

REHAB

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EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

A limousine winds its way through the hills outside of Hollywood, past expensive and exclusive properties.

The irrepressible Californian sunlight is held back by tinted windows, making it impossible to see who is within.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

RICK DARNLEY, fortysomething film star, handsome but going creatively to seed, slouches in the beautifully upholstered interior with two scripts on his lap.

One is entitled "The Angels of Needle Park" by Louella O'Keefe. Someone has written on the cover 'You want your golden bookend - read this!'

The other is called "Captain Steel" and has a riveted, brushed steel gimmicky cover screaming action movie.

To this, someone has added a post-it note which reads "\$10 mil but they might go to 15. Jackpot. Bucky."

Darnley's phone rings. He answers immediately.

DARNLEY

Nope. She gets nothing. Okay, okay... she can have the beach house. It's what? That house has been featured in Architectural Digest. Look, just call me when there's a deal on the table. Look, gotta go Marty. Bye.

Darnley hangs up rubs tired and bloodshot eyes and takes a plastic lunch box from a briefcase at his side.

Inside are two boiled eggs, a carton of apple juice, some salad and a salt-shaker. Darnley makes a face at the salad.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

The limo slows and turns off the main road onto a single-track road, which is signposted "Greenhollows 5km".

DARNLEY

(to driver)

Magnus? Did you just turn off?

MAGNUS, well-built African-American, jovial but nobody you'd mess with, looks at his employer in the rear-view mirror.

MAGNUS

Sorry Rick, just heard on the radio
there's a tailback at intersection
9. I'm cutting through.

Darnley is surprised but accepting. He looks down at his unappealing lunch.

DARNLEY

I tell you, this detox diet sucks
donkey dick. Don't ever try it.

MAGNUS

I won't.

Magnus looks back at the road. A walled compound of some sort is coming up in the distance.

Darnley glances towards the glass separating him from the driver and pushes a button in his armrest. The glass goes opaque.

In the driver's seat, Magnus shakes his head as his employer vanishes behind the black glass.

Darnley unscrews the salt-shaker and pours "salt" onto his briefcase. He begins to chop it up and shape it into a line with a credit card.

Then he looks out the window. This doesn't look like a cut through. Tinderbox forest and scrubland on either side. Signs warn against the dangers of dropping cigarettes or glass bottles.

Darnley takes an audible snort of cocaine from his briefcase.

Just then, the car does a sudden stop, spilling coke from the shaker all over Darnley's trousers and the limo interior.

Magnus presses his own button and the partition becomes transparent.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Missed the
turning.

DARNLEY

What the fuck man? You just wasted
two hundred dollars worth of fine
Columbian nose candy. Not to
mention a nicely worn in pair of
Armanis.

Magnus says nothing, reversing twenty feet and nosing the car down an even smaller, dirt track.

DARNLEY (CONT'D)
 Seriously Magnus, what's gotten
 into you. If you want to talk
 about that pay rise again...

As Darnley is desperately trying to scoop up some fallen cocaine, the car jolts over a dip in the track. Darnley's head connects with the door.

DARNLEY (CONT'D)
 Jesus! You stop this car right now
 or I'll have you flogged. And
 that's not a racist thing, you
 hear. I'm at least an eighth black
 myself. Well, so grandma Darnley
 says.

Darnley looks out the window again, bewildered. This is clearly no longer a short cut of any kind.

Darnley reaches for the door handle but Magnus clicks the child-proof locking system on. Darnley pulls at the handle in a futile gesture.

Then he slumps back down, afraid now.

DARNLEY (CONT'D)
 Magnus, if this is a kidnap
 situation, you know I'm good for at
 least another ten, maybe twenty
 percent on top of whatever they
 offered you.... I mean I'll have to
 talk to Marty, obviously but...

The car comes to another abrupt skidding stop, tossing up dust.

Darnley gets up from the ungainly, spider-like position he's found himself in on the limo floor.

DARNLEY (CONT'D)
 Okay, we've had a laugh now, my
 friend but I'm going to have to
 have a little chat about your
 future in our organisation...

EXT. GREENHOLLOWS ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Magnus, implacable, gets out of the car and approaches the intercom at the side of a pair of sturdy wrought-iron gates. A converted Spanish-style ranch lies beyond with an impressive main house and various outbuildings.

Darnley pushes a button and the window slides down. He blinks in noon sunlight. His eyes focus with difficulty on a sign:

GREENHOLLOWS REHABILITATION AND RECUPERATION CENTRE

DARNLEY

No fucking way! This is not
happening. Not now. I'm going to
call Bucky and...

There's a slapping sound. Marcus, back in the car, has
pressed a document against the glass partition. Darnley
squints at it.

It's headed: "Voluntary Rehabilitative Commitment Order". At
the bottom is a squiggly signature that is clearly his own.

DARNLEY (CONT'D)

That's not even my handwriting
anyway. You can't prove anything.
I was under the influence!

Magnus is made of granite but he wears a wry smile.

Darnley attempts to climb out of the car's window. He only
makes it halfway before the car starts driving off again,
through the gates as they swing open.

Realising he's not up to any acts of heroism, Darnley
retreats back into the limo, stamping his feet in rage and
frustration as the car speeds towards Greenhollows.

INT. GREENHOLLOWS - DAY

Darnley, flanked by two immense SECURITY GUARDS, is led
through the building on a tour of the facilities.

He's being inducted by DR FELDMAN, a wiry fifty year old with
expensive designer glasses to offset the standard-issue
clinical white workwear.

Darnley is sucking on a carton of apple juice through a
straw.

FELDMAN

And this is our lounge area,
complete with full entertainment
facilities and communal discussion
space. Here our clients can meet
and compare experiences.

DARNLEY

Are Tweedledum and Tweedledee
absolutely necessary? Give me some
space guys.

FELDMAN

Mr Darnley, the two gentleman who seem so keen to shadow your every move are not, I assure you, in my employ. We ordinarily rely on a combination of our client's cooperation and our state-of-the-art security facilities.

The Latino man-mountain, CHICO, laughs.

CHICO

Mr Darnley has escaped from more of these establishments than you can think of.

The white man-mountain, LUIGI chips in.

LUIGI

Dude's the Steve McQueen of rehab.

Doctor Feldman is holding out the contract Darnley signed.

FELDMAN

The terms of your residence are, unusual to say the least. But we hope your stay will still be a transformative one.

They pass down a corridor painted with colourful "uplifting" murals. There are doors on each side, named for identification "Hendrix", "Joplin", "Phoenix" and "Belushi".

DARNLEY

Tasteful.

FELDMAN

Our treatment rooms. Here we provide behavioural therapy, hypnosis, nutritional and physical therapies, acupuncture... and many other services to alleviate our client's... trials.

DARNLEY

Belushi? Really?

FELDMAN

We find it helps our clients focus on securing a positive outcome.

DARNLEY

By scaring the crap out of them?

FELDMAN

If you look to your left you'll just be able to see the swimming pool.

(MORE)

FELDMAN (CONT'D)

I'm afraid we're in the middle of replacing the roof, so it's out of commission for a couple of weeks. But it is Olympic sized.

The swimming pool has Doric pillars holding up a metal-frame roof, only part of which can be made out under a giant tarpaulin.

A group of JOGGERS pass by, around nine or ten men and women of varying ages and degrees of evident fitness. Darnley frowns at one of them.

DARNLEY

Was that...?

Luigi nudges him on before he can complete his question.

They pass through a compact gym.

FELDMAN

Here is our fully-equipped gym.

DARNLEY

Won't be using that. How long did I apparently sign up for?

He takes a long suck of the apple juice and reacts as if he's drunk something somewhat stronger.

FELDMAN

As long as it takes. Mr Darnley, it's time to simply let go, time to let others take up the slack.

DARNLEY

What slack? There's no slack. I don't do slack, I do extremely tight.

LUIGI

No getting tight in here. We promised Mr Geoff.

DARNLEY

My brother's behind this? I should have known. The fucker never usually buys the drinks. That's how he got me to let my guard down. There's been a terrible mistake guys and if you'll just let me phone my lawyer...

He turns and makes to run but Chico and Luigi grab him under the arms and lift him off the ground like a child.

Gently but firmly they continue down the hall with Darnley kicking and yelling between them, facing a primly smiling Dr Feldman.

FELDMAN

We have a basketball court and two tennis courts. You'll see the grounds later, I imagine, as well as meeting the other residents, who are presently out exercising. But for now, let me show you your room.

They proceed up a curving flight of stairs to a landing with twelve doors.

FELDMAN (CONT'D)

The accommodation wing. Yours is number eleven.

Chico and Luigi put Darnley down. He has stopped struggling. An orderly appears with keys and unlocks the door.

INT. DARNLEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside is an off-white monastic cell, a little like an extremely minimalist take on boutique hotel.

At the end of the room there is a full-length window beyond which lies a small courtyard containing a zen garden.

Being on the first floor, the garden is entirely walled-in.

FELDMAN

As this centre's Clinical Director, I can assure you that you will receive the world's highest standard of care and support during your recuperative stay.

Darnley is looking out the window.

DARNLEY

Where's the view?

He takes another slurp of apple juice.

MAXWELL, a slightly camp orderly, squeezes past Chico and Luigi to place fresh towels in the en-suite bathroom.

Feldman walks briskly over to Darnley, takes his apple juice and the salt-shaker he has secreted in an inside pocket. He sniffs the carton, recoiling slightly.

DARNLEY (CONT'D)

It must have fermented.

Feldman holds the carton and salt shaker out to the orderly.

FELDMAN
Maxwell, destroy these.

MAXWELL
Sure thing.

He scurries off, squeezing between Chico and Luigi with some difficulty.

FELDMAN
Mr Darnley, do you have a mobile phone?

Darnley takes his phone out.

Feldman takes it in a flash and pockets it.

FELDMAN (CONT'D)
I'm afraid we have to restrict and monitor all communications with the outside world. Some of our residents have found rather ingenious ways to smuggle in their... proclivities.

Maxwell has re-entered the room silently and is turning down one corner of the bed.

MAXWELL
One girl's sister brought in six miniatures of tequila hidden in her, you know...

He's met with a furious glare from Feldman, and absents himself promptly.

FELDMAN
As I said, I'm afraid trust is something that has to be earned here. You will be allowed two ten minute phone calls, observed of course. There will be an induction and introduction at 6pm, after which dinner will be served.

Darnley flops down on the bed, looking resigned. He stretches out, seeming to approve of the mattress.

DARNLEY
If it's perfectly spiffing with you doc, I'll take a nap for a bit. You will wake me in time for the... whatever.

FELDMAN

Induction. An alarm will sound.
We change it every week. This week
it will be mari mbas.

He smiles unctuously and leaves.

DARNLEY

Mari mbas.

He turns - Luigi and Chico are standing with arms folded watching him.

DARNLEY (CONT'D)

Run along Cheech and Chong.

He blows them a kiss. Emotionless, they roll out of the room closing the door behind them.

DARNLEY (CONT'D)

Cheech and Chong would at least
have something to smoke.

He tiptoes towards the door as their footsteps recede. As his hand touches the handle he hears a key turn in the lock.

Darnley growls in frustration, turns and throws himself back onto the bed.

A moment later he takes off his jacket, turns the inside pocket inside-out and begins licking stray cocaine granules.

A bit of fluff makes him splutter.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The main door is open and two DELIVERY MEN are piling up boxes of expensive designer shoes.

The RECEPTIONIST is bewildered. FELDMAN storms in.

FELDMAN

What's going on here? This is
wholly inappropriate. Who...?

Feldman sees the JOGGERS pass outside. Bringing up the rear is a designer-clad blonde HEIRESS who rather resembles a better-endowed Barbie. She's running with a pocket-sized dog on a gold chain.

FELDMAN (CONT'D)

Miss Sydney Sheraton!

The heiress (SHERATON) comes to a halt and starts to walk towards Feldman like a schoolgirl who's been caught out. The dog yips irri tatingly.

SHERATON

Dr Feldman, you're scaring Mr
Giggles. Ooh, are these for me?

She squeals like an excited schoolgirl, seeing the shoeboxes,
which now number at least thirty.

FELDMAN

Ms Sheraton. You will kindly hand
over your mobile phone and whatever
credit cards you had left. I
thought we had them all.

Sheraton looks guilty, tries a cute "poor me" face... and
talks to her dog.

SHERATON

I might have kept one or two for a
rainy day. Mr Giggles understands.
Who's a pretty boy?

She lifts up the dog, who is wearing a miniature jogging suit
and panting furiously.

Just then a loud, whooping alarm sounds. It feels like the
end of the world.

Mr Giggles yelps and runs off into the bushes, trailing his
lead. Sheraton follows after.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Feldman strides back through the building, meeting Luigi and
Chico storming down the corridor.

INT. STAIRS TO ACCOMODATION WING - CONTINUOUS

Feldman and Darnley's minders run up the stairs and Feldman
uses his skeleton key to unlock Suite 11, which has a red
light flashing above it.

INT. DARNLEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The window at the far end of the room has been broken.

A dented metal chair lies on the floor.

Darnley is scaling the wall at the far end of the Zen garden.

Chico gets out a Tazer and climbs through the broken window.

LUI GI

Mr Darnley, come down or Chico
here's gonna Taze you.

Darnley turns to his audience.

DARNLEY
We all know that's not going to happen, so let's just be realistic.

Chico takes aim.

CHICO
I apologise Mr Darnley. I'm a big fan of your movies, especially the ones with the talking dog but this is for your own good.

As Darnley attempts a Spiderman scuttle over the remaining four feet of wall, Chico fires.

The electrical spikes sink into Darnley's ass.

He howls in pain.

DARNLEY
(between gritted teeth)
Not.... very..... Zen.

He plummets to the immaculately patterned gravel.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Above a grassy plain, a small plane circles.

LA and the Hollywood Hills can be seen in the distance.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Eight trainee PARACHUTISTS of varying ethnicity are being giving a last minute pep talk by their burly INSTRUCTOR.

INSTRUCTOR
We're at 6000ft. You all know the drill. Count to three and pull the cord. We don't want any free-fall heroes.... Excuse me miss, where are you going?

One of the female parachutists, MILENA, a fit young twenty-something with Slavic features, is walking towards the pilot's cabin. She pulls out a gun.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Miss, what the hell...?

Ignoring him, Milena pulls open the cabin door.

The instructor finds a gun at his throat, held by a well-built Hispanic man in his late forties, RAMON. Ramon has a badly scarred face.

Milena points her own gun at the pilot.

MILENA
You're going to turn this plane
towards the hills and do exactly as
I say.

The PILOT nods, silently.

But as he turns the plane sharply, he presses a button to open the side door.

The trainees and instructor stumble and fall towards the open door, through which cold wind howls.

Ramon and the Instructor straddle the yawning space, struggling. The instructor manages to push Ramon away, turns and leaps into the void.

A moment later, his parachute opens.

Ramon fires his gun down towards the descending chute but to no avail.

A large black trainee, JENGO, tosses something to Ramon.

A flare gun.

Ramon fires it down at the Instructor's chute, which catches and blossoms into flame.

The pilot, still banking, can see the flaming chute beneath him.

MILENA (CONT'D)
No more fancy stuff or you're
following him. I can figure out
how to fly this rust-bucket if I
have to.

The pilot nods, terrified now.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The plane, banking steeply, heads for the hills.

Below it, the flaming remains of the chute and instructor plummet towards the ground.

INT. ATTIC ROOM - DAY

Darnley comes to, a bleary eye opening and scanning the room.

He's in a bigger but more basic space, with wooden rafters and no window.

Darnley's behind is aching. He tries to move a hand to rub it but he discovers he can't. His hands and feet are handcuffed to a metal framed bed.

DARNLEY
(shouting)
Hello! You can't do this! I have
human rights!

INT. STAIRS AND CORRIDOR - DAY

From the stairwell outside Darnley's room, his yelling can only just be heard. Excellent soundproofing.

INT. ATTIC ROOM - DAY

Darnley is sweating profusely, cold turkey taking effect. He gazes up at the ceiling.

Someone has graffitied a slogan: 'Freedom 'Aint Free'

Darnley stops struggling and closes his eyes.

A little later, he's woken by the door opening. A well-dressed and handsome African-American in his late twenties enters. This is BUCKY FULLER.

In the hall outside Chico and Luigi wait. Bucky shuts the door on them.

DARNLEY
You're fired! In fact you're
fired, sued and probably quite
badly beaten, if I can get these
fucking cuffs off.

He writhes a little, to no avail.

BUCKY
You're angry. I can understand
that. You want an explanation...

DARNLEY
Of course I want an explanation.
And it had better be a damn good
one. At least as good as the
Origin of the Species or Equals
MC squared. That's the calibre of
explanation we're talking about.

Bucky sits on a chair by Darnley's bed.

BUCKY
Did you read Captain Steel yet?

Darnley laughs.

DARNLEY
It's hard to catch up on your reading when you're handcuffed to a bed.

Bucky sighs, seeming oblivious that he's talking to a prone, agitated and suffering client as opposed to one seated comfortably in his office.

BUCKY
I sent it over two weeks ago. I'll fill you in. Superhero movie, 200 million budget, you don't have to wear spandex, it's all cool. But they need to know you're clean. The insurers won't go for it otherwise. We need an affidavit from Greenhollows. And that's why you're here. Well, that and the life-corroding misery of addiction, of course.

DARNLEY
What would you know of addiction? The only things you're addicted to are erotic Japanese prints and neckties that look like Jackson Pollock vomited them up.

Bucky looks down at his admittedly lurid tie and reflexively straightens the knot.

BUCKY
Whatever you say. All I know is, if you want to do this...

Bucky tosses a copy of the script onto the bed.

BUCKY (CONT'D)
...you'll abide by the eight week programme. I got a revised remuneration figure from the studio. I wrote it on the cover.

Darnley cranes his head and sees the figure \$20,000,000 written in red ink and underlined twice.

DARNLEY
That's all fine and dandy but... but... oh fuck... my vision's doubling... are all those zeroes for real?

BUCKY
Seven of them are.

DARNLEY
Then I guess I can tolerate it.
But S and M's not really my bag.
Can we do something about these
cuffs?

Bucky smiles. Triumphs again.

BUCKY
I'm certain that we can.

EXT. GREENHOLLOWS GROUNDS - DAY

The JOGGERS are still at it.

They're running through a thinly-forested hilly area of the compound, led by two fearfully fit TRAINERS.

Trailing at the back of the group are Sylvester HAMMOND, a young, albeit overweight, scholarly-looking man and Brick BOLTON, a once-fit bear of a man in his fifties.

Both are evidently suffering in the heat.

HAMMOND
That's not bad but I'm pretty sure
I can get you visitation rights one
midweek evening, every other
weekend and at least 40 percent of
public holidays. And all
birthdays, of course.

Bolton looks angry as well as exhausted.

BRI CK
Hammond, you're a decent-enough
young fellow. But if I need a
crack-addled lawyer I can just walk
into Hollywood and toss a rock.

HAMMOND
This... situation... I find myself
in is absolutely exceptional, I can
assure you. You need only read my
resume...

Bolton's rage is building.

BRI CK
Have you not noticed where we are
Hammond? We're in fucking Rehab,
not sipping cocktails in Malibu.
(MORE)

BRI CK (CONT' D)

Thanks to that cock-eyed Judge, my wife and her legal team I'm under an ultimatum. If I don't go straight I will never see my kids again...

HAMMOND

I think that's hardly likely...

Bolton snaps and swings Hammond against a tree like a sack of fertiliser. Hammond finds his feet swinging in open air.

BRI CK

Let me make this crystal clear. The last thing, the very last thing I need in this entire fucked-up world is another lawyer. I'd rather be gang-raped by giant cockroaches.

HAMMOND

(feeble last-ditch effort)
I can get you working again...

BRI CK

Even if that were true, I can't pay you. I sold the house, the yacht, the fuck pad in Florida to feed my habit, I've got an outstanding tax bill the size of the national debt of Greece and no-one will employ me anymore as I have a tendency to punch out directors. So how in the name of Jesus are you going to get me work?

Hammond's enthusiasm has waned, partly due to the implicit violence but mostly the news of Bolton's debts.

Bolton lets Hammond slide to the floor then offers him a hand up.

BRI CK (CONT' D)

Come on. You want to be beaten by a bunch of junkies?

Reluctantly, Hammond joins Bolton as they lope back towards the receding joggers.

Just behind the trainers are another odd couple.

Black supermodel NE' DOYA CLEAVER's long limbs flash effortlessly over the ground.

Desperately trying to keep up is overweight producer Elliott GREENSTREET, who is pouring with sweat.

GREENSTREET

When we get out of here, I'd love you to come and see my new pad in Beverley Hills. Frank Gehry... obviously not him, but one of his assistants, designed it.

NE' DOYA

Not a big fan of Gehry. Does it have an infinity pool?

She speeds up a little. Greenstreet gasps as he tries to keep up.

GREENSTREET

I've applied for permission for a pool, yes. You should come see. My chef Raymundo makes the best macrobiotic shakes you've ever tasted.

Ne' Doya looks unimpressed but she secretly smiles, enjoying the teasing.

NE' DOYA

Are you okay, Mr Greenstreet?

GREENSTREET

Please call me... Elliott.

He clutches his side suddenly, runs at a bit of an angle.

NE' DOYA

I hope that's just a stitch. A man of your weight has to be careful. Tell you what... if you collapse I'll give you mouth to mouth.

She smiles and an acre of teeth are revealed.

Greenstreet doesn't know what to do with this information.

Ne' Doya puts on a spurt to catch up with the trainers.

In the middle of the joggers, a Japanese man in his thirties, HARUKI GOTO is studying an intricate watch which is relaying data on his heart-rate, blood pressure, GPS co-ordinates etc.

Sidney Sheraton jogs past.

SHERATON

Hi Haruki. You haven't seen Mr Giggles, have you?

Haruki is utterly absorbed in his wrist device which is displaying a virtual contour map of the terrain. He merely waves and then shakes his head without looking up.

Not amused, Sidney overtakes him.

Still absorbed in his data, Haruki slams straight into a tree.

Sidney backtracks and helps him up.

The trainers at the front begin to lead the group back towards the main building.

Rubbing his bruised face, Haruki looks up at the sky.

The tiny speck of a circling plane can be seen and heard.

TRAINER
(in distance)
Come on guys! Let's pick up the
pace and really feel that burn...

No-one looks particularly enthusiastic as they head back to the house, Sidney helping Haruki, who's dazed.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Inside the circling plane, Ramon and the others are in conference.

The pilot still has Milena's gun trained upon him.

RAMON
You all know the drill. We've
worked hard to get to this day.
Anyone not prepared for what we
must do can stay on this plane.
But you'd better know how to land
it.

Jengo laughs. The others nod determined or keep their own counsel.

The group get on with their work. They begin to tear apart their backpacks.

As well as the three we've met there's Muhammad ISMAIL, a dour Afghani and Xu RONG, Chinese, studious, with thick glasses.

Ismail lays out a prayer mat and places a compass before him. He locates Mecca and kneels to pray. But mid-prayer he notices the plane has changed direction. He moves his body and the plane banks again.

Cursing, Ismail sees Jengo crossing himself and follows suit.

Watching this, Rong laughs. Ismail glares at him.

I SMAIL
 There is but one God, my friend,
 but many routes to him.

Rong holds his hands up in apology.

The backpacks are dismantled fully now. The tubing and straps are removed. When screwed together, the various pieces of metal form guns. The straps make bullet belts.

Finally, all five of the parachutists stand side by side dressed in paramilitary garb and fully armed, Milena still keeping a wary eye on the pilot

They wait.

INT. ATTIC ROOM - DAY

Darnley is soaked in sweat and still rattling his handcuffs. Instead of being removed, his wrist cuffs have been replaced with pink furry ones.

Into the room steps an elegant brunette in her mid-thirties in a white uniform. Her name badge identifies her as Nurse Elizabeth FOX.

Fox locks the door behind her and sits at Darnley's bedside. She examines the abrasions on Darnley's wrists.

FOX
 These restraints are highly
 unusual. We usually rely upon
 compliance here at Greenhollows.
 However, your minders insisted.
 We've had escape attempts before
 but yours was... impressive.

Even in his present state Darnley knows when to turn on the charm.

DARNLEY
 Thank you. I try to keep in shape.

Nurse Fox bathes his brow with a cold cloth and then takes out her keys. She uses one to undo his leg- and then handcuffs.

Darnley runs to the ensuite bathroom and shuts the door. We hear the sound of him peeing.

DARNLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You do know I could get those keys
 off you if I wanted to.

FOX

I don't doubt it. But you're not going to because you appreciate the necessity and urgency of getting well, don't you?

There's a flush and Darnley emerges, drying his hands and face.

DARNLEY

You're good. Yes, I've decided to stay. The rest will do me good. Hey, you don't have anything for my wrists, do you? Some rubbing alcohol should do it?

Fox smiles then shakes her head.

FOX

I'm no greenhorn. I've worked here twelve years.

DARNLEY

Surely you can't be old enough...

Fox ignores the compliment.

FOX

In that time I've seen patients gargle lighter fluid, surgical soap and even conceal and ferment grapes from the complimentary fruit baskets. I've pretty much seen all the tricks.

DARNLEY

I was just testing you.

FOX

Of course. Are you okay now to meet the others?

DARNLEY

Sure. Let's do it.

INT. COMMUNAL LOUNGE - DAY

Darnley walks into the lounge behind Fox and immediately recognises Brick Bolton amongst the assembled group.

DARNLEY

Brick you prick! Fancy seeing you here.

Bolton jumps up from a sofa and gives Darnley a mighty bear hug, lifting him off his feet.

BRI CK

Rick, you dick. It's great to see you pal. This is going to liven things up a little.

Fox coughs delicately. Darnley sees Haruki offering a hand. Darnley decided to affect a Japanese bow and, laughing, Goto does the same.

HARUKI

Haruki Goto. Crystal meth.

Darnley is a little taken aback by this frankness.

Greenstreet is next to offer a hand. This time effectively.

GREENSTREET

Elliott Greenstreet. Full Throttle... great movie. You were robbed by the Academy. Em... cocaine... and speedballs.

DARNLEY

Okay then.

Ne' Doya kisses him on both cheeks. With her six inch heels on she towers over him.

DARNLEY (CONT'D)

Now I know I've seen you... Vogue or Vanity Fair?

Ne' Doya smiles.

NE' DOYA

Both. Ne' Doya Cleaver. Uppers and Champagne.

DARNLEY

A classic combo.

Hammond, oleaginous smile, offers a bone-crushing handshake which lasts slightly longer than Darnley would have liked.

HAMMOND

Sylvester Hammond. Whiskey.

DARNLEY

Nurse Fox...? Please enlighten me.

FOX

We encourage total openness and transparency here. And that includes our addictions. It breaks the ice.

DARNLEY
 (to Fox)
 Oh "we" do, do "we"? What's your
 addiction... starch?

The others laugh. Fox seems unaffected.

Darnley turns from Fox to see a newcomer, trotting in from the accommodation wing.

It's Sidney Sheraton. She's changed into another designer outfit, complete with big shades. She takes them off to look at Darnley.

Darnley walks over to her and kisses her on both cheeks suddenly, surprising Sheraton.

SHERATON
 Sidney Sheraton, shopping.

Mixture of groans and laughter from the assembled crowd. Sheraton sticks her tongue out at the loudest mocker, Bolton.

SHERATON (CONT'D)
 It's serious. I spent three days
 straight on the home shopping
 channel once. Couldn't tell you
 what I bought. Daddy insisted I go
 cold turkey.
 (to Darnley)
 And you are?

Darnley's taken aback a moment.

DARNLEY
 Rick Darnley, anything I can get my
 hands on.

Another appreciative laugh from Bolton.

DARNLEY (CONT'D)
 (still to Sheraton)
 Sorry, but didn't we...?

Sidney shakes her head a little too vehemently.

SHERATON
 (whisper)
 You never called.

A little later, chairs are arranged in a circle and they sit with Dr Feldman leading a group therapy session.

Darnley's minders hover nearby.

Haruki is talking.

HARUKI

I was competing work on a robotics project up at Cal Tech. Tight deadlines, minimal funding, long, long hours. Started taking uppers to keep the energy levels up.

Sympathetic noises from Ne' Doya.

HARUKI (CONT'D)

Then one of my assistants brings in some meth. I thought what the hell. One thing led to another. Eventually we kind of ended up abandoning the project and cooking up in the lab. Yeah, we got caught, obviously. My robot could run up stairs but I couldn't even walk up them.

Low-key laughter.

HARUKI (CONT'D)

From then on it kinda became like a really dark episode of Breaking Bad, except minus the gags. Ending in an overdose I'm still trying to convince my parents was not a suicide attempt.

At that point, Haruki just shrugs, having finished his story.

FELDMAN

It's a familiar story Haruki. You're not alone. Thanks for sharing. Sylvester?

Hammond is reluctant, shaking his head.

HAMMOND

No way. As I've said before at these sessions, I can say nothing until my case comes to court. I hope you'll understand.

He opens his hands for sympathy. Nothing.

A little later, it's Sheraton's turn.

SHERATON

So I'd totalled the Merc, which was a nuisance. I came home in the taxi and my pad was completely stuffed with gym equipment I'd like totally forgotten ordering. Daddy was so mad. I'd eaten a lot of cheesecake at 3am one night and I felt so depressed...

At this point, Sheraton actually starts sobbing.

Sympathy is in short supply Bolton actually groans.

BRI CK

How much more of this shit do we have to take. It isn't even a real addiction!

SHERATON

Is so! Dr Feldman...

Dr Feldman exhales and leans forward earnestly.

FELDMAN

Ladies and gentleman there must be no mockery here. Any obsessive compulsive behaviour can be debilitating if it goes unchecked. But I fear we'll run out of time if we don't hear from Mr Darnley.

Darnley is nonplussed for a moment, racking his memory. He tells the following story very matter-of-factly.

DARNLEY

My worst moment? Probably waking up on a junk on the Yangtze river, gang of triads standing over me, armed with sub-machine guns and machetes, five kilos of stolen cocaine in my inside pocket.

Bolton guffaws - he's heard this one before. The others are absorbed.

GREENSTREET

What an earth did you do?

Darnley leans back casually in his chair.

DARNLEY

Dived overboard and swam to shore. Got back to my hotel and found the packets were not watertight. Tried to dry the stuff out on a stove and set the hotel on fire. Of course.

The group are stunned to silence. Darnley is a pleased and then perturbed. They're looking over his head.

Darnley turns to look out the windows behind him. Chico and Luigi are pressed to the glass, staring up at the sky.

EXT. GREENHOLLOWS LAWN - DAY

Chico slides open the French windows and the residents idle out to take a look.

Four parachutists are spiralling down out of the sky as the small plane we saw earlier circles.

DARNLEY

Don't parachutists tend to do it
over open fields?

Everyone treats this question as rhetorical.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Milena pulls her gun from the pilots head, clicks a switch on a device lying on the floor and leaps from the plane.

The ticking device is a couple of sticks of dynamite with a timer.

The pilot turns...

EXT. GREENHOLLOWS LAWN - DAY

As the fifth parachute joins the spiralling others, the plane explodes dramatically.

Exclamations from the assembled spectators.

NE' DOYA

I guess their plane was in trouble
and they ejected.

Something feels wrong about this explanation.

EXT. MID-AIR - DAY

As the exploding plane debris falls around her, one piece catches Milena's chute tearing a huge swathe from it.

She begins to fall uncontrollably, struggles to direct the chute with steering handles.

As the other parachutists drift to a far-away part of the compound, Milena plummets towards an artificial lake about 500 yards from the house.

EXT. GREENHOLLOWS LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Milena becomes tangled in her chute as she plunges into the pond's murky waters.

FELDMAN
 (into walkie talkie)
 Security Team one to front lawn.
 Better send the paramedics too.

Three golf carts appears from around the side of the building loaded with SECURITY GUARDS and MEDICS.

Darnley and Bolton is about to run to help them but Feldman, Chico and Luigi hold them back.

FELDMAN (CONT'D)
 Let the professionals handle it.

He seems to think better of it.

FELDMAN (CONT'D)
 Actually, Chico, you can go.
 Luigi, don't let anyone move.

The impressively muscular Luigi folds his arms and steps in front of the residents, who resign themselves to watching.

Chico runs after the golf carts, two of which have already reached the pond.

The third golf cart heads for where the other parachutists landed.

EXT. ARTIFICIAL LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Milena has fallen behind a miniature island, out of sight of the carts.

One of the security guards dives in and starts swimming towards the island.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Milena struggles with her chute, manages to get free of it but a cord has wound itself round her neck. She's choking.

The Guard reaches her, untangles her and drags her to the surface.

EXT. ARTIFICIAL LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Breaking the surface, Milena gasps for air, then turns to the guard.

MI LENA
 Thank you.

Without warning she grabs his head and jerks it suddenly to the side, breaking his neck, just before the other guards come into view.

Milena climbs out of the lake, pretends to be coughing up water.

The dead guard slides under the water as Milena straightens and retrieves a pistol from an inside pocket.

The security guards approach, with Chico.

GUARD 1
Are you all right miss? Where's
Davison?

Before they can react, she shoots all three guards and takes Chico hostage at gunpoint. The paramedics, unarmed, hide behind their cart.

Distant gunfire can be heard.

EXT. GREENHOLLOWS LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Running at her yelling, Luigi takes a bullet to the shoulder and falls down on the lawn. One of the medics run to attend to him.

Milena walks with Chico as a human shield, towards the house.

She reaches the group - pushes Chico down at their feet and trains the gun on the group.

Darnley is nowhere to be seen. Brick notices this but doesn't give anything away.

MILENA
Is this everyone?

Feldman exchanges a look with Bolton, and nods.

Behind her, four other armed parachutists come running out of the distant trees towards the artificial lake.

EXT. GREENHOLLOWS LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Milena's concentration shifts to her co-conspirators. Chico pulls away and swings for Milena. She ducks and stamps down on his instep, then cold-cocks him with the butt of her gun.

INT. COMMUNAL LOUNGE - DAY

Milena leads the inmates, Fox and Feldman back into the house. Other STAFF-MEMBERS have gathered there, and some shriek at the sight of Milena's gun.

Sidney is weeping quietly, the others are all in varying degrees of shock. Only Bolton still seems to have the wherewithal to do anything and seems to be biding his time.

Ramon enters behind them and addresses the assembly.

RAMON
 Anyone tries anything stupid like
 setting off an alarm, you all die.
 Is that clear?

Mute nods and mumbled affirmatives.

Jengo, Rong and Ismail also enter, throwing a still-unconscious Chico down onto a sofa. A staff-member rushes to assist him.

RAMON (CONT'D)
 You will all kneel.

With varying degrees of reticence, they follow suit. Greenstreet is first, with Ne'Doya. Amazingly, Sidney has the presence of mind to kneel on a paper handkerchief.

Bolton refuses. Ismail points a machine gun at his privates and gives him a look of absolute conviction.

Bolton kneels.

INT. GREENHOLLOWS GYM - DAY

A little while later, the residents, Fox, Chico and Feldman plus the paramedics, receptionist and several other staff-members are tied securely to various pieces of gym equipment.

Ismail is fastening cable ties around Brick's wrists.

ISMAIL
 (quietly)
 Sorry this is necessary. I've seen
 all your movies. Even the one with
 the giant snake. Loved it.

Brick doesn't know whether to be grateful or not. He opts for not.

Only Darnley is clearly missing.

Milena has a clipboard with various photos on it and a list of inmates. Neither Darnley's name nor photo are amongst them.

INT. SECURITY SUITE - DAY

Meanwhile Darnley is watching events in the gym via a bank of security monitors in the security guards' office.

He looks frustrated, not knowing what to do with himself. He picks up a metal crutch that's lying behind the door.

It's too lightweight. He puts it down.

INT. GREENHOLLOWS GYM - DAY

Milena ticks off the last name and hands the list to Ramon.

RAMON
(to hostages)
Are all the residents here?

No-one replies.

RAMON (CONT'D)
Doctor...
(Looks at clipboard)
Feldman. Can you confirm that everyone is here?

Feldman nods.

RAMON (CONT'D)
Really? Because your website states that you have room for a dozen full-time residents and in a town as corrupt and decadent as Los Angeles I can imagine that demand far outstrips supply.

Feldman says nothing.

RAMON (CONT'D)
Have it your way.

Feldman is moved and stretched out on the leg curl machine in such a position that he has to keep seven large weights up to avoid his spine snapping.

BRI CK
Look, he told you we're all here. Maybe somebody never showed up or cancelled last minute?

Feldman looks racked with pain. Jengo moves the pin and adds another weight.

Sheraton squeaks with fear.

NE' DOYA
Come on man, there's no need for this.

Feldman looks like he's about to have a heart attack.

FELDMAN
Rick. . . Darnley. He's here
somewhere. . .

INT. SECURITY SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Darnley hears the end of Feldman's admission.

He curses under his breath.

Darnley, paces, desperately trying to think of a plan.

INT. GREENHOLLOWS GYM - DAY

Jengo takes the strain of the weights and pulls the pin out,
then lets Feldman sit up.

RAMON
See, that wasn't so hard.

Feldman shoots Ramon a murderous look.

EXT. SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Darnley tiptoes down the corridor, looking at signs and
symbols on various doors he passes. At the end of the
corridor, Jengo's back can be seen, facing into the gym.

Suddenly Rong emerges from a doorway, finishing a slice of
pizza.

As Darnley ducks behind a very large pot plant, Rong walks
past him in the direction Darnley came from.

Darnley seizes his moment, emerges from hiding and ducks into
the room Rong just left before the door entirely closes.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

It's an industrial sized kitchen. Brushed stainless steel
everywhere. It is also incredibly tidy.

Darnley starts looking in closets and tall fridges.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Meanwhile Rong has found the door to the security suite.

He sees all the monitors are off.