

4.38

**| ORANGE |**  
**is**  
**the**  
**new** **BLACK |**

"Low Self Esteem City"  
Episode P2004/S2005

1 INT. PRISON CAMP, SPANISH BATHROOM - MORNING (DAY 1)

1

FLACA and MARITZA are waiting in line for the showers, which are all occupied. Flaca is first in line.

MARITZA

He had no idea how to take care of himself. Used to condition, then shampoo. How could I leave my baby with that?

FLACA

Maybe no one taught him.

MARITZA

Maybe he's a dumbass. No. I did the right thing leaving her with the *tortilleras*.

FLACA

They ever bring her around to visit?

MARITZA

Nah. They live too far away. And this is no place for a baby. But I'm sad about missing her first birthday, you know? That's a big one.

GLORIA enters, holding a bath caddy. Seeing her approach, Flaca pulls aside the curtain to address a SHOWERING LATINA WOMAN, who has just lathered her head with shampoo.

FLACA

Hurry up.

The Showering Latina sees Gloria.

SHOWERING LATINA

Can I rinse off?

Flaca looks at Gloria.

GLORIA

They used to hold a shower empty for Red.

FLACA

Do it in the sink.

Flaca flicks the woman's breasts, while herding her out of the stall.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

MARITZA

Move it.

GLORIA

Thank you.

Gloria is about to step in to the shower, when there is a GURGLING SOUND. She looks down to the shower drain, as BROWN WATER BEGINS TO GURGLE UP.

There are exclamations of alarm from the other stalls, where the same thing is occurring. Another drain on the tile floor begins WELLING UP brown water as well. The ladies recoil in disgust.

DAYANARA hops out of a shower.

DAYANARA

What the fuck's going on?

GLORIA

Alright, everybody out. Now! Come on. *Vamos!*

Gloria herds her daughters out of the bathroom.

CUT TO:

2 OMITTED

2

3 INT. PRISON CAMP, GHETTO BATHROOM - MORNING (DAY 1)

3

Black girls are waiting in line for their shower. TAYSTEE, POUSSEY, and BLACK CINDY are there, as well as YOGA JONES, and others.

Gloria appears with her girls.

GLORIA

Alright, listen up! We got plumbing issues in Spanish Harlem. Shit's flooded and we got to get to work.

TAYSTEE

So?

BLACK CINDY

So they wanna cut.

POUSSEY

Oh, fuck that.

(CONTINUED)

GLORIA

You want breakfast? This is how  
it's gotta be.

Gloria leads the girls ahead in the line-- ignoring the  
PROTESTS-- but are blocked by VEE emerging from around the  
corner, wrapped in a towel.

VEE

Excuse me. I don't think my girls  
are inclined to offer you special  
privileges in our bathroom.

GLORIA

Your girls? When did that happen?

VEE

I think you better get in line.

BLACK CINDY

(to Flaca)

Yeah, you're violating an unspoken  
social contract, bitch.

FLACA

*Blow it out your cunt, whore. Métetela por la creta, puta.*

FLACA

BLACK CINDY

What did you call me?

Black Cindy pushes Flaca and Flaca pushes back, resulting in  
a scuffle. MAXWELL enters.

YOGA JONES

Stop it!

MAXWELL

Hey! Cut it out! What is going on  
in here?

FLACA

She tried to punch me.

BLACK CINDY

Punch? I pushed her. Like this...

Black Cindy gives her a tiny push but Flaca acts like it's a  
huge push.

FLACA

Oh my God. Did you see that?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

BLACK CINDY

Oh come on, now. Sister...

MAXWELL

Don't "sister" me.

(to Black Cindy)

I'm writing you a shot.

BLACK CINDY

What??? Come on, man.

VEE

Officer...

POUSSEY

This isn't even their  
bathroom!

MAXWELL

Hey, you all want one, too?!

Maxwell takes out her pad, then turns to Gloria and the rest.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Go.

POUSSEY

(low, to Black Cindy)

Son, never call a black guard  
"sister."Gloria walks past Vee, into an open shower stall, a satisfied  
smile on her face.

CUT TO:

4 INT. BUSHWICK BODEGA/BOTANICA - FLASHBACK 2005 - DAY

4

A customer, FRANCISCO (Latino, 30s), stands before the  
counter, where Gloria spends her days. They speak in  
Spanish.

FRANCISCO

That candle I bought from you  
didn't work.

FRANCISCO

Esa vela que te compré no  
sirvió pa' na'.

GLORIA

What candle?

GLORIA

¿Qué vela?

(CONTINUED)

FRANCISCO

The candle for Saint Peter.  
You said it would help me get  
a job. I filled out the  
application and left it by  
the candle and kept it  
lighted for seven days. And  
no job.

FRANCISCO

La vela pa' San Pedro.  
Dijiste que me iba a ayudar a  
conseguir trabajo. Llené la  
solicitud y la dejé al lada  
de la vela y la dejé prendía  
cuatro dias. Y todavía no  
hay trabajo.

GLORIA

I see. And you filled out  
another application that you  
actually gave to the  
employer, right?

GLORIA

Veo. ¿Y llenaste otra  
solicitud que le dejaste al  
patrono, verdad?

Francisco looks at her blankly.

FRANCISCO

That was not part of the  
instructions.

FRANCISCO

Esas no fueron las  
instrucciones.

Gloria rolls her eyes.

GLORIA

Let me get Lourdes.

GLORIA

Deja buscar a Lourdes.

Gloria goes into a back room behind the counter, through a  
doorway above which a sign reads "Se Hacen Limpiezas."

CUT TO:

5 INT. BACK ROOM, BUSHWICK BODEGA/BOTANICA - FLASHBACK 2005 - 5  
DAY

Inside, candles are lit and incense is burning. An older  
woman, LOURDES (50s) is performing a spiritual "cleansing" on  
a LATINO MAN (30s) barefoot, on a mat, who stands with his  
arms straight out, as Lourdes beats him gently all over with  
a bouquet of basil while flicking water, blowing cigar smoke  
on him, and chanting the prayer for Elegua:

LOURDES

Omi tutu  
Ona tutu  
Ache Tutu  
Tutu ile  
Tutu laroye  
Tutu ariku  
Babawa

(CONTINUED)

GLORIA

*Francisco says your candle didn't work.*

GLORIA

*Francisco dice que tu vela no funcionó.*

LOURDES

*He needs a cleaning. Tell him to wait.*

LOURDES

*Necesita una limpieza. Dile que espere.*

Francisco pokes his head in.

FRANCISCO

*I don't want a cleaning. I want my money back.*

FRANCISCO

*No necesito ninguna limpieza. Quiero que me devuelvan mi dinero.*

LOURDES

*Francisco, you have forces working against you. I am trying to help. Wait.*

LOURDES

*Francisco, hay fuerzas en tu contra. Yo lo que quiero es ayudarte. Espera.*

Francisco waits outside. Lourdes continues the cleansing.

RESET TO:

INT. BUSHWICK BODEGA/BOTANICA - FLASHBACK 2005 - DAY

Francisco waits and Gloria returns to the counter as ARTURO, a handsome Latino man, comes in from outside.

ARTURO

*So listen, I'm installing a door in the back that locks itself, cause apparently you can't remember to.*

ARTURO

*Oye, mira, voy a instalar una puerta atrás que se tranca sola, porque a ti parece que siempre se te olvida.*

GLORIA

*I leave it open so the kids can get upstairs.*

GLORIA

*Yo la dejo abierta pa' que los nenes puedan subir.*

ARTURO

*Your kids and anybody else in the neighborhood.*

ARTURO

*Los nenes y to' el vecindario.*

GLORIA

*I think it's fine like it is.*

GLORIA

*Pa' mí que está bien así.*

ARTURO

*I'm just trying to keep you from getting robbed.*

ARTURO

*Estoy tratando de que no les roben.*

Arturo leans in and kisses her.

(CONTINUED)

GLORIA  
*Deliveries came. Want to help me out and unload boxes?*

GLORIA  
*Llegaron unas entregas. ¿Me quieres ayudar con las cajas?*

ARTURO  
 What am I, your servant?

GLORIA  
 You're my Dominican slave boy.

Arturo does as she bids, heads to unpack just delivered boxes of milk, soda and the like.

ARTURO  
*Yes, master.*

ARTURO  
*Sí, patrona.*

Arturo, hobbling like a hunchback, goes to unpack the boxes.

A BLACK CUSTOMER enters. Gloria watches him like a hawk as he goes to the cooler and takes out a forty.

FRANCISCO  
*How long do I gotta wait?*

FRANCISCO  
*¿Cuánto tengo que esperar?*

GLORIA  
*For a job? Probably forever. It's a candle. Did it catch on fire? Yes. And that is the only thing we guarantee.*

GLORIA  
*¿Pa' un trabajo? Probablemente una eternidad. Es una vela. ¿Prendió? Sí. Eso es lo único que garantizamos.*

FRANCISCO  
*That's not what she told me.*

FRANCISCO  
*Eso no fue lo que ella me dijo.*

Francisco pouts nearby as the black customer comes back and puts his beer on the counter and throws down an EBT card. In English:

GLORIA  
 Sorry. Can't buy beer with food stamps.

BLACK CUSTOMER  
 Just take it.

GLORIA  
 Excuse me?

BLACK CUSTOMER  
 That's a hundred dollar EBT card. Give me fifty dollar. Come on, everybody knows you do this shit.

(CONTINUED)



Gloria glances at Francisco, who is not looking over.

BLACK CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Alright, forget it.

GLORIA

It's forgotten. Take a hike.

But then Gloria takes the EBT card and opens the register. She counts out fifty dollars, then takes away four.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Fifty dollars. Minus the cost of the beer.

The black customer takes the beer and goes. Francisco may or may not have been watching the transaction. Arturo comes over. They switch back to Spanish.

ARTURO

What was that about?

ARTURO

¿Qué pasó?

GLORIA

What?

GLORIA

¿Qué cosa?

ARTURO

You can't talk like that to customers.

ARTURO

No les puedes hablar así a los clientes.

ARTURO

You can't afford to turn away no business. Not if you want to succeed.

ARTURO

No puedes estar botando clientes. No si quieres tener éxito.

GLORIA

Okay. And who are you to tell me how to succeed. You don't have a penny to your name--

GLORIA

Okay. ¿Y quién eres tú para hablarme de éxito? Tú que no tienes ni un chavo a tu nombre--

Out of nowhere, Arturo SLAPS Gloria. Twice.

ARTURO

Don't fucking talk to me like that. I'm busting my ass trying to help you, raising your fucking kids like they're my own, and you gonna talk to me like that? I deserve better.

ARTURO

No me hables así, coño. Me estoy partiendo el lomo tratando de ayudarte, criando a tus jodios hijos como si fueran míos, ¿y me vas a salir hablando así? Yo me merezco más que eso.

Gloria raises her eyes and looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

GLORIA  
I'm sorry.

GLORIA  
*Perdona.*

Gloria composes herself as a NEW CUSTOMER enters the store.

CUT TO:

7 INT. PRISON CAMP, CAFETERIA - DAY (DAY 1) 7

BIG BOO, CHANG and NICKY are sitting at a table.

CHANG  
Now here are the rules. All of the girls must want to have sex.

BIG BOO  
Yes, Chang, we know. It isn't a rape contest.

Piper sits down.

PIPER  
Contest?

NICKY  
We're having a Bang-Off.

Oh no...

CHANG  
All the girls must be here, on camp.

BIG BOO  
You mean we can't pull from local bars?

NICKY  
What about "all girls must be human?" Or would that be a problem for you, Boo?

BIG BOO  
It was one time. We were drunk.

PIPER  
Do they have to come for it to count?

NICKY  
Excellent question.

(CONTINUED)

BIG BOO

"Have to come?" How is that even a question? With me, they always come.

NICKY

Only once? That's so sad. Hey, Chang, we get extra points for multiples? I'm the queen of excess.

CHANG

No double points, but different girls worth different points.

Chang unfolds a chart, as Piper sits down. On the chart are crude drawings of many of the prison girls. Numbers have been assigned each "mark" (based on level of difficulty of sexing). Piper points.

PIPER

What is that?

CHANG

Chapman, three.

PIPER

Not playing. Leave me out of it.  
(can't help it)  
A three out of what?

NICKY

Ten. Ten being like a guard, and one being, like, that girl.

She points to an INMATE walking by.

PIPER

I am so more than a three. I am not easy.

NICKY

You're right. You're slutty, not easy.

BIG BOO

You slept with your worst enemy.

PIPER

Alex was not my enemy... At the time. That I knew. It's complicated. She has this effect on me.

(CONTINUED)

BIG BOO

Me too. I wish I got a piece of that. Oh well. Maybe she'll come back.

PIPER

Don't count on it.

Just then PENNSATUCKY sits down. They cover the chart.

PENNSATUCKY

Hey. What ya'll playing?

BIG BOO

Nothing.

NICKY

A game as old as time.

PENNSATUCKY

Oh yeah? What's it called?

NICKY

Exclusion.

PENNSATUCKY

Cool. How do you play?

A couple beats, then...

ANGLE ON VEE AND BLACK GIRLS:

Vee, Taystee, Black Cindy and CRAZY EYES are talking together.

BLACK CINDY

It's bullshit. I already got two shots for being late to the warehouse. Now I get another for trying to keep from being late.

VEE

This is our bathroom. When I was--

POUSSEY

Oh God!

BLACK CINDY

We've heard.

(CONTINUED)

POUSSEY

(in old woman voice)  
Those where the good ol' days, when  
you could stab a bitch in her sleep  
and nobody said nothin'.

VEE

I'm sorry. Do you like being  
another woman's doormat?

POUSSEY

Who said anything about being  
anybody's doormat? I'm my own  
doormat.

CRAZY EYES

Yes, but a doormat to where?

VEE

I'm telling you, unless we do  
something now, this is going to  
become the way it is. Spanish  
running things. And you can't look  
to the screws for help.

POUSSEY

"Screws?" Man, you are old.

VEE

I'm just saying, those girls need  
to learn some manners.

TAYSTEE

Reach one, teach one.

Vee smiles. The other black girls are apprehensive, but  
intrigued.

CRAZY EYES

I know what you're saying.

VEE

Do you, baby?

CRAZY EYES

(conspiratorially)  
Fork on the left. Knife on the  
right. Little fork on the outer  
left. Oh yeah.

CUT TO:

8

INT. PRISON CAMP, GREENHOUSE - DAY (DAY 1)

8

RED is in the greenhouse with TASLITZ, JIMMY, IRMA and FRIEDA.

IRMA

Woo, it's cold out here.

RED

You'll warm up once we get working. Irma, you and Frieda start pulling weeds out of the floor. Taslitz and Jimmy and I will start clearing out this junk.

JIMMY

I can't stay long. Jack's taking me to the movies tonight.

RED

Okay.

JIMMY

...We need to get there early. There'll be a huge line for Easter Parade, after that stellar review in Variety.

RED

Jimmy, maybe you help pull weeds.

JIMMY

Alright. But I have to go soon.

Red gets on one end of a piece of wood or other garbage, as Jimmy wanders away, with Irma.

RED

Girls, you want to give me a hand with this?

(off their look)

What?

FRIEDA

You said this greenhouse club would be relaxing and give us time away from the noise. You didn't say nothing about hauling wood.

RED

You want to get warm or not?

HEALY enters.

(CONTINUED)

HEALY

Good morning, ladies.

TASLITZ

Good morning.

FRIEDA

Morning, Mister Healy.

Jimmy perks up from deeper in the greenhouse.

JIMMY

Is that Jack?  
(disappointed)  
Oh...

HEALY

Quite a little challenge you've set  
for yourself, Red.

RED

Yes, I'm getting that feeling.

HEALY

Ladies, would you mind if I spoke  
to Red for a minute?

FRIEDA

Uh, not at all. We'll go help...  
pulling weeds.

Frieda and Taslitz go try to make themselves busy, leaving  
Red with Healy.

HEALY

So. They're doing a production of  
Our Town at Litchfield High  
tonight. Do you think that'd be a  
good thing to take Katya to see?

RED

I don't know. I'm not familiar  
with the actors at that particular  
high school.

HEALY

I thought a little culture might be  
nice. Mostly, I'd like to spend a  
night away from her mother. I  
don't know, we could go out to  
dinner. There's a new Italian  
place that just opened. What do  
you think?

(CONTINUED)

RED

Healy, we had an agreement back when I ran the kitchen. You scratched my back, I told you when it's time to trim your ear hairs. But I don't need my back scratched anymore, and I'd rather be left alone.

HEALY

I'm just asking your opinion.

RED

(reluctantly)

Skip the play. Take her to dinner.

HEALY

Italian?

RED

What, romantic Indian? Come on.

HEALY

Alright. Thank you.

Healy starts to go.

IRMA

Hey, Healy, can we get a space heater in here?

HEALY

I'll look into it. Probably not.

Healy leaves.

JIMMY

Shit licker.

FRIEDA

Can we grow pot?

CUT TO:

9 INT. PRISON CAMP, VISITATION - DAY (DAY 1)

9

MARIA holds her baby, sitting across from YADRIEL, her taciturn gangster boyfriend.

(CONTINUED)



MARIA

So I heard from my cousin that the whole front of the building on the corner fell off and crashed onto the sidewalk.

YADRIEL

Yeah.

(beat)

Boom.

CAL and CAROL sit waiting for Piper.

CAL

Check out the anti-suicide poster. Think anyone's tried to do it right in here? Like, where you're sitting?

CAROL

Cal.

CAL

What? It's a question.

Piper enters. Cal and Carol rise and embrace.

CAROL

Oh Piper, what a relief.

PIPER

What?

CAL

She was afraid you wouldn't be pretty anymore. I told you, she won the fight.

PIPER

That's right. Kicked ass. Spent three weeks in solitary confinement thinking, "winner!"

CAROL

Oh honey. Has Larry visited you?

PIPER

No. And he won't be visiting me. I told you. We broke up.

CAROL

Well, his earning potential was questionable.

(CONTINUED)

CAL

I was hoping you'd have a gnarly  
scar. To add character. And  
mystery.

PIPER

There's still time.

CAROL

You'll find another man. I can  
help.

PIPER

No need.

CAROL

No, I want to.

PIPER

Wasn't Neri coming?

CAL

They wouldn't let her in. Some  
issue with her background check.  
She's in the lobby.

CUT TO:

10 INT. PRISON CAMP, VISITOR'S RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 1)

10

NERI sits in the lobby, talking to a FATHER with CHILD.

NERI

I'll tell you the thing I find most  
disturbing is that it looks almost  
exactly like my old high school in  
here. Same cinder block  
construction. Low ceilings.  
Oppressive fluorescent lighting. I  
wonder if that's intentional, as  
part of the punishment. If so,  
kudos to the government, because  
it's genius.

CUT TO:

11 INT. PRISON CAMP, VISITATION - DAY (DAY 1)

11

PIPER

And where is Daddy?  
(blank looks)  
He doesn't want to see me.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL

Of course he does. Something came up.

PIPER

Nothing came up. You don't have to lie to me. He doesn't want to see me in here.

CAL

That's right.

CAROL

No it's not, Cal. You can't leave her thinking that.

CAL

Better that than the other thing.

PIPER

What other thing?

CAROL

It's nothing.

PIPER

Well, if it's nothing, then you can tell me what it is. Cal?

CAL

We agreed we shouldn't tell you. But you can guess.

PIPER

Oh no. Is it bad?

CAL

Mmm.

CAROL

Cal, no-- this is not appropriate.

PIPER

What's not appropriate? I'm an adult-- in prison!! I can handle things. You have to tell me, goddammit!

(to Cal)

Did daddy lose his job?

("no")

Did your house burn down?

("no")

Did my house burn down?

(CONTINUED)

CAROL  
No, it's not about property.

CAL  
No hints.

PIPER  
So it's about a person? Is it  
about Daddy? Is he sick? Dead?  
Is Daddy dead?

CAROL  
No. Daddy's fine. Aside from his  
cholesterol, but he's taking fish  
oil for that.

CAL  
Keep going. You're getting warmer.  
Daddy's fine, but...

PIPER  
Danny? Polly? Larry?  
(warmer)  
Grandmother! Grandmother is dead!  
(close, keep going)  
Grandmother is dying!

CAL  
YES! Grandma is dying!

PIPER  
Oh. Oh.  
(it sinks in)  
Oh my God...

CUT TO:

12 INT. PRISON CAMP, KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 1)

12

The Spanish girls are cleaning up. Norma walks up to Gloria  
and signals that she's done washing the dishes.

GLORIA  
What about the big pot?

She nods at a giant industrial size pot, covered in food  
remnants. Norma's face falls. Norma goes and gets the pot  
to wash, as CAPUTO enters.

(CONTINUED)

CAPUTO

Mendoza, your people are not authorized to use the B Dorm bathroom. You have your own bathroom.

GLORIA

Is that what you call that place with the fountains of caca?

CAPUTO

I'm getting a plumber.

GLORIA

When?

CAPUTO

When I get authorization from Fig. When she gets back from Albany.

GLORIA

Well, in the meantime, don't you think your kitchen workers should be going some place sanitary? Especially since they're the ones taking the crust off your sandwiches.

CAPUTO

You didn't ask. You just stormed in.

GLORIA

Mister Caputo, can "my people" use the B Dorm bathroom? Please?

CAPUTO

Fine. For now, you can share it.

GLORIA

Thank you. By the way, can I get a candle for my office?

CAPUTO

You want to light a candle, go to church on Sunday and use the electric ones. Don't get cocky, Mendoza. You're important, but you're replaceable. Don't forget that.

(CONTINUED)

He turns and goes. Gloria grins. She's important.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. PLAYGROUND/PARK - FLASHBACK 2005 - DAY

13

Gloria and Lourdes sit on a bench, watching BENNY (6) and JULIO (8) play. Gloria's face is bruised. She is wearing sunglasses to cover a black eye.

LOURDES  
Call the cops. Get that  
motherfucker deported.

LOURDES  
Llama a la policía. Que  
deporten al cabrón ese.

GLORIA  
No. No cops. It'll only  
bring trouble.

GLORIA  
No, olvídate de la policía.  
Lo único que van a traer son  
problemas.

Lourdes rips off Gloria's sunglasses.

LOURDES  
And what do you call this?  
Everlasting happiness? Think  
of the boys.

LOURDES  
¿Y esto qué es, la felicidad  
eterna? Piensa en tus hijos.

GLORIA  
He's never hurt them.  
Arturo's always been good to  
them.

GLORIA  
Él nunca les ha puesto la  
mano encima. Arturo siempre  
ha sido bueno con ellos.

LOURDES  
But not to you. You want  
them to grow up thinking it's  
okay to treat a woman this  
way?

LOURDES (CONT'D)  
Pero no contigo. ¿Quieres que  
se críen pensando que así se  
trata a las mujeres?

As Gloria thinks about this, Arturo appears. He followed her to the park.

ARTURO  
Gloria!

Gloria stands.

GLORIA  
Get away from me.

GLORIA  
Vete de aquí.

ARTURO  
I just want to talk. Please.  
I'm sorry.

ARTURO  
Lo único que quiero es  
hablar. Por favor. Perdóname.

(CONTINUED)

LOURDES  
*You deaf or something? She doesn't want to talk to you, you sonofabitch.*

LOURDES  
*¿Qué pasa, estás sordo? No quiere hablar contigo, hijo 'e la gran puta.*

ARTURO  
*Gloria, come on. I know I have problems but I'm working on them.*

ARTURO  
*Gloria, por favor. Yo sé que tengo problemas pero estoy bregando con eso.*

LOURDES  
*Work on them on the way to hell.*

LOURDES  
*Trabaja en sus problemas en el camino hacia el infierno.*

While they discuss, Benny sees Arturo.

BENNY  
*Arturo!*

ARTURO  
*Heeey!*

Benny runs to Arturo who opens his arms to embrace him. Julio is more wary.

LOURDES  
*Benito! Julio! Get over here.*

LOURDES  
*¡Benito! ¡Julio! Vengan acá.*

Benny stops before hugging Arturo, but it's too late: Gloria feels sorry for him. He gives her a look that melts her. She walks toward him.

GLORIA  
*You got one minute.*

GLORIA  
*Tienes un minuto.*

LOURDES  
*Florecita, no...*

Just out of earshot, he falls to his knees, hugging her legs.

GLORIA  
*Get up.*

GLORIA  
*Levántate.*

They argue, he cries, she falls right back into the cycle of abuse.

Lourdes mutters a prayer, as the children go to her side.

## LOURDES

*...Surely he will save  
you from the fowler's snare  
and from the deadly  
pestilence. He will cover  
you with his feathers, and  
under his wings you will find  
refuge; his faithfulness will  
be your shield and rampart...*

## LOURDES

*...De seguro te salvará de la  
trampa del cazador y la  
mortífera pestilencia diaria.  
Te cubrirá con sus plumas, y  
bajo sus alas encontrarás  
refugio; su lealtad será tu  
escudo y tu fortaleza...*

(CONTINUED)



OITNB #P2004/S2005  
13 CONTINUED: (3)

"Low Self Esteem City"

GOLDENROD 9/9/13 22.  
13

BENNY  
Who are you praying for, tia?

LOURDES  
Your mother.

CUT TO:

14 OMITTED

14

15 OMITTED

15

16 INT. PRISON CAMP, TV ROOM - DAY (DAY 1)

16

Nicky is watching television. FISCHER is standing guard, near the TV. Big Boo comes in.

BIG BOO  
Gruber's out of play.

NICKY  
Who's Gruber? Is she that freckly girl with the giant forehead?

BIG BOO  
In the wood shop. Behind the band saw. While everybody else was making shelves, we were making L-O-V-E

NICKY  
I don't think that's how you spell 'gross.' But congratulations, you got yourself a one pointer.

BIG BOO  
A boob in the hand is worth two in the bush.

NICKY  
It's only the bush that counts.

Big Boo smiles sarcastically.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
But keep it up. There's plenty of other nickel slots in Low Self Esteem City. You want me, I'll be playing for big money at a private table.

BIG BOO  
Is that a euphemism for playing with yourself? Cause I don't see anybody else you're playing with.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

Oh no?

(calling out)

Hey Officer Fischer, would you mind turning up the volume on the television for me? It's kind of low.

FISCHER

Oh, sure, Nichols.

Fischer turns up the volume. Big Boo's face shows amazement as she catches on.

NICKY

Thanks. Hey, you look lovely today, by the way.

FISCHER

Why thank you.

NICKY

(to Big Boo)

You see, I'm not interested in running some sweaty fallopian relay race. I look at this like an art form.

BIG BOO

You're out of your depth.

NICKY

My depth has no depth. I am the moon and the stars. I am the sun and the sky. I am the sexual Steve Jobs. And that bitch is worth ten points.

HEALY (PRE-LAP)

But I made reservations at the Spaghetti Factory.

CUT TO:

17 INT. HEALY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

17

Healy has just recently come home. His wife KATYA is sitting a table with her friend ULYA. PAVLA, the mother-in-law, is sitting on the couch watching a rerun of "Fresh Prince of Bel Air."

(CONTINUED)

KATYA

You should have asked me. I made plans with Ulya.

HEALY

Well, I would really appreciate it if you could reschedule.

Katya still has trouble with English. Ulya is better. They speak Russian.

(CONTINUED)

KATYA

What?

ULYA

Reschedule.

ULYA

Pomenyay vremya.

KATYA

No. I don't want to.

KATYA

Nyet. Ya ne khochu.

ULYA

Why not? We can go any time.

ULYA

Pochemu? Mi mozhem poyekhat v lyuboye vremya.

KATYA

He can go any time. He wants me to stay here all day and wait for him? Two weeks ago, he said we would visit New York city, but then we never went. He changes plans whenever he wants. I am not even allowed to have plans.

KATYA

Eta on mozhet poyekhat v lyuboye vremya. On khochet, shtobe ya tut sidela i zhdala yevo? Dve nedelyi nazad on skzal, shto me poyedem v New York, a me nikuda ne poyexali. On menyayet, kogda khochet. A mnye nichevo vobshye nelzya planirovat.

HEALY

Can you please. Speak. English.

KATYA

Why we speak English? Why not you speak Russian??

HEALY

(exploding)

Why? Because you live in America now! And I don't know why it's so horrible that I want to do something nice together! You can see Ulya any day of the week. It's not like you have a job to go to!

A terrible silence. Pavla turns off the television and leaves the room.

HEALY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I don't mean to lose my temper.

(in poor Russian)

I was looking forward to seeing you.

HEALY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I don't mean to lose my temper.

(in poor Russian)

Ya ochen khotel uvidet tebya.

Katya and Ulya don't say anything.

(CONTINUED)

HEALY (CONT'D)

Maybe we can all go out together.  
Or if you don't feel like eating,  
we could go see a play?

KATYA

I want to spend time with my  
friend.

HEALY

Right. Which is why I said  
Ulya is welcome to come.  
*Your friends are my friends,  
and my friends are your  
friends.*

HEALY

Right. Which is why I said  
Ulya is welcome to come.  
*Tvoi druzya eto moi druzya, a  
moi druzya eto tvoi druzya.*

Katya gets up to follow her mother out of the room.

KATYA (CONT'D)

You don't have any friends, Sam.

A beat, then Ulya awkwardly follows. Off Healy--

CUT TO:

18 OMITTED

18

19 OMITTED

19

20 INT. PRISON CAMP, SPANISH HARLEM DORM - DAY (DAY 2)

20

Dayanara, Maritza, Flaca and Maria are getting dressed after  
the shower. They speak in cubes across the hall from each  
other.

DAYANARA

Yo, the water pressure is so much  
better in the ghetto.

FLACA

I know, right?

MARITZA

It's fucked up. It's like they're  
getting special preference. Like  
we're the black people.

Dayanara suddenly notices something.

DAYANARA

Hey, wait. Where are my shoes?

(CONTINUED)

FLACA

Where are my fucking shoes?

All of their shoes are gone. Just then, A TANGLE OF SHOES is thrown down the floor. All the laces are tied together. Gloria walks up.

GLORIA

This was in my bed.

Black Cindy and Taystee appear at the doorway of the dorm.

TAYSTEE

Hey ladies, you better get moving. If you don't hurry, you gonna be late for work.

They laugh, and leave.

FLACA

Oh fuck. It's on.

Off Gloria, furious.

GLORIA

Somebody start untangling this shit.

CUT TO:

21 INT. PRISON CAMP, SUBURB DORM, PIPER'S BUNK - DAY (DAY 2)

21

Piper is looking at a photo of her grandma. Red enters and she puts away the photo.

RED

What's the matter with you?

PIPER

Nothing.

Red looks at her, unconvinced.

PIPER (CONT'D)

My grandmother is sick.

RED

Oh. I thought maybe I caught you with a porn. Having a sick *babushka* is nothing to be ashamed of.

(CONTINUED)

PIPER

I don't want to bore anyone with my problems.

RED

All problems are boring until they're your own.

O'NEILL

Count time.

Red and Piper line up outside their cubes, as O'NEILL and ANOTHER CO run the count.

RED

What happened?

PIPER

She scraped her foot turning laps at the pool. It wasn't healing so she went in to the doctor. Turns out her kidney levels were off the charts. So they put her on dialysis, then she got an infection.

RED

That's how it happens. It all goes at once. Like internal organ dominoes. I'm sorry. That's probably not what you want to hear.

PIPER

It's all right. I'm not looking for sympathy. I'm trying to follow your example, actually. Trying to be strong, suffer in silence.

RED

I like the silent part.

PIPER

She might pull through. Anyhow, what can you do? Hang on tightly, let go lightly.

RED

What?

PIPER

It's something Clive Owen says in that movie Croupier.

(CONTINUED)



RED

Is it supposed to be comforting?

PIPER

I guess. It's a line people repeat a lot for some reason. I've never actually seen the movie. I don't know. It would probably be comforting if Clive Owen were here to say it.

RED

Fuck Clive Owen. Don't ever let go.

Red says this, looking across the line at GINA, her burn scar visible, who does not smile back.

RED (CONT'D)

Not until they make you.

CUT TO:

22 INT. PRISON CAMP, SPANISH BATHROOM - DAY (DAY 2)

22

Caputo is with JEREMY THE PLUMBER, getting a damage assessment. FIG enters, pissed.

JEREMY THE PLUMBER

All the water from this bathroom goes out the pipe under the floor here.

(points to the floor)

Until you get it cleared, you're gonna have water and other effluvia overflowing out the drains every time you have the showers going.

CAPUTO

Why? What is the actual problem?

JEREMY THE PLUMBER

Hell if I know. It could be roots but the snake isn't long enough to reach 'em. It's probably roots.

FIG

Mister Caputo. Can I speak to you a moment?

Caputo takes a couple steps over to Fig.

(CONTINUED)

FIG (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing? I didn't sign off on an outside contractor.

CAPUTO

I made an executive decision. Since you decided not to come into work yesterday, or this morning.

FIG

I had a press conference.  
(to plumber)  
My husband is running for state senate.

CAPUTO

Well, this is Jeremy. He's running for Plumber of the prison, where we work.

JEREMY THE PLUMBER

Ma'am.

FIG

We have a CO trained for plumbing.

CAPUTO

Yes, his name is Kanarick and he's been here already.

JEREMY THE PLUMBER

Honestly, this isn't getting unclogged. You're gonna have to replace the whole exit pipe.

FIG

How much is that going to cost?

JEREMY THE PLUMBER

Well, it's embedded in concrete. I'd have to come back here with a jackhammer and a pipe fitting crew...

FIG

How much?

JEREMY

80 thousand dollars. Minimum.

(CONTINUED)

FIG

Christ. And there's no other alternative?

JEREMY THE PLUMBER

I guess your girls could take shorter showers.

FIG

That seems like a reasonable solution.

CAPUTO

A solution? That is not a solution. That is a bullshit stop-gap. This needs to be addressed.

FIG

And it will be, but we are dealing with a very serious deficit. As you know. Besides, there is a list of approved vendors we work with. It's a security issue.

(to plumber)

You understand.

And with that, she turns to leave.

CAPUTO

Well shit, why fix the plumbing at all? We could just cut their food rations so they don't shit as much.

FIG

I'll crunch the numbers and get back to you on that.

Fig continues out.

JEREMY THE PLUMBER

So, uh, who's gonna pay me for coming out here?

CUT TO:

Healy is staring at the wall, lost in thought (let's say it: he's depressed). Piper appears. She knocks gingerly on the open door. He lays eyes on her. It's the first time they've had a real private meeting since the beating of Pennsatucky.

(CONTINUED)

HEALY

Chapman.

PIPER

Hi, Mister Healy. I was wondering  
if we could talk?

HEALY

Sure. Close the door.

She closes the door and sits down.

HEALY (CONT'D)

I'm glad to see you're looking  
well.

PIPER

Are you?

HEALY

Excuse me?

A little too sharp. Piper tries to pull back.

PIPER

Nothing. Thank you.

HEALY

What can I do for you?

PIPER

My grandmother is very ill.

HEALY

I'm sorry to hear that.

PIPER

I know you probably don't grant  
furlough for things like this, and  
even if you did, I don't expect  
you'd ever give it me, but I  
couldn't live with myself if I  
didn't at least ask: Will you give  
me furlough to see my grandmother?

HEALY

Furlough. Furlough is like The  
Loch Ness Monster, much discussed  
and rarely seen.

PIPER

I understand, but I know that you  
have the power to at least apply--

(CONTINUED)

HEALY

I'm sorry. There's nothing I can do for you.

Piper looks at him. She's not surprised, but she is nonetheless stung by his callousness.

HEALY (CONT'D)

Is there something else?

PIPER

No. That's about it.

She turns to go, but can't help herself.

PIPER (CONT'D)

You just stood there.

HEALY

What?

PIPER

You stood there. While she attacked me. And then you gave her new teeth.

HEALY

I was not anywhere near the incident, as Doggett will corroborate, I assure you.

PIPER

(more hurt than angry)  
I know I overstepped my bounds, but that was... I could have been killed!

HEALY

Were I there to intervene, I most certainly would have. I'm sorry about your grandmother. Thank you for stopping by.

He looks down at his papers. Piper turns and leaves.

CUT TO:

24 INT. PRISON CAMP, PHONE BANK - DAY (DAY 2)

24

Fischer is standing guard. WEEPING WOMAN is doing her thing on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

WEEPING WOMAN

What do you mean, he's quitting?  
Because of the Black Scarecrow?  
The Black Scarecrow is not even in  
his weight class... and even if he  
was... he has a weakness. He has a  
weakness...

Nicky sidles into frame.

NICKY

What is it this time, ya think?

FISCHER

Oh, I don't know. I try not to  
listen.

NICKY

Oh come on, there's no shame in  
being curious.

FISCHER

I don't want people thinking I'm  
sticking my nose where it doesn't  
belong.

NICKY

But she could be in trouble. The  
Black Scarecrow might be trying to  
extort money or something.

FISCHER

No, the Black Scarecrow is a  
wrestler. He was supposed to  
wrestle her son but he's chickening  
out.

NICKY

I thought you didn't listen.

FISCHER

I couldn't help it. She's talking  
about wrestling. While crying!

NICKY

It doesn't take much. I once saw  
her crying reading a Garfield  
comic.

FISCHER

I wish I could give her her  
privacy, but my job is to stand  
here.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

It's fine. Not everybody wants  
privacy. I know I don't.

FISCHER

Yeah?

NICKY

I mean, I like privacy, but not  
alone.

FISCHER

I'm not sure what that means.

NICKY

It means, I work in electrical so I  
know all the spots where the  
cameras don't work. If you're ever  
feeling curious about... other  
things.

A beat, and Fischer catches on.

FISCHER

Do you have a phone call to make?  
Because if not, I suggest you move  
on.

NICKY

Hey now, Fischer--

FISCHER

Now, inmate!

NICKY

Alright. Jeez.

Nicky walks away. Fischer turns back to the Weeping Woman.

WEeping WOMAN

(on phone with son now)

...I know the chairs are meant to  
be breakaway, but if he brings his  
own chair he can really hurt him.  
He can win. And bring glory to our  
family.

CUT TO:

25

INT. PRISON CAMP, CAFETERIA - EVENING (DAY 2)

25

Poussey, Crazy Eyes, Taystee, JANA E, Black Cindy and Vee are sitting together at dinner. Poussey takes a bite. It's overpoweringly salty.

POUSSEY

Ah man.

TAYSTEE

What is it?

BLACK CINDY

Salt. They gave us special trays.  
Chili shittin' bitches.

POUSSEY

They fuckin' with us this way cause  
they know our people's  
predisposition for hypertension.

TAYSTEE

They tryin' to kill us.

JANA E

Well, what do ya'll expect? Don't  
fuck with the cooks.

She takes a bite, and finds it's the same.

JANA E (CONT'D)

Hey! Why I got it like that? I  
didn't do nothing. They're  
grouping us all together!

TAYSTEE

It's called racism. You just born  
or something?

CRAZY EYES

(enjoying the food)  
The secret is to pretend the salt  
is sugar.

ANGLE ON BENNETT:

Dayanara walks by with a tray. Bennett nods.

BENNETT

Inmate.

She smiles, as Bell approaches. Bennett quickly turns to  
her.

(CONTINUED)



BELL

So Bennett, I got a question.

BENNETT

Yeah?

BELL

Would you rather live in a house  
with a cracked foundation, or one  
across the street from a parking  
lot where the lights never go off?

BENNETT

Neither.

BELL

But what if there's nothing else in  
your price range?

ANGLE ON JANAЕ:

Janae is sitting at a table. Dayanara passes by. Janae  
stands.

JANAЕ

Hey! I want a new tray.

DAYANARA

Sorry. You get what you get.

Janae loses her temper. She runs at Dayanara as she walks  
away.

JANAЕ

I wasn't even part of that shit!

YOGA JONES

Janae, calm down...

ANGLE ON BENNETT AND BELL:

BELL

...I don't know, but I'm telling  
you, I gotta get off camp housing.  
I just gotta.

BENNETT

Hey!

Dayanara is shoved by Janae. She drops her tray and falls on  
her side.

(CONTINUED)

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Hey!

Bennett rushes forward to intervene. Before he can get there, Yoga Jones and ALEIDA have gotten between Janae and Dayanara.

YOGA JONES

Watson. Don't sacrifice yourself to anger. Take a breath.

Bennett grabs Janae and slams her on the ground, forcefully.

BENNETT

Hey! You. Can't. Do. That.

JANAE

Get off me!

BENNETT

Shut up!  
(he turns to Dayanara)  
Are you alright?

DAYANARA

Yeah.

Bell arrives.

BENNETT

You want to go down the hill?

JANAE

No.

BENNETT

Then cut that shit out. You just lost commissary for a month, inmate.

Yoga Jones and Bell get Janae out of there and Bennett checks on Daya.

ANGLE ON GLORIA:

Gloria has come from the kitchen. Vee looks at her, as she buses her tray and walks out.

Aleida approaches Gloria.

ALEIDA

Hey. You got a plan or are you only trying to start shit?

(CONTINUED)

GLORIA  
I'm handling it.

ALEIDA  
You better. That's my  
granddaughter in there.

Aleida walks away. Off Gloria...

CUT TO:

26

INT. BUSHWICK BODEGA/BOTANICA - FLASHBACK 2005 - DAY

26

Lourdes is turning the sign to "closed," when Gloria comes from the back (a staircase to the apartment), emotional.

LOURDES  
*Oh no, what happened? I  
thought you were out.*

LOURDES  
*Ay no, ¿qué pasó? Pensé que  
habías salido.*

GLORIA  
*He hit him. He hit Benito.*

GLORIA  
*Le pegó. Le pegó a Benito.*

LOURDES  
*Call the police.*

LOURDES  
*Llama a la policía.*

GLORIA  
*No.*

LOURDES  
*No? Florecita...*

GLORIA  
*He'll find us. He'll kill  
me. We need to go. We need  
to just go. Look...*

GLORIA  
*Nos va a encontrar. Me va a  
matar. Tenemos que irnos.  
Tenemos que irnos ya.*

Gloria opens a small hidden box, where there is lots of cash.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
*I have money. We'll go live  
with Frankie and Rita in  
Florida.*

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
*Mira yo tengo dinero. Nos  
vamos a vivir con Frankie y  
Rita a la Florida.*

LOURDES  
*Where'd you get all that?*

LOURDES  
*¿De dónde te sacaste to' eso?*

(CONTINUED)

GLORIA

*Food stamp money. I've been saving up.*

*(off her baffled look)*

*I buy food stamps and then charge the government for shit I never sold. What? You think I could get by selling candles and herbs?*

GLORIA

*De los cupones. Lo he estado ahorrando.*

*(off her baffled look)*

*Compro cupones por ahí y después le cobro al gobierno por cosas que no vendí. ¿Qué? ¿Te creías tú que yo vivía de vender yerbas y velas?*

Just then, Arturo enters from the back. Gloria puts away the money, but he sees it.

ARTURO

*Gloria, I'm sorry. He was in the way.*

ARTURO

*Gloria, lo siento. Estaba en el medio.*

LOURDES

*Yeah? Who were you aiming for? You sonofabitch.*

LOURDES

*¿Ah sí? ¿Y a quién estabas apuntando pa' darle, hijo de puta?*

ARTURO

*Gloria, I'd really like to speak to you alone.*

ARTURO

*Gloria, quiero hablar contigo sola.*

LOURDES

*No, you stay away from her, with your lizard lips.*

LOURDES

*No, tú no te le acerques, con esos labios de lagartijo.*

ARTURO

*This doesn't involve you.*

ARTURO

*Tú no te metas.*

As he steps forward, he nearly trips over a shrine on the floor.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

*Why the fuck you leaving candles on the floor!*

ARTURO (CONT'D)

*¿Por qué carajo estás poniendo velas en el piso?*

LOURDES

*I'm feeding the orishas, so they'll take your ass back to Santo Domingo, you fucking beaner.*

LOURDES

*Pa' darle de comer a los orishás, pa' que te manden de vuelta a Santo Domingo, frijolero de mierda.*

ARTURO

*Beaner is for Mexicans. I'm Dominican.*

ARTURO

*Frijoleros es pa' mexicanos. Yo soy dominicano.*

(CONTINUED)

LOURDES  
*It's hate speech. It's not  
meant to be accurate. It's  
meant to be hateful.*

LOURDES  
*Es un insulto. No tiene que  
tener lógica, tiene que tener  
odio.*

Just then, two COPS and DETECTIVES walk up to the bodega.

ARTURO  
*Did you call the cops? You  
trying to get me deported?*

ARTURO  
*¿Llamaste a la policía?  
¿Quieres que me deporten?*

GLORIA  
*No...*

ARTURO  
*After I take care of your  
kids for you?*

ARTURO  
*¿Después que cuidé tus hijos?*

GLORIA  
*I didn't. Lourdes...*

GLORIA  
*No llamé. Lourdes...*

Lourdes is just as surprised. She didn't call anyone.

ARTURO  
*I told you. I'll fucking  
kill you. Both of you.*

ARTURO  
*Ya te dije. Te voy a matar.  
A ti y a ella.*

Arturo runs out the back. One of the cops knocks on the door. Lourdes hurries to unlock it.

LOURDES  
*Hurry, he went out the back.*

LOURDES  
*Avanza, se fue por atrás.*

There are 2 DETECTIVES and 2 COPS. None speak Spanish.

DETECTIVE 1  
*Gloria Mendoza?*

GLORIA  
*Yes?*

DETECTIVE 1  
*This is your business?*

GLORIA  
*Yes.*

LOURDES  
*He's getting away.*

LOURDES  
*Se está escapando.*

DETECTIVE 1  
*Miss Mendoza, you're under arrest  
for fraud.*

(CONTINUED)

GLORIA

What?

DETECTIVE 1

Put your hands behind your back...

FADE TO:

27 EXT. BUSHWICK BODEGA/BOTANICA - FLASHBACK 2005 - DAY

27

Gloria is taken away in handcuffs, as Lourdes stands on the sidewalk with Gloria's sons.

GLORIA

*Don't use any of the money on bail. Just take care of them for me.*

GLORIA

*No uses el dinero para la fianza. Solo cuídamelos.*

LOURDES

*It will be alright, Florecita. They won't put a mother in jail. It will be fine.*

LOURDES

*Todo va estar bien, Florecita. No van a meter a una madre a la cárcel. Todo va a estar bien.*

As Gloria is placed in the police car, Gloria sees Francisco (the customer from earlier whose candle didn't work) standing nearby. So does Lourdes.

LOURDES (CONT'D)

(to Francisco)

*I will light a candle to Saint Barbara to destroy you for this.*

LOURDES (CONT'D)

(to Francisco)

*Por estoy voy a prenderle una vela a Santa Barbara pa' que te destruya.*

FRANCISCO

*Better get it from somewhere else. Yours don't do shit.*

FRANCISCO

*Mejor que la consiga en otro sitio. Las tuyas no sirven pa' un carajo.*

Francisco was the rat.

CUT TO:

28 INT. LOCAL LITCHFIELD BAR - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)

28

Healy enters, and approaches the bar. There's not a lot of people (it's a weekday night) but there is a live band playing. The BARTENDER comes by.

HEALY

A Heineken, please.

(CONTINUED)

While the bartender goes to get the drink, Healy's eyes drift towards the front of the bar, and the 4-5 piece bar band.

Reveal CAPUTO playing bass.

Healy stares, non-plussed, as the bartender returns.

BARTENDER  
Five dollars.

Healy fumbles with his wallet.

HEALY  
Uh. Here.

SINGER  
Gabe Ronley on drums. Joe Caputo  
on bass. John Glickman on guitar.  
I'm Albert Roth. And we are...  
Side Boob. This next song is  
called "The Sorcerers."

Caputo leans into the mic.

CAPUTO  
Otherwise known as "John Glickman  
is a pedophile."

He laughs and points to the guitar player who flips him off. It's a private joke. The interesting thing is to see Caputo out being social, having friends, having a rich life outside of work.

Off Healy, his mind blown--

CUT TO:

29 INT. PRISON CAMP, GHETTO DORM, VEE'S BUNK - NIGHT (NIGHT 2) 29

Taystee, Vee, Black Cindy, Crazy Eyes, Poussey and Janae are sitting in Vee's cube.

JANAE  
What am I? Am I not a fucking  
human being?

VEE  
You are, baby.

JANAE  
We go to prison 20 percent longer  
for the same crimes as white  
people.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JANAE (CONT'D)

They can stop and frisk us whenever they want, and now, when some bitch tries to fuck with our food, I'm the one gets thrown on the floor.

POUSSEY

It ain't right.

BLACK CINDY

Don't forget they took your commissary.

VEE

Be angry, baby. Be angry.

TAYSTEE

Yo, I'd say we go on a hunger strike, but that shit's already happening.

Gloria enters.

POUSSEY

Ooh. Look like somebody took a wrong turn on her way to the barrio.

GLORIA

(to Vee)

You and me, in the bathroom, now.

CRAZY EYES

I'll come with you.

VEE

No. I got this.

Vee stands and follows Gloria out. Crazy Eyes is worried.

CRAZY EYES

We shouldn't let her go alone.

TAYSTEE

She'll be fine. Heel.

JANAE

Yeah, I put my money on our girl over that beanbag bitch any day.

POUSSEY

I don't know. Mendoza be messing with that coconut magic. She's like a *bruja* and shit.

(CONTINUED)



BLACK CINDY

I'll show her some coconut magic.  
Put a coconut in a sock. WHAM--  
SOCKANUT, bitch!

They look at her. She crossed a line.

BLACK CINDY (CONT'D)

I'm just playing.

CRAZY EYES

You must have real big feet.

CUT TO:

30

INT. LOCAL LITCHFIELD BAR - A FEW DRINKS LATER (NIGHT 2)

30

Caputo and Healy sit together at the bar, drinking. Healy's had a few more than Caputo.

HEALY

Okay, okay, but the best song was the one about the workers in the mine. That is like a classic song. That is like a song you'd hear on the radio.

CAPUTO

It's just for fun. You gotta have something in your life to let off steam, right?

HEALY

Right.

CAPUTO

Funny thing about that song-- it's not actually about workers in a mine. It's a metaphor. Al wrote it about his vasectomy reversal.

HEALY

Do you have a CD? Please tell me you have a CD.

CAPUTO

Whoa whoa, wait, look...

Caputo is distracted by something on the television (previously playing sports). It's a commercial for Fig's husband's campaign for state senate. We see JASON wearing a hard hat, looking over plans with other construction workers.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (ON TV)

What do you look for in your state senator?

CAPUTO

It's Mister Fig.

We see Jason watching a worker cut wood with a circular saw.

NARRATOR (ON TV)

How about someone who supports tax reform to keep businesses in New York?

We see Jason glad-handing shaking hands with a MOTHER and CHILD outside a municipal building, with his wife, Natalie Figueroa.

NARRATOR (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Who will fight for all New Yorkers...

We see Jason riding a fork lift.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Not just New York City fat cats.

Jason, with Fig, addresses the camera. He sounds a little gay.

JASON (ON TV)

Hi, I'm Jason Figueroa. Vote for me and vote for progress.

NARRATOR (ON TV)

(with graphic)

Jason Figueroa for New York State Senate.

JASON (V.O.)

Let's get to work!

Commercial ends.

CAPUTO

Let me ask you something, when you first started working, Fig wasn't here, right? You talked straight to the Warden?

(CONTINUED)

HEALY

Yeah. It was great. Actually, he was terrifying, but when you talked to him, at least it was a guy. I hate talking about women's issues with a woman. It's creepy.

CAPUTO

I don't care about that. What I want to know is when you talked to the warden, did he give a shit? Because I would really like to report to someone who I felt gave a shit about these women we're meant to be taking care of.

HEALY

Whoa. You want a tissue?

CAPUTO

No, I don't want a fucking tissue. I'm serious. Think about the fucked up year we've had. Miller dies, Mendez rapes a woman, and your two girls go at it in the snow with nobody watching. I mean... we are failing here. I can't even get approval to fix the fucking toilets. Sorry.

HEALY

No, it's alright.

CAPUTO

I mean keeping these women safe and clean is the least we should do, right? They have enough to deal with in their shitty, sad lives?

HEALY

Right.

CAPUTO

At least clean. At least the women in the kitchen. Christ.

Healy nods, taking it in.

CUT TO:

Gloria and Vee enter the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

VEE

Gloria, I hoped we could be friends.

Gloria slams Vee against the wall.

GLORIA

You want to fuck with me?

VEE

Let go.

GLORIA

You don't want to fuck with me.

VEE

I gave you cigarettes.

GLORIA

And I gave you cake. But that don't mean we're friends. And those cigarettes were fucking stale.

VEE

Can we please talk about this like reasonable adults?

GLORIA

No. I'm not talking to you. I'm telling you: if any of your girls touches any of mine, it ain't gonna be salt in your food next time.

VEE

Gloria--

GLORIA

You understand me?

VEE

What do you want, a guarantee? They're hotheads. I don't control them.

GLORIA

Funny, cause you seem like the controlling type.

Vee becomes emotional, acting scared.

(CONTINUED)

VEE

Gloria, I've been telling them to get out of the bathroom the whole time.

GLORIA

Get out? And go where?

VEE

I don't want trouble with you, alright? I've been telling them, let's just go use the Spanish bathroom. Suzanne can clean it. She'll like that. Let you and your girls take the ghetto bathroom. I'm on your side.

Gloria backs off.

GLORIA

You'd give us the bathroom? Bullshit. You don't have no bathroom to give.

VEE

Well, I'd have to go back with something.

GLORIA

Fuck this, I don't negotiate.

VEE

No, you just take the tanks in and invade. The George Bush of Litchfield.

GLORIA

Don't you compare me to George fuckin' Bush!

VEE

I'm sorry. Jesus Fuck, Gloria...

Vee begins to cry, in a weird unsettling way (it's okay if it looks forced). It's our first glimpse of Vee as a sociopath.

GLORIA

What is wrong with you?

VEE

What is wrong with me? I'm too old for this shit, that's what wrong with me!!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VEE (CONT'D)

I don't even know these girls and I'm supposed to be their den mother, and I'm trying to work with you, but you're running all over me. Look, I'm trying to give you the bathroom, and I'm a real good talker, but I can't sell this unless you give me something. Just something.

GLORIA

Like what?

VEE

I don't know. Taystee and Watson are always going on about how they want to get transferred to custodial.

GLORIA

Custodial?

VEE

So they can spend time with their girl Cindy. There's a couple Spanish girls in custodial now. Maybe if you talk to Caputo about getting them in the kitchen, to at least open up the slots... I guess I could work with that. Fuck.

GLORIA

Fine. You show me you can really clear the bathroom, I'll talk to Caputo. And pull yourself together. Jesus. It's not like I hit you.

Gloria leaves Vee on the floor, upset. No sooner does Gloria exit than Vee composes herself, cold-eyed.

CUT TO:

32 OMITTED

32

33 INT. PRISON CAMP, HEALY'S OFFICE - MORNING (DAY 3)

33

Piper enters Healy's office.

PIPER

Mister Healy, you sent for me?

(CONTINUED)

HEALY

I'm submitting you for a three day furlough. There's no guarantees, but I'll try my best to push it forward. I'm assuming you'll be staying with your fiancé? I need to write down an address.

She takes a moment, stunned.

PIPER

Yeah. Of course.

Healy, noticing her hesitation.

HEALY

Would you like to call him to make sure?

PIPER

Yes, maybe that would be a good idea, just to make sure he's not away with friends that weekend.

HEALY

I'll wait for you to get back to me.

PIPER

I'll call him right away. Um. Thank you, Mister Healy.

HEALY

I think it's only fair we give it a shot. And Chapman...

He looks at her. He's about to apologize.

HEALY (CONT'D)

Try to get me a confirmation by the end of the day.

PIPER

I will.

Piper leaves Healy's office, stunned and elated. As Healy reflects, Caputo enters. He has a form which he lays on Healy's desk. Healy is warm, but Caputo is curt and efficient.

HEALY

Heeyyy. Joe.

(CONTINUED)

CAPUTO

What's up, Healy?

HEALY

I had a lot of fun last night. You guys were amazing.

CAPUTO

Right, thanks for coming out. So I need you to sign for this work transfer.

Healy takes the form, and looks it over.

CAPUTO (CONT'D)

Moving some girls from the custodial crew. Flores and Sanchez.

HEALY

Okay. But then won't custodial be short handed?

CAPUTO

We'll figure that out. Mendoza needs help in the kitchen.

HEALY

Got it. Anyway, Joe, I'm already looking forward to next Tuesday.

CAPUTO

Right.

HEALY

Sideboob Tuesdays.

Caputo takes the paper Healy has signed, in a hurry to leave.

CAPUTO

Thanks, Healy.

HEALY

Good seeing you, Ca-poo-dawg.

Caputo stops while leaving, but... decides to let it go. Off Healy, unsure, but hoping he has a friend.

CUT TO:

Nicky is confronting Chang, as Big Boo and Lorna stand by.

(CONTINUED)



NICKY

Chang, are you confirming these bangs, or are you taking her word for it?

CHANG

I don't smell fingers. I just write numbers. She has five points. You: zilcho.

NICKY

It's been three days. Unless she's cloning herself, that seems very unlikely.

LORNA

Nichols, it's just a game.

NICKY

It's not a game unless it's played fairly.

BIG BOO

(smells)

Hey what's that smell? Is that a new fragrance? Oh, it's Desperation. You might want to scrub that off. Women smell that and turn right off. You're the moon and the stars in a box of Lucky Charms. Melted blobs within seconds of hitting the milk.

Big Boo and Chang walk off together, as Chang smells her own finger.

CHANG

My finger smells like an old tennis ball.

NICKY

I screwed myself. Two days I wasted on Officer Twat Tease.

LORNA

You were too ambitious.

NICKY

I was arrogant. It's a classic story of hubris. I'm like Icarus whose wings melted before he could fuck the sun.

(CONTINUED)

LORNA  
You could tell people she has  
herpes.

(CONTINUED)

Nicky stops walking. Considers.

LORNA (CONT'D)

That's a good idea, isn't it? See?  
People forget to remember that I'm  
tricky. It's not over yet.

NICKY

You're right. It's not over 'til  
it's over.

LORNA

Oh, I love that song.

NICKY

But herpes is way too pedestrian.  
I'll say it's that new super  
gonorrhoea.

CUT TO:

35 INT. PRISON CAMP, HALLWAY - DAY (DAY 3)

35

Caputo is heading down the hall when Fischer catches up with  
him.

FISCHER

Excuse me? Sir?

CAPUTO

Oh, Fischer. Good morning.

FISCHER

Good morning, sir. Do you mind if  
I ask you a question?

CAPUTO

Of course.

FISCHER

It's about our surveillance.

Caputo stops, makes sure nobody is in earshot.

CAPUTO

If it's about the video cameras,  
they all work. That's what you  
should tell the inmates.

FISCHER

No, it's about the phones. Do we  
have anyone who monitors inmate  
calls?

(CONTINUED)

CAPUTO

It's all recorded in a computer.  
We only review when there's a  
reason.

FISCHER

Don't you think we should be doing  
random check-ins?

CAPUTO

Yes. And we do.  
(lower)  
Again, they should think we do.  
But it's not exactly a priority.  
Plus, half of those conversations  
are in Spanish.

FISCHER

*Yo hablo espanol muy bueno. Sir.*

CUT TO:

36 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY (DAY 3)

36

Larry is walking down the street when his phone rings.  
He checks it: **Litchfield**. A beat. He answers.

LARRY

Hello?

RECORDING (ON PHONE)

An inmate from Federal Correctional  
Institution in Litchfield is  
attempting to contact you, please  
press "1" to accept?

Larry presses "1."

There is a click and Piper's voice breaks through--

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

37 INT. PRISON CAMP, PHONE BANK/NEW YORK STREET - DAY (DAY 3)

37

PIPER

Larry?

LARRY

Yes. I'm here. Is everything  
alright?

(CONTINUED)

PIPER

Yes, everything's fine. Is this a good time?

LARRY

Of course. I'm glad you called. My dad told me about Chicago, and the SHU. God, Piper, I'm so sorry. \*

PIPER

It's not your fault. Are you sure this is a good time? Sounds like you're on your way somewhere.

LARRY

No. I'm heading home. I was just with Polly. We finally had a Bag-Nut.

PIPER

What's a Bag-Nut?

LARRY

Oh, it's like a bagel crossed with a donut. It's this big craze right now. We had to wait in line for two hours. Turns out it's a bagel with frosting on it. \*

PIPER

Wow. I forget what's it like to have all that freedom to waste.

LARRY

Yes, I waste my freedom, but I bring my own cup to Stumptown. (beat) \*

Piper, why didn't you call sooner? \*

PIPER

I don't know. We broke up? And I guess I've been imagining I could be this person who doesn't depend on people as much. Or let them depend on me... It's nice to hear your voice.

LARRY

It's nice to hear your voice. I've missed you.

(CONTINUED)

PIPER  
I've missed you too, Larry.

CUT TO:

38 INT. PRISON CAMP, SPANISH BATHROOM - DAY (DAY 3)

38

Vee walks in with Poussey, Black Cindy, Taystee, Crazy Eyes and Janae.

VEE  
It's not so bad. And now we don't  
have to share it with anyone.

POUSSEY  
Segregation. Awesome. Separate  
but way shittier.

VEE  
But this is better in the long run.  
Our own bathroom, that we control.

Black Cindy reads a sign with bad clip art that reads...

BLACK CINDY  
"Limit showers to thirty seconds."

TAYSTEE  
What? Vee!

VEE  
Trust me, baby doll.

JANAE  
I don't care. As long as I don't  
have to wait in line. I get one  
more shot for being late I'm back  
in the SHU, and I cannot fucking  
handle that.

BLACK CINDY  
You late, I'm late. Maybe black  
people do really have a problem  
with bein' punctual.

TAYSTEE  
We got hair issues. People don't  
get that. Takes time.

(CONTINUED)

VEE

Hey, Watson, Taystee, about your work assignments. There's gonna be a change.

CUT TO:

39 INT. PRISON CAMP, KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 3)

39

SALSA MUSIC, playing from a small stereo.

PULL OUT SLOWLY from an altar to Santeria, improvised from prison materials. A photo of Maritza's one year old is part of the shrine as well. There is also a Cheerio rosary. As offerings, there is a box of coconut milk, packaged fruit (no cans), a piece of celery, and sliced white bread.

Maria and Maritza look at the shrine. Dayanara and Flaca are pouring themselves juice from a pitcher.

FLACA

So she's one today?

MARITZA

Yeah.

MARIA

Why does nobody bring her to visit?

MARITZA

From Massachusetts? Forget it.

DAYANARA

You see, I told you, you're lucky you got a boyfriend so close. Her kid's in Massachusetts, Gloria's is in fucking Florida.

MARIA

Really?

GLORIA

Just the boys, with their tia. The two older girls are still in New York. But they never visit. Now, you want to see it.

The girls give enthusiastic reply.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Alright.

(CONTINUED)

Gloria reveals a homemade candle, it's made with melted crayon brown wax in a plastic cup with a wick made from a tampon. Dayanara has drawn an anime-ish picture of Saint Anthony, which is taped to the outside.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

I got the wax by melting crayons. Dayanara drew the picture of Saint Anthony. You pray to him for protection and for strength. And justice. For us, and for baby...

MARITZA

Juliana-Fernanda.

FLACA

What's the orisha name for Saint Anthony?

DAYANARA

Orisha?

FLACA

You know, all these saints were just like stage names for the booga-booga gods the plantation owners didn't want the slaves worshipping no more.

GLORIA

The orisha is named Elegua.

MARITZA

(looking at candle)  
How'd you make the wick?

GLORIA

I'll give you one guess.

MARIA

And you believe in this? I mean, for real?

GLORIA

Are you Catholic?

MARIA

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)



GLORIA

Well, this is just Catholic plus.  
Look, my tia say it doesn't matter  
if you pray to a giant gold cross  
or a little bitty stick, it's the  
faith you put in it that counts.

MARIA

Yeah, but do you believe, in spells  
and magic and shit?

GLORIA

I believe: I'll take whatever help  
I can get.

She puts the candle before the shrine. Just then, Red storms  
in.

RED

You're getting new girls in the  
kitchen?

GLORIA

You're not allowed back here.

RED

Did you put in a request?

GLORIA

What if I did? We need extra help  
to keep up with demand.

RED

She put you up to this.

GLORIA

She?

RED

Vee.

FLACA

You got the scuttlebutt ass  
backwards, Red. Gloria went in and  
told that bitch what's what.

MARITZA

Yeah!

Red looks at Gloria, doubtfully.

RED

You have no idea what you've done.

(CONTINUED)

Red storms off.

DAYANARA  
What the fuck?

MARITZA  
Bitch is going senile.

FLACA  
Forget her. She's just jealous cuz  
you're running things five hundred  
percent better than she ever did.

The girls raise their cups.

MARIA  
To Gloria.

MARITZA  
To Gloria.

DAYANARA  
Hell yeah.

Gloria smiles, but doubt shadows her face now.

GLORIA  
Alright, that's enough. Party's  
over. We got to start prepping for  
dinner.

She goes to take the candle and put it out.

MARITZA  
Wait. Aren't you s'posed to keep  
it lit?

GLORIA  
Are you kidding?

She snubs out the candle with her fingers.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
Shit's dangerous.

FADE TO:

40 INT. BUSHWICK BODEGA/BOTANICA, BACK ROOM - FLASHBACK 2005 - 40  
NIGHT

Using a key, Arturo enters from the backroom and goes to  
Gloria's secret hiding spot. He puts down the key and takes  
out the money.

(CONTINUED)

Forgetting the key, he returns to the back room, counting the money, and accidentally knocks over Lourdes' candle, which immediately ignites a display rack of (highly flammable) charms and oils.

ARTURO

Shit.

Arturo tries to put out the fire. It's no use. He then realizes he is locked inside and has forgotten the key.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

No. No. Fuck. No!

Arturo, trapped, looks up and sees a statue of Saint Anthony looking down on him, as the flames lick higher.

SMASH TO ORANGE.

THEN TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE