

THE INTERVENTIONIST

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"Keep Coming Back."

-- AA saying

WE'RE UNDERWATER...

Sun dapples the surface of the lake overhead. A figure is floating towards us. Coming into focus.

IT'S A FOUR-YEAR-OLD-GIRL in a red bathing suit. Hair ripples, fear frozen in her glassy blue eyes.

She hasn't been dead long.

Tickling fronds of seaweed reach up from below and wrap around her arms and legs and neck like gnarled green fingers, and pull her down, down, down into the cold abyss.

INT. KYLE'S BEDROOM - VERMONT - DAY

The room of a teenage boy. Patriots memorabilia. Lacrosse stick. The glow-in-the-dark stars have survived on the ceiling since elementary school.

WARREN MANN (50) enters. He wears rumpled dress shirt, and a two week old beard. Dark circles under kind eyes. He touches the door. The knob has been removed.

A handsome J-Crew couple follows. JAN and MIKE. They've been through hell, and tensions are high. They watch him sniffing around. Bed is made. Hospital corners. Trophies sparkle.

Warren notices the guitar on the stand. Picks it up. Tunes it. Jan and Mike exchange a look as he strums a minor chord.

And then he turns it upside and starts shaking it wildly. Drug baggies fall out of the sound hole and land on the vacuumed carpet. Bingo. Jan bursts into tears.

JAN

He lied to my face.

Mike hugs her. Hushes her. Warren scoops up the baggies.

WARREN

(tired)

You know how you can tell if an addict is lying? Their lips are moving. It's not even Kyle anymore. He's in his disease, and he's gonna do whatever it takes to protect it. You can't take it personally, Jan.

He's said it a million times.

WARREN (cont'd)

Let's make this his moment of grace.

It seems to help a little. Warren looks at the bags. There are SMILEY FACES stamped on them.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The pre-intervention dry run. Warren sits before Jan and Mike. More people have joined the circle. A GRANDMOTHER, some FRIENDS, an AUNT. Jan practices her letter.

JAN

You were legally dead for two minutes before the paramedics found you. And gave you a shot of Narcan. It worked like a miracle. It reversed the overdose, and brought you back to life. They saved your life and you cursed them out for spoiling your high...

Warren's phone lights up. Call from MARIE. He ignores it.

JAN (cont'd)

By the time I got to the hospital, you were gone. Not dead. You had already died. I mean gone. You ripped out your IV, called your dealer and left to shoot up in the parking lot. Death wasn't enough of bottom for you. Kyle, my beautiful baby boy, please except our--

MIKE

--It's not tough enough.

WARREN

Gratitude's the key to these letters.

MIKE

I'm not feeling very grateful right now, Warren.

WARREN

Focus on the good. It's disarming. It's the last thing he's expecting to hear.

MIKE

Dear Kyle. Get your ass back to rehab, or yer gonna die again for good this time. How's that for disarming?

GRANDMOTHER

Michael.

MIKE

He won't go! We've done everything.
He's just so goddamn stubborn--

WARREN

--Anger can be fatal right now. This
is an act of love, no judgments.

AUNT

That's right. Relapse is just a mile
marker on the road to recovery.

WARREN

That's very good, Shelia.

AUNT

It's from your book.

He has to think. It is. A car pulls into the driveway.

MIKE

It's him.

JAN

He's early!

WARREN

Okay everyone, you did the work now
trust the process. It works if you
work it. Read the letters exactly as
written, stick to the script--

AUNT

Mike.

WARREN

--We're here because we love Kyle
more than he loves himself right now.
Let's show him how much.

Jan takes Mike's hand. He swallows his anger. The front door
opens, and KYLE (17) enters. He stops in his tracks when he
sees everybody stand.

KYLE

What are you--

WARREN

Hi, Kyle. My Name is Warren. We're
here today because--

KYLE

--Okay, I'll go.

Warren's caught off-guard.

WARREN

Oh. Yes. Okay, great!

Everyone blows past Warren to hug Kyle. They cry together and it's nothing but love. Warren just watches. Separate.

CUT TO:

WARREN'S MUDDY AND CHIPPED BUMPER STICKER

"No one will ever cut you off if you let them in."

INT. WARREN'S OLD VOLVO - DAY

Kyle and Warren drive in silence. And then...

KYLE

How much did they pay you?

WARREN

I charge a four thousand dollar retainer.

KYLE

Four grand? For what? A ride?

Warren gets a call from MARIE. He ignores it.

KYLE (cont'd)

Can we listen to music?

WARREN

You have to learn to sit with yourself, bud. Wherever you go there you are.

Kyle starts humming a song. He bats away a pesky tear. He looks away. Green mountains whiz by.

WARREN (cont'd)

I know how you feel.

KYLE

Yeah right.

WARREN

Yeah right? How about I was slamming two bundles a day for fifteen years. Robbing dealers, shitting myself, stealing Nana's painkillers while she's dying of cancer upstairs cuz I needed them more apparently.

Kyle shoots him a look.

WARREN (cont'd)

Now I got twenty-five years clean. My life's unfolding instead of unraveling. I have a beautiful daughter who loves me, and who has never seen me drunk or high, and the crazy thing is, it wasn't a waste of time, all that horrible shit I did. I can use it all to help people, because I've been there. My struggle has value. And so does yours.

KYLE

This is my fourth time.

WARREN

So, you've done it before. You've done it for your parents, you've done it for the judge, now do it for you.

KYLE

Dying. This is my fourth time dying.

This throws Warren off.

KYLE (cont'd)

I'm gonna get out, I'm gonna relapse, and I'm gonna die.

They drive in silence. And then Warren turns on the radio.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE TREATMENT CENTER - DAY

They stand before the welcoming doors of the fancy rehab. Kyle holds his suitcase. White as a ghost.

WARREN

Can I tell you something? I do this a lot, you know? It's my job.

KYLE

What a shitty job.

WARREN

Yeah. But I never saw a kid with more of a chance than you. Listen to me. You're willing. I know it doesn't sound like much but it's everything. You were the quickest yes I ever got.

KYLE

I want to get sober.

WARREN

And now you're here, and you want it,
and people love you. You're nothing
but hope. *A dopeless hope fiend.*

KYLE

(laughs)
That's stupid.

WARREN

Yeah. Well, what do you want? I'm
stupid.

KYLE

Where do I go?

WARREN

In there.

KYLE

Okay.

WARREN

You wanna hug?

KYLE

No.

They hug.

WARREN

I'll see you in 90 days.

KYLE

Okay.

WARREN

Here's my card, call me if you get
squirrely, you know?

KYLE

I will.

Kyle picks up his bags and starts inside.

WARREN

Go easy on your folks, they love you!

The doors close behind Kyle. Warren lights a smoke, takes a
deep inhale.

INT. WARREN'S VOLVO - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Warren blasts Carole King like he's trying to drown
something out. He pulls into a dead end near the woods.

MARIE is calling. He silences it. *Three missed calls.* He's gritting his teeth as he digs around in his pockets.

And pulls out one of KYLE'S SMILEY FACE DRUG BAGGIES.

He rubs the bag between his fingers. He likes the feel of the plastic. He likes the crinkle sound it makes. The smiley face is warped by his nervous fingering. Smile to frown, smile to frown, smile to frown, smile to--

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)
Will you teach me, daddy?

EXT. LAKE - WARREN'S MEMORY

Mist looms above a secluded lake, set deep in the woods.

LITTLE ALLY (4) stands on the edge of rickety dock. She's wearing her red bathing suit. Sagging wood creaks under her feet. It could collapse at any moment.

She touches a toe to the water. Her reflection ripples. She glances up the cobblestone path at her sister, CHRISTY (6) swinging on a tire swing, trying to touch heaven.

Ally bows at the edge, touching her fingertips to the water.

Christy swings higher and higher and -- SPLASH!!!

CUT TO:

WARREN'S EYES CRACK OPEN!

He sucks in a HORRIBLE WHEEZING GASP, like he was holding his breath in his sleep.

It's dusk. He's left his car running and the battery is dead. He looks down at the smiley face baggie. And shoves it back in his pocket. *Not yet. Not today.*

EXT. TURNAROUND - NIGHT

The AAA Service guy gives him a jump.

SERVICE GUY
So, it died and you ran out of gas?

WARREN
I know, story of my life right?

EXT. WARREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Warren is parked outside his office. It's above a pizza shop. His window reads:

WARREN MANN
 H O P E D E A L E R
 * *Life Coach* * *Author* * *Motivational Speaker* *
 * *Certified Intervention Professional* *

He's on the phone. Nervous.

WARREN

What are you using at Fenway? Minus one fifty? Gimme ten dimes on The Red Sox. Action.
 (listens)
 I know what it is. I'm good for it. I got a check coming Monday, I just did a-- Yes, I'm good for it, Lenny, they're locked! It's a lock! It's the sugar lock of the week! Lock it up!

INT. WARREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Warren enters. It's dark. There's a STRANGE MAN hunched in the corner, shrouded by shadows and staring at him. He flips the lights. The Strange Man is a cardboard cutout of himself. An ad for his old memoir.

THE INTERVENTIONIST
 A story of addiction and redemption.
 By Warren Mann

Cardboard Warren is twenty years younger. Happier. Healthier. Smiling bright.

He moves into the living room. Funeral programs and laminated prayer cards strewn across the counter. A pile of dead kids. He goes to a shoe box of assorted powders, pills, and baggies. Kits, works, and tourniquets. Needles still in plastic confiscated from clients. He drops Kyle's smiley face bags in there.

He almost steps on the EXOTIC FISH that lies dead on the carpet beside the glowing aquarium. And sighs.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Warren flushes the dead fish down the toilet.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The couch has been pulled out into a bed. Warren sits here surrounded by moving boxes, chain smoking, and watching the game. The place is packed with too much stacked furniture and stuff from his old house, because he's living here now.

The Red Sox are up three runs in the bottom of the ninth. He's feeling good, he's feeling real good. And then The Yankees hit a grand slam, and his jaw hits the carpet.

He sits for a moment in his disbelief, and then he calmly throws the remote control out the window.

His phone rings. Incoming call: *UNKNOWN CALLER*.

WARREN
(clenched teeth)
Fuck, Lenny, I said Monday.

He silences the phone, and turns it off.

TIME CUT

Warren is stalking through the same eight public photos on CHRISTY MANN'S Facebook page. She's a beautiful blonde 20-year-old. Laughing with friends. Hugging her well-toned boyfriend, TUCKER, 23, Asian-American. Pictures of the two of them at swim meets, winning medals. Her smile makes Warren smile.

Friend request forever pending.

Three copies of his less successful followup are stacked underneath the couch to balance its broken leg:

FORGIVE YOURSELF!
The Healing Art of Letting Go
By Warren Mann
Author of The Interventionist

The books slip out and the couch collapses under him.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE OFFICE - NIGHT

Warren dumps boxes of his books into the dumpster out back, and slaps it shut. It feels good. *Clean*. He sees the remote in the street and goes to pick it up.

He stops.

Sees a MIDDLE-AGED MAN standing under a BUZZING STREET LIGHT. Staring at Warren with vacant eyes. Arm covered in a black road map of track marks.

WARREN

Pete?

The Man turns, and walks down the alley.

Warren shrugs it off and goes inside.

INT. OFFICE - DAWN

Dusty morning light punches through a crack in the black out curtains and seeps into the room. Warren sits at his dining room folding table, surrounded by yellow paper.

It's an endless letter, and he's been at it for years. Stabbing cigarette butts into a crowded ashtray. Crumpled pages and false starts. Some pages typed, some scrawled on scraps, and napkins.

They all start the same way:

*Dear Christy,
They say if you always tell the truth
you never have to remember anything.*

He's writing and writing, but he can never seem to find the right words. He crosses everything out.

He glances in the mirror. The box of drugs reflected. He's sweating. At war with himself. He lowers the pen. Chews his lip. The box seems to glow in the moonlight. Calling.

WARREN

Fuck.

He jumps to his feet and hurries to the box. So much fucking heroin. Different bags, different colors, different stamps.

He dips his hands into the box, like it's warm water. The hair on the back of his neck stands up. His hand gets lost in balloons and baggies. He just wants to feel them.

He catches the judgmental gaze of his CARDBOARD CUT-OUT on the other side of the room. A quick stare down. Real Warren loses. He rips his hand out of the bag, almost embarrassed, and snaps himself out of this self-destructive trance.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Warren is frantically dumping the drugs into the toilet. Black tar, China white, emptying bag after bag.

He flushes the toilet. It burps and gurgles and starts to overflow. Water spills down the side, and pools around his feet like the toilet is overdosing.

He rips the top off the tank, fidgets around, and then he manages to turn the valve, but not before --

The toilet vomits up THE EXOTIC FISH.

Warren reaches for it and --

IT FLAPS ALIVE.

Warren reels back.

The fish is jumping on the tiles among the dope water and the torn drug baggies.

Warren just stares at it for a beat. Confused. And then he scoops it up and drops it back into the aquarium. He watches it swim around.

THE ORNAMENTAL HOUSE at the bottom of the tank glows ominously in the buzzy blue light.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! Warren jumps. Someone is pounding on the door. And a ghostly voice --

*YOUNG CHRISTY (O.S.)
Wake up Daddy! Wake up Daddy! Open
the door! DADDDDDY!!!!*

Warren looks at the door in horror. Bending on its hinges. *Knock! Knock! Knock!*

*MARIE (O.S.)
Warren?!*

Marie's VOICE SNAPS Warren out of his trance.

WARREN
Huh?!

*MARIE (O.S.)
Warren?! Open the door!*

WARREN
Marie?

*MARIE
OPEN THE DOOR!*

WARREN
Yeah, just a sec!

Warren shuts the bathroom door. Dumps his cigarette butts into the garbage. Gives himself a bath of Fabreeze.

EXT. WARREN'S OFFICE - DAY

Warren opens the door a crack. MARIE (45) is standing on the stoop. So well dressed, and put together, save for the teary smear of mascara that bruises her soulful eyes.

WARREN

What are you doing?

MARIE

I've been calling all day.

She tries to peek inside, but he blocks her view in case he forgot anything.

WARREN

I was on a job. My phone died.

MARIE

It's Christy... she...

WARREN

No.

MARIE

She's not gonna survive another overdose.

Marie bursts into tears. Warren finds himself wrapping her in his arms. Another old habit. She lets him.

WARREN

(dazed)

Hey. It's okay. This is okay. Relapse is just a mile marker on the road to-- *FUCK! Are you sure? I mean, she was doing so good, wasn't she?!*

MARIE

You have to come back with me.

WARREN

What?

MARIE

You have to do an intervention.

WARREN

Marie, I can't.

MARIE

What do you mean, you can't?

WARREN

It's a conflict of interest. Let me call Dennis Berliner up in Stowe. He's the best there is.

MARIE

You're the best there is.

WARREN

She's made it pretty clear she doesn't want me in her life.

MARIE

I'm not asking you to be in her life. I'm asking you to save it.

He looks at her.

MARIE (cont'd)

Just say yes.

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Warren dumps his endless *Dear Christy* letter into a briefcase, along with some Narcan Spray. Opiate Blocker. He locks the briefcase, thumbs the combo lock, and goes.

In the tank, the fish swims around the ornamental house.

INT. MARIE'S VOLKSWAGEN PASSAT - AFTERNOON

Warren melts into the comfy passenger seat of the sleek luxury ride. He's on the phone.

WARREN

I can't thank you enough. Perfect, Connie, we'll see you tonight. I owe you big time. Send my love to Tom.

(hangs up)

She's in.

MARIE

Oh, thank God.

WARREN

Silverdale. It's the best. There's a four month wait for a bed, but I send them so much business, you know?

MARIE

You're a miracle worker.

WARREN

It's a living.

WARREN (cont'd)

This is not how her story ends. I promise you. As long as she's breathing there's hope for recovery.

MARIE

You know she still wears the watch you got her she joined the team?

WARREN

What, that old Poolmate?

MARIE

She never takes it off.

WARREN

Really?

This helps a little. Warren stares out the window. Green mountains stretch into heaven. His phone buzzes. Incoming call. *UNKNOWN CALLER*. Fuck. He silences it.

MARIE

Who keeps calling?

WARREN

Nobody.

MARIE

Are you gambling again?

WARREN

That was fast.

MARIE

I dunno. Your phone's been weighing four hundred pounds lately.

WARREN

Is Richard's coming?

MARIE

He's there.

WARREN

But, is he an influencer?

MARIE

What you mean?

WARREN

Team members need to have influence or they really shouldn't be there.

MARIE

Well, he's been there. She loves him.
Is that influence?

WARREN

Yes.

THUNDER RUMBLES in the distance as they pass a sign:

WELCOME TO NEW HAMPSHIRE.
"Live Free or Die."

It's a threat.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE HIGHWAY - DAY

Warren watches as they whip past the Keene exit.

WARREN

You missed the turn.

MARIE

No, I didn't.

WARREN

Where are we going?

MARIE

The lake house.

WARREN

No.

MARIE

It's all set.

WARREN

Marie.

MARIE

Her boyfriend's bringing her up, she
thinks it's a romantic getaway.

(off his look)

It was the only way.

Warren grips his briefcase tighter. His horrible truth is
locked in there. His secrets. His lies.

WARREN

You should have told me.

MARIE

Would you have come if I did?

He looks away.

EXT. RURAL VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

Lightning splits the sky in two as the Volkswagen glides down Main Street. Warren gazes out the window. The village looks strung out in the sickly green light.

They pull up to the only stop light in town and

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Warren jumps out of his skin as A HOMELESS JUNKIE appears out of thin air, rapping on the window. He holds a soiled cardboard sign with nothing written on it. Arms covered in track marks. Sunken face speckled with sores.

The Junkie holds out his palm.

MARIE

Ignore him.

The Junkie presses his hand against the window.

Warren looks into his eyes. They burn dead liver yellow with unquenchable want. He sees himself in there and shudders.

The light turns green. They drive on. His hand print smudges as they leave him in the dust.

INT. DUNKIN DONUTS - AFTERNOON

Warren enters. Notices the caution tape blocking the bathroom. BENNY (20s), the cashier, is happy to see him. He's missing a few teeth.

BENNY

Yo! It's the Junkie whisperer!

WARREN

Benny. My man.

BENNY

What are you doing all the way up here? You got a client in town?

WARREN

Something like that, yeah.

He motions to the bathroom.

WARREN (cont'd)

What happened?

BENNY

Pete. Nice guy.

WARREN
...Pete Miller?

BENNY
You knew him?

Warren nods.

BENNY (cont'd)
He's been in an out for a long time.
He struggled, man.

He hands Warren a prayer card. It trembles in his hand.

WARREN
He was my first sponsor... a million
years ago. We had a falling out.

BENNY
What happened?

WARREN
We just weren't a right fit for each
other that's all.

BENNY
Funeral was yesterday. It was good.
People came. What's wrong with you?

WARREN
Nothing...

A picture of PETE. He looks a hell of a lot like the middle-aged man he saw standing under the buzzing street light. It's hard to be sure, but Warren shudders anyway.

BENNY
He's the fifth guy to OD in there in
six months.

WARREN
Seal that fucking door shut.

BENNY
Everyone's dying, Warren. Morgue's
full up. They brought in a cold-
storage trailer for the overflow.

Warren's staring off into space. Spooked.

OLD FARMER (O.S.)
It's the devil's work.

They turn to a rawboned, sunburnt OLD FARMER with a scar over his eye, eavesdropping from a donut dusted table.

OLD FARMER

I seen 'em bring one back. With that Narcan. Some junker up on Gurney Lane. Seen him lying there in the road with a needle in his arm. They brung him back from the goddamn dead where he belongs. Why? So he can use again and die some more tomorrow. Without fear of what lies beyond. Where's God in that?

The Old Farmer glares at Warren with cloudy eyes.

BENNY

Decaf, Luther.

But Warren is shaken by this. He turns to Benny.

WARREN

Gimmie a Box O' Joe. I got a feeling it's gonna be a long night.

EXT. ROAD TO THE LAKE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

They pull off the main drag and crawl down a dirt road that cuts through the old growth forest. It's a long way in.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

They finally pull up to the charming mountain style house. Old stone chimney. Green tiled roof. It rests on the secluded lake. They're way back in the woods.

Warren sees the TIRE SWING dangling from a tree. Swaying like a hypnotist's watch. They pull around back.

MARIE

Ready?

Warren is staring at THE DOCK. It looks brand new. Sturdy. Not like the dock from his dreams.

MARIE (cont'd)

Richard put it in.

WARREN

It looks good.

At the end of the dock, a MEMORIAL GARDEN STONE with a sculpted angel splayed over a carving:

*Those we love don't go away,
they walk beside us every day.
Unseen, unheard, but always near,*

so loved, so missed, so very dear.

Flowers. A cairn of stacked stones. A shrine to lost love. Warren's eyes swell with a lifetime of guilt. The wind cries. THUNDER BOOMS. Warren takes it personally.

MARIE

I have something I want you to read.
It might help.

She reaches into the back seat, and presents Warren with a copy of his own book -- *FORGIVE YOURSELF!*

He can't escape it. On the cover, Warren wears a forced smile. He looked old and tired, even then.

MARIE (cont'd)

There's some good stuff in here, I think you'd get a lot out of it actually.

He throws the book in the back. Pained.

MARIE (cont'd)

You're really gonna make me say it, aren't you?

He looks at her.

MARIE (cont'd)

It wasn't your fault.

WARREN

I actually thought it'd get easier.

MARIE

It doesn't get easier. You just learn to live with it. Or you don't.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

RICHARD CABRERA (45), humble winner of the genetic lottery, is studying Warren's first book, *The Interventionist*. He's a regal Spaniard, wearing a tight dress shirt and skinny jeans. He's underlining a passage:

CHAPTER NINE

"DEAL WITH THE PAST BEFORE IT DEALS WITH YOU"

INT. LAKE HOUSE - FOYER - AFTERNOON

Warren takes one step through the door and shudders. He looks around. It's quaint, but antiseptic. A glorious view of the lake outside massive picture windows.

Warren sees the PHOTO on the wall. LITTLE CHRISTY, a beaming buck-toothed 6-year-old in a yellow bathing suit. And her baby sister, ALLY, in a red bathing suit. They play on the tire swing. We see his sad reflection trapped in the glass. He turns away, pained.

WARREN
Where's Bill?

MARIE
Who?

He points to the spot above the hearth.

WARREN
My brookie. The trout.

MARIE
That whole *rustic thing*... I dunno.

WARREN
He was a three and a half pounder.

MARIE
He followed me with his eyes.

Warren sees THE CUPBOARD UNDER THE STAIRS. The dark green door creaks open just an inch.

This triggers a **MEMORY FLASH:**

A frantic Warren is helping Young Christy inside the cupboard. He gives her some Barbies, and a flashlight and shuts the door on her horrified face.

SIRENS in the distance.

BACK TO:

MARIE (cont'd)
Warren?

Warren snaps out of it. Turns to Marie.

MARIE (cont'd)
Where'd you go?

He's only been inside a minute and already his mind's fucking him.

RICHARD (O.S.)
That you, hon?

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

They move to the living room, Warren sees the Adonis on the couch reading his book.

RICHARD

Warren?

He's unsure. Richard steals a look at the vibrant man on the dust jacket, compares him to the shadow standing before him.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Warren!

He jumps to his feet and offers his hand. His grip cripples.

RICHARD (cont'd)

It's great to finally meet you.

WARREN

(cringing)

For sure.

RICHARD

I'm sure you get this all the time, but can I tell you I'm a fan? I read it cover to cover.

WARREN

Thanks. It paid for this house.

RICHARD

I heard they were turning it into one of those reality shows?

WARREN

No.

RICHARD

Oh?

WARREN

I mean we tried.

Marie shoots him a "drop it" look.

RICHARD

The book is always better anyway. I can't wait to read the second one.

WARREN

Don't bother, it's a pile of shit.

RICHARD

Whoa.

MARIE

It's not a pile of shit.

WARREN

They wanted me to be the Junkie Tony Robbins. Turns out I'm not.

RICHARD

But it's so inspiring to me, going through all that you went through with Ally. To walk through that pain as a sober man. If you can do that, you can do anything, and that gives me hope. For Christy.

WARREN

Yeah.

RICHARD

Here, let me take your things--

Warren rips the briefcase away with a little too much force.

WARREN

--That's okay. We should really get down to it if she's coming tonight. I understand it's an emergency, but these things shouldn't be rushed. Why don't we sit?

RICHARD

Of course, make yourself at home.

WARREN

It looks good in here. All this furniture, everything's different.

RICHARD

A little sprucing up, you know?

WARREN

What's that?

Warren motions to the GIANT SWIM TROPHY on the mantel. A little golden diver on top.

MARIE

That's from States. They had the party here.

WARREN

She won states?!

RICHARD

She was amazing. She really was. She broke the 100 breast record. By two seconds. Everyone was going nuts, you really should have--

WARREN

--So, is it just us? I usually like to have at least three on a team.

MARIE

Tucker's coming.

WARREN

Is he sober?

RICHARD

He's good for her, Warren, don't worry. We had the talk. Man to man.

WARREN

Mm.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Wind plays a violent game of tether ball with THE TIRE SWING.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A fire rages in the hearth. Branches scratch panes. Warren holds court. The sleek chair he sits in is annoying and he struggles to get comfy. Marie and Richard grip legal pads. They're working their way through the Box O' Joe.

WARREN

Okay. Last but not least. Let's talk about leverage.

His phone buzzes. Makes him jump. That *UNKNOWN CALLER*. He looks distressed, and Marie clocks this.

He silences the phone, and sets it face down on the table.

RICHARD

Positive or consequential?

WARREN

Huh?

RICHARD

In the book, you talk about--

WARREN

--Right. Right. I think in Christy's case it should be consequential. So, what are we taking away if she refuses the gift of treatment?

They think.

WARREN (cont'd)

Remember, leverage isn't a threat, it's a refusal to continue enabling. When she's willing, we'll move mountains. Go ahead, Richard.

RICHARD

I'll kick her out of the house. No more living rent free.

Thunder. Warren glances out the window at the swaying tire swing. The wind sounds like screaming.

MARIE

Warren?

WARREN

Huh?

MARIE

You okay?

WARREN

Fine.

RICHARD

You mean... F.I.N.E? "Flustered, Insecure, Neurotic and Emotional?"

WARREN

No, just regular fine.

There's a MOAN behind the walls.

WARREN (cont'd)

What was that?

MARIE

The pipes.

RICHARD

It's a faulty ballcock. Or something, I dunno, I tried to do it myself, but it's above my paygrade. We gotta get a plumber in here.

The pipes rattle and shake and cry like the house is alive and dying a slow and agonizing death.

MARIE

I hate saying this, but I don't think we can have her at the wedding either. Not if she's using.

WARREN

Wedding?

RICHARD

I mean, yeah, we can't have her smuggling drugs into Bermuda.

WARREN

Yeah... that's... uh, that's definitely a good point.

MARIE

Are you gonna read a letter, too?

Warren glances at his briefcase. It glows in the moonlight.

WARREN

No.

RICHARD

Are you sure?

WARREN

I really need to stay neutral here, guys...

MARIE

You're the expert.

Warren is sweating now. He glances out the window, and double takes because --

A LITTLE GIRL IN A BATHING SUIT IS STANDING ON THE DOCK. Just a charcoal outline backlit by the moon. Peering vacantly into the black mirror of the lake.

WARREN

Who's that?

Marie looks.

MARIE

What?

There's no one there. Warren rises. Shakes away the crazy.

WARREN

Are there new neighbors?

MARIE
Not for miles.

WARREN
(looking)
--I thought I saw... I saw...

MARIE
Are you okay?

WARREN
I'm sorry, excuse me a second. I need
the bathroom quick.

RICHARD
Down the hall to right.

WARREN
I know.

Pale and reeling, he rounds the corner. Marie eyes him suspiciously. Once he's out of earshot, they whisper.

MARIE
This was a mistake.

RICHARD
Stop.

MARIE
It'll be triggering.

RICHARD
Honey, the triggers are pulled.

MARIE
She's gonna feel ambushed.

RICHARD
This resentment's gonna kill her.
Warren says resentment is like
drinking poison and waiting for the
other guy to die.

MARIE
Warren says a lot of things.

RICHARD
They need to make amends, or have it
out or kill each other. Something.
Because this isn't working.

Marie goes to the window. Looks out. Nothing there.

RICHARD (cont'd)
Did he know about the wedding?

MARIE
I sent him an invitation.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Warren limps past the stairs, towards the bathroom. The cupboard under the staircase CREAKS opens as he passes.

He peeks inside the dark green door. Nothing but cobwebs. Warren shivers, and slaps the cupboard shut.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Warren is practicing his breathing techniques, in through the nose, one-two-three, out through the mouth. He stares at himself in the mirror, trying like hell to keep it together.

WARREN
Whatthefuck.

A BELCH OF THUNDER. The lights flicker. He turns on the faucet. GRINDING as the sink pukes up rusty water in chaotic bursts. He looks out the window at THE DOCK. The memorial stone. The wind. Warren checks the time on his Rolex.

This triggers another **MEMORY FLASH:**

We're in the very same bathroom. Warren is many years younger. He removes his Rolex and places it on the sink.

This is where he hides his track marks. A perfect line on his wrist. Like bed bug bites.

He gets to work cooking up his heroin. Needle stabs the pulsing flesh of his wrist. He hits the plunger. His head bobs as the warm euphoria blossoms in his gut and flutters throughout his body, releasing him from the crippling stranglehold of giving a fuck.

He licks the blood off his arm. Slumps on the toilet. Nodding out, falling forward like a wilting poppy.

YOUNG CHRISTY (O.S.)
DADDDDY!

Young Christy is POUNDING on the locked door. Pounding so hard it bends. She's weeping, pleading--

YOUNG CHRISTY
Wake up Daddy! Wake up Daddy! Open the door! DADDDDDDY!!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

The DISTANT RUMBLINGS of an engine snap Warren out of his memory. *Still sober.* He looks out the window. Headlights moving up the driveway. POUNDING ON THE DOOR.

MARIE (O.S.)

They're here!

The sink OVERFLOWS. Water spills on to the floor.

WARREN

Fuck.

He turns off the faucet.

MARIE (O.S.)

WARREN! GET OUT HERE!

WARREN

Coming! Coming now!

Warren flushes the toilet for good measure.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Warren enters, firing on all cylinders.

WARREN

Okay! Quick, switch seats. I want you sitting across from Christy so you can make eye contact, she needs to see your eyes and your tears if they come, which they will. Richard, I want you here in case she decides to bolt, she'll have to cross your path to get to the door. Don't let her leave, no matter what. Remember, tonight is about love. We did the work, just relax and trust the process. We're here because we love Christy more than she loves herself right now. Let's show her how much.

They take their places. Legs bounce. Nerves wrack.

The door flies opens and Christy enters. Hair dyed black. A sad shell of the vibrant young athlete from Facebook. Tucker follows her in. He looks solemn, and nervous. Marie and Richard rise. Christy stops in her tracks.

CHRISTY

Mom? What are you-- Richard? I thought you were going to Kansas?

RICHARD
I canceled my trip, sweetheart. I'm
here. We're here for you.

CHRISTY
Here for... what?

And it dawns on her. She turns to Tucker. Her eyes get big.

CHRISTY TUCKER
No. No, no, no. I'm sorry, baby...

She starts for the door. Warren steps out and shuts it.

WARREN
Hi, pie.

His presence knocks the wind out of her.

WARREN (cont'd)
Come sit.

CHRISTY
What are you-- *What is he doing here?*

WARREN
We're here because we love you very
much...

CHRISTY
No. This isn't happening.

WARREN CHRISTY
And we have some important No. This is... this not
stuff we want to talk to you okay. This is not okay.
about.

CHRISTY (cont'd)
(to Marie)
Did you do this?! Did you invite him?

MARIE
Of course I invited him.

WARREN
Come have a seat.

CHRISTY
Fuck you!

Warren takes her arm, but she pulls away. Runs to the door.
Richard blocks her exit. She turns and chews into Tucker.

CHRISTY
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FUCKING
LIED TO ME! FUCKING ROMANTIC
WEEKEND?! FUCK YOU, LIAR!

TUCKER
Please don't be mad at me,
everyone's just so worried
about you that's all!

MARIE
Sit down!

CHRISTY
I'm sober! I'm fine!

MARIE
How stupid do you think I am?

CHRISTY
You're all ganging up on me!

She tries to run out the back, but Richard grabs her.

RICHARD
We're trying to help you.

CHRISTY
I don't need your help! I'm
fine! I'm fine! I'm clean!

WARREN
Okay, let's all take a
breath and--

TUCKER
--Give me your watch.

CHRISTY
...What?

TUCKER
Your watch, babe. Take it off.

She instinctively clutches her Poolmate watch.

TUCKER (cont'd)
*I know. I know that's where you're
hiding your track marks.*

She's gripping her wrist. She won't let go.

Warren and Marie share a look.

She looks at Tucker. Seething. He mouths: "I'm sorry."

WARREN
Come have a seat.

She levels him with a look.

CHRISTY
So... You finally got some time off
from saving every other Junkie on the
planet but me?

WARREN

I'm here, Christy.

CHRISTY

Now you're here. Because they didn't pick up your fucking pilot. That *Intervention* rip-off show.

MARIE

Christy, come here.

WARREN

I've tried to make amends. Many times. You've made it pretty clear you aren't interested.

CHRISTY

Not clear enough apparently. Fucking hypocrite.

RICHARD

I hate that, I hate it when you talk about him like that. He's your father.

CHRISTY

He's not my father.

WARREN

That's right. Not tonight. I'm your interventionist. Now join the circle.

Christy looks at Warren, and then at the empty chair.

CHRISTY

I hope he's giving you the family discount.

RICHARD

Let's just hear what mom has to say now, and then you can say what you have to say at the end.

CHRISTY

Go ahead then. Go ahead.

She sits in the hot seat. Arms crossed. They're all sitting now. She takes a smoke out of her purse and lights up.

MARIE

Christy!

WARREN

It's okay, let her smoke.

RICHARD

This is good. This is a good thing.

Lights flicker. Wind howls. Christy takes a drag.

WARREN

Marie. Go first, go.

MARIE

(reading)

*Christy. You've always been... You've
always been my light...*

Christy scoffs. Tucker stares at Warren. Like he knows something. It's making Warren nervous.

MARIE (cont'd)

*When you were a little girl, your
sister asked you where babies come
from. And you told her that if God
smiled down on a mommy and daddy,
they got a baby--*

Christy shakes her head.

MARIE (cont'd)

*--Well, God smiled the day you were
born. So big and bright. You were God's
little grin. I know what you can be, and
it's not this. It's not you... it's the
drugs.*

Warren looks out the window and sees --

*The Little Girl. STANDING ON TOP OF THE LAKE. Immune to
water and its liquid properties.*

A flash of lightning illuminates her.

*IT'S ALLY. A soggy shell of a child. Waterlogged and
decaying. She has no eyes, just hallowed out sockets. Her
rotten red bathing suit is now a part of her skin. She wears
a seaweed crown in her tangled hair. Her face a gruesome
mask of veiny blue flesh.*

WARREN

What the fuck.

Marie lowers the letter.

MARIE

What?

They all follow his gaze out the window.

RICHARD
Warren? What's wrong?

WARREN
What?

All eyes on him. Some suspicious. He looks back, and--
She is gone.

WARREN (cont'd)
I just... I thought I...

He blinks a hundred times. *Keep it together.*

WARREN (cont'd)
Nothing. Nothing. I was wrong.

TUCKER
(pointed)
You okay?

WARREN
I thought I saw something. Nothing.

CHRISTY
Wow.

Christy ashes in a vase.

RICHARD
Let's stay focused.

WARREN
Very good.

CHRISTY
You're all fucked.

He goes to the window to lower the blinds. Trembling.

WARREN
Privacy. Go ahead, Marie. I'm sorry
for interrupting. Go. Go.

MARIE
(spooked)
When your sister died, you were my rock.

CHRISTY
No.

She's ripping out her hair, one strand at a time. She glares at Warren. The hate is real. He's squirming in his seat. Sweating. He doesn't know what to do with his hands.

MARIE

You were only six-years-old, but you were so wise and full of love. I thought I'd never get through it. There was so much guilt. I blamed myself for being in New York when it happened. Your father blamed himself for being overworked. For taking a nap when the dock gave out--

Marie breaks down. Richard takes her hand and rubs her back.

RICHARD

It's okay, baby, you're doing great.

Tucker tries to do the same to Christy, but she rips her hand away in disgust.

MARIE

--And you blamed yourself for being afraid. For hiding. You were a kid, you were only six years old. And I know you've been carrying that guilt with you ever since. You never allowed yourself to grieve. There was too much pain and guilt.

Christy puts her smoke out. Stares at her shoes. Trying to process. Overloading. Muttering to herself.

MARIE (cont'd)

I'm here today to tell you once and for all that it wasn't your fault, and asking you to grieve with us. I'm asking you to forgive yourself--

--She jumps to her feet and tries to bolt, but Warren grabs her before she can reach the door.

CHRISTY

GET THE FUCK OFF ME! NO!

She breaks down in tears and falls into a heap. He tries to calm her down, but she's inconsolable.

CHRISTY (cont'd)

GET OFF ME! LET ME GO! OH GODDDDD!

WARREN

Finish it, Marie! Finish it!

They stand over Christy, finishing the letter as Warren holds her down. The lights flicker. The wind howls. Marie reads the letter like it's some kind of incantation.

Christy is weeping through it, sucking in little breaths. Rocking like it stings. Covering her ears.

MARIE

Because you're killing yourself, and you're killing me, and I can't go through this again! I love you so much! I can't lose another daughter! I won't! Accept our gift of treatment! Do it for Ally! She's looking down on you from heaven--

CHRISTY

Ohhhh god... god... stop!

Warren holds her close, it's the first time he's touched her in so many horrible years.

MARIE

--Make her proud, because she looked up to her big sister and now you live for two! And I know that if she was here today, she would tell you how much she loves, and she would tell you she forgives you and she would tell you--

CHRISTY

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME!!!

WHAMMMM!!! The front door is **THROWN OPEN** by a blast of wind.

They all jump. Leaves blow inside.

Christy breaks free and **BOLTS OUT THE DOOR**.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Wind howls as Christy sprints towards the rusty Honda. The team gives chase. She jumps inside and slaps the locks closed a millisecond before Warren reaches for the handle.

They lock eyes. And then Christy snaps into action.

She grabs a ratty Ray Ban case from its hiding place under the seat. Snaps it open: *Needle, spoon, lighter, dope.*

WARREN

CHRISTY!

They're all surrounding the car. She uses the cell phone charger as a makeshift tourniquet, wrapping it snug around her arm. They're knocking, pounding, shaking the car.

MARIE

Open the door!

Christy finds a fat vein and stabs the needle in.

She pushes the plunger. Her eyes roll back in her head. Her arm lifts slowly, like she's trying to touch God. And then it drops suddenly. She's foaming at the mouth.

Her face SLAPS against the window. Her nose smudges.

Warren is punching the window -- WHAMM! WHAMM! -- Trying to break it -- WHAMM! WHAMM! WHAMM! His knuckles break instead. Blood smears.

Christy's little wheezy breaths FOG THE GLASS.

And then her breath stops altogether.

Her jaw stiffens.

She makes a croaky death rattle.

Her eyes pin.

And she dies.

WARREN

No!

A flash of lightning illuminates --

Ally sitting in the passenger's seat. Rotten jaw dangling.

MARIE

DO SOMETHING!

Ally cradles Christy's dead body, runs her dead black fingers through her hair. Caressing her sister...

The veins instantly collapse in Christy's arms, blue to black, like cracks on thin ice.

SMASHHHH!!!!

Warren throws A ROCK through the back window. Glass flies.

Richard and Tucker pull her out of the car, and carry her into the house. Marie follows.

Ally is gone.

Warren sees Christy's STASH OF DRUGS on the seat.

He pockets them.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Chaos. They lay her on the ground. Face blue. Lips purple.

MARIE

Warren?!

WARREN

Got it, got it!

Warren fumbles with his briefcase lock. Sweat blinds him.

MARIE

WARREN!!!!

Warren gets the combination wrong. He tries again, hands trembling. Richard is giving Christy CPR and a hard sternal rub. She's unresponsive.

WARREN

Coming now!

RICHARD

There's no pulse!

MARIE

WARREN?! NOW! NOW!

WARREN

I CAN'T GET THE FUCKING--

SNAP!!! Warren finally pops opens the briefcase, his Dear Christy letter scatters like leaves.

He rips the syringe of Narcan Nasal Spray from plastic.

WARREN (cont'd)

Move.

Warren cradles Christy, sticks the Opiate Blocker into her nose. He hits the plunger, and the antidote works instantly.

Her eyes crack open.

She sucks in a massive breath of life. Her pupils swell.

WARREN (cont'd)

Come back, baby. Stay awake.

Warren rocks her. She throws up on him. He holds her hair. She looks around the world like a newborn baby.

MARIE

Is she okay...?!

WARREN
 (whispering)
 It's okay, you had an overdose.
 You're okay. We're gonna beat this.

Christy just stares at him.

Like she's looking right through him.

MARIE
 (on the phone)
 I need an ambulance to 135 Lake Shore
 Drive. My daughter's overdosed.

WARREN
 Just lay back.

CHRISTY
 ...Daddy?

WARREN
 It's okay.

Warren grabs a pillow and props her head. Touches her face.
 She snatches his arm. Too tight. Eyes like dinner plates.
 They're yellowing from jaundice.

CHRISTY
 (whispers)
 ...wakeup...

He reels back.

WARREN
 ...what?

CHRISTY
 Wake up, daddy.

She pounds on the floor like it's a door.

CHRISTY (cont'd)
 Wake up, daddy. Wake up, daddy! WAKE
 UP, DADDY! WAKE UP!!!!

CRASHHHH!!!!

THE WIND SENDS THE TIRE SWING FLYING THROUGH THE WINDOW!

Glass sprays. Warren ducks as the tire soars over his head
 and bounces around the room.

Christy rises. Slowly. Like a sleepwalker.

The tire swing rolls down the hall, hits the wall, and
 topples. And when they look back at Christy--

She's staring out the broken window.

RICHARD
You can't be moving around right now.
You have to stay down.

She is staring at THE DOCK.

MARIE
Honey?

She says nothing.

Her hair whips in the howling wind.

KABLOOOOM!!!!

Lightning explodes outside the bay window.

GZZZT! The lights go out and stay out. PITCH BLACK.

They scramble to ignite their iPhone lights.

But Christy is gone.

MARIE (cont'd)
Where'd she-- Where'd she--

RICHARD
Christy?

CUT TO:

The team searches the house. They split up.

Tucker checks UPSTAIRS.

Marie checks the KITCHEN.

Richard checks the BEDROOM.

Nothing.

Warren gathers up his *Dear Christy* letter from the floor.

...they say if you always tell the truth...

And then he hears the soft sobbing...

It's coming from THE CUPBOARD under the stairs.

Warren moves towards the dark green door.

The cries are getting louder.

WARREN
Christy?

He pulls it open, like he's ripping off a band-aide.

Inside, a flashlight shines on some naked Barbies sitting in a circle. Warren slams the door shut. *Fuck that.*

He drags the massive chest of drawers in front of the cupboard. And then he folds his Dear Christy letter and puts it back in his briefcase. LOCKS IT.

Something catches his eye out the window.

Christy is standing on the edge of the dock.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Christy dips her toe in the water. Her reflection ripples. Like in his dream. Warren approaches. She just stares at the water, as if under a spell.

WARREN

It's gonna be okay. Honey. I'm here.

CHRISTY

(distant)

So am I.

She turns.

Looks at Warren.

With sallow pinprick eyes.

Like they're not her eyes at all.

CHRISTY (cont'd)

I've been here ever since.

Lightning dances across the sky.

CHRISTY (cont'd)

And I'm never leaving.

Warren takes a few careful steps towards her. She backs to the very edge. The balls of her feet hanging over.

And then her eyes roll into her head and she faints backwards into the water.

SPLASH!!!!

Warren doesn't think twice.

He dives in after her.

UNDERWATER

Warren swims to Christy. She's floating there unconscious.

He wraps her in his arms, and she comes-to in a blind panic, screaming air bubbles. Her survival instinct kicks in and she latches on to Warren because he's there and he floats, and she's using his body to push herself up, and taking him down with her.

He's trying to subdue her, but it's impossible, they are sinking to the bottom, a tangle of flailing limbs.

But they're not alone.

A figure floating towards them in the cloudy gray water.

ALLY COMES INTO FOCUS.

Arms outstretched for a hug. Bound by seaweed shackles, wrapped around her legs and arms and neck. The fish that lives in her skull swims out of her gaping eye socket.

Air bubbles explode as Warren screams underwater.

Christy gets water in her lungs, and the fight stops. With the last of his strength, Warren pulls her to the SURFACE where he sucks in a breath, and tows her to the dock.

Tucker, Richard, and Marie run down the path.

WARREN

Take her hands!

Richard and Tucker pull her on to the platform.

Warren jumps out, and gives Christy CPR, and it works. She spits up water and starts hacking and coughing. She looks around, frantic. Slowly coming back to reality...

CHRISTY

...what... what happened?

WARREN

You had an overdose.

CHRISTY

(dazed)

Where did I go?

WARREN

Nowhere. I'm here, I have you.

CHRISTY

Something's wrong with me. Why am I... why am I out here?!

WARREN
You blacked out.

CHRISTY
(breathless)
I was having nightmares!

WARREN
You had an overdose.

CHRISTY
There's a house! I saw it! There's a
house at the bottom of the lake!

WARREN
It was just a dream.

She returns to planet earth. Looks at the man who just saved her life, and it hits her--

CHRISTY
Dad?

WARREN
I have you. You're safe.

She starts to crawl away from him.

CHRISTY
No! Get away from me! What are you
doing you? Mom? Why is he here?!

MARIE
Christy. This is your intervention.

It all comes back to her at once. She faints.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are still out and candles are everywhere.

Christy lies in bed. Sleeps. Richard paces nervously. Warren sits soaking wet. He's in another world, watching Christy sleep. Her chest rising and falling.

Marie enters.

MARIE
What happened?

Warren is locked on Christy. Staring at her black veins.

MARIE (cont'd)
Warren.

Nothing.

MARIE (cont'd)

WARREN?!

He jumps out of his skin.

WARREN

Huh?! Sorry--

MARIE

--What did she say to you?

WARREN

It's fine. She's fine. She's gonna be fine...

RICHARD

What are you, a medium?

WARREN

I don't got a fuckin' crystal ball if that's what you mean.

RICHARD

I mean size. What size are you? You want some dry clothes?

Warren looks at Richard's muscle cut outfit. Frowns.

WARREN

What are we doing here, Marie?

MARIE

What do you mean?

WARREN

We could have done it at your place. Why did you bring me here.

RICHARD

"Deal with the past before it deals with you."

WARREN

What does that mean?

(to Marie)

Was this his idea?

RICHARD

No. It was yours. Therapeutic exposure. Hold the intervention at the sight of the trauma, face it head on. As a family. It's from your book.

WARREN

I know what it's from, Richard. I wrote it. I wrote the book.

RICHARD

I was just following your--

WARREN

--You should have told me that, you can't *not* tell me that.

MARIE

Nothing's working. Nothing. She carries it with her. You know she blames herself. She never talks about it, she just pushes it down until it takes her out... again and again.

Warren stares off into space.

WARREN

This house does something to me. Being back here. I don't know...

The pipes SCREAM AND LAUGH behind the walls. He shudders.

Tucker levels Warren with a hateful look. He catches it.

WARREN (cont'd)

You okay?

TUCKER

What?

WARREN

I dunno. You've been mad dogging me all night. Is something wrong?

TUCKER

I don't know. *Is there?*

MARIE

Warren.

WARREN

(reels it in)

I'm sorry, look -- It's okay. She's gonna be okay. I've seen this before, the blackouts, confusion. It's a side effect of the Narcan. It's a shock to the system. She'll be okay.

Tucker is satisfied. Richard is trying to catch a read.

Warren's stomach somersaults.

WARREN (cont'd)
I'll be right back.

He speed walks out of the room. Richard's eyes narrow.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Warren runs past the photograph of Ally and Christy. Stops. It's hanging upside down. Weird, but he's in a hurry.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Warren falls to his knees and vomits into the toilet. He wipes the spittle and catches his breath. Flushes. He climbs to his feet, grips on the the sink like the world is spinning.

He washes his hands and face like he's trying to wash away the guilt. The pipes moan as SEAWEED AND SEDIMENT spit out of the faucet into the basin.

Warren jumps back, confused because IT'S LAKE WATER.

ALLY'S VOICE
Daddddddy.

He freezes. Kills the faucet.

WARREN
Hello?

ALLY'S VOICE rattles with the pipes, an underwater garble, traveling behind the walls like it's riding on water.

ALLY'S VOICE
*Why didn't you teach me to swim
like you promised?*

WARREN
(covers his ears)
Stop.

Destroyed, he perches on the edge of the tub. Buries his head in his hands. Waging an internal war. And losing.

WARREN (cont'd)
Fuckit.

He takes Christy's drug baggie out of his pocket.

Crinkles it between his fingers.

Makes a fist and dumps a toot of heroin on his thumb.

China white flakes catch the moonlight and sparkle.
 It looks like a warm hug feels.
 He's trying to talk himself out of it.

ALLY'S VOICE

Do it.

He looks up.
 Her voice is coming from the TOILET BOWL.
 Horrified, Warren peers inside.
 Reverberating from somewhere down deep:

ALLY'S VOICE (cont'd)

Make it all go away.

He slaps the heroin off his fist.
 Dumps the baggie in the toilet.

ALLY'S VOICE (cont'd)

Do it you miserable Junkie fuck.

He shuts the the lid shut with his foot, muffling Ally. He flushes. Her voice drowns away.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Warren emerges, white as paper. Richard is standing there and it jump scares him.

RICHARD

Who were you talking to?

Warren brushes past him. Richard folds his arms.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Warren returns. Shaky at best. Richard follows. Christy's awake now. As he crosses the threshold --

WOOSH! A phantom breeze blows all the candles out at once.

The room is now lit by the dull moon, but he can still see her staring at him, blankly.

CHRISTY

I want to go to rehab.

A collective sigh of relief from the team.

Warren's eyes fill with hope.

These words have snapped him back into presence.

GZZZZT!!

The lights turn back on. Power is restored and Christy looks worse for wear. She scratches her track marks.

CHRISTY

I'll do anything.

MARIE

It's the best one in the state.

CHRISTY

I can't do this anymore.

MARIE

You have to really want it, not like last time.

CHRISTY

I wasn't ready last time. I think can do it. I can do it now.

Warren wants to be a part of this, but he can't bring himself to over there.

TUCKER

I know you can do it.

CHRISTY

(crying)

I'm so fucked up. I'm so sorry.

MARIE

You're not fucked up, you're doing the right thing.

CHRISTY

I've been so shit to you all.

RICHARD

We're gonna get you help.

TUCKER

You're the most amazing girl. And you're only gonna get, like, more amazing. You know?

CHRISTY

(distant)

I'm gonna really do it this time.

Mother and daughter hug. Richard and Tucker join.

Warren stands across the room. Finally --

WARREN

Silverdale. It's beautiful. There's a four month wait list for a bed, but I got them to-- I pulled some...

They ignore Warren. They're too caught up in the moment. They're just a hugging mess of arms and tears.

Warren watches. Separate. Wanting desperately to be a part of it. But he's the interventionist tonight, not the father. He wipes the pesky tear.

Christy peeks over the hug to look at him.

CHRISTY

I want my interventionist to take me.

Warren looks back. She smiles.

CHRISTY (cont'd)

We have a lot to talk about.

This fills Warren with hope.

REEEEEEEEYOOOOOP!!!!

The siren outside makes them all jump.

Blues and reds flashing through the window play on Christy's face, making her look demonic. For lack of a better word.

TIME CUT

Christy sits on the edge of the bed. She's shivering. Tucker rubs her back. PARAMEDICS are checking her vitals, and rattling off questions.

PARAMEDIC #1

Do you know where you're at?

CHRISTY

The lake house.

PARAMEDIC #1

What's the month?

CHRISTY

June.

PARAMEDIC #1

The year?

CHRISTY
 (dazed)
 Two thousand.

PARAMEDIC #1
 Two thousand what?

CHRISTY
 Two thousand... nineteen?

PARAMEDIC #1
 What's your name?

CHRISTY
 ...What?

PARAMEDIC #1
 Can you tell me your name?

CHRISTY
 (almost inaudible)
 ...*miserable Junkie fuck.*

Warren's ears perk. He's the only one who heard it.

PARAMEDIC #1
 Speak up, honey.

Christy looks at the Paramedic. Snaps herself out of it.

PARAMEDIC #1 (cont'd)
 What's your name?

CHRISTY
Christy.

PARAMEDIC #1
 Pretty name. Mine's Barry.

The Paramedic rips off her blood pressure cuff. Warren exhales the breath he's been holding in.

Richard is scanning through Warren's book.

CHAPTER TEN
 "HOW TO IDENTIFY A LOVED ONE'S RELAPSE
 THE SEVEN DEADLY SIGNS"

A call on the radio.

WALKIE VOICE
*We got another overdose down on Doyle
 Street. Dunkin Donuts bathroom.*

PARAMEDIC #1
Groundhog Day.
 (MORE)

PARAMEDIC #1 (cont'd)
 (into walkie)
 Copy.

PARAMEDIC #2
 Yer gonna have to sign off.

He hands Warren the papers for his signature.

Something catches his eye --

The tire. Rolling down the hallway.

The frayed rope snaking behind it.

It stops dead center.

Like it's staring at him.

And topples.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

The ambulance is driving away.

Hugs on the stoop. Warren is still a little wet. He helps Christy inside. Marie approaches.

WARREN
 There's a hospital in Derry. I'll get her stabilized, and then I'll check her into Detox.

MARIE
 When can we come and see her?

WARREN
 Not for a couple weeks at least. But they let me hang out, and check in on clients. I'll get a hotel up there, and keep an eye on her.

MARIE
 You're good at this.

They hug. Richard watches.

MARIE (cont'd)
 Thank you for everything.

WARREN
 We'll do this together.

MARIE
 Will you say what you say? To the parents? Say it to me...

WARREN

It's a family disease. One person may use but the whole family suffers. Opposite's true, too. I see families recover. Rebuild. Stronger than ever, closer than they ever thought they could be. You'll know a new freedom at the end of this, I promise.

MARIE

I want that.

WARREN

I believe it with all my heart. That's why I do it.

(smiles)

But, one thing at a time. I'll call you from the hospital.

MARIE

You have a captive audience. Try and make the most of it.

WARREN

I will.

This is his chance, and he knows it.

Marie hands Warren the keys.

Richard takes Warren aside. Privately.

RICHARD

Hey. Is everything okay with you?

Warren looks at him.

WARREN

Can I get back to you?

INT. MARIE'S VOLKSWAGEN PASSAT - NIGHT

Warren and Christy drive. Tension hangs like a thick fog. Warren turns on the radio. ALLMAN BROTHERS PLAYS.

WARREN

Hey! "Whipping Post." Remember? Saratoga? You must have been, what -- twelve? How cool is that, the Allman Brothers is your first concert. Mine was fucking Debby Boone. Thanks Nana.

Christy slaps the radio off.

Now she's staring at him. They drive in silence for a bit.

WARREN (cont'd)

I know you're upset. I want to do better. I really do.

Nothing.

WARREN (cont'd)

The biggest regret of my life is not being there when you needed me.

CHRISTY

I'm shit.

WARREN

What?

CHRISTY

She was so good. She was creative. She made toys, she put on plays. She would have been an artist, and I've done nothing but fuck up everything.

WARREN

You broke the 100 breast record. By two seconds. While high on fucking heroin. Jesus, think of what you'll do when your clean...

CHRISTY

I'm a real piece of shit.

WARREN

Listen to me. You're not bad trying to get good. You're sick trying to get well.

CHRISTY

I hate this shit. It's fucking evil. And I can't stop. I want to more than anything. And I can't and I don't know why...

WARREN

You got the gene. You got it from me, I got it from my old man. I don't think I ever saw him draw a sober breath. Your mother doesn't have it. She can drink a glass of wine with dinner and call it a night. You got her good looks and my bad habits. Hell, I knew you were one of us since you were a little kid. You used to sniff the gas pumps, remember, you loved the smell.

CHRISTY

I still do.

WARREN

Me too. We drink and use because we're drunks and addicts, that's all the why there is sometimes.

CHRISTY

I need help.

WARREN

Saying those words is halfway there.

CHRISTY

I miss you so much.

He tires to touch her, but she pulls away.

WARREN

I have to tell you something. I've been trying to tell you for so long. The truth is... it's all a lie.

Christy yelps in pain. She clutches her stomach.

CHRISTY

...What?

WARREN

This weight you've been carrying, all this shame and guilt, it's not yours.

Another sharp stab of pain. She's sweating bullets. Gritting her teeth in agony.

CHRISTY

(gasping)
Something's wrong.

WARREN

You have to let it go, Christy. It wasn't your fault.

CHRISTY

Stop.

WARREN

You're living a lie I made you tell.

Her inside are on fire. *Like a physical reaction to the truth.* She looks at him. Trembling.

CHRISTY

(groans)
Dad... stop...

WARREN

I relapsed that weekend--

--Christy SCREAMS, and slaps her hands over her ears and grits her teeth. Rattles it off like the Lord's Prayer:

CHRISTY

You had a deadline, you were overworked! You were taking a nap! I was supposed to wake you up after the Olympics! I promised I'd wake you up!

WARREN

What are you-- No. That's not what happened, that's not what-- Listen to me!

CHRISTY

--We weren't supposed to leave the house, but I wanted to go on the tire swing! And Ally wanted to swim, so I let you sleep!

WARREN

You tried to wake me up. I wouldn't wake up, you weren't hiding!

CHRISTY

(breathlessly)

I was in trouble. I ran under the stairs. I hid in my secret hiding place under the stairs! *IT HURTS!!!*
STOP!!!

WARREN

That's what we told the police, but you weren't afraid. You were so brave. I couldn't wake up because I nodded out on the toilet, and you were scared, I made you lie for me, I made you cover it up, I was a coward, not you, you were--

CHRISTY

(covering her ears)
And I hid for hours, and played with my Barbies while Ally was floating out there and you slept. And I pretended like it everything was okay, I pretended nothing happened. And she was out there and--

CHRISTY (cont'd)

SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP!

WARREN

Christy, please! I'm trying to--

CHRISTY

LIAR! LIAR! LIAR!

WARREN

Stop it!

CHRISTY
FUCK YOU!!! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR YOUR
FUCKING LIES!!!

WARREN
It wasn't your fault!

CHRISTY
IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME!

Christy snaps and *WHAMM!! WHAMM!!* Starts pummeling him. Fists flying, and Warren ducks.

CHRISTY (cont'd)
I left her out there! I left her there
to rot and the birds ate her eyes!

She throws her head back and screams from the pit for her gut, the scream bends and twists and fries her throat and singes her voice box and explodes out of her. The dead veins spreading down her arm, like an invading darkness.

And then... Calm. She takes a deep breath. Looks at Warren.
But her eyes are wrong.

CHRISTY (cont'd)
You forgot to search me.

Warren grips the wheel a little tighter. He finds himself speeding up, like he's trying to get away. The woods seem to be closing in on him.

CHRISTY (cont'd)
Wanna get high?

WARREN
Huh?

She wades through her purse. Pulls out some crusty charred tinfoil and a burnt glass pipe.

WARREN (cont'd)
Put that away. Right now.

CHRISTY
Wanna get high with me?

WARREN
You can't do that--

He reaches for the drugs, but she rips them away.

WARREN (cont'd)
You can't, we gave you Narcan!

CHRISTY

I always wondered what it would be like to get fucked up with you. You were pretty crazy, huh? Like me.

She pops the pipe between sore lips, sparks a lighter under the foil. Warren grabs the heroin and throws it out the window. Hate builds behind her twitchy eyes.

CHRISTY (cont'd)

You shouldn't have done that.

Little red sores have begun to appear on her face.

WARREN

The opiate blocker's still working. If you do any more, you'll die.

She smiles at him.

WARREN (cont'd)

I know you're angry, and we can talk about it, but you're--

CHRISTY

She's not going to rehab.

WARREN

What?

CHRISTY

I'll never let her go.

A flash of lightning and for a split second --

Christy is gone and Ally is sitting in her seat.

Almost like an X-Ray. If you blink you'll miss it.

Thunder rumbles, and it's Christy again.

CHRISTY (cont'd)

There's a house at the bottom of the lake for her.

Warren shakes the crazy out of his eyes.

THE RADIO explodes on by itself. The SHREDDING GUITAR SOLO from "Whipping Post" makes Warren jump out of his skin.

And that's when --

Christy leaps over the console and stomps on his foot.

VROOOOOOMMMM!!!

PEDAL TO THE METAL AND --

The car launches forward, FLYING DOWN THE DIRT DRIVEWAY. The trees whip past in a green-black blur. Fishtails as they fight and she's strong.

WARREN
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU--

She stabs her arm into his neck, and jerks the wheel hard to the right. The car careens off the road, flying through the trees, down the embankment. The car hits a rocky outcrop, flies over the edge, and

up is down

and down is up and

THEY PLUNGE INTO THE LAKE!

Warren cracks the window with his head. Glass spiderwebs as his breath is ripped out of him, and the airbag punches him in the face.

BLACK.

YOUNG CHRISTY (O.S.)
Wake up, daddy! Wake up, daddy!

CUT TO:

WARREN'S EYES CRACK OPEN!

He's driving to the bottom of the lake. Headlights dulling against murky water. His nose is broken, blood spills from a gash in his forehead. He looks over at the passenger seat.

Christy is gone.

He's alone in the car and water is spilling in fast.

It's up to his waist and rising.

Whipping Post is playing, warped and warbled as the electrics fry. The dash puts on an eerie light show.

Warren tries to open the window. It's no use.

The water is up to his chin now. He has to act fast.

He rips off his headrest, and smashes the window with the metal rod. The glass breaks and WATER FLOODS IN.

Warren swims out the window. Rockets towards the surface.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Warren explodes out of the water and sucks in a breath. He's in THE MIDDLE OF THE LAKE. Frantically treading. It's a long way to shore, and he's out of shape.

He sees Christy walking out of the lake, up the embankment. He tries to call for her, but he gets a mouthful of water.

He starts swimming, he can't think now, he just has to move. He swims and swims, and then a sharp pain stabs him and he cries out. A cramp. He treads water, groaning.

And then he looks over and sees...

ALLY.

A hundred yards away.

Standing on top of the water.

Watching him.

Like an osprey watches a fish.

Horrified, he takes off swimming through the cramp.

He hears the splashing behind him and cranes to see --

ALLY RUNNING HIM DOWN!

Running across the lake.

Her SCREAMS are a horrible underwater garble.

Warren swims like hell.

Ally skips across the water like a stone, baring down.

The shore is close. He sees it. He can make it. But she's closing in, and just as she's about to jump on him --

Gravity takes hold and she falls through the water.

And now she's under him.

Somewhere under there.

Adrenaline rockets through his body as he swims for shore.

It's so close --

WOOOSHHH!!!

He's YANKED underwater by a tremendous force.

He surfaces again, GASPING!

Swims a little more, until he's

YANKED UNDER AGAIN!

For a moment, the lake is serene. Because Warren is in it.

We take a moment to bask in nature's eerie night music.

And then Warren shoots back up! Hacking and choking and crying and he swims, and swims, and finally makes it to --

EXT. THE SHORE - NIGHT

He collapses in a heap. Breathing like every breath is a gift. You don't know what you got till it's gone.

And now he's crying with his face in the mud. Something stings. He starts itching his wrists. Sees something. His Rolex has stopped ticking. Dead.

His wrist is burning. He scratches under there.

And then he rips off his watch and there they are --

FESTERING TRACK MARKS.

In a perfect line on his wrist. Like bed bug bites.

WARREN

No...

Warren grabs his wrist, he can't believe what he's seeing.

WARREN (cont'd)

No. No, no.

He scratches at them, trying to rub them off, but they're real and he's freaking out.

WARREN (cont'd)

What-the-fuck.

He sits there a moment, trying to process. But he can't. Because it's insane. So he puts his watch back on to cover his tracks, climbs to his feet, and runs up the embankment.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Warren gallops down the driveway. It's hard because his clothes are sloshy, and every step stings.

The lights of the lake house beckon in the distance.

He finds her trail. Footsteps lead back to the house.

He passes the tree where the the tire swing hung. Half the frayed rope swings in the wind. Like a broken noose.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Warren enters, SLAMS the door behind him. He collapses on the floor to catch his breath. He's been running and swimming and drowning.

WARREN

Is she... is she here?

Richard, Tucker, and Marie are just staring at him.

MARIE

Warren.

WARREN

Is she...

The look in Marie's eyes is scarier than anything that just happened on that lake.

MARIE

What happened?

WARREN

What?

Suddenly, Christy steps out from behind them.

Soaking wet. She looks at Warren like she's afraid of him.

MARIE

What did you do?

Christy bursts into tears and hugs her mother.

WARREN

There was an accident.

CHRISTY

It wasn't an accident.

WARREN

No. I guess it wasn't, was it?

CHRISTY

He did it on purpose.

WARREN

What?

CHRISTY

He drove us into the lake.

WARREN

What? No! That's not-- Christy, you jerked the wheel!

CHRISTY

He tried to kill me because I know.

WARREN

Marie, this is insane.

CHRISTY

I know his fucking secrets. I know everything. He'd rather die than be found out.

MARIE

What secrets, what are talking about?

CHRISTY

Everything about him is a lie.

WARREN

I would never hurt her.

CHRISTY

Check his wrist.

Warren stops. Remembers. He starts to back towards the door. They all take careful steps towards him. Like it's a hunt.

RICHARD

What?

CHRISTY

Show them your wrist.

TUCKER

Please, Warren? Can we just see?

Warren backs slowly towards the door. Tucker blocks his way.

RICHARD

Warren. You have to just show us, I'm sorry, but you're showing all the signs. Irritability, confusion, delusion. The Seven Deadly Signs of Active Relapse--

--Warren pivots down the hallway. Richard flanks. It's all very deliberate. Warren trips into the couch and stumbles.

Christy is loving it. Warren's fear is music.

RICHARD (cont'd)
Take off your watch and show me your
wrist right now.

WARREN
No.

RICHARD
What do you mean, no?

WARREN
I mean fuck you, Richard. That's what
I mean. This is my house. You show me
your wrist. How about that?

RICHARD
Sign four. Deflection.

MARIE
What was I thinking? I must have been
insane to bring you here.

Warren glances out the window at the driveway.

He has the keys. He has an escape.

Christy's Honda.

THE PIPES MOAN. It almost sounds like a little girl crying.

Christy's head lolls at the sound.

Her eyes flutter.

And she collapses on the floor in a heap.

Everyone runs to her side.

Warren runs out the back door and hurries across the lawn.

MARIE (cont'd)
Warren!

Richard gives chase.

EXT. LAWN - NIGHT

Warren runs towards the car. Richard tackles him, and they
slide across the grass. He stabs a knee into Warren's back.
Grabs his wrist, rips off his watch. Examines it.

It's clean. No track marks. They've vanished, if they were
every really there at all.

Warren is even more surprised than Richard.

RICHARD
I'll buy you a new watch.

He drops the watch in the grass. Storms inside the house, past Marie.

RICHARD (cont'd)
He's clean. I'll pull the Honda around, we'll take her ourselves.

MARIE
Stay with her, make sure she doesn't run. I want to talk to him a second.

Marie approaches, offers a hand. Warren refuses it. She sits criss cross in the grass beside him.

WARREN
It's not her.

MARIE
It's the drugs.

WARREN
No. I mean it's not her. Something happened when she died. She changed. I brought her back, and something came back with her.

MARIE
You haven't seen her in years, of course she's changed. She changed when you walked out of her life.

Warren bows his head.

MARIE (cont'd)
This is it. This is what happens. She says she wants to get sober and she drives into the fucking lake. She drove Richard's Audi into a 7/11 last Christmas. That's not crazy, that's Wednesday. It's been hell. Welcome to it.

WARREN
I think I'm losing my mind.

MARIE
Just tell me what's going on!

WARREN
I'm seeing things. Ghosts. Hallucinations. I don't know, it started last night. I saw Pete.

MARIE

Who?

WARREN

My old sponsor. I saw him outside my apartment.

MARIE

What are you talking about? Pete's not dead.

Warren whips the prayer card out of his pocket. It's soggy. Marie's white as a ghost.

WARREN

He couldn't get it, he went back out. God. I've had such a resentment towards him for so long.

Marie looks at the card. Hand trembling. She lets it fall. She has tears in her eyes.

MARIE

What did he do to you? Why do you have a resentment?

WARREN

(hedges)

It wasn't any one thing really...

MARIE

What aren't you telling me?

WARREN

He just... wasn't there when I needed him, you know? That's all. Hey, what's wrong? Why are you crying?

MARIE

I'm not. I'm just... I'm just... surprised. He seemed like a nice guy. I'm sad he couldn't get it.

She looks away.

SCREAMS from the living room. Richard knocks on the window.

RICHARD

Guys! Something's wrong with her!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They run inside, and Christy is moaning, clutching her stomach in pain. She grits her teeth. Her gums are bleeding. The sores on her face are weeping. She's barreling over.

CHRISTY
Give it to me, fuck! Now!

They help her to the couch. Her face spasms. The sores worsening. Spreading.

WARREN
Withdrawals.

Possessed screams rattle the windows.

MARIE
What's wrong with her face? Is that from the crash?

TUCKER
Do something!

MARIE
Her eyes.

RICHARD
Jaundice. I don't know.

MARIE
We gotta get her to hospital.

CHRISTY
I need it. I need a little bit.

MARIE
Get up. We're leaving now.

CHRISTY
I can't...

WARREN
Just hold on, give her some space.

CHRISTY
Give me my fucking shit. Now.

WARREN
It won't work. You could do 30 bags and you're not gonna feel it.

CHRISTY
Give me my shit. Tucker.

MARIE	CHRISTY
We're leaving now. You need a doctor. Get in the car.	Get the fuck off me!

She pulls away. Vomits. Moans in pain, we can hear her stomach doing somersaults.

CHRISTY (cont'd)
Tucker. Fuck. Fuck.

TUCKER
Can I?

WARREN
Absolutely not.

She screams. It makes him jump.

TUCKER
Can we just give her a little bit...
to get her there? And then she can
detox. Look at her! I hate it when
she's like this!

WARREN
She can't, her opiate levels are
still way too high, the Narcan won't
let her feel it--

--Christy collapses on one side, clutching her stomach.

MARIE
Get up, Christy. You're just gonna
have to white knuckle it, we'll get
you to detox and you'll be fine,
let's go now. Now!

She's trying to pull Christy up but her insides are on fire.
Rocking in a fetal position, like she's rotting from the
inside out.

CHRISTY
GIVE ME MY SHIT YOU LITTLE FUCKING
BITCHBOY! YOU FUCKING BITCH!

TUCKER
Please don't be mad at me!

CHRISTY
I'm getting right, fuck, I'm getting
right, I'll do whatever you want,
I'll go to rehab, I'll go to hell,
whatever you want just give me my
shit right the fuck now!

MARIE
I hope you remember what it feels
like. I hope you never forget.

CHRISTY
I know what you did, you disgusting
fucking whore.

WHAPP!! Marie slaps Christy across the face as hard as she can. Thunder flickers lights.

MARIE
Ohgod. I'm sorry I--

CHRISTY
YOU LIAR! LIAR! LIAR!

Wham! Wham! Christy is smashing her head against the floor now, as if to distract from the pain.

MARIE
Stop it! Stop it!

Thunder rumbles. Lights flicker. Pipes shriek.

Warren grabs her. Holds her head, she's screaming tears. Liquid shit trickles down her leg and stains her sock.

TUCKER
Screw this. I'm giving her some.

He's digging through his pockets, and pulls out a bag.

WARREN
Are you *holding* right now?

Warren lets go of Christy and goes to Tucker.

TUCKER
She was sick! I hold it for her sometimes when she's sick, I didn't know she had more in the car!

Warren throws Tucker against the wall, pins him there and wades through his pockets. Tucker doesn't fight.

TUCKER (cont'd)
It's safe this way. I'm in charge.

Warren pulls out a few more balloons of heroin. Pockets the bags. Holds Tucker firm.

MARIE
Have you been paying for her drugs?

TUCKER	MARIE
No. I mean, sometimes when she can't. Once or twice but only when she's really bad--	--I thought she was stealing. I didn't know how she could afford it.

TUCKER
She's not getting high, she's just using to stay regular.

WARREN

Get the fuck out of here.

TUCKER

I love her so much... I love your daughter... I love her...

WARREN

Now I know what she sees in you.

Tucker cries. Warren lets him go.

TUCKER

I just want everyone to be okay.

MARIE

Christy?

She's gone.

They look around. The bathroom door SLAMS shut.

We barely caught a glimpse of her going in.

RICHARD

What is-- Is she shooting up?

WARREN

I don't know.

MARIE

Warren.

WARREN

I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW!

We hear the water running.

They go to the door. Warren tries to open it, but it's locked. Warren is knocking.

WARREN (cont'd)

Christy. Open the door.

RICHARD

You can't do that, Christy! You can't shoot drugs right now!

Running water. Like she's drawing a bath to mask the sounds.

MARIE

Open the door. Open it.

WARREN

Stand back.

He kicks the door as hard as he can. Nothing happens.

He tries again with his shoulder, and hurts himself. Richard comes up behind him, and -- *WHAMM!* The door flies off its hinges and splinters. He goes inside and gasps --

She's on her hands and knees with her head in the bathtub.

DROWNING HERSELF.

Wail of pipes score this nightmare.

They try to pull her up, but she struggles to stay under. Her eyes are saucers. Her face a blank canvas. Dunking her head with all the strength she can muster like a self-destructing robot, programmed to drown at any cost.

They pull her head out, screaming for her to stop, but she breaks free and dunks her head in again.

They wrestle her to the bathroom floor. Cheek against tile, like a fish out of water, struggling to return to the tub.

WOOOSH!!!

The pipes explode under the sink and a geyser of water sprays them all.

She breaks free, and dunks her head in again.

UNDERWATER

Christy breathes in, replacing oxygen with water. Bubbles explode out her mouth and nose as her lungs fill up. She sucks it in like a drug. And she smiles. Like it's beautiful. Eyes flutter, tongue dangles. She's getting high off the euphoria of drowning. They're trying to pull her up, but she's fighting, and then she's still.

BACK TO:

Richard has Christy in his arms, gives her mouth to mouth.

Christy shoots upright, vomits lake water, and seaweed, and A GUPPY. They jump back. The fish is alive.

Dancing in her sick.

He's holding her, and she's heaving there flapping and floundering. She releases a banshee cry, and kicks free.

She buries her face in the little PUDDLE of water on the tile, trying to drown in an inch of water, like a Junkie sucking up the last flakes from the carpet.

They pile on top of her. Warren has her legs, Marie has her arms. She's fighting and kicking.

It's takes all three of them. And then she just stops.

Out cold. Dead weight.

They carry her into the

LIVING ROOM

Towards the couch, but before they can get there--

Christy starts to levitate.

Floating right out of their hands.

Higher. Floating in the middle of the living room, like she's floating underwater, in an invisible lake, hair rising up and rippling. Reminiscent of the opening scene.

WARREN

Is this happening?! Marie?!

MARIE

What the fuck?!

WARREN

Do you see it?! Is this real?!

She sees it. It's real. Richard sees it, too.

RICHARD

(shock)

Warren. How...

She's turning slowly, head over heels, sinking to ceiling.

Tucker watches with a gaping mouth. A warm dampness stains his crotch. Urine pools around his feet. He turns around. Very slowly. Walks out the door. And takes off running into the woods. Gone. Don't look for him, he's not coming back.

Christy hits the ceiling like it's the BOTTOM OF THE LAKE.

Her head gently THUDS against the light fixture...

And she's out... suspended there... arms outstretched. Hair undulating like seaweed fronds...

She's dragged across the ceiling, as if by a current.

Warren tries to go to her, but gravity takes hold and --

WHUMPP!!

She lands hard on the carpet. At his feet. Out cold.

Water pools around her from the bathroom. Even unconscious, she tries to suck it in, like the need is born in her.

They all just look at each other.

Speechless.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

The clouds finally part with their great hoard of rain. Pummeling the lake.

Sprinklers jut out of the lawn and fire away.

It's rather excessive.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rain sprays the windows like buckshot. Water is still exploding out of the bathroom. There's an inch carpeting the floor. They're so broken down, they just let it.

Warren picks his cell phone off the table. It's been there all night.

Ten missed calls from UNKNOWN CALLER.

WARREN

(mutters)

Jesus, Lenny.

He pockets the phone, and joins the intervention circle where Richard and Marie are already sitting.

Christy is tied to the hot seat with rope, bungee, and so much duct tape. Her face lost in her tangle of wet hair. The dead veins are spreading to her face. She looks like a cadaverous deathbed Junkie.

The jaundice has spread to her skin. She's almost glowing pallid yellow, gums bleeding, hair thinning, she looks like she's lost twenty pounds in twenty minutes.

MARIE

Her face, her fucking skin.

Marie is crying into her hands.

MARIE (cont'd)

Oh, God. Christy, I'm so sorry...

Christy screams in harmony with the pipes. It's bad music.

RICHARD
Warren? What do we do?

WARREN
I'm trying to think.

Christy sees the water pooling at her feet and it's trying to reach it, craning, struggling to drown.

Warren catches a whiff of her. And it's bad.

WARREN (cont'd)
Jesus.

MARIE
Christy? Baby can you hear me?

Christy ignores Marie. Straining for the water. Moaning like a dopesick Junkie and H2O is her drug.

MARIE (cont'd)
She's gone. Look at her. There's nothing left.

RICHARD
She's in there somewhere.

Her tooth comes loose. She spits it on the carpet.

MARIE
Do we call a priest?

WARREN
It won't help.

MARIE
What do we do?

She's breathing heavy. We can see her cold plumes of breath.

BEEP! BEEP! Warren jumps at the sound.

It's coming from Christy's wrist.

IT'S THE ALARM ON HER POOLMATE WATCH.

WARREN
We have to finish the intervention.

Warren grabs his briefcase, and takes out his letter.

MARIE
What's that?

WARREN
It's my turn.

MARIE

When did you have time to write a letter?

WARREN

I've had twenty years.

Marie shoots him a look. Nervous.

Half an inch of water on the floor. Things floating by.

Warren's leg is bouncing. The letter, his horrible truth, is trembling in his hands. It's a mess of cross-outs.

WARREN (cont'd)

Dear Christy. They say if you always tell the truth--

Christy flinches at that word.

WARREN (cont'd)

--you never have to remember anything.

Rain is falling harder now. Spraying in the room from the broken window.

WARREN (cont'd)

I have to remember everything. Because it's all a lie.

Marie shoots him a look. Christy flinches. A stab of pain.

WARREN (cont'd)

For twenty years now, I've lived like a coward, in fear of being found out. This weight you've been carrying, all this shame and guilt, it's not yours.

MARIE

...What is this?

RICHARD

It's Warren's turn now. Let him say what he has to say.

WARREN

I lied to you. I lied to your mother. I lied to the police. I've been lying to myself, and I've never stopped.

Christy moans. Twists in her seat. So does Marie. The words are effecting them both. Christy's sores seem to be healing.

IN THE KITCHEN, the pipes rattle and shake. *Creeeeeek*. The faucet turns on by itself. Spitting lake water into the sink. Seaweed and sediment clog the drain.

WARREN (cont'd)
I've seen what my lies have done to you, what I've done to you, to our family, and my only hope is that this letter gives you some peace.

Christy start writhing in her chair.

MARIE
I don't think this is a good idea...

RICHARD
Shhh...

WARREN
Here are the facts.

IN THE UPSTAIRS BATHROOM, the tub turns on by itself. Lake water spitting out. The sink turns on. Seaweed spews.

WARREN (cont'd)
The publishers were chomping at the bit for a followup. We went to the lake house so I could finish. So I could start. I was in over my head. I am not a writer, I'm a Junkie with a thesaurus.

Christy hisses. Bucking in her seat. The truth hurts. Marie is starting to sweat. Itchy.

WARREN (cont'd)
I put everything I had into the first book. I had nothing left but a few half-truths, and a missed deadline. Ally called it a "dead lie." And she was right. I couldn't give back the advance. It was the down payment on the house.

IN THE DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM, the toilet starts to overflow. Water spills on to the tiles. Joining the spray.

WARREN (cont'd)
Your mother had her ten year college reunion in New York and had to leave. I knew it was a bad idea, but I wanted her gone. I was feeling itchy.

Marie is weeping into her hands. Richard hugs her close.

RICHARD
It's okay. This is good.

Warren can't look at her.

WARREN
Ally wanted to learn to swim. She was asking me all week. She wanted me to teach her. I promised I would. Later.

Christy starts screaming at the top of her lungs. The black veins in her arms are receding. The yellow is fading from her skin and eyes. Back to baby blues.

RICHARD
Jesus, it's working. Warren keep reading, don't stop!

WARREN
I was holed up in my room, staring at the blank page. Alone with my thoughts. And that's the worst place on earth for an addict to be.

MARIE
...what did you do?

RICHARD
Let him finish!

Thunder. GZZZT. The lights go out. The room is only lit by the candles and the hearth. Water everywhere.

RICHARD (cont'd)
Tell the truth!

Christy sucks in a breath. Her eyes are hers.

CHRISTY
Dad?!

WARREN
Christy...

CHRISTY
There's a needle in my car.

WARREN
What?

CHRISTY
Under the seat.

Sloshy footsteps. Warren looks up.

Ally is standing in the shadowy hallway.

Up to her ankles in water.

Marie sees her and screams.

MARIE

No!

RICHARD

What's wrong!? What is it!

A hushed serenity washes over Christy.

CHRISTY

(to Warren)

Make it all go away.

WARREN

(to Ally)

Stay the fuck away from her!

MARIE

Ally... Ally?! Baby?!

Ally is walking towards them. Step by herky jerky step.

WARREN

Don't say that! That's not Ally! It's not her!

MARIE

It's her!

WARREN

It's not her!

CHRISTY

All that fear, and pain and guilt.
Make it stop...

MARIE

My baby! My baby!

She's trying to run to her, but Richard is holding her back.

RICHARD

It's not real, there's nothing there.

MARIE

(trying to break free)

I'm sorry, baby, oh god--

CAW! CAW!

There's a crow perched on Ally's chest.

Pecking at her hollowed eye socket.

And then Ally vanishes with a flash of lightning.

MARIE (cont'd)
No!!! Come back!!!

Marie collapses on the floor, water explodes out of the walls and drenches her, and she bawls. Richard tries to console her, but it's impossible.

CHRISTY
 (to Warren)
 Make it go away. You can live in the lie, and there's no more pain, there's only now. And now is perfect, and life is beautiful after all.
 (beat)
There's a needle in my car for you.

RICHARD
 READ THE LETTER, WARREN! FINISH IT!

WARREN
 (reading)
 I found a bag in my jeans. It was a client's. I had confiscated it a few weeks before. Forgot it was there. I was calling Pete all weekend. Kept going to voicemail. I called him a hundred times. I knew he'd talk me out of it, tell me I'm fucking crazy, that I'm about to burn it all to the ground. Truth is, I was secretly happy he didn't answer--

MARIE
 --You son of a bitch!

--Marie snaps, and pounces on Warren, and starts slapping and hitting and screaming and Richard holds her back. She tackles him and they roll around the water.

MARIE (cont'd)
 I FUCKING HATE YOU! I HATE YOUR GUTS!

Christy is yellow again, bleeding from the mouth, the embodiment of a communicable disease devolving before them.

WOOOSHH!! The pipes have broken below the kitchen sink and water is spraying everywhere.

RICHARD
 Sit down! Stop it!

Marie cries, and hugs Warren. Beating him, and hugging him and crying in his chest as her punches grow weaker.

MARIE

I wish you fucking OD'd, I wish you were dead!

Water floods into the room as Marie fights. It's up to their knees. Richard pulls her off, and Warren falls.

CHRISTY

Whore.

They all turn to Christy. She's talking to Marie.

CHRISTY (cont'd)

You're the liar. Whore.

Marie and Warren exchange a gruesome look.

RICHARD

Don't listen to her, finish the letter, goddamnit!

It's raining from the ceiling, from the overflowing tub. An indoor downpour.

CHRISTY

Tell him where you were that day.

WARREN

She was in New York.

CHRISTY

Tell them where you were.

RICHARD

Don't listen to it, it's trying to throw you off, finish the letter.

CHRISTY

You were two miles away fucking Pete Miller while your little baby died.

MARIE

(destroyed)

My reunion... I was at my...

CHRISTY

And Warren called Pete. He needed help. He and called called. But Pete didn't answer, because he was busy fucking you. Fucking you while your baby girl drowned.

Marie bursts into tears.

Warren is stunned. Richard cringes.

RICHARD

Oh.

Marie can't take it, she wades to the bedroom and slams the door behind her. Locks it. Weeping.

Richard is knocking on the door, trying to coax her out.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Marie--

MARIE (O.S.)

FUCK OFF!

RICHARD

--There's no judgments here!

Warren is just sitting there. Stunned. Trying to wrap his head around it. Pipes moan, like the house is alive, and thirsty.

CHRISTY

It's such a lonely way to die.

Warren drops the letter. It floats away. The water erases all the words, they bleed together, and melt away. Water is raining down on Warren like a storm.

CHRISTY (cont'd)

There's a house at the bottom of the lake for you all. You can live there together. You'll be a family again.

The ropes snap and she rips her hands free from bondage. She gallops at Warren like a wild dog, and tackles him.

She opens wide. Wider. Too wide. Gagging like a mother bird feeding her baby. She squeezes his face. Pries open his mouth. She hacks and chokes and growls and gags as --

GUUUUHHHHHHH!!!!

A geyser of lake water screams out of her mouth, spraying into his eyes and nose and throat and filling his lungs.

Richard tries to pull her off, but she's so strong now, so much power, and she pushes him off and sends him sliding across the floor. Warren gags on muddy seaweed.

GUHHHHHHHHH!!!!

An endless surge of water sprays from the bottomless lake of her gut. He's choking and crying and pleading with his eyes. Every breath he takes is killing him.

GUUUUUUUUHHHHHHH!!!!

An impossible high pressure spew. Silt and mud caked on his face. Behind the walls, THE PIPES sing for their new Queen.

She douses him again, and he's drowning, and we're--

UNDERWATER

It's quiet down here below the sun dappled lake.

Warren floats in milky gray water.

He opens his eyes. A little fish swims by.

But the hungry seaweed nips at his heels and wraps him up.

He's pulled down by the icky green fingers and air bubbles explode with his screams.

The seaweed is pulling him towards something.

He can barely make it out.

A cloud of silt parts to reveal the top of AN OLD STONE CHIMNEY, caked with algae.

And then the GREEN TILES OF A ROOF.

The house at the bottom of the lake.

A horrible UNDERWATER SCREAM trickles out of the chimney with a burst of bubbles.

INT. THE HOUSE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE.

Warren's crack eyes open.

He's sitting in the living room of the underwater lake house. It's exactly like the house up top, except the walls are covered in algae, moss growing on the ceiling. It seems to be alive, and spreading. The air is speckled with silt, shimmering water light ripples.

The floor looks like old rickety dock from his dreams. A few fish are flapping on the floor like pests.

WARREN

Hello?

But his voice is muffled. Like he's talking underwater.

He stands up. The rickety dock floor bends under his feet as he walks through the house.

He looks out the window. Fish swimming past.

The TV is there, it's caked with moss.

It's playing the Olympics.

Warren looks behind him.

Bill, his 20-inch brook trout, is mounted on the wall. He hears the crying. And Christy is sitting in the cupboard under the stairs. Warren walks towards her.

WARREN (cont'd)

Christy?

The floor gives out and he falls through, and SPLASH!!!

BACK TO:

Warren vomits up the water and regains consciousness.

The moment he does, *GUUUUUHHHHH!!!*

Christy showers him again for good measure. Just then --

THE TIRE SWING falls around her waist like a lasso. Christy looks up. It's tethered to the rope.

Marie is holding the other end for the tug of war. She summons all the strength she has, and yanks Christy off Warren, and then he jumps on her, and Richard uses the tire swing rope to hog tie her. She's screaming and --

WHAPPP!!! Marie cracks Christy on the back of the head with her SWIMMING TROPHY, breaking it in half and knocking her out. The golden diver swims across the floor.

MARIE

I'm so sorry... I'm sorry...

She's still. Marie drops the trophy, and collapses there. Cradling her daughter, a shadow of her daughter.

Warren gets up and runs out the door.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Warren throws open the door and water spills down the stoop.

A downpour of rain. He runs towards Christy's car. He jumps in and locks the door.

Tires scream as he pulls away.

INT. CHRISTY'S HONDA - NIGHT

A getaway. Pedal to the metal. The house disappears in the rear view as he rounds the bend. It's raining so hard the change rattles in the cup holders.

Once out of sight, he pulls over. Starts digging around under the seat for the needle. He finds Christy's kit, takes out the balloons, and it's like riding a bike. He gets to work cooking up the drugs like the Michelin star dope-chef he always was.

He wraps the cell phone charger around his arm. Rain assaulting the car like it's trying to break in.

The needle is locked and loaded, thumb over plunger, but he stops when he sees --

KYLE STANDING THERE IN THE RAIN.

Kyle from the opening. Standing at the hood. He's humming to himself, like he was in the car. Sadness in his eyes.

Windshield wipers obscure him.

WARREN

No.

It hits Warren hard. He slowly removes the phone from his pocket. Ten missed calls from UNKNOWN CALLER.

He sees the voicemails. He's praying to God. Plays it.

It wasn't his bookie calling him --

KYLE (MESSAGE)

It's me again. Where are you? I think I'm in trouble. I never even went in. I'm afraid to, I dunno, man, I just went to the park. Across the street. I'm sitting here, I don't know, I have some. I kept some. And I think I'm gonna do it, I don't want to, but I will. So I'm fucked. I can't go to rehab. Call me back, I don't have anyone else to call. I'm sitting here. Please...

Warren tries to call him back. Straight to voicemail.

KYLE'S VOICEMAIL

This is Kyle. Listen to the lady.

THE LADY

To leave a voice message press one--

--Warren hangs up and drops the phone and screams.

Kyle is humming louder. Scared.

Warren rips the tourniquet off his arms and has himself a little meltdown, slapping and punching the interior of the car. He tears off the visor, and it feels good.

He gets on the phone. It rings.

WARREN

Connie? No-- Is Connie there? Who's on duty? Okay, listen to me, there's a kid... he OD'd. I think he's in the park on Sanford, yes, check the park, he's a patient. No, I don't know when, I just know he's there now-- send Mark or someone over there with Narcan, and call an ambulance. Yes, and call me back.

The humming stops, and Kyle is gone.

Like the squeaky wipers washed him away.

And Warren is alone. He looks down in despair.

WARREN (cont'd)

I'm so sorry.

He sits and listens to the windshield wipers.

Sees something's poking out from under his seat. A BOOK. He picks it up. It's worn from overuse. Christy's copy of --

THE INTERVENTIONIST

A story of addiction and redemption.

By Warren Mann

Warren sees his old self on the cover. His better self. He opens it. It's dog eared and underlined.

Christy's bookmark falls to the floor. It's a photograph of her and Warren from her first swim meet. Happier times.

Warren picks it up.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Warren returns to the lake house. Idles there. Marie comes out of the house. She's on the porch.

Warren gets out. Stands there in the rain. He has his book under his arm. She has to raise her voice over the storm.

MARIE

We met at your book party, and we just had this thing, and it was insane. And it was exciting, and so forbidden, and wrong, and -- great.

Warren goes to her. They stand on the porch. Rain blows across the lake. They keep their distance.

WARREN

He was the only guy I ever told.

She looks at him.

WARREN (cont'd)

I told him everything. A few weeks after the funeral, it spilled out of me, and we sat down and I told the truth. And he dropped me. Like that. He told me he couldn't sponsor me anymore. No explanation. I couldn't understand it. I thought it was the moral high ground or something. I was mortified. I never told anyone again. I guess he carried that with him, too. For the rest of his life.

MARIE

It feels good knowing.

They sit on the steps.

MARIE (cont'd)

I thought there might have been more. But, I didn't want to know.

WARREN

I've been holding my breath for twenty years.

MARIE

Breathe.

She takes his book from under his arm. It's soaking wet.

MARIE (cont'd)

Remember the purple pen?

WARREN

(laughs)
Are you kidding?

MARIE

You used to get so mad at me.

WARREN

Grammar Nazi.

MARIE

You couldn't have done it without me.

WARREN

I still can't.

MARIE

I loved correcting your spelling.

WARREN

A book on sobriety took me out.

MARIE

It helped a lot of people, too. You helped a lot of people.

WARREN

I couldn't help Ally. I couldn't help either of them.

MARIE

"It's never too late. We're never too broken, too scarred, or too far-gone to get it right. There's forgiveness at the end of this."

WARREN

You remember that?

MARIE

Sure, I put all the commas in.

He looks at her.

MARIE (cont'd)

Should we just say it? Like the book says. Say it out loud? Say the words and give them power?

WARREN

Yes.

MARIE

I'll go first.
(beat)
I forgive you.

He nods.

MARIE (cont'd)

Your turn.

WARREN
I forgive you.

MARIE
And I forgive myself.

WARREN
Me too.

MARIE
Say it.

WARREN
I forgive myself. And I've never
needed a cigarette more in life than
I do right now.

Marie reaches into her coat pocket. Pulls out a pack. Slaps one out, and hands it to him.

WARREN (cont'd)
You're smoking again?

MARIE
Nobody's perfect.

They light up.

WARREN
Richard maybe.

MARIE
Maybe Richard.

They smoke for a minute. Long, hard drags.

SCREAMS from inside.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Warren!

MARIE
Let's finish this.

He nods. The shadows make the house look like a giant crying face. Window-eyes. A gaping mouth-door. They walk up the tongue-like stoop. And into the belly of the beast.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Warren sits in the water with Christy who is tied up. Screaming beneath the gag. Richard hands him the letter. All the words have bled away.

RICHARD
I'm sorry. It's... gone.

WARREN
It's okay. I know it pretty good.

He turns to Christy. She snarls at him.

WARREN (cont'd)
...I came-to four hours later. And you were still sitting by the door. It was night. She had been floating there all day. I ran down, and dragged her out.

Marie lifts the tire off her, they starts to pick at her knots. Richard stands in the back, listening.

WARREN (cont'd)
I called the police. And sat you down, and I told you that we had to make up a story for the men who are coming.

The veins in her arms, disappearing. The sores healing. Her face swelling with health. Marie unties the ropes.

WARREN (cont'd)
They are going to have questions, I told you, questions like a test in school, and we have to have all the right answers or we'll fail the test, and daddy will have to go away for a long, long time.

Christy writhing, muffled screaming.

INT. THE HOUSE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE.

Christy steps out of the cupboard, and looks around. Warren's voice is echoing behind the walls. Echoing in the pipes, moving through the house, and she hears it all.

WARREN'S VOICE
I ripped a few loose boards away from the dock ten minutes before the ambulance came. And they came, and you told my lie. So well. You told them that you were afraid to wake me up. That you thought you were going to get in trouble. That you hid under the stairs and pretended like it never happened.

BACK TO:

Christy is untied, gag removed, and she's not fighting.

WARREN

And they believed it. And you
believed it. And mom believed it. You
told it so well it became the truth.

The water slowly stops gushing out of the walls. The rain is letting up. The sun is starting to rise.

INT. THE HOUSE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE.

Christy stands in the middle of the house. Watching it break apart before her eyes. Water floods in and carries her out.

WARREN'S VOICE

As the years went on, I even started to believe it. Until I looked at you. And every time I looked at you, I saw my lie. So, I stopped looking. And I let you down. And I lost you, too. Because I was petrified, and here's the truth. I was the Interventionist, and I cared more about saving face than I did about saving you...

INT. THE LAKE.

Christy is rising to the surface, rising towards the light.

BACK TO:

Christy's eyes crack open. She sucks in a breath. And she's healed, almost glowing.

WARREN

I want you to know that I'm sorry.
I'm not asking for your forgiveness.
I'm only asking that you forgive yourself. Because it wasn't your fault. It wasn't your fault.

Dawn punches through the windows. It's a beautiful morning. Christy has tears in her deep blue eyes.

WARREN (cont'd)

Love, dad.

She looks at her father. Really looks at him, like she's seeing him for the first time. She's in a sort of dream state. Somewhere between life and death.

CHRISTY

Dad?

WARREN

Hi, pie.

CHRISTY

It wasn't my fault.

Her eyes fill with tears.

RICHARD

Are there neighbors?

They all turn. And look out the window.

ALLY IS STANDING ON THE DOCK.

A pure vision. Not a waterlogged corpse. She dives into the lake and swims like a fish.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Ohmygod.

Marie is crying, holding her mouth.

Ally swims across the lake. And then she's gone.

And Christy bursts into to tears and runs into her father's arms, and he brushes her hair, and the healing begins. Marie joins the hug, and they stand by the window. It's the morning after a heavy rain, and the mist is a warm blanket, and everything is wet and fresh and clean.

CHRISTY

Tell me about Silverdale.

MARIE

It's the best rehab in the state.

WARREN

There's a four month wait list for a bed, but I pulled some strings.

MARIE

Will you accept our gift of help?

CHRISTY

Yes.

And they're all just standing there hugging. The lake is a blank canvas. The sun is almost up, and it's perfect. Richard watches. Separate. Warren waves him over.

WARREN

Get in on this, brother.

And he does. And it's a weird family. Richard and Marie kiss. Warren and Christy hug.

WARREN (cont'd)
What time is it? I could use a meeting.

CHRISTY
Me too.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH - DAY

All the JUNKIES and DRUNKS are waiting for the basement to open. Richard, Marie, Christy, and Warren pull up in the Honda, and limp to the door. Greetings and salutations, as they fumble inside. They look like warm hell. Bloodied, beaten. One EX-JUNKIE sees them, and turns to another.

JUNKIE
Ooh. I been there, baby.

JUNKIE #2
Rough night, eh?

They start to enter the basement.

JUNKIE #2 (cont'd)
Keep comin' back.

Warren's PHONE RINGS. The call he's been waiting for. He answers. Braces.

WARREN
Go ahead.

He listens. It's good news.

WARREN (cont'd)
Thank God. Okay, listen... Tell Kyle... listen to me, when you get to the hospital -- tell him I'll be there. Call his parents, make sure they stay with him, and tell them I'll be there later today. I'm with my daughter now.

He looks inside and sees Christy sitting in the circle, waving him in.

FADE OUT.