

ORANGE IS THE NEW BLACK

PILOT

Written by:

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Based on the Memoir by Piper Kerman

Writer's first
5/22/12

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

Oh. Of course. Prison. Fuck,
Piper. Your timing sucks.

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

No. No. Seriously. No.

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 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 - NORTHHAMPTON

Piper, with a feather boa, a hat, in the middle of a sexy striptease. Prince's CREAM plays in the background.

PRINCE

*You got the horn so why don't you
blow it/You are filthy cute and
baby you know it.*

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
Wait a sec. Shit. Flynn? It's
not working.

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 to 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!

JANAE

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!

Rosemarie exits. Piper stands. Not sure what to do next.

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 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 it 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
Piper. Uh. Chapman.

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)

BAGGAGE HANDLER (CONT'D)

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

Bon Jour.

ALEX

(loud)

Bon jour! 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

You skipped customs? Holy shit. Genius.

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

Sure. You're new, right? I saw you with Rosemarie.

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... things.

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)

JANET (CONT'D)

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)

Amen. So. Now. Chapman. What's your story?

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.

POP

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.

NINA

Holy 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

Chapman. Hey Chapman. Rise and shine.

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 splashes 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 estas 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 splashes 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.