

RAINY DAY PEOPLE

Pilot

"Suicide is Painless"

Written by

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**GRAN VIA PRODUCTIONS
AMC TV NETWORKS**

OVER BLACK:

Audio is fuzzy. Analog reel-to-reel, nigh-dictaphone.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

The future is a guess. The future is a storehouse in which to place all our better intentions and lock them away, in the hopes of never having to act upon them.

FADE IN:

Scratched and faded 16mm print. That kind of Kodachrome deliciousness that makes reality look like something slightly different than what it is.

Hidden beach beneath sea cliffs. White sand in shadow. Pacific surf gently lapping, navy water flowing into white foam. Soft trade winds bending the silhouettes of palm trees.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

This storehouse does not exist. It is a void. A black hole that destroys the potential goodness and joy of your life.

LONG CROSS FADE (YES, A CROSS FADE!):

INT. TWO SHORES COMMUNITY ROOM -- NIGHT

40 years ago, inside a teak wood dome, no-nail construction. Lit by a bright oil lamp and hurricane lantern. Darkness cloaking the entire back of the room, save for the face of:

ARTHUR AARONS. Long free-flowing black hair. Thick uncombed beard. VERY CLOSE ON his face, frame right, peering at us with wise but half-crazed eyes--someone who is wildly sober.

ARTHUR

Take back those good intentions and lay them at your feet. Sort through them like trinkets bought at a bazaar. Then turn them into smoke.

DEEP TRIBAL HAND PAHU DRUM BEGINS. Rapid tempo.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Inhale the smoke deeply into your lungs. Let it flow through you, transforming itself into action.

A LIGHT SLOWLY FADES UP BEHIND ARTHUR. Some MAN is actually playing that tribal drum inside this very room. Shirtless, glistening from sweat, extremely tan, sitting full lotus in baggy silk shorts. Large rings of colorful mala beads are strung around his neck. Beaming, he's at one with his rhythm.

DRUMMING MAN
(chant-singing full
voice)
AAAAH-HA-HAAAAAAAAAAA!

ARTHUR (V.O.)
(undisturbed)
Your judgment is no longer
clouded. Your actions are
pure. You are now acting from
vow. The vow you made to
yourself.

DRUMMING MAN
(gibberish tongues)
AMAYA-CANOYO-
REAAAHAAAHHHHHH...

ARTHUR (V.O.)
'I am the universe. I am
light. I am equanimity. There
is no need for the crutch of
self-pity. The bottle, the
joint, the needle, the
codependent smallness of the
mundane. For I am the
strength and resolve of all
life, of the ten thousand
things, of a vivid now.'

DRUMMING MAN
DEDANTOYA-MEYAAA... LOVE AND
LOVE AND LOVE AND LOVE AND
LOOOOVEEEEE--

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
The secret inside becomes
obvious. That secret... is--

EXTREMELY HARSH FILM CUT:

Like a hand-made splice on a work print, jarring into --

MONTAGE -- MODERN DAY LIFE:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- NOW

Even though we're now in crisp, digital (and godless) 1080p, this whole sequence is shot like the intro to Mary Tyler Moore or Rhoda, full of ZOOMS and WHIP PANS and all kinds of old tricks the modern audience has forgotten it loves.

BEGIN PLAYBACK: "GEORGY GIRL" BY THE SEEKERS.

-- YOUNG PEOPLE in fashionable summer work clothes heading down 5th Avenue.

-- Joggers and Yoga Moms in Central Park, pushing baby carriages as they run.

-- Bike couriers, tourists, students on the steps of libraries, on the High Line, on the ferry, on the boardwalks.

-- Subway stops, gym treadmills, hundred year old garment factories. Old, young, in between, wealthy, poor, every color, gender.

-- EVERY ONE OF THEM STARING AT A FUCKING PHONE. --

Earbuds in, headphones on. Not looking at anything around them. Thumbs touching screens, scrolling fast. Every face from every walk of life expressionless, eyes lost, flat.

EXT. AVENUE D, ALPHABET CITY -- DAY

A young white woman in a Barneys New York skirt, blazer, couple of years away from 30. She's on her phone, too, tapping away as she walks past a shuttered Sicilian bakery... CAROLINE DAY (27) then heads inside a terra cotta building.

EXT. ROOFTOP, TERRA COTTA BUILDING -- DAY

CLOSE ON dainty cucumber canapes. Calligraphy above pronounces them 'gluten free.'

PAN ACROSS to another calligraphy note: 'Toasting Drinks -- Kir Royale.' Flutes of champagne bedecked with red prosecco.

Woman's hand--Apple Watch on the wrist--swipes one up -- WIDER ON Caroline as she moves into this soiree. A Norman Rockwell painting of a guy approaches, ANDY (30), tieless suit, great smile. He kisses Caroline.

CAROLINE

You HAVE to read this insane thing that's trending, about how letting dogs lick you can actually lead to blood infection, I guess there's this bacteria called, um... *capnocytophaga*? In their saliva and this one guy in Wisconsin had to get, like, three limbs amputated--

ANDY

(kisses her cheek)
Good to see you, too.

CAROLINE

Sorry, sorry, here--

Caroline pulls out her phone, turns it on herself, Andy -- They do that all-too-familiar shoulder swivel towards each other that warns a selfie is about to take place -- SNAP.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
 Congratulations.

ANDY
 Thank you.
 (pause)
 Okay, I gotta do the talking thing.
 (pause, sincere)
 I love you.

CAROLINE
 I love you, too.

She hits him on the butt just as he starts to walk off. But once he disappears, an awkwardness enters her eyes.

INT. NEARLY EMPTY MALL -- DAY

A carry-over from the halcyon days of 90's brick and mortar. Most of the storefronts are dark, empty, with chain gates pulled down. Consumer cicada husks.

PICK UP AN OVERWEIGHT WOMAN IN HER 50's riding an electric cart slowly down the wide open corridor towards us, her face blank. She veers into the sad food court and we STAY WITH an elderly man, maybe late 60's or mid-70's.

Black cotton Japanese samue, pale linen underneath. Pants tied with a drawstring, sandals, beads. Unmistakably ARTHUR AARONS from our earlier film, but over 40 years older. Hair and beard more gray, but that's maybe the only difference.

He moves slowly, lost. But, then he spots it, turns --

The Apple Store.

INT. APPLE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

Arthur strolls inside, and seems overwhelmed by the elegant angles, the phalanx of smooth devices, the cadre of worker bees in uniform t-shirts, and finally the lost souls gathered in a de facto waiting area, as if imprisoned at the DMV.

He humbly approaches a GEN-Z EMPLOYEE (24)--a woman with sleeve tattoos and a nose ring:

ARTHUR
 Greetings, greetings... I'm, um...
 I'm here to buy an iPhone.

GEN-Z EMPLOYEE
 Cool, which model?

ARTHUR

Uh...

GEN-Z EMPLOYEE

There's the 10 64 Gig and the 10 256 Gig, we also have the 8 and the 8 Plus 64 and 256, both have the glass back for wireless charging, so does the 10, and if you want to go down from there we have the 7 and the 7 Plus, both at 32 and 64 and 128, and we have the 6, 6 Plus, and 6s.

(off his expression:)

How old are you?

ARTHUR

(surprised)

Pretty... damn old...

GEN-Z EMPLOYEE

You'll want a Plus--

ARTHUR

Can I have a 9, I like 9, numerologically, wisdom and initiation--

GEN-Z EMPLOYEE

9's not out yet, you want the 10 or the 8?

Arthur stares at her blankly. What is happening?

EXT. ROOFTOP, TERRA COTTA BUILDING -- DAY

Caroline is now with TRACY (31), nine months pregnant, African American, and GREG (30), her husband.

TRACY

Look at him.

Tracy's pointing to Andy. CAROLINE'S POV: A few feet away, he's glad-handing like a pro, making folks laugh.

TRACY (CONT'D)

We are so proud of what he's done, and in just under a year. Nearly a hundred thousand dedicated users, it's amazing.

CAROLINE

I know, I'm proud, too, and today's our six-month anniversary, isn't that crazy, time moves fast--

GREG

We still talk about your wedding, top three all-time, for sure.

TRACY

(re: her baby bump)
Your mom on you to get one of these yet?

Caroline smiles politely, takes a gulp of her kir royale.

INT. APPLE STORE -- DAY

The Gen-Z employee returns and plops down an iPhone X box. Arthur picks it up.

ARTHUR

Yes, X! Strong, and Roman!

He places it down, gets out his wallet (small beaded purse from just below his armpit?).

GEN-Z EMPLOYEE

And are you Sprint, Verizon, AT&T--

ARTHUR

I don't, uh... I don't think any--

GEN-Z EMPLOYEE

Oh, okay. Do you have an Apple ID?

ARTHUR

Negatory, Big Ben.
(counts out bills)
20, 40, 60, 80...

The employee stares at the wrinkled cash as if it's alien refuse from another dimension.

GEN-Z EMPLOYEE

(walks away)
I'm gonna get my manager.

Arthur watches her go. Leans against the white counter. Takes it all in. Snapshots of tech-interwoven life:

SCHOOL TEACHER
I can't get it to upgrade to
the new O/S--

HAIRDRESSER
But where did all my pictures
go--

PARALEGAL
It won't sync with the cloud--

MOTHER OF FOUR
It doesn't recognize my
fingerprint anymore--

Arthur's attention goes to two customers at the GENIUS BAR--a
MIDDLE-AGED WHITE MAN in a tie, late for something. The other
is younger, Hawaiian, BASEBALL CAP, 6-year-old daughter.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
Hey, I scheduled my
appointment two weeks ago--

BASEBALL CAP
I just want to sync my
AirPods--

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
Then you should wait in line like
everyone else--

EXT. ROOFTOP, TERRA COTTA BUILDING -- DAY

The sun is starting to disappear. Caroline stands in a moment
of quiet amidst the din to lean on the ledge of the building
and look out on the storied horizon, finishing her kir.
Wedding band against glass - Ding Ding Ding Ding Ding.

Caroline turns with the rest of the gathering. Past the
strings of Edison bulbs hung over a logo sign on an easel--
'RACER'--Andy steps into the center of the group, along with
a Middle-Eastern American man in glasses and a button-up, ALI
(29). Everyone quiets down as Andy raises his hands.

CROWD MEMBER (O.S.)
We love you, Andy!

WOOS and CHEERS -- He smiles --

ANDY
I love you all, too. More than you
know. Anyway, the cat is officially
out of the bag--Racer has secured
its second round of financing--

More CHEERS and CLAPS --

INT. GENIUS BAR, APPLE STORE -- DAY

The two customers are in each other's faces, heated --

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Look, buddy, I've got fifteen minutes to fix my Time Machine before I need to be downtown--

BASEBALL CAP

I ain't your buddy, *haole*, sorry you're in a rush to back up your dick pics--

The middle-aged man LUNGES at the other guy -- That guy feints right, grabs him by the dress shirt -- handfuls of fabric, awkward struggle, wild punches on shoulders -- things get untucked -- Others are STUNNED, can't move --

ARTHUR (O.S.)

(loudly, great voice)

WELL, I DON'T KNOW IF ALL THAT'S TRUE, 'CAUSE YOU GOT ME, AND BABY, I GOT YOU...

The men freeze -- Turn and see Arthur standing only a few feet away from them, arms outstretched and smiling. Reflexive muscles, the men jockey for half a second, but:

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

BABE. I GOT YOU, BABE. I GOT YOU, BABE.

EXT. ROOFTOP, TERRA COTTA BUILDING -- DAY

Andy and Ali speechifying --

ANDY

We wouldn't have survived these last six months if it weren't for Ali's genius programming, our team's resilience--

ALI

--and Andy's mouth--

LAUGHTER.

ANDY

Yep. My talking skills are unparalleled, aren't they?
(pause, a little sober)
But I don't want to talk tonight. I feel like I've done enough of that. Talk. Talk. Talk some more. Fill a room with...

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)
 ideas, and promises, and...
 abstract notions of what it'll all
 be like. Right? Right.

People quietly listen, Caroline especially. Where's he going?

INT. GENIUS BAR, APPLE STORE -- DAY

Arthur now stands between the two men, arm around each of them as if they're all best friends -- He's charismatic, holds mystifying eye contact --

BASEBALL CAP
 ...Kai.

ARTHUR
 (to middle-aged men)
 This is Kai. What's your name?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
 ...Brent--

Arthur swivels on them, still keeps hands on their shoulders.

ARTHUR
Hi, there. Brent, do you have
 children?
 (before he can answer)
 I do. A daughter. She's all grown
 up now, but she's still all mine.
 (to crowd)
 Who here has a daughter? Who here
 IS a daughter? Raise your hands,
 raise your hands...

People are still shocked, but a few hands get half-raised.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 I'm a son. To a Unitarian Minister,
 City of Chicago, 1950 and 9, what a
 summer that was.
 (to Brent and Kai)
 Brent and Kai, you're both sons.
 You were once little boys. Can you
 remember that?

They don't necessarily want to. But, a passing glint in them.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 (to store)
 Who here is a mother, a father? Who
 had a mother, a father? Who *misses*
 their mother and father? C'mon.

Even some employees raise their hands now. A few people record Arthur with their iPhones.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What is a line? Who cuts in front of what? What is a phone? Who are we really talking to? Ourselves. A bird chirps. We hear it. It needs us to be heard. The sound does not exist without us. We do not exist with its chirp. Even after death, the chirping continues.

(suddenly sings again)

I GOT YOU, BABE!

Arthur turns to the little girl.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Sing, sing, sweetheart!

LITTLE GIRL

I got you babe!

CHUCKLES and 'Aww's. Her father smiles down at her.

EXT. ROOFTOP, TERRA COTTA BUILDING -- DAY

Andy, lost --

ANDY

At the end of the day, what does Racer do? What is it? Can I hold it in my hand? Can I hold anything in my hand? (to Caroline)
Can I? I don't know anymore.

ARTHUR AND APPLE STORE (PRE-LAP V.O.)

(quiet, under Andy)

THEN PUT YOUR LITTLE HAND IN MINE, THERE AIN'T NO HILL OR MOUNTAIN WE CAN'T CLIMB...

Her mouth opens as if to answer... but Andy turns back...

ANDY

So, what is this? What is...

ARTHUR AND APPLE STORE (PRE-LAP V.O.)

(louder, under Andy)

BABE! I GOT YOU, BABE! I GOT YOU, BABE!

SONNY AND CHER (V.O.)

(full fidelity)

Babe! I got you, babe! I got you, babe!

He fades off. Looks down. Things are uncomfortable. He looks back up, shaking all that out of his head.

SONNY (V.O.)

I got you to hold my hand...

ACT ONE

EXT. INLAND HOME CABIN -- DAY (ESTABLISHING)

Wonderful dark wood cured by sea air. Welcoming hand-laid porch with a plumeria tree in front; many of its pink blossoms have been carried to the ground by breeze. Iron weather vane. Dirt path. Ocean in the distance. Paradise.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, INLAND HOME CABIN -- DAY

BEHIND A WOMAN IN HER MID-40's. She stands at the side of a rod-iron king bed made with paisley sheets, colorful throws. The country window is half-open at the mullion. Breeze lightly blows her messy mop of weird black hair.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(muttering, from behind)

The grateful grasshopper is
grateful for the grass...

PUSH OVER HER SHOULDER as she grabs round wireframe spectacles from the tabletop and turns as she puts them on.

IN A CLOSE-UP, we see her inquisitive, prodigial eyes. This is CONRAD AARONS.

INT. KITCHEN & LIVING ROOM, INLAND HOME CABIN -- DAY

Conrad walks out into the larger area briskly, snagging a 1000-calorie cinnamon bun with one motion, taking a big bite with another. She dutifully stacks books, journals, an iPad.

She turns and sees... A MAN STANDING IN THE FRONT DOORWAY. Rugged, handsome, outdoorsy, six-foot-something, barefoot.

CONRAD

(shoulders sinking)

Darryl... We've been over this--

DARRYL

Why won't you talk to me?

(before she can answer)

Don't you get it? I love you. And all you do is shut the door.

CONRAD

(delicate)

I... Look. I care about you so much. But... it can't--

Darryl BACKHANDS a porcelain jade lamp, shattering it. She eyes the open door behind him --

CONRAD (CONT'D)
 (tries to walk past him)
 Let's go outside, get some air--

DARRYL
 (grabbing her, furious)
 Don't TRICK me--

She tries to push away but his hands go to her throat and TIGHTEN -- All at once, he's strangling her --

DARRYL (CONT'D)
 We LOVE each other, you're LYING--

Conrad is no match for him -- Her eyes flutter --

A MAN IN BLUE SCRUBS, JEANS RUSHES IN -- THROWING ALL OF HIS WEIGHT INTO DARRYL -- They fall over an expensive futon, through a wicker coffee table, landing on the bamboo floor --

Conrad drops away, gasping, on all fours --

The smaller man tries to subdue Darryl, but Darryl KNOCKS HIM UNCONSCIOUS with a painful punch to the head --

Conrad scrambles away on her feet as Darryl lunges for her... AN ORDERLY AND NURSE (TERRY and GINA DEL RIO, 38) STORM IN, restraining him -- One hits him in the butt with a needle. They pull him back, hold his arms as he fights.

CONRAD
 (breathless, to orderly)
 Lorazepam?
 (Gina nods)
 Tell me haloperidol, too.
 (other orderly nods)
 Can you guys make it 15 minutes?

DARRYL (CONT'D)
 DON'T DO THIS TO ME, CONRAD!
 PLEASE!

GINA
 (holding Darryl)
 If Nixon gets his ass in here--

Another tall orderly enters, NIXON, helps restrain Darryl, who's now sobbing -- Nixon holds Darryl's legs --

CONRAD
 (jumping to her feet)
 Don't hurt him, don't hurt him--

Conrad crouches right in front of Darryl at a safe distance.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
 How many mountains have you
 climbed, Darryl?
 (off his stunned look)
 Tell me how many mountains you've
 climbed again, can you list them?

DARRYL
 (calming as he thinks)
 ...Denali. Elbrus a couple times.
 The Andes...

Darryl meets her eyes. The orderlies loosen their grip a bit.

CONRAD
 Darryl, love is a wonderful thing,
 with a great capacity to heal.
 Together, we're going to find a way
 to take all that love you have
 inside of you and put it to good
 use. Okay?

Darryl wipes the streaks from his eyes. Nods. Conrad nods to
 the orderlies, who carefully escort Darryl from the house.

The small man who was knocked unconscious is now stirring on
 the floor behind Conrad. She goes to him, kneels over him.

He rises to his elbows. This is PETER LIGHTMAN (early 40's).

CONRAD (CONT'D)
 You okay?

PETER
 Are you?

She sits back onto the floor, closes her eyes, rubs them.

CONRAD
 How did he get in here?

PETER
 I don't know, I'll talk to Gina--

CONRAD
 Where were you?

PETER
 In the garden. The beefsteak
 tomatoes are ripe and some of the
 patients wanted to pick them--

CONRAD

Well, Darryl's a residual schizophrenic who's still suffering from erotomania, so--

PETER

Residual? He could've killed you.
(pause)
You're welcome, by the way.

CONRAD

Um, he John Cena'd you through my mom's coffee table.

PETER

I'm having him transferred to County today.

CONRAD

No. He's making progress.

PETER

Honey--

CONRAD

(standing)
God, we're doing 'honey' now?

PETER

Okay, 'Doctor Aarons,' it's my medical opinion that he be transferred to County, being that I am also a doctor.

CONRAD

Yes, a Doctor of Nursing Practice. And I'm a Doctor of Psychiatry.

Peter stands up, hurt. She can tell she went too far.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Peter...

(off his look)

Remember when Colleen stabbed you with that letter opener? And she's back in San Diego as a paralegal.

A beat, then he exhales in begrudging agreement.

PETER

You sure you're okay?

CONRAD

...no... but... I'm sure it'll surface as irrational behavior in a couple days.

PETER

PTSDarryl?

She rolls her eyes, but she can't help but smile. Peter hugs her tight, and she accepts it, holding him, too, eyes closed.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'll cook you dinner tonight. Those beefsteaks should make a good marinara.

CONRAD

Great. And you can also check on the patients in the garden before they eat each other.

She's smiling, but he feels chided again, and leaves as she stuffs her journals, books, and iPad into a backpack and heads out the door...

EXT. TWO SHORES CAMPUS -- DAY

WE FOLLOW HER across this sprawling, serene, and unusual place. A mix of rustic buildings and modern medical oases.

Three people spinning pottery clay, working their feet. Secluded benches with people reading. A giant antique *bonsho* bell hanging inside a wooden shelter. A young man, 20's, skull cap on, HITS IT by swinging a beam of wood into it.

CONRAD

(passing, over loud ring)
Frank, Frank, people are still asleep at 7am, right? The *bonsho* is only for large assemblies or typhoons.

(he nods, apologetic)
Thank you, Frank.

She continues on -- a woman with fried silver hair and a Brooklyn accent approaches, walks with her -- FAE (50's) -- She wears a colorful blanket-like garment --

FAE

Dr. Aarons, what do you think of my sobriety poncho?

CONRAD
 (touching it)
 Oh my God, is it done?

FAE
 Sewn myself, four months of work,
 four months bone dry sober.

CONRAD
 Fae! Oh! It's beautiful!

Conrad hugs her tightly. Tears in Fae's eyes.

FAE
 Thank you... so much...

CONRAD
 Wear it with pride, gal. You earned
 it.

Fae beams as she heads away. Conrad's assistant approaches, confident but naive and bright-eyed--ZUZU (28) would've joined the Peace Corps otherwise.

ZUZU
 Call with DBSA at 11 then nursing
 staff meeting at 2, and then a call
 at 4 with the Joint Commission to
 discuss accreditation renewal--

CONRAD
 Jeez, busy day again--

ZUZU
 You can cut short rounds by a half
 hour and move up DBSA if you'd
 like, pick them up later--

CONRAD
 No, no, no, I'm not doing that--

ZUZU
 And here's the courtesy shuttle.
 (checks clipboard)
 Caroline Day.

A small shuttle painted white with a blue curling river across its side doors pulls into the front entrance. 'TWO SHORES' is written across it as well in a gentle font.

The side door opens. CAROLINE steps out, hair in a ponytail, makeup gone. Pricey Lululemon pants, pristine new running shoes. Outrigger duffel over her shoulder.

Conrad approaches with Zuzu in tow.

CONRAD
Welcome to Two Shores, Caroline.

Conrad takes her hand for a shake, but then places her other on top of it. Caroline's not sure about all this.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
I'm Dr. Aarons. We're going to take
good care of you. I promise.
(pause)
You're safe here.

INT. MAIN AREAS, WELCOME CABIN -- DAY

DETAIL SHOTS: Hand-sanded wood, furniture that speaks to the culture of the region placed in accordance with feng shui.

CONRAD (PRE-LAP V.O.)
Our facility's been here for nearly
50 years in various incarnations.
We'll get you a tour in a minute,
but first...

INT. CONRAD'S OFFICE, WELCOME CABIN -- DAY

One of the older, more untouched rooms, with dark lacquered walls made of found wood, a sizable library shelf, artifacts and curios from a lifetime of devotion to the mind.

CONRAD (O.S.)
You have any questions before we
dig into it?

It feels like a professor's study, but also has echoes in its corners of some sort of spiritual shaman. It feels as if this office once belonged to someone else...

CAROLINE
How much is this place costing my
mom?

CONRAD
Well... we are out-of-network, but
you wouldn't be here if everything
weren't clear--

CAROLINE
So you're not going to tell me.

CONRAD
Truthfully? I don't know yet.

Awkward silence for a few beats.

CAROLINE
I'm guessing you're gonna talk
about Andy now.

Caroline picks up a small red paper crane from a collection of three on Conrad's desk. She looks up, can see the earnest sincerity in Conrad's eyes. It's almost like a tractor beam for her subconscious... But:

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
You know... things happen...

She plays with the crane and is able to make its wings flap. Conrad doesn't push further. Instead:

CONRAD
I can teach you how to make those.
Ten steps, two minutes.
(Caroline puts it down)
How've you been since?

CAROLINE
Fine, I mean...

CONRAD
Fine?

CAROLINE
I mean, obviously not 'fine'--but
after the funeral... I've taken
time off work, which has been a
relief, things have been... crazy.
With work. I went home for a while,
that's been nice, just to...
(tightening a little)
It was my mom's idea for me to come
here.

CONRAD
Why do you think she wanted you to
do that?

CAROLINE
No, I mean, she *suggested* it, I
thought it was--I don't know. I
guess she thought I could use some
rest.

CONRAD
Does that sound good?

CAROLINE
Yeah, of course. I got a new pair of Reeboks, you know... I wanna do some running, build up my miles, maybe get back into yoga--

CONRAD
You can certainly do all that here.

CAROLINE
Awesome, yeah, I saw, on the website.
(pause)
Also saw your dad--Arthur?--started this place?

CONRAD
...sort of, yeah.

CAROLINE
Cool.

A beat.

CONRAD
You mentioned the funeral. Can I ask you about that?

CAROLINE
Sure, of course--

CONRAD
What do you remember about it? That time.

CAROLINE
Ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...

Caroline jostles her foot. Has a face like she's really trying to think.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
It was in Connecticut. You know, a small family thing. Not a lot of...
(abrupt segue)
That reminds me, I saw that you can donate your skeleton to a med school. I guess the skeleton trade is suffering because China was selling a bunch of ones that weren't--I don't remember.
(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

But anyway. A skeleton is worth a lot of money, a real one. But it has to be in good shape, there can't be anything wrong with it.

(awkward pause)

Have you read that?

Conrad's just listening carefully. Observing. Then:

CONRAD

Great. Well, like I said, welcome. I'm really looking forward to working with you--

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR behind Caroline -- She turns around and Conrad looks up -- An older, weathered woman with a wise face stands at the entrance. This is MARYLOU AARONS (60's to 70's). She's as if Gloria Steinem became a country doctor.

MARYLOU

Caroline?

CAROLINE

Hi, yes--

MARYLOU

(shaking her hand)

I'm Marylou, hi, nice to meet you--

CONRAD

Marylou runs the original medical clinic here, she built it--

CAROLINE

Oh, wow--

CONRAD

She's also my mom, ha.

CAROLINE

Oh. Cool.

MARYLOU

We like to think of Two Shores as a close-knit family. Can I show you around, take you to your cabin?

CAROLINE

Yes. Sure. Thanks.

CONRAD

(saying goodbye)

See you soon, Caroline.

Caroline follows Marylou out of the office. Conrad stands there for a moment, underlines 'funeral' in her notes. Hm.

MONTAGE -- CAROLINE'S TOUR:

Establishing main Welcome Cabin at the front of the property--

DETAIL SHOTS of rustic and notched with worn guest names from another time in the porch support posts, along with a very faded but detailed hand-painted Mandala on one wall.

Caroline takes it in. Marylou stands next to her.

MARYLOU

This land has been in my family for a couple generations. Though our methodologies have evolved over the years, one of our core tenets is that our therapeutic efforts are enhanced and reinforced by the grounds of Two Shores themselves.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN OUTSIDE -- A handful of patients harvest tomatoes while others mix soil in a wheelbarrow. Everyone has gloves, sun hats. Peter rakes freshly fertilized dirt.

PETER

This is great, guys, I think we got rid of most of the whiteflies.

OLDER MALE PATIENT

We should do scarlet runner beans in the Fall.

PETER

I think that'd be an enriching experience, Dan.

MARYLOU

Love those tomatoes.

(to Caroline)

This is Dr. Lightman, he runs our entire nursing department.

PETER

(shaking Caroline's hand)
Peter, welcome.

As they walk off, Marylou gives him a mother-in-law wink --

GRASSY GROVE AREA -- Group of people silently meditating.

MARYLOU

Zazen, Transcendental, Vipassana, Kundalini, Qigong, Metta practice, Guided Visualization, it's all here.

(MORE)

MARYLOU (CONT'D)

Check the Meditation Board for scheduling, no need to sign up, just show up.

CAROLINE

Where's the Meditation Board?

MARYLOU

Over by the shitters.

(realizing)

I'm sorry, ha, that's my country mouth!

GARAGE-STYLE ART SPACE -- People working at easels.

MARYLOU (CONT'D)

We have a dozen art programs... a lending library... even stables for our equine therapy program...

TREATMENT CENTER -- A few modern medical buildings, like a small corporate office space made of adobe but with locked glass doors, security pad entrances.

MARYLOU (CONT'D)

We also have this more intensive residential hub for patients with deeper struggles--

CAROLINE

Like what?

MARYLOU

Schizophrenia, suicidal depression, opioid and stimulant detox, acute psychosis--

CAROLINE

Okay, yikes--

MARYLOU

Keep in mind, we are a full hospital. Sure, we have trivia nights, and hiking trips, but people come from all over the world to stay here. And they come for treatment, in whatever form they need. Some to detoxify from life-threatening substances. Others might feel afraid even leaving their own houses. Victims of abuse, tragedy, war. Everyone is welcome here.

(MORE)

MARYLOU (CONT'D)

Some are even on 'scholarship'--
people we take in pro bono, because
they have nowhere else to go.

CAROLINE

(re: center)

Awesome, that's great, but-- I'm
good, I don't need to go in there--

MARYLOU

My point is: even if you did, we'd
take care of you.

-- Marylou and Caroline walk, the latter a little more
subdued. She stops when she sees two BURNED BUILDINGS several
yards off, along with a pile of bulldozed burned wood beyond
that's been there so long it's covered with wild weeds.

CAROLINE

(stopping)

What was that?

MARYLOU

Like I said, Two Shores has been
here a long time... many
evolutions.

Caroline hears OTHERWORLDLY CHIMES. Can't locate the source.

CAROLINE'S POV: one lone cabin stands near a high bluff.
Retro in design, dilapidated, weathered. Faded Navajo
blankets adorn the porch walls, along with a rocking chair
and some African drums. Smoke billows up behind the shack...

MARYLOU (CONT'D)

(seeing smoke, to self)

...okay, what now...

An elderly man sits hunched over on the porch, wearing a wool
poncho, sun-bleached and threadbare vintage Cubs cap while he
plinks at a junked up Washburn guitar. ARTHUR.

He's more than twenty yards away -- Caroline peers in his
direction, but has trouble making out a face under the shadow
of his ball cap, the height at which his cabin is perched.

ARTHUR

(sing-song folk)

*Hey Mom, hold the holiday ham / I'm
shippin' off to Vietnam...*

(keeps going of course)

*They say that I'll be back some
day, / Even though I'm gettin' a
Green Bereeeeeetttt...*

CAROLINE
(watching)
Is that a patient?

MARYLOU
(same tight smile)
Nope.
(steps forward, louder)
Pardon me, but what's burning?

ARTHUR
(stops, looks)
Boar. Nothin' like a big ol' PUA
for the masses.

MARYLOU
Can you please--

ARTHUR
Don't worry, it's buried in the
earth. All smoke, no fire. I know
the rules, babe.

Arthur then seems to notice Caroline. He puts his guitar down
and stands up, staring at her from his porch.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(to Marylou)
I, uh... I need to come by the
clinic house later, take you on a
mind ride. Epiphany in progress.

MARYLOU
I'll come to you--

ARTHUR
I need your HAL machine--

MARYLOU (CONT'D)
(to Caroline, sheepish)
--computer--

ARTHUR
--because it's got wi-fi--

MARYLOU
That's not how wi-fi works--

ARTHUR
Ah yes, but as Buckminster Fuller once
said...

Marylou has already walked off out of earshot, with Caroline.

GROVE OF A-FRAME CABIN LODGES -- Like something out of
Dwell's pages, organic design, symbiosis with nature. Marylou
lands in the center of a dirt path. Caroline joins her.

CAROLINE

So great you guys have wi-fi--

MARYLOU

It's only for staff, sorry. There *is* supervised internet use in the Welcome Cabin, but email only, no social media.

CAROLINE

Way ahead of you, read that in the packet, left my phone with my mom before I even got on the plane.

MARYLOU

(peering at her)

Good... because the phone embargo is for you. Remember that. It's so you can be here when you're here. Otherwise, we're all just wasting our time. Don't you agree?

Caroline stretches out her neck, frustrated. Then she sullenly digs in her pocket and hands over her iPhone.

MARYLOU (CONT'D)

(off Caroline's sourness)

Hey, no beef, kiddo.

(hand on her shoulder)

You're going to be *fine*. I'll quote a well-known guru: 'Nobody ever had a rainbow until they had the rain.'

Marylou steps aside and gestures to one of the A-frames.

MARYLOU (CONT'D)

Cabin Four. It's open.

(leans in, whispers)

Roy Scheider stayed in there right after Jaws.

(back to normal)

If you need anything, dial 2 on the house phone. That'll connect you to the nurse's office. And if you ever get a sniffle or a chill, you come see me at the clinic house. Okay?

But Caroline's staring at the rustic cabin in front of her.

INT. A-FRAME CABIN 4 -- DAY

Caroline walks inside. Takes in her new home. Big window. Modern wood. A little dusty. Two full beds next to each other like a Ramada Inn in the middle of nowhere.

QUICK MONTAGE -- CAROLINE INVESTIGATES:

-- Plastic cups in the kitchen cabinets.

-- The sink works.

-- Bathroom is nice. Shower is a walk-in rainforest-type.

-- Chest of drawers is empty.

Caroline tosses her bag on a bed... sees something under her pillow. She moves it. A beat-up copy of a book: Buddha in Blue Jeans, by Arthur Aarons.

She turns to his author photo on the back. Younger, but she recognizes the odd old man she encountered with Marylou.

DOOR OPENS -- DEEDEE (25) enters -- Iranian-American, ripped up pink hair, sleeve tattoos, tongue piercing. Barefoot, pajama pants, a t-shirt that says F**K LIKE A WOLF.

DEEDEE

(intense)

WHERE'S JAMIE? WHY IS ALL YOUR SHIT
ON JAMIE'S BED?

Caroline freezes. DeeDee bursts out laughing.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

C'mon! Girl, Interrupted! Angelina won the Oscar, man! And then she made out with that guy who was her brother or whatever?

(extends hand)

DeeDee.

CAROLINE

(takes it, wary)

...hi.

DEEDEE

Lemme guess: rape.

CAROLINE

What? No, I--

DEEDEE

(reggae voice)

Maybe a little slashin' da
wristies, den, ah-ha. Daddy got a
BIIIG dick and no rudeboi evah
match up to dah *tyick one*.

CAROLINE

(turns, shrinking away)

What movie is that from...

But DeeDee's not finished with trying to get her attention.

DEEDEE

I can get almost anything you want.
In case you haven't figured it out
yet, I'm the bull-goose loony.

(no recognition)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest?

(it's lost on Caroline)

Anyway... candy, cigarettes...
vibrator. You name it.

CAROLINE

You know the wi-fi password?

DEEDEE

I can get it.

Caroline produces a second iPhone from her bag and wakes up the screen. But the mobile service is nonexistent. No photos or anything stored on this device--not even an errant app.

INT. MARYLOU'S CLINIC, CLINIC CABIN -- MOMENTS LATER

The back wing of the seaside cabin. Its own glass-window door entrance from the outside, as well as one from the front of the house. This room has everything a rural doctor would need, even a couple paintings of poplars.

Arthur sits at Marylou's desk, trying to work her iMac while eating straight out of a bag of cheese balls, orange dust in his beard. She stands behind him, growing impatient.

ARTHUR

(re cheese balls)

Moksha won't let me have any of
this crap because of my blood
pressure--

MARYLOU
She's right--

ARTHUR
I consider myself lucky to
have had not one but two
wildly attractive female
health professionals look
after me in my lifetime.

MARYLOU
I don't look after you anymore.

ARTHUR
Now why would you go and say a
thing like that?

MARYLOU
Because we've been divorced since
1983. So can we get on with it?

Arthur shrugs, puts the cheese balls away.

ARTHUR
I got a letter from a Christy
Marie, 19, said she saw me in an
online Tube and that this Tube is a
big Tube, and that I'm a hero.

MARYLOU
What on EARTH are you talking
about?

ARTHUR
I wanna show you my Tube.
(realizing what he said)
'Hey, baby, take a look at my--'

MARYLOU
Arthur.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
There's some video with ME in
it, at the Apple Store.
Somebody recorded what I did,
c'mon.

Marylou leans over him, having had enough. Searches 'Arthur Aarons.' We won't have time to REALLY take in all of this, but, as per Google, when one searches someone famous, a full but brief profile comes up as the first thing presented, complete with pictures. Arthur's reads as such:

ARTHUR AARONS
Spiritual Philosopher, Author

OVERVIEW VIDEOS QUOTES BOOKS MORE

A small row of photos of Arthur under that -- him in full young guru mode (from our beginning 16mm film), an old U.S.

Army ID photo, and him having a deep conversation in a lamplit room with JOAN BAEZ.

Arthur Aarons used teachings from the Human Potential Movement and his own life experiences to create 'the Aarons Method' for working with substance abuse and mental traumas. His spiritual center, Two Shores (*disambiguation*), burned to the ground in 1986, and reopened in 2006 under new management. **Wikipedia**

Influenced: Jacques Derrida, E.L. Doctorow, Sally Mann, Steve Jobs, The Little River Band, Jim Henson, Sharon Salzberg

Influenced By: D.T. Suzuki, Yasunari Kawabata, Carl Jung, Alan Watts, James Tate, Ram Dass, Ursula K. LeGuin

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no, scroll past all
this shit...

The first new hit is a recently posted YouTube video. She clicks it, it loads and they watch. ON SCREEN:

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(through computer)

--Who are we really talking to?
Ourselves. A bird chirps. We hear
it. It needs us to be heard. The
sound does not exist without us. We
do not exist with its chirp--

MARYLOU

Ah, the bird chirp line,
haven't heard that one in a
while--

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(pointing)
Look, look at the views!

MARYLOU

(looking)
Wow...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Twelve million.

Marylou laughs as the video plays on.

MARYLOU

It's cute, Art.

ARTHUR

Cute? This is IT, man.
(off her face)

This is the universe calling my
name.

MARYLOU

...I think that might be a little--

ARTHUR

Don't you see? People-- need me, I should start speaking again, to our community, to the world around us--

MARYLOU

He who knows does not speak. He who speaks does not know.

ARTHUR

Oh, what does Lao-Tzu know, his best friend was a smelly ox. Lou, look at everything. The big picture. I know it's not lost on you how... insanely FUCKED humanity is... the world is overrun with... garbage... literally, there's that Texas-sized island of plastic bottles in the ocean for heaven's sake, everything is on fire, the bees, Lou, the bees are all dead, and you know what that means--

(Marylou: *what??*)

People need common sense... they need *roots*, they need--

MARYLOU

A savior?

ARTHUR

YES!

MARYLOU

It's been at least four decades since you thought you were Christ.

ARTHUR

I'm not Jesus, I'm ME.

Marylou puts a hand on his shoulder.

MARYLOU

Art... It's Connie's time now. This is her place. Not ours. Not yours.

(he wilts a bit)

Look, I love the video. I really do. But you're right.

(he looks at her)

You're you.

She walks out of the clinic and leaves him alone.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. TWO SHORES CAMPUS -- DAWN (ESTABLISHING)

Gorgeous. Most of the problems here are still asleep. FRANK stares at the bonshe with gritted teeth, fists. Resist urge!

INT. A-FRAME CABIN 4 -- SAME

Caroline sits on the edge of her bed, up early. She watches the sunrise crest over the black ridge of the horizon. Her eyes are distant. Wistful. DeeDee stirs behind her.

DEEDEE

The fuck are you, a rooster?

CAROLINE

(doesn't look back)

Still on Central time.

Something catches her eye... the silhouette of a shirtless man on that bluff, moving methodically. An athletic woman stands next to him, mirroring. They're doing Tai Chi.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

(pointing)

Is that... Arthur Aarons?

DeeDee sits up and peers.

DEEDEE

Yep. The old wizard does it every morning with his lady.

CAROLINE

Who's his lady?

DEEDEE

Moksha. The junkie cook.

CAROLINE

Junkie?

DEEDEE

Ex-junkie. I guess she was really fat when she got here. Happens a lot, actually.

Caroline continues to watch their methodic movements.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)
So how long you staying?

CAROLINE
Uh... I don't know...
(telling the truth)
I hadn't thought of that...
(pause)
How long you here for?

DEEDEE
Oh, they have locked me up 'til the
end of tiiiiimmme. I ain't never
gettin' outta here, sister.

On Caroline. Shit. Can that really happen?

INT. CONRAD'S OFFICE, WELCOME CABIN -- DAY

7:30 a.m. Conrad's office, she's standing behind her desk,
backpack half on, reading different sheets of paper, in the
middle of everything. KNOCKING at the door. It's Marylou.

MARYLOU
Sorry to interrupt--

CONRAD
What's up, Mom, I gotta get going
here, I'm gonna have to eat during
my rounds again--

MARYLOU
When was the last time you talked
to your father?

CONRAD
(gathering up journals)
I think it was August 2014, in the
dining hall, something like, 'No, I
did not take the last of the udon
noodles.'

MARYLOU
(gingerly)
I meant... have you heard what's
going on with him?

CONRAD
Whatever it is, I'm not interested.

MARYLOU
You might be.

Conrad looks up. Marylou goes behind her desk, to the computer. Searches 'Arthur Aarons' again. This time, the first link is a New York Times article. She clicks it. The headline appears: **A FORGOTTEN GURU'S MODERN CRUSADE**. The YouTube video is embedded, starts playing silently.

CONRAD
(staring closely)
Shit... What is this?

MARYLOU
According to him? His second coming.

Conrad swirls for a second, watching her father silently lead an Apple Store chorus.

INT. MEETING ROOM, COMMUNITY CENTER -- DAY

Peter sets up chairs in a circle with Gina, watches as his wife enters briskly, hardly seeming to notice him as she flips through a three ring binder, headed directly for:

DR. AKU MENSAH (34)--Ghanan, sweater over a buttoned shirt, excellent jeans, chukkas.

CONRAD
It's a new group dynamic, so, ice-breaking--

AKU
Forming before storming, all voluntary--

CONRAD
(grinning)
I know you love your Tuckman--

PETER
(third-wheels it in)
Which patient is Tuckman?

CONRAD
Dr. Bruce Tuckman.
(Peter's blank)
Ohio State, c'mon, Peter, Group Theory?

PETER
(nods, still doesn't know)
Oh! Yeah. Yeah.

AKU
 You can borrow my copy to freshen
 up, if you'd--

PETER
 (tight smile)
 I'd love to freshen, Aku, thanks.

As Caroline enters, Conrad pulls Aku aside, away from Peter
 for a moment. Quiet:

CONRAD
 (re: Caroline)
 She's brand new, tough nut. I've
 already got her with DeeDee in
 Cabin 4 to try to crack her open.

AKU
 Clever.

CONRAD
 So any way we can open her
 up...

AKU
 We could push her back in the
 intros. Let her hear from some of
 the others first.

Conrad nods, she likes that idea as we...

CODY (PRELAP)
 Cody, from just down the road,
 um...

MONTAGE -- CONRAD COAXES THE PATIENTS TO OPEN UP:

-- Conrad leans forward. CODY a young, closed-off Latino with
 a crew cut, struggles through.

CODY (CONT'D)
 ...Jail, couple times. Stupid shit.
 Served in Iraq. I just need to sort
 through some things I saw, I guess.

CONRAD
 We're all going to help with that.
 You can count on it.

-- Older woman, 50's, Marie. Nervous and polite.

MARIE
 Marie, hi... I'm okay, nothing's
 wrong--with me--per se, I guess. I
 just... well, I lost someone to
 addiction, and...
 (MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)
 (tears up, wipes them)
 I'm sorry...

CONRAD
 Don't be.
 (to the group)
 And you know what? Let's agree as a group to stop apologizing for how we legitimately feel. Grief is a kind of crucible, isn't it? It's tough. We're gonna talk about how it's okay, how it's good, to reach out in times like this.

Conrad glances at Caroline, who can't help but be affected.

-- Damon from the stables is first up. He's on the edge. Seems extremely uncomfortable.

DAMON
 I'm Damon, from Louisiana...
 Heroin...
 (Conrad nods, he sees her)
 ...I don't know...

CONRAD
 No shame.

DAMON
 I'm HIV positive... Undetectable, but... I need to get clean. Get off the drugs. That's why I'm here.

CONRAD
 Should you be in such a rush?

DAMON
 What does that mean?

CONRAD
 We all need to work on giving ourselves a break. We're here, we put in the time, we practice patience. Right?

DAMON
 Yeah, and you bill by the day.

-- DENISE, a haggard older woman in a baggy sweatshirt.

DENISE
 'bout a year ago I was homeless.
 Had some...
 (MORE)

DENISE (CONT'D)
behaviors I'm not too proud of...
 Shit, this is humiliating...

-- REBECCA, a working mom, maybe 40's.

REBECCA
 Oh geez, I feel dumb. Video games.
 But now... there's a lien on my
 house, for god's sake...

-- DeeDee, mock sober and serious.

DEEDEE
 Witness protection. I fear for my
 life, these mob guys mean business--

The DOOR OPENS, and Arthur walks in. This catches Conrad completely off guard. Conrad braces, tries to continue:

CONRAD
 I like the humor. It's gonna be
 useful. But I want you to work on
 what's underneath it.

This rankles DeeDee and she doesn't know how to respond. Arthur grabs an empty chair and carries it to the circle, making others scoot theirs over and allow room for him.

Next patient. Diminutive man named BRIAN (30's).

CONRAD (CONT'D)
 Brian?

Arthur moves his chair farther in, legs SCRAPING against the floor and covering up Brian's quiet words. Conrad tries not to show irritation --

BRIAN
 Um... I got a problem with--
 inhalants...

CONRAD (CONT'D)
 Okay, yes...

ARTHUR
 (settles on Caroline)
 How about you?

Conrad glares at him for the first time.

CAROLINE
 Um... I don't know where to start.
 (pause)
 Well, I'm the Director of Social
 Media Marketing for Ranger Soda and
 all its international subsidiary
 brands...

(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
 the soda business is very tough
 right now because of health
 trends... we're looking at doing a
 La Croix-type thing soon...

Arthur carefully observes her. Conrad takes her in as well.

CONRAD
 You know, what we do for a living
 can be an important part of how we
 see ourselves, but I'm wondering...
 what kind of emotions are stirring
 up right now for you?
 (Caroline mulls that)
 It must be quite a new sensation to
 be sitting here with all of us.

Caroline thinks. But Arthur suddenly stands, full of energy --

ARTHUR
 There are those who creep down the
 stairs into a swimming pool.
 Letting their toes adjust to the
 cold water. Then their knees.
 Slowly. Slowly. Slowly.
 (dramatic pause)
 Then there are those--BAM!--who
 CANNONBALL into the deep end.
 Right? Let's switch things around.
 Let's start with CATHARSIS.

CONRAD
 I'd rather not--

ARTHUR
Catharsis! The scream of the soul.
 The animal inside. Wake it up, poke
 it with a STICK. Brian, get up.

Brian doesn't move. Arthur pulls him out of his seat.

CONRAD
 Dad--

ARTHUR
 Brian, yell.

CONRAD
 Dad--

ARTHUR SCREAMS IN BRIAN'S FACE. It's deafening. Silence
 follows. No one breathes. ARTHUR SCREAMS AGAIN. BRIAN QUICKLY
 MATCHES IT, SCREAMING BACK.

ARTHUR
 (grasps Brian's shoulders)
 YES!

Brian immediately begins to sob --

CONRAD
 Jesus Christ--

AKU
 Arthur, perhaps--

ARTHUR SCREAMS IN HER FACE --

CONRAD
 (calm and cold)
 Are you done?

Arthur SCREAMS at her again. Brian sobs harder. Arthur PULLS HIM TIGHTLY into a hug. Brian hugs him back, tears streaming down his face.

DEEDEE SCREAMS AS LOUDLY AS SHE CAN. Arthur lets go of Brian, SCREAMS BACK AT HER. TWO PEOPLE BEHIND HIM SCREAM IN UNISON. BRIAN SCREAMS AT THE CEILING.

Caroline just watches, specious and also amazed. Soon, all the patients are screaming along with Arthur...

Then her eyes land on Conrad, seated in her chair, eyes fixed on her father.

INT. HALLWAY, COMMUNITY CENTER -- LATER

Patients file out. Arthur trails them -- a hand spins him -- Conrad, ready to pounce with reason.

CONRAD
 Primal therapy's been discredited
 one million times over--

ARTHUR
 Are we talking right now?

CONRAD
 Please try to concentrate--

ARTHUR
 Because it sounds like we're
 talking--

CONRAD
 Janov also said primal therapy
 could cure you from being gay.

ARTHUR

You didn't even give me a chance.

CONRAD

Because you're not a licensed
physician.

(before he can speak)

Next time you decide to audit a
group session, please let the staff
know in advance. Although we fill
up very quickly, and probably won't
have room.

End of conversation. She walks away. DARRYL approaches,
blocking her way. She stops.

CHECK, an overweight orderly, steps out of a doorway and
flanks the doctor, concerned, but she stays him with a hand..

CONRAD (CONT'D)

(sincere)

How are you feeling?

DARRYL

(eyes wet)

...I hope you know I would never--
hurt you. After all you've done.

CONRAD

I know.

DARRYL

I just wanted to say... thank you.
For giving me a second chance.

Conrad steps forward and hugs him tight.

Arthur watches from the other side of the hall. She's good.

She's really good.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CONRAD'S OFFICE, WELCOME CABIN -- DAY

Caroline sits across from Conrad. Conrad's reading through a filled-out worksheet. In the silence:

CAROLINE

Did Arthur really sit *tangaryo* for six weeks in '78? You know, in silence? Staring at a blank wall?

CONRAD

(not looking up)
Ah, you read his book. Surprised you scrounged up a copy, been out of print for years...
(pause)
And, no. Not unless *tangaryo* involved eating enchiladas with the Grateful Dead on their tour bus.

CAROLINE

You don't like him very much.

CONRAD

(looks at her)
Can we talk about your worksheet?

CAROLINE

It's kind of bullshit how you get to dodge every question while I'm constantly expected to tell you about every wormy little thought in my head.

Conrad contemplates Caroline for beat, then:

CONRAD

Okay. I'll answer your questions. Then you answer mine.

CAROLINE

(dubious)
'k... Why do you work here? You hate your dad so much, but you're at this place he built, and live fifty yards from him.

CONRAD

Let's see... I guess I wanted to reinvent this place into something that actually helps people, as opposed to just pretending to.

Caroline sits back. Observing her doctor.

CAROLINE

No. What's the real reason?

CONRAD

(admires the insight)

Tell you the truth, this was the last place I wanted to end up.

(pause)

But then, during my residency, I... had an affair with my professor. Messy fallout... So I retreated.

(pause)

Since then, I've worked my ass off to make this place what it is.

Caroline's a little surprised by the admission.

CAROLINE

But why does Arthur get to stay?

Conrad thinks on that for a long moment. Then:

CONRAD

I suppose because... I miss him. Who he was, at least.

(pause)

But it's dangerous, to try to change people. Especially when the person you should be focusing on is yourself.

Conrad meets Caroline's eyes with full honesty.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Your turn.

(re: worksheet)

You rated every negative core belief about yourself on the cluster sheet a one.

CAROLINE

Yeah, I don't believe any of those things about myself.

Conrad observes her. Stays quiet.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
I'm just being honest.

Conrad nods, thinking.

CONRAD
Are you familiar with EMDR?

CAROLINE
Nope.

CONRAD
Eye movement desensitization and reprocessing. It can be a little stressful, but also very helpful.
(rising from seat)
Usually... we'd progress further in our work before doing something like this. But I'm just looking for ways for us to-- move past some reticence I'm feeling. So... why don't we take a cue from yesterday's group, and jump right in. What do you say?

Conrad pulls a small radio box out of the cabinet. It's connected to a pair of headphones, and two small palm-sized sensors. She walks over to Caroline and sits across from her.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
We're going to use a couple of physical bilateral inputs. Hold these in each hand...
(hands sensors over)
...and put these on.
(Caroline dons headphones)
You'll feel alternating pulses in your palms. Likewise, you'll hear alternating tones in your ears. Lastly, you'll follow my index finger with your eyes.

CAROLINE
Uh... okay--

CONRAD
We're gonna start with a distressing thought. Then I'll start the pulses and tones and we'll do that for about ten seconds. Then we'll stop, and you'll say the first thing that comes to your mind. Easy peasy.
(pause)
(MORE)

CONRAD (CONT'D)
So let's come up with the starting
thought. What have you got?

CAROLINE
(thinks, then:)
Nutty-Butt.

A long pause. Weird silence in the room.

CONRAD
Um...

CAROLINE
In third grade, I sat on my own
peanut butter sandwich and all the
kids called me Nutty-Butt for the
rest of the year.

CONRAD
You really want to start with that?

CAROLINE
It's all I can think of right now.

CONRAD
'k... here we go with Nutty-Butt.
(pause)
Hold that in your mind.

Conrad flips the old-school metal switch on the box in her hand. CAROLINE'S POV: Looking at Conrad. TONES IN HER EARS (alternating in stereo channels), CLOSE ON her hands feeling the vibrations of the pads. CLOSE ON Conrad's index finger moving back and forth. Ten seconds go by. Everything stops.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
(softer voice)
Okay. What do you have?

CAROLINE
Um...

CONRAD
Don't think, just tell me.

CAROLINE
Hot weather...?

CONRAD
Okay, stay with that.

Conrad fires it up again. Then stops.

-- Faster --

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Destroyed...

-- Faster --

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Hurting, loud--hurting--

-- Faster --

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Pointless.

-- Again --

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Run, I have to run, I have these
shoes to run in and--

--Again --

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
(tearing up)
Jump. Just... Jump... Fall.

She rips the head phones off, drops the sensors out of her hands. Rubs her eyes.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
This is stupid. This isn't working
for me, all right?

CONRAD
(softly)
Okay. Okay, let's stop for today.

Caroline hurries from the room, more than a little dazed.

Conrad reflects. Picks up the EMDR equipment. Maybe she jumped the gun with this...

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET, COMMUNITY CENTER -- EVENING

A quick cut to a supply closet, where DeeDee sits up on the counter, getting fucked by... Check, the orderly. Whoa.

CHECK
(finishing awkwardly)
...I, mm... love you, mm...

DeeDee breathlessly stands and holds out her hand. He fishes out a small bag of weed from his pocket and hands it to her.

DEEDEE

One more thing. What's the wi-fi password?

INT. CONRAD'S OFFICE, WELCOME CABIN -- EVENING

Conrad clicks on her desk lamp, keeps working.

Moksha enters, bringing in a warm plate of food with a steam cover on it. Sets it down on Conrad's desk.

MOKSHA

We missed you at the dining hall.

CONRAD

(awkward between them)
One of the new kids needed attention, so...

MOKSHA

Heard about Darryl. You all right?

CONRAD

Who'd you hear from?

Whoops. But Moksha holds her own.

MOKSHA

Is he not allowed to be concerned about you?

Conrad turns. Peers at her through her glasses. Walled off.

CONRAD

I'd prefer not to discuss patients with people who aren't medical staff.
('you can go now')
Thank you.

Ice cold. But Moksha nods. She gets it.

INT. BATHROOM, A-FRAME CABIN 4 -- CONTINUOUS

Caroline scrolls through her Instagram feed, wi-fi now at full power. A smile grows on her face as she sees pictures of the city, friends, New York's Manhattan-henge.

Something halts her scroll. It's TRACY, the African-American woman from Andy's financing party. She's had her baby. A picture of her tired but smiling face holding a newborn.

Caroline swipes left in the series: the baby close up. Greg holding the baby with tears in his eyes. Tracy and Greg smiling at the camera, with their new child between them.

A tear rolls down Caroline's face in the bathroom.

DEEDEE (O.S.)
 (through door)
 Hey, you alright in there? You
 wiggin' the wag to Pornhub? Are my
 speakers paired or what?

INT. A-FRAME CABIN 4 -- CONTINUOUS

Caroline steps out, almost recovered, looking at her phone.

CAROLINE
 It still says 'pairing
 unsuccessful.'

A sizable amount of pot smoke hovers toward the ceiling. DeeDee crouches before two cumbersome wireless speakers.

DEEDEE
 Can you believe these just slide
right out of their sconces in the
 dining hall?

No answer. DeeDee turns, clocks Caroline's red-rimmed eyes.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)
 I got you your sweet, sweet wi-fi,
 Lulu Lemon, why're you sad now?

Caroline regards her. Says nothing, then holds up her phone.

CAROLINE
 Looks like we're paired...

Off a mischievous grin spreading across DeeDee's face...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, CLINIC CABIN -- NIGHT

Conrad walks in, bedraggled and exhausted. It's late. Peter's already in bed, pajamas and all, with his night-stand lamp on. She sees Aku's dog-eared copy of Bruce Tuckman's Continuing Educational Research. But Peter's not reading it-- instead he's got a small open shipping box in his lap.

PETER
 Check this out...
 (pulling dolls from box)
 Mego Spock and McCoy.

CONRAD
 Why are you opening those in bed?

PETER
 I want to stand them on my night-
 stand for a night before I put them
 in my office.
 (off her look)
 I do that with all my Mego dolls.

A beat as she gazes at her guileless husband.

CONRAD
 ...okay.

PETER
 Did you eat? There's leftover
 marinara in the fridge.

But she answers by collapsing face-first on the bed. He rubs her back softly with one hand, putting the dolls down.

PETER (CONT'D)
 Brian had a panic attack at dinner.

CONRAD
 Of course he did.

PETER
 Oh... your dad's been poking
 around. He asked for new patient
 files.

CONRAD
 (up on her elbows)
 What?

PETER
 Yeah, he stopped by the garden.

She pulls herself off the bed.

PETER (CONT'D)
 Where you going?

CONRAD
 It's called endless work.
 (stops at door, mock-sly)
 (MORE)

CONRAD (CONT'D)
But feel free to rock out with your
Spock out.

PETER
Oh, I will.

SUDDEN RUMBLING BASS shatters the evening stillness.

CONRAD
Is that... Run DMC?

EXT. TWO SHORES CAMPUS -- NIGHT

Yes, it is RUN DMC. "PETER PIPER" BLARES through the night.

Moments later, outside on the grounds, Conrad marches across the property as Gina, two other nurses join her. Peter's close behind. Then three orderlies approach.

CONRAD
Hit the lights.

An orderly speaks in low tones through a walkie -- The music is growing LOUDER. FLOOD LIGHTS HIT TWO SHORES, all but obliterating the shadowed darkness of the night.

EXT. A-FRAME CABIN GROVE -- MOMENTS LATER

The MUSIC suddenly pops in and out, then ceases all together. Conrad and her team arrive. Two orderlies immediately go to Cabin 4, unlock the entrance. They step inside.

PETER
I'm just surprised they didn't go
for 'Walk This Way.'

But Conrad says nothing. Humorless in this moment. The orderlies emerge from the cabin.

NIXON
They're both gone.

Conrad closes her eyes slowly. Goddammit. Peter's walkie warbles and he brings it to his ear. Then:

PETER	CONRAD
Side delivery gate is open.	(beat)
Someone knew the security code.	Get the car.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. COASTAL HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Caroline and DeeDee amble along the road, laughing. Headlights occasionally WASH BY at high speeds...

DEEDEE

You know... the Aaronses... they're a bunch of hypocrites. This whole rehab / recovery / industrial complex is for profit. Don't forget that. You get better, you're no longer a customer. They want to keep you here for as long as you've got cash money.

(pause)

And can we talk about the hypocrisy of Dr. Aarons being all 'forgive everyone, forgive yourself' when she hardly even talks to her own father? I mean, what WAS that shit in group...

CAROLINE

Yeah... Like, they think I'm some rich girl they can bleed dry. But my mom doesn't have this kind of money, and besides, I'm fine.

(pause)

Those people in Group today... now, THEY need help...

(pause)

I just don't belong here.

Just then, a truck pulls over and stops, LOUD MUSIC coming from its cab.

DEEDEE

(running to the cab)

YEAH, BUDDY!

Stay with Caroline as she watches the driver roll his window down. DeeDee scampers up inside. A moment of hesitation in Caroline. But she shakes it off, heads towards the truck.

DEEDEE (PRELAP) (CONT'D)

C'MON, DONATELLO!!

INT. THE RIGAMAROLE -- NIGHT

A corner wood-slat tavern. Locals are rooting for turtles. A race, with cute little half-shell dudes slowly making their way out of a chalk circle. First to cross the line wins.

DEEDEE
 (already wasted)
 YOU LITTLE GREEN MOTHERFUCKER, PICK
 UP THE PACE!!

The truck driver stands nearby, grinning--this girl is nuts.

EXT. ALLEY, THE RIGAMAROLE -- NIGHT

Caroline leans against the wall in the alley. She's had several drinks--stands alone with her phone. Her battery dies, the screen goes dark. Caroline drops her head back against the wall.

INT. THE RIGAMAROLE -- NIGHT

DeeDee's turtle LOSES. She sours, downs the rest of her drink, turns to the truck driver:

DEEDEE
 Buy me another turtle.

DRIVER
 I bought you three of them damn
 turtles. And four drinks.
 (moving closer)
 How 'bout we go out to the truck
 for a minute, just the two of us.
 And when we're done, you can have
 all the turtles you want.

He puts his hand on her shoulder -- She SWATS it away --

DEEDEE
 DON'T touch me.
 (people look over)
 What, you think I'm gonna sloppy
 knob your dumb dick just because
 you paid for liquor and reptiles?

He reaches for her again but she SHOVES him into a table, beer spilling down his shirt and jeans.

DRIVER
 (pissed)
 You crazy bitch.

He lunges at her, about to get physical -- But PETER steps between him and DeeDee, gentle hand on the large man's chest.

PETER

I think you should be on your way,
friend.

Before the man can react, Peter CRACKS A STUN GUN near the guy's face--he flinches. After another stare, the asshole walks off. DeeDee bursts out laughing.

DEEDEE

Look at Dr. Lightman swingin' the
big ol' D!

Peter moves to DeeDee immediately --

PETER

Where's Caroline?

EXT. FRONT STREET, SHORELINE TOWN -- NIGHT

Conrad and Aku trot down the crooked main street, checking locked doors of closed businesses, alleys. They see Peter and Terry emerge from the bar with DeeDee, but no Caroline.

PETER

Do you have her?

CONRAD

No. She wasn't in the bar?

CAROLINE (O.S.)

(echoing from above)

Hey, down there!

All of them look up.

CONRAD

Jesus Christ...

REVEAL A SLIGHTLY CROOKED OLD TELEPHONE POLE just across the narrow street. Conrad and company venture out onto the asphalt. Caroline has precariously wrapped herself around the pole's peak. She's drunk, and currently gives zero fucks.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Caroline... I'm glad you're all
right... and I'd like to keep it
that way, wouldn't you?

(no answer)

(MORE)

CONRAD (CONT'D)

What I'd like to do is talk more, about how you're feeling, and what's going on--whatever you want to talk about. But first we need to get you down from there. Okay?

CAROLINE

But don't you want to see my Andy impression?

Terry, Nixon, and Peter move closer to the pole, but Caroline only tightens around it.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Ah, ah, ah. This is *my* pole, and I'm *not* sharing.

CONRAD

Caroline. I want you to listen to my voice. I'm not going to lie, I'm concerned. And I want to work with you. I want us to work together so--

CAROLINE

You know Andy couldn't have an open casket funeral? Because of what happened.

(pause)

Yeah, they had to scrape his brains off the roof of the taxi cab, so...

DeeDee listens, sobered despite the alcohol in her system.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

But I wouldn't stand for that, no sir. So at the wake, I just went ahead and opened the lid so everyone could see. His mom and dad, his whole family. Just so we could stop *bullshitting* ourselves.

(pause)

You should've seen it. No *donating* his skeleton.... it was like--

Caroline almost loses her grip -- GASPS from below -- But she catches herself -- Her iPhone falls out of her back pocket, all the way to the street... and SHATTERS.

Caroline looks at the remains of her technological umbilical cord. But she holds on. Who knows for how long.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Caroline.

She looks over. ARTHUR is perched at the top of a telephone pole a few yards away, connected to hers by power cables. She's caught completely off-guard and stares dumbly.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Lookin' to see the Carolina Day.
 Livingston Taylor tune, right?

CONRAD
 (looking up, muttering)
 Oh my God...

ARTHUR
 (to Caroline)
 You miss him.

After a long moment, Caroline nods.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 But you're mad at him.

Another moment. Caroline nods again.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Caroline. Remember this. I am one.
 And you are one. And we are one.

CAROLINE
 (confused)
 What?

ARTHUR
 You and me. You and Andy. Everybody
 down there. We're all one thing,
 yeah? So right now, it might feel
 like you're not strong enough.
 (pause)
 But you don't have to rely on your
 strength alone. You get to use all
 of our strength. Everyone at Two
 Shores. Every single living thing.
 (pause)
 We're all with ya, kid.

Caroline takes all that in.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 So how about we sleep it off, and
 start fresh tomorrow?

After a long moment... Caroline begins to climb down.

PETER
 Be careful, take your time...

Arthur begins to climb down, too. Conrad turns to Aku.

CONRAD

(with relief)

Okay. I'd like to get her on an SSRI immediately, but I also want to see how she reacts to the serotonin boost. Let's add 10mg of Buspirone to start just to balance it out. I also want to assess any tendency towards hypomania and impulsivity. We might want to consider a mood stabilizer down the road if we're dealing with bipolar.

Aku nods dutifully -- Peter takes Caroline tenderly by the shoulders, leads her to the car -- Conrad intercepts Arthur.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

How'd you even get here?

Arthur gestures to a rickety Schwinn across the street, leaning against a lamp post.

ARTHUR

Evening ride.

CONRAD

Amazing how you managed to be here right at the exact moment our brand new patient went up a pole.

She turns away from him and heads back to the car. Nixon, Terry, and Aku stand outside with DeeDee. Caroline's in the backseat alone. Peter's driving. GINA pulls up in a Bronco.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Guys, let me ride with her.

The orderlies, Aku, and DeeDee head to the Bronco.

INT. SUBARU OUTBACK -- CONTINUOUS

Conrad gets in next to Caroline. Peter pulls onto the road.

CONRAD

How are you feeling?

CAROLINE

I'm getting awful tired of that question.

CONRAD

I know you don't want to die.

(pause)

You almost did accidentally, but it's not what you want.

CAROLINE

Tell me why I was up there, then.

CONRAD

I think... you wanted to feel what it was like to be so far up... and have no one to catch you.

(pause)

No one was able to catch Andy before he did what he did. Not even you. And I know that hurts--

CAROLINE

You don't know a goddamn thing.

CONRAD

Then tell me. How did it feel?

They ride in silence. Conrad might not be able to reach her.

CAROLINE

It felt... it felt like I was already falling. Like I've been falling... for a while now.

CONRAD

Caroline.

Caroline meets Conrad's eyes.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

I *will* catch you.

Off the women looking at each other. Doctor, and patient...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. TWO SHORES CAMPUS -- MORNING (ESTABLISHING)

Quiet. Things have yet to begin in earnest. Frank hits the bonsho with a CLANG, then takes off running.

INT. CONRAD'S OFFICE, WELCOME CABIN -- SAME

Conrad sits across from Check, the orderly. He's cowed. Peter stands behind his wife, arms crossed. A long beat as Check stands, sulks out without another word.

Once he's gone:

PETER

You okay?

CONRAD

Just make sure he gets in the cab.

Peter leaves. Conrad continues to turn things over.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

(calling to next room)

Zuzu, get me the number for
Caroline Day's mother.

INT. HOLDING ROOM, TREATMENT CENTER -- DAY

Caroline sits against the wall in a type of mental health confinement. Nicer than expected--small, but calming blue paint, the floor is lacquered and sanded found wood. A vivid shikibuton mattress lies on a soft mat, along with two color-coordinated pillows--one for a head, one for yoga.

But make no mistake. Caroline's not allowed out right now.

The door opens and Conrad enters. Caroline gets a glimpse of an orderly's shoulder standing outside her door. A nurse walks past with a medical cart. Conrad closes the door.

CONRAD

Good morning.

CAROLINE

(penitent)

I just want to apologize-- I don't think I--*initially*--took this whole thing seriously, you know, being here, thinking I need any kind of--

CONRAD

It happens more than you think. Look, I want to--

CAROLINE

I...

(long pause)

...a week before he died... Andy I had this-- fight. Maybe, I dunno, maybe worse than we'd ever fought before. It was about kids.

Conrad can't help but listen--as a professional, and human.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

(controlling emotions)

Before we'd even gotten engaged, we'd talked about it. We were on the same page. Not right away, but... you know... soon.

(pause)

Then something-- I don't even remember. Oh, I said something about converting my home office one day. Into a nursery.

(pause)

He said he didn't want them anymore. That he'd thought about it, and he preferred the two of us. He sugar-coated it, 'I want you all to myself.'

(pause)

I felt like he'd gone back on what we agreed. That he was taking something from me. I couldn't understand why he would do that.

Caroline swims in it. But then comes up. Finds Conrad's eyes.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

But now, I think... maybe, he'd already decided. About what... about what he was gonna do.

This hangs heavy in the air.

Finally, Conrad speaks.

CONRAD

Caroline... I'm sorry, but...

(pause)

I don't believe Two Shores is the right place for your treatment.

CAROLINE

...what?

Conrad sits on the shikibuton, cross-legged, facing Caroline. But her eye contact isn't as strong today for some reason.

CONRAD

First and foremost, I don't want you to think this is because of what happened last night. It's not. If anything, I believe last night got you to a place of breakthrough.

(pause)

And by the way, most often, it's not until a patient passes through this building that they can really begin to walk the road back.

(pause)

But, it's my opinion that you require different elements of care.

CAROLINE

You JUST said you would CATCH me--

CONRAD

I'm going to write a detailed referral to a few of my best colleagues, and find you an opening at a top-tier facility that's right for you.

CAROLINE

I get it, you're completely full of shit. It's funny, you want everyone to believe you're so different from your dad, but I certainly see the resemblance now.

Conrad mulls that. Holds some things back.

CONRAD

Caroline--

CAROLINE

WHERE am I supposed to go? New York, to stare at Andy's stuff? Oklahoma, so I can sleep in my teenage bedroom?

Caroline begins to cry. Real sobs. No matter how often she sees it, Conrad empathizes entirely. Caroline wipes her eyes.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
...I don't want to leave.

Conrad takes her in... beyond torn. Then stands.

CONRAD
The shuttle will take you to the airport in the morning. We'll take care of the other arrangements.

Conrad stands aside and lets Caroline walk out the open door.

EXT. TWO SHORES CAMPUS -- DAY

Caroline walks from the treatment hub across the campus, weary, arms folded across her chest, eyes down. Activities, patients, nurses--she pays attention to none of it. But when she looks up, she sees the horse stables...

...she approaches one horse, gazes at its face. Pets it.

ARTHUR (O.S.)
Excuse me...

Caroline looks over and sees Arthur. He's sheepish.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I was wondering if we could try again, now that there are fewer structures to scale.

Caroline considers him.

INT. ARTHUR'S CABIN RESIDENCE -- DAY

Inside Arthur's cabin, for the first time. The door opens inward to a place from another time, right out of the Human Potential Movement, Free Love, and Zen Mastery.

As Arthur guides her, Caroline has to push through strings of long, thin glass and metal wind chime-like things that stream from the ceiling. The Sound is like notes being struck from the distant center of the universe. She recognizes the sound from before, during her tour on the first day...

ARTHUR
(off Caroline's look)
Aarons Bells. I make them myself.
We, uh... sell them on the website.

An old hand-painted sign for Two Shores hangs above the sink, very different from the graphically designed logo on the brochures. More framed photos:

Arthur and Allen Ginsberg. Arthur, Carrie Fisher, and Stevie Nicks. Arthur and Warren Zevon. Arthur and Sugar Ray Leonard.

Among them, Caroline sees a faded color photo from the early 1970's. Young Arthur, Marylou, a girl maybe 5.

CAROLINE

(re: girl)

That's Dr. Aarons. God, she even looked judgmental as a kid.

ARTHUR

Connie's pretty good at shutting people out when she wants to.

CAROLINE

Why did you name her Conrad?

ARTHUR

Well, her *real* name is...

(pause)

*Nirantarandhakaritadigantarakandala
damandasudharasabindusandrataraghan
aghanavrndasandehakarasyandamanamak
arandabindubandhurataramakandataruk
ulatalpakalpamrdulasikatajalajatila
mulatalamaruvakamiladalaghulaghulay
akalitaramaniyanipaniyasalikabalikaka
raravindagalantikagaladelalava?gapa
talaghanasarakasturikatisaurabhamed
uralaghutaramadhurasitalatarasalila
dharanirakarismutadiyavimalavilocan
amayukharekhapsaritamipayasapath
ikalokan.*

Caroline blinks.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Which translates to 'In it, the distress, caused by thirst, to travelers--'

CAROLINE

Got it, you wanted her to have no friends in kindergarten.

(pause)

You know, she misses you.

ARTHUR

What?

CAROLINE
Yeah. She told me in therapy. Said
she misses who you used to be.

ARTHUR
...she really said that?

Caroline nods. A lull.

CAROLINE
What, uh... what did you want to
talk to me about again?

Arthur goes over to a drawer, pulls out his new iPhone.

ARTHUR
I want to record videos and put
them online.

Caroline lights up, feeling purposeful again. He hands the
phone over to her.

CAROLINE
It's so easy, really, and you have
the low-light camera, yeah...

ARTHUR
I heard from a bird that you were
good with these sorts of things.

Caroline looks through the screen display at the moving
camera. She shows Arthur how to zoom in with her fingers --

CAROLINE
See, you go close just like that...

ARTHUR
Aha! God's eye sees all.

ON THE SCREEN: Caroline catches sight of a half dozen red
origami cranes sitting in a dusty brass bowl. She puts the
phone down, goes over to the cranes, picks one up.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I can show you how to make those.
Ten steps, two minutes.

She looks up at him for a moment. Puts the crane back.

CAROLINE
That's okay, I'm kicked out of this
place. I guess I'll see you online.

ARTHUR
 (worried for some reason)
 That's... hm, that's extreme...

He moves closer, picks up the bowl, dumps out the cranes.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 This was my begging bowl in Tibet.
 (off her specious look)
 It sings. Listen:

He walks over demonstrates, running a worn wooden pestle along the bowl's rim. It begins to loudly HUM. He hands it to her, and the humming dies down. Looks at her. She's amazed.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Keep it.

CAROLINE
 No, I couldn't take--

ARTHUR
 Go ahead. I don't have to beg anymore.

CAROLINE
 (distant)
 Neither do I.

She hands the bowl back and leaves, closing off again. Arthur reflects, alone in the cabin. Wheels turning.

INT. CONRAD'S OFFICE, WELCOME CABIN -- DAY

Marylou walks in. Conrad's at her desk, but pushed away from it in her chair, gazing out the window.

MARYLOU
 What's this all about?

CONRAD
 (getting up)
 Not here.

She uses a key on a back door we've never seen opened.

INT. TEMPLE OF FRIENDS ROOM, WELCOME CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

They step into the very dusty old domed community room from Two Shores' heyday. Wrap-around windows. Some storage boxes. Even the drum we saw on 16mm is tucked in a corner.

CONRAD
Where's Dad?

MARYLOU
He's coming, I--

ARTHUR (O.S.)
Hello?
(he wanders in)
Wow! The Temple of Friends Room!
Pretty good shape. We should use
this place again.
(pointing up)
Hey, look at that...

Across the top of the entrance, in flaking paint, the words
'I am One and You are One and We are One.' But then he sees
the look on Conrad's face and his nostalgic smile fades.

CONRAD
(sarcastic excitement)
Guess what... I have some pretty
big news... I have... a *sister!*
Well, I mean, half-sister, but
super exciting nonetheless. And--
Mom, you're gonna love this--AND!!
(pause)
She's a PATIENT here!

Conrad turns to Arthur, true anger coming out.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
I called her mother this morning.
(to Marylou)
Dad has another kid.

MARYLOU
Which patient?

CONRAD
Caroline Day.

Marylou thinks.

MARYLOU
Oh, yeah, wow. I see it. Especially
in the eyebrows.

CONRAD
MOM. This opens us up to a ton of
liability--not to mention, you
know, Dad is--a DAD--

ARTHUR

If it makes you feel any better, I didn't know about her existence until two weeks ago when her mother called saying she was in dire need of help. I would never *abandon*--

CONRAD

Really? Because that's what you did to both of us.

ARTHUR

You *banished* me. Both of you.

MARYLOU

Arthur, after the shit hit the fan, we woke up one day, and you were gone. Don't be so dramatic.

ARTHUR

Sure, okay, my period of 'selfish wandering' or whatever you two call it. You divorced me, Lou. Connie wanted nothing to do with me.

CONRAD

I still don't.

ARTHUR

Yeah, well my other, *new* daughter said you missed me.

Conrad just glares at him.

CONRAD

She's leaving tomorrow morning. It's what's best for her.

ARTHUR

(jaw grits tight)
So you think I'm a total fraud, is that it?

CONRAD

It's cute you think it's just me.

MARYLOU

Connie, stop it, both of you, stop--

ARTHUR

I don't have a bunch of degrees to hide behind, if that's what you mean--

CONRAD
Because you're a college drop-out--

ARTHUR
I have a *Masters* of Divinity--

CONRAD
Through *correspondence* school--

ARTHUR
I have also had deep spiritual
awakenings that you'll never have
in your lifetime--

MARYLOU	ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Arthur, what an <i>odd</i> thing to brag about.	--you and Peter-Peter Pumpkin Eater over there, with your juicer and your Netflix--

CONRAD
Dad, you holed up in a Buddhist
temple, saw some clear night skies,
then they realized you were drunk,
so they tossed you out on your ass.

ARTHUR
(becoming emotional)
Wow... you don't think I know
anything, you don't think...
(long pause)
That war was full of death and
suffering you couldn't even *begin*
to wrap your privileged head
around.
(pause)
I came home and I wanted... Jesus,
I wanted to help people.

Conrad's face softens somewhat --

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
When I lost that... *I* was lost,
maybe I still am, but...if that
girl out there, that troubled girl,
who shares some of OUR DNA, OUR
demons... if she needs my help then
you're damned right I'm gonna try.
(pause)
And while we're on this subject,
I'm not going to let you just dope
her up with a bunch of meds like
some piece of corn-fed cattle--

CONRAD

And I'm not going to let you scream
in her face and then give her LSD
so she can burn herself alive and
half the property with it.

Hurt in his face.

MARYLOU

That's not fair--

CONRAD

On the contrary, it IS fair,
because it's what happened.

MARYLOU

KNOCK IT OFF.

(they both quiet)

You're both forgetting that you're
actually on *my* property. And I'll
boot your asses if you keep it up.

She looks at them, takes each of them in. Two of the most
difficult people in her life. She turns to her daughter.

MARYLOU (CONT'D)

Connie, bring your father into her
treatment. And Arthur, you tell
that girl the truth immediately.

CONRAD

If she stays, he has to go.

Conrad says this with ferocious intensity. The room quiets.

ARTHUR

How does that make sense--

CONRAD

We can keep things private for now.
But not if you're here.

(pause)

I won't lose the entire center
again because of you.

The three family members exchange looks.

ARTHUR

She gets to stay? If I go, she
stays here, gets the full suite of
what she needs? You won't be an
asshole to her, treat her like some
redheaded stepchild?

CONRAD

Yes. She's a patient.

(pause)

I take care of my patients.

ARTHUR

Fine. Then...

(pause)

...it's been real, folks.

He leaves, unable to take anymore. Marylou looks at her daughter, then walks out of the room.

INT. A-FRAME CABIN 4 -- DAY

Caroline looks out the window. DeeDee asleep on her bed facing away from her.

Caroline spots Conrad as she walks out to the bluff to be alone. The stack of burned cinderblocks lays nearby.

CAROLINE

Such a pretty prison.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR causes her to turn...

EXT. BLUFF BEYOND TWO SHORES -- DAY

Conrad hears AARONS BELLS from within her father's cabin. Looking for their source, her eyes meet Moksha's across the distance. There's hurt on the cook's countenance. Anger.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

Arthur Aarons once wrote, 'In order to see the Self beneath yourself, you must push the plunger on the illusion of your own identity.'

INT. MARYLOU'S CLINIC, CLINIC CABIN -- MOMENTS LATER

Marylou goes to a small insulin fridge, opens it, pulls a beer and cracks it open on the wooden counter.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

'You have to kill who you were. And This can be a very painful process.'

She walks over to a small framed picture. It's the same one from the 70's--Arthur, her, and young Conrad. She takes a pull off her beer.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
 'But if the real you can survive,
 you'll be born anew.'

EXT. TWO SHORES CAMPUS / INT. SHUTTLE BUS -- DAY

The shuttle, painted white with a blue curling river across its side doors, pulls away from the front entrance.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
 'Who knows if you'll make it.'

INSIDE: Arthur gazes out the window, taking in the grounds as if memorizing a face. A duffel next to him on the worn seat.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
 "'I know I'm rooting for you.'"

INT. CONRAD'S OFFICE, WELCOME CABIN -- DAY

Caroline sits across from Conrad. A heavy silence reigns.

CAROLINE
 (guarded)
 So now I'm staying.

CONRAD
 Yes, I've done some thinking... and
 I believe we can help you here.
 (Caroline peers at her)
 All right, then... should we pick
 up where we left off?

Caroline contemplates her therapist for a moment, then deliberately pulls the copy of Buddha in Blue Jeans from her pocket. Arthur's countenance stares up from its worn jacket.

She looks from his face to Conrad's. Then, with knowing eyes:

CAROLINE
 Sure. I'll answer your questions,
 if you answer mine.

We go off these two sisters, opposing one another in their father's old office...

END SHOW

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