

QUITTERS

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C.U. SLOW-MO OF A BEER BOTTLE SMASHING ON A BAR FLOOR. AS THE BOOZE FLOATS ALONG THE HARDWOOD WORDS WASH OVER IT:

"Chaos must be conceived before the reborn arrive!"

-- Some stew in a Boston bar in the 20th Century

FADE TO:

C.U. OF A CHILD'S BARE FEET ON HOT ASPHALT

SAD MAN (O.S.)

Dang, that's just too much salt for
our bacon, eh boy?

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF A NICE HOME - DAY

The bare feet belong to a **10-year old STEW MCMANUS**.

The sad man's voice belongs to his dad **TOMMY MCMANUS** dressed in his Sunday saddest: greasy jeans, old t-shirt, worn boots.

They look at a used Jeep Cherokee along with the **GUY SELLING HIS CAR** dressed in his Sunday best - of a successful man.

GUY SELLING HIS CAR

"Too much salt" for.. what..?"

TOMMY MCMANUS

We just need somethin' easy to git
he to school and me to the factory.

GUY SELLING HIS CAR

I know it's old but it's tuned up
and runs splendidly. I promise.

Tommy eyes the Man, then his son, then the old car. Tommy pulls Stew in and turns to leave.

TOMMY MCMANUS

Thanks but--

GUY SELLING HIS CAR

You know what? It's yours. No
charge.

TOMMY MCMANUS

(turns back to Seller)

Huh?

GUY SELLING HIS CAR

Yeah, this old rig took good care of my children getting them back and forth to college, camping, skiing and now it'll do the same for you. Free of charge.

Car Seller extends his hand to Tommy to shake. A proud Tommy eyes the hand/gesture and thinks... Unsure about charity.

TOMMY MCMANUS (PRE-LAP)

Wooohoooo!

EXT. ROAD - LATER THAT DAY

The used Cherokee roars past as Tommy yells in victory - out of the passenger side window. Because Young Stew drives.

INT. USED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Stew drives as Tommy drinks beer in the passenger seat.

TOMMY MCMANUS

That's how it done, son!

YOUNG STEW

What done, dad?

TOMMY MCMANUS

I told you to call me "Tommy" now on, Stew.

Stew would rather not.

TOMMY MCMANUS (CONT'D)

You just gotta make em think you ain't here for nothin'.

YOUNG STEW

We ain't here for nothin', da--
Tommy..?

TOMMY MCMANUS

Nope, nothin'. And then that's when you get em. And they give it to you... Fer nothin'!

Young Stew ponders this.

TOMMY MCMANUS (CONT'D)

Rip a ralph right here, shake'n
bake!

Tires SCREECH into a shoddy used car lot.

TOMMY MCMANUS (CONT'D)
We gon' get us some weekend flash
for this free piece of shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. USED CAR LOT - LATER

A USED CAR SALESMAN hands \$1000 to Tommy.

EXT./EST. CASINO - LATER

A sketchy casino in the desert.

INT. CASINO - LATER

A drunk Tommy drinks and gambles and makes a scene. Young Stew sits at the bar drinking soda.

As the bartender turns around Stew leans over for a liquor bottle and spikes his soda.

TOMMY MCMANUS (O.S.)
Get the hell off me, mutha--!!

Angle on Tommy getting bounced from the casino...

TOMMY MCMANUS (CONT'D)
Who you think you are!? I am!!

Bouncers toss Tommy out the door...

TOMMY MCMANUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I ain't here for nothin'!!

Young Stew stares as the doors swing back shut.

TOMMY MCMANUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
WOOOO---

STEW (O.S.)
HOOOO!!!!

CHYRON: *Years and beers later...*

INT. TIME OUT BAR - NIGHT

STEW MCMANUS (now 30s) rips around drunk on a Rascal scooter.

He dodges patrons and barstools until finally crashing into the pool table, laughing drunkenly.

PATRON (O.S.)
You suck, Stew!

PATRON 2 (O.S.)
You're stewed, Stew!

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BACK GUEST HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

STEW sits passed out on his door step. Keys dangle in door.

An EVICTION NOTICE is slapped on his forehead sticking there and awaking him. He rips it off to read --

STEW
Eviction?

He looks up to GINGER (20s) standing over him.

STEW (CONT'D)
What the hell, Ginger?

GINGER
Pay your rent or leave, Stew.

STEW
I'm paying it- was-

GINGER
You're 3 months late.

STEW
You're evicting me? I thought we were getting back together, baby?

GINGER
HA! Two separate things. Only one is happening.

STEW
I was gonna propose, babe--

GINGER
Bigger HA! With what?

Stew holds her gaze as he feels around the ground. Then brings up into frame like it's a ring -- an ACORN.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Original.

STEW

Thank you. So, that's a yes..?

GINGER

What's the purpose of you, Stew?
Besides only thinking about you?

STEW

Huh? Purpose? What's--

GINGER

Seriously, what do you contribute?
To the world, to others, how do you
give back?

STEW

I contribute. To.. society.. and..
shit... Give back to what--?

GINGER

I'm not talking about the life-hole
you keep digging.

Stew sits stumped.

GINGER (CONT'D)

You have 2 days to get me my \$3,000
back-rent, Stew.

Ginger huffs off.

Stew sits in his shame. Then offers the acorn to a passing
squirrel... who laughs, flicks him off and splits.

INT. STEW'S GUEST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stew enters his messy place, like the Superdome post-Katrina.
Decor by Craigslist and Garbage Thursday.

STEW

Hey, Seabiscuit.

SEABISCUIT is a huge rat who gallops around carefree.

Stew opens a cupboard and gathers \$400 cash, then takes a
long pull off a near empty Jack Daniels bottle, and leaves.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Stew waits to cross the street.

A MAN in a wheelchair pulls up by pushing himself backwards with his one good leg. This is LLOYD (60s, black).

STEW
What are you doing, Lloyd?

LLOYD
Parkor. What do you think, dipshit?

STEW
Turn that thing around.

Stew gets behind him to push him across the street.

STEW (CONT'D)
What happened to your Rascal?

LLOYD
Of course you don't remember.

STEW
Shit.

LLOYD
Yeah. Shit. Head. You crashed it last night!

STEW
You sure it was me?

Lloyd brings up the video proof of Stew crashing it.

STEW (CONT'D)
Oh sure, we all look alike to you, Lloyd.

LLOYD
Don't you Me Too me. You owe me \$500 for repairs.

Ugh.

EXT. TIME OUT - CONTINUOUS

They approach their neighborhood bar "TIME OUT" and enter...

O. S. various BAR-BAGS yell as they enter: "Beat it, asshole! Still lame, Lloyd?! Got my money, Stew?!"

STEW/LLOYD
 Fuck off!/ Suck my stump, Sam!/I
 don't owe you shit, Greg!

Same shit, different heads.

INT. TIME OUT - CONTINUOUS

Stew and Lloyd pull up the bar. SAL the bartender greets em.

Also there are PETE THE PAINTER, a shaky old alkie deep into his fifth pint;

And MIKEY FANELLI, a low level bookie stabbing a thick middle finger at the sports page.

MIKEY
 I'm telling you, Pete, this baby's
 form lines, they're a thing of
 beauty. Three losses at Santa
 Anita, then at Keenland he goes
 from winter mule to spring flyer.

PETE
 Sounds like a fabulous horse.

MIKEY
 "Fabulous?" Who are you, RuPaul?
 It's not a frickin' ball gown, Pe-
 tey Antoinette.

STEW (O.S.)
 Cut the piggy anti-trans, sexist,
 pro-douche shit, Mikey, it's the
 21st Century.

Mikey turns to Stew.

STEW (CONT'D)
 If man can go to space for fun, you
 can broaden too.

MIKEY
 Oh! Look who it is! The Snowflake
 in Chief.

STEW
 (tada!)
 In the fleshlight.

MIKEY
 Hey Stew, you looking for a sure
 thing?

STEW

Why, your sister in town?

MIKEY

Very funny, numbnuts.

(slaps the paper)

Beggar's Delight. Across the board.

STEW

You know I don't play the ponies,
Mikey. Horses skeeve me out.

(shudders)

They're like giant, naked dogs.

MIKEY

Yeah well, this dog throws a half
mile in forty seconds and changes
without drawing a breath. I'm
telling you, bozo, it's money in
the bank.

Stew pulls up a stool.

STEW

No thank you, my good man, I
believe I'll stick to America's
game.

MIKEY

Moral decline?

STEW

Otherwise known as professional
football. Who's on, Sal?

SAL

How the fuck should I know?

STEW

How the fuck, indeed.

MIKEY

Football? Jesus, might as well flip
a frickin' coin.

STEW

Cheer up, Mikey. I'm feeling lucky
this morning.

MIKEY

Too bad it's the afternoon.

STEW

Touche.
 (to Sal)
 Chef, if you please.

Sal slings a hard look and starts pulling him a pint.

MIKEY

You know you still owe me for last week. I'm gonna have to up my vig if you don't get even soon, you frickin' derelict.

STEW

Relax, Mikey. I got you. And this --

Stew slaps down his \$400.

STEW (CONT'D)

I need 5 games, the biggest payoffs.

MIKEY

(laughs)
 Fuck off. Like you can cover if you mush.

Sal drops Stew a pint and flicks on the NFL REDZONE channel.

STEW

I need 3 large if I wanna get my bird back and keep livin' indoors. Do it, Mikey.

He slides Mikey a piece of paper with his gambling picks.

SAL

Ginger dumped you AND evicted you?

STEW

First swings. She won't connect. Not with my sliders.

SAL

"BABE" Ruth is gonna bomb you over the Green Monster, *John Van Benschoten*.

STEW

Pfft. And fact check, Sal: John Gochnaur was the worst baseball player in history.

SAL

But Van Benschoten was the worst
pitcher.

Zing.

MIKEY

You need a bird who loves you as
you, Stew. Flaw and all. Even if
you're a walking, talking, fucking
up flaw.

Mikey scans Stew's picks. Head shakes.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

PFFT! These picks are lightning and
the lottery combined! No way.

STEW

Mikey, I have no choice. My life
has officially bottomed and I don't
care to hang out down here trying
to make it comfy. I'm clawing out.

MIKEY

It's your funeral. I'll let Legs
know.

PETE

(smitten)

Lonny "The Legs" Larusso. Goddess.

STEW

Legs is a class lady.

PETE

Not sure about her flabby thighs
though.

Stew eyes him: her name is "Legs." Moving on...

STEW

(at TV)

Now come on, let's go!

MONTAGE of the afternoon's game results:

- Stew loses the first game. Despair.
- Stew wins the second game. Yes!
- Stew wins the third game. So you're saying there's a chance?

- Stew wins the fourth game. The bar can't believe it!
- Stew wins the fifth game. The bar goes nuts!

STEW (CONT'D)
 (thumbs himself)
 Drinks are on the house!

SAL
 That's not what that means, Stew!

MORE MONTAGE of drunken, celebratory debauchery - Stew hugging, chugging, snorting, barfing, chugging again, pill popping, licking a sheet of acid, barfing again. On the bar, under the bar, being tossed out of the bar.

STEW
 Who do you think you are?! I am!

Stew stumbles across the street to his pad.

EXT. BACK GUEST HOUSE - MORNING

Stew sits on the front steps like the previous morning. His keys dangle in the lock.

Seabiscuit jumps on his chest, waking him.

STEW
 Once again, after a booming evening
 I wake up to rat and not cat
 cuddling me.

INT. TIME OUT - LATER

Stew breezes in confidently.

STEW
 The victor is here to collect!

The Gang's all here and they're shocked to see him. Mikey jumps up to usher him out the back.

MIKEY
 You don't remember?

STEW
 I remember all I have to remember,
 Mikey! - winning 5 large!

MIKEY
 Until you doubled down and lost 10.

STEW
Ten what?

MIKEY
Thousand.

STEW
Dollars?!

MIKEY
Legs is coming in to collect any
minute, so unless you got it you
gotta get it. Or get lost.

Stew falls down in terrifying shock.

STEW
Of course I don't got it!

Mikey picks him up.

MIKEY
Seriously, Stew, go underground for
a while. Or.. forever.

STEW
Where can I go?!

Mikey pushes him to the back room.

EXT. TIME OUT - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pool table, card table, dart board, slot machine, big TV,
it's a mini-casino. Mikey grabs Stew by the shoulders.

MIKEY
You gotta start thinking about the
future, Stew.

STEW
Why?

MIKEY
You're not getting any younger.
When do you turn 40?

STEW
Eleven years.

MIKEY
Jesus. You are not a good look on
you.

(MORE)

MIKEY (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do about getting
older, settling down?
Retirement?

STEW

Retirement? Hopefully just drop
dead.

MIKEY

You gotta earn sudden death,
superguy. Look, it's not too late
to turn your life around, man. Do
good. Give back. Leave your mark.
Not your skid mark.

Stew doesn't know how to process any of this.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh, Mikey?!...

MIKEY

Shit. It's Legs.

STEW

Oh no. What do I do?

MIKEY

Stay here. Lock the door. Keep
quiet.

Mikey splits out the door to deal with Legs.

Stew sits, shitting his pants. Pulls a joint and lights it. A
TV COMMERCIAL starts...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Opioid overdoses are now the
leading cause of death for
Americans under the age of 50,
killing more than guns or cars, and
at a rate higher than the HIV
epidemic at its peak...

STEW

Fuck off, death.

Stew searches for the remote to turn it off... but is then
captivated by the relaxing MUSIC and comforting images of...

Happy and healthy looking adults staring at the sea, relaxing
on a boat, rock climbing, yoga, getting massages.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Are you ready for a change? A fresh start?

STEW

(through pot smoke)

Fuck an A yeah.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Serenity Shore is southern California's premier wellness rehabilitation facility. Located in the rolling hills of east Malibu, our 30, 60, and 90 day in-patient getaways are the most effective and luxurious treatment programs for you or your loved one.

Stew perks up.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Patients enjoy a wide range of clinically proven treatment programs including holistic detoxification, private counseling, equine therapy, yoga, reiki, and a variety of cutting edge therapies custom made for the discerning addict.

Stew stares enraptured.

NARRATOR

Join in group discussions in our Italian espresso bar. Or enjoy a day of massage at our five star spa. Serenity Shore will get you back on your feet, and behind the wheel, in no time. Best of all, your stay with us is completely confidential, so no one will even know you're here. Say goodbye to the real world. And say hello to a whole new you-niverse.

(fast fine print voice)

Now accepting Medicare, Medical, and basically any form of insurance. Whatever you got.

STEW

Holy shit. That's it. Trash my rot for a fresh start.

(stands up)

I'm going to rehab!

INT. BACK GUEST HOUSE - LATER

Stew quickly packs a bag, hears something and looks out the window to see a black town car park and two GOONS get out.

STEW

Shit!

Stew ducks out of sight and begins his escape out the back.

STEW (CONT'D)

Shitshitshit!

There's a loud KNOCK at the door. As he climbs out the window, he spies Seabiscuit staring at him.

STEW (CONT'D)

Sorry boy. You're on your own.

Stew drops from the window just as his door is kicked in.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Stew sprints down the alley. But he only makes it fifty feet before he has to stop, hands on knees, and barf. He resumes running, painfully.

INT. STEW'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Looking straight from Soul-Cycle, two muscled GOONS gingerly step into Stew's filthy apartment, afraid to touch anything.

Behind them steps **LONNY "LEGS" LARUSSO** (40s.) She's a steely eyed professional with talk show looks and pantsuits that could kill.

LEGS

Jesus Christ, it smells like the nineties in here.

GOON 1

This guy sure could use a makeover, ain't that right, Boss?

LEGS

Oh, I'd say it's a total teardown.

The Goons exchange a look and then start trashing the place.

Legs looks at a photograph stuck to the fridge of Stew passed out naked on the hood of a cop car, friends and cops surrounding him and smiling for the camera.

LEGS (CONT'D)

Oh, I can't wait to meet you, Stew.
I just love a good project.

INT. SPA - LATER

Stew relaxes in a sauna wearing a towel. A beautiful woman saunters in and starts massaging his shoulders.

Another half-naked woman arrives and starts massaging his feet. Steam is rising, and so is something else...

SMASH CUT TO:

MAN (O.S.)

You-boner-out!

INT. TAXI - DAY

Stew is passed out in the backseat of a cab, dreaming with a huge smile on his face. The DRIVER slams on the brakes.

DRIVER

Hey! You have boner in my car?

STEW

Huh?

DRIVER

No boners! Get it out of here!

STEW

Where are we?

DRIVER

Here! Where you say! Out!

Stew exits the cab and rubs his eyes in disbelief.

STEW

What the fudge?

Stew's POV: SERENITY SHORE is a dilapidated mansion, more frat house than spa. Death metal blares from an open window.

STEW (CONT'D)

Is there no truth in advertising?

The cab pulls away before Stew has a chance to reconsider.

STEW (CONT'D)

Wait, come back!

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, do you mind?

A DRUNK passed out on the lawn raises his head.

DRUNK ON LAWN
People are trying to recover over
here, man.

The Drunk passes back out. Stew's phone chimes with a text.
It's from Mikey and reads: STAY UNDERGROUND.

STEW
Shit.

INT. SERENITY SHORE REHAB - MOMENTS LATER

Stew dings a bell on the counter, takes in the fleabag decor.

STEW
Hello?

Finally, TASHA, a bored linebucker of a woman in nurse's
scrubs, shuffles into the room with the urgency of a sloth.

STEW (CONT'D)
Greetings, my good man. Stewart
McManus, I called about a party of
one.

TASHA
Insurance?

STEW
Hoo-ray for the A.C.A.

Stew passes his insurance card.

TASHA
Obama saved some lives.

STEW
Hell of a civil servant.

TASHA
Question is: are they worth it..?

Ouch. Stew stink-eyes her as she enters his info in computer.

TASHA (CONT'D)
D.O.C.?

STEW
Beg your pardon?

TASHA
Drug of choice?

STEW
Whatever you got. I'm an easy
guest.

TASHA
What drug got you here? Not what
drug I'm not serving here, Mr.
Bean.

STEW
Ah, yes. Let's see, well alcohol of
course, scotch mostly, especially a
nice seven year reserve where you
can really smell the peat.
(sniffs deeply)
Ahhh.

TASHA
Is that it?

STEW
Oh no. Let's see. Pills, lots of
pills. Uppers, downers, reds,
blues, zannies, trannies, and
whatever Trump's on. I'm just a big
old dumpster.
(Cookie Monster)
RAAAAARGH!!

TASHA
Empty your pockets and sign here.

Stew digs into his pockets and dumps some loose change, an
empty coke baggie, some loose pills on the counter which
Tasha collects into a plastic bag.

At the last second Stew snags a pill and swallows it.

STEW
Altoid.

TASHA
Wait here. Someone from intake will
come get you.

STEW
Is there anyway I can get a BLT
sent up to my room?
(MORE)

STEW (CONT'D)

Maybe a nice fruit plate? I gotta tell you, I am famished.

TASHA

(laughs)

You still fucked up.

(walking away)

Like they do.

Stew's unsure of what he's gotten himself into.

He looks down the hall and watches an itchy TWEAKER wrestled to the floor by SECURITY GUARDS as he tries to flee for door.

TWEAKER

I just want to get some ketchup!
And crack!

Stew shudders.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. McManus!

The voice belongs to **CHAD DAHMER**, 20s, looks more boy than man, the long-suffering assistant to the director of Serenity Shore. His drug of choice is power.

CHAD

Welcome to Serenity Shore. My name is Chad Dahmer, would you follow me please?

STEW

Quick question, Chad. Does your homeroom teacher know you're skipping gym?

CHAD

All questions will be answered in due time, Mr. McManus. But first we'd just like to learn a little more about you so we can start building your custom recovery package.

STEW

You know, I gotta be honest, Chad. This doesn't look like what I saw in the commercial.

They pass a PATIENT standing with his nose against the wall.

CHAD

At Serenity Shore we find that addicts like you often struggle with unrealistic expectations and what we call delusions of grandeur. Your clothes for instance or that three-day beard that you think projects B-list celebrity but really says, 'Look at me, I haven't showered with soap since Monica and Chandler were just friends.'

STEW

Ouch.

CHAD

But I can assure you, Mr. McManus, this is the premier treatment facility in all of the Sunland-Tujunga corridor. And as long as you do exactly what we say and when we say it, we'll get along just fine, and you will be on the road to recovery in no time.

STEW

No rush, Chad. It's all about the journey, am I right?

CHAD

(smirks)
Right this way.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Stew and Chad enter a plush office. Behind the desk, feet propped, is **SEBASTIAN ROCKS** (50s) the self-tanned director of Serenity Shore and author of *"Sayonara Addiction: My Life from Lower Lot to Sober Hot."*

He watches himself on an episode of Dr. Phil.

CHAD

Stewart McManus, this is Dr. Sebastian Rocks, Director and Founder of Serenity Shore.

STEW

(points at TV)
Alright, you and Dr. Phil.

ROCKS

Hell of a guy. An absolute wiz on a tuna boat. Although, off camera he likes to go by Todd. I bet you didn't know that.

STEW

I did not.

ROCKS

Come on in, Stewart, take a seat. Can I get you anything - bottled water, bourbon?

(off Stew's look)

I'm just messing with you.

STEW

Aaah, funny and sober! I've heard about your kind.

ROCKS

Well, you have to be funny in my business. You have to know how to capture people's attention. Rope 'em in. Because 90% of our business is just getting you in here.

STEW

Well, I gotta tell you, I'm more interested in that other 10%, the one with the hot stone massage and the co-ed pilates. I've got a spot on my lower oblique that's been just killing me.

ROCKS

All in due time, Stew. Can I call you Stew?

STEW

Can I call you Sebastian?

ROCKS

Ha ha, no. Let me just ask you a few questions, Stew, all very standard but absolutely critical to making sure we give you the best possible care during your stay with us.

STEW

Fire away. I've got nothing to hide that the Tijuana police hasn't seen already.

Rocks reads from a questionnaire and takes notes.

ROCKS

Tell me, Stew, have you ever thought about harming yourself in any way?

STEW

Well, to be honest with you, Doc, I did try to self-administer a string of anal beads once but hey, it was the aughties. And when you get invited to a furry party in Calabasas, you try to just go with the flow.

ROCKS

Your sexual misadventures aside, are you sure you've never wanted to do yourself any intentional harm, never thought of taking your own life? Stepping in front of a speeding bus, feeling the rush of air as you leap from a great height toward the broiling sea below.

STEW

No, but you make it sound pretty tempting.

ROCKS

Between you and me, the state kicks back an extra grand a week if we put you on suicide squad.

STEW

Commie-fornia. Profit on a burning shore.

ROCKS

Moving on. Ever see things that weren't there?

STEW

Just my future.

ROCKS

Ever fantasized about being very small?

STEW

Nope.

ROCKS

Very large?

STEW

All the time. But I'm a grower not a shower, Bash.

ROCKS

Have you ever made love to a domesticated animal or inanimate object larger than your head?

STEW

Only by request.

ROCKS

Well, Mr. McManus, I don't see any reason why you won't have a very successful stay with us. Chad here will show you to your accommodations, and shortly after that your assigned mentor will greet you and give you the grand tour. Any questions for me?

STEW

Just one, Doc. I'd like to keep my stay here under the radar. On the Q.T., so to speak. As you can imagine, someone of my stature likes to keep a low profile.

ROCKS

Don't you worry, Mr. McManus, everything here at Serenity Shore is completely anonymous.

STEW

So if someone was to say, come here and ask for me?

ROCKS

We are prohibited by HIPPA law from disclosing your identity.

STEW

Bangin'.

ROCKS

And I hope that you can show equal discretion when it comes to some of our more unconventional methods.

STEW
Hey, 'Don't say gay', am I right?

ROCKS
Whatever you're into.

Rocks opens the door. Meeting over.

STEW
Well, I've gotta say, you've got a hell of an operation here, Doc. Top shelf, not rail.

They both laugh at the bar/booze joke.

ROCKS
One more thing: who's your insurance provider, Stew?

CHAD
A.C.A.

ROCKS
Ah. We can fix that.

STEW
Why?

ROCKS
ObamaCare doesn't cover sober living.

STEW
Sober what?

ROCKS
Sober living. Where you move on to after your stay here. Makes for a gentle transition back to a sober life. And we get to keep an eye on you and keep helping you. It would be irresponsible and negligent for us to send you out there alone where you're likely to be pecked to death by saucy songbirds. As we say in recovery: Stick with the winners.

STEW
Mighty kind of you, but--

ROCKS

Unless you want to keep your insurance and pay \$3,000 a month for continued care out of pocket?

STEW

No no no. If you can pump it up pump it up.

ROCKS

You're already thinking soberly and clearly, excellent. I'll just give our insurance friends a call and work it all out for you.

Stew nods with appreciation.

INT. STEW'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens on a dingy room with two metal cots.

STEW

Honeymoon suite?

CHAD

Enjoy your stay.

Chad leaves, and Stew drops his duffel on the bed.

STEW

(to himself)

Come on Stew, this could be worse. Thirty days in Camp Bedbug to figure out how to pay off Larusso. Get my sea legs back. I don't know why I didn't think of this sooner.

He plops himself on the hard bed.

STEW (CONT'D)

Ow.

He looks up to see a tatted-out banger standing in the doorway filing his nail-claws with a jagged rock. JUAN "BOXER" SANCHEZ, a hard-ass homie with a heart of gold.

BOXER

Rule number 1. Never put your feet on your bunkie's bed. Penalty is one boo-bop.

STEW

Oooh, what's a boo bop?

BOXER

A beat down.

STEW

That is certainly good to know...

BOXER

Boxer.

STEW

But as you can see, Boxer, I'm new here, so maybe my bunkie doesn't need to know?

BOXER

Too late.

STEW

I see. And I'm going to guess you are of noble *Tejano* decent?

BOXER

Do I look like I play lacrosse?

STEW

You do not.

BOXER

Follow me.

Boxer disappears down the hall and Stew gets up to follow.

STEW

Sure, I mean why wouldn't I want to follow a mean man with claws?

INT. SERENITY SHORE REHAB - CONTINUOUS

Boxer gives Stew the tour of the facility. Kitchen, bathrooms, the works.

BOXER

Rule number two. Coffee's got to be ready by six AM. No coffee, that's a boo-bop.

STEW

Who makes the coffee?

BOXER

Who do you think?

Boxer slides back the shower curtain in the bathroom.

BOXER (CONT'D)

Rule number three. Don't wear your shower shoes in the common areas.

STEW

Ha, shower shoes. That's not a real thing... is it?

BOXER

Hell yeah. And you best cop a pair or your feet be turning into some science fiction shit. You ever been inside?

STEW

Depends on the night and her name.

BOXER

Prison, dummy.

STEW

Oh. Can't say that I've had the privilege. You?

BOXER

Pfft. This is America.

STEW

Too true. How was it?

BOXER

Fun for the whole family.

Boxer points out the toilets.

BOXER (CONT'D)

These are the slopjars. Don't piss in the shitter and don't shit in the pisser or you're gonna get broken off.

STEW

Just two commodes, huh? Must be quite the stampede here in the morning.

BOXER

Nah. Most of these guys ain't Trump'd for weeks thanks to D-I-C.

STEW

Dick?

BOXER

Drug Induced Constipation. Now, you ready to see what real, sober, talk show shit looks like...?

INT. COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Boxer pushes through double doors into the common room where a room full of DRUNKS & ADDICTS are glued to a scene from "Wolf of Wall Street" blaring from an ancient box TV.

JORDAN BELFORT (O.S.)

... I gamble like a degenerate, I drink like a fish, I fuck hookers maybe five, six times a week, I have three different federal agencies looking to indict me, and oh yeah... I love drugs.

The room goes nuts, cheering and high-fiving.

STEW

Jeez, what's on next? "Leaving Los Vegas?"

BOXER

"Intervention." LLV is Sundays.
(then)
Yo, None! New recruit for you.

MARINE NONE, 28, a Marine vet turned rehab nurse, approaches slowly in his cargo pants and combat boots.

MARINE NONE

What I tell you about calling me that. It's Marine One, asshole.

BOXER

I thought it was None. As in how much action you saw.

MARINE NONE

Keep lippin' Boxer, see if I don't write you up.

BOXER

Whatever, None, you were sittin' right here like a proper junkie a month ago just like us.

MARINE NONE

Yeah, and I got my shit together.
Which is why I'm a treatment tech
now, and you ain't shit.

Their exchange seems more routine than menace. Marine None turns to Stew.

MARINE NONE (CONT'D)

Who's this Spalding-looking
motherfucker?

STEW

(putting out hand)
Uh, Stew McManus, Pisces. Thank you
for your service, sir.

MARINE NONE

What's your D.O.C., Spalding?

STEW

Uhh.. please, you first.

MARINE NONE

Heroin. Straight up. In the neck.

STEW

Impressive. Me, I'm not really an
addict, per se. I'm just here for a
little *me* time.

There's a groan from the group.

STEW (CONT'D)

But hey, no judgements here.

MARINE NONE

Denial. It ain't just a river in
India.

BOOFER

That's racist, yo. It's *Native
America*.

BOOFER (20s) is an itchy, rail-thin kid who couldn't hurt a fly, just himself, missing some teeth due to meth abuse.

BOXER

Don't mind him. That's Boofer.
Boofer's a tweaker.

STEW

Huh. Then why don't you call him
Tweaker?

BOXER

Because he's a boofer. Burnt as a bastard.

BOOFER

I'm not burnt, baby, I'm still lit.

Boofer goes back to tinkering on a broken bicycle. Marine None sticks out his hand.

MARINE NONE

(to Stew)

Marine One. Treatment Tech, head of security, discipline, and all around ass-kicking-you-derelicts-into-shape in this dojo.

BOOFER

Dude, you take our blood pressure and stare at our dicks as we piss.

MARINE NONE

Smoke more Clorox, Boofer!

Boxer points to FLACO, 28, an enormous Polynesian, more teddy bear than grizzly.

BOXER

This here is Flaco, cause he's gordo. Fattest junkie this side of El Segundo.

FLACO

Man, you try eating healthy living behind a Taco Bell. It's socio-economic, bitch.

STEW

The man's got a point.

Boxer points around the room, introducing the rest of gang:

BOXER

Speedy Gonzales over there is Mighty Mouth. Speaks full paragraphs in a single sentence.

MIGHTY MOUTH, a jumpy speedfreak.

MIGHTY MOUTH

Heymannicetomeetyou.

Next is NOSTRIL-DAMUS an aging, cocaine cowboy with cavernous nostrils.

BOXER

That human dustbuster over there is
Nostril-Damus.

Nostril-Damus flares his nostrils and sniffs a hello.

BOXER (CONT'D)

No-neck over there is none other
than Mr. Head N. Shoulders.

HEAD N. SHOULDERS (20s) is undersized and disabled by what
looks like a permanent crick in his no-neck.

BOXER (CONT'D)

Head's a bona fide crack baby.

HEAD N SHOULDERS

Yeah, and now I'm a crack man.

Boxer continues introductions, pointing around the room.

BOXER

That Fabio-looking dude is Pegasus,
Oxy junkie turned health junkie.

PEGASUS (20s) pill-popping, gym rat sucking protein shakes to
fight off the shakes.

PEGASUS

Yo.

BOXER

Over here we got Robert Downey Jr.--

KEVIN, 30, looks nothing like the actor.

KEVIN

I told you, my name is Kevin.

BOXER

Whatever, Iron Man.

STEW

(to Kevin)

Hey, I'm Stew. Love your work.

Moving on to an OLD MAN approaching them.

BOXER

And last but not least, this fossil
slothing our way is Danosaur.

DANOSUAR, prehistoric, shuffles up yelling into the ether.

DANOSAUR
Knock me out? Knock YOU out!

BOXER
He's paddlin' thru some wet brain,
but he's earned it. Fuckin' legend.

STEW
(raising his voice)
What's your poison, old timer?

DANOSAUR
Me?
(beat)
More.

BOXER
Too bad he's allergic. Ain't that
right, Danosaur?

DANOSAUR
Mmhhh, allergic. Every time I get
loaded, I break out in handcuffs.

He cracks himself up, his laugh turning from wheeze to cough,
to near death.

STEW
Jesus. Remind me not to get old.

Stew points to a young Asian kid asleep in the corner,
fingers twitching. This is EARL LEE, 16, gaming addict.

STEW (CONT'D)
Who's the kid?

FLACO
That's Earl Lee.
(hushed voice)
Video games.

STEW
No kidding.

FLACO
Serious shit, bruh. Like wear a
diaper so you don't shit yourself
while you can't stop playing
serious.

A little dog trots over and starts to sniff Stew's pant leg.

STEW
And who's this little guy?

BOXER
That's Fuck Yeah Jeff.

ALL
Fuck Yeah Jeff!

Stew watches as Fuck Yeah Jeff humps his shin.

STEW
Lemme guess. Humpoholic?

FLACO
Among other things.

Fuck Yeah Jeff climbs down Stew and laps his own nut.

STEW
Well, this is a hell of a ball club
you've put together here. I'd say
you're just one slugger away from a
party.

Enter DeSHAY WALLACE (50s, African-American) a tough talking
ex-addict and head counselor at Serenity Shore. Also a gospel
minister on days off.

DESHAY
Piss tests, gentlemen.

There's a collective groan. Stew looks worried.

FLACO
Don't worry, bra, they're not gonna
toss you on your first day for
ridin' dirty. Yeah, I bet you're
filled with all kinds of good shit.

STEW
Happy to share.

DESHAY
Listen up. Anyone queuing up at Oh
Med Thirty, we got some new shit
coming in, so if you feel like
playing guinea pig, the Chud needs
insurance cards. Gettin' clean
ain't free, gentlemen, but gettin'
clean be freein'.

STEW
Excuse me, Warden?

DeShay looks Stew over.

STEW (CONT'D)

Hi, long time listener, first time caller. I think I speak for the group here when I say, are you fucking kidding me?

DESHAY

Excuse me?

STEW

For one, where the hell are all the women?

DESHAY

The what?

STEW

The babes, les belle femme, the great vagine. No offense, but this place could really use a lady's touch.

DESHAY

Oh you want to wet your pecker, huh?

STEW

Well, I don't want to be greedy. I mean, I'm sure String Bean and I would settle for handies, right Flaco?

DESHAY

What's your deal, noob? Were you punched or touched?

STEW

Ex-squeeze me?

DESHAY

As a kid, punched or touched? Because somethin' up there ain't right. You think this is some kind of pickup joint?

STEW

Well, if it is, its gotta be the worst gay bar this side of Reno. And I would know.

DESHAY

Okay. You want to meet women?

STEW

Uh, yeah.

DESHAY

You wanna meet some hot, horny,
baddass women that will treat your
pecker like a pinata?

(to the group)

Open meeting tonight across the
street. Ladies at Casa are hosting
a pussy-pool party. Bring your
snorkles if you plan on divin'.

Hooting and hollering.

BOXER

Chupa me verga! Mi Casa es su Casa!

FLACO

Adult swim baby!

STEW

Adult swim?

FLACO

Hell yeah. You wanna dry out, you
gotta get wet first.

BOXER

Head first, straight in the deep
end.

STEW

Okay, now we're talking!

DESHAY

See Noobie, this place ain't so
bad. You might just get straight
after all.

STEW

Oh, I'm straight.

DESHAY

Yeah, straight as an eight.

(beat)

Now whip those weapons out and give
the docs some of that liquid gold.

MARINE NONE

You heard the man, infidels, fill
'em up.

HEAD N SHOULDERS

Hey, None!...

Marine None turns to see Head has his shorter, disfigured arm sticking through his zipper like a dong.

HEAD N SHOULDERS (CONT'D)

Give me a hand?

None counters by turning around, drops his pants and not just Moons everyone but expands his universe by spreading his butt cheeks to deliver a --

HEAD N SHOULDERS (CONT'D)

(shielding his eyes)

RED PLANET!

ALL

LOW BLOW, MARINE NONE! FUCKIN'
MARTIAN!

Off Stew --

STEW

This place is weird.

INT. CASA HOUSE - NIGHT

A ragtag group of men and women are gathered for a 12 Step meeting. Flaco, Boxer, Boofer, et al giggle in the back row. We reveal Stew is dressed in just a bathing suit and a towel.

DeShay is at the front of the room sharing some wisdom.

DESHAY

...Because if you don't come in here lookin' for change, then you're gonna be on the corner beggin' for some.

There's a murmur of agreement.

STEW

(sotto)

Or sitting in a room full of strangers in a bathing suit.

DESHAY

(points...)

Back there in Relapse Row. You look ready to dive right in.

(at Stew)

Why don't you start us off...

STEW

Uh, any requests? Because I do a pretty mean Beyonce.

No laughs.

DESHAY

Intro you. Tell us a little something about yourself and why you're here.

Stew stands reluctantly.

STEW

About myself, ok... Well, I was born at an early age.

Crickets.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

What's your name?

The voice belongs to a serious hipster type named ALYSSA (20s). Harder than she looks, she wears her scars on the inside. An iron fist in a velvet glove.

STEW

Oh right. My name's Stew, Stewbert, baby Stewey, Stewnod. Although most people just call me asshole.

EVERYONE

Hi, Asshole!

STEW

Um, let's see. 6-foot 1, 185.

ALYSSA

6-foot-1? Ha! Whatever, fiver!

Stew stink-eyes her.

STEW

Hairless, but not full Bigglesworth. Couple happy trails to lead the way.

Stew winks at Alyssa, who grimaces: Gross.

STEW (CONT'D)

Turn-ons include: bull fights on acid.. peeing in the ocean- and in the wind..

(MORE)

STEW (CONT'D)

my own delusions, unemployment, and when you put that little satin-y edge of a blanket right between your toes, oh so soft. Turn offs? Let's see.. death, that's up there. Escalator standers. Elevator fartars. Fascism. That's it really, I like to keep an open mind.

A smatter of applause and some chuckles from the Gang. Stew exchanges a quick look with Alyssa before taking his seat.

DESHAY

Well, if you ain't hit rock bottom yet, congratulations. That may have been it. Anyone else?

Alyssa stands up.

ALYSSA

Hey. Alyssa. Drunk, druggie, what-have-you, whatever you got.

EVERYONE

Hi, Alyssa.

ALYSSA

I'll share this and shut up. Rock bottom - when life's conditions deteriorate faster than you can lower your standards.

*

There's a murmur of assent.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

I know because I've been there. A few times. I've been a full-on drunk-junkie for at least a decade now.

(half-beat)

But it only got bad the last 10 years.

Laughs from those who get the goof. Big laugh from Stew.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

So I'm kind of an expert on this rock bottom stuff, because rock bottom is usually where I jumped from.

Nods and 'uh huh's from those who know this level.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
 And every time I thought, "Shit
 man, this is it, this is the
 absolute lowest I can go"... I'd
 hear this little knock from below.
 "Hey, down here."

Laughs.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
 But I'm grateful for my bottoms.
 And my tops.

Cheers and whistles at the sexual innuendo.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
 I know I don't look it - because
 while disheveled is easy to see,
 addiction has no face - but I'm a
 hardcore, hope-to-die, dumpster
 dope fiend, junkie-drunkie and
 today I got forty two days, and I
 wouldn't trade it for anything.

WOOHOOS from the Crowd.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
 Actually, no - I'd trade it for one
 thing.

She eyes DeShay and other COUNSELORS with years of sobriety.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
 I'd trade my 42 days for 43 days,
 and then 44 days.
 (points at DeShay)
 And what you have.
 (points at Female
 counselor)
 And what you have.
 (looks at all patients)
 And what all of you with more than
 42 days have.

Stew listens intently. Sinking in..?

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
 But I'll take today - gratefully -
 because I'm finally living, you
 know? I mean, I'm miserable - cause
 that's just life, I've learned...
 but I'm also happy.. cause I'm
 living. For today.

She sits to applause. She gives Stew a quick look as if to say: now that's how it's done. Stew stands again:

STEW

I don't get it. What's wrong with wanting booze and drugs? Wanting to let loose? Escape? You know, back in the old olden times prisoners in Australia were only fed lobster. Now? No way. But everyone wants em. Think about that.

Huh?

STEW (CONT'D)

Drugs and alcohol is the booze that binds us. We're all drunk on the inside!

Suddenly a SPUN-OUT TWEAKER rushes in, interrupting the meeting and mighty-mouthing his share.

TWEAKER

Hey, hey, I just wanna say that just because I smoke glass all night and jack off to clown porn doesn't mean I'm a pervert, okay?
(beat)
I'm Timmy.

EVERYONE

Hi, Timmy.

Timmy runs back out of the room. A few folks chuckle, causing DeShay to step up --

DESHAY

Remember this my fellow addicts and alcoholics - the devil ain't gonna ask you just once. She gonna ask you every second of every day. Over and over again.

Off various faces of recovery: scared, worried, indifferent, *I got this, I can only think about one thing right now...*

EXT. CASA HOUSE - LATER

Stew exits the meeting to a swaggering Alpha Ass named RICHARD holding court on a smoker's patio with his MINIONS.

RICHARD
 So she's all "Just the tip!" And
 I'm like, "Oh, I thought you said,
 'to the hip'!"

His minions laugh and slap fives. As the REHABBERS exit the meeting Richard takes notice:

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 (flexes)
 Suns out, guns out!
 (points at them)
 Rays out, gays out!

He and his minions laugh.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 (tries sing-songing the
 R.E.M. song)
*Look at the tiny, saddy pee-holes
 not laughing!*

More laughs.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 You blades could find eternal
 sobriety if you just came out
 already!

Stew head-shakes. Then notices Flaco has his eyes glued to SHANNON (20s), Insta-model, hooked on Likes.

STEW
 What up, Flaco?

FLACO
 My dong.

STEW
 Flaco, are you objectifying that
 young woman over there?

FLACO
 Trying to.

Flaco keeps staring.

STEW
 Well, what are you waiting for Mav,
 buzz the tower.

FLACO
 Do I look like a tech mogul?
 (eyes his gut)
 (MORE)

FLACO (CONT'D)

No way I could get with a girl like that.

STEW

What are you talking about? Birds fall in love with their ears, not their eyes.

FLACO

Okay, Shakespeare, let's see what you got.

STEW

(watch & learn)

Thee shall see.

Stew approaches Shannon.

STEW (CONT'D)

And what might be your name, fair lady?

SHANNON

Shannon.

STEW

Ah, like the river.

SHANNON

Huh? What river?

STEW

The River Shannon. In Ireland. You ever seen it?

SHANNON

Uhhh, no.

STEW

Oh, you should. The Shannon is beautiful.

Nothing. Beat.

STEW (CONT'D)

Little dirty though.

More nothing. New tact.

STEW (CONT'D)

(fuck it)

So Shannon, can I buy you a drink?

SHANNON
Um, I'm sober, duh.

STEW
Okay then, how about a 71?

SHANNON
What's a 71?

STEW
It's a 69 with two fingers in your
ass. And lucky for you I got a ten
inch tongue and breathe through my
ears.

She looks at him like: Did you just say something?

STEW (CONT'D)
Or my ass..? Dealer's choice.

Shannon's attention goes to Richard, who motions her over.

SHANNON
No thanks. Seat's taken.

Shannon walks away, revealing Alyssa who saw the whole thing.

STEW
I'm guess I'm a little rusty.

ALYSSA
Or rotting.

Ouch.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Sobriety will do that. Anyway,
don't bother. Unless you have at
least 10,000 followers, she's not
interested.

STEW
"Followers." Society's really
shitting itself lately.

Alyssa hides a chuckle.

STEW (CONT'D)
What's with that Pride parade over
there? That one bro-bag looks like
Tucker Carlson's wet dream.

ALYSSA

Human sea snot. Bro-bag's name is Richard. Which is, especially in his case, long for "Dick."

Stew laughs.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

He's just one of the Sober House guys. Closest thing to a sybian around here. They got through treatment and moved up to sober living so they think they're cured and can act like their true selves again - arrogant assholes.

STEW

Sober living?

ALYSSA

Where you're supposed to go after rehab to ease the transition back into a boring, fun-free lifestyle.

Stew laughs.

STEW

Oh yeah, Rocks mentioned that.
(extends his hand)
Stew.

ALYSSA

Hi, Stew.

She ignores his hand, steps on her cigarette instead...

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Bye, Stew.

And walks away. With Stew's heart.

Flaco approaches --

FLACO

How'd it go with Shannon?

STEW

As planned. She's all yours. Scott Disick will look better than I just did, so pump her up, muscles.

FLACO

(eyes his gut)
I wish I was muscles.

STEW

It's muscle in hibernation. Muscle on Sleep Mode. Swoll on off duty patrol. Come on, Flaco... you're good. And probably better than her anyway.

Flaco absorbs Stew's pep talk.

STEW (CONT'D)

You're a renegade who has it made, my man. You're not here for...

Flaco stares at him as Stew considers...

STEW (CONT'D)

Nothing.

Flaco smiles. Stew can't believe he just said it. Did he mean it? Or is he just conning/hustling..?

INT. SERENITY SHORE REHAB - LATER

Marine None patrols the halls.

MARINE NONE

Yo! Lights out!

INT. STEW'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Stew lies in bed staring at the ceiling.

STEW

Hey Boxer, you asleep?

BOXER

I don't sleep.

STEW

Then what do you do?

BOXER

Lie here and nightmare.

Woah.

STEW

You ever thought about just walking out of here.

BOXER
 Everyday. Then I remember what's
 waiting for me on the outside.

STEW
 What's that?

BOXER
 Nothing.

Boxer turns over and opens his AA Big Book to the bookmarked spot - the bookmark is a PHOTO OF HIS WIFE & DAUGHTER (3). He stares defeated/longing at them.

BOXER (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 And everything.

INT. SERENITY SHORE COMMON ROOM - SUNRISE

We hear the gentle murmur of the Serenity Prayer.

ALL
 ...to accept the things I cannot
 change, courage to change the
 things I can...

Folding chairs are arranged in a circle. As we go around the circle we see that the Gang's all here. Everyone except...

INT. STEW'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Stew blinks himself awake. The room is filled with soft morning light and even the twitter of a songbird outside the window. Stew seems genuinely baffled.

STEW
 Huh. So this is morning.

He yawns, stretches, and gets out of bed.

INT. COMMON ROOM - SAME TIME

The Gang stands in line at a small counter to collect their morning meds.

MARINE NONE
 That's it, line up, infidels.

Pegasus rattles his paper cup of pills.

PEGASUS
 Shake, rattle, and roll.
 (downs them)
 Mmmm. My favorite meal of the day.

TASHA
 Next.

Tasha slides a paper cup to Flaco. He hesitates.

FLACO
 Man, I thought we was supposed to
 be getting off this shit.
 (off her look)
 I got to know what's going in my
 temple of gloom.

TASHA
 Naltrexone for cravings, Librium
 for anxiety, Lexapro for
 depression, sedative for seizures,
 and laxative...

FLACO
 "Laxative?"

TASHA
 For... circulation.

Flaco downs the pill cocktail. Off Tasha's secret smirk --

INT. HALLWAY/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stew shuffles down the quiet hallway and into the bathroom.
 He heads to an empty stall and sits.

He picks up a fitness magazine with a fit woman on the cover.

STEW
 (grabs his dong)
 Wanna play rough, muscles?

INT. COMMON ROOM - SAME TIME

The Gang sits around playing cards.

BOOFER
 A rhino? Shit man, that's just a
 fat unicorn.

BOXER
Yeah, and a dolphin's just a gay shark.

BOOFER
(beat)
Seriously?

There's a loud internal rumble from Flaco and his face drops.

FLACO
Uh oh.

A look around the circle says that more than one person is feeling the effects of the laxative.

A panicked look on Flaco's face. He jumps out of his chair.

FLACO (CONT'D)
Coming through!!

He bolts from the room. Several others follow, holding their stomachs and assholes.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Stew on the toilet, still enjoying some me time.

STEW
Oh Maude, you jacked little minx.

Suddenly, the door of the bathroom bursts open as the whole floor stampedes for a toilet, a sink, open window, anything.

Stew cowers in fear. The door of his stall crashes open and Flaco enters like a bull.

Ignoring Stew, he drops his pants and sits right ON STEW'S LAP, shitting through his legs! A double decker.

STEW (CONT'D)
NOOOOO!!

The torrent finally subsides, and Flaco's face relaxes.

STEW (CONT'D)
You almost done up there, big guy?

FLACO
Naw man, don't rush perfection. You gotta stay through the credits.

Another huge SHART of sludge shoots...

STEW
 (defeated)
 Noooo.

INT. COMMON ROOM - LATER

Stew tilts an empty pot of coffee until a pathetic trickle of black sludge drips into his paper cup.

STEW
 Oh come on, man.

The Gang is gathered in a circle, relaxed and giggling at Stew who has joined them fresh from a long, thorough shower.

Nostril-damus shares --

NOSTRIL-DAMUS
 That's when I realized. I hadn't just done one line of coke. I'd been doing the same line... it was just thirty years long.

The group chuckles and applauds.

DESHAY
 You see? Ya'll may have come here in different ships, but you're all in the same boat now. We all at war up in here. And you on tour. Humping through the jungle. Fighting an invisible enemy. It's life or death.

Nods from the Gang.

DESHAY (CONT'D)
 And the only thing that's gonna save you is each other. That motherfucker to your left and that motherfucker to your right. That's it. Because ain't nobody know what it like to be you except him.
 (points at Boofer)
 And him.
 (points at Stew)
 And him.

STEW
 Hey, don't look at me.

DESHAY

Oh, you think your shit don't
stink?

STEW

(re Flaco)

Not compared to Moana over there.

The group laughs.

DESHAY

Yeah, laugh it up.

STEW

And what's with all the war
metaphors, man? This isn't Nam.

DESHAY

May not be Nam but it's still
napalm.

STEW

Oh, come on. You're here laying
this heavy regret trip, but these
guys, they aren't a bunch of
pathetic losers.

BOOFER

We're not?

STEW

They're legends! I mean Nostrils
over there, that story about you
and Escobar? That was some Miami
Vice shit! And Pegasus, that time
you tried to steal a subway train?
Epic!

(looking around the
circle)

Downey Jr., we know all about you,
you maniac.

Kevin ("Robert Downey Jr.") headshakes - idiots.

STEW (CONT'D)

And Head, I've bet you've done some
crazy ass shit.

HEAD N SHOULDERS

Once a cop pulled me over and asked
if I'd been drinking, and I said,
"Why, is your wife in my car?"

Gang laughs.

STEW
See? Priceless!

FLACO
One time I got arrested in my
grandma's house.

BOXER
Shit, one time I got arrested in
jail.

The gang is all laughing now, getting in the spirit.

EARL LEE
One time, I completed 2,000
straight missions on Fallout
without getting up to go to the
bathroom once.

STEW
Okay, not bad, you've still got
time. But my point is that sure
these guys might be in a bit of a
rough patch, but they're making
memories. You know how many sad
sacks die every year without a
single good story in their whole,
pathetic lives?

DESHAY
You think that's what it's all
about? Stories?

STEW
Uh, yeah! *Bad* decision, *good* story.
I mean, without stories, who are
we? Dust in the wind, man. Live
hard, die hard, and leave something
behind to tell the kids.

Cheers.

STEW (CONT'D)
And the grandkids!

More cheers.

DESHAY
Okay. So let me ask you this, cool
breeze. Why you here?

STEW
Hmm?

DESHAY

Why you here telling war stories
instead of out there making 'em?

STEW

That, my friend, is a very good
question.

DESHAY

No one here's making you stay. Go
on and leave. Wet that quill and
get storying.

STEW

Maybe I will. Unfortunately, I
still have a few weeks left on my
sentence.

DESHAY

Sentence? This ain't no Gitmo. You
can leave whenever you want. Door's
right there. Free to go make more
'good stories'.

The room quiets as the Gang witnesses the standoff.

STEW

Well, in that case. Arrivederci,
boys. Looks like I'm cured.

DESHAY

Yeah, you cured all right. We'll
see how long you last.

Stew heads for the door.

STEW

Oh and Colonel Kurtz? You can take
your serenity prayers and your
twelve step mumbo jumbo, and you
can stick it up your ass.

BOOFER

Keep coming back.

EXT. SERENITY SHORE - MOMENTS LATER

Stew walks out the front door and out onto the sidewalk. He
takes a big breath of fresh air.

ALYSSA
Leaving already?

STEW
Who me?

ALYSSA
No, the six foot rabbit standing
behind you.

Stew freezes, then relaxes when he gets the reference. He stands up, brushes himself off.

STEW
Yeah, this place isn't really what
me and Harvey had in mind.

ALYSSA
You still trust that thing?

STEW
What?

ALYSSA
Your mind.

STEW
You'd be surprised. It's bigger
than it looks.

ALYSSA
I doubt that.

STEW
So big it gets in the way
sometimes.

ALYSSA
We talking about your mouth now?

Zing.

STEW
What about you? How long you plan
on staying over there at the Malibu
Dreamhouse?

ALYSSA
(shrugs)
This time around? Or next?

STEW
Yikes, you're kinda negative.

ALYSSA
I know. It sucks.

Alyssa steps on her cigarette.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
What's your story anyway?

STEW
Me? I think I just needed a little
breather, you know? Pull back the
reins a bit. Whooaaa, horsey. And
when I heard about the free WiFi...

ALYSSA
So, did it work?

STEW
Oh yeah. I'm fresh as a daisy.
Won't be sticking around this sad
excuse for a day spa any longer
than I have to.

ALYSSA
That's too bad.

STEW
Why's that?

ALYSSA
(suggestively)
Might have been worth your while.

Stew is now kicking himself.

STEW
Well, maybe I'll just have to give
it another shot.

ALYSSA
(serious question)
Are you crazy?

STEW
Eh, steal your sister's panties
crazy, not Columbine crazy.

ALYSSA
Have you ever been to jail?

STEW
Duh - this is America.

ALYSSA
Murder or just DUIs?

STEW
This is California.

ALYSSA
Not sure that's an answer, but you
sound like a real breeder.

STEW
(suggestive)
Willing to try.

Alyssa head-shakes. He is something. Stew smirks, thinking he's making progress when suddenly a door opens and Chad sticks his head outside.

CHAD
Mr. McManus! Director Rocks would
like to speak to you.

ALYSSA
Looks like you're being called into
the principal's office.

STEW
Yeah, wish me luck.

ALYSSA
Nah. Luck's for pussies.

STEW
My ma's gonna love you.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

ROCKS studies Stew from across his desk.

STEW
I don't know what they told you,
but I was under the impression that
the towels were complimentary.

Rocks waves him off.

ROCKS
I understand you've had a bit of
trouble adjusting to the new
environment. Is that right?

STEW

The commercial said there'd be horses, Bash. I don't see any horses. I mean I'm not going to call the D.A. or anything, but I am leaning toward a bad Yelp review. And that shit never goes away. The Internet's in ink.

Rocks smiles and approaches with a file and a fair dose of menace.

ROCKS

I did some digging on you, Mr. McManus.

(looks at file)

College degree, no felonies, no previous stays in treatment. Now I see a lot of guys come in here. On their first day, most are shaking so bad they can't sign their own names. But not you.

STEW

It's true. I take great pride in my signature. A bit feminine perhaps, but regal.

ROCKS

No nausea, no cold sweats. If I was a gambling man, I'd say you were here under what we may call false pretenses. Running from something, perhaps. Or someone?

For the first time in a while, Stew is speechless.

ROCKS (CONT'D)

Now, I don't like attrition at my treatment facility. Empty beds tend to lower morale. Not to mention my bottom line. So, I'd like to propose a deal.

STEW

Keep talking.

ROCKS

Stick around for a while. Take it at your own speed. Your own style.

STEW

So, what? I don't have to go to meetings?

ROCKS

Meetings shmeetings. We just do those to keep the rank and file busy a few hours a day.

STEW

What about my own bathroom?

ROCKS

I'll give you the key to my private lavatory. The point I'm trying to make here, is that those looney tunes could use a guy like you around. Rehab doesn't have to be torture, it should be fun. Am I right?

STEW

True. But what about DeShay? I doubt he'll be too keen on some of our more radical methods.

ROCKS

Let me worry about DeShay. You do you.

STEW

Stew do Stew?

Rocks goes to a small wall safe and keys the code, which Stew leans to see him enter and repeats it and mouths it to himself - old habit.

Stew gets a glimpse of LOTS OF CASH and his eyes go wide, mouthing the code faster to himself to remember.

Rocks then pulls out and produces a sizable joint.

ROCKS

What do you say? I mean, we're not the ones with a problem, right?

He hands the joint to Stew.

STEW

Certainly not.

Rocks walks behind Stew and massages his shoulders.

ROCKS

Now, you just help me keep the great unwashed out there from getting riled up - and keep coming back - and there's much more where that came from.

STEW

Well, color me bad, Doc, that's one solid pitch.

ROCKS

So, do we have a deal?

STEW

You can count on me.

ROCKS

Terrific.

STEW

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to find a discreet place to go spark this Johoshephatty.

ROCKS

Remember, this is our little secret.

STEW

Sir, my best friend was born with a cleft asshole, and I haven't told a soul in thirty years. Secret is my middle name.

ROCKS

Excellent

Stew stands to split.

ROCKS (CONT'D)

But first - your daily test.

Rocks hands him a urine cup.

STEW

You do this a lot around here, huh?

ROCKS

By the book is our business. Drop it with Tasha when you're done.

Stew splits. Chad looks at his boss with concern.

CHAD

Dr. Rocks, are you sure that was such a good idea? The thought of that *person* having free reign throughout the facility seems just a little reckless.

ROCKS

Don't you worry, Chad, because your fearless leader has a plan.

CHAD

Sir?

ROCKS

Me, you dumbdick. You see, 80% of these losers are due to cycle out of here this month. But we unleash Captain Chaos there, and they'll all be relapsing in no time. Turnover, my little Choad, that's the name of this game. Full beds, cleared checks, can't lose.

CHAD

Oh that's good. Who said that?

ROCKS

Me, asshole. I said it.

CHAD

Oh. Are you sure?

ROCKS

Get the fuck out of here.

INT. SERENITY SHORE - BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Stew pees into the cup.

STEW

(to himself)

Come on brain, do your thing. Cons: No women. No booze. Potential for getting shit on.

(takes)

Pros: Decent weed. I get to keep my testicles. And life. For now.

He finishes, screws the lid on the cup and exits.

INT. TASHA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Stew hands her the cup and she opens a fridge to put it in, where Stew sees dozens of full urine cups.

STEW
Lotta yellow in there.

TASHA
Liquid gold.

Stew eyes her suspiciously: "Liquid Gold?"

TASHA (CONT'D)
Now beat it.

EXT. SERENITY SHORE - SAME TIME

Stew removes the joint from his pocket, goes to light it. Suddenly, he's wrapped in a choke hold by one of Legs' Goons!

STEW
Zoinks!

Stew sputters, still trying to get the joint to his lips.

GOON 1
Someone wants to see you.

Amazingly, Stew manages to get the joint lit. Then he puts it out on the goon's arm and makes his escape.

GOON 1 (CONT'D)
Ow! Hey!

STEW
You'll never take me sober!

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Stew runs across the street, where he is promptly hit by a screeching car, landing flat on the hood.

STEW
Ow.

The car door opens, and a long leg emerges. Followed by Legs.

LEGS
Well, well, well. I finally got one.

(MORE)

LEGS (CONT'D)

(to Goon)

Get this gutter-duck off my car.

Stew seems to surrender as Goon 2 goes to lift him off the car, but Stew manages a kick to his balls, rolls off the hood, and takes off running. Painfully.

LEGS (CONT'D)

Well, you gotta give it to him. The boy's got moxie.

She calmly slips her high heels off and cracks her toes on the asphalt.

LEGS (CONT'D)

This should be fun.

Legs takes off after Stew, gaining speed until she's sprinting like an Olympian. Or The Terminator. Stew yelps in terror at the sight of her gaining.

He ducks left and tries to jump a picket fence, but catches his foot and face-plants into the dirt, sending a yard of chickens scurrying in a panic.

STEW

(cursing)

Chickens.

Suddenly, an egg smacks him on the head.

STEW (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

An irate HIPPIE is armed with free range eggs. He starts whipping them at Stew.

HIPPIE

Go back to your bus stop, junkie!

STEW

I don't do drugs!... All the time!

Stew takes off again, just as Legs hurdles the picket fence in stride. She glares at the hippie and he holsters his eggs.

HIPPIE

(calling after her)

If you love him set him free!

Stew runs through some hoarder's cluttered yard. A huge, slobbering junkyard dog gives chase.

STEW

Shiiiiit!

Stew makes a desperate dash for the chain link fence, and throws himself over, leaving one entire pant leg dangling in Cujo's mouth. Stew staggers to his feet and keeps moving.

Legs terminator-runs straight at the dog, which yelps and flees in terror.

EXT. SERENITY SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Stew seems to have lost her. He eyes the front yard of Serenity Shore. The coast is clear.

Stew limps toward the front door. Suddenly Legs appears out of no where and levels him from behind.

She pins him to the ground with her crotch covering his mouth. Stew tries yelling but it's not having the desired effect... for him.

LEGS

(eyes shut/loving it)

Ooh yeah, keep talking, bigmouth,
you're saying all the right things.

Stew struggles but Legs just clenches her knees tighter.

LEGS (CONT'D)

You know, it is shameful that in
this day and age, women are still
so tragically underestimated.

Legs admires her manicured fingernails, then punches Stew on the forehead.

LEGS (CONT'D)

Now. Tell me again when you're
going to give me my money?

Stew can barely breathe, let alone talk.

LEGS (CONT'D)

That's a shame.

She cocks back her arm again. Stew flinches. But just as she is about to unload, someone grabs her arm: DeShay.

DESHAY

Uhuh. Not on my turf, lady.

One look at his face and Legs calmly stands up and brushes off her pantsuit.

LEGS

Oh I'm sorry, I didn't realize you had dibs. Go ahead, fire away.

DESHAY

I don't know what this piece of shit is to you. But when he's in my house, he's *my* piece of shit. You drinkin' what I'm thinkin'? You pickin' up what I'm puttin' down?

A brief standoff, but she relents.

LEGS

Hey, I'm smokin' what you're tokin'.

DESHAY

Good.

LEGS

But hot tip, Denzel. You put your hand on a woman in her workplace like that again, and I will Me Too your ass faster than you can say Alyssa Milano. Capeesh?

Legs heads to the car waiting for her at the curb.

LEGS (CONT'D)

Oh, and Stewart dear.

She turns --

LEGS (CONT'D)

Some women fear the fire...

She pulls back her blazer to flash a gun.

LEGS (CONT'D)

Some women become it.

She gets in the car, and it pulls away.

Deshay looks down on Stew --

DESHAY

What have you gotten yourself into, man?

STEW

All of it.

ANGLE ON: ROCKS watches the whole scene from his office window, and a smile creeps across his face.

INT. COMMON ROOM - LATER

The Gang play cards. Stew drops his bag dramatically. He's a wreck with one nude leg, a welt on his forehead, and egg all over his shirt, face, and hair.

STEW

Gentlemen, I've given it some thought...

No one looks up.

STEW (CONT'D)

And I cannot in good conscience, leave this facility until I have done everything in my higher power to help each and every one of you become the man you were destined to be.

Again, no one seems to be listening.

STEW (CONT'D)

Now, I know what you're going to say. How Stew? How could you be so selfless with a group of guys that you hardly even know? And the answer is... because I do. I know you. And you... you complete me.

Boofer blushes.

STEW (CONT'D)

Now I've been doing some thinking...

FLACO

Be careful, bruh.

BOOFER

No doubt. That stinkin' thinkin'.

STEW

What you guys need is to blow off a little steam. Cut some of the tension around here. I mean, you heard DeShay, we're not in prison.

BOXER
Yeah, at least prison's got Jello.

FLACO
I've been here so many times I'm
starting to like it.

STEW
How many times have you been here?

FLACO
Three.

STEW
Three?! How--? Why?

FLACO
I keep relapsing.

BOXER
I've been here 7 times.

STEW
Seven?! Boofer, how about you?

BOOFER
1.

STEW
Oh. Good.

BOOFER
Year.

STEW
You've been here for a year?!

BOOFER
Yep.

STEW
Straight?

BOOFER
Yeah.

STEW
How?

BOOFER
In'n out, in'n out.

STEW
How do you pay for it?

BOOFER

Rocks got me insurance. Guess it pays.

Stew's in shock. And suspicion. Boxer head-shakes to himself.

STEW

You're not recovering, you're recidivism--..ing.

Huh? Something's fucked up but Stew is Stew so, moving on --

STEW (CONT'D)

Well. What do you inmates like to do for fun around here?

HEAD N SHOULDERS

You're looking at it.

STEW

Oh come on! A stable full of young studs like yourselves?

PEGASUS

Mostly we just stare and stress.

NOSTRIL-DAMUS

Or try not to.

STEW

Well, it's time to change all that.

Stew spots ROCKS spying around the corner and gives him a sly thumbs up. Rocks smiles back. Plan in motion.

STEW (CONT'D)

Well, I don't know if you noticed, but there just happens to be a house full of single women across the street. What do you say we sneak over there and play a little pin the tail on the daughter, huh?

FLACO

Following your dick is a bad idea, bruh.

BOXER

Yeah, that thing only likes it where it's dark.

STEW

Come on, guys! Nostrils, when's the last time you had a woman?

NOSTRIL-DAMUS

87, Key West. But technically, I'm not sure if I was really there.

STEW

I bet Earl Lee wouldn't mind getting his little pinky stinky.

Earl Lee blushes virginly.

DANOSAUR

I'm in. Just because I'm too old to stir the gravy doesn't mean I can't lick the spoon.

STEW

That's the spirit. Also, pretty gross. Flaco?

FLACO

Fuck it. Let's get weird.

INT. CASA HOUSE - NIGHT

A NURSE picks up a ringing phone.

NURSE

Casa House.
(beat)
What the hell?

She jumps out of her chair.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Some bitch gonna try to tow my new Corrolla? Aw, hell no.

INT. CASA HOUSE COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alyssa reads a thick book while Shannon takes selfies and OTHER CASA GIRLS sit around flipping through tabloids. The door bell rings, but no one moves.

ALYSSA

I guess I'll get it.

INT. / EXT. CASA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa opens the front door, but there is no one there. Just the first beats of some cheesy pop song.

Suddenly, the gang from Serenity Shore glide into the front yard in a choreographed dance.

DRAKE (V.O.)

Kiki, do you love me? / Are you riding? / Say you'll never ever leave from beside me / 'Cause I want ya, and I need ya / And I'm down for you always...

The Casa Girls all gather at the door to witness the serenade. Alyssa can't help but smile as Stew mouths all the words and leads the boys through the moves.

The song ends and the girls all clap, hoot, and holler.

ALYSSA

What, so now we're supposed to just let you in and spread em?

STEW

Tempting, but no.

Earl Lee appears carrying two big bags of takeout.

STEW (CONT'D)

First, I thought we could have a little feast, and then we could commence frisking.

EARL LEE

We brought egg rolls.

ALYSSA

Paying for your gas before you pump it - smart.

Stew laughs.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

How'd you get that anyway?

STEW

What? Mr. Fong's? Oh I have the number memorized. And my ex-girlfriend's credit card. What do you say, ladies?

SHANNON

A party with no alcohol?

CASA GIRL 1

And no drugs?

CASA GIRL 2
With them?

SMASH TO:

INT. CASA HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mayhem. Casa Girl 1 / KIRSTIN pushes Mighty-Mouth through the door of her bedroom and pins him on the bed.

Casa Girl 2 / CRISTIN and Boxer are tearing away each other's clothes. He shows off his tattooed chest. She shows off hers -
- bigger and crazier. They kiss passionately.

A very tall, very large Leslie Jones-type carries Earl Lee to her bed. Shannon, grossed out, stares at her phone. Until she sees Pegasus flexing his muscles in the doorway. Her eyes go wide.

Nostrils and Head push open a bedroom door to remarkably find a similarly DISABLED CASA GIRL and an OLD HIPPIE. The boys stare at each other in disbelief. It's on.

Flaco is slow dancing with a TINY ASIAN CASA GIRL. Even Fuck Yeah Jeff is happily humping away on a coach cushion.

Alyssa and Stew watch, admiring their handiwork.

ALYSSA

By the way, if you thought you and
I...

STEW

Don't be ridiculous. I'm strictly
sapiosexual.

ALYSSA

What the hell does that mean?

STEW

It means I am only sexually aroused
by a woman's intellect.

ALYSSA

Not sure if I should be relieved or
offended.

STEW

Probably both.

ALYSSA

You know, I was captain of my high school mathletes club. Which is a sobering thought.

STEW

No. Not *so boring*.
(sobering/so-boring - get it?)

He winks. She smiles.

INT. SERENITY SHORE REHAB - MORNING

Early the next morning, DeShay walks into the common room, but it's empty.

DESHAY

What the..?

EXT. SERENITY SHORE BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Stew kneels on the sideline of a makeshift baseball diamond. Boofer stands at the plate staring down a big red ball bouncing his way. He let's it roll past him.

STEW

Come on, Boofer. Don't just threaten it, kick it.

DeShay walks over. Stew keeps his eyes on the game.

DESHAY

What the hell is this?

STEW

Some asshole from the Sober House challenged Mighty-Mouth to a duel, but we couldn't find a sword. Thus, kickball.

DESHAY

So now we're just skipping morning sessions altogether?

STEW

Relax, DeShay, we're just getting some fresh air. That common room smells like a whore house on Halloween.

Earl Lee gets pegged with the ball right in the head.

STEW (CONT'D)

Nice play, buddy, way to use your face.

DESHAY

That was some stunt you pulled last night.

STEW

Just some good, wholesome fun, Sergeant. Those Casa girls are *muy caliente*.

DESHAY

Wholesome? Shit. You know the two proven causes of every relapse?

STEW

Drugs and alcohol?

DESHAY

The Pink and the Green. Women and money. Now most of these guys have gotten pretty used to not having either. But you start whetting those boys' appetites, next thing you know, all hell's gonna break loose.

STEW

DeShay, why are you busting my balls? I mean, look at these guys! You see those things on their faces? They're called smiles. You should really try one on some day.

DESHAY

I'd like to try a foot up your ass.

STEW

Ooh, kinky.

DESHAY

Very funny, motherfucker. You think this is some kind of game?

STEW

Kickball? Yeah I do! A pretty awesome game until you showed up.

DESHAY

Man, you really have no idea, do you?

STEW

Would you calm down? They just needed to be reminded of what it's like to be human beings. Is that really so bad?

DESHAY

No, you're right. I mean, why listen to me, I've only been doing this for twenty years.

STEW

Hey, don't give yourself a hard time, DeShay. Now I appreciate you saving me from King Cunt the other day, but right now you need to just sit back and relax. Look at me.

(beat)

I'm the captain now.

Stew jumps up and takes position in the batter's box. Alyssa surprises Stew and herself with a quick cheer from the sidelines --

ALYSSA

Woo!

Richard scowls from the mound.

RICHARD

Well, well look at what we got here. The new king of the dipshits.

STEW

In the fleshlight.

*

ON THE CASA GIRLS IN BLEACHERS --

SHANNON

What's a "fleshlight?"

ALYSSA

Ask any man on Earth.

BACK ON THE GAME --

MINION

Kick his ass, Richard!

STEW

"Richard," huh? You know that's long for *Dick*, right?

RICHARD

Hey, I got 300 days of continuous sobriety, you should treat me with a little respect.

STEW

(grabs his junk)
Respect this, Dick.

Richard rolls the big red ball. Stew lines it up, and... BOOM, sends it into the outfield. He takes off for first base as the outfielders scramble to field it.

As Stew rounds second, he is clearly gassed. The ball is being thrown into the infield. Stew eyes home plate.

Stew is inches away from scoring when... BLAP! The ball smacks him right in the face. The crowd let's out a collective OOOH! as Stew falls to the dirt.

RICHARD

(standing over him)
Surrender to your higher power, bitch.

INT. ROCHS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Stew pulls up the window and climbs in. Coast is clear. He approaches the safe, mouths the code and enters it... jackpot.

He pulls the cash he needs, plus extra. He sees a folder marked "LOG" and opens it: it's a log/spreadsheet of patients' urine tests, how much Serenity is charged by the testing lab, how much Serenity charges the patients' insurance companies and how much profit Serenity & Rocks make.

Stew's jaw drops - because it's a 1000% profit. He pulls his phone and takes a picture of the ledger.

STEW

Liquid gold indeed.

The sound of a key unlocking the door, so Stew tosses the Log back in, closes the safe and jumps in a closet.

ROCKS enters. He gets on his computer and dials up Zoom.

ROCKS

Dr. Gary, what do you have for me?

DR. GARY
A naltrexone implant.

ROCKS
Implant? Is it safe..?

A beat as they ponder the complications of an implant. Then they both CRACK UP LAUGHING.

DR. GARY
Who knows? That's why I need you.

ROCKS
Me? You mean my guineas.

DR. GARY
Got one in mind?

ROCKS
I know just the pig.

Off Stew's confusion --

INT. STEW'S ROOM - LATER

As he climbs back in the window he awakens Boxer.

BOXER
Yo.

STEW
Rocks is a crook. And maybe some kind of mad scientist experimenting on us.

BOXER
Huh?

STEW
Check this out...

Stew shows him the picture of the ledger.

BOXER
He's gettin' rich. Off us!

STEW
And I spied him on a Zoom call with some doctor guy talking about a nalzozone implant and if it's dangerous and using us as guinea pigs.

BOXER
 "Naltrexone."

STEW
 Huh?

BOXER
 It's a drug to treat addiction and
 cravings and shit. It blocks the
 reward receptors so we don't crave
 drugs and if we do them they don't
 do shit.

STEW
 An anti-drug drug?

BOXER
 But I've never heard of sticking it
 in somebody.

STEW
 Which would require surgery.

BOXER
 And consent. But is it approved..?

Boxer brings up Google on his phone and searches "Naltrexone
 implant."

BOXER (CONT'D)
 Nope.

STEW
 So who's the pig..?

BOXER
 Besides Rocks?

Off their concern --

INT. STEW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stew lies wide awake as Boxer snores. He sees the Big Book on
 the night stand. He opens it and begins to read, holding the
 heavy book above his face.

STEW
 (reading)
 "Admit that you are powerless..."

He scoffs and the books falls on his face.

STEW (CONT'D)

Ow. Ok. You win.

He keeps reading.

INT. COMMON ROOM - MORNING

Stew enters the empty room, the morning light slanting through the windows making it look almost pleasant.

Stew lifts the coffee pot and examines the quarter inch of cold sludge. He thinks for a moment, then empties the pot in the sink... and cleans it.

He refills the machine with fresh grounds, water, and proceeds to make a fresh pot.

As the fresh coffee begins to drip, he smiles with satisfaction. Behind him DeShay enters the room.

STEW

Top o' the morning, my good man.

DESHAY

The hell are you doing here?

STEW

Well, it appears that I am the proverbial early bird getting his proverbial worm. Where is everybody?

DESHAY

Oh, you didn't hear? They're all cured.

STEW

Seriously, man. It's 8 o'clock, let's circle up for some group. I am raring to share.

DESHAY

You mean rare to share.

STEW

I'm serious.

DESHAY

Well, then you best find a mirror because that's the only motherfucker who gonna listen. It seems that your fellow fuckups think they too good for group.

(MORE)

DESHAY (CONT'D)

In fact, they think they're too good for any of this shit. Say they just need a little 'fresh air.' A little 'me time,' and they be fine.

STEW

I see.

DESHAY

Yeah, you see. You see about as well as Ray Fuckin Charles, but you see.

DeShay leaves and lets the guilt sink in.

INT. FLACO'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Flaco and Boxer sit on the bed playing a video game. Earl Lee sits in the corner watching, eyes wide, hugging his knees.

Stew enters the room.

STEW

What the fuck are you guys doing?

BOXER

I'm kicking Flaco's fat ass in this game is what I'm doing.

FLACO

Man, you cheating with those tweaker thumbs of yours.

STEW

Come one guys, you can't do that in front of Earl Lee. Look at him, man, he's bugging out.

Wide-eyed and sweaty, Earl Lee mimes like he's playing. This isn't healthy.

BOXER

Naw man, he's cool. White knuckling that shit like a champ.

Stew turns off the game.

BOXER (CONT'D)

Damn, son. What are you doing?

STEW

Can I ask you something?

BOXER
You just did.

STEW
Do you like it here?

FLACO
Yeah, man. Shit's fun now.

STEW
Don't you want to get out of here?
Rejoin the world?

BOXER
I told you, homes, nothing out
there for me but trouble.

STEW
But what if there was?

BOXER
Huh?

STEW
New agenda boys. Grab your sacks
and your big books and meet me
outside.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

The assembled residents of Serenity Shore look at Stew with a combination of suspicion and annoyance.

STEW
You know, they say that you all are
a bunch of screw ups.

BOOFER
They do?

STEW
Tweakers. Drunks. Losers.

PEGASUS
Damn, dude. Take it easy on the
tough love. That shit hurts.

STEW
Well, I say they're wrong. Your
bosses, your parents, your
friends...

FLACO

My sister.

EARL LEE

My classmates.

NOSTRIL-DAMUS

My parole officer.

STEW

I say, it's time to show all those normies what we're really made of.

BOXER

What did you have in mind?

EXT. SOBER HOUSE - DAY

Boofer rolls out from under a tricked-out hatchback and gives Head a thumbs up.

Richard exits the Sober House just in time to chase them off. Then he inspects the letter left on his windshield. It reads simply..."REMATCH."

He crumbles it up and throws it on the ground. But as soon as he gets behind the wheel, every door, fender, and hubcap falls off the car. He screams with rage.

BEGIN GETTIN' IT TOGETHER.. TOGETHER.. MONTAGE

- Stew leads the gang in a YOGA class. They bend over in unison, and there is a cacophony of farts. They struggle to breathe. Nostrils sniffs, passes out.

- At a petting zoo for some "equine therapy," Boofer tries to pet a goat. It screams. Boofer screams. Head'n points and laughs before a donkey kicks him in the chest and sends him flying across the barnyard.

- The Gang goes indoor skydiving, bouncing around the cylinder like gnats in a hurricane. Flaco just lies face down on the fan, too fat to fly.

- Stew lies face down on a massage table as Boofer squirts out an enormous amount of lube on his back, and then begins creepily finger-painting with it.

- Pegasus blends up some strange concoction. Stew takes a sip, gags, smiles, then gags again.

- Kickball target practice using a photo of Richard's face. No one can hit it, and Richard just keeps smiling.

But not all is lost...

- Stew expertly pours a hot cup of coffee, finishes it with a foam flourish. Nostrils takes a sip. It's good.

- The Gang performs their yoga poses in-sync. And FARTS in perfect unison like a symphony. It's quite beautiful.

- Boxer hand-feeds a goat. Head'n rides by on a donkey in full gallop like an Olympic equestrian.

- Stew knocks out sit ups.

- Boofer dances gracefully on Boxer's back Thai-massage style.

- Pegasus plates a beautiful, healthy, gluten-sugar-fat free meal in front of the Gang and they all dig in and love it.

- Flaco floats weightless as the gang performs a synchronized skydiving ballet around him as the "anchor".

- And at kickball practice Richard's face-target is hit again and again until it is destroyed. They are ready.

END MONTAGE

EXT. SERENITY SHORE - DAY

The Gang walks Kevin/Robert Downey Jr out of the building to say goodbye. Marine None claps a hand on Kevin's shoulder.

MARINE NONE

Where's your first stop tonight,
brother?

KEVIN

A meeting.

MARINE NONE

Damn right.

ALL

Good luck, man. See ya, Downey.

Kevin hugs his rehab family and splits.

BOOFER

Gods peed, Mr. Chaplin. (ALT: Gods
peed, Dr. Doolittle/Sherlock etc.)

ROCKS watches the tender goodbye from his office window. He's not smiling.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Rocks is on the phone, flustered.

ROCKS

(into phone)

Well, the insurance companies can't pay for meds I don't have, can they, Gary?

(beat)

That is your problem. That is the deal. You give me whatever snake oil you pharma boys are cooking up, and I give you your trials! Do your job, Gary.

(beat)

Just do your job, Gary!

(beat)

DoyourjobGary, DoyourjobGary,
DoyourjobGary.

He slams the phone down.

CHAD

Was that Gary?

INT. COMMON ROOM - LATER

Earl Lee removes a pawn from a chess board and smiles, leaving Stew to ponder his next move.

STEW

Jesus, I've created a monster.

Boofer walks by and casually moves Stew's knight. A perfect move. Stew and Earl Lee look at him in wonder.

BOOFER

You've got to think inter-dimensionally.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rocks intercepts Boofer in the hallway.

ROCKS

Mr. Stedmeyer, just the man I wanted to see.

(MORE)

ROCKS (CONT'D)
 Would you mind stepping into my
 office for a moment?

Boofer pauses at the office door.

BOOFER
 Should I have my lawyer?

ROCKS
 That won't be necessary.

BOOFER
 Oh good, because I don't have one.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Boofer slumps nervously in a chair biting his fingernails.

ROCKS
 So how's your new friend treating
 you?

BOOFER
 Who?

ROCKS
 The implant.

Boofer still stares blankly.

ROCKS (CONT'D)
 That we put inside you.

BOOFER
 Oh! You mean this little guy?

Boofer lifts his shirt, showing off a small, fresh scar above
 his hip.

ROCKS
 Yes. That little guy. Any issues,
 pain... side effects?

BOOFER
 Naw man, this thing is dope. And
 yet, *it isn't*.
 (beat)
 Whoa!

ROCKS
 So, no withdrawal symptoms, no
 cravings?

BOOFER

Just for Pegasus's new protein
shake, bro. He calls it the Green
Machine. He puts all these like...

ROCKS

Vegetables?

BOOFER

No... Well whatever it is, I can't
get enough. I feel like 200 years
younger!

ROCKS

Well, Mr. Stedmeier--

BOOFER

Boofer.

ROCKS

Boofer--

BOOFER

No, Jimmy.

ROCKS

Jimmy--

BOOFER

No, Boofer's good.

ROCKS

What would you say, Jimmy, if I
told you that you could help me
share this new treatment, this
miracle - because that's what it is
really - with hundreds of other
people just like you?

BOOFER

(terrified)

There are hundreds of other people
just like me?

ROCKS

You could be an ambassador of
recovery, a Florence Nightingale to
your afflicted brothers, helping to
arm them against this scourge, this
plague of addiction.

BOOFER

Sure.

(beat)

(MORE)

BOOFER (CONT'D)

But could we stop at Jack in the Box on the way? I could totally destroy a Spicy Sriracha Burger right now.

Rocks has set his hook. He puts an arm around Boofer's shoulders and stares out the window.

ROCKS

Remember, Jimmy, the road to recovery is a long one. Very, very long. Let's build that road together.

EXT. SKID ROW DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

Rocks' car pulls up to the curb in a sketchy part of town. Homeless junkies litter the sidewalk.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rocks puts the car in park. Boofer nervously eyes his old stomping grounds.

ROCKS

Remember, it's \$500 if they get the implant and another \$200 for every referral.

Boofer nods.

BOOFER

So you give me the money now or--

ROCKS

(chuckling)

Oh no, no, no, you think I am going to let you carry that kind of money down here? Each person that signs up for the trial will get their money *after* the surgery. I'll even throw in a free ride home, what the hell.

Boofer slowly gets out of the car.

BOOFER

And this Nutristuff--

ROCKS

Naltrexone.

BOOFER
You sure it's safe?

ROCKS
Of course, it's safe. Look at you!

Seeing the other junkies, Boofer wipes sweat from his brow. He's not feeling so cured.

DIRECTOR ROCKS
Oh and Jimmy. Take a cab home when you're through. On me.

He hands him \$50 through the window.

ROCKS
We're saving lives today.

Rocks rolls up the window and pulls away, leaving Boofer alone downtown, cash burning a hole in his pocket.

INT. COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

Stew looks over Flaco's shoulder admiring his sketch of Head N. Shoulders who is posed on a stool in front of them.

STEW
Powerful, yet delicate. You're really making some interesting choices.

FLACO
It's all Head, man. He's a giver.

Across the room Nostril-Damus and Pegasus look up in shock.

PEGASUS
Whooooaaa!!

NOSTRIL-DAMUS
G to the Q!

We reveal Boxer enters the room shyly in an inexpensive suit.

PEGASUS
Looking sharp, Señor. What's the occasion?

NOSTRIL-DAMUS
Yeah, you got a parole hearing or something?

BOXER

Nope. I got a job interview.

FLACO

Since when you gotta wear a suit to work at McDonald's?

BOXER

Man, shut the hell up.

Stew approaches Boxer slowly. He takes both his hands and holds them out to get a better look.

STEW

Classy. Understated.

They clasp hands and man-hug, but Stew pulls him close, holds on a bit too long.

STEW (CONT'D)

(tearing up)

My baby's all grows up.

Behind them we see Boofer shuffle into the room. Looks bad.

BOXER

Yo, what the fuck?

Boofer looks around. Then collapses on the floor.

HEAD N SHOULDERS

Hey Boof, you fell down.

Boofer turns blue, his eyes roll back in his head.

BOXER

Yo, someone call 911!

Boxer runs to Boofer and holds his head, slaps his cheeks.

BOXER (CONT'D)

Boof! Boofer, wake up!

DeShay & Tasha rush over --

DESHAY

(to Tasha)

Call 911!

All Stew and the Gang can do is step back and watch.

EXT. SERENITY SHORE - LATER

Boofer is wheeled out on a stretcher, and the Gang watches as it's pushed into an ambulance.

Stew looks up to see ROCKS watching from his office window.

INT. COMMON ROOM - LATER

The Gang sit around a table, halfheartedly playing cards.

STEW

I don't understand. He was doing so well.

FLACO

Once a tweaker, always a tweaker.

NOSTRIL-DAMUS

Never go outside.

STEW

That's bullshit, man. I mean listen to you guys. Boofer was strong. He was winning.

HEAD N SHOULDERS

If that was winning, I don't like my chances.

Boxer scoffs and head-shakes.

BOXER

(to Stew)

You really believe that, bro?

STEW

You saw him. The guy hasn't taken apart a bike in a week.

BOXER

What did you expect was going to happen? You think Boofer was going to walk out of here one day and be an accountant or some shit? Get married? Buy a house?

(beat)

Wake up, college boy. This shit, this place, it's all rigged. Boofer relapsed because they wanted him to. Shit, they can't afford him not to.

The Gang goes silent as Boxer has the floor.

BOXER (CONT'D)

This ain't nothing but big
business, yo.

STEW

Come on.

BOXER

What, you think Rocks ain't getting
rich each time some junkie walks in
that door? We ain't people to him,
man, we're policy numbers.
Insurance companies be writing him
big ass checks and what do we get?
Three hots and a cot, some broke
ass TV and a bunch of bullshit
about a higher power?

FLACO

Preach.

BOXER

You think this is funny? You like
letting another man hold your dick
while you piss? Fill up a cup twice
a day so Rocks can charge them
Medicare fools two G's for a test
that cost thirty bucks?

(beat)

Some drug company wants to test out
some new drugs on a dooper? Hand
them shits out with his breakfast.
You need to fill some beds? Send
some tweaker who ain't been clean
two weeks out on the street with a
pocket full of cash promising
kickbacks to every dope fiend on
the row.

(beat)

We just pawns man, chips in a
bigger game. The more of us there
are, the more money in their
pockets.

NOSTRIL-DAMUS

Recover, relapse, repeat.

BOXER

It's the rehab shuffle. Long as you
breathing, you earning.

STEW

You're talking out your ass.

BOXER

Oh, I'm talking out my ass? What the fuck you know about any of this? This life.

STEW

I know that when I came in here, you guys looked like shit. Now, look at you. You're in a suit. Pegasus is cooking up four star meals, Earl Lee is awake--

BOXER

You ain't never even told us why you here!

(beat)

I seen your type. So pissed off that you didn't do shit with everything you was given that you just looking for anything to blame it on. Anything but yourself.

Stew stands up like he wants to fight. But Boxer puffs up.

BOXER (CONT'D)

You can come in here and buy as much time as you want. But that shit, out there, that's not going away. So don't try telling yourself that you're winning. Because you're not. None of us are.

Boxer rips off his tie and slams it in the trash before disappearing out the door.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Rocks taps away on a calculator. Stew bursts in.

STEW

The jig is up, Rocks.

ROCKS

Uh oh. Looks like someone's pre-lapsing.

STEW

Oh man, "60 Minutes" is gonna have a field day with you.

ROCKS

I'm sorry, did I do something wrong? Is it the comforting the hopeless that has you worked up or is it the saving lives part?

STEW

Come off it, Rocks. The piss tests, the kickbacks? It's a nice little racket you've got going here.

ROCKS

Quite an accusation coming from you. Oh come on, you think I don't know what you're doing here?

STEW

Getting clean, that's what I'm doing.

ROCKS

Oh, spare me. Legs Larusso?
(whistles)
That's quite a pickle you've gotten yourself into, Stew.

Rocks moves menacingly close.

ROCKS (CONT'D)

Come on, you think you'd be able to keep a secret like that from me? I spend my life surrounded by criminals and drug addicts. I know every game in town. You don't play me, I play you.

Rocks moves to the safe on the wall, opens it.

ROCKS (CONT'D)

You know, as soon as you walked in here, I knew there was something different about you. And then it hit me. He doesn't belong out there. He belongs in here. On my side of the crazy train.

(beat)

Now, I *could* help make your problem with Ms. Larusso go away.

He tosses a stack of bills on the desk. And then another one.

ROCKS (CONT'D)

Looks good doesn't it?

(smells it)

(MORE)

ROCKS (CONT'D)

Smells good too. Consider that a down payment. You keep your mouth shut, and there's more where that came from. Just ask your friend, Boofer.

STEW

I might be an asshole, but I'm not a dick.

ROCKS

Oh come on, Stew. Be smart. Walk out of here and go make nice with Legs. Or... Maybe you want to take that money down to the track, hm? Take a little road trip? To Vegas?

Stew starts to sweat.

ROCKS (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, I can see it in those pretty eyes of yours. All this time you thought you were better than them. Drunks, junkies. Pathetic losers too weak to take care of themselves. But look at you. Cold sweats. Pupils dilating.

Stew eyes the cash lustily.

ROCKS (CONT'D)

Oh, you can't wait to get your hands on that cash, can you? Well, there it is. Go ahead, touch it. Feel it.

(beat)

I'll tell you what, I'll even sweeten the deal. A little gift from me...

Rocks pulls a little baggie of cocaine from his pocket and throws it on the pile of money.

ROCKS (CONT'D)

... to you. What, you didn't think we just threw all that stuff away, did you? Lost, and now found.

(leaning in)

Vegas, baby. Vegas.

Stew reaches down and takes the money and the drugs.

ROCKS (CONT'D)

Good boy.

Without a word, Stew turns to leave.

ROCKS (CONT'D)
I really think this is the
beginning of something really
special.

Stew slams the door behind him.

INT. STEW'S ROOM - LATER

Stew tosses his few possessions into a duffel bag. DeShay appears at the door.

DESHAY
You know what you're problem is?
You got the high-low.
(beat)
High ego, low esteem.

STEW
Not now, DeShay.

DESHAY
You watch one friend get wheeled
out on his back and you ready to
toe up too, is that it?

STEW
No.

DESHAY
Then why you leaving?

STEW
Because you were right, okay? I
should have never come here.

DESHAY
You sure about that?

DeShay slaps a piece of paper on the dresser on his way out.

DESHAY (CONT'D)
For when you're ready.

Stew picks up the slip of paper. It's a phone number.

EXT. SERENITY SHORES REHAB - CONTINUOUS

Stew exits.

As he passes by Sober House, Richard and his minions have a laugh at his expense.

RICHARD
Hasta la pasta, quitter.

Stew can't muster a retort.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Aw, did your little rehab crush
ghost on you?

STEW
Not now, Long For Dick.

RICHARD
Hey at least you banged that open
trench, right?

Stew flicks him off.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Oh shit, you didn't!

STEW
Fuck off.

RICHARD
Oh shit, you didn't know.

STEW
Know what?

RICHARD
Ha! Oh yeah, dude, when that Alyssa
chick got to Casa, she was *tres*
popular.
(to Minions)
Total 13th Step, am I right?

Richard and the minions slap fives.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Now she's your soiled dove!

STEW
Slut-shaming. That's pretty
pathetic, even for you. Look at you
guys - drops of piss off the same
dick.

RICHARD

Whatever, cuck. I'm not the one who
couldn't bust slops with the skid's
thirstiest bag-whore!

More laughs from the assholes. Stew ignores them.

A cab pulls up. Stew looks back at Serenity Shore one last
time as he opens the door of the waiting taxi. He catches
Earl Lee waving from the window. Stew gets in the cab.

ANGLE ON Alyssa watching Stew split from her Casa window.

INT. TIME OUT BAR - LATER

Sal pulls a pint and unceremoniously sets it on the bar in
front of Stew. A football game drones from the TV.

Stew looks down the bar at Petey who shakily toasts him.

PETEY

Welcome back, my boy.

Stew looks at his beer, then hesitates. He digs into his
pocket in search of DeShay's number. Instead he pulls out the
little bag of coke Rocks gave him. Shit.

ANGLE ON: Mikey on his phone in the back.

MIKEY

(on phone)

Yeah, he's here. No, he's not going
anywhere.

INT. CASA HOUSE - DAY

Alyssa types out a text: "You ok?" Then deletes it.

INT. TIME OUT - CONTINUOUS

A stewed Stew chugs his beer when he's grabbed from the back
by his hair.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Got my money?

Uh oh. She yanks his head back to look at her upside down --
GINGER (his ex-gf from the open).

GINGER

Hi, loser.

LATER

Stew & Ginger down a shot.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Don't worry about the rent, I'm just glad you're turning yourself around.

STEW

Well, I tried. But failed at that too. I'm the Obama of boozing and the Trump of teetotaling.

GINGER

Rehab isn't - from what little I know about it - but I do know a lot about almost everything--

STEW

I'll drink to that.

He lifts another shot to take but Ginger snatches it.

GINGER

As I was saying - what I do know about it is that in today's America substance abuse is a problem, which means dealing with it is a life or death sitch.

STEW

Guess the stakes are high, huh?

GINGER

Life and death usually are. And with those stakes there's no easy path, solution or journey, especially if you and your people have been doing it for so long that it's all you know.

STEW

My people...

(recalling Alyssa)

I've been a raging alcoholic for a quarter century, but it only got bad the last 25 years.

Ginger chuckles.

GINGER

So yeah, rehab and recovery is a journey. And journeys take time.

(MORE)

GINGER (CONT'D)

Patience. And can be hard. You gotta show up and work at making yourself better. Day by day.

STEW

But you told me I only think about myself.

GINGER

Which you did. But now thinking about yourself in making yourself better makes everyone around you better. Instead of worrying about you. Or disliking you. You're bettering yourself for them. For others.

STEW

For others...

Stew thinks on this...

GINGER

Yes, others.

Stew chuckles: imagine that? "Others."

GINGER (CONT'D)

Which I'll drink to.

She swigs his shot and splits. Stew waves Sal over for more booze.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Stew's legs protrude from under a bush. Fuck Yeah Jeff the dog stops to sniff, then raises his tiny leg and pees on Stew's shoes. Stew doesn't budge.

As Jeff trots proudly away, another pair of legs enter frame.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

So what's it gonna be? Bus, bench, or bed?

STEW

I'm on a bus?

Stew's eyes flutter open to reveal DeShay standing over him.

DESHAY

Personally, I prefer the beach, but that's just me. I'm a sand man.

Stew starts to get up, but is felled by a crushing headache.

STEW
Oh, Jesus...

DESHAY
You gonna finish that prayer?

DeShay sticks his hand out.

DESHAY (CONT'D)
Come on. You can finish it inside.

Stew takes his hand, and DeShay pulls him to his feet.

INT. SERENITY SHORE - MOMENTS LATER

Stew stands in the empty common room.

STEW
Where is everybody?

DESHAY
What a brand new fool are you?

STEW
Huh?

DESHAY
What, you expecting a welcome back party? Shit, these dudes seen more people come and go than a Korean massage parlor. You was a ghost the second you walked out that door.

STEW
They're better off without me.

DESHAY
Maybe. But are you better off without them?

EXT. SERENITY SHORE BACKYARD - LATER

The gang halfheartedly preps for the kickball rematch against Sober House. Stew approaches sheepishly.

EARL LEE
Stew!

STEW
 (weak)
 In the fleshlight.

Crickets.

ALL
 Boo!/Jack off!/Suck-hole!

BOXER
 You got something you want to tell us?

STEW
 Uh, yeah. I guess I do.

BOXER
 Then spit it, homes.

STEW
 Uh...

Stew is at a loss for words, maybe for the first time ever. DeShay gives him a nod of encouragement.

STEW (CONT'D)
 My name is Stew. And I'm an alcoholic. And a gambling addict. And a drug addict. And a bunch of other shit probably.

(beat)
 I lied to you guys. I pretended like I was one of you. But the truth is, I'm not. Not even close. But I hope, that with some work, I could be.

Silence.

STEW (CONT'D)
 Being in here, hearing your problems and discovering my own, I've realized that we're all no-men in a no-man's land. And we're just trying to find our footing. With a second - or third - or year-long chance. Whatever it takes. As long as we keep coming back. Man... I just want what you guys have.

Eyes on the guys.

STEW (CONT'D)
 And--

FLACO
Jesus, make him stop already.

MIGHTY MOUTH
Just-shut-the-fuck-up-you-derelict.

Boxer cracks a smile.

STEW
Really? You guys don't hate me?

Nostril-Damus gives him a big hug.

NOSTRIL-DAMUS
We don't shoot our wounded.

BOXER
Now get your ass over here, you
fucking drunk-druggie-deadbeat, we
got some ass to kick.

BOOFER
And balls!

STEW
Boofer, you old so and so! You're
alive!

BOOFER
I am?

STEW
You're goddam right you are! Now,
let's play some motherfucking
kickball.

RICHARD
(from the field)
You side-smiles ready to play or
what?

Stew exchanges looks with Boxer, Flaco, and the Gang. They're ready. Game on.

The Serenity gang takes the field, and what follows is an epic battle of adult kickball played with the intensity of NHL playoff hockey.

Nostril-Damus stares down Richard as he goes into his windup. Then BOOM, Nostrils sends the ball into the outfield and takes off around the bases.

STEW
Thataboy, Nostrils!

Nostril-Damus touches his nose and points to Stew in appreciation.

Earl Lee steps to the plate. Amazingly, he sends one over the shortstop's head, exciting the sidelines.

Sober House counters with blasts of their own. Game on.

INT. CASA HOUSE - SAME TIME

Word about the game has spread, and two casa girls make for the door.

ALYSSA
Where are you going?

MARCY
To watch some sweet boy on boy
action across the street.

KIRSTEN
Yeah, come on!

ALYSSA
Uh, no thanks.

MARCY
Your loss.

The girls touch up their lips and push up their bras on their way out the door.

KIRSTEN
God, I love it when they play with
their balls.

EXT. BACKYARD - SERENITY NOW - MOMENTS LATER

The Casa girls cheer. Boxer and Pegasus turn a double play.

Head'n Shoulders runs easily under a thrown ball and crosses home plate. A close game, but Serenity is looking gassed.

Stew rolls the ball toward the plate and Richard sends a booming kick to the outfield. Boofer is under it, oblivious.

STEW
Boofer!

Boofer looks up at the last minute and the big red ball wraps itself around his face and bounces to the ground. Richard rounds the bases in triumph.

Stew hangs his head. But Boxer runs by and slaps his ass in encouragement.

BOXER

Come on, baby. We're only losin' if
we ain't improvin'!

It's not over yet. A string of Serenity batters get hits. Momentum builds.

Danosaur chips a ball to the shortstop. Earl Lee rounds third as the shortstop wings the ball toward Danosuar. The ball hits him in the face and lays him out cold.

Stew and crew rush over as a hush falls over the crowd.

STEW

Danosaur! Dan! Wake up buddy!

He's not moving. Players remove their hats.

NOSTRIL-DAMUS

It's the way he always wanted to
go.

Suddenly, Danosaur's eyes pop open.

STEW

Danimal, you're alive!

They pull him to his feet.

DANOSAUR

Hell, I was a roadie for Deep
Purple, you're not gonna kill me
that easy.

RICHARD

Come on, you snowflakes, let's play
ball!

FLACO

God I hate that guy.

Last inning. Boofer's up. Richard smiles at the easy out.

The ball rolls toward the plate and Boofer SENDS IT high into the air. The crowd goes nuts as it drops in play.

Flaco continues the rally, and suddenly Serenity is down by just one run.

RICHARD

Well, well. The prodigal drunk returns.

Stew steps up to plate. The game is on the line, but also so much more.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

So, quitter. Care to make this interesting? I got a thousand bucks says I strike your ass out.

STEW

Just roll, man.

RICHARD

Pussy.

Richard sends a wicked spinner, and Stew whiffs.

Stew catches sight of DeShay on the sideline, who shrugs and gives him a look like 'what are you gonna do?'

Stew steps back in the batter's box. On the next pitch he booms a kick high and long. Faces lift in unison watching it sail into the outfield...

REFEREE

Foul ball!

So close.

RICHARD

Aw, what's wrong? Feeling a little hungover are we?

STEW

Hey, at least I'm hung.

RICHARD

Don't worry, after I throw you out, you can go back to being a hopeless loser, just like your friends.

Stew steps in. Then he spies a black car come to a stop on the street. Legs and her 2 Goons get out of the car.

STEW

Shit.

Everything in his body is telling him to quit. To take off running. Then, a voice.

ALYSSA

Woo! Let's go, Stew!

Stew smiles and steps into the box. Richard winds up, and the ball rolls toward the plate.

Stew connects. The ball drops in play, and the place goes nuts as Stew rounds the bases, giving it everything he's got.

Flaco rounds third. The throw is coming in, but Flaco is running out of steam, and Stew is held up behind him.

STEW

Come on, MUSCLES!

Richard covers home plate, a confident smirk on his face. The throw comes in with plenty of time for the tag.

But Flaco lowers his shoulder and BOOM, sends Richard sprawling. The ball rolls free. Flaco slaps the plate, and Stew comes in right behind him. Victory!

The Serenity gang swarms home plate and twerk each other.

BOXER

Feels pretty good, doesn't it?

STEW

What?

BOXER

Coming back.

Stew considers this. He's not done yet.

BOXER (CONT'D)

Yo, where you going?

STEW

Some business I gotta take care of.

Stew turns and heads in the direction of Legs and her Goons.

LEGS

Well, well that was quite a show you put on there. I am genuinely aroused.

STEW

Not a show, Legs. Not anymore.

LEGS

I take it that means you don't have my money.

STEW

I'm sorry to say, that I do not. It pains me to say this, but you'll have to do what you have to do. I'm ready to accept my own consequences. Substance abusers like me call it taking accountability.

Stew closes his eyes and surrenders to his fate.

LEGS

Alright then. Open the trunk.

The Goons pop the trunk to reveal ROCKS gagged and tied in the back of the car.

LEGS (CONT'D)

Luckily for you, this guy had more than enough in his safe to cover it.

Rocks grunts and struggles in protest.

LEGS (CONT'D)

You know when we visited you last night at that shithole you call a bar, I was pretty sure you'd be texting with your nose for the rest of your life.

STEW

Last night?

LEGS

But I'll tell ya, for someone without pants on, you were pretty damn convincing.

STEW

My apologies, my memory of said exchange is a bit foggy. Turns out, I have a bit of a drinking problem.

LEGS

Well, you laid out a hell of a plan to scam this scum for his scam, so I was more than happy to work out a payment plan.

STEW

(no idea)
Oh of course, my plan.

LEGS
 (to Rocks)
 Preying on poor, innocent addicts,
 shame on you!
 (shrugs, to Stew)
 I've got a niece. Oy vey, what a
balegan.

Stew's good fortune is finally sinking in.

LEGS (CONT'D)
 Anyhoo, consider us even.

STEW
 What can I say? Thank you, Legs.

She approaches and puts her lips to his ear.

LEGS
 (whispers)
 My friends call me Lonny.

She smiles and walks back to the car.

LEGS (CONT'D)
 Call me if you ever want to lose
 your virginity.

STEW
 Oh, I'm not a virgin.

LEGS
 You are the way I do it.

Rocks makes one last struggle, but Stew waves goodbye.

The Goons shut the trunk, and the car pulls away.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Stew turns to face his new friends, his new life. Instead, he
 finds Alyssa standing in front of him.

ALYSSA
 So.

STEW
 Sew buttons.

ALYSSA
 Thought you quit on me.

STEW

Turns out I'm shit at the quit. But
I came back.

She smiles and moves in to kiss him, but Stew pulls back.

STEW (CONT'D)

What about waiting until after a
year of continuous sobriety?

ALYSSA

Oh yeah.

Beat. Shit.

STEW

But then again - the devil's not
gonna ask us once...

Stew smirks. She pulls him in for a big kiss. It's sloppy,
awesome, and overdue. Fuck yeah, Devil.

Over Alyssa's shoulder, he spies Flaco who is being embraced
by not one but two Casa Girls. Thumbs up.

Meanwhile, Richard continues to shout after his minions who
are leaving the field.

RICHARD

Where are you going?! It's not
over!

FLACO

Yo! Chill out, Long for Dick.

RICHARD

No, you chill out! YOU chill out!

Everyone leaves the field, leaving Richard to his tantrum.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Come back! Stop the Steal! You just
gonna quit?! You- you- quitters!
You hear that? You're all a bunch
of quitters!

STEW

"Quitters?"

RICHARD

Actually, don't quit! Head on out!
Celebrate! Hit that bar, hit that
pipe, hit that vein!! And relapse!
HAHAHA!

Off Stew... thinking... uh oh... that stinkin' thinkin'...

FADE TO:

EXT. BACK GUEST HOUSE - MORNING

Stew sits passed out on his door step, like our open at the beginning. His keys dangle in the lock. His hair and beard are gross and overgrown, his clothes disheveled.

A PIECE OF PAPER is slapped on his forehead sticking there, awakening him. He rips it off to read it: "QUIT!"

He looks up to see standing over him: us, you, the audience.

STEW

Have you ever been put on notice?

He stands up, rips off the long haired wig to reveal a clean cut, scrapes off the fake beard to reveal a clean face, and tucks in his shirt and dusts off to look shaped up.

STEW (CONT'D)

Join the club.

He walks and talks to us in the camera because we're in a:

TV COMMERCIAL...

As Stew reveals a nice new REHAB FACILITY behind him.

STEW

Are you tired of waking up
hungover? Incarcerated? Shoeless?
Do you still think you're the
funniest person in the room, but
your new black eye says otherwise?
Then come on down to Quitters -
California's only No-BS detox and
rehab center.

MONSTER TRUCK VOICE (V.O.)

(accompanied by giant
chyron graphics)

REHAB!

Stew crumples up and tosses the QUIT! notice and leads us on a tour of the rehab facility.

STEW

If you have a problem with drugs or alcohol, or the judge just says you do, "Quitters" offers the best break for your buck. No blame, no shame, and most importantly, no sketchy drug trials or an all day whiz quiz.

SFX: loud pissing in a toilet.

MONSTER TRUCK VOICE

No liquid gold scams here!

STEW

Here at Quitters, you're a person, not a policy number or a guinea pig.

MONSTER TRUCK VOICE

NO PIGS!

STEW

Enjoy healthy home cooked meals by our trained chef...

We see Pegasus in the kitchen preparing a fresh meal.

STEW (CONT'D)

Work out those inner demons with our board certified physical therapists.

Boofer smiles in masseuse whites. Flaco leads a yoga class.

MONSTER TRUCK VOICE

Demons be gone! Not Today, Satan!

STEW

Experience technical training, career consulting...

Earl Lee teaches a computer class, as Boxer tightens a CLIENT'S tie and hands him a briefcase...

STEW (CONT'D)

Family therapy...

Then Boxer sits on a couch with his WIFE & CHILD as Danosaur sits across them mediating/consulting...

STEW (CONT'D)
Or just kicking it with some old
drunks and junkies who are just
like you and want to help you get
back on your feet...

Then Danosaur swivels his chair and pantomimes a fun story in
a group therapy session...

STEW (CONT'D)
And back to kicking ass.

MONSTER TRUCK VOICE
KICK ASS!

STEW
Whatever you need, we'll help you
get it, so come get what we have.
We've even got a dog!

Fuck Yeah Jeff humps a garden gnome.

MONSTER TRUCK VOICE
Fuck Yeah Jeff!

STEW
Hey, we're about progress not
perfection.

DeShay steps into the frame.

DESHAY
We've seen it all, and done it all.
So we know what the hell we're
talking about.

The whole Gang gathers around for a wide drone shot of...

STEW
Come on, you know you want to...

ALL
Be a quitter! At Quitters!

The new rehab facility: "Quitters Rehab"

STEW
And find your purpose of you. Cause
you ain't here for nothin'.

FADE OUT.