywall to go for the exposed brick look. It's the original brick.

JERRY  
Deb...

DEB  
Yeah?

JERRY  
Do you hate that people love my groups and not yours? Is that it?

DEB  
What are you even talking about? I don't run groups anymore.

JERRY  
I know. I do. People from all around come to see ME.

DEB  
Okay, I think that might be a little exaggerated--

JERRY  
It's a fucking dollar twenty-five!

DEB  
An hour.

JERRY

Yeah, ten bucks a day. Fifty a week. Two-hundred a month. Twenty-four hundred a year! Less than it costs for ONE client to stay here for one fucking month! That's how little I mean to you. You didn't even need the board to approve this! And you know why? Cause it's too small for them to deal with. But it'd mean a lot to me. To my kid.

Deb stares at him for a beat, studying him.

DEB

Jer bea--

JERRY

Don't fucking call me that.

DEB

This is good, share your feelings...

He just looks at her like he could strangle her. Like he's picturing it happen in his head.

DEB (CONT'D)

Anything else in there?

He needs this job and he knows it, so he swallows his pride.

DEB (CONT'D)

Jer, it's my job to keep this place running. To keep it going for people to get clean and get their lives back on track. It's the only job I've ever been good at. And part of the job is not losing clients to Holly Ridge. Cause you better believe Holly Ridge is painting and redoing the floors--

JERRY

People come here for me.

DEB

I know they do, Jer. You're the best we've got. You're the best there is. But... we need people to walk into this place and feel like they're home... Feel like they're safe.

JERRY

And exposed brick does that?

DEB

Maybe. I don't know. I'm trying the best I can. I love you, Jer, but I'm juggling a lot right now. I'm just trying to keep my head above water...

## EXT. MEDITATION GARDEN - DAY

The "Meditation Garden" is really just a large rock surrounded by some dying flowers. Julie Funkhouser sits across from Weayaya, whose face is bandaged.

He takes a sip from a CUP OF TEA, then hands it to her. She takes a sip, gags a bit, but swallows it down, forcing a smile.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER  
Does your face hurt?...

WEAYAYA  
Joy can't exist without pain.

JULIE FUNKHOUSER  
Totally...

He takes her hands in his, looking into her eyes. Her heart beats rapidly as she lets it happen. He then starts CHANTING softly. She joins in, no idea what he's saying...

## INT. HOLLISTER - DAY

Jerry's perusing the clothing racks, slamming them from one side to the next, still frustrated with Deb... when he suddenly gets a text.

From Amy: *hey! what r u up to?*

He texts back: *At hollister. Waiting for some client prescriptions to be filled at cvs.*

She writes back: *cool (kissy face emoji)*

He responds: *Everything ok?...*

## INT. HOLLISTER, DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Jerry's trying on various jeans in the dressing room.

AMY (O.S.)  
(whisper)  
Jerry?

Jerry puzzles. Opens the door to find Amy. She hurries in before the CHANGING ROOM ATTENDANT sees her.

JERRY  
What are you doing?

AMY  
Wow, looking sharp.

She glances over at another pair of JEANS. Grabs them. Starts undoing the ones he has on.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Let's see if these fit you better...

JERRY  
Amy, don't... we can't...

His heart's racing, trying to put up a fight...

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER... Jerry and Amy are making out passionately. Suddenly, his PHONE RINGS. That annoying "xylophone" ringtone. He ignores it, letting it go to voicemail, continuing the make out session...

... As they really get into it, he catches himself in the mirror... the opposing mirrors creating an "infinity effect."

The sight of himself forces him to pull out of the kiss.

AMY  
What are you doing? What's wrong?...

INT. HOLLISTER - DAY

Jerry beelines it for the exit, heading into the MALL...

He glances down at his phone to see the missed call was from his MOM. He has a VOICEMAIL as well. Just as he's about to check it--

AMY  
Jerry, wait up...

JERRY  
Amy, I think you're really great. But we need to keep this to a sponsor/sponsee relationship.

AMY  
I'm not gonna tell anyone about what we've been doing.

JERRY  
I appreciate that. But what we did-- I'm trying to change. I'm trying to get better. And this... as your sponsor, we can't do this--

AMY  
So give me another sponsor, who gives a fuck???

She's getting loud, causing a scene. Jerry gets in close, keeping it at a whisper, trying to calm her.

JERRY  
Let's talk about this later, okay? I think you're really great--

AMY

Stop saying that! I'm not great!!  
Fuck!!

She starts crying right there in the mall. He glances around as people start to take notice.

JERRY

(turning on the charm)  
Hey hey, you're important to me,  
okay? I just gotta grab this  
prescription and get back to the  
Hill. We'll talk about this soon  
though. See you at AA tomorrow night?

She hesitates, barely nodding. Jerry smiles, kisses her cheek before hurrying away...

INT. JERRY'S CAR - DUSK

Jerry's driving, stressed. Pissed at himself. But now that his urges have been ignited, he's having a hard time getting them out of his head...

EXT. EDGEHILL RECOVERY CENTER - DUSK

A crowd of staff and clients has gathered on the front lawn of Edgehill. They're all looking up at Weayaya who's standing on the ROOF, COMPLETELY NAKED.

Next to him is Julie Funkhouser, ALSO NAKED. They're both chanting.

Jerry pulls up in his car, gets out, striding up to Deb.

JERRY

The fuck's going on?

DEB

Apparently some sort of Native  
American ritual on our roof...  
(sarcastic)  
Isn't it obvious?

Jim Bob comes up, holding a little BAGGIE.

JIM BOB

Found these shrooms in his room.  
Think he's been mixing them into his  
tea.

DEB

Awesome.  
(yelling up to them)  
Okay guys, time to come down!

JULIE FUNKHOUSER

(also high from shroom tea)  
Noooooo! We're meeting the sun!

DEB  
The sun's busy! You can meet him  
tomorrow.

DANNY FUNKHOUSER, Julie's husband, pulls up in his  
CONSTRUCTION PICK-UP TRUCK. He runs up on the scene.

DANNY FUNKHOUSER  
Baby, what the heck are ya doing???

JULIE FUNKHOUSER  
Baaaaby! We're meeting the sun!

DANNY FUNKHOUSER  
You're naked!

JULIE FUNKHOUSER  
You must present yourself to the sun  
in your truest form! Ain't that  
right, Weayaya?

Weayaya nods, continuing to chant. Jim Bob looks over at  
JERRY'S TATTOO of the topless woman wielding a sword, then up  
at Julie. Back and forth...

JIM BOB  
Jerry's tat! They're Julie's titties!  
I solved the riddle!

Danny starts looking back and forth as well. The resemblance  
is uncanny.

DANNY FUNKHOUSER  
What the fuck, man!?!?

Danny runs at Jerry, tackling him, trying to get some swings  
in before Jim Bob grabs him, holding him back.

JERRY  
Whoa Danny! Listen man... are they  
technically modeled after your wife's  
breasts? Yes. They are. But I was  
just guessing.

DANNY FUNKHOUSER  
Fucking asshole!!!

JERRY  
I was guessing!! I haven't actually  
seen them before... until now,  
obviously.

JIM BOB  
Pretty spot on, Jer.

DEB  
Seriously Julie, the dude's high!  
He's just chanting gibberish. Time to  
come down.

Julie glances over at Weayaya, who doesn't respond to Deb's claim. She starts covering herself with her arms, sobering, realizing what was in the tea she drank. She grows embarrassed as the FIRE DEPARTMENT shows up to get them down... And the sun disappears over the horizon...

INT. JERRY'S BUNGALOW HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Jerry, sweating profusely, having sex with JAMILLA, satisfying the urge that was ignited earlier. A BOTTLE OF CIALIS sits on the bedside table.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
JERRY!!!! JERRY!!!!!!!!!!!!

The yelling of "Jerry!" gets louder. Jerry slows to a stop.

JAMILLA  
Who the fuck is that?

Louder and louder, until it's right outside his window. Jerry gets up, heads over to the window, peering through the blinds... to see AMY, high and drunk, yelling his name.

AMY  
Jerry!!!!

JERRY  
Shit.

Jerry jumps back and slopes down the other side of the bed, hiding on the floor, dragging Jamilla down with him.

AMY  
(peering through window)  
I saw you, Jerry! I saw you slide off the bed. Who's in there with you?!!

JAMILLA  
Who the fuck is that???

JERRY  
I don't know. Probably someone that came through Edgehill. This happens all the time.

AMY  
I love you, Jerry! I love you!!!

Jamilla can't help but laugh.

JAMILLA  
This bitch is crazy.

AMY  
I love you! I'll tell! I'll tell everyone about what we've been doing!

Jamilla's laughing peters as she realizes what's going on.

Jerry attempts to force a smile, but can't pull it off. He nervous, starting to freak...

And then his CELL rings. He grabs it off the bedside table. Not recognizing the number, he answers it anyway, a welcome distraction from the current situation...

JERRY  
(into phone)  
Hello?

ER NURSE (O.S.)  
Hi, this is Beth down in the ER at  
Winchester Medical. May I please  
speak to Jerry Frye...

INT. WINCHESTER MEDICAL ER - NIGHT

Jerry sits at the bedside of his mother, BETTE FRYE, 68, who's sedated, hooked up to a ventilator, bandaged and bruised beyond belief. He stares at his mother, helpless.

-- Suddenly, his CELL rings. It's his ex-wife, ZOHREH, Persian, on the other line. The picture that pops up on his phone is of them together during happier times. Jerry perks up a bit, clearing his throat. INTERCUT.

JERRY  
(answering)  
Hey, Z.

ZOHREH  
Hey... sorry to call so late--

JERRY  
No problem. I'm actually at the  
hospital.

ZOHREH  
My God, what happened?

JERRY  
I'm fine. My mom... She needed a ride  
to the bank and called me, but I  
was... busy. So she decided to drive,  
drunk out of her mind.

ZOHREH  
Is she okay?

JERRY  
We'll see. I wish I just answered her  
call, but...  
(trying to turn the  
conversation positive)  
She seems to be in good spirits...  
How are you? How are things??

ZOHREH

I'm calling cause I found out Cam's been lying about his grades, forging our signatures. I confronted him on it and he just kept lying. Could you talk to him when he gets to your place tomorrow? I think it'd help coming from you, someone who's turned his life around by being honest. He looks up to you. That's if you're still up for taking him? I can keep him if you want, with all that you're-

JERRY

No, no, I'd love to see him. I'll take him, and I'll talk to him.

ZOHREH

Thanks. Well, please give your mom my best.

JERRY

I will...  
(to his sedated mother)  
Mom, Zor sends her love!

Bette just lays there, motionless.

JERRY (CONT'D)

(to Zohreh)  
She says hi back...

ZOHREH

Take care, Jer.

Jerry hangs up. Staring at his mom, emotions brewing forth. The weight of his guilt bearing down on him...

**"Best That I Can" by Vance Joy fades up...**(listen to it while reading, please. No? Okay, cool.)

EXT. WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA - DAWN

The sun rises over the quaint town of Winchester, Virginia, resting in the shadow of the majestic Blue Ridge Mountains...

INT. DEB'S HOUSE - DAWN

... Deb's HUSBAND sleeps. We track with Deb as she gets out of bed, quietly shuffling into the BATHROOM. She pops up a loose floorboard, reaching for a BOTTLE OF OXY... She stares down at the pills, hand shaking a bit. She then pulls out her empty TYLENOL BOTTLE, debating...

INT. JULIE AND DANNY FUNKHOUSER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAWN

... Julie and Danny Funkhouser sleep in their bed, curled away from each other...

INT. JIM BOB'S HOUSE - MORNING

... Jim Bob uses his own invention, a REDNECK CONTRAPTION, to flip his eggs on the skillet without having to get up from the breakfast table. He's really proud of himself. Pulling wider, we see that he's all alone in his place. His smile fades as he looks across the way at a framed picture of him and his wife DELILAH who clearly isn't with him anymore...

INT. ALICE'S CAR - MORNING

... Alice pulls through the DROP OFF LINE at JOHN HANDLEY HIGH SCHOOL. Her son PHILLIP, 14, rides shotgun. Phillip sits uncomfortably in a POLO SHIRT and KHAKIS she dressed him in.

She watches him get out of the car, clearly not comfortable living the lie he's living...

INT. JAMILLA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

... Jamilla sips coffee, gazing out window, looking down on the town's only CEMETERY. She lives in the apartment above the cemetery's main gate.

We track with her as she heads OUTSIDE, down a set of steps, to the MAIN GATE of the cemetery, which she unlocks, her job in order to live here rent-free. She then turns and heads ACROSS THE STREET TO EDGEHILL...

INT. EDGEHILL RECOVERY CENTER, STAFF OFFICES - MORNING

The staff-- Jerry, Deb, Alice, Jim Bob, Jamilla, and Julie are drinking coffee, eating a quick breakfast at their desks before the day begins.

We get the sense that this group has seen it all and can get through anything, together.

Deb's at her computer, staring at an email from RICK. The subject of which reads: **WE NEED TO TALK**

She can't bring herself to open it, instead looking out at her staff, trying to soak in the time she has left with them.

She heads over to Jerry as he slurps cereal from a styrofoam bowl.

DEB  
I approved the raise.

JERRY  
What?

DEB  
Exposed brick would've looked nice,  
but... you're the most important  
thing in this place.

Jerry smiles, holding back his emotions, hugging her tightly.

JERRY

Y'all hear that?? She said I'm the most important thing in this place!

DEB

Yeah yeah, don't let it go to your head!

JERRY

Too late!

ALICE

Deb, why'd you have to kick out that hot Indian dude?

JULIE FUNKHOUSER

Native Ameri-- oh fuck it.

ALICE

Dude was serious husband material.

JIM BOB

You think anyone with a dick and two legs is husband material.

ALICE

I never said he had to have two legs.

Everyone cracks up, even Jamilla, who's been silent to this point. As they're laughing, Alice lifts her leg and FARTS in Jerry's direction. The staff all freak, still laughing, clearing the room.

JERRY

Alice, I'll never figure out how you're still single.

We track with Jerry as he strides down the long hallway... Entering the GROUP MEETING ROOM for morning group.

JERRY (CONT'D)

All right, settle down.

He glances over and sees Fawn, hood off, sitting in the sun, soaking it up. She sends a half-smile in his direction. He smiles back, proud of her...

JERRY (CONT'D)

(scanning the room)  
Where's Vic?

CLIENT

He wasn't at breakfast this morning.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

Deb, Jerry and Alice attempt to open Vic's door, but it won't budge. There are no door locks at Edgehill, but something's pushed up against it, not letting them in.

Deb motions to Jerry, who steps back and plows through the door--

INT. VIC'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- Bursting inside to find Vic sprawled out on his bed, unconscious, EMPTY BOTTLE OF HAND SANITIZER on his chest.

JERRY  
Vic?? Vic buddy!! Wake up!

Vic's not moving. Deb looks under his bed. Pulls out about a DOZEN more hand sanitizer bottles.

DEB  
So that's where they all went...  
Check his pulse.

Alice touches his forehead.

ALICE  
(getting emotional)  
... He's passed.

DEB  
That's not where his pulse is. Jesus.

Deb checks the proper place on his neck. Then his wrist.

DEB (CONT'D)  
He's fine. Just out cold. I'll call  
down to Winchester Medical, let em  
know we got another detox patient.

Deb turns, heading out the door. We track with her as she glances down at her phone, looking at that email from Rick again. She finally gains the courage to open it.

The Vance Joy song carries as we cut to BLACK...