

THE TRAP

Written by

Jessica Kane

Sukee Chew | **Hopscotch Pictures**  
schew@hopscotchpictures.com | 323-931-9112  
Joe Veltre | **Gersh**  
jveltre@gersh.com | 212-634-8142

**INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY**

The school is empty save for two young GIRLS (12) running through the halls.

GIRL #1 stops at the top of a tall staircase. She holds a CELLPHONE over the railing. GIRL #2 skids to a halt.

GIRL #2  
Give it back!

GIRL #1  
Stop being such a loser!

GIRL #2  
Give it back first!

Girl #1 doubles over in LAUGHTER.

GIRL #1  
Oh my God you just owned yourself  
so hard.

Girl #2's face falls: oh fuck, she did.

GIRL #2  
Why do you have to be such a jerk?

GIRL #1  
Careful. Feels like my hand's  
getting slippery.

Girl #1 waves the phone over the railing.

GIRL #2  
Don't, you'll break it!

GIRL #1  
Gonna do something about it?

GIRL #2  
(fighting back tears)  
Please? I'm asking nicely.

GIRL #1  
Aw, did I make you sad little  
orphan Annie?

GIRL #2  
I'm not an orphan!

GIRL #1  
You basically are.

GIRL #2

I have parents. They're just divorced. Lots of people have divorced parents.

GIRL #1

Yeah, but yours probably divorced because they hate you.

GIRL #2

Don't say that.

Girl #2 clenches her fist.

GIRL #1

Everyone in school hates you. Hard to believe your parents don't too.

Girl #2 stomps her foot.

GIRL #2

Stop it!

GIRL #1

God, chill out. I'm just being honest. It's not my fault your parents don't love you.

Girl #2 charges forward. She slams into Girl #1, sending her tormentor spiraling over the railing. There's a loud THWACK as Girl #1 slams into the ground.

Girl #2 cautiously approaches the railing.

GIRL #2

Danielle? Are you okay?

She looks down. Girl #1's body is sprawled on the floor. Her NECK IS TWISTED at an unnatural angle: SHE'S DEAD.

Girl #2 backs away from the railing, horrified.

She looks right. Then left. Sees no one. And that's when her face slowly transforms into a look of grim resolution.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

Girl #2's face morphs into a slightly older version of itself: PIPER ORWELL (17, pierced tongue, short spiky hair).

She carries a backpack and stares straight ahead radiating major "look at me the wrong way and I will end you" energy.

A RECEPTIONIST sits behind a wall of plexiglass. Piper stands in front of her.

(NOTE: all hospital staff are women.)

RECEPTIONIST

Name?

Piper glares silently.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Name?

(off Piper's silence)

What's your name?

The Orwell's butler THOMAS (50s, anxiety in a human suit) steps up behind Piper. He's bogged down by luggage.

THOMAS

It's Piper, miss. Piper Orwell.

RECEPTIONIST

Thank you.

(eyeing luggage)

What's all that?

THOMAS

Madam's luggage.

RECEPTIONIST

Uh-uh. She gets one bag.

THOMAS

But her mother - she insisted - surely there can be an exception-

RECEPTIONIST

No exceptions.

THOMAS

But her mother-

Piper rolls her eyes.

PIPER

Jesus you're gonna make him shit his pants. This is fine.

Piper gestures to her backpack.

RECEPTIONIST

Sign here.

Receptionist hands Piper a form. Piper signs and pushes the form back at her, making a show of using her middle finger.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Charming. Welcome to your voluntary stay at the Draverhaven Psychiatric Hospital for Young Women.

PIPER

(under breath)  
Voluntary. Psh.

RECEPTIONIST

Carla will take you to your room.

The head orderly CARLA JONES (40s, a hulking specimen of a woman) steps forward.

THOMAS

I suppose that's goodbye for now.

Thomas opens his arms for a hug. Piper flips him off. She looks at Carla.

PIPER

Let's go.

Carla starts down the hallway.

Piper hesitates, so briefly we might not even notice, then forges onward.

#### **INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - GROUP THERAPY - DAY**

A group of YOUNG WOMEN (16 to 25) sits around a circle in folding chairs. A THERAPIST (50s, overly cheerful) sits among them in a fancy rolling chair.

The group is focused on ANDREA (20s).

ANDREA

Sometimes it feels like my brain won't shut up, you know? Like all I want is some peace and quiet but I get these thoughts on a loop in my head over and over again. It stops when I sleep though, so I figured why not sleep for good?

THERAPIST

I think we can all relate to that in some way, Andrea.

(MORE)

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

But it's important to remember that suicide is a permanent solution to a temporary problem. And there will always be people, like us-  
 (gestures to group)  
 -out there to support you when you're feeling alone. I appreciate you opening up. Group, let's all thank Andrea for sharing.

GROUP

Thank you, Andrea.

THERAPIST

Is there anyone else who would like to share? Lindsay, we still haven't heard from you.

LINDSAY RAMIS (17, shy, easy to miss) sits huddled into herself, hoodie up, legs pulled into her chest.

Unless otherwise stated, Lindsay's long hair will always be covering her face. But if anyone was able to see it they'd instantly realize she's the SPITTING IMAGE OF PIPER.

Lindsay is completely motionless.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Lindsay?

Lindsay pulls the strings of her hoodie tighter, practically covering her whole head. Therapist SIGHS.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

You're going to have to talk eventually, Lindsay.

Lindsay stares out from her hoodie, her one visible eye fixed intently on Therapist.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - PIPER'S ROOM - DAY**

Carla opens the door to a standard patient room: white walls, glass pane at the top of the door, single window, bed, and desk. Piper enters behind her.

CARLA

Bag.

PIPER

What about it?

CARLA  
Have to inspect all incoming  
property. Hospital rules.

Piper moves back.

PIPER  
No fucking way.

CARLA  
Yes way. And no cursing. You're in  
a hospital for young ladies. Act  
like it.

Carla reaches for Piper's backpack. Piper sidesteps her.

PIPER  
Fuck you, it's fucking mine.

CARLA  
Afraid I'll steal your vibrator?

PIPER  
Like you'd know what to do with it.

Wrong move: Carla pounces at Piper, getting a hand on the  
backpack. They start wrestling over it.

Carla SLAPS Piper, then grabs Piper's hair and pushes her  
face into the floor. Piper tries to shove her off, but Carla  
is way stronger.

Piper suddenly goes still. Carla relaxes.

Piper bites Carla's hand. Blood spurts out, staining Piper's  
face and teeth.

Carla punches Piper. Her head snaps back with a THUD on the  
floor. Dazed, Piper's grip loosens on the backpack. Carla  
tugs it away and stands over her.

Carla walks to the door. She turns back, hand on the knob.

CARLA  
No cursing.

Carla exits, slamming the door behind her.

Piper, face smeared with blood, pushes herself up on her  
elbows. She lets out a PIERCING SCREAM.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - REC ROOM - THE NEXT DAY**

The rec room is sparsely decorated: a ping pong table, a bookshelf, a lone TV, a couch, and some tables and chairs.

Piper enters. She scans the room and zeroes in on JANICE (19), seated in front of the TV, remote in hand. She watches *The Great British Baking Show*, surrounded by PATIENTS.

Piper casually strolls to the group, stopping directly in front of the TV.

JANICE

Hello? You're blocking the TV.

PIPER

I don't want to watch this. Mary Berry's a bitch.

JANICE

We like her.

PIPER

Oh yeah? Raise your hand if you think Mary Berry eats ass.

All the Patients raise their hands.

PATIENT #1

Wait...literally or metaphorically?

PIPER

Metaphorically.

Every Patient (except one) lowers her hand.

JANICE

There. Now get out of the way.

PIPER

Change the channel or I'll scratch your rat face off.

Janice stands up, dropping the remote on the couch.

JANICE

Is that supposed to scare me?

PIPER

Yes. 100 percent. Was that not obvious?

JANICE

Whatever cunt. Just move!

Piper and Janice lock gazes. Finally Piper nods.

PIPER

Okay.

Piper starts to leave. Janice turns to smile at her friends when without warning Piper flies at her. She drags her nails down Janice's cheek.

Janice falls to the floor SCREAMING, hands covering her face. Blood pours out from between her fingers.

A group of ORDERLIES, including Carla, rushes over to Janice. They pick her up off the floor as Carla turns to Piper.

CARLA

What happened?

Lindsay peeks over a chair in the corner of the room.

**LINDSAY'S POV:**

Only the back of Piper's head is visible.

PIPER

(gestures to Janice)

Ask her.

**END LINDSAY'S POV**

Piper glares at Janice.

JANICE

I-I tripped. And fell.

Carla looks at Piper. Then Janice. Then back to Piper.

CARLA

(to Piper)

I've got both eyes on you.

(to Janice)

Go get cleaned up.

Carla and Orderlies escort Janice out of the room.

Without missing a beat Piper grabs the remote and flops onto the couch. She flips on *RuPaul's Drag Race*. The other Patients settle in around their new queen bee.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

A single phone station is fixed to the wall. Lindsay holds the phone to her ear.

A line of Patients, including Piper, waits to go next.

LINDSAY  
 (into phone, crying)  
 I miss you Daddy.

Piper cranes her head over the Patients in front of her to get a better look at the phone hog.

**PIPER'S POV:**

Patients in front of her shift restlessly. Between their heads, about 15 feet away, is Lindsay crying on the phone. Hair shields her face.

**END PIPER'S POV**

Piper turns to the patient behind her, VAL (19).

PIPER  
 Who's that?

VAL  
 I don't know. She never talks to anyone.

LINDSAY  
 (still crying)  
 I'm better now, honestly.

PIPER  
 Does she always cry this much?

Val shrugs. Piper eyes Lindsay, annoyed: she's not even talking anymore, just CRYING LOUDLY into the phone.

PIPER (CONT'D)  
 (shouting, to Lindsay)  
 Hurry up, fuck face!

The other Patients join in, encouraged by Piper.

PATIENTS  
 Get off the phone!/Come on!

Lindsay drops the phone. She sprints away, SOBBING LOUDER THAN EVER. Piper watches her run with a smirk.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - THE NEXT DAY**

A group of LUNCH LADIES serves the Patients. Those already with food eat at large tables around the room.

Piper sits with Val and several other Patients.

Lindsay moves down the breakfast line as the Lunch Ladies scoop food onto her tray.

Piper spots Lindsay. She nudges Val.

PIPER

Is that the crying phone bitch?

VAL

Yeah.

PIPER

Jesus does she even have a face?  
She's like that girl from *The Ring*.

FRANCES (17), super fidgety, shakes her head emphatically.

FRANCES

Don't joke about ghosts. They'll  
fuck you up. That's what happened  
to my sister.

Lindsay picks up her tray. She walks in Piper's direction,  
head down.

VAL

(to Frances)

You pushed your sister into a pool  
and she drowned.

FRANCES

Nuh-uh!

PIPER

Chill out, Frances.

Lindsay walks past Piper's table as she sticks her foot out.  
Lindsay trips. She and her food fall to the floor.

PIPER (CONT'D)

Oops.

Carla scurries over. She sees Lindsay on the floor, then  
spots Piper.

CARLA

(to Piper)

You again!

(to Lindsay)

What did she do?

Lindsay jumps up and books it out of the cafeteria. Carla watches her leave.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
 (under her breath)  
 Little weirdo.  
 (to Piper)  
 Stop messing with the other patients. And clean this up!

PIPER  
 It's not my food! You do it.

CARLA  
 What was that, young lady?

PIPER  
 You fucking do it.

Carla grabs Piper by the hair and tosses her to the floor.

CARLA  
 I said: clean this up.

Carla ambles past Piper, kicking Lindsay's tray as she goes.

Piper starts picking up food, sending a murderous look down the hallway which Lindsay disappeared.

#### **INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - GROUP THERAPY - DAY**

Lindsay, Patients, and Therapist are back in their circle. This time Piper is with them.

THERAPIST  
 Good afternoon, ladies. I hope you all had a joyous evening! As you can see we have a new member with us today: Piper Orwell. Let's all say hi to Piper!

PATIENTS  
 Hi, Piper.

THERAPIST  
 Wonderful! What are some of the mental health goals you hope to achieve during your stay at Draverhaven, Piper?

PIPER  
 Tone down the crazy so my mom doesn't send me to boarding school.

THERAPIST

Oh dear, we don't use the "c"-word  
in here.

PIPER

I didn't say "cunt."

THERAPIST

Crazy. I meant crazy. But you're  
correct, that is another "c"-word  
we don't use! Perhaps there's a  
different way you'd like to phrase  
your goal?

PIPER

No.

THERAPIST

How about we think on it and  
revisit later?

Piper spits on the floor.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Okey dokey then!

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY**

Piper is the first out of group therapy. She disappears as  
other Patients file out behind her.

Lindsay is last to exit. Piper reappears out of nowhere and  
shoves Lindsay against the wall.

PIPER

You ever make me clean up your shit  
again and I'll kill you. Got it?

Lindsay immediately starts CRYING.

LINDSAY

I'm sorry!

Piper drops Lindsay, disgusted.

PIPER

Fucking pathetic.

**CUE MUSIC: BLOOD IN THE CUT BY K.FLAY**

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - REC ROOM - DAY**

Piper waits in line to get medication. Carla stands to the side, keeping an eye on the Patients.

Piper steps up to a window. She accepts a small cup from an ORDERLY and pops the pills, then SWALLOWS and opens her mouth for inspection.

Orderly spots a pill under Piper's tongue. She gestures to Carla, who grabs Piper's hair from behind. She pinches Piper's nose and forces her mouth shut.

Piper reluctantly swallows. Carla shoves her out of line.

Lindsay peeks over a chair, watching the whole thing go down.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - ART THERAPY - DAY**

Lindsay sits by herself drawing a childlike stick figure of a CRYING WOMAN, BLOODY KNIFE sticking out of her back.

Val walks past and bumps into her table just as Piper appears behind Lindsay, lighter in hand. She lights a sheet of paper on fire and sticks it in Lindsay's pocket.

Smoke pours out of Lindsay's hoodie. She sniffs the air, confused, then looks down to see her pocket is on fire.

Lindsay whips off her hoodie. She stomps it until the fire is out. She spots Piper and Val giggling in the corner.

**EXT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - DAY**

Piper and Val saunter through the grounds smoking cigarettes. Carla speed walks toward them: she looks pissed.

She stops in front of the girls and holds out her hand for the cigarettes. Piper flicks her cigarette in Carla's face.

Carla gives Piper's hair a yank, then grabs Val's cigarette. She picks up the one Piper threw and stomps away.

Lindsay stares at Piper from behind a tree. Piper stiffens. She slowly turns to look at the tree, but Lindsay's vanished.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - LINDSAY'S ROOM - DAY**

Lindsay finishes making her bed. She walks to her door and tries to open it. She tugs and tugs, but it won't budge.

Piper sticks her face against the door's window. She winks.

**END MUSIC**

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Piper exits a shower stall, towel wrapped around her.

She walks to a row of mirrors covered in steam and starts towel drying her hair.

A BLUR appears behind Piper's reflection in the fogged up mirror. She spots the blur and lunges forward, wiping away the steam with her hand....

NOTHING'S THERE. She turns around: yup, just a bunch of shower stalls. Piper turns back to her reflection, spooked.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The hallway is dimly lit. Piper, now dressed, hoofs it to her room, barely concealed fear on her face. She keeps glancing over her shoulder, but there's nothing to see.

Piper comes to a sudden stop. She shakes her head, adopting a look of steely resolve.

PIPER  
(to herself)  
Don't be a fucking coward.

Piper does a 360, sprinting back in the direction she came. We hear FOOTSTEPS running away from her.

Piper reaches the bathroom. She bursts inside.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A stall door swings shut. Piper beelines for it.

PIPER  
Get out here, asshole!

She tries shoving the door open, but it's locked. Without hesitation Piper drops to the floor.

She sees a PAIR OF FEET and reaches under the stall. She latches onto a foot with both hands and pulls as hard as she can. A body falls to the floor: IT'S LINDSAY.

PIPER (CONT'D)

I am going to fucking murder you.

Piper drags Lindsay out from beneath the stall. She lugs her toward the bathroom door.

Lindsay scratches at the tiles, but can't get any traction.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Piper tosses Lindsay into the middle of the hallway. Lindsay scrambles around to face Piper.

PIPER

Why are you following me?!

LINDSAY

I'm sorry!

PIPER

Stop apologizing you dumb shit!

Doors open up and down the hallway. Patients emerge and gather in a circle around the girls.

Piper kicks Lindsay. The Patients CHEER Piper on.

PATIENTS

Yeah!/Kick her ass!

Piper, riled up by the Patients, punches Lindsay in the stomach. She curls into a ball.

PIPER

Answer me!

LINDSAY

I was curious!

Piper pauses, intrigued in spite of herself.

PIPER

About what?

Lindsay removes her hood, revealing her face for the first time: **SHE AND PIPER ARE IDENTICAL.**

A charged moment, the girl's eyes locked, when

The sound of CHARGING FOOTSTEPS breaks the spell.

Piper shakes her head, coming out of her trance. She straddles Lindsay and slaps her face. Lindsay WHIMPERS.

PIPER (CONT'D)  
Fight back, freak!

Carla and ORDERLY #1 push through the circle of Patients. Orderly #1 grabs Piper as Carla moves between the girls.

Lindsay hurriedly covers her face again with her hood.

CARLA  
That's enough! Explain yourselves!

PIPER  
That psycho bitch is stalking me!

LINDSAY  
She's always picking on me!

CARLA  
Let's go. The two of you.

Carla hauls Lindsay up by the arm. She and Orderly #1 march the girls past the group of Patients.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
(to Patients)  
And get back in your rooms!

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - SPARE PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT**

Carla opens the door. She pushes Piper into the room. Orderly #1 shoves Lindsay in after her. Carla SLAMS the door shut, locking it with a loud CLICK.

Lindsay runs to the door's window.

LINDSAY  
What are you doing?

CARLA  
Giving you two some time to work out your issues.

LINDSAY  
Are you kidding? She'll kill me!

CARLA  
(to Piper)  
Hey, you! Don't kill her. We'll be back tomorrow.

Carla and Orderly #1 exit. Lindsay watches them through the window until they disappear.

She turns to see Piper sprawled across the room's only bed.

PIPER  
Don't talk to me.

Piper rolls over, back to Lindsay.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - SPARE PATIENT ROOM - LATER**

Piper hasn't moved. Lindsay lies on the floor.

LINDSAY  
So I guess we should-

PIPER  
No.

LINDSAY  
But they want us to-

PIPER  
No.

Silent beat. Lindsay wiggles, trying to get comfortable.

LINDSAY  
Can I at least have a-

PIPER  
No.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - SPARE PATIENT ROOM - THE NEXT DAY**

There's a KNOCK on the door. Lindsay pushes herself off the floor. She sees Carla looking through the window.

LINDSAY  
Are you letting us out?

CARLA  
Have you resolved your differences?

Piper jumps off the bed.

PIPER  
Ye-

LINDSAY  
No. She won't talk to me.

CARLA  
Then I guess not.

Carla leaves. Piper shoves Lindsay.

PIPER  
What the fuck did you do that for?

LINDSAY  
It's the truth.

PIPER  
So what? She would've let us go.

LINDSAY  
I don't like lying.

PIPER  
Dumbass.

Piper collapses back on the bed.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - SPARE PATIENT ROOM - LATER**

Lindsay sits in a chair, staring at Piper's back.

PIPER  
Stop. Staring. At. Me.

Lindsay stares at the ceiling instead.

The door opens. Carla enters holding two trays of food. She sets them on a table next to the door. She holds up two plastic spoons.

CARLA  
Plastic spoons. No stabbing.

LINDSAY  
You can't stab with a spoon.

PIPER  
You can stab with anything if you try hard enough.

Carla sets the spoons down and exits.

Piper rushes to grab a tray. Lindsay waits until Piper's back in bed to get her food.

LINDSAY  
Figured you were gonna knock my tray on the floor.

PIPER  
Too hungry.

Piper and Lindsay simultaneously open packets of ketchup and squirt them on their eggs.

LINDSAY

You like ketchup on your eggs? So do I.

PIPER

(shoveling food in her mouth)  
Who gives a shit.

LINDSAY

You could at least try being nice.

PIPER

I'm not here to make friends.

LINDSAY

Val's your friend.

PIPER

Val has a stash of cigarettes.

LINDSAY

If I had cigarettes you'd still hate me.

PIPER

Stalk much? You're, like, obsessed with me.

Lindsay pushes the food around her plate. Piper eats in silence for a beat.

LINDSAY

So you're just not going to talk about it?

PIPER

About what?

LINDSAY

Us.

Lindsay removes her hood, gesturing to their faces.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

This.

PIPER

We look alike. So what?

LINDSAY  
 "Look alike?" We're identical.

PIPER  
 (sarcastic)  
 Wow you're totally right, guess we  
 must be twins.

LINDSAY  
 Maybe we are. What are your parents  
 like? I never met my Mom.

Piper freezes, spoon halfway to her mouth.

PIPER  
 My Dad's out of the picture.

LINDSAY  
 Have you ever met him?

PIPER  
 No.

Piper drops her spoon, pushes her tray away. She lies on the  
 bed, back to Lindsay.

LINDSAY  
 What? What did I say?

PIPER  
 I'm tired of talking.

LINDSAY  
 But-

Piper puts a pillow over her head. Lindsay reaches into her  
 shirt and emerges with a torn photo of a SMILING YOUNG WOMAN.

She tries to grab the pillow from Piper.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
 Piper. Piper.

Piper grips the pillow harder.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
 Piper!

Piper removes the pillow. She turns to Lindsay, pissed.

PIPER  
 What?!

Lindsay holds up the picture.

LINDSAY  
Is this your Mom?

Piper stares at the photo. Her face goes white.

PIPER  
Where did you get that?

LINDSAY  
I found it when I was younger in  
this old shoebox my Dad keeps. It's  
her, isn't it?

PIPER  
Fine. It is. So, what? You think  
we're related?

LINDSAY  
Piper, come on.

PIPER  
What?

LINDSAY  
Do I have to spell it out for you?  
(off Piper's silence)  
Fine. On the count of three, let's  
say our birthdays. Okay?

Piper rolls her eyes, but nods.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
One, two, three.

LINDSAY AND PIPER  
February 23rd, 2005.

PIPER  
Oh fuck. We're twins. So...what  
now? This doesn't make me like you.

LINDSAY  
We could get to know each other.  
I've always wanted a sister.

PIPER  
I haven't.

Lindsay is stung. Piper notices, shifts uncomfortably.

PIPER (CONT'D)  
Have you had that picture with you  
this whole time?

LINDSAY

Yeah. I keep it in my bra.

PIPER

You stash a picture of a lady you don't know next to your tits?

LINDSAY

She's not a lady I don't know. She's my Mom. And don't say "tits." It's gross.

PIPER

I bet you don't like the word "moist," either.

Lindsay shivers. Piper pauses, studying her.

PIPER (CONT'D)

Moist tits.

Lindsay LAUGHS. Piper can't help but grin.

LINDSAY

Ew, stop, I'm gonna throw up!

Piper CHUCKLES.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

What?

PIPER

Sarah would literally kill you if she heard you refer to her as "Mom." She makes me call her Sarah.

LINDSAY

Our Mom's name is Sarah?  
(off Piper's nod)  
Wow. That's beautiful.

PIPER

It's just a name. So what else do you want to know?

LINDSAY

Well...why are you here?

PIPER

Going right for the jugular, huh?

**FLASHBACK**

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY**

Piper sits in a room full of STUDENTS. MR. DAVID (40s, charming) is in front of the class, writing on a blackboard.

A BELL RINGS. Students grab their bags and exit. Piper slowly gathers her things.

MR. DAVID

Ms. Orwell? A moment, please.

Piper remains in her seat as the last Student leaves. Mr. David shuts the door.

He saunters over to Piper. He smirks. Piper smiles back, reaches up, and kisses him. They passionately make out.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL - JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY**

Piper and Mr. David make out some more.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

Piper and Mr. David make out under the bleachers.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY**

The door is closed. Piper enters, shutting it behind her.

Mr. David stands behind his desk, eyes closed in ecstasy. Piper drops her backpack. Mr. David's eyes open in surprise, spotting Piper. He quickly ZIPS UP HIS PANTS.

A FEMALE STUDENT (18) emerges from under the desk. Piper exits, her expression pure fury.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - LATER**

Piper stands in the half-empty lot. She holds a gas can.

She marches over to a black motorcycle and pours gasoline on it, shaking the can until the last drop falls.

Piper takes out a book of matches She lights one and tosses it on the motorcycle. IT BURSTS INTO A BALL OF FLAMES.

Piper watches for a beat before letting out a SCREAM OF RAGE.

**END FLASHBACK**

## INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - SPARE PATIENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PIPER

Sarah told Mr. David she'd let everyone know he was sleeping with students if he reported me. But she also threatened to turn me in if I didn't get help. So after I'm done here she's shipping me to an all-girls' school in Montana, that way I "don't fuck another teacher." Because there's zero chance I could be into women too, right?

LINDSAY

You made out with a teacher?

PIPER

Is that the only thing you heard?

LINDSAY

It's just, like...I think you're the coolest person I've ever met.

PIPER

(pleasantly surprised)  
Oh. Okay. Thanks, I guess. What about you?

LINDSAY

It's pretty boring compared to that. Dad proposed to his new girlfriend and I downed a bottle of pills. It was stupid. If it worked they probably would've had my funeral and then gotten married the next day.

PIPER

Your Dad sounds like an asshole.

LINDSAY

He's not so bad. She's just really manipulative. And he buys it. Stupid Tasha.

PIPER

Tasha? Like short for Natasha?

LINDSAY

No. Just Tasha.

PIPER

Jesus she sounds like the worst.

LINDSAY  
She is! She made Dad send me here.

PIPER  
Bitch.

The two sit for a beat in awkward silence.

PIPER (CONT'D)  
Well if it's any consolation I  
guess it's, like, good you fucked  
up. Trying to kill yourself.

LINDSAY  
Really? You mean that?

Piper shrugs.

PIPER  
I'm gonna take a nap.

LINDSAY  
Oh. Okay.

Piper lies down, back to Lindsay. Lindsay looks at her food, poking aimlessly at it.

A pillow suddenly lands on Lindsay's tray. She sees Piper, still with her back turned but now minus one pillow.

Lindsay picks up the pillow and wipes some ketchup off it. She props it behind her and smiles at Piper's back.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - SPARE PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT**

Piper sits in bed. Lindsay is across from her in a chair. They stare at each other, unblinking.

Piper SNAPS her fingers. Lindsay blinks. Piper LAUGHS.

PIPER  
You lose!

LINDSAY  
You cheated!

PIPER  
Life's not fair.

LINDSAY  
Obviously. After this you're off to  
Montana and I'm going back to  
Tasha.

(MORE)

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

She's gonna find some way to get  
rid of me first chance she gets.  
Sometimes I just...

PIPER

Just...?

LINDSAY

Nothing. I shouldn't.

PIPER

Oh come on, now I have to know. Say  
it. Say it. Say it!

LINDSAY

I just wish she was dead, okay?

PIPER

Hm.

LINDSAY

What?

PIPER

This whole Tasha thing. I've been  
rolling it around in my head  
and...I think you tried to kill the  
wrong person.

LINDSAY

What do you mean?

PIPER

For fuck's sake: kill the bitch.

LINDSAY

Oh haha very funny.

PIPER

I mean it. Why should you die when  
she's the problem?

LINDSAY

I can't kill her!

PIPER

Why not? You tried to kill  
yourself.

LINDSAY

That's different.

PIPER

Hey, dead is dead. And if one of you has to go, it should be her.

Lindsay turns away. She hugs her knees to her chest.

LINDSAY

I don't wanna talk about this anymore.

PIPER

Pussy.

LINDSAY

Fine. If it's so easy why don't you kill her?

A beat as Piper considers this.

PIPER

Okay.

Lindsay turns back to her sister. She studies Piper.

LINDSAY

You're serious. How would you even do it?

PIPER

Bash her head in?

LINDSAY

I mean logistically.

PIPER

Oh. Right. Guess I could sneak over in the middle of the night.

LINDSAY

And if someone notices there's two of us in the house? They'd know something was up.

PIPER

Fine, we can't both be there at the same time. What do you suggest?

LINDSAY

This is dumb, but what if we...switched places?

PIPER

Like I go to Dad, you go to Sarah? It's a thought.

(MORE)

PIPER (CONT'D)

A thought where I'm doing all the heavy lifting. But still, a thought.

LINDSAY

What do you mean?

PIPER

Well I'd be, you know, *murdering* someone. While you're...what? Sipping cocktails in Manhattan?

LINDSAY

Okay!

PIPER

No it is not fucking "okay!" If I have a job, you should, too.

LINDSAY

Like...?

PIPER

Kill Mr. David?

LINDSAY

You're joking right? If I was cool with killing someone I'd just get rid of Tasha myself and there'd be no need for this whole thing.

PIPER

Okay, it was just an idea! I don't hear you coming up with anything.

LINDSAY

What about Montana?

PIPER

What about it?

LINDSAY

I could convince Sarah you're reformed. Sorry for the things you've done. And *definitely* don't need to be sent away.

PIPER

So just, like, be on your best behavior? You'd have to turn up the attitude - enough that she doesn't get suspicious, not so much you piss her off - and dial it way back on the creepy.

LINDSAY  
I am not creepy!

PIPER  
You lurk. For starters.

LINDSAY  
Fine, sure. I lurk. So what do you  
say: a murder for a get out of  
Montana free card?

A beat on Piper's expressionless face. A mischievous grin slowly crosses her lips.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - SPARE PATIENT ROOM - DAY**

Carla enters. She spots the twins huddled together on the floor, whispering. Piper jumps up.

PIPER  
We're done in here. See?

She grabs Lindsay's hand.

PIPER (CONT'D)  
Best buds now.

Carla raises an eyebrow at Lindsay. She nods.

CARLA  
Fine. Get out.

Piper sprints out of the room, dragging Lindsay behind her.

**MONTAGE**

Piper confidently struts across an empty hallway. Lindsay stops her, points Piper's head at the floor, pushes on her stomach until she's slouching. Piper tries again.

The twins play Checkers. Lindsay makes the winning move. Piper throws the board. She picks it up, gestures at Lindsay: "your turn." Lindsay half-heartedly tosses the board.

Lindsay and Piper swap clothes. Piper grimaces as Lindsay hands her hoodie after hoodie.

Lindsay stands in front of a bathroom mirror. Piper shears her hair off with a plastic knife. A PATIENT washes her hands and stares. Piper brandishes the knife at her.

**END MONTAGE**

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - PIPER'S ROOM - DAY**

Lindsay, now with a bad version of Piper's haircut, and Piper, slouching in a hoodie (she'll wear one, hood up, for the rest of her stay at the hospital), face each other.

PIPER

Okay the hair kinda makes you look like a mental patient - which you are - but overall not bad. Just one more thing.

Piper opens her mouth and wags her tongue ring at Lindsay.

LINDSAY

Looks like you're gonna have to take that out.

PIPER

No way. This thing's my baby. Sarah would never believe I ditched it.

LINDSAY

You are not piercing my tongue.

PIPER

Why not? I know what I'm doing.

LINDSAY

No way. I already cut my hair.

PIPER

God don't be such a baby.

Lindsay straightens, doing her best impression of Piper.

LINDSAY

I said no fucking way.

Tense beat as the girls stare each other down. Piper smiles.

PIPER

Okay, badass. No tongue ring.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - NIGHT**

Lindsay sits by herself, poring over a napkin with a pen. Piper joins her with a tray and two cups. Lindsay takes one.

LINDSAY

So my - well, yours now, I guess - involuntary hold ends in a week.

(MORE)

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

I'll end your voluntary stay the same day. And...that's it.

Piper raises her cup.

PIPER

Cheers to that.

Lindsay stares at the napkin, lost in thought. She drains her cup in one gulp.

PIPER (CONT'D)

Thirsty much?

LINDSAY

I've been thinking.

PIPER

(through a mouth full of food)

About what?

LINDSAY

I never talk with my mouth full. Remember?

Piper rolls her eyes, but chews and swallows.

PIPER

About what?

LINDSAY

What happens once Tasha's gone?

PIPER

We switch back and act like nothing ever happened.

LINDSAY

I don't want to pretend I don't have a sister. Do you?

PIPER

What else are we supposed to do?

LINDSAY

We could try to get Mom and Dad back together.

PIPER

So now we're matchmakers?

LINDSAY

Is that worse than being murderers?

PIPER  
 I mean, kind of.  
 (off Lindsay's  
 disappointed look)  
 But I guess it's worth a try for my  
 little sis.

LINDSAY  
 "Little sis?" What makes you think  
 you're older?

PIPER  
 Oh please, I'm definitely older.

LINDSAY  
 Maybe we came out at the exact same  
 time.

PIPER  
 Jesus, how big do you think our  
 Mom's vag is?

Lindsay and Piper BURST OUT LAUGHING.

CARLA (O.S.)  
 What's so funny?

The twins jump: Carla has silently appeared at their table.

Piper kicks Lindsay under the table. Lindsay looks at her:  
 "what?" Piper glares: "say something!"

LINDSAY  
 Nothing.

Piper kicks Lindsay again.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
 Your face...you have a fuckface.

Carla glances suspiciously between the girls.

CARLA  
 (to Piper)  
 Take off your hood.

Piper opens her mouth to respond. Lindsay kicks her. Piper  
 reluctantly closes her mouth and shakes her head.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
 I said take it off.

Piper draws the strings of her hood tighter. Carla moves to  
 take off Piper's hood. Lindsay snatches her wrist.

LINDSAY

She doesn't want to, dick cunt.

Carla grabs Lindsay by the hair. Piper swings her tray, SMACKING Carla in the face. Carla crumples to the ground, clutching her bleeding nose.

Patients CHEER. Piper looms over Carla.

PIPER

Touch our Goddamn hair again and I will fucking kill you.

Carla stalks away, rage in her eyes.

LINDSAY

That was-

PIPER

Awesome?

LINDSAY

-definitely not something I would do.

Piper shrugs.

PIPER

Speaking of things you wouldn't do..."dick cunt?"

Lindsay smiles sheepishly.

PIPER (CONT'D)

Not bad.

**INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - LINDSAY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Lindsay's eyes slowly flutter open. She looks down, puzzled.

She's DUCT TAPED TO A CHAIR, pair of socks stuffed in her mouth. She tries to SCREAM. Piper steps in front of her.

PIPER

Shut up! It's just me.

Piper takes the socks out of Lindsay's mouth.

LINDSAY

What's going on? Oh, God, why does my head feel so weird?

PIPER  
Yeah, sorry about that.

LINDSAY  
"Sorry?"

PIPER  
I drugged your soda at dinner. Been  
hoarding my meds for a rainy day.

LINDSAY  
What? Why?

PIPER  
I know you aren't into the whole  
tongue piercing thing but if this  
is gonna work we have to do it.

LINDSAY  
Let me go. Now.

Piper picks up an alcohol swab and a sewing needle.

PIPER  
God, it's like being threatened by  
a kitten.

Piper reaches into her mouth. She emerges with her tongue  
stud and wipes it down with a swab. She picks up the needle.

PIPER (CONT'D)  
Now shut up and hold still.

Piper grabs Lindsay's chin. Lindsay clamps her mouth shut.

PIPER (CONT'D)  
Open your damn mouth or I'm calling  
the whole thing off.

Lindsay glares but finally opens her mouth.

PIPER (CONT'D)  
Tongue.

Lindsay sticks her tongue out.

PIPER (CONT'D)  
Good. Don't scream.

In a quick series of movements Piper PIERCES THE NEEDLE into  
Lindsay's tongue, puts the stud in, and shoves the sock back  
in her mouth.