

LOST IN SICKNESS

Written by

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"Pilot"

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CHYRON over rapidly flashing pictures of PEOPLE PARTYING:

*"I'm not an addict. I'm just an overachiever."*

We hear SCREAMING, CRYING, CHAOS as a FEMALE FIGURE appears in dimly lit light and looks back to elevator doors CLOSING, seeing her silhouetted reflection in them... DARKNESS.

FEMALE FIGURE  
(dire)  
Just one day.

EXT./EST. - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Hollywood and all its grimy glamour.

EXT. EL CANTINA BAR - NIGHT

Party party party on Sunset Blvd.

SHANNON (O.S.)  
(toasting)  
To what..?!

INT. EL CANTINA BAR - CONTINUOUS

**SHANNON CONWELL** (20s, smart, sardonic, an iron fist in a velvet glove) and her three 20-something GIRLFRIENDS - ROSE, cool; TAYLOR, composed; & KYLA, crude - celebrate.

They're tipsy in their COLLEGE GRADUATION HATS & GOWNS.

They toast --

ROSE  
To travel--

KYLA  
To service--

TAYLOR  
To doctors--

SHANNON  
To crime!

The Girls head-shake/chuckle, except Taylor.

TAYLOR  
Shannon..? You're so negative.

SHANNON  
 I know. It sucks.  
 (re-toast)  
 To feeling good all the time!

They down their shots. Shannon chases her shot with red wine.

ROSE  
 So glad we got through it.

KYLA  
 Literally three years of books and  
 blood.

SHANNON  
 I can't wait to work in Hawaii or  
 Fiji and treat surfers.

TAYLOR  
 Enough of the LA olds and homeless.

SHANNON  
 Nooo, they were always so sweet.

KYLA  
 And sweaty.

ROSE  
 Better than the Housewives.

A GUY approaches but **HE'S TOO BLURRY TO MAKE OUT:**

GUY (O.S.)  
 Am I to assume that a conGRADuation  
 is in order?

GIRLS  
 Boo! Beat it! Weak!

SHANNON  
 Buy us booze, turbo!

SMASH CUT TO --

EXT. EL CANTINA BAR - LATER

Shannon runs out of the bar. Looks around. Then gags, keels  
 over and PUKES and FARTS at the same time.

Her Friends stand in the doorway.

ROSE  
 You ok?

SHANNON  
Thumbs up! I just puked and farted  
at the same time!

She falls down LAUGHING.

ROSE  
Where's the guy?

SHANNON  
What guy?!

She FARTS again, laughs, and drops into an awkward downdog.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Got the ole upward-artichoke goin'!

Then she grabs at air.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Where's my face?!

TAYLOR  
She needs a bed.

ROSE  
In the E.R.

TAYLOR  
In trauma.

KYLA  
Stat.

ROSE  
I concur.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - WEST HOLLYWOOD - MORNING

O.S. we HEAR PUKING. Then a FART. Then PUKING. Then BOTH.  
Then a DOG BARK.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

**SHANNON** lies in bed, on top of the covers, wearing the  
previous night's outfit. She just puked on the floor.

A dog BARKS again.

SHANNON  
Don't laugh, Bucktooth.

**BUCKTOOTH** is her bucktoothed Irish Border Collie. Sitting in the doorway - he BARKS again.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
I know. Never again.

She looks at her phone for the time --

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Oh shit!

She hops out of bed but falls. Her body is still asleep.

INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Shannon furiously brushes her teeth, spits, drools, wipes her mouth and stares at her haggard reflection in the mirror.

INT. SHANNON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She hops in, turns the ignition and waits. Something BEEPS. We can't see what it is, but she passionately flicks it off.

Then she picks up the beeping device - called an **INTERLOCK BREATHALYZER DEVICE** (*size of an iPhone and plugged into her car's electrical system*) - takes a deep, wishful breathe and blows into it for 5 seconds as it HUMS and calculates... then it belts out a happy little BEEP.

She reads it: **0.06 FAIL**

SHANNON  
(to device)  
Dick.

She hops out and into --

INT. UBER CAR - FEW MINUTES LATER

UBER DRIVER  
Good morning.

Shannon looks at him. Then pukes.

EXT. LAS ENCINAS HOSPITAL - DAY

A hospital in Culver City.

INT. LAS ENCINAS HOSPITAL - DETOX UNIT - CONTINUOUS

**DOMONIQUE** (40s, African-American) is rolled in on a wheelchair by an ER NURSE (SUE).

DOMONIQUE  
I'm back, bitches! WHERE MY MEDS  
AT?!

ER NURSE  
Special delivery.

DOMONIQUE  
What dat mouth do?!!

ER Nurse drops her and splits. **NURSE TINA MARLEY** (30s, Jamaican accent, no shits given or accepted).

NURSE MARLEY  
Where you going, Sue?

ER NURSE  
Retreating from this *retread*, back  
to the serenity of my E.R. Bye.

NURSE MARLEY  
You just gonna leave her here?!  
Again?!

ER NURSE  
Not my circus, not my clowns.

And she's gone.

NURSE MARLEY  
Mutha--

DOMONIQUE  
Fucka-- Gimme some meds! I sick!

NURSE MARLEY  
Oh, you hurtin', Domonique?

DOMONIQUE  
Hurtin' for certain!

NURSE MARLEY  
I see you still sportin' them  
catheads.

Marley points at Domonique's feet - which are ragged shoes with the toe portion cut off - called "catheads."

DOMONIQUE

And I see you still sportin' dem  
busted teeth, bitch!

Marley smiles - her teeth are perfect.

DOMONIQUE (CONT'D)

Ahh!! Don't smile at me! Dem teeth  
look like'a bag'a Skittles throwin'  
gang signs!

As a DOCTOR walks by, Domonique pleads --

DOMONIQUE (CONT'D)

Hey homie, how 'bout some spare  
change for some crack and a  
handgun..?

NURSE LUCIOUS (O.S.)

She's back? Already?

**NURSE LUCIOUS GARCIAS** (20s, large/buff, gay Mexican man).

NURSE MARLEY

Like a sticky booger. Not sure she  
ever left.

NURSE LUCIOUS

Damn retreads.

NURSE MARLEY

Three hots and a cot.  
(back to Domonique)  
Do you know where you are,  
Domonique? Do you know who I am?

DOMONIQUE

Yeah, you dat figment of my  
imagination lookin' muthafucker  
from way back.

Nurse Marley turns to Nurse Lucious and closes her eyes  
seeking patience. Nurse Lucious stifles a laugh, followed by:

NURSE LUCIOUS

God. Grant me the insanity...

NURSE MARLEY

To accept the things crack does not  
change...

NURSE LUCIOUS

The scourge to change the things it  
can...

NURSE MARLEY

And the stupidity to not know the difference.

DOMONIQUE

Amen! Fuck that! A-MED!

ANDREW (O.S.)

Fuck you!

**ANDREW** (patient, 20s, spoiled punk from Malibu) talks on the pay phone (no calls allowed in here).

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I'm sorry- I'm sorry, Dad. Just let me talk to Mom... Then fuck you!

**COUNSELOR RICHARD LOVEJOY** (50s, new-age, highly educated but flighty, annoyingly empathetic) exits his office.

COUNSELOR LOVEJOY

Andrew? Is everything ok?

ANDREW

Fuck off, DICK!

COUNSELOR LOVEJOY

Andrew, you can't use that language in here-- you know that-- and my name isn't "Dick," it's "Richard."

ANDREW

Which is long for "Dick."

COUNSELOR LOVEJOY

Andrew--

ANDREW

Fuck. You.

COUNSELOR LOVEJOY

This is your disease talking, Andrew, not you--

ANDREW

Shut the fuck up with that psycho-babble bullshit! All you motherfucking hospital assholes are just as bonkers as we are, with your mechanical suits and medicated smiles!



COUNSELOR LOVEJOY  
 Andrew, I'm going to have to ask  
 you to--

COUNSELOR LAILA (O.S.)  
 Get the fuck in here!

**COUNSELOR LAILA ALI** (30s) points at Andrew, then her office.

COUNSELOR LAILA (CONT'D)  
 Now!

ANDREW  
 Love you, Dad.

Andrew hangs up. As he walks in her office --

COUNSELOR LAILA  
 Why are you yelling? What are you--  
 stuck in a well?

COUNSELOR LOVEJOY  
 I was handling it, Laila.

COUNSELOR LAILA  
 Like a puppy shitting peach seeds.  
Richard.

**DR. MARY VANOVER** (50s, Dept Supervisor, all biz) enters.

DR. VANOVER  
 Has the floater shown up yet?

NURSE LUCIOUS  
 Not if she has any sense.

INT. LAS ENCINAS HOSPITAL - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - SAME

A hungover Shannon hurries in, slamming into an  
 administrator's desk. The Administrator, **MS. JACOBS** (50s)  
 types on her computer.

SHANNON  
 (flustered)  
 Hi...

Shannon eyes her desk placard: EMILINE JACOBS.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
 Emiline-- Ms. Jacobs. I'm Shannon  
 Conwell and--

MS. JACOBS  
Detox. Sixth floor.

SHANNON  
No-- I don't need detox.

Ms. Jacobs takes in her sweaty face and blood shot eyes.

MS. JACOBS  
Sure about that?

SHANNON  
No-- I'm starting today. Shannon.  
Conwell.

Ms. Jacobs looks up with a big, fake smile.

MS. JACOBS  
Oh. Good morning, *Sharon Cornhole*.  
I'm well-- thank you-- how are you?  
Fabulous.

Shannon is too weak to process this sarcasm.

SHANNON  
I'm starting today. As a floater.

We PULL OUT TO REVEAL Shannon wears NURSE SCRUBS.

EMILINE  
You're late.

SHANNON  
Sorry.

MS. JACOBS  
Sorry doesn't save lives.

SHANNON  
I know.

MS. JACOBS  
To be early is to be on time. To be  
on time is to be late. And to be  
late is to be forgotten.

Gulp.

MS. JACOBS (CONT'D)  
Sixth floor.

SHANNON  
Which is...?

MS. JACOBS  
Detox.

SHANNON  
Seriously?

MS. JACOBS  
More like "irony."

SHANNON  
What?--

MS. JACOBS  
We discussed this. Did you black it out?

SHANNON  
What?-- No-- Where am I assigned tomorrow? Can I go there today?

MS. JACOBS  
No.

Ugh. Shannon slogs to the elevator.

SHANNON  
(sotto)  
It's only 12 hours. How bad can it be?

SMASH TO:

INT. LAS ENCINAS HOSPITAL - DETOX FLOOR/UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Shannon stands as the elevator doors part like curtains to...  
**THE DETOX UNIT SHIT SHOW** as COMPLETE CHAOS erupts --

SHANNON  
Oh--

CLIFFORD  
Shit! Please let me SHIT!

**CLIFFORD** (50s, large Black patient, wears a patient gown) waddles by in pain, revealing a hallway poster reading: TREAT OPIOID INDUCED CONSTIPATION WITH MOVANTIK.

Shannon takes in this MONTAGE of chaos --

- A **SECURITY GUARD** aka "**MARINE NONE**" (30s, veteran, still at war, Boston accent) approaches **2 TOUGH PATIENTS** arguing.

PATIENT 1  
You gonna get your 13 seconds,  
punk!

PATIENT 2  
Keep sellin' slum, bitch! Ain't no  
cell to hide behind in here!

MARINE NONE  
(steps between them)  
Come on now, boys!--

SLAP! Marine None is hit by PATIENT 1 who missed his target.

MARINE NONE (CONT'D)  
What da fawk! Ya fawkin' chooch!

Marine None unprofessionally shoves them both.

MARINE NONE (CONT'D)  
(holds his face)  
Medic!

Then we scan the chaotic scene to see:

- A **NURSE** breaks up a make-out sesh with **2 FEMALE PATIENTS**.
- A **SHAKING PATIENT** erratically paces, **YELLING --**

SHAKING PATIENT  
Gimme a goddamn cigarette!

**LANTZ** (20s, Orderly, more friendly budtender than medical professional) holds a box of cigarettes that are distributed to Patients during smoke breaks.

LANTZ  
Namaste, dude. Chill - keep it  
tropical. Smoke break is in 10  
minutes.

SHAKING PATIENT  
Fuck you!

LANTZ  
Dude...

- **COUNSELOR LOVEJOY** breaks up an argument with a **YOUNG FEMALE PATIENT** and her **PARENTS**.

Shannon steps through the doors, rubber-necking it all...

- **CLIFFORD** sits with his feet up OB/GYN-style, watching "Jerry Springer" as a fight breaks out on the program. He looks like he's about to give birth, breathing quickly.

NURSE MARLEY (O.S.)  
Turn that off, Clifford!

CLIFFORD  
Where's my midwife?!

Clifford ups the volume, inflaming the chaos. And his sphincter.

- **DR. VANOVER** enters the chaos to ANNOUNCE --

DR. VANOVER  
Staff meeting this afternoon!

- A **PASSED OUT PATIENT** flops on a hallway bed in a seizure --

**DR. MADDUX THADDEUS** (30s, McDreamy-ish) rushes up, barking --

DR. THADDEUS  
(points at Shannon)  
You!

ON SHANNON: stands in shock at this insanity. She looks back to the elevator doors... CLOSING. Her own REFLECTION in the mirrored elevator doors screaming a face full of fear.

Shannon looks back to the chaos...

SHANNON  
Just one day.

and then she zeroes in on **MOLLY** (20s, we'll meet her later) in a hospital gown, staring at her with a SCARY SMILE, as this smile freezes and our TITLE comes up --

### LOST IN SICKNESS

FADE TO:

INT. LAS ENCINAS HOSPITAL - DETOX UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Thaddeus continues barking at Shannon --

DR. THADDEUS  
Hey! Get over here!

Shannon runs over to help him.

SHANNON  
He's seizing.

DR. THADDEUS  
No shit--

She stabilizes him to break the shake.

DR. THADDEUS (CONT'D)

No! What are you doing--?!

The Patient begins puking... then CHOKING.

DR. THADDEUS (CONT'D)  
Help me roll him...

She gets behind the gurney to PUSH it --

DR. THADDEUS (CONT'D)  
No! Roll him over! Over!

SHANNON  
Oh!

They roll him over, forking his puke, but is still choking.

DR. THADDEUS  
Clear his air!

She looks around for something to use...

DR. THADDEUS (CONT'D)  
Use your hand!

Shannon sticks her hand in his mouth and scoops out puke.  
Patient coughs and breathes. Shannon shakes off the puke.

DR. THADDEUS (CONT'D)  
First day, intern?

SHANNON  
Nurse.

DR. THADDEUS  
Huh?

SHANNON  
First day, nurse.

DR. THADDEUS  
Welcome to the suck, nurse. I'm Dr.  
Thaddeus.

SHANNON

Shannon. Nurse Shannon--

Dr. Thaddeus doesn't care, and moves on. Shannon looks at her pukey hands, then takes in her surroundings.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Where am I..?

DR. VANOVER (O.S.)

On my ass!

Off Shannon following Dr. Vanover into The Suck --

INT. LAS ENCINAS HOSPITAL - DETOX UNIT - DAY

Dr. Vanover walks and talks as Shannon trails behind her, hurrying to keep up. Harder than it looks while hungover.

DR. VANOVER

Detox is short for detoxification. Detoxification is the removing of toxins from the body. Drugs and alcohol are toxins. Medical detox means that the detoxification process is done under medical supervision.

Nurse Lucious doles out meds to a **SICKLY PATIENT**.

SICKLY PATIENT

What are these?

NURSE LUCIOUS

Multi-vitamins.

SICKLY PATIENT

You got anything more... opiate..?

NURSE LUCIOUS

Not for you. Take em.

Sickly Patient eyes the vitamins with disgust.

DR. VANOVER

How's it going, Lucious?

NURSE LUCIOUS

Strikes and gutters, Dr. Vanover.

DR. VANOVER

At least you're rolling.

Sickly Patient pops the pills...

NURSE LUCIOUS  
Nothin' but *turkeys*.

Then Sickly Patient immediately THROWS UP, splattering half on Lucious's nurses scrubs top/shirt.

NURSE LUCIOUS (CONT'D)  
Lantz?! Clean up on aisle ME!

DR. VANOVER  
Lucious - Shannon, Shannon -  
Lucious.

SHANNON  
Hi, nice to meet you.

NURSE LUCIOUS  
(bows while fashioning  
puke-shirt)  
Pleasure's all mine, m'lady.

Lantz approaches and sees the mess.

LANTZ  
(ala Spicoli)  
Ugh, gnarly.

NURSE LUCIOUS  
(re: scrub top)  
I gotta change.

He splits. Lantz looks at the pukey floor.

LANTZ  
(to no one)  
Doooooddd.

Dr. Vanover walks on, Shannon follows.

DR. VANOVER  
The product of a successful medical  
detox is not the total elimination  
of all the toxins from the body or  
the elimination of any cravings for  
the drug or alcohol...

They pass a **FRAGILE PATIENT** gingerly walking, assisted by the wall-length handrail. An unlit cigarette dangles from her mouth. She tries lighting it, but isn't even close.



Vanover swipes it out of her mouth, tucks it behind her own ear and keeps walking, as Fragile Patient keeps trying to light the snatched butt not there.

DR. VANOVER (CONT'D)

The product of a successful medical detox is that the person, in a more comfortable way, no longer has any medical risks caused by no longer taking the drug or drinking alcohol. The person is then ready to go into a rehab facility-- which we highly recommend-- or, if the person was just dependent, return to their life.

Dr. Vanover approaches **MOLLY** (girl with the scary smile, 20s, pretty, too thin, Beverly Hills bred) with Shannon in tow.

DR. VANOVER (CONT'D)

Molly..?

Molly turns - she wears a T-shirt stamped with a big picture of a dog in mid-shit pose.

DR. VANOVER (CONT'D)

Nice T-shirt.

MOLLY

Thanks! But it's not a T-shirt..  
(spreads it out)  
It's a T-SHITZ!

Shannon laughs.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(re: her shirt)  
You like it?

SHANNON

Yeah--

Molly whips it off and hands it to her. Molly stands unfazed in her bra.

MOLLY

It's the newest addition to my line. I have plenty, so spread the word! Or-- spread the turd!

Shannon smiles. Then squints - *remembering something?*

She holds up the T-Shitz and eyes the photo, which looks to be taken voyeur-like from a long lens.

Dr. Vanover swipes the T-SHITZ from Shannon and hands it back to Molly: *Put it back on.*

DR. VANOVER  
Molly, how are you feeling today?

MOLLY  
(slides on T-Shitz)  
Like *shitz*. Just kidding! I feel so amazing, Dr. Vanover, thank you.

DR. VANOVER  
Better than 5 days ago?

MOLLY  
Oh yeah. Totally turned myself around. Complete 360.

DR. VANOVER  
You mean 180.

MOLLY  
Nope. 360.

DR. VANOVER  
(You're clueless)  
I believe it.  
(moving on)  
So, since you're feeling better, I'm going to start tapering you off your meds.

MOLLY  
Ohh.. Umm.. Well..

DR. VANOVER  
Molly, you know how this works. We're not running a pill mill here. We can't let you leave here and move on to treatment on any meds--

MOLLY  
(points at brain)  
I still got some people up here who won't leave the party, so I need my Valium--

DR. VANOVER  
Especially benzos, because that's partly why you're in here. Along with opioids, but those have safely cleared your system.

MOLLY

I know. It's just-- umm, a little Valium can't hurt me now--

DR. VANOVER

Not true. You can't be medically unsupervised while still under the influence of Valium for fear of severe withdrawal, which is a huge possibility in your abuse history. Your internal organs can still be compromised, Molly, and a treatment facility can't monitor you like we can here.

MOLLY

Ok, but.. ok...

DR. VANOVER

You are going to treatment or at least a sober living after this, right?

MOLLY

I don't think I need it.

DR. VANOVER

I think you do. Like last time.

MOLLY

Last time was different. I feel so much better, and I've totally learned my lesson this time: Heroin and Xanax bad.

She laughs, trying to lighten this heavy conversation.

DR. VANOVER

This isn't about learning a lesson, Molly. You can't learn from this. You can only accept it and surrender. You have an addiction to some lethal drugs that don't teach anyone anything. It only deceives.

MOLLY

Oh I know, I remember.

DR. VANOVER

In successful recovery, it's not what you remember that can kill you, but what you forget.

MOLLY

And I completely understand that now, so I'm not going to take pills or anything anymore.

DR. VANOVER

What you're facing - the decision to take or not take drugs - isn't a choice. A choice is not an option anymore, Molly. Action is.

Off Molly's skeptical face: her addiction deciding.

INT. DETOX UNIT - STAFF DINING ROOM - DAY

Dr. Vanover addresses the STAFF as they file in.

DR. VANOVER

Due to the over-flow at Harbor-UCLA, starting today, we'll be accepting dual-diagnosis patients for a bit.

COUNSELOR LOVEJOY

What? Why?

DR. VANOVER

We have the beds.

NURSE MARLEY

What's "a bit?"

DR. VANOVER

Not sure.

NURSE LUCIOUS

No shit.

COUNSELOR LAILA

When today?

DOMONIQUE (O.S.)

CRACK AND A HANDGUN!

Shannon reacts: *What the..?*

DR. VANOVER

Today today.

COUNSELOR LOVEJOY

Domonique's been here 3 times this month, doctor.

DOMONIQUE (O.S.)  
THE GREATEST TRICK THE DEVIL EVER  
PULLED WAS MAKING US THINK SHE  
DIDN'T EXIST!

DR. VANOVER  
She wasn't diagnosed as dual.

DOMONIQUE (O.S.)  
NOT TODAY, SATAN!

Shannon CHORTLES.

COUNSELOR LOVEJOY  
This isn't the 1950s. I didn't earn  
my two masters degrees to work in a  
moral management facility--

COUNSELOR LAILA  
But I'm happy to administer  
electric shock therapy.

COUNSELOR LOVEJOY  
We should have been informed.

DR. VANOVER  
You have.

COUNSELOR LAILA  
Or you could have figured it out.

COUNSELOR LOVEJOY  
(to Laila, fed up)  
Shut up, *Ratchet*-- I'm sick of your  
pathetic microaggressions--

COUNSELOR LAILA  
You shut up-- I'm sick of your  
intersectional feminism--

COUNSELOR LOVEJOY  
Fuck you--

COUNSELOR LAILA  
Fuck yourself, you'll get more  
pussy--

DR. VANOVER  
Hey! Decorum, please. This is a  
place of healing, for fucks sake.

SHANNON  
What's "dual diagnosis?"

NURSE LUCIOUS  
Crazy people with substance abuse  
problems.

NURSE MARLEY  
5150s on booze and drugs.

NURSE LUCIOUS  
Insane in the membrane junkies,  
drunkies, tweakers--

SHANNON  
Like here.

NURSE MARLEY  
Not yet.

COUNSELOR LOVEJOY  
Yet! Yes yet! They're here now!

SHANNON  
But these patients-- with addiction--  
- are crazy.

DR. THADDEUS  
Not clinically.

DR. VANOVER  
But they are suffering from  
addiction. Which may make them seem  
nuts.

SHANNON  
Are you serious? Show me who isn't  
nuts in here and I'll show you  
mine.

Off a frustrated Shannon --

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - LATER

DR. Thaddeus enters with Shannon in tow.

SHANNON  
... I'm just floating for a few  
days and then I'm hopping on "air  
exotic" to hit the travel circuit.

DR. THADEUS  
So you want to do the traveling  
nurse thing before settling on a  
concentration?

SHANNON

Yep. And so far I know it ain't  
detox.

DR. THADEUS

So a little R'n R is what you need  
after your scholastic achievement?

SHANNON

What I need is to ease into this  
life of saving lives.

Dr. Thadeus: Hmm. Clueless but not her fault.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

And get through today.

They stand over a sleeping PATIENT.

DR. THADDEUS

How does the patient look?

SHANNON

Asleep.

DR. THADDEUS

Alive?

She checks his pulse.

SHANNON

(of course)

Yeah.

DR. THADDEUS

Don't seem so confident. Because he  
wasn't 3 days ago.

SHANNON

God.

DR. THADDEUS

If there is a God, He or She will  
have to beg our forgiveness for  
this shit.

Thaddeus listens to his heart.

SHANNON

So, he came back to life?

DR. THADDEUS

Most likely not the first time.  
Most don't make it out of the ER,  
even if they make it to the ER.

SHANNON

You'd think they'd learn their  
lesson.

DR. THADDEUS

About..?

SHANNON

That it's all bad for them. I  
wouldn't settle for this.

DR. THADDEUS

Using is just settling for less  
while constantly wishing for more.

SHANNON

It's dumb.

DR. THADDEUS

Yep. Addiction: the race to the  
bottom of the brain stem.

SHANNON

Oh-- yeah-- totally. I mean, *right*  
to the bottom. It's all about  
action.

Dr. Thaddeus clocks her. *Let's try a test --*

DR. THADDEUS

The mid-brain is quite the mystery,  
isn't it?

SHANNON

Psht. Big time.

DR. THADDEUS

Being the youngest part of the  
brain and all...

SHANNON

So young. So new.

*That's what he thought.*

DR. THADDEUS

What do you know about substance  
abuse and addiction?



SHANNON

Umm... what I was taught in nursing school.

DR. THADDEUS

Which was?

Shannon: Ummm...

DR. THADDEUS (CONT'D)

Just the basics then...

Nothing.

DR. THADDEUS (CONT'D)

At least the names of the addiction education courses you took..?

SHANNON

We didn't have any. Or-- one.

Dr. Thaddeus knows this, so he let's this hang there. But she's a fighter --

SHANNON (CONT'D)

But-- I, uh, well, I know it's a big problem. But it's getting better-- with improved therapy, proper awareness and more advanced medication--

DR. THADDEUS

You sound like a drunk drug company trying to fuck a pharma lobbyist.

Oof.

DR. THADDEUS (CONT'D)

Last year, for the first time in American history, deaths caused by opioid use - which includes heroin and pain meds - have surpassed those caused by guns. That's 91 people a day. Today, over 30 million Americans have a substance use disorder. That's 1 in every 10 US citizens.

Shannon blinks.

DR. THADDEUS (CONT'D)

Drug overdose deaths have quadrupled since 1999.

(beat)

(MORE)

DR. THADDEUS (CONT'D)  
It's not even close to getting  
better.

Off Shannon processing this --

INT. DETOX UNIT - DAY

A dirty and barely conscious **PATIENT** sits slumped in a wheel chair with his head down on the counter and his arms covering it, so we can't see his face.

Across from Patient sits **NURSE MARLEY** conducting his intake evaluation.

**LANTZ** takes his blood pressure/vitals.

PATIENT  
(slow & slurred)  
What are you doing?

LANTZ  
Taking your presh, bro.

PATIENT  
"Presh?" You too burnt to say the  
whole word?

LANTZ  
I'm not burnt, bro. I'm still lit.

Lantz laughs, notes the pressure and walks off.

PATIENT  
Where the fuck am I?

NURSE MARLEY  
Earth.

PATIENT  
No shit. I heard Magellan got his  
start here. But where?

NURSE MARLEY  
California.

PATIENT  
(irritated)  
Where?

NURSE MARLEY  
Lost in Sickness.

PATIENT  
(now perplexed)  
*Lost in what..?*

NURSE MARLEY  
Not "*Lost*"-- "*Las.*" Las Encinas. In California.

PATIENT  
"Las Encinas...?"

NURSE MARLEY  
Hospital.

PATIENT  
I thought you said *Lost*... something else.

NURSE MARLEY  
You're in the Las Encinas Detox Unit. Six floors above the emergency room you were rolled into.

PATIENT  
Why? How?--

NURSE MARLEY  
We'll get to that. What's your drug of choice, honey?

PATIENT  
More.

NURSE MARLEY  
"More" is your drug of choice?

PATIENT  
It's my drug of no choice.

NURSE MARLEY  
Deep. How you feelin' right now?

PATIENT  
I feel nothing. The best feeling in the world.

NURSE MARLEY  
Deeper.

PATIENT  
I gotta get outta here.

NURSE MARLEY  
Then there's the door.

He turns his head under his arms to look at the EXIT DOOR.

PATIENT  
I don't wanna die.

NURSE MARLEY  
(indicates this place)  
Then here's the door.

PATIENT  
I could die in here too.

NURSE MARLEY  
No you can't. Not here.

PATIENT  
Drunks die in treatment.

NURSE MARLEY  
Everyday. But not in detox. Not  
mine.

PATIENT  
You can't help me. Detox can't help  
me. Treatment can't help me.  
Nothing can help me. I'll always be  
an addict.

NURSE MARLEY  
Oh, I know.

PATIENT  
Jesus, are you Jekyll or Hyde? Why  
would you say that?

NURSE MARLEY  
Because, honey... Only the dead see  
the end of addiction.

A confused and enlightened beat.

NURSE MARLEY (CONT'D)  
You wanna cure? You wanna end this?  
Your miracle awaits right through  
them doors.

Patient eyes the EXIT DOORS once more. She stands and slides  
him a paper and pen to --

NURSE MARLEY (CONT'D)  
Sign.

Patient finally lifts his head, turns and we see his face for the first time: hardly recognizable as his face is covered with dried blood, 2 black-eyes and is missing a front tooth.

NURSE MARLEY (CONT'D)

Here's not a cure. Just a chance.  
And that's all you need, Les.

This is **LES** (20s). He looks at her. Then takes the pen.

LES

So, I guess it's *Jekyll*.

NURSE MARLEY

Wrong again, honey... I ain't no doctor.

Now he smirks.

NURSE MARLEY (CONT'D)

Welcome back to Earth, Magellan.

INT. DETOX UNIT - LAILA'S OFFICE - DAY

Laila meets with Andrew, as she conducts her evaluation.

COUNSELOR LAILA

Alright, Andrew, let's try this again. How long have you been using?

ANDREW

About a decade. But it's only been bad the last 10 years.

COUNSELOR LAILA

That's a hell'uva weekend.

ANDREW

You only live once.

COUNSELOR LAILA

Bullshit. You live everyday. You only die once.

ANDREW

Ah, sweet death. Pure as a mescaline epiphany.

COUNSELOR LAILA

Speaking of which-- what's your D.O.C.?

ANDREW  
The alphabet.

COUNSELOR LAILA  
The alphabet is your Drug Of  
Choice?

ANDREW  
Angel, Beast, Carfentanil, Dragon,  
E, Felix the cat, gravel, HERon--

COUNSELOR LAILA  
Got it. You're a dumpster.

ANDREW  
And a sewer.

COUNSELOR LAILA  
You drink too, ok.

ANDREW  
Like an underwater fish.

COUNSELOR LAILA  
What's "carfentanil?"

ANDREW  
Elephant tranquilizer. 5 thousand  
times stronger than heroin.

COUNSELOR LAILA  
No shit.

She notes it.

ANDREW  
Shit.

COUNSELOR LAILA  
Sounds like your crazy train might  
be running out of track.

ANDREW  
Nope. I'm still choo-choo'in.

COUNSELOR LAILA  
You overdosed.

ANDREW  
It was a heavy *nod*, not an "*od*."

COUNSELOR LAILA  
At your little brother's birthday  
party.

ANDREW  
'Still a party.

COUNSELOR LAILA  
(re: him)  
With a clown.

Andrew stink-eyes her.

ANDREW  
Bad decisions make good stories.

COUNSELOR LAILA  
You're a smart guy, right?

Smarmy Yes shrug.

COUNSELOR LAILA (CONT'D)  
Good grades in good schools and all  
that?

ANDREW  
Yeah, but school bored me.

COUNSELOR LAILA  
So it was a waste of money?

ANDREW  
No.

COUNSELOR LAILA  
You sure?

ANDREW  
Yes. It set me up for success.

COUNSELOR LAILA  
To be what? A drug addict?

ANDREW  
It's recreational. I'm not hurting  
anyone.

COUNSELOR LAILA  
So, to be selfish?

ANDREW  
No-- I'm not selfish-- but I know  
my worth, and what I'm capable of.  
So what if I happen to love drugs?

COUNSELOR LAILA  
Yeah, lots of people have problems.

ANDREW

Just helps me deal with them.

COUNSELOR LAILA

Spoken like a seasoned professional millennial. Because it's not like your problems are your problems.

ANDREW

Exactly.

COUNSELOR LAILA

Your solutions to your problems are your problems.

ANDREW

(not getting it)

Many of the greatest minds of all time were addicts.

COUNSELOR LAILA

That is true. And like true addicts, they would agree with you.

ANDREW

(conviction)

Thank you.

COUNSELOR LAILA

Because the mind is a terrible thing to waste.

ANDREW

And a wonderful thing to baste.

He's very impressed with himself. Then, a shot of confusion.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Agree with me *how* exactly?

COUNSELOR LAILA

That you may not be much, but you're all you think about.

ANDREW

(offended?)

And what do you mean by that?

COUNSELOR LAILA

High ego, low self-esteem.

Andrew stink-eyes her and sinks.



COUNSELOR LAILA (CONT'D)  
 Regardless, I'm still gonna have to  
 continue your meds while you're  
 here, so I'll be giving you...

She looks down at his chart. After a long beat of reading,  
 she reacts at what he's currently taking --

COUNSELOR LAILA (CONT'D)  
 ... the alphabet.

Off his smarmy smirk --

INT. TV ROOM - DAY

Molly watches TV. **CLIFFORD** waddles in with his ass hanging  
 out of his gown.

CLIFFORD  
 Move over, youngin'. That's my  
 chair.

She shifts to the couch, catching a glimpse of Clifford's --

MOLLY  
 Yes, your highn-ASS.

CLIFFORD  
 Oh you got jokes, huh?

Clifford plops down on his throne, throws his feet up,  
 exhales in relief and extends his hand --

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)  
 And my remote.

She hands the remote, and he flips to a "Maury"-type show.

MOLLY  
 You feelin' ok?

CLIFFORD  
 Hell no. Did you see me waddle in  
 here?

MOLLY  
 Neuropathy?

CLIFFORD  
 I wish my feet hurt instead of my  
 asshole. Goddamn, my constipation  
 is a 9.8 on the sphincter scale.

She chuckles.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)  
Was 'up with you, bright eyes? You sad?

MOLLY  
Just in a college Sunday kind'a way.

CLIFFORD  
Look up, get up, and don't ever give up.

MOLLY  
Thanks, Clifford.

CLIFFORD  
(shifts uncomfortably)  
Unless you're in the tenth trimester like myself. Then just abort the bitch.

MOLLY  
Have you tried eating quinoa?

CLIFFORD  
I'll eat a crowbar at this point.

She laughs. He then FARTS loudly.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)  
(exhales)  
Damn it. Nothin'.

MOLLY  
Sorry. Sometimes a shit is just a fart.

He laughs.

CLIFFORD  
Story of my life. Hey, girl, can I ask you a dumb question?

MOLLY  
Better than anyone I know.

CLIFFORD  
Ha! It cool, you can fuck with me. But seriously, what'a pretty white girl like you doing in here? You are white, right? Gotta ask these days.

MOLLY  
I'm half Peruvian.

CLIFFORD  
So, is that like a "no" or..? Where  
the fuck Peruvia? Fuck that -  
what's a pretty white Peruvia girl  
like you doing in here?

MOLLY  
Addiction and the dollar have no  
creed or color.

CLIFFORD  
Seriously - what are you doing  
here?

MOLLY  
Not doing heroin.

CLIFFORD  
*Her-on*, huh? That beast is a bitch.

MOLLY  
She makes the sun rise in my soul.

CLIFFORD  
Oh how I know. Don't gotta jive me  
on dat.

MOLLY  
How about you?

CLIFFORD  
Cane, baby. She make all my shit  
rise. I slang cane, snort cane,  
smoke cane, swame in cane, it don't  
matter what came as long as it was  
cane. I found a way with cane.  
Shit, I'm a man in his 60s who  
parties like a man in his 20a who  
doesn't plan on making it to his  
teens.

MOLLY  
Sounds like--

CLIFFORD  
Shh! My show's back on.

Clifford cranks the volume as a hair-pulling fight resumes.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)  
Look at these stupid muthafuckas.

He invites Molly to join in on the judgement.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)  
Crazy, right?

MOLLY  
(chuckles along)  
Idiots.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
What's your name?

Molly turns to see a smiling Andrew - seated right next to her, face to too-close-for-comfort face.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
No--don't tell me. I bet I can  
guess in 3 tries. Jen..?

Nope.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
(Spanish accent)  
*Linda?*

MOLLY  
(not impressed)  
Gracias, pero no.

*NOTE: "LINDA" means "beautiful girl" in Spanish.*

Andrew inhales in thought... SNEEZES, then - light bulb.

ANDREW  
Ginger?!

Beat as she just stares.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
No?! Ok, best out of 5.

She half-smiles.

Nurse Lucious enters, and points at Molly.

NURSE LUCIOUS  
You're up, honey...

MOLLY  
For what?

NURSE LUCIOUS  
Blood, baby.

Molly stands and smacks her neck to fire up a vein,  
triggering Andrew (and his drug of choice) --

ANDREW  
Need help?

NURSE LUCIOUS  
(to Molly)  
Stop teasin' em. You know I ain't  
gettin' it from your street valve.  
(to Andrew)  
You stay here and play with your  
own vein.

Molly smirks as she follows Lucious out.

ANDREW  
'Til we meet again.

MOLLY  
Baited breath.

He watches her go. Clifford then says to Andrew --

CLIFFORD  
Be careful tryin' to buy your meat  
where you buy your bread, boy.

ANDREW  
But she's--

CLIFFORD  
Shh!

Clifford pumps up the TV volume, as Lantz bellows --

LANTZ (O.S.)  
Group time, people! "H-n-I Panel"  
meeting in T-minus 2! Get ready to  
hear the experience, strength and  
hope that will save your lives!

INT. DETOX UNIT - LATER

**15 PATIENTS** dressed in a variety of hospital gowns and days-  
old clothes, sit sickly and impatiently.

listening to an A.A./N.A. PANEL of in recovery.

It's called a "PANEL MEETING" because **4 ALCOHOLICS & DRUG  
ADDICTS** speak to Patients about recovery and "The Program."

The Panel is: **BONES** (70s, African-American), **ANGELA** (20s, white), **KEVIN** (30s, thick southern accent), **SELENA** (40s, Mexican-American, a big CROSS around her neck, spiritual).

Shannon listens in the corner.

ANGELA

Who here has a sponsor? Raise your hand...

ON PATIENTS: no hands.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Who here needs a sponsor?

ON PATIENTS: no hands. And no interest. Moving on --

BONES

You're all addicts here. No one is better or worse than the other. You're all on the same sinking ship.

CLIFFORD

Oh, and this place is our lifeboat?

BONES

Ha! You wish. This place is just mayday, muthafucker. Gods-peed gettin' a life boat. That's where the real worry and work begin. Cause there ain't no guarantee you'll get on it.

Patients sink a league. Selena attempts Good Cop --

SELENA

Maybe you just haven't hit your rock bottom.

MOLLY

How do know if you've hit rock bottom?

ANGELA

The definition of Rock Bottom is--

MAN (O.S.)

When life's conditions deteriorate faster than you can lower your standards.

All turn to see LES feebly sit down and dump his battered head in his hands - hiding in sight.

ANGELA  
 (snap-points at Les)  
 Chicken dinner to the retreat.

SELENA  
 Anyone here have a Higher Power?

SKEEZEY MALE PATIENT  
 My Higher Power is an asshole like everyone else.

SELENA  
 Great-- there's your Higher Power.

ANGELA  
 Then a simpler question: Who here is afraid of death?-- Raise your hand...

No hands - just stares of indifference.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 Not shocking at all. And that's because drunks and addicts like us aren't afraid of death.  
 (looks around)  
 Just everyday life.

ANGLE ON: Shannon locked in, something dawning..?

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 Raise your hand if you're unemployed..?

A few shakey hands go up.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 In debt..?

A few more.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 Been to jail..?

More.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 Been homeless..?

More.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 Estranged from friends or family..?

More.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Been institutionalized..?

All hands.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Hmm. Again, not shocking at all.  
Jails, institutions or death -  
these are your options if you carry  
on like your have.  
(beat)  
Might wanna look into believing  
that a power greater than  
yourselves can restore you to  
sanity.

Contemplative beat.

KEVIN  
Look at it this way: drinking and  
drugging is all 1s and 10s, and  
recovery is more 3s and 7s... on a  
scale of Miserable to 10. Suicidal-  
Psychotic to 10. Homeless to 10.  
Unemployed to 10. Divorced to 10.  
No kids to 10. Prison to 10...  
Death to 10.

This heavy moment hangs...

ANGELA  
Now... who here needs a sponsor?

Off Patients and their shaky hands. Rising...

EXT. LAS ENCINAS HOSPITAL - SMOKING AREA - NIGHT

PATIENTS gather around Lantz as he lights their cigarettes.

Since they can't possess their own lighter they scrum around  
Lantz like cubs fighting for a teet.

Some smoke 2 cigs simultaneously.

Shannon and Nurse Marley supervise them.

OUT OF EAR-SHOT: Shannon stink-eyes the Patients, venting to  
Nurse Marley --

SHANNON  
How long have you worked here?



NURSE MARLEY

Twelve years.

SHANNON

Twelve years? I only have to do 12 hours, and I don't think I'll make it. Why do you work here?

NURSE MARLEY

Top 3 recession proof industries? Porn, candy and crazy.

SHANNON

Really?

NURSE MARLEY

America has always been a nation of drunkards. Now it's also a nation of drug-ards.

SHANNON

Right-- Things are going bad, have a drink or drug.

NURSE MARLEY

Things are going good, have a drink or drug. Addiction is as American as baseball and morbid obesity.

SHANNON

Well, I can use a drink, drug or Big Mac for this nausea because I'm sick of these fuckheads. I want to help people. Sick people. And I want to help people who want to help themselves.

NURSE MARLEY

Like cancer patients.

SHANNON

Exactly.

NURSE MARLEY

Right-- anyone with a disease, whether or not it's curable.

SHANNON

Hopefully curable, but if not, that's fine. I'll help them as long as they're here on Earth. Or at least trying.

NURSE MARLEY  
You don't think they're trying?

SHANNON  
Are you kidding me? Most of them  
practically live here-- rent free!

NURSE MARLEY  
Sure-- it's a home for some. But  
home is the place where, when you  
have to go there, they have to take  
you in.

SHANNON  
On the tax payers dime.

NURSE MARLEY  
They suffer from a disease,  
Shannon.

SHANNON  
Pfft. Please-- they suffer from  
liking to party. So do I. You don't  
see me ruining my life or others'  
over it. I don't understand.

NURSE MARLEY  
But I know you understand full well  
that it is a disease. Clinically.  
Scientifically.

SHANNON  
About as much I understand full  
well that dolphins are just gay  
sharks. Sure I understand it. But  
do I believe it? Clinically?  
Scientifically?

NURSE MARLEY  
Oh, child. You can't blame them.  
Like anything with anyone -  
genetics loads the gun, and  
dysfunction pulls the trigger.

Shannon contemplates this, then hardens.

SHANNON  
We all shit the same stench, right?

INT. DETOX UNIT - LES'S ROOM - NIGHT

Les lies in bed, sweating, shaking and still drunk. An IV  
DRIP is attached to his arm.

Shannon enters to check his vitals and administer meds.

SHANNON  
Med time.

Les takes her in... recognizing her.

LES  
You...

SHANNON  
Yep. Me.

LES  
You don't recognize me?

She looks at his fucked face. Pfft:

SHANNON  
Who could possibly recognize you?

LES  
*Maybe we met in my sleep.*

This snaps something in Shannon - huh..? Nothing, moves on.

SHANNON  
Not in your wettest dream...  
(looks at his chart)  
*"Lester Holcomb III."*

LES  
Call me "Les."

SHANNON  
You sure about that--?

She looks at him... He flashes his toothless goblin smile.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Les...

LES  
Aloha.

SHANNON  
(remembers)  
*Terd?!*

LES  
(Ta-da!)  
In the flashlight.

A shocked beat, then --

SHANNON  
From last nigh-- What happened to  
your face?

LES  
(confused)  
What do you mean?

SHANNON  
Seriously-- you don't feel that?

LES  
(smiles)  
I feel nothing.

She shows him his reflection in her iPhone camera.

LES (CONT'D)  
Oh. I must have fallen.

SHANNON  
Where?

LES  
(duh)  
On my face.

She hands him his meds and begins her exit. Confused and rattled. Then turns --

SHANNON  
What's a "fleshlight?"

LES  
Ask any man on Earth.

Eww. She splits. Grossed out - and still rattled.

INT. LAS ENCINAS HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shannon stands rattled. Thinks... CUT TO --

**A HAZY FLASHBACK:**

**INT. EL CANTINA BAR - FLASHBACK - AS WE FIRST MET THEM**

TAYLOR  
Shannon..? You're so negative.

SHANNON  
 I know. It sucks.  
 (re-toast)  
 To feeling good all the time!

They down their shots. Shannon chases hers with red wine.

A **CUTE GUY** approaches but **WE DON'T SEE HIM YET:**

CUTE GUY (O.S.)  
 Am I to assume that a conGRADuation  
 is in order?

GIRLS  
 Boo! Beat it! Weak!

He LAUGHS knowing it was cheesy.

CUTE GUY  
 It worked!

Now we see him. This is **LESTER HOLCOMBE III (LES)**.

SHANNON  
 (whatever)  
 Smooth as a baby seal.

Shannon spills her WINE, which flows AT HER off the bar --

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
 Shit!--

Les slams down his FOREARM/SLEEVE damming the flow.

LES  
 Smooth as a woolly mammoth. You  
 better not have a boyfriend.

She sloppily smirks.

LES (CONT'D)  
 Then maybe you need one.

SHANNON  
 A boy? Pfft.

LES  
 A man.

SHANNON  
 If I did need a man he'd have to  
 have blood on his hands and the  
 truth on his face.

Now he smirks: *Well put.*

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Oh-- your shirt! That's gonna leave  
a mark.

LES  
It's fine. It'll blend in with the  
blood.

She smiles.

LES (CONT'D)  
You look familiar.

*A line?*

SHANNON  
Maybe we met in your sleep.

*A deny?* He smiles.

LES  
Hi, I'm Les.

SHANNON  
Excuse me?

LES  
(extends hand)  
Les.

SHANNON  
"Les?"

Distracted by his name, she hands him NAPKINS in place of her  
hand. Les's **2 FRIENDS** linger in the BG.

LES  
Les.

SHANNON  
Why...? Would you answer to that?

LES  
I know. I take full credit of  
course, but my other option was  
"Ter"--

SHANNON  
"Terd?"

LES  
"Ter." Like the end of "Lester."

SHANNON

Oh. Much better. Either way-- not really born on 3rd were you?

LES

Doesn't mean I can't hit a homer.

SHANNON

Pfft.

LES

Well, what's your name, hotshot?

SHANNON

Shannon.

LES

Shannon. Like the river.

SHANNON

As opposed to...

LES

The "Dougherty" - duh.

SHANNON

Now you're aging yourself, old.

LES

Have you ever seen it?

SHANNON

No. But I'm sure my mom's a fan.

LES

Not the show. The River? The "River Shannon." In Ireland...

SHANNON

No.

LES

Oh, you should. The Shannon's beautiful.

Booo.

LES (CONT'D)

(stank-face)

A little dirty though.

Better.

SHANNON  
You have no idea.

He smiles, and might be cuter than she thought.

LES  
Do you like to gamble?

Off Les's 2 **FRIENDS** sharing a glance, annoyed. CUT TO:

**THE PRESENT:**

**INT. LAS ENCINAS HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - PRESENT**

Shannon shakes the thought off and walks on.

INT. LAS ENCINAS HOSPITAL - TV ROOM - DAY

Molly, Andrew and SKEEZEY MALE PATIENT watch TV, glued to the show "Narcos." Nurse Lucious enters --

NURSE LUCIOUS  
Turn that off-- you can't watch that here.

ANDREW  
Seriously? It's just a TV show.

NURSE LUCIOUS  
About the glamorization of drugs.

ANDREW  
Pfft. The *realization* of drugs.

Andrews switches to a network show as it cuts to **COMMERCIAL:**

COMMERCIAL VO  
*Do you feel sad, depressed,  
hopeless, then maybe you should ask  
your physician about Pristiq--*

ANDREW  
Oooh yeah-- I should ask him. He'll make me all better, because he knows better. And when Dr. Doctor stops helping me, I'll ask another doctor for help, and then another and another and another until I'm all cured.



NURSE LUCIOUS

If TV's making you twitch-- pick up  
your Big Book.

Lucious heads-shakes and splits. Molly grabs the remote from  
Andrew and turns TV off.

MOLLY

It is kind of a trigger.

SKEEZEY MALE PATIENT

Life is a trigger.

ANDREW

If you pay attention to today's  
commercial breaks, you'll notice  
that like 3 out of 5 ads are for a  
drug. A legal drug. A government  
approved drug.

SKEEZEY MALE PATIENT

Depression meds, anxiety meds,  
depression med ad-ons if those  
aren't working well enough.

ANDREW

Constipation meds if they are  
working too well but clogging you  
up.

SKEEZEY MALE PATIENT

Boner meds if you're back to  
feelin' money but can't cash in--

ANDREW

And on and on and on...

SKEEZEY MALE PATIENT

To *HER-on*.

ANDREW

Because your drug dealer is kinder  
than the government.

SKEEZEY MALE PATIENT

And cheaper than the corporation.

MOLLY

I never realized.

SKEEZEY MALE PATIENT

Which makes shareholders happy.

ANDREW  
Humanity is better off just  
legalizing all drugs. Let Darwinian  
selection take care of the problem.

All this triggers Molly. She grips her Big Book.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Molly & Shannon speed walk separately from their own  
"situation" rooms.

MOLLY  
Nurse Shannon?

Shannon turns to Molly, carrying her Big Book.

SHANNON  
Hi, Molly.

MOLLY  
Can you talk..?

SHANNON  
With words and all.

Off Shannon's subtle annoyance --

INT. SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Molly and Shannon sit.

MOLLY  
I'm just having a hard time with  
all this...

SHANNON  
What exactly?

MOLLY  
I'm 25 and I can't have fun  
anymore.

SHANNON  
Is that what you were having?

MOLLY  
Not towards the end.

SHANNON  
I get it-- but you still have a lot  
going for you--

MOLLY

I know, I know-- and I don't mean to be like *whatever*-- like, I know I'm cute, have money, a budding brand, and a personality and consistency in my Instagram, but...

Shannon swallows this and her judgment.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I mean, what do I do if I'm on a date and can't have a drink, and have to explain to the guy why?

SHANNON

A good guy will understand.

MOLLY

Yeah-- that I'm in my marriage-time prime but already super fucked up.

SHANNON

No-- they won't think-- that.

MOLLY

Like, do I say I'm in AA, NA, SAA, MA, CMA or what-- you know?

SHANNON

Uhh, are you in all those "A"s..?

MOLLY

Fuck-- if it has an "A" on it, I'm in it.

SHANNON

How many exactly..?

MOLLY

Well-- you know how they say if you're not in at least 3 then you're in denial.

SHANNON

(so confused)

Yeaahhh...

MOLLY

Fuck me-- I'm gonna be alone forever-- who's gonna want to be with a mess like me?

SHANNON

You're smart and beautiful, and there's somebody for everybody. Right now, that somebody for you... is you.

MOLLY

Not even I want me right now. I feel like the eunuch at the orgy.

Shannon chuckles. She likes Molly.

SHANNON

Here's a good maxim I heard once: *"How people treat you is their karma. How you react is yours"*?

MOLLY

What if those people are my family?

Shannon isn't trained for this, so onto her default: humor.

SHANNON

Well, if you can't let down family then who can you let down?

MOLLY

I come from a family of, like, money and pedigree and... perception. Where addiction isn't acknowledged or... understood. Much less the treatment of it.

SHANNON

Not very progressive.

MOLLY

Or tolerated.

Molly goes quiet, thinking.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(semi-reciting)

*Who wants to drink tea with angels when you can shoot fire water with demons? Keep your halo, I'm keeping my horns.*

SHANNON

That's... darkly poetic.

MOLLY

Heard an addict say it in a meeting. Two years ago.

SHANNON

So you've heard some stories about what you're up against.

MOLLY

Like you wouldn't believe.

SHANNON

Then you may want to continue remembering them.

Molly thinks. Her craving kicking in.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Look, Molly-- you should really talk to someone who can help you with this. I'm just here to help keep you alive; not recover.

Molly nods, agreeing - but she's rattled.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

But I'll leave it at this: they say that the one thing you have to offer in your life-- whether it's work, recovery, relationships, love-- whatever... is yourself.

Molly SCOFFS.

MOLLY

Sorry-- that was rude.

SHANNON

No-- you're right; scoff on because that's wrong. It's not the one thing.

Molly eyes her - interest piqued.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

It's the only thing.

Molly smiles, sinking this in. Shannon looks up to see Les limping to his room. She thinks... CUT TO --

**A HAZY FLASHBACK:**

**INT. EL CANTINA BAR - FLASHBACK - AS WE FIRST MET THEM**

Les racks the balls on the POOL TABLE. Shannon grabs a stick.

LES  
If I win, you go out with me.

SHANNON  
And if I win, you give me foot  
massages until I ghost you.

LES  
Gross. Deal.

SHANNON  
Mind if I tee off?

LES  
You mean "break?"

SHANNON  
(embarrassed)  
That's what I meant.

She clumsily lines up her cue. Les smirks. Then CRACK! With perfect form she hammers the break - scattering balls and sinking 4 of them.

LES  
Jesus! Were you born in a bar?

She lines up a shot...

SHANNON  
Nope...

She looks at him and strokes a beautiful, no-look bank shot.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Conceived.

He laughs, impressed, as we CUT TO --

**STILL IN FLASHBACK - LATER IN THE NIGHT** - Shannon and the Girls party with Les and his **2 FRIENDS**, who eye Les impatiently.

The Girls are drunker than the Guys. Shannon's FOOT rests in Les's lap as he rubs it.

LES  
So-- you work for six months, and  
then move onto a new hospital in a  
new city?

KYLA  
And then another.

ROSE  
And another.

LES  
Until?

TAYLOR  
Marriage.

SHANNON  
Boo. Dork. Until I've seen the whole world while getting paid.

LES  
And saving lives, of course.

SHANNON  
'Course.

LES  
So what are you doing until you go to Hawaii?

SHANNON  
Lounging as a floater at Lost in Sickness.

LES  
*"Lost in Sickness?"*

SHANNON  
Las Encinas. We call it "Lost in Sickness" because it's a sad dump of a depot hospital.

LES  
You know, there's an old adage for people like you?

SHANNON  
*"Empathetic supermodel?"*

LES  
Ok-- two. *"Earth Angel."*

Huh? This gets her attention.

LES (CONT'D)  
Don't forget that.

Beat and a stare-down. A *connection?* Or a *rejection?*

Les's **FRIEND** (HUNTER) taps his watch.

HUNTER

You proved your point. Let's go.

LES

Alright, I gotta split. Aloha,  
Shannon.

He drops her foot.

SHANNON

Alo... hi-- ha-- Huh?

And he's gone.

**THE PRESENT:**

**INT. LES' ROOM - PRESENT**

Shannon quickly enters.

SHANNON

Ok, sorry I ran out so abruptly but  
you freaked me out, and it wasn't  
just your *Resting Bashed Face*.

LES

What are you trying to say?

SHANNON

That you're lucky women don't fall  
in love with their eyes.

LES

Then how do they?

SHANNON

With their ears-- according to my  
mom.

LES

Oh. Then...

(loud)

HI, I'M LES! WHAT'S YOUR--!

SHANNON

Got it!-- Shut up! Jesus-- You look  
like you're gonna pop.

LES

You have a hell'uva bedside manner.



SHANNON

And you have a hell'uva barside  
one. You told me you were sober.

LES

Oh, you actually remember something  
from last night, Miss Joan  
Barleycorn.

SHANNON

Hey-- I made it to my own bed.  
(re: his current bed)  
Not a glorified stretcher.

Beat.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Why didn't you just tell me?

LES

Because I'm dumb. You didn't pick  
up on that?

SHANNON

Surprised I didn't.

LES

Maybe we're a match..?

SHANNON

You should probably kill the cute.

Beat.

LES

I was. I was sober.

SHANNON

*Was?*

LES

Up until my birthday last night.

SHANNON

Well happy 21st birthday, bro. Now  
you can legally drink yourself to  
death.

LES

I'm not 21.

SHANNON

How old are you?-- 41?

LES

364. Or at least I was. Today I'm 1 again.

SHANNON

Are you still drunk? What are you talking about?

LES

Yesterday would have been my 1 year birthday. Sober birthday. But I only made it 364 days, not 365.

SHANNON

Ok. Since we're talking numbers, Newton-- your blood alcohol level was point-4-1, which means your body was more than 40 percent booze. Or rather-- barleycorn. You didn't fall in here, you flowed.

LES

Right on-- beat my old record.

SHANNON

The rest of you was comprised of bullshit, I'm guessing.

LES

I wanted to see if I could do it.

SHANNON

Drink to complete bullshit?

LES

Just have 1. One drink.

SHANNON

And your friends let you?

LES

People, places and things can't keep me sober. I had one drink when I was alone back at my apartment to prove to myself I could do it and handle it. But, one turned into 2 which turned into 10 which turned into-

SHANNON

Detox.

LES

Another detox. I'm an old vet.

SHANNON  
Hell'uva war you're waging.

LES  
With my own worst enemy.

SHANNON  
Why weren't you just honest with me?

LES  
Oh right, *"Hi, I'm Les, and I'm an alcoholic."*

SHANNON  
That's closer.

Beat.

LES  
HI, I'M LES, AND I'M AN ALCOHOLIC!

Off Shannon's eye-rolling/head-shaking exit --

INT. DETOX UNIT - DAY

Shannon checks in prescriptions with Nurse Marley.

NURSE MARLEY  
How they treating you?

SHANNON  
Like barf treats a bag.

NURSE MARLEY  
There's gotta be someone you're taking a shine to.

*Uh Oh. Does Marley know about Les?*

SHANNON  
Molly seems to be doing really well.

NURSE MARLEY  
How can you tell?

SHANNON  
She said it. She seems determined to really doing it this time.

NURSE MARLEY

That's great. But it'll learn you a lesson, mon.

SHANNON

What will?

NURSE MARLEY

Just keep an eye on her.

SHANNON

I have been-- I am-- and she's doing great.

NURSE MARLEY

Remember this: addiction is primal. Which means it's survival.

INT. DETOX UNIT - MOLLY'S ROOM

Shannon enters.

SHANNON

Med time, Molly...

Molly sleeps. Shannon pours water, and turns to her...

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Molly. Molly... As Nurse Marley would say, "Get up before your addiction does."

A beat as Shannon stands in frustration.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Molly, wake up... Molly?

Shannon touches her... then slowly steps away. Horror engulfing her face.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

MOLLY?!!

REVEAL: a NEEDLE is stuck in Molly's arm.

INT. DETOX UNIT - HALLWAY - LATER

A BODY BAG (Molly) is wheeled into the elevator by CORONERS. Shannon watches in shock. And anger. Along with Nurse Marley.

NURSE MARLEY

Contra hunt, come on.

SHANNON

Contra?

Nurse Marley starts down the hallway --

LES'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shannon enters.

SHANNON

Do you have any needles in here?

LES

Why? Wanna buy some?

SHANNON

This isn't a joke.

LES

Those aren't for sale either.

SHANNON

I'M NOT FUCKING JOKING, YOU STUPID  
DRUNK!

Les stares in shock. Then --

ANDREW (O.S.)

THEY'RE NOT MINE!

Shannon darts out of the room.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nurse Marley walks down the hallway with UNUSED NEEDLES in one hand and Andrew in the other.

ANDREW

Got off me, bitch! They're not mine!

NURSE MARLEY

They were in your room.

ANDREW

So?!

NURSE MARLEY

In your bag.

ANDREW

So!-- Doesn't mean they're mine!

Shannon catches up to them --

SHANNON  
Pretty sure it does--

ANDREW  
Fuck you!

SHANNON  
Fuck you! You're going to jail, you  
fucking murderer!

NURSE MARLEY  
Shannon--

SHANNON  
Marine None!

ANDREW  
Get off me, bitch!

SHANNON  
You wanna leave here in a body bag  
too?!

Marine None approaches. Shannon yanks Andrew's arm from Nurse  
Marley --

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Call the cops to pick this dumpster  
up!

ANDREW  
I'm calling my dad!

SHANNON  
You may wanna call a lawyer first--

SLAP! Goes Andrew's palm across Shannon's face!

She looks at him... And ATTACKS Andrew --

SMASH TO BLACK:

DR. VANOVER'S OFFICE - LATER

Shannon sits with an ice pack on her face. Dr. Vanover, Laila  
and Lovejoy sit across from her.

DR. VANOVER  
I understand your response,  
Shannon, but you can't do that  
here.

COUNSELOR LOVEJOY  
Or anywhere.

COUNSELOR LAILA  
Manure. You can do that most  
anywhere.

Lovejoy stink-eyes Laila.

COUNSELOR LOVEJOY  
Don't you have another gala with  
big pharma to get to, pusher?

COUNSELOR LAILA  
At least I'm doing something to  
improve healthcare.

COUNSELOR LOVEJOY  
Big pharma isn't healthcare! It's  
the disease--

DR. VANOVER  
Hey! Real Work-Wives!--

SHANNON  
I understand that my reaction was  
unprofessional, but I'm not sorry.  
Not to him. Or to any of these  
crazy assholes.

Shannon stands and splits.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Les gingerly catches up to Shannon. He's stopped shaking, but  
he's not completely lucid.

LES  
I get out of here tomorrow, so...  
where should I pick you up?

SHANNON  
For what?

He flashes his goblin smile.

LES  
Our first date.

SHANNON  
Pfft-- You don't pick me up.

LES

Why?

SHANNON

Because you'll be in rehab.

LES

No I won't.

SHANNON

Fine-- sober living.

LES

You want me to pick you up at your sober living?-- Fine-- where is it?

SHANNON

No, wet-brain-- that's where you'll be.

LES

You want me to go to sober living?

SHANNON

Preferably after rehab.

LES

Have you ever been to a sober living house?

SHANNON

No.

LES

Imagine if Hiroshima, Katrina and The Great Frisco Quake had a 3-way baby.

SHANNON

"Frisco?"

LES

(ignores it)  
Nothing but burning bodies, sad, and aftershocks.

SHANNON

It's a safe place to recover.



LES

You think hanging around drunks and addicts with nothing better to do than not drink or drug, talking about drinking and drugging, with nothing but time to drink or drug is a safe place to recover?

SHANNON

(unsure but covering)  
It is.

LES

Where do you think criminals become better criminals?

A professional beat, and an attempt at a clinical approach.

SHANNON

It will keep you accountable.

LES

*Pfft.* Rehab, sober living - it's all prison.

SHANNON

Or the last options before it.

He storms (slowly) off. Shannon stands confused.

Dr. Thaddeus approaches.

DR. THADDEUS

Some over-time just opened up if you wanna stick around?

Shannon stink-eyes him, back to unprofessional: *Pfft.*

SHANNON

Thumbs up.

She walks away.

INT. EL CANTINA BAR - LATER

Shannon sits slumped and drunk with **Taylor, Kyla** and **Rose**, who have a hearty head-start on her buzz-wise.

Shannon stares at her whiskey. Then looks around the packed bar and the **DRUNK PATRONS**.

She takes in everyone. Eyeing each of them with a different, more focused eye. Not of judgment. More concern; as we MINI-MONTAGE her POV:

- An **UNCOMFORTABLE GIRL** pops a pill with a martini chaser.

- A **SCHLUBBY DRUNK GUY** stumbles out of the bar with a **BEAUTIFUL DRUNK GIRL** (out of his league). As she turns the corner Shannon double-takes her as the Girl quickly resembles MOLLY. But it's not her. Shannon shakes it off.

- A **DRUNK MIDDLE-AGED BUSINESS MAN** sits alone drinking, staring into nothing. Then he turns his head to Shannon and his face turns into CLIFFORD. A Patron crosses and by the time Shannon sees the Man again he's not Clifford.

- Two **PARTY BOYS** energetically exit the bathroom wiping their noses and sniffing. Their faces turn into ANDREW & LES.

What the fuck?!

Shannon looks back at her drunk, cackling friends. Then --

SHANNON

The greatest trick *she* ever pulled.

TAYLOR

Huh?-- Who?

KYLA

(no idea Who, just drunk)

Fuck that bitch!

Shannon stands up...

ROSE

Where you going, Shan..?

KYLA

(points bathroom)

The Ladies is back there if you gotta squeeze a lemon!

She throws cash on the bar and heads out...

ROSE

(calling after her)

No-- Stay!-- Get wasted with us!

Leaving the party behind --

SHANNON

Not today, Satan.

Shannon struts out.

INT. LAS ENCINAS HOSPITAL - MORNING

Shannon strides in wearing Molly's T-SHITZ shirt. **EMILINE** (the Desk Administrator from earlier) rushes in late, plops at her desk.

SHANNON

To be early is to be on time.

Emiline stink-eyes her as she settles, noticing her T-Shitz.

EMILINE

Classy scrubs.

SHANNON

How do I register to take the national licensing exam?

EMILINE

For what?

SHANNON

To be a C.A.R.N.

EMILINE

It's sponsored by the International Nurses Society on Addiction, and is only available twice a year.

SHANNON

Great. When's the next exam?

EMILINE

Yesterday.

Shannon hides a grimace.

SHANNON

Great. When's the next--

EMILINE

Check the website.

En guard, bitch.

INT. HALLWAY - LAS ENCINAS - CONTINUOUS

As Shannon walks to the elevator, Les steps out of it. Somehow, he looks even worse than when he came in.

SHANNON  
Breaking out already?

LES  
Back to gen pop.

SHANNON  
You should stay a few days.

LES  
Just needed a quick oil change.

SHANNON  
Sobriety isn't a sentence, you  
know?

LES  
And you would?

She doesn't.

SHANNON  
Here's my number.  
(hands it over)  
If you're not gonna sentence  
yourself to treatment, at least try  
to stay out of solitary.

LES  
What makes you think I'll call?

SHANNON  
Because the past won't last a  
second.

LES  
Huh..?

SHANNON  
You gonna welsh on our bet?

He smirks. She looks down at her feet --

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
'Cause my dogs get to howlin' after  
these 12 hour shifts. I get the  
feet-sweats somethin' awful too.

As she walks off --

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Stay alive... "Terd."

LES  
You too...  
(sotto)  
Earth Angel.

Les goblin-smiles as she brushes past him.

HONK HONK!

UBER DRIVER (O.S.)  
Lester?

Les approaches his Uber. Then stops. And turns to watch Shannon walk away. *Get away..?* INTO --

INT. DETOX UNIT - CONTINUOUS

As the elevator doors open, Shannon steps into the **CHAOS...**

And as the ELEVATOR DOORS close she looks back and eyes...

Her own REFLECTION in the mirrored elevator doors - she smiles. No fear in her face.

DOMONIQUE (O.S.)  
I'm back, bitches! WHERE MY MEDS  
AT?!

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF PILOT