

SINGLE DRUNK FEMALE

Written by

Simone Finch

COLD OPEN

**TITLE CARD: SOBRIETY CALCULATOR: 0 DAYS, BITCH!**

INT. BUZZFEED - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

We are in the middle of a morning pitch meeting. VARIOUS HIPSTERS sit around a table. AMY, a 40ish woman, formidable and dressed stylishly, talks animatedly to the group.

AMY

Come on guys. Let's break open our brains and come at this with a topical and culturally relevant POV...

GUY WITH CURLY-CUE MOUSTACHE

So I was thinking: "Which Pete Davidson ex-girlfriend are you?"

The group mostly nods in agreement.

AMY

That's good. But I like your "Which Chrissy Teigen recipe should you cook for your possibly future in-laws?" one better. What else?

WRITER WITH A MAN BUN

What about, "Which *Sex and the City* one-night stand are you?"

There's a loud snort.

The camera finds SAMANTHA FINK (26), intelligent but scarred, using irreverent humor and, of course, wit to seal up a well of vulnerability.

AMY

Sorry, Samantha, do you have something to share?

SAMANTHA

What? No, why?

AMY

Okay. So I think for today, we can focus on--

Another snort, accompanied by a chuckle. Samantha again. Her HIPSTER COWORKER nudges her.

SAMANTHA

Sorry, did I say that out loud?

AMY

Um, no, because you actually didn't say anything. That was just a sort of derisive snort-giggle. Look, Samantha, we have talked about this behavior. Please.

SAMANTHA

Okay... if you're asking for my opinion...

AMY

We really weren't.

SAMANTHA

I honestly just don't know what it is we are all doing here.

CO-WORKER

Our jobs?

SAMANTHA

Okay, sure. If you want to be literal. But, I mean like, existentially.

She takes a slug of her "water bottle."

AMY

Have you been drinking again?

SAMANTHA

This is delicious Canadian water, Amy.

AMY

I think you should probably wait in your office, Sam.

SAMANTHA

I don't think that's a good idea. Because, Amy, I think everyone is thinking what I'm thinking.

Everyone besides Sam shakes their heads and mumbles, "definitely not," "no way," etc.

AMY

You're a fucking mess. Again. I need you out of here.

SAMANTHA

But really, are we just eking out  
our existence, just waiting to die?  
Was that what we imagined as small  
people?

A CO-WORKER looks to her NEIGHBOR, confused.

NEIGHBOR

I think she means children?

Samantha looks around the room.

SAMANTHA

Is it our life's work really to ask  
"Whatever happened to Ellen Page?"  
or "Which toe are you?"

GUY WITH A MAN BUN

She's on that Netflix show with  
Laura Linney.

SAMANTHA

That is not the point, Ronald. The  
point is, we are wasting our damn  
lives. What are you doing here?  
Better yet, what am I doing here? I  
didn't amass tens of thousands of  
dollars in college loans, so I  
could waste people's days with  
pathetic headlines like "What your  
thirst traps say about your  
apartment" or "How many people died  
from taking selfies at the Grand  
Canyon this year?" Although that  
number is shocking.

GUY WITH CURLY-CUE MOUSTACHE

I actually like that thirst trap  
one.

RONALD

(jotting it down)  
Yeah, it's good.

Samantha very awkwardly starts to climb on top of her swivel  
chair. She steadies herself on the chair and stands. Samantha  
reaches for her water bottle. She can't reach it.

SAMANTHA

(to another writer)  
Could you...

The WRITER hands it to her. She drinks. It's clearly not water.

AMY

Oh my god, sit down. You are definitely not sober.

SAMANTHA

Oh, amen't I? Look, It's our journalistic duty here at BuzzFeed to stop filling our readers' minds with this useless garbage and start creating content that actually reflects our precious human experience.

The co-workers watch. Interested. Is she actually making a good point?

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Can't you see that?!

Then, just when she has a slightly interested audience...

Samantha FALLS OFF HER CHAIR and onto a glass side table which SHATTERS INTO A MILLION PIECES.

Samantha gets up, holding the water bottle she didn't spill.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Nevertheless, she persisted!

Amy shrieks, covering her eye. There might even be some blood.

AMY

YOU'RE FIRED! GET OUT!

EXT. BROOKLYN - FORT GREENE PARK - DAY

Samantha wears an orange jumpsuit. She chucks a particularly smelly bag of dog shit into a dumpster.

SAMANTHA (PRE-LAP)

*Some old white AA dude once said that "pain was the touchstone of all spiritual progress."*

EXT. BRONX - CROSS BRONX EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Samantha sweeps up cigarette butts in the shoulder lane. A CONSTRUCTION CREW drives slowly by.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

SHOW US THEM TITTIES!

Samantha lifts up her shirt and shows her tits. The construction workers turn their heads in disgust.

CONSTRUCTION CREW

Oh, come on!/ Jesus/ We didn't mean  
it/ I have a daughter!

SAMANTHA (PRE-LAP)

*And I have chosen to view the one  
thousand hours of court mandated  
community labor and this thirty-day  
rehab program through a spiritual  
lens.*

EXT. HARLEM - ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Samantha carefully paints over some badly drawn penises. A group of MEN AND WOMEN WEARING ORANGE JUMPSUITS stand behind her, looking at an iPhone. They laugh and point at her.

CLOSE ON PHONE: it's Samantha's infamous BuzzFeed video -  
Samantha crashes into the glass side table.

ORANGE JUMPSUIT GUY

That was faked, right?

SAMANTHA

Totally. The whole thing was fake  
news.

ORANGE JUMPSUIT GIRL

So that's why you're wearing the  
orange jumpsuit? Because you're an  
actress?

Embarrassed, Samantha puts her head down and returns to work.

SAMANTHA (PRE-LAP)

*But even after all the pain I've  
caused, both to myself and to  
others, it took me a while to  
understand that I actually had  
a problem.*

INT. CREW TRUCK - DAY

DIMITRI (30's), the crew boss, tries to give Samantha an  
unwanted back massage.

SAMANTHA

What's #MeToo in Russian?

Dimitri takes his hands off of her.

SAMANTHA (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)  
*I could go back out there and drink  
like a lady, right?*

INT. MANHATTAN - HAZELDEN TREATMENT CENTER - DAY

Samantha sits next to NANCY SPROW, a harried black counselor, in the center of a circle of other female PATIENTS.

SAMANTHA  
Wrong! Because when I drink, bad things happen, even though I don't obviously mean for them to happen. Take my boss for example-- I didn't actually blind her. Technically, I fell on a glass side table, and then the glass broke and a tiny piece flew into her eye. But she had surgery and she's fine now! Who among us--

NANCY  
Yes, you've mentioned that a few times. Samantha, do you have any more pearls of wisdom to impart to your sisters before you go home tomorrow?

SAMANTHA  
First of all, I'm very sad today to be trading in the company of all y'all crazy bitches for the most passive-aggressive, high-functioning alcoholic bitch of them all, my mother.

NANCY  
Language.

SAMANTHA  
(sarcastic, for Nancy's benefit)  
But seriously, it's not my mother's fault - before I hit the bottle, I was a model student and employee. Now I'll be just another townie in a Boston suburb full of drunks -- aka the worst place to get sober.

NANCY  
But you'll be a sober townie.

SAMANTHA  
(playing along)  
You got it.

NANCY  
Is there anything else you'd like  
to share with us?

SAMANTHA  
Yes. I'm leaving you guys some of my  
books so you don't die of boredom.

A REHAB GIRL who looks like she might kill you, raises her hand.

REHAB GIRL  
(excited)  
Not the Jane Austen?

SAMANTHA  
Yes, Peach, the Austen and all three  
Brontës. If you need something to um,  
inspire you, read *Wuthering Heights*.  
Heathcliff will get the job done.

REHAB GIRL  
You're the fucking best, Drunk Girl.

The group cheers.

EXT. MANHATTAN - HAZELDEN TREATMENT CENTER - DAY

**TITLE CARD: SOBRIETY CALCULATOR: 30 DAYS.**

Samantha's mother, CAROL FINK (60), an overbearing - but also kind of absent - High School English teacher, pulls up to the curb in her Volvo. Samantha waves goodbye to Nancy. She puts her bags in the trunk and gets into the Volvo, kissing Carol on the cheek.

SAMANTHA  
Hello, Smother.

Carol motions towards Nancy.

CAROL  
I can't believe you spent a month  
with those people.

SAMANTHA  
For your information, "those  
people" were mostly white.



CAROL

I meant degenerates. It's been five seconds and I'm already a racist. That's what's wrong with your generation.

SAMANTHA

(sarcastic)

Oh, is that it?

(then)

Mom, if I weren't so committed to keeping the focus on my program I might mention that you could be one of those people.

CAROL

Oh please! Even your father did cocaine with me in the Eighties.

**END OF COLD OPEN**

ACT ONE

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE - SAMANTHA'S ROOM - DAY

The room is dwarfed by a bookcase, chock-full with all the great alcoholic writers - Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Parker. There are photos on the wall of Samantha with her best party friend, Felicia O'Brien, posing with red cups and bottles of wine. Carol barges in on Samantha applying foundation.

SAMANTHA

Please knock. I'm begging you.

CAROL

What are you getting all tarted up for?

SAMANTHA

I'm about to meet with my new probation officer.

CAROL

I hope for your sake it's a man.

SAMANTHA

Why?

CAROL

Women are monsters but men will let things slide if you're pretty.

SAMANTHA

Guess I should be happy you said I'm pretty while trying to hide my withdrawal zits.

CAROL

I was going to wait until tomorrow to tell you. I'm not an animal.

INT. DISTRICT COURT - DAY

Samantha listens to the NPR show "*Off Our Docs*" on her headphones. GAIL WILLIAMS (28), black, no fucks to give, breezes in, briefcase in hand. She sizes Samantha up.

GAIL

Ms. Fink?

Gail opens her office door.

INT. DISTRICT COURT - GAIL'S OFFICE - LATER

Samantha sits in the office, unimpressed by the various awards on the wall. Gail looks down at a folder and then into her charge's eyes.

GAIL

So, you're the "drunk girl." Nice of you to represent on behalf of your home town.

SAMANTHA

(half over it, half flattered)  
Oh, god, did you see the video?

GAIL

No, I have better things to do with my life. But I've heard about it and it sounds very humiliating.

SAMANTHA

Thanks. I was hoping it might have cycled out of the consciousness by now. I've been out of the public eye a while. Thirty days, actually.

GAIL

Well, from what I understand, it really hasn't. Anyway, as I'm sure you're aware, a part of your probation for a class B misdemeanor, besides rehab, is AA meetings every day, for ninety days.

SAMANTHA

I attended meetings every day at Hazelden. Shouldn't that count?

Gail hands Samantha an AA court card.

GAIL

No. You owe me ninety meetings, Ms. Fink.

SAMANTHA

If I hit three meetings a day, can I be done in thirty days? Imagine how sober I would be.

Gail stares at Samantha, horrified.

GAIL

You're lucky you're white.

SAMANTHA

Excuse me?

GAIL

And I'll know if you're sober when you pee in a cup for me on a weekly basis.

SAMANTHA

At least take me out for dinner first.

Gail gives Samantha a withered look.

EXT. SACRED HEARTS PARISH - EVENING

Samantha, too good for this shit, stands across the street from a church that has seen better days since the 2002 Boston Globe investigation into rampant child sex abuse by priests. She watches a diverse group of MEN and WOMEN, White, Black, and Asian, both young and old, enter the AA meeting.

Samantha tries to walk in unnoticed - but OLIVIA ELLIOT (early 40's), a brilliant melancholic lesbian and one of "The Greeters" of this AA meeting, pushes out her hand.

OLIVIA

Welcome!

Samantha begrudgingly shakes it.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Olivia.

SAMANTHA

I'm Samantha.

OLIVIA

You're new, right?

SAMANTHA

How'd you know?

OLIVIA

That's easy. You're vibrating.

Samantha, not knowing this is an insult, checks her iPhone.

JAMES CHAMBERS (34), a tall, handsome drink of water covered in tattoos, heads into the church. Samantha looks intrigued.

SAMANTHA

Who's that?

OLIVIA

Never mind him. He'll never fill  
your God-shaped hole.

SAMANTHA

He can fill any hole he wants.

Olivia rolls her eyes.

OLIVIA

You're not just another heroin  
addict, slumming it with us  
"boring" alcoholics, are you  
Samantha?

SAMANTHA

Nope. I'm a purist.

OLIVIA

So, what brings you here?

SAMANTHA

Court mandate.

OLIVIA

For?

SAMANTHA

Public intoxication. Destruction of  
Personal Property. Almost blinding  
my boss. Being awesome.

OLIVIA

That must've been a fun day.

SAMANTHA

It was epic.

Samantha's iPhone vibrates. She sees a text from Felicia: "UR  
BACK BITCH! LET'S CELEBRATE!" in addition to many beer, wine,  
and tango girl emojis. Samantha is scared, but tempted.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Hey, can you sign my court card?

OLIVIA

Not 'till the end of the meeting,  
I'm afraid.

SAMANTHA

Seriously, that's another forty-  
five minutes.

OLIVIA  
Actually, it's an hour.

Samantha sighs loudly.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Before you go in, let me say this:  
You never have to drink again if  
you don't want to.

SAMANTHA  
So I have your permission to stop  
drinking now? Gee, thanks!

Samantha brushes past Olivia in a huff.

INT. HUGH O'NEILL'S - NIGHT

Stereotypical townie bar. Samantha sips water while staring  
longingly at the bottles of booze lining the bar.

FELICIA O'BRIEN (26), Samantha's fun, caustic, fearless lower-  
drinking companion (a drinking buddy who is more of a fuck up  
than you are), enters wearing sweats, her hair in a high  
ponytail. She speaks in a Boston accent.

FELICIA  
The prodigal daughter returns.

SAMANTHA  
Wow, you actually learned something  
in Catholic school?

FELICIA  
Let's just say that I had one of  
the good priests.

Samantha and Felicia share a laugh and hug hello.

FELICIA (CONT'D)  
(re: water)  
Are you waiting for me because you  
pregamed before the meeting?

SAMANTHA  
I try not to show up to meetings  
drunk. You know, out of respect.

Felicia signals to the BARTENDER.

FELICIA  
Two beers and two shots, please!

Samantha looks nervous. Felicia knows what's up.

FELICIA (CONT'D)

Oh no. Don't tell me you bought  
into that rehab shit.

SAMANTHA

It's not that. I just think  
I should ease back into it.

FELICIA

You're Samantha fucking Fink, dude.  
The Russian Jewish tank! You don't  
need to ease back into anything.

The bartender places the beers and shots in front of them.  
Samantha picks up a shot and smells it.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, what the fuck, right?

FELICIA

(cheekily)  
And just remember, when you're  
sober, you're boring.

SAMANTHA

Duh.

They clink glasses and down their shots.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Oh baby, that tastes good.

FELICIA

Of course it does, ya dumb dumb!

There's a click in Samantha's head. It's ON now.

INT. HUGH O'NEILL'S - LATER

**TITLE CARD: THE SOBRIETY CALCULATOR QUICKLY SPINS DOWN FROM  
30 DAYS BACK TO 0 DAYS.**

Samantha and Felicia are playing a game of beer pong with TWO  
TOWNIE BROS. They are having a lot of fun.

TOWNIE BRO #1

Check out those mad skills!

SAMANTHA

You ain't seen nothing yet.

He smiles, charmed.

INT. HUGH O'NEILL'S - LATER

MUSIC CUE: "Apple Bottom Jeans" by T-Pain.

Samantha, Felicia, the Bros and most of the BAR PATRONS jump up and down in the middle of the bar, shouting along to T-Pain. Samantha knows every word. She is in the center of the circle which might as well be the center of the universe.

INT. HUGH O'NEILL'S - LATER

MUSIC CUE: "Whenever, Wherever" by Shakira.

Samantha is crawling across a makeshift stage on her hands and knees, lip-syncing.

SAMANTHA

This is the part where she crawls  
through the mud!

FELICIA

You look so hot right now!

EVERYONE IS LOVING SAM. She might be sloppy but this is some real hot-girl shit.

INT. HUGH O'NEILL'S - MIDNIGHT

The few leftover people at the bar are really fading. Mostly sitting, some with their heads on the bar. NO ONE, except Felicia, can outlast Samantha.

SAMANTHA

Come on you assholes! Get up! Let's  
dance!

(to Felicia, drunk whispering)

In AA they say the secret to  
sobriety is "One Day at a Time." So  
I'm just gonna start over tomorrow.

FELICIA

Tomorrow is a new day!

SAMANTHA

(to the bar crowd)

You know what, who needs you guys?

(to the bartender, fancily)

Barkeep! Please pour me two shots  
of your cheapest tequila!

Samantha slams down the shots and dances with Felicia. They are wasted. Probably more than you've ever been.



Just then, BRIT MANLEY, the daughter of Haitian immigrants and Samantha's smart, kind, and annoyingly put together ex-BFF, enters wearing a tacky veil. A group of YOUNG WOMEN (who are all wearing the same dress with the words "BRIDE TRIBE") follow Brit inside. They are pleasantly drunk, not Samantha drunk.

Samantha clocks this and stands up. She knows enough to be humiliated. The room starts spinning.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(to Felicia)

I should have laid off the chicken parm.

FELICIA

I told you. It's all about timing.

BERYL (26), one of the members of the bride tribe, whispers to one of the other bridesmaids.

BERYL

Oh my god. This is awkward.

OTHER BRIDESMAID

But also a little funny?

BERYL

Totes.

Brit rips her veil off and stashes it in her bag. Samantha sees this. They make eye contact. It is not exactly warm.

EXT. HUGH O'NEILL'S - PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Samantha leans against the wall, fanning herself. Brit looks worried.

BRIT

Back from New York?

SAMANTHA

Yeap. I'm living with Carol.  
We're like *Grey Gardens* on acid.

BRIT

I'm glad rehab didn't affect your sense of humor.

SAMANTHA

It was mandatory so my office wouldn't sue, that's how it was. But obviously it was totally pointless because I can control my drinking. When I want to.

A beat. No one believes this, not even Samantha to some extent.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

So you and Joel are getting married?  
(then)  
I saw you hide the veil, dude.

BRIT

Beryl forced me to wear it. And this  
wasn't the way I wanted to tell you.

Felicia pokes her head out of the backdoor of Hugh O'Neills.

FELICIA

That's adorable.

BRIT

Always a pleasure, Felicia.

SAMANTHA

You know, me and Joel were supposed  
to get married, but then my dad got  
sick and Joel abandoned me.

BRIT

Or you left him to move to New York  
and expected him to wait forever.

SAMANTHA

I guess I didn't realize my best  
friend was going to steal from me.

FELICIA

Oh, snap!

BRIT

Is that really the story you've  
been telling yourself?

SAMANTHA

What am I supposed to think?

BRIT

If anyone is to blame for bringing  
Joel and me together, it's you.

SAMANTHA

You've always wanted what I have.

BRIT

What you had.

(then)

We bent over fucking backwards  
trying to help you after everything  
that happened, but no, you chose to  
go right back to the bar, even  
after getting your stomach pumped a  
thousand times.

SAMANTHA

You don't understand.

BRIT

Because you don't want me to.  
That's how you keep everyone out.

Samantha winces like she's been kicked in the face.

BRIT (CONT'D)

(to Felicia)

Could you give us a minute alone?

FELICIA

No chance in hell.

SAMATHA

It's fine. I'm okay.

FELICIA

Fine.

(to Brit)

Bye Prissy Bitch.

Felicia heads back into Hugh O'Neills.

BRIT

Why do you surround yourself with  
people who don't care about you?

SAMANTHA

Here we go again. Always trying to  
fix me.

BRIT

And obviously I've failed.

SAMANTHA

You've never accepted me for me.

BRIT

Because this isn't my best  
friend. This is just... booze.

Ouch. Brit puts her hand on Samantha's shoulder.

BRIT (CONT'D)

Why don't you let me give you a  
ride home in the party bus?

Samantha smiles. It looks like she's going to accept Brit's  
kind offer.

SAMANTHA

Screw you and your party bus,  
you... betrayer!

Samantha removes Brit's hand from her shoulder and makes a beeline for the Volvo which is parked behind the party bus.

BRIT

Please let me drive you home. I'm  
begging you.

SAMANTHA

It's fine! I drive better drunk  
than sober.

Brit tries to snatch away Samantha's keys, to no avail.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

STOP TRYING TO CHANGE THE  
VERY ESSENCE OF WHO I AM!

Samantha gets into the driver's seat. She looks over her shoulder to back up, but accidentally puts the car in drive, SMASHING INTO THE BACK OF BRIT'S PARTY BUS.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Now we're even! That's why I  
did that... on purpose.

Samantha then backs up and smashes into a telephone pole. The airbags inflate and Samantha hits her head.

EXT. HUGH O'NEILL'S - PARKING LOT - LATER

JOEL LAVOIE (26), Samantha's humble, unaffected ex-high school sweetheart, peers down at Samantha wearing a firefighter uniform. A fire truck is parked behind him, his fellow firemen looking on like, "WTF?"

SAMANTHA

Fuuuuuck me.  
(then, to Brit)  
You had to call him? And all of  
his hot friends?

BRIT

Actually I called the cops.

SAMANTHA

Y'all had nothing better to do  
in this here small town than to  
show up for this?

BRIT

(to Joel)  
Good luck.

Brit goes back into the bar.

JOEL  
Hey Sam.

SAMANTHA  
Hello, Joel.  
(to firemen)  
Hey everyone!

JOEL  
You okay?

SAMANTHA  
Never been better. Congrats  
on your impending nuptials.

JOEL  
Uh, thanks.

Samantha gestures for him to come down so she can tell him something. She whispers, loudly.

SAMANTHA  
(grasping)  
I have an idea... What if, hear me  
out, I'm just riffing here... I give  
you a blowie behind the bleachers  
and we'll forget this ever happened.

JOEL  
You know the cops are on their way, right?

SAMANTHA  
Come on. For old times sake. Your  
friends can watch.

A police car pulls up. MIKE GENTILE (28), another local boy, gets out of his squad car and heads towards Samantha.

MIKE  
(condescendingly)  
Ooooh Sam. What'd you do now?

Samantha makes a face.

JOEL  
This is for your own good.

Samantha opens her car door and tries to bolt but trips fantastically. Joel rushes towards her, picks her up, and just as he is about to hand her over to Mike, she pukes on Mike's shoes.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

INT. MALDEN POLICE STATION - DRUNK TANK - THE NEXT DAY

Samantha is passed out in her lonely cell. Olivia enters with Mike. He unlocks the cell and passes Olivia Samantha's handbag.

MIKE  
(sarcastic)  
There's no way this goes wrong.

Mike exits. Olivia gently rattles the bars.

OLIVIA  
Ahem.

Nothing. Olivia bangs on the cell.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
SAMANTHA, WAKE UP!

Samantha bolts awake. She looks twenty years older.

SAMANTHA  
I'm awake!

She rubs her eyes and peers through the bars.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Oh, it's the cult. Have you come to save me?

OLIVIA  
Talking to drunks in jail is my missionary work.

Olivia holds up Samantha's handbag.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Why don't you take your bag and wait for me outside the station.

SAMANTHA  
I can't. I'm locked in here.

Olivia pushes the cell door open.

OLIVIA  
Not anymore.

SAMANTHA  
(sarcastically)  
But I'm still a prisoner of my sick mind.

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

Samantha sulks, hungover and irritable. Olivia drives.

SAMANTHA

Why are you doing this? Because  
"the program" told you to?

OLIVIA

It keeps me sober. Helping you is  
just an added bonus.

SAMANTHA

So you try to convert people when  
they're really desperate.

OLIVIA

It's the best time to do it. But if  
it makes you feel any better, I'm  
already regretting my decision.

SAMANTHA

No. I'm sorry. Thank you for  
helping me. Really. You're like  
my last friend on earth.

OLIVIA

I'm not your friend.

SAMANTHA

No, of course not.  
(bitterly)  
Who needs friends when my own  
mother won't bail me out? She  
makes brownies for her students  
and there's never any left for me.

OLIVIA

Why do you think that is?

SAMANTHA

I crashed her car into a party  
bus. And a telephone pole. Oops.

They pull up to Carol's house. Olivia hands her a card.

OLIVIA

Well, when you're ready to admit  
you have a problem, call me. You  
need a sponsor. This is not  
something you want to do alone.

SAMANTHA

I don't know what "this" is. I  
don't know what I'm supposed to do.

OLIVIA

Try to be a person. Make your bed every day. Take a shower. Brush your teeth after you puke. Start there.

SAMANTHA

Is the making my bed metaphorical or should I really do that?

OLIVIA

Oh my god.

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carol grades papers in her favorite chair in annoyed silence. Samantha throws her sad handbag on the couch.

SAMANTHA

You're not even going to ask me how I got home?

CAROL

Nope. You always find some poor sucker to rescue you.

Samantha starts upstairs.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Not so fast. There are a few things we need to discuss.

Carol points to the couch.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Sit down.

SAMANTHA

I want you to know that I'm covered in every kind of urine and like fifty STDs right now.

A beat.

CAROL

Fine. You can stand. Samantha, it's been twenty-four hours since I picked you up from rehab, and you've already been arrested after totaling MY car.

SAMANTHA

Brit and Joel are getting married and it really fucked me up.



CAROL

I know. I'm going to their wedding. If you pull this shit again, you're out.

Samantha laughs this off. Then she gets quiet.

SAMANTHA

You're serious.

CAROL

I am.

SAMANTHA

(freaking out)

Where would I go? I don't have any money.

CAROL

Get a job. And with that job, you pay me rent. If you stay here, you pay rent.

SAMANTHA

I don't know why these things keep happening to me.

CAROL

You're just lucky I guess.

(then)

Go shower. You smell like a locker room at a strip club.

INT. DISTRICT COURT - GAIL'S OFFICE - DAY

Gail reads Samantha the riot act.

SAMANTHA

Here we go again. I already told you, it was a stupid mistake-

GAIL

It? There are so many things. You're just lucky your officer didn't include these "mistakes" in his report.

SAMANTHA

It's 'cause that cop is friends with my ex who's still in love with me. Most likely.

Gail closes her office door angrily. Samantha shrinks.

GAIL

You're looking at sixty days, thirty with good behavior. And that's just a start.

SAMANTHA

Can't you just get me more probation?

GAIL  
Even if I could, I wouldn't.

SAMANTHA  
(cornered)  
I get it. You're trying to scare me straight?

Gail leans forward, done with Samantha's bullshit.

GAIL  
I'm not trying to scare you.  
Hell, you scare me. You're just  
another member of a lost  
generation. I see you rich white  
kids come in here every day, and  
most of the time, you die. And I  
care, for like, a couple weeks.  
And then I stop caring, 'cause  
when I care, I pull my hair out.

SAMANTHA  
You do?

GAIL  
Yes.  
(pointing to her hair)  
You think this shit is real?  
This is as fake as that smile  
plastered on your face.

Samantha knows Gail is right. She tears up.

SAMANTHA  
Maybe I fucked up.

GAIL  
You think?

SAMANTHA  
Okay, I definitely fucked up. I'm  
really sorry.

GAIL  
Sorry ain't gonna cut it, babe.

SAMANTHA  
(freaking out)  
Well, what do you want me to say?

GAIL  
Doesn't matter what you say. You  
can't talk yourself out of this one.  
(then)  
And I'll let you in on a little secret.  
Alcoholism doesn't care about  
your privilege, and neither do I.

ON Samantha, realizing for the first time how screwed she  
really is.

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

**TITLE CARD: SOBRIETY CALCULATOR: 6 DAYS.**

EXT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Olivia's beautiful Victorian house is the fanciest part of Malden on Hawthorne Street, where all the rich white families send their kids to private school. Samantha rehearses in her head what she's going to say.

OLIVIA (O.S.)  
Did you drink?

Samantha jumps two feet and turns around. Olivia stands at the bottom of the porch stairs.

SAMANTHA  
Nope! I've got six days.

OLIVIA  
Days make months, months make years.

SAMANTHA  
What's with all the fucking slogans?

Olivia walks up to her front door.

OLIVIA  
Can I offer you a cup of tea?  
It's not blow but it's all I have.

SAMANTHA  
(smiling)  
Oh, I only do coke to help me drink more.

INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Samantha surveys the room. Her eyes find a framed photo of Terry Gross, Olivia, and Ira Glass. And a large portrait of Eleanor Roosevelt.

SAMANTHA  
Yeah, so I was wondering if this sponsorship deal included housing?

OLIVIA

I don't do couch commitments anymore.  
The last girl almost murdered my dog.

SAMANTHA

Why can't you use normal words? Why do  
you have such cute names for everything?

Olivia shrugs and exits into the kitchen.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

It's just that my mom wants me to  
get a job and pay rent.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

As normal adults do.

SAMANTHA

So I'll just get a job at McDonalds?

On a nearby credenza, a Peabody Award sits impressively.  
Samantha's eyes widen. It can't be.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Like they would have you.

SAMANTHA

Really?

Olivia returns with the tea. She hands it to Samantha who  
almost drops it out of excitement.

OLIVIA

Yes, really.

A beat.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

What?

Samantha lets it all out.

SAMANTHA

(Doing Olivia's voice)  
"I'm Olivia Eliot, and this is  
*Off Our Docs*."

OLIVIA

Ah.

SAMANTHA

(gushing)  
You're Olivia Eliot. I love your  
work. You've been such a huge  
influence on me.

OLIVIA

I know. You're my fan base. Twenty-six to twenty-eight years old, liberal arts degree, product of a broken home, you think you're bi but you're actually just a big tease.

SAMANTHA

I'd go for anyone who'd have me right now.

OLIVIA

I wouldn't lead with that.

Olivia sits down. Samantha stays standing.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

So, why'd you really come here today?

SAMANTHA

I'm screwed and I have nowhere else to go.

OLIVIA

How screwed we talking?

SAMANTHA

I may be a felon for life. What am I gonna do?

EXT. STOP & SHOP SUPERMARKET - DAY

Samantha stands outside of the automatic doors, which keep opening and shutting. Olivia leans on her car.

SAMANTHA

(sarcastic)

I can't work here. I worked at BuzzFeed.

OLIVIA

Six days ago, I found you coming to in a jail cell after totaling your mother's car.

SAMANTHA

(panicking)

Everyone is going to think I'm a loser.

OLIVIA

Go in there and use the fellowship of AA. Ask for Mindy.

SAMANTHA

I knew this was a cult.

Samantha sighs and walks through the doors.

INT. STOP & SHOP SUPERMARKET - DAY

Samantha walks to the back of the store to the produce freezer. The store manager, MELINDA AKA "MINDY" MOY, (26), Chinese, a quirky lapsed Catholic who identifies as non-binary to everybody but their parents, stocks shelves of recently shipped vegetables. They speak in a Boston accent.

MINDY

Hey Sam. Olivia told me you might be coming over here.

SAMANTHA

She did?

MINDY

I mean, it wasn't a surprise. I saw the video.

SAMANTHA

It's not as bad it looks.

MINDY

And I remember you from Malden High. Hey, you were the wasted girl who wore that bondage outfit to Spring Fling.

Samantha nods.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, I had a rep to protect after being kicked out of private school for drinking.

(then)

I still have the corset. And the leash.

MINDY

(sarcastic)

Why would a viral sensation such as yourself want a job here? What'd you do now?

SAMANTHA

Who says I did anything?

MINDY

Liars don't get hired.

Beat.

SAMANTHA

I got drunk and crashed into Brit  
Manley's party bus. And then a  
telephone pole.

Silence.

MINDY

UP TOP!

They high five.

MINDY (CONT'D)

You start tomorrow, Drunk Girl.

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Carol pours herself a glass of white wine. Samantha unloads  
the dishwasher.

CAROL

(horrified)

So you're going to work at Shaws?

SAMANTHA

Stop & Shop.

CAROL

(sarcastic)

What's the difference?

SAMANTHA

You said I needed a job.

CAROL

But such a shitty job.

SAMANTHA

What the fuck, Mom?

CAROL

You know what? Do whatever you  
want. I talked to Brit and she  
thinks I need to join her in  
getting off this roller coaster.

SAMANTHA

You talked to Brit about me?

CAROL

She's like you, except she's  
successful and nice.

SAMANTHA

(reeling)

Wow.

CAROL

I spent thousands on your expensive rehab and you still can't drink like a normal person.

SAMANTHA

You're one to talk. You drank like a fish the entire time Dad was sick. I saw the bottles you hid under the sink.

CAROL

But after he died, I was able to cut back.

SAMANTHA

Well excuse me if I couldn't.

Samantha sits down at the kitchen table.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I can't drink like you.

CAROL

Sure you can. You haven't even tried.

SAMANTHA

Your binge ends in a hangover. My binge ends with multiple felonies and tiny demons bursting through the walls.

CAROL

You know your father isn't coming back, no matter how much you drink.

SAMANTHA

I miss Dad every day.

CAROL

I do too.

SAMANTHA

Then how come we never talk about him?

CAROL

Because at some point, we need to move on. I need to move on. I loved your father, he was sick for a long time, and now he's gone.

Beat.



SAMANTHA

I'm sorry for crashing your car.  
I guess this is my bottom.

CAROL

Don't be so dramatic. It was twelve  
years old. They don't even make the  
parts to fix it anymore.

They both share a laugh.

ANGLE ON: Carol's wine glass.

CAROL (CONT'D)

(re: wine)

If you can have just one glass,  
it's in the fridge. Apparently,  
Chardonnay should be chilled.

Carol grabs her glass and exits. Samantha is so tempted...

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB 24 CLUBHOUSE - LATER

Samantha runs in late, of course. She sees Olivia across the  
room, but the shame of having almost drank is burning within  
her. Olivia pats the seat beside her and, with massive  
relief, Samantha walks over to the seat.

A nondescript WOMAN, stands up front, mid-speech. She doesn't  
really stand out in any way. But she's got her own story. She  
speaks in a Boston accent.

WOMAN

And that's when I woke up in Honduras  
having no idea how I got there.

Samantha leans over to Olivia, whispering.

SAMANTHA

Impressive.

Olivia whispers back to Samantha.

OLIVIA

Shh. "Take the cotton out of your  
ears and put it in your mouth."

SAMANTHA

Huh?

OLIVIA  
Just listen, okay?

WOMAN  
You'd think I would've stopped  
drinking then. But I didn't actually  
stop until three years later.

There's laughter from the audience.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Because I truly believed if I didn't  
drink, I'd be a loser with no friends.  
But by the end of my drinking, I didn't  
have any friends - I just had people I  
got fucked up with. They didn't care  
about me. They only cared about what  
booze or drugs I could score.

PUSH IN on Samantha, as she recognizes herself in this story.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I thought I was so... interesting  
and sexy when I was drunk - the life  
of the party. But really I was just  
doing the same self-destructive  
dance every night, until I finally  
got so tired of it that I was  
willing to give sobriety a chance.

Samantha feels like she's having a panic attack. She grabs  
her stuff and runs out the door. Behind her, we can hear  
someone yelling "Keep coming back!"

EXT. CLUB 24 CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Samantha bursts out of the door. She bends over, trying to  
catch her breath. James walks out quickly. He speaks in a  
Boston accent.

JAMES  
Hey, are you okay?

SAMANTHA  
No.

JAMES  
You think it's bad now. Just wait  
'till you get more time.

Samantha is spinning. Kind of yelling and kind of crying.

SAMANTHA  
I can't imagine getting a year.  
Or even a month. All I have is six  
days! I did great in rehab.  
(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

But it's too hard out here. I might as well go buy some Oxys in the Shell parking lot and call it a day! I'm one of those lost causes.

JAMES

No, you're not. I promise. I was in county. Like, for a long time. You're gonna be okay.

This starts to calm her a little.

SAMANTHA

Whoa. Really?

JAMES

Oh yeah. I was a full-time drug dealer, hustler, criminal. Meth, coke, anything you wanted, I had at my disposal. Unless I was using it for my own purposes.

SAMANTHA

All my friends in New York were dealers or bartenders.  
(then)  
I miss them.

Samantha takes a breath and stands. She starts to calm down.

JAMES

You feeling a little better?

SAMANTHA

Yeah. I am. Thanks.  
(then)  
You wanna hit up Dunks sometime?

JAMES

When you get a year and a day sober, I'd love to. I don't fuck around with newcomers anymore.

SAMANTHA

Is that another weird AA rule?

JAMES

I thought it was weird until I was stalked by a girl ten days off heroin. Then an alcoholic with only thirty-four days. Then another heroin addict. I have boundary issues.

Samantha watches him walk off like he's James Dean.

She takes a beat. Then, grabs her phone. She texts Brit: "I REALLY FUCKED UP. SORRY ABOUT YOUR BUS."

Three dots appear. And disappear. And reappear. Then Brit responds: "IT'S OKAY. WE HAVE INSURANCE." Samantha lets out a sigh of relief.

INT. STOP & SHOP SUPERMARKET - THE NEXT DAY

**TITLE CARD: SOBRIETY CALCULATOR: 7 DAYS.**

Samantha bags groceries with a fire in her belly. Mindy enters.

MINDY  
How's it going?

SAMANTHA  
I'm great. I'm like a new person.

MINDY  
Someone's enjoying her pink cloud.

SAMANTHA  
Pink cloud?

MINDY  
That natural high you feel when  
you're not constantly filling your  
body with poison.

SAMANTHA  
Why must you insist on speaking in code?  
(then)  
Anyway, I'll take any high I can get.

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE - SAMANTHA'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

**TITLE CARD: SOBRIETY CALCULATOR: 8 DAYS.**

Samantha's alarm goes off. She gets up, starts to get dressed, then notices her unmade bed. She stops what she's doing and begins to, for the first time in a long time, make her bed.

Samantha takes a photo of her made bed and texts it to Olivia.

Olivia responds: "GOOD JOB, GRASSHOPPER. NOW YOU JUST NEED TO STOP DRINKING."

SAMANTHA  
(laughing)  
Bitch.

Then Felicia texts Samantha: "WANNA GET SOME BEERS 2NITE?" followed by an endless amount of beer and vomit-face emojis.

Samantha stops laughing and looks at her iPhone, thinking...

**END OF SHOW**