

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

SUPERNOVA

Written by
Sarah Dietz

Copyright (c) 2023

Final Draft

dietzcsarah@gmail.com

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

FADE IN:

The tiles on the floor are dirty. The windows are barred. The architecture indicates this is the early 50s. A WOMAN screams down the hall. DIANA SINCLAIR, 6, all blonde curls and dressed in frills, pouts her lip. Her lip quivers.

RICHARD SINCLAIR, 47, controlling yet charismatic, steps out of a all white door. The door slams shut with a loud bang. Diana wipes her eyes and runs over to greet him. She pulls on his pant leg.

DIANA (V.O.)
(adult voice)
I don't remember any time I spent
with my mother.

DIANA
Is Mama okay? Can she come home
again?

DIANA (V.O.)
The only way I know her is through
photos.

Richard looks down at Diana, his eyes cold. Diana takes a deep breath and bursts into tears. Richard's mouth twists.

RICHARD
Quiet! You will not make a scene
here!

Diana whimpers and puffs her cheeks. She pulls the top part of her dress to wipe her snot. Richard sighs.

RICHARD (cont'd)
Your mother won't be coming home for
a long time.

Diana chokes on a loud sob.

DIANA
WHY?!

Richard leans down to take Diana's wrist with his left hand. He lifts the wrist and squeezes it hard. Diana whines quietly. He twists her around to see where the woman stands. The woman screams again.

RICHARD
(snarling)
You see that hysterical schizo over
there?

Diana looks at the woman. She shivers.

RICHARD (cont'd)
That could be you one day. If you
don't control yourself. If you act
like your mother.

Diana gasps. Her eyes widen. Richard lets go of her wrist.
The wrist has a bright red mark on it.

Richard sighs. He squats down to the ground. He pulls a BLUE
TIFFANY BOX out. Diana bites her lip. Richard opens it and
reveals a SILVER BRACELET with a heart locket.

DIANA
Pretty.

Richard loops the bracelet around Diana's hurt wrist.

RICHARD
Indeed.

Richard sighs.

RICHARD (cont'd)
Listen, starlight. You can't cry. You
can't let anyone see you that way.
People will call you weak. And you're
not weak, right?

Diana shakes her head. Her eyes are glossy and her lips are
puffy. Richard smiles.

RICHARD (cont'd)
You're beautiful, darling. Everyone
loves you on screen. You're already
on the way up. So you can't afford to
lose now.

DIANA
I'm not a loser.

RICHARD
I know you aren't.

Richard looks at his Rolex watch on his wrist.

RICHARD (cont'd)
The car is out front. Let's get you
to that audition.

DIANA
Will you watch?

Richard shakes his head. Diana frowns and bows her head. She stays silent.

INT. AWARD SHOW PREMIERE

Diana, 12 years old, stands on a red carpet. Her smile is radiant. Bright cameras flash. DANNY LIVERWALKS, 40, sleazy, and fat, is beside her. He puts a hand on her shoulder. She tenses but her smile remains. He leans down to her ear.

DANNY
(whispering)
Jessie and Ellie are coming over to
my RV Later.

Danny shakes an imaginary drink in his hand. Diana turns her head up to Danny. She grins.

DIANA
(whispering)
I don't know... I have school
tomorrow.

Danny's hand on Diana's shoulder tightens.

DANNY
You know, Jessie has been doing
really well lately. Even better than
you at roping in viewers.

There are cardboard cutouts on the carpet, primarily of Diana. There are a few of Jessie.

DANNY (cont'd)
You don't want to lose the spotlight,
right?

Diana gasps and opens her mouth.

INT. FANCY ORNATE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Diana's head is bowed on the marble counter top sink. She is now 25 years old. Her AMERICAN GOLD EXPRESS CARD lies next to her head. She inhales sharply. She lifts her head up. Several lines of cocaine are on the sink. She exhales.

DIANA

Goddamn!

She slaps her hand on the counter. She laughs gleefully. She stumbles back. Her back hits the wall and she slides down. She laughs again.

DIANA (cont'd)

Goddamn...

Diana attempts to stand up. She fumbles and steadies herself. She walks a step forward, then a step back. She takes several deep breaths and her eyes are heavy. She collapses on the floor.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The room is silent, minus the IV line that beeps. Diana lays in a hospital bed with a needle up her arm. She stirs, then wakes. She grumbles. A NURSE and a DOCTOR walk in.

DOCTOR

Good morning.

Diana looks at the IV. She stretches.

DIANA

What happened?

DOCTOR

Overdose. Plenty of alcohol and some laced cocaine.

Diana blinks. Her jaw drops. The nurse looks at the notes on her CLIPBOARD. She frowns seeing the words "MANIC-DEPRESSIVE ILLNESS" next to Diana's name. Diana laughs breathlessly.

DIANA

Laced?

The nurse looks up sharply.

NURSE

Yes ma'am. You're lucky someone found you and got you here. You were very close to losing your life.

Diana bites her lip. Her fists dig into the sheets.

DIANA

When can I get out of here? I have an event I have to attend.

The doctor sighs. Diana rolls her eyes.

DOCTOR

We have to check your vitals again.
And have you fill out some paperwork.

The nurse turns a page in her clipboard.

NURSE

Mr. Donovitz arrived with you in the
ambulance. He's waiting outside.
Would you like to see him?

Diana grins ear to ear.

DIANA

Is the Pope Catholic?

The doctor and nurse exchange looks. Diana taps her hands
with a beat against the bars of the hospital bed. She
laughs, but her heart isn't in it.

DIANA (cont'd)

Don't be such squares.

The doctor and nurse exit. Diana whistles and leans back
into the bed. Here enters LENNY DONOVITZ, 47, balding and
comedic. He holds a gift bag. He has dark circles under his
eyes, like he's lost thirty years of his life.

DIANA (cont'd)

Don't have that look on your face.
It's bumming me out.

Lenny stares at Diana. His eyes bore into her soul. He rubs
his temples.

DIANA (cont'd)

Got any more jobs lined up for me?
Honestly, working on The Ritz isn't
giving me enough money. I'm the real
deal, so -

LENNY

Shut the fuck up, Di.

Diana swallows.

LENNY (cont'd)

You almost died! Jesus H. Christ.

Diana sighs.

DIANA

I know. The damage control part is gonna suck. But you've always got that handled.

LENNY

Of course I've got it fucking handled. I always do. No one saw you. We got lucky. You got lucky, considering you're still here.

Lenny runs his hand over his bald head.

DIANA (V.O.)

Lenny doesn't get upset often. Not at me.

Lenny rubs his eyes.

DIANA (V.O.) (cont'd)

I must have really scared him.

LENNY

But I won't have anything to manage if I find my client laying on the floor again choking on your own vomit. I can't watch it happen again.

Diana looks away. Lenny stares head on. He places a hand on his hip.

LENNY (cont'd)

I'll let the doctors do their thing. Then, I'll take you home.

Lenny walks over and tosses the gift bag onto Diana's lap. A heart-shaped box with chocolates in it slides out of the bag. Diana smiles.

DIANA

Thanks, Lenny.

Lenny grunts. He waves as he walks out the room. He doesn't turn around.

INT. CAWLOT'S LATE NIGHT SET - EVENING

Diana sits on a fancy leather red chair. She is tapping her foot. A bead of sweat rolls down her forehead. She swipes it. Her makeup is perfect. CHARLES CAWLOT, 50, well-dressed and handsome, sits across from her. He taps at his desk.

CAWLOT

Ms. Diana Sinclair! It's such a pleasure to have you here.

The audience claps and cheers. They are covered in the dark. Diana winces from the bright light. She smiles. She is slightly bouncing in her seat.

DIANA

It's lovely to be here!

CAWLOT

So, Ms. Sinclair. Your career first sky rocketed on the set of Happville Heights. You were only -

DIANA

Ten years old! Yeah, ten years old. Ten years old.

Cawlot blinks. He sets the pen in his hand down on the desk.

CAWLOT

Yes, and you've been America's sweetheart ever since!

Diana laughs. The audience joins in.

DIANA

I'm flattered you think so!

She fidgets with her SILVER TIFFANY BRACELET by snapping the band up and down on her wrist.

CAWLOT

Of course! How could I not? Just look at that radiant smile.

Diana smiles wide. There is cocaine on her upper gums. The audience cheers, oblivious.

CAWLOT (cont'd)

Now, my first question to you is: has acting from a young age made you better compared to actors who started when they were adults?

Diana flips her hair. Her jaw clenches, then smooths out.

DIANA

I got to work on my talent immediately. Some people are born with star factor, like me.

Diana turns to a camera and winks.

DIANA (cont'd)
But not everyone can start on that
star factor early on. I got lucky.
I'm a lucky person.

Cawlot nods and smiles.

CAWLOT
You very much are. Working with Danny
Liverwalks at his prime opened a lot
of doors.

Diana's jaw clenches. She fights to keep the smile on her
face.

CAWLOT (cont'd)
Danny Liverwalks wrote and directed
Happyville Heights after sitcoms such
as The Eliza Show and Cowboy
Canadians.

Diana nods. Her foot tapping increases in speed.

CAWLOT (cont'd)
You say you've always had that star
factor. Do you think Danny saw that
in you?

Diana laughs nervously.

DIANA
He knew immediately I was special. I
was reading the script for the first
episode and my character Sarah had to
cry.

The audience cheers at the mention of Sarah. Diana grits her
teeth in a half smile and shakes her head.

DIANA (cont'd)
So, I burst into tears. Danny was
wowed by performance. He said I
looked...

Diana trails off. She gnaws the inside of her cheek.

CAWLOT
He said you looked...?

DIANA
Pretty when I cry. I look pretty when
I cry.

Diana laughs and adjusts herself in her seat.

DIANA (cont'd)
And that's what got me the role! I've
gotten way better at fake crying
though. You can see my performance in
The Ritz if you don't agree!

The audience laughs. Cawlot smiles, but it doesn't reach his eyes. Diana tucks a lock of her hair behind her ears.

CAWLOT
Well, tonight folks, we have a big
surprise. Danny Liverwalks is in the
building right now!

The audience erupts in giant cheers and applause. Diana pales. She stands up out of her seat.

DIANA
Then I should get going, right? I
wouldn't wanna take his spotlight.

CAWLOT
No, by all means, stay! Genius and
his protege in the same room? We'd
love to see it!

He turns to the audience.

CAWLOT (cont'd)
Right?

The audience whoops and hollers. Diana's jaw clenches and unclenches. Diana looks around back stage. She turns to the audience.

DIANA
Sorry, everyone! Looks like my agent
is gesturing for me to come back
there. He looks pretty scared. Must
be something urgent!

Cawlot blinks. Diana gnaws the inside of her cheek.

CAWLOT
But - wait-

DIANA
Sorry everyone! And thank you Charles
for having me on the show. But my
agent is mouthing something about an
emergency. Au revior!

Diana storms off stage.

INT. DANNY LIVERWALKS PARTY - NIGHT

Diana, 18 years old, glitter makeup and blown-out hair, sits teary eyed on a couch. Loud music plays and party goers sing and dance along to music. SOME DUDE, mid 30s, sits next to her. He's got a sleazy vibe. Diana tenses.

DIANA (V.O.)
The first time I did drugs was after
he raped me for the first time.

SOME DUDE
You're Danny's girl, yeah? The girl
on TV.

DIANA
Yes.

DIANA (V.O.)
He waited till I was 18. Legal.

The dude pulls out a pill. He crushes the pill on the surface of the coffee table. Diana watches with mild curiosity. The dude notices.

SOME DUDE
You want some?

Diana says nothing and continues to look at the crushed pill that is now powder. She wipes at the running mascara on her cheeks.

SOME DUDE (cont'd)
It will take the edge off. You look
like an uptight bitch who needs to
let loose.

Diana glares at the dude. She looks back to the coffee table.

DIANA
How?

The dude moves forward to the table, bows his head, and begins to snort the powder. Diana moves to do the same. She sniffs, then comes back up. She is smiling.

DIANA (V.O.)
I felt something other than
miserable. It was a nice change of
pace.

INT. DANNY LIVERWALKS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Diana takes a swig of Vodka. She grimaces only slightly. This party is different than the other one, indicated by the purple lighting and Halloween music.

DIANA (V.O.)
Then it became routine.

Diana smokes a blunt. She puts it out on the ashtray. She snorts a KLONOPIN. She gets up and giggles. She stumbles. She turns to a GIRL.

DIANA
Is that cough syrup?

Diana doesn't wait for an answer. She grabs the bottle from the girl's hand and takes a swig.

INT. DIANA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Diana's apartment has too much space for one person and is glamorous. Her signature color is baby blue. Diana has a glass mirror on her bedside table. She snorts a line. She grabs her purse.

DIANA (V.O.)
Everyday.

Diana leaves her apartment. The door closes with a loud BANG.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Diana snorts a line.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Diana snorts a line.

INT. DANNY LIVERWALKS APARTMENT - NIGHT

This is the same party from earlier, 18 year old Diana dancing lively with a stranger. Her pupils are blown wide and her smile is pure euphoria.

DIANA (V.O.)
I have to thank Danny, in some ways.
If he hadn't raped me, I wouldn't
have had the best night of my life.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Diana sits in the back with Lenny. She is shaking. Her eyes are fierce. Lenny's jaw was clenched.

LENNY
I didn't know he'd bring him out there. He didn't clear that bullshit with me.

Diana turns to him. She smiles, but it doesn't reach her eyes.

DIANA
It's okay. I'm not a victim. If people thought I was, I'd just forever be labeled as the girl Danny Liverwalks raped.

Lenny says and does nothing.

DIANA (cont'd)
Did storming off piss him off that badly?

LENNY
I explained it as you did on stage; there was a family emergency. Not too hard to buy into after Dick's death.

Diana shakes a little.

DIANA
I need some coke.

LENNY
I got some for you. You can do it when I get you home.

Diana perks up.

DIANA
Really?!

Lenny sighs and rubs his forehead.

LENNY
Sure did.

DIANA
Lenny, you're the best!

INT. DIANA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - NEXT

Diana skips down the hallway. She is smiling ear to ear.
Lenny walks behind her. He has his hands in his pockets.

DIANA
I can always count on you, Lenny.

Diana whistles as she skips.

DIANA (cont'd)
You know, after the whole stupid
overdose, I thought you'd be harsh on
me.

Diana opens the door to her apartment. She doesn't look
inside yet.

DIANA (cont'd)
But you've never been such a square -

Diana turns her head around. The lights are on. Inside her
apartment sits RALPH THORNWOOD on the couch, 27, glamrock
fashion and uncharacteristically serious. On the other couch
is ELIZA WINTERS, 23, kind eyes.

DIANA (cont'd)
Oh, you motherfuckers. Fuck you. I'm
not doing this shit.

Diana turns around. Lenny blocks her.

DIANA (cont'd)
MOVE, LENNY.

VOICE (O.S.)
There's no need for that, Ms.
Sinclair.

Diana spins around. MRS. STREAMWATER, 45, glasses and calm,
sits on Diana's zebra print chair.

MRS. STREAMWATER
Your friends are concerned about you.
I'm concerned for you, too.

Diana barks a laugh.

DIANA
I don't fucking know you.

ELIZA
(softly)
But we do, Diana.

Eliza weeps.

ELIZA (cont'd)
We thought you were dead.

DIANA
Do I look like a ghost to you?

RALPH
Yeah, you do actually. You look
horrible. You're high.

DIANA
Fuck, I wish I was.

Lenny closes the door behind him. He makes his way to sit
besides Ralph. Diana sneers.

DIANA (cont'd)
You're a goddamn traitor.

MRS. STREAMWATER
These people care about you. They
want to help you. But you have to
admit you have a problem first.

Diana scoffs.

DIANA
I don't have a problem! I don't. I...

She trails off. Her face pales. She is coming down. She
looks at her bedside drawer. Mrs. Streamwater notices.

MRS. STREAMWATER
(to Ralph)
Reach it before she can.

Ralph springs into action and opens the bedside drawer.
Diana runs to it but Ralph is faster. He holds the baggie
above her head. Diana growls, furious. She shoves him

DIANA
GIVE IT!

RALPH
Jesus Christ, get a look at yourself
Di. You think a person who didn't
have a problem would be acting like
such a crackhead.

Diana smacks him on top of his head.

DIANA
FUCK YOU!

Eliza stands up and turns to face Diana. Tears spill down her face.

ELIZA
This isn't normal, Di!

Diana spins to her and points a finger.

DIANA
You know what isn't normal?! Your
bug-eyes that cover your entire face!

Eliza winces, hurt.

RALPH
Watch it.

MRS. STREAMWATER
(firm)
Ms. Sinclair.

Diana rounds on her, furious.

MRS. STREAMWATER (cont'd)
There is a car outside waiting for
you. It will take you to Grovewells
Rehabilitation center.

Diana's face pales. She turns to Lenny.

DIANA
No. No.

Lenny sighs.

LENNY
I love you, kid. I don't want to see
you dead. If you decide you aren't
gonna go, I'm dropping you as a
client.

Diana sniffles. She cries.

DIANA
Please, Lenny. Please. PLEASE!

Lenny looks to the ground.

LENNY

That's just how it has to be. I won't watch you kill yourself anymore. Not after your mother...

Diana sobs. She falls to her knees. She buries her head into her hands.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - LATE NIGHT

Diana is at the receptionist desk. A NURSE pops out behind the desk and feels Diana's coat. There is something there.

NURSE

Would you mind taking this off.

Diana huffs. She takes off her coat. A baggie of cocaine is inside the inner coat pocket. The nurse snatches it away. Diana pouts.

DIANA (V.O.)

Figured it was worth a shot.

NURSE

We'll have to remove the bracelet as well.

Diana blinks.

DIANA

What?

NURSE

Don't worry, you'll get it back when you're released.

Diana grits her teeth. Her face turns slightly red. She slides the bracelet off and slams it against the receptionist desk.

DIANA

Don't you know who I am?

The nurse nods.

NURSE

You may be above the rules outside, but you'll be an equal here.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - OFFICE - NEXT

Diana's luggage is being inspected by a GUARD. MS.
YELLOWFIELD, 56, wise, opens the door. She smiles at Diana.

MS. YELLOWFIELD
Diana Sinclair, yes? How are you
doing?

DIANA
Like shit. You don't have anything to
take the edge off, do you?

Ms. Yellowfield laughs.

MS. YELLOWFIELD
No ma'am. My name is Ms. Yellowfield.
I'm the leading counselor at
Grovewell.

DIANA
How soon can I get out of here?

MS. YELLOWFIELD
When we believe you are ready.

Diana groans. Her stomach growls. She huffs.

DIANA
I'm hungry.

Ms. Yellowfield nods. She turns to a locker cabinet and
opens it. She grabs a small bag of PLANTER'S POTATO CHIPS.
She gives them to Diana.

MS. YELLOWFIELD
I'm afraid this is all I have for
now. You'll have to wait till
breakfast tomorrow.

Diana rips open the bag. She shoves the chips in her mouth.

MS. YELLOWFIELD (cont'd)
You have quite the history.

Diana pauses her eating and shoots Yellowfield an eery grin.

DIANA
Did you like me in Happyville
Heights?

MS. YELLOWFIELD
I thought your performance in The
Ritz has been quite good, actually.

Diana's smile fades. She starts to eat the chips again.

MS. YELLOWFIELD (cont'd)
After talking to Mr. Donovitz, it
seems you have a 6 year history
abusing opioids. But cocaine is your
favorite.

DIANA
You promise you don't have any?

Yellowfield smiles.

YELLOWFIELD
I don't. And you're not getting
morphine or pot to numb the
withdrawals.

Diana grumbles.

YELLOWFIELD (cont'd)
You'll survive.

DIANA (V.O.)
God, just kill me now.

INT. DIANA'S REHAB ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Diana sits down on her bed. Her LUGGAGE sits on the opposite
side of the room. The room is the nicest you can get for a
rehab center, clean sheets and warm lights instead of
fluorescent.

DIANA (V.O.)
I've been in rehab before. Briefly.

Diana gets down on her hands and knees. She searches around
the place, her hands under the bed. Then, under the desk.
She walks around. Nothing. She tries to open the windows.
They are barred.

DIANA
Fuck.

She runs to her luggage. She sifts through the clothes to
find a small pocket KNIFE. She attempts to get the window
open. After struggling, she sighs and collapses to the bed.
Tears well in her eyes. She sobs quietly.

DIANA (V.O.)
They've gotten better at making these
places secure.

Diana's cries grow louder. She smacks a hand over her mouth to stop it. She grabs her pocketknife and stares.

DIANA (V.O.) (cont'd)
I'd take anything right now. Anything
at all.

Footsteps approach outside the door. Diana sits up. A PIECE OF PAPER is slipped under the door. Diana dashes to it. She opens the note that is crumbled.

DIANA
Huh...?

The paper reads "BATHROOM. 5 PM TOMORROW. I GOT ICE." Diana grins.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - MEETING ROOM -
MORNING

There are 20 fold-out steel chairs laid out in a circle. Some young women, some older, sit in them. Diana sits in one of these chairs too. A YOUNG WOMAN looks up and sees Diana. She punches the GINGER WOMAN next to her on the shoulder.

DIANA (V.O.)
Oh, fuck.

YOUNG WOMAN
No way! That's Diana Sinclair.

The ginger woman leans in and looks at Diana.

GINGER WOMAN
Holy shit, you're right.

Whispers pass between the women. The whispers turn to loud excited gossip. They all talk, minus MARCIA KNOX, 24, dark eyes and a small burn scar that slides down her left eyebrow. She sits next to Diana. Marcia stares at her nails.

DIANA (V.O.)
I've never been in a room where
someone wasn't looking at me. Not
since I was a little kid.

Diana eyes Marcia. Marcia flips her hand around, examining her nails. Diana has her arms crossed. She leans back in her chair. There are voices talking, but they are muffled.

VOICE (O.S.)
Ms. Sinclair?

Diana snaps her head up. Ms. Yellowfield is sat on the opposite side of the room with a binder on her lap.

DIANA
Uh, what?

MS. YELLOWFIELD
Would you like to introduce yourself?

DIANA
Oh. I'm -

LIBBY BERNARD, 26, short and loud shoots out of her seat.

LIBBY
DIANA!

Libby looks around.

LIBBY (cont'd)
(quietly)
Diana Sinclair.

Libby sits down.

DIANA (V.O.)
I'm gonna have to state what I'm
addicted to, aren't I? Fuck me.

MS. YELLOWFIELD
(firm)
Ms. Bernard. Be respectful.

The others in the group therapy look at Diana with wide, interested eyes. Libby sits, pouting. Diana sighs and slinks further into her seat.

DIANA
I'm Diana Sinclair and I'm a drug
addict.

Whispers float around the room.

DIANA (cont'd)
I like to jump the gun.

Ms. Yellowfield nods.

MS. YELLOWFIELD
Would you like to speak today?

Diana sighs. She rubs her eyelids. She yawns.

DIANA

As soon as one of these bitches gets out they're gonna tell the press my business. Can't I just lie?

MS. YELLOWFIELD

Honesty is important here, Diana. You cannot heal unless you are honest with yourself.

Libby shoots out of her chair again.

LIBBY

What was it like working with Danny?! He's so funny!

Libby smacks a hand over her mouth. Diana tenses. Marcia notices.

MS. YELLOWFIELD

Libby -

DIANA

He is funny. He was fine. He gave me what I have now.

MARCIA

A drug addiction?

Diana turns to her, stunned.

DIANA

No.

MARCIA

So, what did he give you?

DIANA

My fame.

Marcia scoffs. Diana's face gets hot.

MS. YELLOWFIELD

Enough, Marcia.

MARCIA

He's a pedophile, right?

Diana pales.

MARCIA (cont'd)

I have a friend who went to one his parties when she was 15.

(MORE)

MARCIA (cont'd)
She was never the same after that.
Danny the kid diddler.

GINGER WOMAN
No way!

Marcia rolls her eyes.

MARCIA
Yes way.

Marcia, Libby, and Ms. Yellowfield's voices drown out. All the women are talking now but we cannot hear what is being said.

DIANA (V.O)
When I didn't have drugs, I had
another nasty habit. I quit it
because soon, I always had drugs.

Diana reaches into her shoe. She takes out the pocket knife. She slits her arm. She hears yelling. Diana shoots up out of her seat. She holds up her arm to display the wound.

DIANA
Fuck all of you!

The women holler. Libby and Diana make eye contact. TWO GUARDS grab Diana and pull her arm. Diana struggles.

DIANA (cont'd)
Let go! LET GO!

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. DAUPHIN HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

DIANA (V.O.)
The first person who showed me how to
cut was Eliza.

Loud music and laughing adults echo. 16 year old Diana makes her way down the hallway, beautifully and tastefully decorated for the richest of New York. She sighs, looking around. She sees the bathroom sign and walks in.

INT. DAUPHIN HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Diana strides into the bathroom, huffing. She goes to wash her hands but pauses when she hears someone hiss in pain.

DIANA

Hello?

Diana hears a gasp. She follows the sound and discovers it comes from behind one of the stalls in the back. She peeps around. There, Eliza Winters, 14 and miserable, wipes desperately at the self harm marks she's made.

DIANA (cont'd)

What the hell!?

ELIZA

(terrified)

Don't look!

Diana turns around and leans against the wall. Her eyes dart around. She turns back to Eliza. Eliza doesn't meet her in the eyes and keeps tending to her wounds.

DIANA

You're John Winter's daughter?

Eliza snuffles. She puts her small sweater back on to cover her arms.

ELIZA

You can't tell.

DIANA

I guess I won't.

Eliza looks up. She purses her lips.

ELIZA

You guess?

DIANA

I won't if you tell me why you do that. My dad says only schizos do that.

ELIZA

(furious)

Do you think I'm a schizo?!

DIANA

I don't know. That's why I'm asking you why you do that.

Eliza sighs. She wipes her eyes. Diana sits down next to her. She eyes the blade and tilts her head to get a closer look.

ELIZA
If I hurt myself physically, I stop
thinking about what hurts...

Eliza points to her head.

ELIZA (cont'd)
Up here.

Diana nods. She looks at the bathroom tile. She looks back
to the blade. She smiles.

DIANA
So you are crazy.

Eliza stands up and pulls her sweater around to cover more
of herself. She rounds on Diana, pointing a finger.

ELIZA
You're a bitch!

Diana stands up. She shrugs.

DIANA
I think I'm a little crazy too.

Eliza says nothing. She pulls a CIGARETTE from her
waistband. She digs into her sweater pocket and pulls out a
LIGHTER. Diana grins.

ELIZA
Bad habit I can't quit.

DIANA
Same here.

Eliza smiles.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - MEDICINE ROOM

Diana sits with a BANDAGE on her arm. She lifts her arm up
and twists it around in the light, admiring her work. She
hums a low tune. Ms. Yellowfield walks in, a hand on her
hips.

DIANA (V.O.)
I wonder if Eliza feels guilty about
introducing me to that habit. She
quit. I never did.

MS. YELLOWFIELD

You get one warning. One. If you do that again I will have no choice to send you to the long-stay ward for six months.

DIANA

I get it.

Yellowfield sighs. She pinches her nose.

MS. YELLOWFIELD

What Marcia said was out of line. She has been reprimanded.

Diana looks at the CLOCK hung up on the wall. It reads 4 pm. She shifts around.

DIANA

Can I go now?

MS. YELLOWFIELD

Yes. There is free time in the common area. Can you walk there by yourself?

Diana nods.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - HALLWAY

Diana walks down the hallway. She sighs.

HIGH-PITCHED VOICE (O.S.)

Diana!!!

Diana spins around. Libby is walking towards her, a warm smile on her face.

DIANA (V.O.)

I'm used to these types. The girls who want to be just like me or fuck me, or both. But usually, I can just get away from them.

Libby's grin is as bright as the sun.

DIANA (V.O.) (cont'd)

I can't with this one.

Libby pulls out a LOLLIPOP. Her grin turns sheepish.

LIBBY

I'm sorry about earlier. Mr. Joe gave me two lollipops today because I've been sober for a month now.

Libby passes Diana the lollipop. Diana hesitates but takes it.

DIANA

Thanks...

LIBBY

My - um...

Libby looks away and bites her lip. Diana raises an eyebrow.

DIANA

Yes?

Libby laughs nervously.

LIBBY

You know, um. I've been in and out of here a few times. I had a friend who ran away from home because her step-dad would.. do what Danny did to you.

Diana's face falls. Her eyebrows furrow.

DIANA

Danny didn't do anything. It's fine. And I'm not like your friend. Or you.

Libby blinks.

LIBBY

Oh. Okay.

There is an awkward silence between the two.

LIBBY (cont'd)

We have free time until 6. Then dinner. Um.. didja wanna watch TV with me?

Diana looks around.

DIANA

Uh... what time is it?

LIBBY

A quarter till 5!

Diana blinks and a small smile creeps along her face.

DIANA

Oh, yeah. In a minute. Where's the bathroom?

LIBBY

Oh, yeah. Down the staircase to the left.

DIANA

Thanks.

A BLACK-HAIRED WOMAN slams into Diana's side. Diana stumbles. The woman continues running.

BLACK-HAIRED WOMAN

SLUUUUUT!

Diana growls and moves to chase after her. Libby grabs her hand to stop her.

DIANA (V.O.)

I've only ever been called a slut by men who couldn't have me. Trashy tabloids. And Danny.

Marcia bumps into Diana next. Diana raises her fist, prepared to swing.

MARCIA

You see on TV?

DIANA

What?

Laughs and hollering comes from the room on opposite end of the hallway. There is a sign above it that reads COMMON ROOM. The television is muffled, but Diana hears a broadcaster say her name. She puts down her fists.

MARCIA

Say goodbye to American Sweetheart, you're now America's slut.

Diana's face pales. She hyperventilates. She speed walks down the hallway to the common room. Libby follows her. All eyes are on Diana in the common room.

LIBBY

Oh...

In the middle sits a TV. WILLIAM JONES, broadcaster for C-news, classically handsome, 40s is on the screen. A photo of Diana's face from the Cawlot interview is displayed. Another photo of her with Danny from the red carpet years ago.

WILLIAM JONES

An insider source tells us that the relationship between Danny Liverwalks and Diana Sinclair is more dark than we think...

Diana's face is white as a sheet.

WILLAM JONES

More details on the drugs, alleged child abuse, and where this all started after the break.

DIANA (V.O.)

Fuck.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - STAIRCASE - EVENING

Diana runs down the stairs. She is hyperventilating. She gags.

DIANA (V.O.)

The only times I've thrown up sober was when I was 9.

Diana slaps her hand over her mouth and wretches.

DIANA (V.O.) (cont'd)

I thought I had moved past this type of behavior.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - FRONT HALLWAY - SAME

Diana sprints down the hallway. Her eyes land on a man with a name tag that reads "TONY." TONY, 40s, glasses, reads a magazine. He sits in a chair behind protected glass. There is a phone next to him.

DIANA (V.O.)

I got used to the staring. The attention was never a problem again, but...

Diana bangs on the protected glass. Tony jumps a little out of his chair.

DIANA (V.O.) (cont'd)

I feel like that little girl again. Too many eyes on her. Too many people talking. And completely, utterly lost.

TONY

Jesus!

DIANA

Let me use the phone.

Tony squints. He leans in closer. His eyes light up.

TONY

Hey, you're Di-

DIANA

Yes, Diana Sinclair. I need to use the phone.

Diana pants, her eyes full of tears threatening to spill. Tony stares, then shrugs.

TONY

Phone time starts at 10 am tomorrow. Come back then.

DIANA

Please. Please. I'll pay you. I have good money.

Tony sighs. He leans back in his chair and shrugs.

TONY

Everyone here does. You haven't picked up on that this is rehab for addicts who can afford to fuck up?

Diana blinks. Tony laughs nervously. He clears his throat.

TONY (cont'd)

You can't use the phone. The rules go for everyone.

Diana grinds her teeth. She bites her tongue.

DIANA (V.O.)

Money can't buy everything.

DIANA

If you let me use the phone I'll suck your cock after.

Tony chokes on his spit. He sits up straight. He looks around.

DIANA (V.O.)

But sex can.

TONY
(quietly)
Yeah?

DIANA
(convincing)
Yeah.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - PHONE ROOM - NEXT

Diana picks up the 1970 Motorola Base Station phone. She dials a number. The line instantly picks up.

DIANA
Lenny?

LENNY (O.S.)
God, I've been trying to get you in contact all day! Fucking hell, it's rehab, not prison.

DIANA
How? How'd it get out?

Diana slaps a hand to her mouth as she sobs.

DIANA (cont'd)
It's all I'll be now. Another child star basket case. I won't come back from this.

LENNY
No, no. No. Listen. There's a way. There's a way.

Diana groans.

DIANA
How?! I'm fucked. I wish I would have died from that overdose. I wish I was fucking dead.

LENNY
Don't say that.

DIANA
Why not?

LENNY
(breaking)
I already lost Lucy years ago, and I can't do it all over with you again.

The two share silence.

DIANA (V.O.)
I met Lucy a few times when I was
younger. She was pretty, and funny,
and looked a lot like Lenny.

Lenny sighs.

DIANA (V.O.) (cont'd)
He doesn't like to talk about her
much.

LENNY
I've been trying to get a hold of you
all day, okay. I've got good news
regarding this.

DIANA
Okay.

LENNY
Gracie Lincoln. She filed the
lawsuit. The story broke this
morning. When I called, some dick
said you couldn't take a call.

Diana takes a deep breath.

LENNY (cont'd)
Gracie Lincoln is a girl Danny
repeatedly... raped when she was
little. She's got Polaroid proof.

DIANA
Wh-what?

LENNY
There are photos of when he's fucking
her. The bastard took photos. She
kept a couple, I guess.

Diana's breathing slows. Her eyes dart across the room.

LENNY (cont'd)
It's just rumors, Di. Someone
connected the dots. Your name was
brought up naturally. They don't have
anything.

Diana gets on her knees and buries her face into the table.

LENNY (cont'd)
Diana?

DIANA

Yeah?

LENNY

You're okay. You're not the first celebrity that's coked up. The press and the public definitely know that.

Diana sucks in a large gulp of air.

LENNY (cont'd)

But as far as your involvement with Danny goes? Nothing. The inside source is bullshit, I checked.

DIANA

Are you sure?

LENNY

I promise. You're fine. People will talk but it will die down. You're fine.

Diana wipes the tears on her cheeks. She sinks down to the floor. She laughs quietly.

DIANA

Lenny?

LENNY

Yeah?

DIANA

I love you.

She hangs up the phone. She steps out, then -

TONY

So, um. About that... thing.

Diana stares blankly.

DIANA

What thing?

Tony blanches.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - CAFETERIA - MORNING

Diana sits at a lunch table by herself. She is sweaty and pale. She picks at her food. She takes a bite of her sandwich and her face wrinkles up. Women around her whisper and gossip.

GINGER WOMAN

Do you think she really slept with him? I mean, most Hollywood stars are sluts. But if she was raped...

Diana balls her fists. She moves her tray and almost stands up when -

LIBBY

Hi!

Diana gasps and almost falls. She grabs onto the table for support.

LIBBY (cont'd)

Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to scare you.

DIANA

(exasperated)

Well, you did.

Libby bows her head with her hands folded.

LIBBY

I'm sorry.

Diana sighs. She runs her hands down her face and groans.

DIANA

It's fine. It's fine.

A small smile lights up Libby's face. She sits next to Diana at the lunch table. Diana goes back to picking at her food.

LIBBY

It's not as good as what you're probably used to eating.

Diana scoffs.

DIANA

No shit.

Diana makes eye contact with Libby.

DIANA (cont'd)

The phone guy told me that this is rehab for the richest of the rich, though. You eat well too.

Libby shifts in her seat.

LIBBY

Oh, well. I guess I'm just adaptable.

Diana's eyes narrow.

DIANA

You said you've been sober for a month. You've been here for a month and you're already used to eating shit?

Libby breaks eye contact. Her jaw clenches. Diana's eyebrows furrow.

DIANA (cont'd)

What?

Libby looks around. She scoots in close.

LIBBY

There are ways drugs get inside here. It's possible.

Diana keeps a poker face.

DIANA

Really?

Diana leans in.

DIANA (cont'd)

Where?

LIBBY

Shhhhhhh!

DIANA

I'm not even talking that loud.

LIBBY

I don't want you to relapse.

DIANA

I don't care what you want. And why the hell would you tell me that if you didn't want me to relapse?

LIBBY

But you do care about your reputation. Does the TV show you're in now know you're in rehab?

Diana blinks. The wheels in her head turn. She looks back to her tray.

LIBBY (cont'd)
I'm just saying. You can't be sober
unless you want to be sober. If you
want to make progress.

Diana sighs.

DIANA
I'm the worst I've been mentally in a
long time. I'm miserable. I want
something so badly. Please, Libby.
Tell me.

Libby sighs.

LIBBY
Don't you have anyone you care about
then?

Diana bites her lip and looks down at her plate.

DIANA
(quietly)
I mean, yeah. I guess.

LIBBY
Don't you wanna try for them?

Diana wipes the sweat off her forehead.

DIANA
It's not that easy. Just look at me,
Libby. I'm dying.

LIBBY
How'd you end up here, then?

Diana blinks. She swallows.

DIANA
I overdosed. People wanted me to
better. And... I have to be better to
do my job.

Libby smiles.

LIBBY
Good.

Libby scoots closer to Diana.

LIBBY (cont'd)
And I told you because I think you're
stronger than what you give yourself
credit for.

Diana tosses a wobbly smile at Libby. Libby sucks in a gulp
of air.

VOICE (O.S.)
Two freaks in a pod.

Libby and Diana turn their heads. Marcia stands near them,
her arms crossed, a smirk proudly on her face. Diana grits
her teeth and snarls.

DIANA
You...

MARCIA
Did you know that Libby killed her
daughter?

Diana's jaw drops. She stutters. She looks over to Libby,
who has tears in her eyes.

LIBBY
Marcia, please...

Diana looks to Libby, then to Marcia. Her eyes narrow.

DIANA
What's your angle here?

MARCIA
Uh, what?

DIANA
Why are you telling me about Libby's
past? I don't believe you.

Marica blinks. She leans down to Diana's level and whispers
in her ear.

MARCIA
Left-wing bathroom. 5 pm tomorrow
night. And believe me, Libby will
tell you herself.

Diana blinks several times. She looks to find Libby. She's
gone.

EXT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - OUTSIDE RECREATION -
DAY

Diana sits on the bleachers by herself. The other women are playing soccer. Libby sits on the opposite side of the bleachers, 10 feet away, her head bowed. Her frown is so pronounced it looks cartoonish. Diana looks away and yawns.

DIANA (V.O.)
God, she's like a kicked puppy. I think I'd care more if I wasn't getting high tomorrow.

Libby buries her head in her hands.

DIANA (V.O.) (cont'd)
I know this sounds bad, but I'm not totally phased by the dead daughter thing. My dad almost killed me once.

Diana shakes. Her nails dig into the bleachers.

LIBBY
Diana...?

Diana jumps out of her seat.

DIANA
God, you've got to stop doing that.

Libby's lip wobbles. She sits down next to Diana.

LIBBY
My family comes from a line of lawyers. I was on my way to be one. Got married. Had my daughter.

Diana stares at Libby. She nods slowly.

LIBBY (cont'd)
But my husband left me for a girl barely 18. And I wasn't sure if being a lawyer was right. And that's when I started drinking.

Libby sucks in a deep breath.

LIBBY (cont'd)
I didn't kill her. I didn't. I almost did. I was drunk. I was driving and she was in the car with me. She's alive. She almost wasn't.

Libby hyperventilates.

LIBBY (cont'd)
Both of her legs were broken. I lost
full custody. She lives with my
parents.

Diana swallows.

LIBBY (cont'd)
They've made it more than clear that
they can leave me to die on the
streets for what I did. So I have to
be sober. For her.

Libby weeps. Diana blinks. She swallows again. She wraps a
stiff arm around Libby. Libby cries harder and buries her
face into Diana's shoulder.

DIANA (V.O.)
I'm going to have snot on my clothes
now.

Libby grips Diana's shirt.

DIANA (V.O.) (cont'd)
I can tolerate it maybe once.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - LEFT WING HALLWAY -
EVENING

Diana walks down the hallway slowly. She turns around and
runs her hands down her face. She turns back around and
takes a deep breath.

DIANA (V.O.) (cont'd)
I know it's stepping backwards to be
here.

Diana looks at the sign that reads BATHROOM.

DIANA (V.O.) (cont'd)
But...

BEGIN FLASHBACK: INT. PARTY -NIGHT

Rays of purple light falls on Diana's face. She leans down
on the coffee table to snort cocaine. She lifts her head up
her smile is big, a look of pure euphoria on her face.

END FLASHBACK

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - LEFT WING HALLWAY -
SAME

DIANA

But nobody outside these walls has to know. They already know I'm an addict. So what.

Images of Lenny's extremely tired face shows up in Diana's head. Elena's sad wet eyes. Ralph's terrified face. Diana shakes herself out of it. Then, Libby's face as she cries into Diana's shoulder.

DIANA (V.O.)

Come on. Stop. Don't feel guilt. Don't think. Don't think, don't think, don't think -

VOICE (O.S.)

Diana?

Diana spins around to see Ms. Yellowfield standing with a clipboard in her hands.

DIANA

Yes?

MS. YELLOWFIELD

You're eligible for visitation today! You have several guests on the list who'd like to see you.

Diana smiles.

DIANA

Lenny's first, right?

Ms. Yellowfield looks down at her clipboard.

MS. YELLOWFIELD

No, not Lenny.

DIANA

Ralph?

MS. YELLOWFIELD

Danny Liverwalks.

Diana blanches. She shakes. She steps back.

MS. YELLOWFIELD (cont'd)

We received a rather large donation from him, and we could not be more thankful. He says he's doing this to help you get sober. Isn't that kind?

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - FRONT HALLWAY -
EVENING

Diana slams through the door into the front hallway. She
wipes the sweat off her brow.

DIANA (V.O.)
Why wasn't Lenny first?

There are several other women waiting in line for the phone
room. Tony smokes a cigarette inside of it. Diana groans.

DIANA (V.O.) (cont'd)
Why is Danny here? What does he want?
What the fuck could he want?

Diana speedwalks over to the line of the phone room. She
tries to weave herself in to cut the line, then a CHUBBY
WOMAN shoves her.

CHUBBY WOMAN
Hey!

Diana glares.

DIANA
I can guarantee my phone call is more
important.

BLACK-HAIRED WOMAN
Doubt it. I bet you're just trying to
get in contact with your dealer so
you can snort some line as soon as
possible. Slut.

Diana's eyes narrow. Her fists clench.

DIANA
And so what if I was? Huh? You sound
jealous. You wish you could afford
the coke I buy.

The chubby woman scoffs.

CHUBBY WOMAN
That's the problem with you celebrity
bitches. You think you're so much
special than the rest of us.

DIANA
I AM MORE SPECIAL THAN THE REST OF
YOU!

The other women in the line turn their heads.

MS. YELLOWFIELD
GIRLS!

Diana blinks. She takes a deep breath and turns to Ms. Yellowfield.

MS. YELLOWFIELD (cont'd)
I don't know what's going on here,
but quiet! Be considerate to your
peers. You all have people you need
to talk to.

Diana lowers her gaze to the ground.

MS. YELLOWFIELD (cont'd)
Ms. Sinclair, we are all equals here.
You are here for the same reason
these other women are. Don't forget
that.

Ms. Yellowfield turns and takes her leave.

DIANA (V.O.)
That's not true. I'm special. I'm the
star. I'm the star. I am.

Diana turns her face away. Her features contort as she attempts to not let any tears spill.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - FRONT HALLWAY - 2
HOURS LATER

The last woman leaves the phone room. Diana lifts her teary eyes up and gasps. She approaches the phone room. Tony slams down a sign that says "CLOSED."

DIANA
Hey, I -

TONY
Sorry. Phone's closed. Free time's
over and if you're not back soon
they'll get me in trouble.

Diana looks to the analog clock hung up in the phone room corner.

DIANA
There's 30 minutes left in free time.

Tony shrugs. He puts his foot up on the counter.

DIANA (cont'd)
UGH! JUST -

Libby steps out of the phone room. The two catch each others eyes.

DIANA (cont'd)
Libby? I didn't even see you.

Libby smiles sadly.

LIBBY
You wouldn't talk to me no matter how much I nudged you. Tony even suggested I skip your place in line.

Diana blinks. She turns back to Tony.

DIANA
I need to use the phone.

TONY
Closed.

LIBBY
But there are 30 minutes left in free time.

Tony glares and shushes Libby.

LIBBY (cont'd)
Come on, Tony. Let her use it.

Libby glares. Tony swallows.

LIBBY (cont'd)
It would be bad if Ms.Yellowfield knew you were pressuring patients into shacking up again.

Diana blinks. She turns to Tony.

DIANA
(sarcastic)
So, I'm not the first?

Tony groans. He slaps a palm to his forehead.

TONY
Five minutes. That's all you've got.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - PHONE ROOM - NEXT

The phone rings for Diana. She instantly picks it up.

LENNY

Christ, I've been trying to get in
contact with you all day.

A vision comes back to Diana where Danny's large hands reach
her small, child thighs. Diana snaps back to reality and
gags.

DIANA

Danny's here. He's here. How? Why
aren't you here.

Diana chokes on her breath.

LENNY

I've been trying to, Diana. Every
time I've called I get sent straight
voicemail.

Diana sucks in a large gulp of air.

LENNY (cont'd)

I've called the main family concern
lines and I get dismissed. I lie and
say I'm your brother and they don't
listen.

Diana swallows.

DIANA

I don't - I don't know why.

Lenny clicks his tongue.

LENNY

It's almost as if they're preventing
you from seeing me.

DIANA

Danny donated to Grovewell. According
to Yellowfield, he's doing so to help
me get sober.

Diana rubs her temples. She takes a deep breath and grounds
herself. Her eyes open wide.

LENNY

Oh, Christ. I'll advocate - no,
demand that you're removed from this
shithole and taken to a facility
where that pedophile -

DIANA

I have to talk to Danny.

LENNY

What? Absolutely not.

DIANA

Lenny. They say here that everyone is rich. They like to insist we're equals, but we're not.

LENNY

What do you mean?

DIANA

I mean, I keep hearing about drug trades. And now Danny's bought the place. I can get him to fuck off.

Diana swallows.

DIANA (cont'd)

I have to see Danny. I have to. Then we can organize from there. He has more money than you, I guess.

Diana runs a hand through her hair.

DIANA (cont'd)

They won't let me see you until I do. I'll just see what he wants. And tell him to go fuck himself after all these years.

LENNY

I'll find a fucking way to see you. I don't want you in a room with that monster.

DIANA

I can do it! I can do it. It will be short. He can't do anything to me in there.

LENNY

Diana, no.

DIANA

Yes. This is the only way. I can finally say my piece and have him leave me alone forever.

LENNY

This is not a smart idea. Diana -

Diana slams down the phone.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - LUNCH ROOM - TWO DAYS LATER

Diana and Libby eat their lunch together. Diana's eyebrows are knitted, lost in thought. Libby is mumbling something.

DIANA

What?

LIBBY

What are you thinking about?

DIANA

Oh. Um.

Diana plays with her food with her fork.

DIANA (cont'd)

Just... my overdose, I guess.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. DIANA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Ralph lets himself in with the spare key Diana has given him.

RALPH

Diiiiiaaannaaaa!

There is utter silence. Ralph purses his lips.

RALPH (cont'd)

Diana! Listen, alright, Paul McCartney just called, which is already an insane sentence, but hear me out.

Silence. Ralph pales a little.

RALPH (cont'd)

Come on! News of the century, we're gonna meet the Beatles.

Silence. Ralph navigates through the apartment. He hears shallow, zombie like breathing from the other side of the bathroom door. Ralph slowly opens the door.

INT. DIANA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - SAME

RALPH

Diana...?

Diana lays on the floor, catatonic, spit fizzling out of her mouth. Ralph gasps and his lip quivers. Emotion consumes him and he bursts into frightened tears.

INT. DIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - NEXT

Ralph bolts over to the phone. He dials 911.

RALPH
I need - I - I need an ambulance. My
friend is overdosing. Please hurry.

Ralph takes several shaky breaths.

END FLASHBACK

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - LUNCH ROOM

Libby looks at Diana with soft eyes.

LIBBY
(gently)
Yeah?

DIANA
Yeah.

Diana blinks.

DIANA (cont'd)
What was that with Tony last night?

Libby laughs awkwardly.

LIBBY
It's happened before to other girls
before you.

DIANA
Like you?

Libby grimaces.

DIANA (cont'd)
Sorry.

LIBBY
I needed it at the time. He got in
trouble shortly after because I can't
keep my mouth shut. And it was nice
to feel wanted.

DIANA
Well, I want you, if that's any
comfort.

Libby and Diana lock eyes. Libby's face turns tomato red.
Diana swallows, embarrassed.

MARCIA
Hey.

Diana and Libby snap their heads up to see Marcia standing
there with a hand on her hip. Marcia sits down across from
both of them.

MARCIA (cont'd)
Gracie.

Diana and Libby blink.

DIANA
Who?

MARCIA
Seriously? Ugh. My friend that was
molested by your old pedophile
director.

Diana swallows. Marcia taps her hands on the lunch table.

MARCIA (cont'd)
He's visiting, right? Saw him outside
a couple of days ago.

Diana grits her teeth.

DIANA
So?

MARCIA
So, he wants you. To talk to you. I
need your help.

Diana says nothing. Her face is kept blank.

LIBBY
Marcia, I don't think -

MARCIA
Shut up, freak.

DIANA
(threatening)
Hey.

Marcia shrugs.

MARCIA

Find out what you can from him. Make him bleed. He's only visiting you so he can bribe you into staying quiet.

Libby shifts in her seat.

LIBBY

But he could hurt her.

MARCIA

Nothing will happen to her here.

Marcia turns and locks eyes with Diana.

LIBBY

You don't know that!

DIANA

Are you high?

Marcia scoffs.

MARCIA

I wish.

DIANA

You left that note for me under my door the first night I got here.

Marcia's eyebrows furrow.

MARCIA

What note?

DIANA

Don't lie.

MARCIA

Listen, brat. I may be a total cunt, but I'm not a liar. Right, Libby?

Libby bites her lip. She turns to Diana.

LIBBY

It's true, Diana.

DIANA

I'm seeing him today.

LIBBY

What?!

MARCIA
Libby, don't you dare fucking
interfere.

DIANA
It's fine, Libby. I've got this. And
I'll help you, Marcia. Even though
you're a total cunt.

Marcia grins.

MARCIA
Let's work together, then.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - VISITOR ROOM -
EVENING

Diana taps her foot rapidly against the carpet.

DIANA (V.O.)
I don't know why I'm so anxious.

Diana adjusts her NON-LACED SNEAKERS.

DIANA (V.O.) (cont'd)
I haven't seen him in years.

She takes a deep breath.

DIANA
I can do this.

The door opens. Diana's head snaps over to the sound. Danny
Liverwalks stands in the doorway, his eyes beady and small.
Diana shows nothing on her face.

DANNY
Hey, kid.

Diana fights a grimace she wants to make.

DIANA
Hi, Danny.

Danny walks over and his clothes make contact with Diana's
skin. She sucks in a deep breath. Danny moves over to the
chair across from her and sits. He pulls his leg to rest
over his bent knee.

DANNY
Long time no see!

Diana laughs awkwardly.

DIANA (V.O.)
Why can't I say anything?

Danny's eyes look Diana up and down.

DANNY
You've really filled up.

Diana flinches. Danny laughs cruelly.

DANNY (cont'd)
You know, I've never really needed
anyone before. I've always got by
doing things by myself, being by
myself.

DIANA (V.O.)
I don't want to be here anymore. But
I can't move.

DANNY
Never needed anyone. Just use and
climb to the top. Kind of what your
dad taught you, yeah?

DIANA
(shaky)
Yeah.

Danny grins.

DANNY
Yeah. So, here's the deal, I won't
yap at you long. I need you to come
out and say I didn't do anything.

DIANA
Why?

DANNY
Do you think that Gwen, Gracie,
whatever her name is, was the only
one I took photos of.

Diana's face turns as white as a sheet. She shakes. Danny
tsks and wags his finger.

DANNY (cont'd)
I got some of you when you were under
18. Scandalous, right? All those
times you fell asleep early, I'd been
putting drugs in your smoothies.

Diana gasps. Tears spill down Diana's face. She makes no noise as she cries.

DIANA

What?

Danny sighs.

DANNY

Still as stupid as ever. Do you really think the first time I fucked you was when you were 18?

Diana croaks. Danny chuckles. He pulls out a set of Polaroids. Diana is a preteen, passed out on the set couch, her shirt lifted up to see her breasts. Danny sorts through the Polaroids, each photo more pornographic.

DANNY (cont'd)

You've gotten uglier with age.

Diana leans back in the chair. Her face is ghost-pale. Her eyes are empty.

DANNY (cont'd)

Hellooooo? Earth to Di?

Diana snaps her head up. She speaks, but struggles.

DIANA

You'll lose everything if you release those photos.

DANNY

Maybe. But then again, I'm already on the verge of losing everything. And once I do, I'll have nothing to lose.

Danny sneers. Diana chokes on her breath.

DANNY (cont'd)

So! I can trust you on this, right? Stay clean so you can get out of rehab early and you can make your statement.

Danny stands up. He gets close to Diana and leans down to whisper in her ear.

DANNY (cont'd)

You know what will happen if you don't.

Danny walks out the room. Diana gags. She runs to the trashcan in the corner of the room and throws up.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - HALLWAY - NEXT

Diana bolts down the hallway with tears streaming down her face.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - LEFT WING HALLWAY-SAME

Diana bolts down another hallway. She finds the bathroom and swings the door open.

INT. GROVEWELLS REHABILITATION CENTER - LEFT WING BATHROOM

Diana finds that there is no one here waiting for her with drugs.

DIANA
GODDAMNIT!

She slams her foot against the tiled wall. She screams. She slaps the soap dispensers. She stomps her feet. Libby walks in, her eyes wide.

LIBBY
Diana?

Diana stops her rampage. Her nose is red and her eyes are bloodshot.

LIBBY (cont'd)
(softly)
It didn't go well?

A wretched sob escapes Diana's throat.

DIANA
If you don't have drugs then get the fuck out.

LIBBY
Diana...

DIANA
GET OUT!

LIBBY
NO!

Diana takes a step back, her eyes wide. Libby's chest rises and falls rapidly.

LIBBY (cont'd)
You were kind to me when no one else
was, even though I'm a fucking
monster.

Libby steps forward and pulls Diana into a tight embrace.

LIBBY (cont'd)
So let me do the same for you.

Diana's face contorts. She sobs loudly into Libby's shoulder. Libby shushes her. Diana returns the embrace. She looks into Libby's eyes.

DIANA
I have to stay sober, but I really,
really don't want to.

LIBBY
I know. Me too.

Diana sniffles.

LIBBY (cont'd)
Can you start from the beginning?
What happened?

Diana takes a deep breath.

FADE OUT

