ORANGE IS THE NEW BLACK

PILOT

Written by:

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Based on the Memoir by Piper Kerman

Writer's first
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BATHING MONTAGE:

We cycle through a series of scenes with voice overs. Underneath the dialogue, one song plays throughout. Perhaps it’s ‘Tell Me Something Good,’ by Rufus and Chaka Khan or something better or cheaper or both that the music supervisor finds for us.

INT. CONNECTICUT KITCHEN - DAY - 1979

A beautiful, fat, blonde baby burbles and splashes in a kitchen sink. A maternal hand pulls out the sprayer and gently showers the baby who squeals with joy.

PIPER (V.O.)
I’ve always loved getting clean.

CUT TO:

INT. TRADITIONAL BATHROOM - 1984

Five year old Piper plays in a bathtub surrounded by toys.

PIPER (V.O.)
Water is my friend.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRLY BATHROOM - 1989

Ten year old Piper lathers up and sings her heart out into a shampoo bottle.

PIPER (V.O.)
I love baths. I love showers.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM BATHROOM - 1997

Seventeen year old Piper showers with a cute guy.

PIPER (V.O.)
I love the smell of soaps and salts.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT BATHROOM - 1999

Twenty year old Piper showers with a woman. (ALEX)
PIPER (V.O.)
I love to lather.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY SPA - 2004

Piper sits in a jacuzzi with girlfriends.

PIPER (V.O.)
I love to soak.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - 2010

Piper in a clawfoot tub in a brownstone in Brooklyn with LARRY.

PIPER (V.O.)
It’s my happy place.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM BLOCK SHOWERS - DAY - TODAY

We see water coming out of an old, generic showerhead. We follow it down past the dirty mustard color tiles. Under the less than forceful stream, stands our Piper. There’s no steam because it’s not that hot. She quickly swipes at her pits and parts with a small bar of soap. We hear a squish sound as she moves. We pan down further to see she has attached a MAXIPAD to each of her feet with a hair rubberband to protect herself from fungus. The pads are expanding in the pooling, greyish water. She’s not happy. The shower curtain is a shred.

PIPER (V.O.)
Today, not so much.

Song fades. A young, tough, black woman in a muu-muu, DELICIOUS, carrying a crocheted shower caddy, walks up to Piper’s shower stall. She stops. Waits.

PIPER
I’ll be out in a sec. I swear.

DELICIOUS
Uh huh. I wait. There best be hot water left.

PIPER
There wasn’t much when I started.
DELICIOUS
Uh huh. Hurry.

PIPER
Okay. Okay. Done.

Piper shuts off the water and slides open the ratty curtain, quickly reaching for her towel that’s hanging just outside.

DELICIOUS
Damn, you got some nice titties.

PIPER
Thanks.

DELICIOUS
You got them TV titties. They stand up on they own all perky and everything.

PIPER
Yes, well.

DELICIOUS
(eyeing the maxi-pads)
You know they sell flip flops at commissary.

PIPER
Yeah, my money’s not in yet.

DELICIOUS
You creative. I give you that, High Tits. Now get the fuck out the way.

Piper quickly gets her clothes and scoots away as Delicious gets naked and turns on the shower, not even bothering to close the curtain.

PIPER (V.O.)
Hey, at least my tits look good.

And from the shower, Delicious sings in her own special way.

DELICIOUS
Tell me something good. Tell me that you love me, yeah. Tell me something good. Tell me that you like it, yeah...

CUT TO:
OPENING TITLES.

ORANGE IS THE NEW BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN - BACKYARD - EARLY EVENING

A messy yard on a clear winter evening, string lights and patches of old snow; A Caja China pig roasting box is smoking. In attendance are Piper, LARRY, KIRSTEN, and PETE. Kirsten is about seven months pregnant. Pete and Larry walk over to the box to sniff it. Piper and Kirsten are seated nearby warming themselves by a firepit.

ANGLE ON LARRY AND PETE:

PETE
So there is an entire pig in there.

LARRY
Yes.

PETE
There are only four of us.

LARRY
It’s a small pig. I really wanted to use the box. It was my birthday present from Piper.

PETE
She knows what you like.

LARRY
That, and she’s guilty she’s leaving. It’s a guilt pig roasting box.

PETE
At least you got something. Kirsten won’t be having sex with me for a year too, but what do I get?

LARRY
A baby.

PETE
Yeah. That. But you can’t eat it. Let me see.

Larry lifts the lid revealing Piggy.
PETE (CONT’D)
Holy shit. That’s really a pig.

LARRY
Isn’t it beautiful?

PETE
I want to fuck it.

LARRY
Then we’d only have the beet salad and the brussels sprouts. That’s really not enough of a going-away dinner.

PETE
I want to have sex. My wife won’t have sex with me.

LARRY
I’m getting that.

PETE
I don’t even care that she’s fat.

LARRY
You are a gentleman. A saint, almost.

PETE
I’m an asshole.

LARRY
Pretty much.

PETE
Tonight isn’t about me.

LARRY
No. It really isn’t.

PETE
Sorry.

LARRY
It’s okay. I’d rather be thinking about sex with your pregnant wife too.

They both stand and stare at the pig.

PETE
It’s gonna be okay, Larry.
LARRY
I don’t know if that’s true.

Beat. They don’t know what else to say. Then,

PETE
So, should we take it out?

LARRY
Yeah. Get this party started.

As the two men work on getting the pig out of the box, the ladies are chatting.

ANGLE ON PIPER AND KIRSTEN:

Piper holds a cocktail, Kirsten, something non-alcoholic.

KIRSTEN
Are we really gonna eat that?

PIPER
Isn’t it appropriate that I eat pig the night before I go to prison?

KIRSTEN
Why?

PIPER
Pigs. Cops. Never mind. It’s a stretch.

KIRSTEN
I guess anything but tuna.

PIPER
Huh?

KIRSTEN
Cause you’re going to be eating so much of it in jail? Tuna? Vagina?

PIPER
Nice. Thanks.

KIRSTEN
How the fuck are you going to jail tomorrow?

PIPER
Prison. Not jail.
KIRSTEN

PIPER
Like your timing doesn’t? Damn baby. Ruining everything.

KIRSTEN
And you’re missing my shower.

PIPER
I’m still chipping in. And I bought you a really nice gift.

KIRSTEN
Yeah? What?

PIPER
A pig roasting box. I got a twofer deal. You’ll love it.

KIRSTEN
I hope you’re kidding. You’re kidding, right? You better be kidding.

PIPER
I got you that ridiculous stroller.

KIRSTEN
Seriously? Oh my god. The one that charges your phone?

PIPER
Yes.

KIRSTEN
Okay. You can go to prison now.

PIPER
Thank you. Kirsten, you know I’m sorry.

KIRSTEN
I know.

PIPER
And we hired Marianna. She’ll deal with everything when we’re both... indisposed.
KIRSTEN
Indisposed? Lovely euphemism. Marianna’s so... intense.

PIPER
We need that. We’re the artists.

KIRSTEN
We’re artists now?

PIPER
They’re artisanal bath products. Just shut up. It’s all gonna to be fine. We got into Barney’s, for Christ sake! Be happy for that at least.

KIRSTEN
Rah rah. I wish I could drink right now.

PIPER
How ‘bout I drink enough for both of us?

Piper takes a long pull on her drink.

KIRSTEN
Am I allowed to cry? ‘Cause I was before, and I kind of want to again.

PIPER

The guys now have much of the pig on a platter.

LARRY
We’re ready! Everyone inside.

PIPER
See? No time for crying. Need a hoist?

Piper holds out a hand to Kirsten and hauls her up. They head into the house.

PIPER (CONT’D)
And onto the last supper.

CUT TO:
INT. PIPER AND LARRY’S BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Piper and Larry in bed, her head nestled in his chest.

PIPER
We have to do it.

LARRY
I know.

PIPER
We shouldn’t have eaten so much.

LARRY
I know.

PIPER
Did you take the Viagra?

LARRY
About a half hour ago.

PIPER
So that’s good.

He burps.

LARRY
We really shouldn’t have eaten so much.

She sits up.

PIPER
Come on. We’ve gotta rally. You need spank-bank material. Let’s make some memories.

LARRY
Well, since you put it that way...

And they begin to make with the loving. The kissing and the touching, but then Piper pulls away.

PIPER
Wait. I have to pee. I’ll be right back.

LARRY
Awww.

PIPER
I know. I know. Sorry. I’ll be right back.
Piper gets out of bed. She’s in sexy underwear.

    LARRY
    You look beautiful.

    PIPER
    Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Piper sits on the toilet. She cries. And pees. But mostly cries. She folds paper and wipes her eyes and wipes her parts. She gets up and flushes. Looks at herself in the mirror. Puts on a smile. Thatta girl. She exits to the bedroom.

RESET TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

She stands in the doorway and looks at Larry.

    LARRY
    What?

    PIPER
    You look beautiful too.

Larry holds up the covers.

    LARRY
    Come on. Get in.

And she does and they’re back to kissing. And Larry runs his hand over her face and he feels her tears. Larry pulls away.

    LARRY (CONT’D)
    Oh, Piper--

    PIPER
    No. Just fuck me.

    LARRY
    Piper.

    PIPER
    Shut up. Please. Please.

    LARRY
    Okay.
And she kisses him with hunger and sadness and need. And he kisses her back. And they make love.

CUT TO:

INT. PIPER AND LARRY’S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

A compact but comfortable urban living room tastefully and eclectically decorated. Well past Ikea, but not quite Elle Decor. Piper sips a latte and stuffs papers into a manila envelope. Larry sits on the edge of a chair, finishing a croissant in a paper bag.

LARRY
You want the scone?

PIPER
Let’s bring it in the car.

Piper closes the envelope. She nuzzles her aged cat, Lady Bunny, and gives her a kiss. She stands.

PIPER (CONT’D)
Okay. Lady Bunny’s med chart is in the kitchen; and I scheduled her--

LARRY
(finishing the sentence)
Next three vet visits. I know. Please don’t be hyper-Piper right now.

PIPER
...You’re right. We should go.

LARRY
Now?

PIPER
Yes. Oh. Wait.

Piper pulls off her engagement ring and hands it to Larry.

PIPER (CONT'D)
I can’t bring it with me.

LARRY
Right.

Larry puts it in his pocket.

PIPER
What are you doing?
LARRY

What?

PIPER

Don’t put it in your pocket. Put it away. Somewhere safe. You put it in your pocket, it’ll end up in the bottom of a washing machine.

LARRY

So where should I put it, Piper?

PIPER

Up your ass.

LARRY

Consider it done.

PIPER

I’m sorry.

LARRY

I’m putting it in this drawer. And here it shall remain, safe and sound until you’re back. Or until I’m short on rent money. Then I may hock it. But I’ll try to get it back before you’re out.

Larry opens a drawer and places the ring inside.

PIPER

We should go.

LARRY

Yup.

Piper takes one last look around. She grips her envelope and heads for the door. Larry picks up a small cooler bag and follows her. Off the door closing behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. STANSBURY PRISON CAMP - DAY

We follow Piper and Larry’s Fiat through gates and up a hill to a parking lot. Before them looms a hulking building with a triple-layer razor-wire fence. A sign outside it reads--

“STANSBURY FEDERAL CORRECTIONS FACILITY”

They pull into a spot between two other cars. A white pick-up truck with police lights pulls up in front of them. Piper opens her window and leans out.
OFFICER WHITE TRUCK GUY
There’s no visiting today.

PIPER
I’m here to surrender.

OFFICER WHITE TRUCK GUY
Oh. All right then.

He pulls away.

RESET TO:

INT. FIAT

PIPER
Did he look surprised to you? When I said I was here to surrender? Did he look surprised, like, ‘what the hell is she doing here’?

LARRY
I couldn’t see his face.

PIPER
I think he was surprised.

Piper pulls down the visor and flips up the mirror.

PIPER (CONT’D)
I look like shit. My eyes are all puffy.

LARRY
You’re worried about how you look?

PIPER
They’re gonna know I was crying. It’s a sign of weakness. You can’t show weakness. That’s what all those books from Amazon said.

LARRY
Oh, sweetie--

PIPER
No. Don’t call me sweetie. I’m gonna start crying again. And then you’ll cry and I’ll cry more and it’s all bad. Come on. Let’s do this.

Piper resolutely opens her door... smack into the car next to her.
PIPER (CONT’D)
Shit. Oh shit.

She gets out and shuts her door and assesses the damage she’s done.

PIPER (CONT’D)
Okay, it’s fine. It’s fine, right?

Larry comes around and joins her.

LARRY
There’s a little paint... dent.

Larry scratches at it with his fingernail.

LARRY (CONT’D)
It’s okay. I think it’s okay. Should we leave a note?

PIPER
We should just... go in.

LARRY
Yeah?

PIPER
Yes.

And they scurry off toward the looming, scary building, suddenly in a rush.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFALL, KRAKATOA - FLASHBACK - BEAUTIFUL DAY

A TEN YEARS YOUNGER PIPER in a bikini stands on a small, slippery rock at the top of a towering waterfall. Thirty five feet below is a river pool of indiscernible depth. Another woman in a bikini, a few years older than Piper, ALEX VAUSE, is on a rock right next to her, and a native guide, GUIDE MAN, stand behind them. They yell to be heard above the roar of the falls.

PIPER
Have you seen people jump from here before??

GUIDE MAN
Oh yes, Miss.

PIPER
Have you ever jumped?
GUIDE MAN
Oh no, Miss.

ALEX
(to Piper)
C’mon! A dare is a dare. You gotta do it.

PIPER
Are you gonna do it?

ALEX
Of course!

PIPER
Hold my hand.

ALEX
No. I need to hold my nose.

PIPER
Okay. Fine. Ready?

ALEX
Ready. On three. One. Two. THREE!

Piper summons all her courage and strength, and then flings herself off the rock, shrieking as she plunges into the green gorge below. She bursts the surface, laughing.

PIPER
Whooooo! That was awesome! Holy shit. Alex? ... Alex!

Where’s Alex? Alex is still above on her rock. Alex is not going to jump. Alex is shaking her head and climbing back up. Piper is alone in the water with the thundering falls.

PIPER (CONT’D)
Fuck.

LARRY (O.C. PRE-LAP)
(sotto)
She is not a happy person.

CUT TO:

INT. STANSBURY LOBBY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

PIPER
Shhh! Stop it.
Piper and Larry stand before a seemingly unhappy FEMALE C.O. ("Corrections Officer") who sits behind a raised desk, talking on the phone. The room has chairs, lockers, a soda machine. It is spotless and cold and institutional.

FEMALE C.O.
(into phone)
Self-surrender. No one told me either.
(re: papers)
Paperwork is here. Name is Chapman. Yeah. Chap. Like when your lips get all dry they’re chapped?
(she covers the phone with her hand)
Have a seat.
(back into phone)
Piper. Rhymes with sniper.

Piper and Larry sit. Larry unzips his small cooler bag.

LARRY
You hungry?

PIPER
Not really.

LARRY
Eat anyway. I got you burrata, tomato and basil on baguette with balsamic drizzle.

PIPER
Thanks.

Larry hands her a gorgeous sandwich wrapped in wax paper. He also pulls out two Diet Cokes and a bag of gourmet chips of some kind. They have a picnic.

PIPER (CONT’D)
You think I’m the first Seven Sisters grad to eat burrata in the lobby of a federal penitentiary?

LARRY
Nah.

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. STANSBURY LOBBY - LATER

Only wrappers are left. Coke cans smushed. A lovely brownie has been mostly eaten.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STANSBURY LOBBY - EVEN LATER

Piper and Larry are on their phones. He’s playing Scramble. She’s on her website - “thepipebomb.com.” We should see it.

LARRY
What are you posting?

PIPER
“Waiting. Waiting. Waiting.”
Here. Lean in.

Piper snaps a shot of the two of them. He’s trying not to lose his Scramble round so he keeps his eyes on his screen and his fingers moving.

PIPER (CONT’D)
You know how to post stuff, right?

LARRY
Piper, I set it up for you.

PIPER
Pete set it up for me.

LARRY
With me. There. I made him a latte. If there’s a problem I’ll call Pete.
(re: Scramble)
Look. I spelled labia. But it wouldn’t take labias with an s. Is labia already plural? Like aircraft?
(Off Piper’s look.)
Lemme see it.

She hands him the phone. He looks over her website. We do too. Scroll Scroll.

LARRY (CONT’D)
Prison address. Amazon wish list. Visiting hours. Directions. This is all great.
PIPER
When you get home, you need to have Pete upload a link to the visitation form. Please keep it updated.

LARRY
Of course.

PIPER
But not too updated. I need everyone to write to me. It has to leave them wanting more. It’s not a blog.

LARRY
It’s not a blog.

PIPER
And you have to show my mom how to get on it.

LARRY
So she can forward a link to all her friends? Or is it already in the tennis club newsletter?

PIPER
You mean my, (finger quotes) “Volunteer work in Africa?”

LARRY
I bet they’re all appalled that you’ve gone somewhere so filthy and dangerous.

A scary looking woman in uniform walks in.

SCARY C.O.
Chapman!

The two of them stand up quickly. Holy shit. Is this it?

PIPER
Yes. That’s me.

SCARY C.O.
Who’s this?

PIPER
My fiance.
SCARY C.O.
Yeah. Good luck with that.

PIPER
Excuse me?

SCARY C.O.
He’s gotta leave before I take you in. That’s the rule. You have any personal items?

PIPER
Um. Here.

Piper hands her manila envelope to her. She opens it up. Self-surrender instructions from the U.S. Marshals, legal paperwork, list of friends’ and family addresses. She pulls out a cashier’s check for $290.00.

SCARY C.O.
Can’t take this.

Scary hands to check to Larry.

PIPER
But I called last week. They told me to bring it!

SCARY C.O.
He has to send it to Georgia, then they’ll process it. Take a few weeks.

LARRY
Few weeks? Doesn’t she need to buy things?

SCARY C.O.
That’s how it is.

PIPER
Where do we send it?

SCARY C.O.
Hey, you got that Georgia address?

The unhappy C.O. behind the desk looks for the address. The Scary C.O. pulls a stack of photos out of the envelope. Family, friends, Lady Bunny...

SCARY C.O. (CONT’D)
Any Nudie Judies in here? Skin pics? Naughty stuff?
PIPER
No. No Nudie Judies.

Off the pictures we...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW ENGLAND HOUSE - FLASHBACK - LIVING ROOM

On the grand piano are silver framed photos of Piper and her brother, young, smiling. Piper cheerleader. Piper graduate. Piper and family. Everyone smiling. But as we pull back, here’s the family and no one is smiling. Mom CAROLINE, dad, BILL, brother, CAL, Grandmother, CELESTE, Piper and Larry.

PIPER
I never carried drugs. Just money--

CAROLINE
You were a lesbian?

PIPER
At the time.

CAL
Are you still a lesbian?

PIPER
No. I’m not still a lesbian.

LARRY
You sure?

CELESTE
I kissed Amanda Straley when I was at Miss Porter’s School. But it wasn’t for me.

BILL
(to Larry)
Did you know about all this?

LARRY
No. I didn’t. I mean, she told me how she travelled after college. “Oh, Larry. Indonesia is amazing. You’ve never been to Brussels? We have to go back to Thailand.” But she failed to mention the lesbian lover who ran a drug smuggling ring. Imagine my surprise.
CELESTE
What on earth did you do with the money?

PIPER
Well, Grandmother. I wasn’t really in it for the money.

CELESTE
Oh, Piper. For heaven’s sake.

CUT TO:

INT. STANSBURY LOBBY - LATER

SCARY C.O.
Time to say goodbye. It might be a while ’til you can visit. Fiance.

Piper hurls herself into Larry’s arms. Holds tight. Talks into his neck.

PIPER
I love you. I love you so much.

LARRY
I love you too.

PIPER
I’ll call as soon as I can.

LARRY
Okay.

PIPER
Send that check immediately.

LARRY
I know. I will.

PIPER
I love you. Take my phone. I love you.

Hug tighter. Break. Larry goes back in. Kisses her head.

LARRY
Bye.

Larry rubs his eyes with the heels of his hands. Makes for the door. Piper will not cry. Will not cry. Larry’s out the door. Slam. Will not cry. Will not cry.
SCARY C.O.
You ready?

PIPER
Yeah.

SCARY C.O.
Well, come on.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE-TYPE ROOM - LATER

Scary C.O. paws through a shelf of clothing. She hands Piper some granny panties, a cheap nylon bullet bra, a pair of elastic-waist khaki pants, a khaki top, like hospital scrubs, and tube socks.

SCARY C.O.
What size shoe are you?

PIPER
Nine. Nine and a half.

Scary C.O. hands her some Chinatown-type blue canvas slippers.

PIPER (CONT’D)
These are kinda like Toms.

SCARY C.O.
What are Toms?

PIPER
They’re shoes. When you buy a pair, the company sends another pair to a child in need. They come in lots of colors and--

SCARY C.O.
How nice. Strip.

PIPER
Excuse me?

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - NORTHAMPTON

Piper, with a feather boa, a hat, in the middle of a sexy striptease. Prince’s CREAM plays in the background.
Alex sits on a plush bed with lots of pillows and really good sheets.

ALEX
Whoooo! Nice! Show me what you got, girl.

Piper gets down to bra and panties, stockings and garters.

ALEX (CONT’D)
Holy shit. Get over here.

Piper hops onto the bed. Crawls across like a cat.

PIPER
You gonna miss me?

ALEX
Yes. Too much. Come with me.

Piper stops crawling.

PIPER
What?

ALEX
Come to Bali. Come with me. We’ll have fun. I mean it. I’ll buy you a plane ticket.

Piper picks up a remote and clicks off the music.

PIPER
Are you serious?

ALEX
Yes. Come with me. Quit your job and come with me.

PIPER
I have to give notice.

ALEX
You’re a fucking waitress. You don’t need to give notice.

PIPER
Will I get in trouble?
ALEX
I hope so.

PIPER
You know what I mean.

ALEX
You don’t have to do anything. You’re just there to keep me company. Come on, baby. I want you to come.

She caresses Piper.

ALEX (CONT’D)
And I want you to come.

PIPER
Oh.

ALEX
Yes? Is that a yes?

PIPER
Yes. Yes.

Touch, caress, lick...

SCARY C.O. (O.S. PRE-LAP)
Open your mouth, stick out your tongue.

CUT TO:

INT. STANSBURY, STORAGE-TYPE ROOM - DAY

Piper, completely naked, does as she’s told.

SCARY C.O.
Hold up your arms.

Piper complies; Scary C.O. checks under her arms.

SCARY C.O. (CONT’D)
Turn around, squat...

Piper follows instructions, humiliated...

FEMALE GUARD
Spread your cheeks and cough...

Off Piper’s pained expression as she complies.
GAY PORN STAR (O.S. PRE-LAP)
Head up. Look at the lens.

CUT TO:

INT. STANSBURY PROCESSING AREA - SHORT TIME LATER

Another C.O., a man who looks an awful lot like the cop from the Village People, who Piper calls GAY PORN STAR in the book, stands behind the camera. He’s an asshole.

Piper, now in her KHAKI SCRUBS, tries to look tough.

GAY PORN STAR

Another male C.O., FLYNN, not an asshole, very post-military looking, short cropped hair, walks over to try to help. Piper relaxes her face.

FLYNN
You turn it on?

GAY PORN STAR
Yes, I turned it on.

FLYNN
Wait. I think I got it. (to Piper)
Ready?

PIPER
Yes.

FLYNN
Wait. No.

Tough face goes away again.

GAY PORN STAR
What’s this button?

FLYNN
No. Don’t touch that.

PIPER
There’s a cord there. Does that need to be connected to something?

GAY PORN STAR
Just shut up and stand there.

Flynn plugs in the cord.
FLYNN
She’s right.

Gay Pornstar pushes a button. There’s a flash.

GAY PORN STAR
Got it.

PIPER
Wait, I wasn’t ready.

GAY PORN STAR
Tough shit.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON:

A Red ID card with a bar code and the legend, “U.S. Department of Justice Federal Bureau of Prisons-INMATE.” And a very unflattering photo of glaring Piper, and the numerals: 11187-424.

PULL OUT to Piper, the card clipped to her khaki shirt. One sleeve is rolled up and a round, FILIPINO MEDIC is holding her arm.

FILIPINO MEDIC
This is a TB test.

He runs his hand up her arm.

FILIPINO MEDIC (CONT’D)
Nice veins. No track marks!

PIPER
Thanks.

FILIPINO MEDIC
Tattoos?

PIPER
Oh. Yes.

Piper lifts up her hair and reveals a fish tattooed on her neck.

FILIPINO MEDIC
Fish. You like fish?

PIPER
It’s a fish I saw on a scuba diving trip. I thought it was beautiful.
FILIPINO MEDIC
I don’t like fish. I like pork.
Chicken. But it’s a pretty fish.

PIPER
Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY HOTEL ROOM - FLASHBACK

Piper stands in suede heels, black silk pants, an expensive blouse and jacket. Her hair is cut short. Alex is applying make-up to her fish tattoo.

PIPER
It’s gonna rub off when I sweat.

ALEX
No, it won’t. It’s waterproof.

Alex sprays something on it.

ALEX (CONT’D)
When it’s dry, you’re good to go.

PIPER
How do I get it off?

ALEX
Acetone.

PIPER
Great. Alex, I don’t know--

ALEX
Shhh.

Alex has come around behind Piper. She gets right up to her neck and blows on it gently. She whispers.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You are a nice blonde lady, aren’t you? A proper young lady. Just picking up her Tumi bag in the baggage claim before heading off to her mid-range hotel and going over her schedule of museum visits and fancy dinners. It’s all fine. It’s all good. And I will meet you in Brussels and everything will go perfectly, baby. I promise. It’s all going to be okay...
MR. BUTORSKY (O.S. PRE-LAP)
Are you okay?

CUT TO:

INT. BUTORSKY’S OFFICE – DAY

Piper sits across from MR. BUTORSKY, a compact, fiftyish, persnickety man, leaning back in his chair. There’s a sign on his desk that reads, Carl Butorsky, MSW. He has Piper’s paperwork spread out on the desk in front of him. He’s done this a million times. Piper looks up.

PIPER
What?

MR. BUTORSKY
How are you doing?

PIPER
Fine. I guess.

MR. BUTORSKY
Really?

PIPER
Really? No.

MR. BUTORSKY
You’ll be fine.

PIPER
Okay.

MR. BUTORSKY
I am Mr. Butorsky. Pronounced Boo-Torsky. I’ll be your counselor.

PIPER
Boo-torsky.

Butorsky rifles through Piper’s papers.

MR. BUTORSKY
I’ve been reading your file. What’s PiKi?

PIPER
Piper and Kirsten. It’s a bath product line I started with my friend. We’re in Barney’s.

MR. BUTORSKY
Barney’s?
PIPER
It’s a store.

Butorsky flips through some more.

BUTORSKY
Pretty big case. Criminal conspiracy.

PIPER
That’s how they charged me. I carried a suitcase of money. Drug money. Once. Ten years ago.

MR. BUTORSKY
What’s the statute of limitations on that?

PIPER
Twelve years.

MR. BUTORSKY
That’s tough.

PIPER
Yeah, well. I did it... That one time... Ten years ago.

MR. BUTORSKY
What did your lawyer say?

PIPER
He said with mandatory minimums for drug crimes, he couldn’t recommend risking a trial. I pleaded out.

MR. BUTORSKY
And here you are.

PIPER
Here I am.

MR. BUTORSKY
Aw, well. In a little bit, I’ll have them take you up to the camp.

Piper pales.

MR. BUTORSKY (CONT'D)
Are you going to barf? Tell me, if you’re going to barf. There’s a can behind you.
PIPER
I’m not gonna barf.

MR. BUTORSKY
I will be truly displeased if you barf anywhere but in the can.

PIPER
Not gonna barf.

MR. BUTORSKY
Miss Chapman, no one is going to mess with you unless you let them. This isn’t Oz. You won’t get shanked. Women fight with gossip and rumors. And some will peg you for rich so they’ll hit you up for commissary.

(he leans in)
And there are lesbians.

Piper reacts. Guess he didn’t read her file that closely.

MR. BUTORSKY (CONT’D)
They’re not going to bother you. Some will try to be your friend, just stay away from them. I want you to understand, you do not have to have lesbian sex.

She nods. The man’s got issues.

PIPER
I have a fiance. Larry. He’s a writer. Um. When can he come visit me?

MR. BUTORSKY
(re: file)
Is he in here?

PIPER
Yes. Everyone’s in there.

MR. BUTORSKY
Anyone who is in your PSI is cleared to visit. He can come this weekend. I’ll make sure the list is in the visiting room.

PIPER
Oh, thank you!
MR. BUTORSKY
You just keep to yourself, you’ll be fine.

He stands up. Gathers her paperwork.

MR. BUTORSKY (CONT’D)
See you at camp. And remember: Nothing goes on there that I don’t know about.

CUT TO:

INT. PIPER AND LARRY’S APARTMENT – FLASHBACK – LIVING ROOM

Mid-fight. Indictment papers on the coffee table.

LARRY
You know everything about me! I tell you everything! The web-cam horror. The penis shaving incident. How did I not know this?

PIPER
How was I supposed to tell you? It was a phase. It was my dykey, drug-running, post-college, lost-soul adventure phase. I was embarrassed. I can’t believe she did this.

LARRY
I can’t believe YOU did this! Who are you? I feel like I’m in a Bourne movie. Have you killed?

Piper bursts into tears.

LARRY (CONT’D)
Oh, Jesus. Oh, baby. No. Stop.

PIPER
You should break up with me. You didn’t sign up for this.

LARRY
Come on. Come on.

Larry joins her on the couch. Takes her in his arms. She weeps.

LARRY (CONT’D)
Shhhh. Shhhh. It’s okay.
PIPER
Okay?!?
She picks up the papers and reads aloud.

PIPER (CONT'D)
“Alex Vause states, Piper Chapman carried drug money... Piper Chapman was part of the ring...”

LARRY
Were you?

PIPER
I was twenty two years old! I thought I was in love. I was in love. It was all crazy. And then it got scary, and I ran away and became the nice lady I was supposed to be. I knew she wasn’t a good person, but... This is not going to be okay.

LARRY
No. But we’ll deal with it. We’ll figure it out. Have you called a lawyer?

PIPER
No.

LARRY
I’ll call my dad.

PIPER
No! Oh, god, no. He already hates me.

LARRY
Yeah, well. I love you. And he loves me, so, here we go.

CUT TO:

EXT. STANSBURY PARKING LOT/INT. TRANSPORT VAN - DAY

Piper gets into a white transport van. The driver, ROSEMARIE PERRONE, late twenties/early thirties, Boston Italian, wearing make-up and sunglasses and a big cross, looks up from the BRIDAL MAGAZINE she’s flipping through.

ROSEMARIE
That it?
SCARY C.O.
One more coming. Hold up.

Scary C.O. leaves the door open. Piper, now wearing an ugly, brown stadium coat with a broken zipper over her scrubs, sits in the seat behind the passenger seat, and holds her large, mesh laundry bag stuffed with bedding, towels, and some small soaps in a baggie, on her lap. A young (early 20s), tough seeming black woman, JANAE WATSON, is seated next to her, her mesh bag between them. Piper plays with her broken zipper. She’s cold. She wraps the coat around her and holds it.

PIPER
The zipper is broken.

Rosemarie looks in the rearview. Pushes up her glasses.

ROSEMARIE
First time down?

PIPER
My first time here?

ROSEMARIE
Your first time in prison.

PIPER
Oh. Yes.

ROSEMARIE
It’s not so bad. Everyone’s okay, but you gotta watch out for the stealing.

Janae takes the bag that’s sitting between her and Piper and puts it on the floor by her feet. Steps on it. No one’s gonna steal from her.

Beat.

ROSEMARIE (CONT’D)
So what’s your name? Last name. Everyone uses last names here. I’m Perrone. That’s Watson.

PIPER
Chapman.

ROSEMARIE
How much time you got, Chapman?

PIPER
Fifteen months.
ROSEMARIE
That’s not so bad. I’m in for thirty four, but I’m hopin’ with good time it’ll be less. Already done eight.

PIPER
You’re... They let you drive?

ROSEMARIE
Who else is gonna do it? We do everything around here. (then)
Can I ask you something? You look like you’d know. Which dress you like better...?
(Rosemarie passes back her Bridal magazine)
My top two faves are the ones with the Half & Half lids stuck to the pages.

Piper crams her bag onto the floor and takes the magazine. She turns to the two pages and flips back and forth, assessing wedding dresses. Janae leans over to look too.

ROSEMARIE (CONT’D)
I want something that’s gonna express my personality, you know? And the trick is, I wanna show off the boobs and the ass, but I’m not so happy with the upper arms and the stomach, so there’s the challenge.

PIPER
...They’re both... nice.

ROSEMARIE
That’s all you gotta say?

Janae points to a dress on a different page.

JANAE
What about this one?

ROSEMARIE
Lemme see.

Rosemarie turns around, and Janae takes the magazine out of Piper’s hands and holds it up for her.
ROSEMARIE (CONT’D)
Oh, yeah. I looked at that one. It’s gorgeous. But you see all the beading? That means it’s gonna weigh a ton. I can’t have a dress that’s too heavy cause I wanna dance my ass off. We even got a whole surprise dance planned. Like on YouTube?

CUT TO:

EXT. PEA ISLAND, BEACH, CAPE COD – FLASHBACK – DAY

Recent Piper in a modest bathing suit, wet from an ocean swim, makes her way back to Larry who sits on a beach chair under an umbrella, an empty chair and beach stuff next to him. He holds a cell phone, records video.

PIPER
Oh, Jesus. Shut that off.

LARRY
You’re making a big mistake. This could go viral.

PIPER
For what? It’s totally boring.

LARRY
You have a jellyfish in your hair.

She starts to frantically rub her hair.

LARRY (CONT’D)
Kidding. I’m kidding.

PIPER
Not funny.

She grabs a towel and sits down next to him. He keeps filming.

PIPER (CONT’D)
Seriously. Shut it off. I’m so fat from all the stress eating. I don’t want a record of it.

Larry pretends to shut it off, but props it nearby and keeps it recording. *Note for editing, we possibly watch part of this scene in phone video mode.

As she speaks, Larry starts fumbling in one of the bags.
PIPER (CONT’D)
That’s one thing I’m gonna do in prison. Get ripped. Exercise everyday and come out like I went to a spa. And I’m gonna read everything on my Amazon list. And maybe learn a craft. I could be crafty. I’m making it count, Larry. I can’t just throw away a year of my life. What the hell are you looking for?

Larry comes up with a small plastic ziplock bag.

PIPER (CONT’D)
What is that. Oh, no. Larry.
What is that?

Larry pulls a diamond ring out of the baggie. Piper’s eyes go wide.

LARRY
Piper--

PIPER
Jesus, Larry. Why would you want--

LARRY
Why would I want a felonious, former lesbian, WASP-shiksa on her way to prison to marry me?

PIPER
And all the stress eating...

LARRY
Because this peculiar, chubby, underemployed and underachieving Jewboy loves her and knows he’ll never be bored and can’t believe how lucky he is that he met her. I gotta lock this shit down before you leave, Pippy. I love you. You wanna marry me?

PIPER
After I get out, right?

LARRY
Whenever you want.

PIPER
I’ll be so ripped.
LARRY
You could wear a wedding dress
that’s like a half shirt. Show off
your abs.

PIPER
Is that your grandmother’s ring?

LARRY
No. My mom’s saving that for my
sister. It’s my Great-Aunt
Marcia’s. She had thyroid cancer
and she used to knit. That’s all I
know. Put it on. I had it sized.

Piper puts the ring on. Stares at it.

PIPER
It’s beautiful.

LARRY
And that’s a yes, right?

PIPER
Yes. Yes.

LARRY
Say it again. Into the camera.

He points to the cell phone.

PIPER
Oh, you asshole.

LARRY
C’mon. Had to capture the moment.

She leans in and kisses him. He kisses her. She gets up and
sits in his lap. He rubs her arms.

LARRY (CONT’D)
Ooh. You’re all cold from the
ocean.

ROSEMARIE (O.S. PRE-LAP)
Bounce your legs up and down.
Keeps your feet warm.

BACK TO:

INT. TRANSPORT VAN – DAY

Piper bounces her legs.
Scary C.O. approaches the van with a young, heavy-set Puerto Rican woman, DAYANARA RAMOS.

SCARY C.O.
Head on up.

Dayanara climbs in behind Piper and Janae, leans against the window and closes her eyes. Scary shuts the van door, and Rosemarie starts the engine and we’re off, heading up the hill.

JANAE
(flipping through the magazine)
Look. This dress costs thirty eight hundred dollars. That’s fuckin’ crazy.

ROSEMARIE
Oh. That’s nothing. Kate Middleton’s dress cost four hundred sixteen thousand, seven hundred dollars.

JANAE
Who’s Kate Middleton?

ROSEMARIE
She’s the princess of England. I’m gonna pick a photo and my Cousin Mia says she’s got a lady who can knock it off.

JANAE
If your man is still around by the time you’re out.

ROSEMARIE
Oh, he’ll be there. I’m the love of his life.

JANAE
Thirty four months is a long time.

PIPER
She’s the love of his life!

JANE A
Who the fuck asked you?

PIPER
Uh. I’m engaged too.
ROSEMARIE
Oh, congrats! We’ll have to compare notes. Later. We’re here.

The van pulls over.

PULL WIDE to see the van parking in front of a big one story cinderblock building.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Rosemarie leads Piper, Janae and Dayanara and their mesh bags through a group of smoking inmates, in through a rear door. They’re an assortment pack of races, heights, ages. One is pregnant. They look cold. Cause it’s cold. Piper, Janae and Dayanara cling to their bags. Rosemarie opens the door and they all walk into the main hall.

RESET TO:

INT. CAMP MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Rosemarie leads her tour amid a flood of lady humanity.

ROSEMARIE
You guys smoke?

PIPER
No.

JANAE
Nah.

ROSEMARIE
Good for you. And technically it’s not allowed, but, you know. Okay, we’re gonna get you your bed assignments and get you settled. There’s the dining hall. TV room. That’s the CO’s office. Mr. Scott’s in now. He’s nice. Who you got?

PIPER
Butorsky.

ROSEMARIE
Yeah. Well.

PIPER
What?
ROSEMARIE
It’s fine. It’s fine. He does his paperwork. That’s a good thing.
Namaste Janet!

Rosemarie waves to a tall white woman.

JANET
Namaste!

ROSEMARIE
She teaches yoga if you ever want. She’s good. She’ll make you sweat. Here’s more offices. Rooms are up there. Dorms are down there. You are not allowed down there. It’s out of bounds for you guys until you get assigned there. You understand?

JANAE
When do we get outfits like everybody?

ROSEMARIE
You’re lucky you came in today cause uniform issue is on Thursdays. After breakfast tomorrow, go down to laundry and--

A small, older Latina woman, ADELAIDA RAMOS, walks up to them. She looks around. Is anyone watching? No? She smacks Dayanara across the face. Then she quickly walks away.

JANAE
What the fuck?

ROSEMARIE
Friend of yours?

DAYANARA
My mom.

Off their reactions.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM SIX - DAY

ROSEMARIE
Chapman, this is you.
Rosemarie and Piper enter a room with three sets of bunk beds and six waist-high metal lockers. Everywhere are hangers with clothes and towels and string bags hanging off them. It’s like a barracks. Janae and Dayanara wait outside. All the beds are made except for an upper bunk with a naked mattress. A bald, older latina woman, MISS LUZ lies on a lower bunk with a middle-aged (fifties?) Jersey Italian woman, ANITA DeMARCO, across from her. A woman in her mid twenties, white, hipster-y is on nearby upper bunk. This is NINA COLLINS. She’s got headphones on.

ROSEMARIE (CONT’D)
Hey DeMarco, this is Chapman. She’s new. Self-surrender. You show her what’s what?

ANITA
Sure.

ROSEMARIE
(to Piper, pointing)
That’s your bed up there.

Rosemarie reaches into her pocket. Hands Piper a small packet of tissues.

ROSEMARIE (CONT’D)
Here. First night’s always hard. And here. They don’t give you one.

She hands Piper a wrapped toothbrush.

PIPER
Thank you so much. For everything. Thank you.

ROSEMARIE
No problem. We look out for our own.

PIPER
Our own?

ROSEMARIE
Oh, don’t get all PC. It’s tribal, not racist. You’ll see. I’ll see you around. We’ll talk weddings! Bye!


ANITA
Tell me your name again?
PIPER
Piper. Chapman.

ANITA
(She points across the room to the older women)
That’s Miss Luz. And that’s Collins. She’s been keeping stuff in your locker but she’ll take it out. She just got out of the SHU a week ago. That’s why she’s back in the rooms. Spent a month in there.

PIPER
What’s the SHU?

ANITA
Solitary. You don’t want it, honey. Trust me.

PIPER
Why was she...?

ANITA
Refused to shovel snow. Told a C.O. to kiss her ass. Dumb. Why make trouble for yourself, you know? Here’s some toilet paper. You gotta take it with you.

PIPER
Thanks. What’s that?

Piper points to a large machine next to Anita’s bed.

ANITA
Oh, that’s my breathing machine. I need it at night. When I first got here, I had a massive heart attack. You know about the count?

PIPER
The count?

ANITA
The count. They count us five times a day and you have to be here, or wherever you’re supposed to be, and the four o’clock count is a standing count. The other ones are at midnight, two A.M., five A.M., and nine P.M. Did they give you a PAC number?
PIPER
I don’t know what that is. Wait, can you go back to the heart attack?

ANITA
I don’t like to dwell. You need a PAC number to make phone calls. You need to fill out a phone sheet and it’s gotta go through the whole rigmarole. But maybe Torella will let you make a call tonight. It’s his late night. It helps if you cry. Dinner’s after the four o’clock count which is soon. How much time you got?

PIPER
For what? Oh. Fifteen months. How much time do you have?

ANITA
A long time.

PIPER
Oh.

Piper leans down and starts to take sheets out of her bag. Anita freaks.

ANITA
Don’t make your bed!!!!

PIPER
What?

ANITA
We’ll make it for you.

PIPER
Oh... no. You don’t have to do that. I’ll--

ANITA
Honey. We’ll. Make. The. Bed. We know how.

PIPER
I know how to make a bed.

ANITA
Listen. We know how to do it so we’ll pass inspection. Butorsky is nuts about inspection.

(MORE)
ANITA (CONT'D)
He stands on the lockers and looks for dust. We clean everything with Maxi-Pads.

PIPER
Seriously?

ANITA
It’s a head scratcher, I know. Bureau of Prisons won’t spring for shampoo, but someone in the bureaucracy thought is was vital that we get cases of maxi-pads. Probably made some kick-back deal. Anyway, that one
(She points to empty bunk below Piper’s)
doesn’t like to clean. Polish piece of mail-order garbage.

PIPER
So, we have to make the beds every morning?

ANITA
No. You sleep on top of the bed. With a blanket over you.

PIPER
What if I want to sleep in the bed?

ANGELINA
Look, you can do what you want. Free country. But you’ll be the only one in the entire prison who does. You want that? Be my guest.

GUARD (O.S.)
Count time! Count time! Count time, ladies!

Anita looks nervous. She points to a glowing red light out in the hallway, over the officers’ station.

ANITA
See the red light? That light comes on, you need to be where you’re supposed to be, and you don’t move until it goes off.

Two Latina women come hurrying into the room. MARIA RUIZ, thirties, and GLORIA MENDOZA, late teens. Franken-Cha-Chas.
ANITA (CONT’D)
(to the ladies)
This is Chapman.

They don’t care much.

ANITA (CONT’D)
You speak Spanish? They know English, but they only talk Spanish.

MARIA
Only when we’re talking ‘bout you, DeMarco.

GLORIA
But we’re sayin’ really nice things.

PIPER
Shouldn’t the Polish... person who doesn’t clean be here?

ANITA
Oh, she works in the kitchen. Gets counted there. Okay, shhhhh.

Boots and jangling keys can be heard coming down the hall. Everyone stands by her bed. A man sticks his head in and counts everyone, then moves on.

PIPER
Okay, so...

ANITA
Shhhh. Wait.

Another man comes in and counts everyone, then leaves. That’s when everyone relaxes. Gets back on the beds. The Latinas all chat in Spanish.

PIPER
We eat at four thirty?

ANITA
That’s when people start eating. We’re called down in order. Honor cubes, then dorms in order of how well they did on inspection. Rooms always last. We never do good on inspection.

Suddenly from the hall we hear,
GUARD (O.S.)
Recount, ladies!

Everyone stands back up.

ANITA
They always screw it up.

Nina pulls out her earplugs.

NINA
How hard is it to fucking count?

ANITA
Nina, this is...

PIPER

NINA
Look at you, Blondie. What did you do?

PIPER
Aren’t you not supposed to ask that? I read that you’re never supposed to ask that.

NINA
You read that? What, you studied for prison?

A guard sticks his head in. Counts. Leaves.

PIPER
What did you do?

BAGGAGE HANDLER (O.S. PRE-LAP)
(heavily accented)
I can’t understand your French.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUSSELS AIRPORT - FLASHBACK - DAY

PIPER
Mon bag. It didn’t arrive.

Piper is in her travel duds from the tattoo make-up scene. She stands at a desk in baggage claim, sweating and nervous.

BAGGAGE HANDLER
Bags don’t make it onto the right flight sometimes.

(MORE)
Wait for the next shuttle from Paris—it’s probably on that plane.

PIPER
Oh, Jesus.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRUSSELS AIRPORT - FLASHBACK - LATER

A series of shots. Piper is a mess. She’s pacing. She’s biting her cuticles. She’s checking her watch. Fanning herself. Sweating. Should she leave? Has it already been confiscated? Is she going to be arrested? Should she flirt with baggage guy? What the fuck?!?! A new carousel starts to turn. Bags start sliding down. The baggage handler points.

BAGGAGE HANDLER
The flight is in.

Piper looks over. Down the ramp and onto the carousel drops a black, wheeled Tumi! That’s the one!

PIPER
Mon Bag! Oh! Merci! Merci beaucoup por todo. Au revoir.

She runs to it. Grabs it. Pulls up the handle and rolls away, quickly exiting through a nearby door.

RESET TO:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS

Piper looks around, trying to find a familiar face. She sees Alex standing across the room in front of the area where people are exiting customs. She hustles up behind her.

PIPER
Bonjour.

ALEX
(loud)
Bonjour! Welcome to Belgium!

Alex embraces Piper kisses her on one cheek then the other.

ALEX (CONT’D)
(softly)
All good?

Piper nods.
ALEX (CONT'D)
I was starting to worry. Where did you come from?

PIPER
(pointing)
Over there.

ALEX
You didn’t go through customs?

PIPER
No, I just walked out a door. It took me right here.

ALEX

PIPER
Should I go back?

ALEX
Fuck, no. Let’s go to the hotel. I’m gonna eat you for dinner.

They start walking.

PIPER
Alex, I was so scared. When the bag was late, I almost bailed.

ALEX
Well, good thing you didn’t. There’s over twenty grand in there. Alaji would have had you killed.

Piper stops cold. What?

MISS NATALIE (O.S. PRE-LAP)
Keep moving. You’re blocking up the works.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - LATER

MISS NATALIE, black, late forties/early fifties, Caribbean, is sweeping up around the emptying dining hall. She sees that Piper is flummoxed. She points to a table where Yoga Janet sits.
NATALIE
Go sit there. She’s a nice white lady.

PIPER
Oh. Okay. Thanks.

Piper sits at the table.

PIPER (CONT’D)
(shyly)
Hi. Okay if I sit here?

JANET

PIPER
Chapman.

JANET
Boden. But a lot of people here call me Yoga Janet. You doing okay?

PIPER
Not quite sure how to answer that. Right now it all feels unreal.

Piper picks at the greyish liver and beige-ish lima beans on her plate. Janet has reconstituted soy on hers that doesn’t look much better. There’s also a cup of pudding on Piper’s tray.

JANET
Do you know what a mandala is?

PIPER
They’re round Buddhist art...

JANET
They can be Buddhist. Or Hindu. And they’re usually very detailed and beautiful and spiritual. The Tibetan monks make them out of sand that’s been ground down and dyed with different colors and then they painstakingly lay it all out into whatever intricate form it’s going to take. They work for days, weeks.

(MORE)
And when it’s done, they ritualistically dismantle it, place the sand in a jar, and release it back into nature.

PIPER
Wow. That’s. A lot.

JANET
Try to look at your experience here as a mandala, Chapman. Work hard to make something as meaningful and beautiful as you can. And when you’re done, pack it in and know that it was all temporary. You have to remember that. It’s all temporary.

PIPER
It’s all temporary.

JANET
I’m telling you. Surviving here is all about perspective. Don’t eat the pudding.

Piper’s spoon is hovering above it.

PIPER
What’s the perspective on the pudding?

JANET
It comes in big cans marked, “desert storm.” Sometimes the kitchen has to scrape mold off the top before they serve it.

A woman in her sixties, SISTER INGALLS, approaches the table.

SISTER INGALLS
May I?

JANET
Sure thing, Sister. Have a seat. This is Chapman.

PIPER
Sister? As in nun?

JANET
Yup. A killer nun.
SISTER INGALLS
Oh, stop it. She doesn’t know you’re kidding. I’m political.
For protesting U.S. military abuses in South America.

JANET
By chaining herself to a flagpole on an army base. It was in all the papers.

SISTER INGALLS
They used the most unflattering photos. I looked like a crazy person. But it did get attention, so... One moment.

Sister Ingalls baskets her fingers and prays. Janet and Piper wait.

SISTER INGALLS (CONT’D)

PIPER
I chained myself to a drug dealer.

Nina approaches and bangs down her tray.

NINA
Piper, you can’t be taking advice from a nun and a hippie.

JANET
By all means. Seek out the supreme wisdom of the junkie philosopher.

SISTER INGALLS
I pray for you, Nina.

NINA
I pray for you too, Sister. I lust after you, Janet. Look at those sinewy arms. You gotta love a yoga body.

JANET
You should come to class. Watch me chaturanga.

NINA
That whole yoga room smells like farts. Takes away the magic for me. You like pussy, Piper?

(MORE)
NINA (CONT'D)
Or do you prefer pipe as your name suggests? I’m feeling some Sapphic vibes coming off you.

Piper chokes on her water.

SISTER INGALLS
Oh, leave her alone.

NINA
Come on, Sister. You know you would have gone my way if you hadn’t married Jesus.

SISTER INGALLS
I don’t know that. I had a boyfriend before I joined the order.

NINA
Did you fool around?

SISTER INGALLS
We fooled around a bit.

JANET
Did you like it?

NINA
Any penetration?

SISTER INGALLS
No. No penetration.

NINA
Doesn’t count.

SISTER INGALLS
I did like it.

NINA
Still doesn’t count. Oh, look. Here’s Mommy.

PIPER
Your mom’s in here too?

NINA
Maternal figurehead. My actual mother is living in Brazil with her boyfriend Paolo who destroys rainforests and collects photorealistic art. She is a cunt. I am an embarrassment.
DRINA POPAKDAKIS aka POP, fifties, dyed reddish/purplish hair, tough, Greek, maternal, approaches the table. She sits down with a cup of coffee. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out cups of yogurt which she hands to Nina, Janet and Sister Ingalls.

NINA (CONT’D)
Thank you, Mommy.

JANET/SISTER INGALLS
Thanks, Pop.

PIPER
Wait, I’m confused. Is it Mommy or Pop?

JANET
Drina Popadakis. Popadakis. Pop.

POP
Who is this?

NINA
This is Chapman. She’s new. Self surrender. I think she’s fancy.

Pop reaches back into her pocket.

POP
Here, Fancy. Have a yogurt.

PIPER
Oh, my God. Thank you! This food is disgusting.

Everyone at the table freezes. Pop slowly takes a sip of her coffee.

PIPER (CONT’D)
What?

NINA
Did I mention that Pop runs the kitchen?

PIPER
Shit. I’m sorry.

Pop leans in. Fixes Piper with a ferocious glare.
POPPop
Honey. I know you just got here,
so you don’t know what’s what, but
I’m going to tell you. You don’t
like the food? It’s no problem.

Pop gets up and stalks away.

NINAHoly shit. That was an epic fuck-
up.

COUNSELOR TORELLA (O.S. PRE-LAP)
Can I help you?

CUT TO:

INT. COUNSELOR’S OFFICE - NIGHT

PIPER
Um--

COUNSELOR TORELLA, forties, Walrus-y, sits behind his desk
and works on his Pinterest board. Piper stands in the
doorway.

PIPER (CONT’D)
I’m Chapman. I’m new. Today.
They said I should come talk to
you...
I don’t have a PAC number.

COUNSELOR TORELLA
I’m not your counselor. Who’s
they?

Piper gets teary.

PIPER
Mr. Torella. Please let me call my
fiance. I have to let him know I’m
okay.

He thinks about it. Fuck. Pain in my ass. Then.

COUNSELOR TORELLA
Close the door. Two minutes.
That’s it. You have two minutes.

PIPER
(suddenly nervous)
Close the door?
COUNSELOR TORELLA
I don’t want a run on my office.
I’m about to change my mind.

Piper closes the door. She sits across from him. He turns his phone around to her.

COUNSELOR TORELLA (CONT’D)
Dial nine to get out.

Piper dials. Toricella goes back to his Pinterest.

CUT TO:

SPLIT SCREEN OR BACK AND FORTH:

INT. COUNSELORS’ OFFICE/INT. PIPER AND LARRY’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ring. Ring. Larry sits on the couch with his father, HOWARD BLOOM. The game is on. His mother, AIMEE KANTER-BLOOM, is clearing Chinese food containers off the coffee table. Larry’s phone sits on the dining room table and Aimee answers it.

AIMEE
Hello, Larry’s phone.

PIPER
Aimee?

AIMEE
Piper!

Larry jumps up immediately from the couch.

LARRY
Give me the phone.

AIMEE
One second. Don’t I get to say hello?

PIPER
Aimee, I only have two minutes to talk.

AIMEE
Are you okay? What’s it like in there? Howard and I brought Chinese. Larry’s so upset.

HOWARD
Aimee, let him talk.
LARRY
Mom. Give me the phone.

PIPER
Aimee, please let me speak to Larry.

AIMEE
You know, I read that when Martha Stewart was in prison, she foraged for dandelions.

Larry forcibly takes the phone from his mother.

AIMEE (CONT’D)
I was talking!

LARRY
Piper?

PIPER
I only have a minute now. I’m calling from the counselor’s office.

LARRY
Are you okay? What’s going on?

PIPER
I love you so much.

LARRY
I love you too. Are you okay?

PIPER
I’m wearing granny panties. I’ve only spoken to white people.

LARRY
Are you joining the Aryan nation?

PIPER
I don’t know. There’s a nun here. And I’m not allowed to sleep in the bed. Only on top of it.

LARRY
That’s weird.

PIPER
Right? But that’s how they do it. And they gave me little bars of hotel soap but no shampoo, but I think I can borrow some.

(MORE)
PIPER (CONT'D)
From other white people. I love you so much. One of my roommates had a massive heart attack when she got here.

LARRY
You’re not allowed to have a heart attack.

PIPER
What did you have for dinner?

LARRY
My folks brought from The Palace.

PIPER
Did they get the peppercorn chicken?

LARRY
They don’t like spicy.

PIPER
Dinner was scary liver and I insulted the chef and you can’t eat the pudding because it’s been to Desert Storm.

LARRY
Piper, you can’t lose your shit. I mean it. Please, baby. Tell me you’re keeping it together. Tell me you’re okay.

TORELLA
Wrap it up, Chapman.

PIPER
I’m Chapman here. I’m 11187-424.

LARRY
You’re my Pippy, and I love you and this is temporary.

PIPER
That’s what Yoga Janet said. It’s only been one day. I can’t--

LARRY
You can. You so can. You are so strong and so amazing and so tough. And you love adventure, babe.

(MORE)
LARRY (CONT'D)
That’s what got you in there, and that’s what’s gonna get you through there. It’s all a big adventure with liver, and Yoga Janet, and racism--

PIPER
You can come on Friday. Please come on Friday. Tell my mother to come Saturday and don’t tell her you’re coming Friday, okay?

LARRY
Of course. I’m coming. Okay? Two sleeps. On top of your bed. And then I’ll be there.

TORELLA
We’re coming up on lights out. Say goodbye.

PIPER
I have to go.

LARRY
No crying.

PIPER
I’m not crying.

She’s crying a little.

LARRY
I love you. I’ll see you Friday. Be brave. Don’t let anyone into your granny panties. I love you.

PIPER
I love you.

Torella presses the hang up button. Piper looks at him accusingly.

TORELLA
I think the words you’re looking for are, “thank you.”

PIPER
Thank you.

TORELLA
Your head’s not here yet. It’ll catch up soon. Don’t worry.

(MORE)
TORELLA (CONT'D)
In the meantime, try to get some sleep. Orientation is tomorrow at eight AM. Good night, Chapman.

PIPER
Good night.

She turns to go.

TORELLA
Hey, Chapman?

Torella opens a drawer. Pulls out a hotel-sized bottle of shampoo. Tosses it to her. She catches it. Looks at him gratefully.

TORELLA (CONT'D)
Say thank you again.

PIPER
Thank you.

TORELLA
Close the door behind you.

Piper exits. Closes the door. Torella opens his pants. Takes a small bottle of lotion out of his drawer. As he starts to masturbate...

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM SIX - MORNING - DAY 2

Piper is rocking with the same rhythm as Torella’s pud pounding, but it’s because Anita is trying to nudge her awake. The bed is full of tissue wads. Her eyes are swollen.

ANITA

PIPER
What?

ANITA
If you want time to shower and eat, you gotta get up. Ugh. Look at your eyes. You should put some cold water on them.

PIPER
Oh. Thanks.
ANITA
Take a nice shower. Get dressed. You’ll start to feel normal soon enough. You got flip flops?

PIPER
No.

ANITA
Oh, honey. There’s wicked fungus in the showers.

PIPER
Oh. Well...

Piper looks over and sees the huge stack of Maxi-pads on one of the lockers.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM BLOCK BATHROOMS - MORNING

We hear Delicious singing “Tell Me Something Good,” in the background. Piper is wrapped in her towel having just showered, carrying her small bar soap and hotel shampoo in her baggie. Splosh splosh splosh as she walks along in her wet maxi-pads. It’s good to be clean. New day.

She walks past the line of showers and glances over to see a curtain that’s not as ratty as the others, but still not complete so that Nina and Rosemarie are revealed in the space where the curtain ends and the wall begins. Nina’s arm is halfway up Rosemarie’s vagina. It’s intense. Piper stares for a beat, then splosh splosh sploshes away quickly.

Piper gets to the toilet area. Someone is ranting in Spanish in one of the stalls.

CRAZY BATHROOM LADY (O.S.)
No, no, no. Estas el diablo! El diablo del infierno!

Piper looks under the stall, only one set of feet.

CRAZY BATHROOM LADY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Me estás haciendo loco! You’re making me crazy! Silencio, Diablo!

Piper stands back up. The toilet flushes. Flushes again. Piper backs up. Splosh.

Suddenly, the stall door swings open and a wild-haired, Dominican CRAZY BATHROOM LADY, IMELDA FLORES, comes out. She sees Piper.
IMELDA
Boo!
Piper super fast sploshes out of the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - MORNING

Piper stands in the feed line with her tray. Next to her stands Anita.

ANITA
You’ll have a nice breakfast. Everyone gets a piece of fruit at breakfast. I’m telling you. It’ll all start to feel normal soon. Really. Are you hungry?

PIPER
I’m starving.

Behind Piper stands VANESSA, a giant post-op transsexual. Vanessa strokes her hair.

VANESSA
Such pretty hair.

PIPER
Oh. Thank you.

VANESSA
When your roots start to show, you come and see me, okay? I’ll take good care of you. And even if you don’t come to me, DON’T go to Danita. She’ll burn the shit out of your scalp. Go. Line’s moving.

Piper moves up. She takes a plate and approaches Miss Natalie who is serving up breakfast sandwiches similar to Egg McMuffins. Piper holds out her plate. Miss Natalie looks up and sees her ID tag.

NATALIE
Chapman. Are you Chapman?

PIPER
Um. Yes. Hi.

Miss Natalie reaches under the counter and pulls out a tinfoil wrapped breakfast sandwich.
NATALIE
Pop say she make this special for you.

PIPER
Oh. Thanks. Tell her I said thank you. Wow.

NATALIE
I don’t say nothing. I’m just working. Next.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Piper sits down quietly at a table and unwraps her sandwich. Rosemarie, Nina and Anita are already seated and chatting.

NINA
Before my teeth got knocked out, I had this awesome gap. Now my teeth look like Chicklets.

ROSEMARIE
You’re crazy. Your fake teeth are beautiful. Food never gets stuck in them--

Piper has finished unwrapping. There’s a white string hanging out of the English Muffins. She takes off the top muffin and there lies a bloody tampon.

ROSEMARIE (CONT’D)
Oh, Jeez. What did you do?

NINA
She insulted the food in front of Pop.

ROSEMARIE
Oh. Jeez. You may not be eating for a while.

ANITA
Ugh. Put it away. I’m enjoying menopause very much, thank you.

Piper wraps the sandwich back up. She’s not hungry anymore. In fact, she’s starting to freak out. It’s building in her, but the ladies just keep talking (below). It’s not starting to feel normal. Nothing is normal. Why do they all think this is normal? What is normal? Where the fuck am I?
What’s happened to my life? I’M IN FUCKING PRISON! Only Nina notices.

   ROSEMARIE
   You gotta figure out how to make things right with Pop.

   ANITA
   Oh, and you gotta go down to laundry. Don’t forget that. And check the elastic on all the pants. Don’t let them give you stretched-out garbage.

   ROSEMARIE
   Orientation starts in ten minutes.

   NINA
   At least you had a nice shower this morning. I think I saw you in there, didn’t I?

   PIPER
   Um. I don’t know. Excuse me.

Piper stands up.

   ROSEMARIE
   Don’t forget, you gotta bus your tray.

Piper grabs her tray and rushes off, out of the room.

   ANITA
   Where’s she going with the tray? She can’t take that out of here.

   NINA
   She’ll figure it out.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINING HALL - MORNING

Piper stands outside, clutching the tray, hyperventilating. With every breath, steam comes out of her mouth from the cold. She can’t catch her breath. She bends over. She puts the tray on the ground. She puts her hands on her thighs and lowers her head. Breathe. Breathe. Try to breathe. Come on.

Someone in prison khakis is now standing in front of her. She only looks up enough to see legs.
WOMAN’S VOICE
    Maybe this is a bad time to say
    “hi,” huh?

Piper stands straight up, and finds herself staring straight at ALEX.

Shock. Beat. And then...

Piper starts to scream. And scream and scream and scream into Alex.

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT EPISODE.