

Paradise

Written by

Angie Comer

WGAw

Fade In

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

A car swerves around the corner and gingerly cruises through a red light. Music torpedoes out of the broken windows like a surge of wind.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

With her glazed eyes and sluggish flow to the music, GALE is severely drunk.

A second later, a POLICE CAR rolls up behind her and flashes its lights.

GALE
Must drive straight. Must drive
straight.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Horns roar as GALE'S car glides into on-coming traffic. Her eyes widen in terror as the car spirals out of control and slams into a parked car.

A YOUNG OFFICER jumps out of the car and cautiously approaches GALE. He shines a flashlight on her face. GALE looks up and raises an eyebrow.

GALE
Take me to your leader.

GALE bursts into hysterical laughter as the YOUNG OFFICER hauls her out of the car and props her against the door. He peeks inside and surveys her mini-bar of vodka and rum bottles in the passenger seat.

The YOUNG OFFICER turns to GALE.

YOUNG OFFICER
Ma'am are you drunk?

GALE
No. But I have a hangover.

As the OFFICER continues to look GALE over, he notices something about her.

GALE (CONT'D)

Hey, do you know where I can buy a midget?

YOUNG OFFICER

I know you.

GALE

I know you too.

YOUNG OFFICER

You're a famous writer.

GALE

No. I'm not a writer. I'm just a literary whore. I'm not even a whore...I'm a ho.

YOUNG OFFICER

Oh. Okay, well you're under arrest.

As GALE'S eyes cross, she suddenly passes out and hits the ground with a hard thud.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Andy is sitting behind his desk, reading a Hustler Magazine. As he stares intensely at the pictures, he unzips his pants and slides his hand inside his jeans.

Without warning, Danny and Martin bolt inside. Each is holding their urine sample cups. Andy quickly composes himself as they set them on the desk.

Martin is sporting a black tee-shirt that reads REHAB IS FOR QUITTERS.

MARTIN

Dirty urine sample with a twist, no olives.

ANDY

Did you miss the Learning Annex of knocking?

MARTIN

I dropped it to study the strategy of alien sex.

DANNY

Bad time?

ANDY

No. Same shit, different day. Is it really yours, Marty?

MARTIN

It's Martin and are you serious?

ANDY

I'm always serious.

MARTIN

I know. That's the problem.

ANDY

Well?

MARTIN

Of course its my piss. Whose else would it be?

DANNY

It's cool, dad. I saw him.

MARTIN

You did?

DANNY

Well, I can't draw you a picture, but it looks a lot like mine. Only smaller.

MARTIN

Prick face.

Andy looks Martin over for a moment. He turns to Danny.

ANDY

I'll take your word for it.

MARTIN

But not mine?

ANDY

You always threaten to be honest with me, Marty, but you never seem to make that trip.

MARTIN

Bull and shit. Dad, it was one doobie six months ago. Let it ride. It doesn't mean anything.

ANDY

It means everything around here. Do you not see what's going on?

MARTIN

Last time I checked, I still lived above a rehab center. I see it, I smell it and fucking hear it on the daily, yo!

ANDY

But I don't think you understand the true meaning of what I'm trying to accomplish here. I am trying to help people that are beaten down by their addictions...

MARTIN

(interrupting)

Blah, blah, blah, blah. And whatever.

Martin moans in resentment and heads for the door.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You know dad, I'm not one of your patients.

ANDY

Let's keep it that way.

Martin exits. Andy slumps back in his chair.

ANDY (CONT'D)

And take off that Goddamn shirt!
(to Danny)
I thought I threw that thing away last week?

DANNY

You did. He's got like twenty of those things. You got a minute?

Danny sits across from Andy.

ANDY

What's up?

DANNY

I need to be away from the here today.

ANDY

Again? What's going, Danny?

DANNY

I have some personal things to take care of. Are we cool?

ANDY

Of course. But, I mean...what's going with you? I don't want to pry...

DANNY

Sure you do.

ANDY

Can you let me play the father role please?

(beat)

Danny, last week, you left Mr. Henderson in the whirl pool overnight. He looked liked a three legged prune when we fished his ass out of there.

Danny chuckles.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You seem....I don't know...distracted. A lot more than usual.

DANNY

Yeah, I know. I'm sorry. I just have a load of crap on my mind.

ANDY

Well, tell me about it.

DANNY

I don't want too.

ANDY

Danny, I'm reaching out to you.

DANNY

I can see that. But, it's not your problem to solve, dad.

ANDY

Fine. I can't solve your little issue. Maybe I can still help.

DANNY

I don't want your help.

There is an awkward silence as Danny pushes himself up to leave.

ANDY

We have a drunk and disorderly coming in at noon. Gale something. Can you see to the arrangements before you take off?

DANNY

Sure. Who is she rooming with?

ANDY

Sara.

DANNY

Sara doesn't play well with others.

ANDY

So, where are you going again?

DANNY

Out.

ANDY

Ok. When will you be back?

DANNY

Later.

Andy offers a nod of approval. He looks over his desk.

ANDY

Gotcha! Wait a minute. I'm missing a sample. Where is your sister's?

DANNY

Drew is in protest mode.

ANDY

She refused?

DANNY

That would be my guess.

Danny exits.

ANDY

She can't refuse.

EXT. POOL - MORNING

Abby steps onto the patio and watches as Tim pushes himself out of the pool and strolls towards her, wearing his red bikini.

ABBY
How's the water, Timmy?

TIM
Wet.

As Tim walks away, Abby stretches with cat-like pleasure, then dives inside the pool. As she swims freely from one end to the other, she spots a DARK FIGURE, draped in black out of the corner of her eye.

Abby quickly surfaces and scans the patio.

ABBY
Tim is that you?
(beat)
I don't like people spying on me!

Abby looks around the barren area. She holds her breath and plunges back into her laps. A moment later, the DARK FIGURE stalks Abby as she swims. Abby is absorbed by the rush of fear as she breaks the surface.

ABBY (CONT'D)
I will cut your fucking throat if
you don't leave me alone!

Abby's face is flushed with anxiety.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Shit.

Abby swims for the edge. As she reaches for the handle, the DARK FIGURE slams its hand on Abby's head and ruthlessly shoves her under the water.

Abby fights like crazy to free herself from this massive grasp. All at once, the DARK FIGURE releases Abby and she pulls herself out of the pool, coughing uncontrollably. She surveys the vacant patio.

Abby grabs her towel and dashes inside.

INT. DREW'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Drew sits on the edge of her bed, while Carrie nervously paces the room. Drew's face is pale and ashen.

CARRIE
How late are you again?

DREW
A month.

CARRIE
Maybe it's something that you ate?

DREW
I don't think so.

CARRIE
Your father is going to shit a brick. I'm shitting bricks.

DREW
Worry much?

CARRIE
Drew, why aren't you freaking out?
This is your que to freak out.

DREW
Why bother, you are freaking out
enough for the both of us.

CARRIE
Well, it's my job as the sidekick.

Carrie takes a breath and sits next to Drew.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
Not even close. What do you think
Alley would have done?

DREW
I don't know. Not give it up for
dinner and some lame movie, for
starters. She had it all figured
out before there was even a problem
to solve. She was just brilliant
like that.

Drew stares at her sister's abandoned bed, void of life.