

RECOVERY ROAD

Written by

Bert V. Royal & Karen DiConcetto

Based on the novel by Blake Nelson

REVISED: 11/20/14

TEASER

CLOSE ON:

A LOUD, SCREECHING ALARM CLOCK that reads 7:00 AM.

INT. MADDIE GRAHAM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

MADDIE GRAHAM - beautiful but presently a hungover disaster - is sprawled out on her bed. She's still wearing a little black dress and one high heel. She groggily looks down at her outfit and zeroes in on her foot.

Maddie shuts her alarm clock off and fumbles for a WATER BOTTLE on her nightstand. She takes a swig, and winces. Is this water?

She then reaches for a JEWELRY BOX. She opens it and lifts up some jewelry to reveal what's underneath: VARIOUS PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES, ROLLED JOINTS and MINI LIQUOR BOTTLES.

She grabs a joint and opens a window. She lights the joint and takes a few hits. She stubs it out and hides it back in the jewelry box.

Everything is done so methodically, it's obvious this is Maddie's morning routine --

Maddie sits on her bed for a moment, then starts to teeter towards the bathroom. She falls over her other shoe.

She gets up and continues to wobble.

EXT. WINSTON ACADEMY - STEPS - MORNING

At a private school...

Maddie's done a one-eighty. She looks fresh-faced and pretty as she sits with her boyfriend, ZACK (17) - charming, fun and good-looking. They're doing homework. Maddie takes a sip of her water.

ZACK

19 is -43 and 20 is 18 squared.

Maddie writes down the answers, then kisses him.

ZACK (CONT'D)

I thought you were gonna stay in and study last night.

MADDIE

Well, I was. That was definitely 'the plan,' as it were. But I have a severe case of FOMO and the FDA hasn't approved a drug for that yet, so instead I went to Lainie Ferguson's party. Her parents are in Tallahassee for some real-estate conference.

ZACK

How was it?

They get up and start walking.

MADDIE

(Jokingly)

The real estate conference? I'm sure it was a blast.

(Beat.)

The party was fun. I think. I don't really remember it.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - RANDOM HOUSE - NIGHT

At a raucous party...

Maddie sits on the couch and pounds back a shot. Other PARTYGOERS are sitting and gabbing around her.

She addresses an unseen person (POV of CAMERA).

MADDIE

(Slurring; tipsy)

I've always been the kind of person who's like, 'Sure. Whatever.' I mean, I just kinda go with the flow. Because, well, life's really short, right? And, like, why should we not try things? And do things? It's like, I don't know. It's like - hold on a sec.

She pounds another shot - winces; shakes her head --

MADDIE (CONT'D)

What was I talking about?

She laughs, drunkenly.

EXT. HALLWAY - WINSTON ACADEMY - PRESENT

Zack and Maddie are walking down the hallway to their lockers.

MADDIE

You didn't miss much. I'm pretty sure I ate a lot of goldfish. The crackers, not actual fish.

ZACK

Thanks for clarifying.

MADDIE

Oh, and at one point, I'm fairly certain that I took a bunch of naked selfies and I meant to send them to you, but I came to my senses.

ZACK

That's just cruel...

MADDIE

(Smiling)

You always hurt the one you love...

Zack smiles and kisses her, then Maddie opens her locker and places her bookbag and water bottle in the locker.

CLOSE ON:

THE WATER BOTTLE.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - WINSTON ACADEMY - DAY

The WATER BOTTLE.

MS. MOLINA (35) - pretty, put-together and no-nonsense - is sitting at her desk. Judging by her face, there's a problem.

Opposite her, sit Maddie and her confused parents:

ALAN GRAHAM (40's) - a successful Silicon Valley type. Alan's smart and confident when it comes to work, but when it comes to Maddie, he's often at a loss. Sometimes, he might come off as a bit brusque and uncaring, but his daughter is the most important thing in the world to him.

CHARLOTTE GRAHAM (40's) - a put-together professional and Maddie's stepmom. Whitening stripped, dressed to the nines. She has a good sense of humor - a very intuitive and compassionate woman.

Maddie's panicked gaze is fixated on the water bottle.

MS. MOLINA

We found this in your locker this morning.

MADDIE

Can you do that? Just search my locker?

MS. MOLINA

Indeed we can.

Ms. Molina picks up the water bottle. She uncaps it and passes it to Alan to smell.

ALAN

That is... *not* water.

MS. MOLINA

No, it's not Mr. Graham. It's vodka.

Charlotte gasps, shocked.

MADDIE

(Lying)

One of my friends must have put it in there as a joke.

MS. MOLINA

Alcohol on school premises is a very serious offense, Maddie. It's cause for expulsion.

MADDIE

But like I said: it's not mine.

MS. MOLINA

Good. Then --

Ms. Molina produces a device from her desk drawer: The iBreath Alcohol Breathalyzer. She snaps it on her iPhone and passes it to Maddie --

MS. MOLINA (CONT'D)

This will help clear it up. I just need you to blow in that tip.

Maddie squirms and her father sees this. He puts his hand up to stop Maddie.

ALAN

Maddie, don't.

(To Ms. Molina)

She doesn't have to do this.

Ms. Molina produces a Student Handbook and opens it to an earmarked page.

MS. MOLINA

(Reading)

'Students who are suspected of consuming illegal substances on school grounds will be immediately tested by appointed school officials and will face possible expulsion. Any student refusing to submit to testing will also face possible expulsion.'

She hands it to Alan to read for himself.

CHARLOTTE

(Desperate)

Is there something --

ALAN

Charlotte. Stop.

He looks to Maddie, indicating for her to go ahead.

Maddie reluctantly blows into the device. The reading is a .12. Alan's demeanor softens.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Maybe she could do some hard detention. Or --

MADDIE

Dad, I --

ALAN

Maddie. Shut up. Don't say another word.

MS. MOLINA

Unfortunately, I have to report this to the headmaster and it's his decision as to whether Maddie will be able to remain a student here.

ALAN

Is there no other option?

Ms. Molina pauses for a long moment.

MS. MOLINA

48 hours of detox and 90 days at a sober living facility effective immediately. And I won't tell the headmaster.

Maddie jumps from her chair, disgusted.

MADDIE

You're on crack! No way.

MS. MOLINA

The closest teen treatment center is ninety miles away. But with parental consent, I can arrange for you to live in an adult facility that's closer. You can go to school by day and spend your evenings getting sober. But I'll be watching you, Maddie, and --

MADDIE

I'm not going to rehab.

MS. MOLINA

It's not rehab. It's a sober living house. It's a safe place where individuals like yourself can adjust to a sober lifestyle while surrounded by others in your situation.

MADDIE

(Folding her arms)
You're out of your damn mind.

MS. MOLINA

I'm sorry to hear that.

Alan and Maddie exchange looks. While they're doing that --

CHARLOTTE

(Assertively)
She'll do it.

Alan looks at Charlotte, stunned. Maddie slumps back into her seat, glaring at Ms. Molina - their eyes locked in a Mexican stand-off.

INT. WINSTON ACADEMY - BATHROOM - MORNING

In a stall, Maddie rummages through her purse and takes out what LOOKS LIKE a RABBIT FOOT KEYCHAIN. She unscrews the top and downs the alcohol inside.

EXT. DETOX FACILITY - MORNING

Maddie and Charlotte walk. Maddie's stumbling.

MADDIE

I can't believe you're putting me
in detox.

CHARLOTTE

I can't believe you were drunk at
school. You did this to yourself.
Come on.

Charlotte yanks Maddie's arm and drags her up the stairs.

INT. REHABILITATION FACILITY - DAY

In a cold, stark and institutional lobby --

Charlotte awkwardly stands next to Maddie as she defiantly dumps the contents of her purse onto a table. A COUNSELOR sifts through it, then places the items into a drawer.

COUNSELOR

And what is your relationship to
the patient?

CHARLOTTE

I'm her stepmother.

The counselor writes something down on a form. Returning to the purse --

COUNSELOR

(To Maddie)

You'll get everything back after
your 48 hours are up.

Charlotte nervously grabs a couple of candies from a dish on the desk. The Counselor stares at her.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Only one per person. No
exceptions.

Maddie drunkenly snickers, grabs a handful of candies and stuffs them in her pocket. Charlotte looks at the Counselor apologetically. The Counselor grimaces, then --

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

(To Maddie)

Now, please head down to room 248
for the strip search.

Charlotte starts to walk with Maddie. The Counselor stops her.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Patients only.

As Maddie walks down the hallway, she looks back at Charlotte, who helplessly watches.

INT. PATIENT DETOX ROOM

POV: SECURITY CAMERA AFFIXED ABOVE

The TIMECODE on the video changes as WE SEE --

-- Maddie paces.

-- Maddie reads a MAGAZINE.

-- Maddie is drenched in sweat.

-- Maddie is bored senseless.

-- Maddie gets the shakes.

-- Maddie flies into a rage.

-- Maddie wretches into a bucket.

-- Maddie picks at the disgusting tray of food.

-- Maddie lays limp and splayed out on the floor. Is she dead?

The counselor comes in.

COUNSELOR

48 hours is up, dear.

Maddie jumps up enthusiastically and bolts for the door.

INT./EXT. ALAN'S CAR - DAY

An agitated Alan drives and an uncomfortable Charlotte sits in the passenger seat. A tired-looking Maddie is slumped in the back looking at her phone.

CHARLOTTE

I, uh, got you a book.

Charlotte passes it back to Maddie. It's called *Sober Teens Rule!* Maddie grimaces, then tosses it. Alan rolls his eyes.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

It got great reviews.

The car falls silent. Maddie slumps further into her seat.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Also, I did some research on where you're going. It's called Springtime Meadows. Looks nice.

(Beat.)

There's even a pool.

(Beat.)

I packed your --

MADDIE

Can we get Starbucks, Dad?

ALAN

(Curtly)

Sure.

CHARLOTTE

Alan, we'll be late if we --

ALAN

(Seething)

Oh, that's right, I forgot. You make ALL the decisions for my daughter now.

They look at each other, tensely, then Charlotte turns away.

The car falls silent again, everyone lost in their own thoughts. Then --

They turn onto a normal, suburban looking stretch of road.

Alan pulls up to --

EXT. SPRINGTIME MEADOWS SOBER LIVING FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

-- a two-story nondescript house situated next to two smaller nondescript houses.

Maddie looks out the window to see a group of STRANGE-LOOKING FOLK on the front patio. They are holding a banner that reads: 'WELCOME MADDIE!'

Maddie is horrified. What the hell has she agreed to?

SMASH CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

INT. CRAIG'S OFFICE - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - DAY

Maddie and Charlotte sit across from CRAIG WEINER (30's) - dorky and awkward, but an effective counselor.

Craig's office is a dreary, cluttered mess. On the walls hang faded INSPIRATIONAL POSTERS with POSITIVE AFFIRMATIONS. One can tell these were there when he started this job.

As a matter of fact, Craig's face sort of resembles the SAD ORANGUTAN whose mug is displayed above the phrase 'IT'S GONNA GET EASIER, BABY!'

Craig slides some paperwork across the desk toward both Maddie and Charlotte.

CRAIG

There's one more and then we're officially done with the paperwork.

(Pointing to one)

This one is a statement that Maddie has finished detox and is currently 48-hours drug and alcohol free.

Maddie and Charlotte both sign. Charlotte hands them back to Craig.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(Glancing at the paperwork)

I thought Mr. Graham would be here, too?

CHARLOTTE

(Quickly)

He had to jump on a conference call.

MADDIE

(Scoffing)

He doesn't think I belong here, either.

Charlotte shoots Maddie a look.

CHARLOTTE

(Forcing sunniness)

So, Craig, how long have you been a counselor here?

CRAIG

Six years.

CHARLOTTE

And how long have you been -
(Whispering)
- sober?

CRAIG

Me? Oh, I'm not a recovering
addict. This is just my job.

MADDIE

I'm not an addict either.

CRAIG

Admitting you *have* a problem is
always the hardest part.

MADDIE

But if I were truly what everyone
is saying I am, wouldn't I have
been Lohaning in detox? It was
nothing. Getting my drivers'
license was more taxing.

CRAIG

(Ignoring her)
If you go before the 90 days are
up, I still gotta charge your folks
for all of it.

MADDIE

(Excitedly)
So, I can leave?

CRAIG

(Gravely)
Only in a body bag.
(Beat.)
Just kidding!

Charlotte squirms and Craig notices.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Sorry. Recovery humor is a tad
macabre. Trust me. She's in good
hands.

Craig hands her a thick binder.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

All the info's in here but quick
lowdown: Group sessions every
night. One on ones with me daily.
You're on bathroom cleanup in the
women's house. Curfew is strictly
enforced. No cell phones for the
first week.

He extends his hand and Maddie begrudgingly places her phone
in it.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Also for the first week, you can
only leave for school and scheduled
group activities.

MADDIE

But I go home on the weekends,
right?

CRAIG

Recovery isn't a nine to five,
Maddie. And why would you want to
leave? Weekends get craaaaaazy up
in here!

(Gently)

Look. Here's the deal. You're
going to find temptations
everywhere you go. Which is why
you need what I call the four S's:
sobriety, so--

Maddie sinks into her chair, hating her life, as TRISH
COLLINS (24) - an unsophisticated, loud-teetering-on-
obnoxious girl with a heart of gold - runs in.

TRISH

CrayCray, you need to get your ass
in the game room NOW.

CRAIG

(Proudly; to Maddie and
Charlotte)

Everyone has their little nicknames
for me.

(To Trish)

What's going on?

TRISH

Vern won't give anyone the remote
until he finds out who took his
Cheesy Chomps and apologizes.

CRAIG

I'll take care of that. Trish, can you give Maddie a tour?

Trish pulls Maddie into a big hug. Maddie is obviously unsettled by this very friendly overture.

TRISH

Hi!!

CHARLOTTE

You girls go ahead. I'll let myself out.

(To Maddie)

Call me if you need me to bring you anything, kay?

She pulls Maddie into an unreciprocated hug.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Hug me!

Maddie halfheartedly embraces her stepmother.

Trish grabs Maddie's hand and leads her into --

INT. HALLWAY - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - CONTINUOUS

TRISH

This is the Main House - it's way cooler than the guy house. See, guys and girls can't sleep under the same roof on Recovery Road. Something about it being bad for our sobriety? But we can all hang in the Main House. Tonight's a 'Bones' marathon!!

Crescendoing in enthusiasm --

MADDIE

I LOVE 'BONES'!

TRISH

REALLY?!

MADDIE

(Suddenly deadpan)

No.

They walk by VERN TESTAVERDE (30's) - heavysset, gay and funny - sitting on a couch. Various other HOUSEMATES are running around him, searching for something.

VERN

I'll give you a hint. You're all
still very, very cold.

The group scrambles into different directions.

TRISH

Vern, this is Maddie.

VERN

Good to meet you.

Vern extends his hand and slips her the remote.

VERN (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

Do me a favor? Hold onto that till
I get a confession outta one of
'em.

MADDIE

Okay.

She stuffs it into her pocket. Vern grins.

VERN

I like you already.

As Trish and Maddie walk off, they hear Vern call out --

VERN (CONT'D)

Colder!

Trish points out various places as they walk.

TRISH

Kitchen's over there, game room's
to the left - *that's* where we play
ping pong. I always win. I used
to be real good at all sports but
then I got into - guess what I got
into. You'll never guess.

MADDIE

For the sake of friends and family,
I hope it was downers.

Again, Trish does not detect the sarcasm.

TRISH

Meth! It was meth.

(Proudly)

But you can't tell from my teeth,
can you?

Trish smiles broadly and gets way too close to Maddie's face. Maddie gives an uncomfortable 'thumbs up' to Trish, who beams.

INT. STAIRCASE - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - SECONDS LATER

Trish is STILL rambling.

TRISH

So, yeah, it was bad, I lost custody of my daughter, but I'm gonna get her back. She's why I gotta get clean, you know? She's so sweet and so cute, like, she should totally be in pageants. I got a tatoo of her on my thigh. Not her face though, just her name. Wanna see?

MADDIE

(Weirded out)
Maybe later.

They start walking up the stairs --

TRISH

Well, you're gonna see it later,
'cause --

INT. MADDIE & TRISH'S ROOM - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - CONTINUOUS

An unappealing dorm-like bedroom with two twin beds.

TRISH

-- we're roomies!!!

Trish hugs Maddie tightly. Maddie wants to DIE...

TRISH (CONT'D)

I've been waiting so long for a roommate who isn't going through menopause!

MADDIE

You're kind of digging into my ribs...

TRISH

Sorry, I'm just way excited!

Trish releases Maddie from her grip and sprints to the desk. She hands Maddie a SOBRIETY JOURNAL and *Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions*. Maddie rolls her eyes and puts them on the desk without even looking at them.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Okay, so you *have* to journal. It's part of the program. But I love it! It's so much fun. I LOVE to gossip. So, what are you in for?

MADDIE

A few sips of vodka.

TRISH

That's all? Oh my God, this is gonna be so easy for you!

Maddie groans and plops down on her bed. Trish sits down on her bed and pulls out a bag of (stolen) Cheesy Chomps from under her pillow. She chomps loudly. Maddie stares at her.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Oh. I'm sorry. You want some of Vern's Cheesy Chomps?

MADDIE

I'm good.

REBECCA (19) - very pretty, very smart and VERY BITTER - comes into the room.

REBECCA

Trish, do you have the --

She notices Maddie and flinches. Her eyes darken.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Maddie Graham. Why am I not surprised to see you here?

TRISH

(Animatedly)
You two know each other?

REBECCA

(Coldly)
We're old friends.
(To Trish)
See you in group.

Rebecca leaves.

MADDIE

You've gotta be freakin' kidding
me.

A frustrated Maddie covers her head with her pillow.

INT. MEETING ROOM - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - LATE AFTERNOON

Maddie sits in a circle amongst her new housemates during the
nightly group session. Vern is mid-share.

VERN

Lenny Bruce. Elvis Presley.
Catherine the Great. JUDY GARLAND.
They all died on the toilet. And
I'm sitting there thinking, 'What
if that happens to me? What would
my Nana say?'

They all laugh -- except Maddie who just watches
uncomfortably, feeling WAY out of place...

INT. MEETING ROOM - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - LATER

Another housemate is mid-share: MARGARITA JEAN-BAPTISTE
(40's) - tough, wise and tell-it-like-it-is.

MARGARITA

The last thing I remember is
drinking a lot of tequila. I woke
up in lock-up and they told me I'd
stabbed my cheating husband four
times. That guilt -- it stays with
me. Don't get me wrong, I hate
him. But I hate *me* more.

Everyone nods sympathetically. Maddie shifts around in her
chair, feeling even MORE out of place...

INT. MEETING ROOM - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - LATER

Another housemate is mid-share: LAUREL LEE (20s) - an awkward
and sweet space cadet. She's braiding her hair as she talks.

LAUREL

Once, the CIA dosed an entire
village with LSD just to see what
would happen...

Laurel looks up with her wide eyes and everyone's just
staring at her...

INT. MEETING ROOM - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - LATER

Rebecca, her arms folded, glares at Maddie. Coldly --

REBECCA

I guess what I'm struggling with
the most is how my ugly past keeps
coming back to haunt me...

No one (except Craig) notices that her eyes are affixed to Maddie, who quickly looks down.

INT. MEETING ROOM - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - LATER

Another housemate is mid-share: WES STEWART - a super good looking, mysterious bad-boy type.

WES

So, I uh -- I had another dream
last night. A relapse dream.

The others nod, understandingly.

WES (CONT'D)

That guilt you wake up with - it's
hard to shake. And then even when
you realize you were just dreaming
and you actually didn't do anything
wrong, you still feel it. All day.

(Beat.)

I don't really wanna talk about
this right now.

CRAIG

(Kindly)

Wes, my man, that's your disease
talking. It *wants* you isolated.
Let it out.

Everyone else nods in encouragement, as Maddie stares at Wes, intrigued. He's looking down at the floor. Craig's voice snaps her out of it.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

We'll deal with this at your one-on-
one tomorrow, okay?

WES

(Grateful)

Cool. Thanks.

Craig nods, then turns to Maddie.

CRAIG

Are you ready?

Everyone looks at her encouragingly. Then --

MADDIE

Ready for what? I don't belong
here. Sorry guys. I just don't.

They all laugh. Rebecca does, too, however mirthlessly.

VERN

(Feigning sincerity)
I just remembered something.
Craig, I don't belong here either.

TRISH

Me neither.

MARGARITA

Neither do I.

WES

I don't.

CRAIG

Anyone else feel like they didn't
belong here on the first day?
Raise your hand.

Everyone does.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

See, Maddie? No one thinks they
belong here. At first.

(Leaning toward her)

But y'know what? I think - where
it took these guys WEEKS to come
around - I have a feeling it's
gonna take you two days. Two days
of hating me --

(Indicating the others)

-- hating *them* -- *Hating this*
place. But I have faith in you.

VERN

He said the same thing to all of
us.

(To Craig)

Sorry.

They all laugh. Craig included.

CRAIG

I did not! Okay, maybe I did.
(To everybody)
Alright, chuckleheads. Get outta
here.

As the group disperses, Wes walks up to Maddie. He smiles.

WES

Welcome to the funhouse.

Even more intrigued, Maddie can't stop staring at Wes as he walks off.

INT. MADDIE & TRISH'S BEDROOM - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - NIGHT

Maddie sits upright in bed. She's obviously not doing really well. She divides strands of her hair in front of her face. Occasionally, plucking one from her head.

Trish emerges from the bathroom - in ugly pajamas - having just brushed her teeth.

TRISH

I know this is a horrible thing to say, but sometimes I wish that Frankie would relapse and come back. He made the best lasagna EVER.

Trish notices a TACKY FIGURINE of TWO PEOPLE DANCING on Maddie's nightstand. She makes a beeline for it and starts to pick it up.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Oooo! This is --

MADDIE

Don't!

Trish quickly recoils.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Sorry. It's -- It has sentimental value. My mother gave it to me. Before she died.

Trish sits on Maddie's bed.

TRISH

I'm sorry. About your mom.

MADDIE

It's fine. I don't really remember her that much.

TRISH

How did she --?

MADDIE

She was killed by a drunk driver.

Trish - puzzled - starts to say something, but thinks better of it.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

I don't really want to talk about it.

Maddie puts her head on her pillow, but just stares at the wall.

INT. MADDIE & TRISH'S ROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Maddie awakens to see her BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG MOTHER JUDY (early 30's) - sitting on Maddie's bed. She hums a lullaby softly.

Maddie is happy to see her, her eyes welling up with tears.

MADDIE

I miss you so much, mommy.

JUDY

(Softly)

Shhhh. I'm sure I'm going to be seeing you very, very soon.

Suddenly, her mother is BURNT and COVERED with BLOOD from the car accident. Maddie starts to scream, but no noise escapes.

INT. MADDIE & TRISH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Maddie jolts up from her nightmare/"withdrawal dream," - breathless and disoriented. She looks over and sees Trish, fast asleep. Maddie finds her breath.

She looks, closely, at the figurine on her nightstand.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - MORNING

An over-it Maddie, dressed for school and wearing big sunglasses, waits outside as MS. MOLINA'S CAR pulls up. Maddie gets in.

INT. MS. MOLINA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Maddie is riding in Ms. Molina's car.

MADDIE

Tell me again why I'm not allowed to drive myself to school.

MS. MOLINA

Your parents and I agreed that it wouldn't be a good idea. Besides -- I told you I was going to be keeping an eye on you.

Maddie slumps into her seat, then looks at Ms. Molina, sizing her up. What's her best tactic? Maddie takes off her sunglasses, forces a smile and speaks very rationally.

MADDIE

Of course. But you gotta admit -- well, isn't this all a bit extreme?

MS. MOLINA

You're *blood alcohol level* was extreme, Maddie.

Maddie takes a sec, formulating her response. She decides to get 'confessional.'

MADDIE

I made a mistake. It was so dumb. And I feel awful about it. I've learned my lesson, though. Really. Won't happen again.

Maddie's hands are shaking. Ms. Molina clocks this.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

(Feigning an epiphany)

Did I just have a breakthrough? Hallelujah! I'm healed!! Thank you, Ms. Molina. Now, can I go home?

MS. MOLINA

(Re: Maddie's hands)

Maddie, you're still going through
withdrawals --

Maddie quickly puts her shaking hands on her head and starts
futzing with her hair.

MADDIE

(Agitated)

No, I'm -- I'm just stressed.
That place is stressing me out. I
really can't stay there.

(Beat.)

Can't I please just go to your
office everyday so you can see I'm
doing fine? Or maybe I could do
some community service? Or -- Oh!
I have a ton of dirt on so many
people at school, I could tell you
everything if you'll just let me --

MS. MOLINA

Where were you on Thursday night?

Maddie's taken aback. Does Ms. Molina know something that
she doesn't? She quickly covers --

MADDIE

(Dryly)

I was doing CRACK. LOTS and LOTS
of CRACK.

(Beat.)

What business is it of yours?

MS. MOLINA

Maybe you should spend a little
less time trying to figure out how
to get OUT of this situation and a
LOT more time on HOW you got into
it.

MADDIE

(Snickering)

Hilarious. You giving *me* advice.

MS. MOLINA

(Sarcastically)

Yes. How 'hilarious' for a
guidance counselor to give advice.

MADDIE

(Losing it)

But what life experience qualifies you to GIVE advice? I bet you've never let loose ONCE in your entire life, so how the hell could you possibly understand that just because I like to have fun doesn't mean I have a problem?!

There's a long, uncomfortable silence. Ms. Molina's face is unreadable. Finally --

MS. MOLINA

Maddie, a lot of anger comes out in the early stages of recovery. While it makes sense that you would take it out on me --

(Firmly)

The deal I made with you was more than fair. So, I'm here when you're ready to have a real conversation, but until then -- I hope you like Christian pop.

Ms. Molina turns up the volume on the radio. Maddie fumes.

EXT. QUAD - WINSTON ACADEMY - DAY

Zack and Maddie are sitting on the grounds of the school. Zack is furious; Maddie is noticing judgmental stares from passing students.

ZACK

This is RIDICULOUS. You don't have a problem!

Maddie speaks in a more hushed tone, hoping Zack will follow her lead.

MADDIE

I know, but --

ZACK

I don't understand why you're not more pissed about this!

MADDIE

Trust me, Zack. No one is more pissed about this than I am.

(MORE)

MADDIE (CONT'D)

In fact, I'm fully planning to write a strongly worded letter to the National Board of Guidance Counselors to request an investigation into Ms. Molina's conduct.

ZACK

Is that really a thing?

MADDIE

I don't know! I can't Google it! They took away my phone!

She smiles at her joke, but Zack isn't amused.

ZACK

Maddie. Why aren't you taking this seriously? You're being unfairly singled out. The whole school knows!

MADDIE

I know. But I think I can get Ms. Molina to reconsider. It's just --
(Sighing)
-- taking longer than I thought.

Several PRUDISH GIRLS walk by staring daggers at Maddie.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

(Re: the prudes)
And people wonder why I drank at school...

ZACK

My mom and dad are on the board. They could probably fix this.

MADDIE

I'm figuring it out. I promise. I'm not gonna be 'Ritalin Rebecca.' And, oh, by the way - guess who lives at the house?

ZACK

Nuh uh.

MADDIE

Yep. Karma unfriended me on Facebook.

ZACK

We've gotta get you out of there.

Another group of LIVELIER COOL KIDS pass by. They cheer her.

PASSING KID
Mad Dog Maddie! Hell yeah!

She bows her head, feigning honor.

INT. CRAIG'S OFFICE - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - DAY

Rebecca and Maddie sit, unhappily, side by side opposite Craig.

CRAIG
I'm sensing some tension...

They don't respond or look at each other.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Okaaaay. Well, I think we need to address this. It's not good for people in recovery to harbor resentment - especially toward each other. So, who wants to go first?

MADDIE
(To Rebecca)
I hate your outfit.

REBECCA
(Disgusted)
You are such a child.

MADDIE
(To Craig)
Are we healed?

CRAIG
I have a little project for you two. Family Day is coming up and the invitations need to go out, so guess who gets to work on that together... As a team...

Both girls roll their eyes.

INT. COMMON AREA - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - DAY

At the dining room table, Rebecca aggressively stamps envelopes as Maddie folds invitations. They are seated across from each other. Rebecca watches Maddie work.

REBECCA
You're folding them crooked.

MADDIE
I'm sure it's fine if they're not perfect.

Rebecca aggressively stamps another envelope.

MADDIE (CONT'D)
If it's bothering you though, we can switch.

REBECCA
No need.

Rebecca puts even more aggression into her stamping. Maddie tries to make conversation.

MADDIE
So, uh, is Family Day as excruciating as it sounds?

Rebecca continues stamping. Maddie plays with her hair and yanks out two strands.

MADDIE (CONT'D)
Do you remember the time that --

Rebecca stops stamping and icily stares at Maddie.

REBECCA
I'm not interested in being nostalgic with you. I took you under my wing and you destroyed my life.

Rebecca returns to stamping. Maddie watches her.

MADDIE
Look, I'm sorry that things got so messed up, but --

Rebecca laughs incredulously as her stamping intensifies.

REBECCA
Oh, gee, Maddie, now that you've said you're 'sorry,' EVERYTHING is okay. I forgive you! And what was that hysterical nickname you came up with for me?

MADDIE
That wasn't me! I didn't --

REBECCA

Of COURSE it wasn't you who started calling me 'Ritalin Rebecca.' See, that's the thing with you, Maddie. It's NEVER you. Nothing's ever your fault.

(Beat.)

Especially not me being here.

MADDIE

I know you think that I'm the reason you're here, but --

REBECCA

You ARE the reason I'm here!

MADDIE

You don't even remember, do you? You ASKED me to get you help. You were messed up one night and I was holding your hair back and you begged me to please tell your parents that you had a problem. I was being a friend.

REBECCA

I guess that our definitions of friendship greatly differ.

Rebecca stands up and leaves. Maddie's a bit shaken...

EXT. POOL - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - DAY

Maddie, Trish and Laurel lay, in their swimsuits, by a half-empty, leaf filled pool. They listen to music. Laurel is braiding her hair and daydreaming. Maddie pulls out a strand of hair as she thinks about Thursday night...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - RANDOM HOUSE - NIGHT

Maddie is still on the couch at the raucous party. She's now holding a JOINT and is SUPER-HIGH.

MADDIE

Sometimes, I think, like, we're all just reliving the same life over and over again, but it's only, like, slightly different, right? Do you follow me?

(MORE)

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Like, when I die, I'm going to just start all over again. Except next time, I'll have blue eyes or understand math better or --

She takes a deep pull from the joint. She coughs.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

What was I saying?

She laughs, stoned off her face.

It all starts looking FUZZY, then the screen goes BLACK.

EXT. POOL - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - PRESENT

An annoyed Maddie pulls out another strand of hair.

MADDIE

(To herself)

Ugh. I don't need rehab. I need my MEMORY back.

Trish swings her head around.

TRISH

(Loudly)

Huh? Were you talking to me?

MADDIE

(Dryly)

No.

TRISH

How you holding up?

Maddie vigorously starts pulling out more hairs.

MADDIE

This place sucks and before you tell me just to give it time and that I'm going to learn to love it, don't waste your breath. This pool smells like pee and it's depressing and I feel like I'm on a bad vacation from the life I was actually rather enjoying.

TRISH

Hey, there is one good thing. You've got us --

Just then, Margarita barges out, furious.

MARGARITA

Trish, you have to stop stealing my things!

Trish jumps up, defensively.

TRISH

What? I've never --

MARGARITA

That's MY towel! Give it back!

Margarita lunges towards Trish. Trish laughs in her face.

TRISH

Or what? You'll stab me with a --
oh, no, wait. You CAN'T! Cuz
you're not allowed anywhere NEAR
sharp objects!

Margarita is seething as she turns to Maddie, who is agitatedly yanking out hairs.

MARGARITA

You saw me with that towel, right?

MADDIE

I've only been here a day, so --
no.

TRISH

Possession is nine tenths of the
law. So, if you want your towel
back, STOP USING UP ALL THE HOT
WATER WITH YOUR LONG-ASS SHOWERS,
BITCH!

MARGARITA

HA! That's funny, coming from you!

Trish runs inside with the towel. Margarita chases her.

LAUREL

What are you thinking about?

MADDIE

(To Laurel)

Have you ever blacked out before?

LAUREL

Sure. Lots of times.

MADDIE

Here's the thing: I can't remember Thursday night. I mean, I remember certain things but - like, weird details and not the full picture. I don't even remember getting home. But whatever happened on Thursday night landed me here and I need to know what it was.

LAUREL

The past isn't really important, though. Only what's happening now. Even if you remember it, you can't change it, right? So, why dwell on it?

Maddie is somewhat satisfied, but not wholly.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

I wonder how many drops of LSD it would take to contaminate this entire pool...

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - NIGHT

In the poorly-lit, dingy laundry room, Maddie is sitting on a lawn chair reading 'MOBY DICK.' Wes comes in with a hamper and sees Maddie.

WES

Oh. Sorry.

MADDIE

It's cool. I'm almost done.

Wes puts laundry into the washer. He glances at her.

WES

'There is a wisdom that is woe; but there is a woe that is madness.'

MADDIE

Huh?

Wes points to the book. She closes it.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

I have to get out of here. I need nail polish. Wanna come?

WES

It's after curfew.

MADDIE

Do I look like a girl who obeys curfews?

WES

You probably wouldn't be here if you did.

MADDIE

Look, I'm climbing the walls here. I don't care where we go. I just need to go --

(Trying to think of something)

Anywhere. I'm just a little all-over-the-place and you can come or not, but just don't tell, okay?

Wes thinks about it for a long moment.

WES

There's a hole in the fence in the back. We're gonna have to crawl through it. Sure you wanna do this?

Maddie nods, assuredly.

WES (CONT'D)

(Sotto voice; to himself)

You're gonna be trouble.

They leave the laundry room together and sneak off into the shadows of the backyard.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

Wes tries to hide that he's nervous about them being there, but he's quick to steer Maddie towards the cosmetics aisle.

Maddie looks at her nail polish options. She picks up a green color and some nail polish remover.

MADDIE

(Re: Nail Polish)

Can't wait to get high off these fumes later.

(Off his look)

Kidding. Inhaling cosmetics has never seemed particularly appealing to me.

Wes smiles in relief. She keeps the polish and remover and continues browsing. Wes is confused.

WES

We should probably get back.

MADDIE

You've obviously never gone shopping with a girl before.

Maddie smiles as they turn a corner. They're in the CLEARANCE SECTION. Maddie grabs a GHASTLY LOOKING FLOPPY BEACH HAT and hands it to him.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Try this on.

Wes puts it on. He looks ridiculous.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. That's hot. You definitely need to go purchase that RIGHT now.

Wes laughs and grabs an UGLY BEDAZZLED VISOR. He puts it on Maddie and grins.

WES

You actually look cute in that.

Maddie smiles as they take off their respective headgear. They continue walking down the aisle.

MADDIE

So, do you go to college?

WES

Didn't even finish high school.

(Beat.)

This is my third time at Springtime Meadows.

MADDIE

Gotcha.

(Curious)

So, if that wasn't the case -- if you weren't at Springtime Meadows -- what would you be doing?

WES

Drugs.

MADDIE

(Laughing)

Touche.

(Beat.)

Let me rephrase the question. Besides drugs, what do you love to do? What would you want to be doing right now if you could?

WES

I like to make things.

Wes pulls out his wallet and shows it to her.

MADDIE

You made this? Wow. This is really cool.

WES

(Smiling)

Thanks.

(Beat.)

Eventually, I wanna do, like, carpentry or metalworking for a living.

They pass the HOUSEWARES AISLE. Wes grabs a WAFFLE IRON and hands it to her.

WES (CONT'D)

Here. I want you to have this.

MADDIE

(Laughing)

I'm gonna use this all the time!

She puts it back on the shelf. They continue walking.

WES

So? What about you?

MADDIE

Short-term, I'd be drinking. Long-term?

(Beat.)

Mortician.

WES

Really? Why?

MADDIE

Well... the first funeral I went to, the funeral directors were really nice. And caring. They made something that's so unbearable not exactly bearable, but less bad. And that's what I wanna do, too. Make it a little *less bad* for people.

(Embarrassed)

Sorry. I've never told anyone that before. It's kind of morbid and creepy...

WES

It's not.

Maddie and Wes look at each other for a long moment. She's a bit unnerved - she feels like he gets her, and it's odd.

She breaks the moment, flashing a playful smile.

MADDIE

Okay. Now that you know something weird about me, it's *only* fair if I know something weird about you...

WES

I'm scared of rabbits.

MADDIE

(Laughing)

What?! No way! Bunnies are so cute and nonthreatening.

WES

Are you kidding me? They're like giant rats that jump. With those beady, little eyes and big teeth.

(MORE)

WES (CONT'D)
Easter's always been a dark time
for me.

They're both cracking up, then --

They turn the corner and find themselves DIRECTLY FACING a
BEAUTIFUL, COLD FREEZER of BEER. They just stare at it for a
long moment. Then --

MADDIE
Wouldn't mind one of those.

WES
I'll, uh, see you outside.

Maddie watches him as he heads out.

EXT. DRUGSTORE - MOMENTS LATER

Wes is nervously waiting for Maddie outside. She comes out
with a bag.

WES
Alright, let's go.

MADDIE
Whoa, whoa. Hold up there, hoss.
Look what I got us...

She proudly produces a bottle of CHEAP RUSSIAN VODKA from the
bag.

MADDIE (CONT'D)
Tada! Courtesy of Jocelyn
Douglas's older sister who I kind
of look like, but not really.

She shows him a FAKE ID.

Wes is not amused.

WES
You're kidding me, right?

MADDIE
What? We're kids! We're supposed
to screw up!

WES
Maddie, I'm committed to my
recovery.

This resonates with Maddie.

MADDIE

Okay, never mind. Look.

She uncaps the bottle and pours its contents onto the pavement. Wes doesn't look up.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

See? Look. I'm getting rid of it.

She throws the empty bottle into a trash can, but pockets the fake ID. She's not ready to get rid of that...

MADDIE (CONT'D)

(Sincerely)

I'm sorry. I'm a jerk. Thank you for saving me from the evil forces of the drugstore.

Wes softens - manages a smile.

Just then, the VAN from SPRINGTIME MEADOWS screeches up. Craig, in the driver's seat, is FURIOUS.

CRAIG

Get in.

Busted.

INT. CRAIG'S OFFICE - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - NIGHT

A visibly nervous Wes and Maddie sit across from Craig.

CRAIG

This is bad.

Craig grimly looks at Maddie.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I think you just set a record by breaking the rules on your second night here.

This has never even occurred to Maddie.

MADDIE

Just don't kick him out. This wasn't his fault. He was protecting me.

CRAIG

Okay then. Go upstairs, Maddie, and pack your bags. I'll call your parents to pick you up.

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Ms. Molina can make arrangements
for your expulsion from Winston.

Maddie is about to have a panic attack when Wes jumps in --

WES

Neither one of us is leaving.
(To Craig; Pointedly)
Right?

Craig stares at Wes for a long beat, then - Craig fumbles in his drawer and hands Maddie a cup.

CRAIG

(Flustered)
I need to pee in this.
(Realizing)
I need YOU to pee in this. And
this will be your ONLY warning.
(Beat.)
You can go.

As a grateful Maddie stands up, Craig sternly looks at her.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

And neither of you are going to the
botanical gardens this weekend.

As she leaves... Despite the severity of the situation,
Maddie can't help herself --

MADDIE (O.S.)

That'll teach me.

CRAIG

(Calling out)
Excuse me?

MADDIE (O.S.)

Nothing.

CRAIG

(Calling out)
That's what I thought.

Once Maddie's out of earshot, Craig looks at Wes.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Wes, you bailed me out once. And
now I've returned the favor. Are
you sure you wanna use your 'Get
Out Of Jail Free' card on this
girl?

WES

Yeah.

Wes begins to leave.

CRAIG

You're not going anywhere. Sit.

Wes does.

INT. COMMON AREA - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - MOMENTS LATER

Maddie charges into the room angrily, where Trish is nervously knitting.

MADDIE

Where is she?

TRISH

Who?

MADDIE

That bitch, Rebecca, told Craig I snuck out and I'm gonna kick her f--

TRISH

(Blurting it out)

It was me! I'm sorry! I'm SO sorry! It's just, you'd been in the laundry room a crazy long time so I asked Craig where you were and that's how he knew you guys were gone.

(Nervously)

Where were you?

Maddie takes a deep breath and "confesses"...

MADDIE

I scored some molly from a Russian foreign exchange student at my school. I needed help unloading it and Wes agreed to help me. Everything was going fine until these two guys pulled guns on us at the local playground. They were undercover DEA agents. Of course, we ran. The bullet only nicked Wes in the elbow.

TRISH

(Gasping)

Oh my God.

MADDIE

Trish. I'm kidding.

Maddie sits down. Trish is relieved.

TRISH

Did you get in a lot of trouble?

MADDIE

(Smiling)

It wasn't that bad.

Trish smiles, relieved.

TRISH

Oh my God, I can't believe you snuck out with Wes. You know he's been in here THREE TIMES. He's a big ol' mess. You know that ain't cute, right?

(Beat; smiling)

But HE is!

Maddie laughs.

MADDIE

Nice try. I have a boyfriend.

TRISH

(Suggestively)

Love triangle...

MADDIE

Not even. He's a nice guy. But I think he kinda hates me right now. Whatever. I don't get it. I used to NEVER get caught and now, all of a sudden, I'm getting busted left and right.

TRISH

It's because ALL eyes are on you now. That's what happens. But people will start trusting you again. You just gotta earn it.

MADDIE

Ugh. Can we please not do rehab talk?

TRISH

Sorry. But you'll see. This is your life now. It's our common bond.

(MORE)

TRISH (CONT'D)

It's annoying at first, but pretty soon you're gonna start talking about it a lot.

MADDIE

Shoot me in the face when that happens.

Maddie plucks out a hair.

TRISH

You know you do that a lot, right?

MADDIE

What?

TRISH

Pull your hair out.

MADDIE

Oh. Yeah. Whatever. Split ends.

TRISH

Careful, girl, or you're not gonna have any left.

Trish looks at Maddie, trying to read whether or not Maddie knows the extent of her addiction.

INT. CRAIG'S OFFICE - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - SAME TIME

Vern is now sitting with Wes and Craig. He's not pleased.

VERN

I'm worried, dude.

WES

Don't be.

VERN

I can tell you like her. And that means you're potentially putting your sobriety at risk.

CRAIG

Maddie's, too. She hasn't even been here a week.

WES

Guys. Really, it's not a --

VERN

Wes, I've been your sponsor for a long time and I know your patterns. I KNOW what your relapse triggers are.

WES

(Quietly)

You guys are overreacting.

CRAIG

Nope. We're not. You told me you were gonna follow EVERY part of the program this time, and that means no dating the first year. It's the *only* way your recovery is gonna take top priority. And that matters to me, that matters to Vern, and most importantly, that matters to YOU.

(Beat.)

So you and Maddie? Can't happen.

(Beat.)

We clear?

WES

Yeah. We're clear.

Off Wes, conflicted --

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. OUTSIDE CRAIG'S OFFICE - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - DAY

Maddie starts to walk into Craig's office, but hears crying. She listens at the door.

INT. CRAIG'S OFFICE - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca sits across from Craig.

REBECCA

(Crying)

... so, then my mom and my whole family said they can't talk to me anymore. I was on speaker -- they all agreed. It's too hard for them. They're too angry. And 'depleted.' That's the word my sister used --

She cries even harder. Craig hands her some tissues.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

They're too 'depleted' to even hope that I'll be okay. That I won't just end up back here again --

She continues to cry.

CRAIG

Hey. You're going to be okay...

INT. OUTSIDE CRAIG'S OFFICE - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - CONTINUOUS

Maddie hears all of it. Her heart breaks for her old friend.

INT. KITCHEN - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - LATE AFTERNOON

Maddie enters and sees Margarita, Wes and Laurel making dinner. Vern is mid-story, and is also doing jumping jacks.

VERN

It's a gift. I can look at any of my customers and tell you EXACTLY what they're addicted to and this guy WAS definitely chasin' the dragon.

MARGARITA
Chasin' the dragon? What's that?

WES
Heroin.

LAUREL
(Thoughtfully)
Wouldn't it be fun to chase an
actual dragon?

A few of them chuckle as Vern notices Maddie come in.

VERN
Oh, hey, Maddie. I'm just regaling
the others with tales of my
glamorous job in discount retail.
Forgive the calisthenics. This is
what I do when I really want drugs.
I exhaust myself 'til I almost pass
out. Usually works. Except one
time, I actually *did* pass out and
they took me to the hospital. And
prescribed me drugs. The irony is
not lost on me.

Margarita and Wes crack up. Maddie has NO IDEA what to say,
and just sits down next to Wes and smiles at him. He
immediately gets up.

WES
I'll, uh, see you guys later.

As a confused Maddie watches Wes leave, Margarita calls after
him.

MARGARITA
You didn't even finish choppin' up
the veggies!
(Beat.)
Is he okay?

LAUREL
(Helpfully)
His aura looked fine.

Maddie gets up and walks out to --

INT. HALLWAY - SPRING MEADOWS - CONTINUOUS

Maddie catches up with Wes, who barely looks at her.

MADDIE
Hey. Everything cool?

WES
Yeah.

MADDIE
(Smiling)
Good.

Wes is about to say something, but thinks better of it.

WES
I'll, uh... see you around.

As Wes walks off, Maddie stands there, even MORE confused and a bit hurt. Everything is obviously NOT 'cool.'

EXT. SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - LATE AFTERNOON

Maddie sits with 'MOBY DICK' in her lap, lost in her own thoughts...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - RANDOM HOUSE - NIGHT

At the party --

Maddie is now talking a mile a minute. She sniffs between sentences - a tell-tale sign...

MADDIE
You know how some people are all, like, 'Whaaaaa-?' And then other people are, like, 'huh?' Oh my GOD! It's, like, PEOPLE. SPEAK ENGLISH. And what is up with emojis? Or LOL? Isn't it just assumed that if somebody says something funny that you're 'laughing out loud'? Why do people need to 'declare' it? There was this one time that I was -- Oh my God, I think I'm about to have a nose bleed.

She throws her head back for a long moment. Finally --

MADDIE (CONT'D)
False alarm. What was I saying again?

She laughs.

ALAN (O.S.)
Maddie?

EXT. SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - PRESENT

Maddie glances up to see her dad. She's surprised.

MADDIE
Hey. What are you doing here?

ALAN
I figured I'd stop by. See how
you're doing. I have a drinks
meeting downtown.

MADDIE
(Smiling)
Shhh. The sober gestapo might hear
you.

Alan tries to laugh, but only manages a small smile. He's
visibly nervous.

MADDIE (CONT'D)
I'm okay.

ALAN
Good. That's... good.
(Beat.)
Look, I know we haven't really
talked about all -- I'm sorry I
wasn't more --

MADDIE
Dad. It's fine.

Alan nods and hands her a STUFFED MOOSE.

MADDIE (CONT'D)
Moose-tafa! Where did you find
this?

ALAN
It was in the attic.

MADDIE
(Genuinely touched)
Awww. Thanks!

ALAN

I, uh, also got your car washed.
And I found this.

He hands her an opened condom wrapper. Maddie's face goes white. Confused, she looks down at the ground.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(Awkwardly)

Good that you're being safe.

They can't look at each other. Alan glances at his watch.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Well... I should go.

(Beat.)

Just... keep hanging in there,
okay? This will all be over soon.

Alan kisses her on the forehead.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I love you.

MADDIE

(Softly)

Love you, too.

He walks off. The minute Alan is out of sight, Maddie runs inside to --

INT. BATHROOM - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - MOMENTS LATER

Maddie, panicked and confused, is clutching the figurine her mother gave her.

Trish pounds on the door.

TRISH (O.S.)

Maddie! Let me in!

MADDIE

No, I'm -- I'm fine.

She clutches the figurine, trying not to cry, as Trish opens the door and sits down next to her.

TRISH

What happened?!

MADDIE

I don't know...

She shows Trish the condom wrapper.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

My dad found a condom wrapper in my car -- and I don't remember, I don't remember what happened on Thursday night... I've never had -- well, *I'd never had sex before.* And I don't know if I did. And if I did, it wasn't with my boyfriend. Did I cheat on Zack with some stranger? I don't even remember who I was talking to! And how am I even gonna find out?! Oh my God. What did I do?

Maddie breaks down, and Trish hugs her and strokes her hair.

INT. FOYER - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - NIGHT

Vern calls up to Maddie, impatiently.

VERN

Come on, Maddie! We're already late!

Maddie, puffy-eyed and dishevelled, comes down the stairs. It's obvious she's been crying.

MADDIE

I'm not going to the AA meeting. Just tell Craig I'm sick.

Vern puts his hand on Maddie's shoulder.

VERN

You have to. I get why you don't want to, though. It feels like that for everyone at first. And, I know I sound like such a cornball saying this, but... it gets easier. Kind of like riding a bike.

MADDIE

I don't know how to ride a bike.

VERN

What?!

MADDIE

I fell off the first time I tried and it just seemed easier to walk.

VERN

Your parents didn't make you get back on?

MADDIE

They're not terribly athletic.

VERN

Well, I'm teaching you! I didn't always look like this, y'know?

VERN (CONT'D)

I used to be a dancer --
I was a go-go boy.

Vern pulls out a picture from his wallet. It's a YOUNG VERN - hot, tan and muscular.

MADDIE

Wow. You were HOT.

VERN

I keep that in my wallet to remind myself how different things would have been if I'd just kicked the habit the first time I was in here. When I looked like *that*.

(Beat.)

I've been clean for three years now, but I *still* stay here. 'Cuz I'm scared. Scared that if I get my own place, I'll use again. It's happened way too many times before. I'm a 'lifer,' Maddie.

(Fiercely)

But you aren't going to be. Got it?

She's both touched and confused - why does he care so much?

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Maddie and the rest of the group enters a lively AA meeting that is about to commence. The room isn't depressing at all - it's obviously the creme de la creme of local meetings. It's crowded and the rest of the group walks over to various people they know to catch up before the meeting starts.

Vern walks over. He takes Maddie's hand and they walk through the crowd.

VERN

Maddie, there's someone I want you to meet. You're gonna love her. This lady has been THROUGH IT. And her fiancée doesn't know about *any* of it. It's nuts. But she's so great and I'm sure you're gonna be able to open up to her more than you can with 'Wiener Dog.'

(Off her look)

That's my nickname for Craig.

They stop walking and he taps a woman on the shoulder. She turns around.

It's MS. MOLINA.

For the sake of Vern, Maddie tries to hide her shock. She takes Ms. Molina's extended hand and forces a smile.

MS. MOLINA

It's nice to meet you.

Off Maddie's surprise --

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

After the meeting, Maddie is quietly WAILING on Cynthia - trying not to cast suspicion.

MADDIE

I can't BELIEVE you!

CYNTHIA

Maddie, I understand you're upset, but --

MADDIE

Don't you think it's a little hypocritical of YOU to call ME out when you're an addict, too?!

Cynthia is surprised; smiles.

CYNTHIA

Did you hear what you just did?

MADDIE

Called YOU out?

CYNTHIA

No. You just admitted you were an addict. Albeit, accidentally. But it still counts.

MADDIE

(Rolling her eyes)
Oh, whatever.

CYNTHIA

I'm twelve years sober, Maddie. It wasn't easy, but the journey was well worth it.

MADDIE

Why didn't you tell me?

CYNTHIA

This program works because of its anonymity.

MADDIE

Congratulations on your well-kept secret. Meanwhile, EVERYONE at school knows about ME.

CYNTHIA

I know this isn't easy. Trust me. I've been through exactly what you're going through now. But you're gonna find strength in yourself that you never knew you had.

This sentiment resonates with Maddie...

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

You need a sponsor. I can be yours... if you'd like.

MADDIE

(Looking around)

No one else is bangin' down m' door.

CYNTHIA

Alright then. It's settled.

MADDIE

Guess I'll see you tomorrow, Ms. Molina.

CYNTHIA

You can probably start calling me Cynthia. Outside of school.

MADDIE

Okay.

Maddie walks away. Cynthia pulls her cell phone out of her purse and dials a number.

CYNTHIA

Hey. It's me. I just saw Maddie. She's fine.

(Pause.)

No, you absolutely did the right thing. Can you meet me at the coffee shop in twenty minutes?

(Pause.)

Okay. I'll see you then.

Cynthia watches Maddie get into the van in the distance.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Cynthia is sitting in a booth of a nearly empty coffee shop. She steeps a tea bag into a cup.

Charlotte, panicked, sits down across from her.

CHARLOTTE

How is she?

CYNTHIA

(Warmly)

She's good. I'm going to be her sponsor.

Charlotte is surprised. Cynthia places her hand on Charlotte's - as an old friend would...

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

She's gonna be okay.

CHARLOTTE

I cleaned her room today. Empty bottles of pills, half-smoked joints. There was a vodka bottle under her bed. I didn't realize how bad it had gotten. How could I not have known?

CYNTHIA

This is not on you, Char. You know that.

Charlotte picks up a packet of ARTIFICIAL SWEETENER and nervously begins fidgeting with it.

CHARLOTTE

Maddie can't ever find out that I was the one who told you. Or Alan. He would never forgive me. I tried to talk to him about Maddie's problems, but she's still his little girl and I get it. But that's why I needed your help.

CYNTHIA

You keep my secret, Charlotte, and I'll keep yours.

Charlotte tries to seem relieved, but Cynthia knows better.

INT. COMMON AREA - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - NIGHT

Maddie and Trish are putting together a puzzle and laughing. Rebecca sits in an alcove near the front door, writing in her journal.

TRISH

It's TRUE! My dream in LIFE is to be on a reality show.

MADDIE

(Laughing)

Trish! That's only slightly more appealing than being a drug addict!

Trish laughs, too.

TRISH

I'm gonna remind you you said that when I'm rich and famous and America loves me.

Maddie laughs. She looks over at Rebecca, who is - once again - glaring at her. Maddie attempts a compassionate smile. Rebecca immediately returns to her writing.

A MAN (early 30's) walks into the FOYER. He's a physically imposing guy and it's obvious he's tweaking. Trish sees him and gets nervous.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Doug, what are you doing here?
Have you been --

DOUG

I came back to say hi to my junkie friends.

TRISH

(Calling out)
Craig!

DOUG

I just came to say hi.

Craig emerges from his office and sees Doug.

CRAIG

Doug. How did you get in?

DOUG

There's a hole in the back fence.
(Stumbling backwards)
I'm just here to say hi.

He grabs Rebecca's wrist and pulls her out of the alcove toward him. Rebecca cries out in pain.

CRAIG
(Sternly)
Let her go.

DOUG
(To Rebecca)
I remember you. Do you remember
me?

Maddie is confused and terrified. Craig inches toward Doug, whose holding Rebecca close. He's large enough to snap her in half.

CRAIG
Let Rebecca go.

DOUG
You guys think you're so freakin'
great. Because you're all clean
and stuff.

No one says anything.

DOUG (CONT'D)
(Screaming and spitting)
DON'T YOU?!?!?

He pulls Rebecca's head back.

CRAIG
(Calmly)
Doug. Why don't you and I go talk
in my office? Just the two of us.

DOUG
(To a trembling Rebecca)
Hey, you wanna come party with me?
All these people think we're
losers, but we're --

REBECCA
I--I--I-

Craig sees Vern and Wes skulking up from the dining room behind Doug.

DOUG
(Dazed)
What was I talking about?

ON MADDIE:

That sounds familiar... She shakes it off.

CRAIG

Rebecca. Maybe you should go with Doug.

Rebecca is confused, but nods.

REBECCA

O-o-o-okay. I-- I will.

DOUG

Alright, let's get outta --

Doug lets her go and Vern and Wes immediately tackle him. Rebecca quickly runs away, scared.

CRAIG

Trish, call 911.

Trish darts into Craig's office. Maddie runs over to Rebecca.

MADDIE

Are you okay?

REBECCA

I-- I think so.

Maddie throws her arms around Rebecca, who is petrified in fear.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Cynthia is reading a text on her phone. She looks upset. To Charlotte --

CYNTHIA

(Getting up)

I just got a text from Maddie. We have to go.

CHARLOTTE

(Visibly disturbed)

What's wrong?

CYNTHIA

I'll tell you in the car. Come on.

Cynthia throws a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL on the table and they both dash out of the coffee shop.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - NIGHT

Several POLICE CARS are out front. Maddie stands with Vern, Trish, Margarita, Wes, Laurel and the rest of the residents. They watch, with heavy hearts, the scene before them.

Doug is in the back of the car. He no longer looks threatening. He looks sad and remorseful. Maddie clocks this.

Rebecca and Craig are being interviewed by cops, who are taking their statements.

MARGARITA

I really thought he was going to make it.

TRISH

I did, too.

MADDIE

What's going to happen to him?

VERN

He's had a lot of chances. I don't think he's gonna get off so easy this time.

LAUREL

(To Maddie)

He's not a bad guy. Really, he's not.

VERN

(Visibly upset)

This sucks.

WES

(Lost in thought)

That could've been me.

MARGARITA

That could've been any of us.

Maddie just stares at the broken man in the back of the police car.

She finally breaks the gaze and looks over at Rebecca. They exchange looks - not mean, hurtful glances - but ones of compassion.

Charlotte and Cynthia race over to Maddie.

CHARLOTTE

Oh my God, are you okay?

MADDIE

I'm fine.

CHARLOTTE

Pack your bags, Maddie. We're leaving.

CYNTHIA

I'm sorry. This wasn't a good idea. We're going to figure out another --

The truth begins to sink in for Maddie. She looks at her stepmother.

MADDIE

No. I, uh -- I think I should be here.

Maddie buries her head in Charlotte's arm. Charlotte holds her, looking at Cynthia. Cynthia just nods.

INT. COMMON AREA - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - LATER

Maddie is curled up on the couch, wrapped in a blanket, looking at the SOBRIETY JOURNAL on the coffee table. She gingerly picks it up and opens it to the first page. She starts writing as her voice-over kicks in.

NOTE: The song 'EVERYTHING'S CHANGING' by THE KIN begins to play and plays through to the end.

MADDIE (V.O.)

Let me be clear about one thing: Just because I'm writing in this doesn't mean I've suddenly become a self-help junkie. Sorry, but I've just never bought into "positive affirmations" and all that "touchy-feely" B.S.

EXT. SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - CONTINUOUS

Maddie is wearing a HELMET and KNEE PADS and ELBOW PADS.

MADDIE (V.O.)
But I can do this. It's only
eighty-six more days.

Vern wheels over a BICYCLE. Margarita, Trish, Laurel and Craig watch. Maddie is nervous.

EXT. QUAD - DAY

Zack and Maddie sit on the quad, eating lunch with some other friends.

MADDIE (V.O.)
Solid C+ student by day; recovering
junkie by night...

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - WINSTON ACADEMY - DAY

Cynthia sits at her desk. She reaches into a drawer and pulls out Maddie's "water" bottle. She stares at it for a long moment.

MADDIE (V.O.)
I made a mistake. A series of
them. But don't we all?

Cynthia quickly puts the bottle into her desk and closes the drawer.

INT. REBECCA'S ROOM - DAY

Rebecca stares, sadly, at a picture of her and her family.

MADDIE (V.O.)
But if being a big ol' mess-of-a-
teenager has taught me anything
it's that there's nothing you can
do that can't be undone.
(Uncertainly)
Right?

Rebecca fights back tears.

INT. DINING ROOM - SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - DAY

Maddie is setting the table as Wes walks in. He looks at her, but when she looks up -

MADDIE (V.O.)
Who am I kidding? Sometimes we do
screw up, irreparably.

- he quickly averts his glance.

EXT. SPRINGTIME MEADOWS - DAY

Maddie cautiously, nervously, excitedly rides a bike - while
her new friends cheer her on.

MADDIE (V.O.)
A wise man once said: 'there is a
wisdom that is woe; but there is a
woe that is madness.'

Maddie screams in fear/elation.

MADDIE (V.O.)
I don't know about the wisdom part,
but the madness is definitely
setting in...

Wes, unseen, watches from a distance - trying not to smile,
watching this girl he's falling for.

INT. TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maddie continues writing --

MADDIE (V.O.)
(Sardonically)
...one day at a time.

She smiles and closes the book.

The song continues as we --

FLOAT ABOVE TO:

INT. MADDIE & TRISH'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trish is dancing around, happily - when she accidentally
bumps Maddie's nightstand.

The FIGURINE falls to the floor and BREAKS revealing bags of
POT, POWDER & PILLS.

Trish gasps.

END OF PILOT