

ORANGE IS THE NEW BLACK

"HAPPINESS ISSUES"

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This spec episode "Happiness Issues" takes place after the finale of season two. Season three has not yet been written at the time of writing this spec.

Season Two ended with....

Larry and Polly got together. This news blindsided Piper.

Alex is paroled. She visits Piper and admits she loves her. She also admits that she is going to flee the country and sell drugs again to start a new life.

Piper feels alone now that Alex has been paroled. She's in SHU again about to be transferred to another prison as a punishment by Caputo. Piper gives Caputo information about Vice Warden Figueroa's embezzlement scandal in exchange for stopping Piper's transfer. She then asks Polly/Larry to call Alex's parole officer and snitch on Alex so that Alex will get thrown in jail again with her instead of fleeing the country. She rereads Alex's love letters.

Red got her face sliced open by Vee in their big fight.

Vee escaped through the tunnel, but was run over by Miss Rosa who was escaping in the van so she could go die from her cancer in freedom since her surgery was denied.

Nicky and Big Boo are now stuck with Vee's old huge stash of heroin. Nicky is tempted to start using again.

Yoga Jones is upset with herself for hitting Watson. She realizes she needs to feel her anger instead of being so Zen.

Crazy Eyes feels abandoned and hurt by Vee's sudden departure.

Morello admitted that she made up the whole relationship with her "fiancé." In reality he wants nothing to do with her.

Doggett thinks cutting her hair was her initiation to the 'gay agenda' club that she wants to infiltrate after misunderstanding Guard Healy's anti-gay comments. Big Boo plays along with this just to toy with her.

Healy's mail order Russian wife still won't give him any affection or sex.

Figueroa is no longer vice warden. Wiggles out of being fired for embezzlement because the warden doesn't want to piss off her politician husband, so she 'resigns' with a commendation. Caputo takes her position and he's determined not to make a mess of his new opportunity.

One-legged Guard Bennett finally admitted to Caputo that he's the father of Daya's baby after Daya accused him of being 'a pussy' for not stepping up. But Caputo didn't fire him because it would be too messy to explain.

INT. SOFIA'S HAIR SALON - DAY

RED is leaning back in the salon sink chair as SOFIA rinses out a fresh dye job into the sink.

SOFIA
I'm surprised I haven't seen you in here more often. Roots are a harsh mistress.

RED
Norma usually did my hair. But... she's my friend, not my maid. So now I come to you.

SOFIA
Happy to help.

With her wet hair plastered back Red's new scars from her slocking are on vivid display amongst her usual slapdash makeup. Sofia tries not to notice. Red studies Sofia as Sofia hovers right above her as she rinses.

RED
You don't hang out with the Black girls.

SOFIA
Oh, I may be Black, but I am not part of their group. I am in a group that is uniquely my own.

RED
That's one way of putting it.

She ushers Red to the main salon chair, tosses a towel over her head and towel-dries Red's hair. Sofia's gaze lingers on the scar. Red averts her eyes.

RED
Yes, it's hideous, I know. Nothing says "I lost the fight" like a permanent scar.

Sofia digs in a drawer. Produces a small pot of foundation.

SOFIA
May I?

Red eyes the makeup.

RED
I already have makeup, thank you.

SOFIA
Not like this. This can cover anything. Maximum coverage.

Red nods. Sofia applies the makeup as she talks.

SOFIA

This is the preferred foundation of drag queens and transsexuals everywhere. Before my surgery this stuff could hide my four o'clock shadow.

Red looks in the mirror, astonished. The scars are barely noticeable. Sofia smiles at her in the mirror. Then turns from the mirror, looks directly at Red.

SOFIA

While I'm at it how about we try a new look? Something a little more... blended.

Red spits the word back with clumsy disdain.

RED

Blended?

SOFIA

Yes. You know, softer.

INT. POLLY'S KITCHEN - DAY

POLLY puts groceries away as she answers her cell phone.

RECORDED VOICE (O.S.)

An inmate from Litchfield Federal Prison is attempting to contact you. To accept the charges please press one.

She does.

POLLY

Hi Piper, how are you?

INT. PHONE BANK - CONTINUOUS

PIPER barely waits for Polly to finish her sentence.

POLLY

Did you call Alex's parole officer?

INTERCUT POLLY AND PIPER

POLLY

Well, hello to you too.

PIPER

Sorry. Yes, hello, I'm fine. Did you call Alex's P.O.?

POLLY
Yes, I said I would and I did.

PIPER
And what'd he say?

POLLY
Nothing really. He just asked a few questions, sounded like he was writing it down, thanked me and hung up.

Piper beams, but she keeps her tone of voice neutral.

PIPER
Hmm.

POLLY
So are you really doing okay? I know Larry and I laid quite a bit on you last time we were there.

PIPER
Um...yeah. Yeah.
(pause)
What kind of questions did the P.O. ask?

INT. POLLY'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Polly plops down next to LARRY on the couch with a plate of snacks for them to share.

LARRY
Was that Piper?

POLLY
Yeah.

Larry digs into the hummus and crackers. She pops cherry tomatoes into her mouth.

LARRY
Short call.

POLLY
She wanted to know if I called Alex's parole officer.

LARRY
What'd you say?

POLLY
The truth! I said yes, I told him what Piper told me to say.

Larry shifts awkwardly.

LARRY
 Did she seem...what, happy? Sad?
 Regretful? Guilty?

Polly chuckles.

POLLY
 "Regretful"? Just normal. Oh my
 god, these tomatoes are so good.
 Try some.

She tries to playfully pop some in his mouth, but he turns his head, doesn't wanna play.

LARRY
 That's all she said? She only called
 to ask about Alex?

Polly's had enough of this. She hurls a cherry tomato at his face. It bounces off, lands somewhere in the cushions.

POLLY
 What the fuck, Larry? Why do you
 care? I don't know what happened
 after I hung up with the P.O. I
 don't know how Piper feels. I don't
 care anymore. So what if Alex ends
 up back inside with Piper? I'm your
 girlfriend, not Piper. Right?

LARRY
 Of course. I'm sorry, yes, of course
 you are. You know you are.

He pulls her close. They kiss, embrace.

LARRY
 I love you, Polly.

They enjoy the moment. Until...

LARRY
 Um...if we don't find that tomato
 it's gonna get squished and stain
 the couch.

Polly can only laugh. They dig for the rogue tomato.

INT. SOFIA'S HAIR SALON - LATER

Red's hair has been dried and styled, and Sofia has given her a lovely make-over. Red's eye makeup now looks gorgeous and, well, just like Sofia's. Sofia puts the finishing touches on Red's new neutral lipstick. Gorgeous.

No words come out of Red's mouth as she stares at herself. Is she pleased? No smile, no reaction.

SOFIA
Well?

RED
I'm...

SOFIA
You're gorgeous.

RED
I look...like you!

Sofia isn't sure how to take that.

RED
You, honey, are always the most
stunning thing in here.

SOFIA
Why thank you!

RED
I'm surprised the lesbians leave you
alone.

SOFIA
I'm a six-foot ex-firefighter. Nobody
messes with me, don't you worry.

Red stands. Gets a closer look in the mirror. Smiles.

RED
Thank you.

Sofia holds out the pot of makeup and a small round container.

SOFIA
This is cocoa butter. If you put it
on your scars they'll heal better.

Red doesn't take them.

RED
I can't. I'm short this month.
Nothing to trade. My sons haven't
been keeping up with --

SOFIA
Hush. Take it.

Sofia continues to hold out the items until Red takes them.

RED
Thank you. I will return the favor.

SOFIA
I know you will, baby.

INT. SHU - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: MISS ROSA's face. Eyes closed. Is she dead? Slowly her eyes open. Bright blue sky reflects in her dark eyes.

POV MISS ROSA: looks straight up into a beautiful blue sky. A few fluffy clouds. Elegant birds swoop across the expanse. Then a NURSE's face blocks her view.

NURSE

Almost done. Two more injections.

The Nurse disappears from view again. Then the lovely blue sky morphs into a cold gray concrete ceiling.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Miss Rosa is in SHU, lying on the bed.

Under the watchful eye of a GUARD the Nurse administers her palliative care, then helps Miss Rosa sit up enough to take some pills, a sip of water.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Piper's in a good mood as she sits with her lunch next to YOGA JONES, NICKY, SISTER and NORMA. Jones is quiet, withdrawn, but perky Piper doesn't seem to notice.

PIPER

This sandwich doesn't look half bad!

She takes a bite. Makes yummy noises.

NICKY

You get electroshock therapy? Are they doing that again? Sign me up!

PIPER

Just because I'm in prison doesn't mean I have to sulk every minute. I'm feeling good today. I'd love a good run. Or a stretch.

(to Jones)

I could really use a good yoga workout. When are you going to start your classes again?

Jones picks at her food.

YOGA JONES

I'm not sure.

Piper finally senses Jones' mood, tones down her peppiness.

PIPER

Why's that?

YOGA JONES

I think I'm a dry drunk.

PIPER

I don't know what that is.

NICKY

It's like going through all the harmful patterns you used to when you were drinking, but without the fun of actually drinking. In AA they say "What do you have when a horse thief gets sober?" Answer, "a sober horse thief."

SISTER

Meaning?

NICKY

Even after you're sober you still have the problems you had that led you to drinking in the first place.

YOGA JONES

I've simply replaced drinking with yoga and meditation.

PIPER

But that's good, isn't it? Swapping a bad addiction for a healthier one?

YOGA JONES

In theory, yes. But I used to drink so I didn't have to deal with my problems. And now, I meditate and do yoga to get me to a mind-state of nothingness.

PIPER

Sounds like a peaceful state.

YOGA JONES

But I think I'm now addicted to peace. Because I'm afraid to feel.

PIPER

What are you afraid to feel? Guilt? Sadness?

NICKY

Anger!

Piper, Sister and Norma all laugh at this.

SISTER

Oh, that's utterly ridiculous.

Norma shakes her head no.

PIPER
Jones is the epitome of peace.

NICKY
(to Sister)
It's not ridiculous. It's part of
the twelve-step model.

SISTER
I wouldn't know. I prefer to use
prayer and the power of our Lord.

NICKY
Hey, you should like it! AA and NA
are Christian-based programs.

YOGA JONES
No they aren't. Anyone can benefit.

NICKY
All that "find your higher power"
shit. They say "it doesn't have to
be God, it can be anything" -- that's
bullshit. I used to go to an NA group,
they closed every meeting with the
Lord's Prayer. Whoever says twelve-
step groups aren't Christian-based is
full of holy crappola.

SISTER
(snippy)
That doesn't mean they don't work.

NICKY
(getting pissed)
Yeah, I know! That's what I'm saying,
it can really work for some people.

Piper and Jones watch Sister and Nicky spar.

NICKY
I'm just saying call it what it is!

SISTER
Why are you getting pissy with me?
I'm not the publicist for AA.

Nicky points to an imaginary object flying over the table.

NICKY
Oh look! There goes the point!

Sister and Nicky laugh, friends again.

SISTER
 (lovingly)
 Heathen.

NICKY
 (to Jones)
 But you know what they say. "You cannot heal until you feel." The underlying cause of "dry drunk" behavior is unresolved anger.

SISTER
 Oh please. Jones is the most peaceful and loving woman in here.

Norma nods enthusiastically.

NICKY
 Yoga Jones is pissed!

SISTER
 At what?

NICKY
 Anything. Everything. Not being able to drink. Loss of her old lifestyle. Oh, and probably not too joyful about being incarcerated!

PIPER
 You know, actually I think Nicky may have a point.

NICKY
 Hey, I've been going to twelve-step meetings for eight years, something was bound to sink in.

PIPER
 (to Sister and Nicky)
 You two were getting pissed off with each other, you let yourself be angry, then it was over and you were fine.
 (to Jones)
 You, however, you never get angry.

YOGA JONES
 I hit Watson.

PIPER
 Okay, once. Tell me though, did you feel a little better after that?

Jones can barely lift her head to admit it but...

YOGA JONES
 Yes.

This makes Piper happy.

PIPER

So there you have it! We need to help you release your unresolved anger.

SISTER

"A fool gives full vent to his anger, but a wise man keeps himself under control." Proverbs 29:11.

NICKY

(to Sister)

"Bite me, evil nun." Nicholls 10:14.

PIPER

(to Jones)

Let it out!

Meek little Jones just gives a wan smile.

7 YEAR-OLD JONES (O.S. PRE-LAP)

Mooooooooooooommmmy!

INT. YOGA JONES' CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Little SEVEN YEAR-OLD ERICA JONES is screaming at the top of her little lungs. She stands in her ultra-pink mid '60s girl's room as her well-heeled MOTHER rushes in.

MOTHER

(southern drawl)

Erica, my goodness, what on earth is the matter?

7 YEAR-OLD JONES

(drawl just like Mommy's)

I cut my Barbie's hair but now I don't like it!

Mother sits on the bed next to her daughter, holds Barbie.

MOTHER

Oh dear. Look at that.

Indeed, Barbie's hair has been butchered.

MOTHER

Remember, I told you, you shouldn't cut her hair. It doesn't grow back like yours does.

7 YEAR-OLD JONES

I know. But I did. Now I want another one. A pretty one.

Mother sighs. Looks at little Erica's pouting face.

MOTHER

Go get your coat. Let's go shopping!

They bounce out of the room together.

In a corner of the room is a pile of discarded Barbie dolls, all of them with horrendously butchered haircuts.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Little Jones exits the store holding her mother's hand and in her other hand is a brand new Barbie, still in the box. Her mother looks spiffy in a classy pantsuit and heels, maybe even a hat. Mother steers Jones to a bench under a tree.

MOTHER

Why don't you sit here, sweetheart?
Play with your new doll. Mommy's
going to run inside here for a few
minutes, okay?

They are outside a small but upscale bar.

7 YEAR-OLD JONES

I wanna go in with you!

MOTHER

Sorry, Erica. Grown-ups only.

Jones pouts. Mother pouts too in mock sympathy.

MOTHER

Tell you what. I'll get you an ice
cream cone.

Jones considers this bribe.

7 YEAR-OLD JONES

Okay. And a dollar.

Mother nods in agreement to this hush money arrangement.

INT. YOGA JONES' CHILDHOOD LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Jones plays with her new Barbie. Mother's friend LINDA sits watching the TV with Mother. Both have drinks in hand. Mother's dressed a tad more casually today, but still classy.

7 YEAR-OLD JONES

Mom? I want a snack.

MOTHER

Not now, sweetie, my show is on.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 "These are the Days of Our Lives."

Schmaltzy music swells as the "Days of Our Lives" [1965] show begins.

LINDA
 I watched this last week. It's stupid.

MOTHER
 Shh! I love it.

LINDA
 Enjoy it while you can, this show will never last.

Mother picks up her drink.

LINDA
 (re: the drink)
 Hair of the dog.

7 YEAR-OLD JONES
 Mom!

MOTHER
 Hush, love.

Ignored. A tantrum is a-brewing.

7 YEAR-OLD JONES
 MOM!

Mother hops up, rushes to Jones.

MOTHER
 (soothing)
 No, no, don't yell. A lady does not yell.

7 YEAR-OLD JONES
 I WANT A SNAAAACK! NOW!

MOTHER
 Ssshhh. Mommy's got a headache.
 Listen, sweetie...

Mother sneaks a glance at the TV to make sure she isn't missing anything.

MOTHER
 ...how about this afternoon you and I go buy Barbie a new outfit? Let Linda and I have a nice chat now.

7 YEAR-OLD JONES

I just want something to eat.

Mother grabs an apple from the table, hands it to Jones.
Jones isn't impressed.

MOTHER

A nice new outfit for Barbie. And
some little shoes!

Jones relents.

7 YEAR-OLD JONES

Okay.

A quick kiss on the head, then Mother rushes back to the TV.

INT. YOGA JONES' CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - LATER

Jones sits on her bed. She throws the apple into her trash
can. She gets on the floor where she has a few other toys
that serve as Barbie's friends.

7 YEAR-OLD JONES

(Barbie voice)

"Oh, Linda, you look so marvelous.
Have a drink."

She pulls out an older Barbie to be "Linda", half-naked,
horribly cut hair.

7 YEAR-OLD JONES

(Barbie voices)

"Did you see the wonderful rum cake
my maid baked for the church bake
sale?" "Oh, yes, delightful."

Jones uses a small stuffed monkey to stand-in for Dad.

7 YEAR-OLD JONES

(Daddy monkey voice)

"I'm home! Go put on that new dress
and let's go dancing tonight. I
want to show off my gal!"

She makes Barbie and Monkey kiss. Jones then throws the
dolls down. Bored. Irritated.

She picks up scissors from a box filled with crayons and
pens. Puts the new Barbie on her lap, plays with her hair.

7 YEAR-OLD JONES

(Barbie voice)

"Darling, I want to look my best. I
need a new hairdo to go with my new
dress."

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

CRAZY EYES sits in a chair, alone, holding the deck of Uno cards. CINDY, POUSSEY AND TAYSTEE sit nearby watching TV. Crazy Eyes doesn't even glance at the TV. She flips through the cards, studying each one carefully.

Taystee tries to watch TV but her gaze drifts to Crazy Eyes. Taystee finally moves a few seats over, next to her.

TAYSTEE

Do you want to play Uno?

Crazy Eyes shakes her head no. Taystee watches TV.

CRAZY EYES

I heard she was dead.

TAYSTEE

You don't know that. No one does.

CRAZY EYES

Vee does.

TAYSTEE

Well, I guess that's true. Or maybe she got paroled! She didn't want to leave you, but she had to. Can't stay in prison if you're paroled.

Taystee looks at Poussey and Cindy, makes a secretive 'come help me!' gesture. They sigh and trudge over.

POUSSEY

We playing Uno?

CRAZY EYES

She gave these cards to ME!

POUSSEY

Chill, girl. I wasn't gonna take 'em from you.

CINDY

It's a game, you know, you play with a group of people.

CRAZY EYES

She didn't love me.

POUSSEY

Who? Vee?

CRAZY EYES

She left. Bad people just leave. Don't even say goodbye.

CINDY
 Maybe it wasn't because she was bad,
 but because she had a reason --

CRAZY EYES
 SHE WAS BAD! YOU told me that!

POUSSEY
 Okay, okay. Yeah. She was.

CINDY
 Bitch was evil.

Crazy Eyes gives Cindy the stink eye supreme.

CINDY
 What? I'm agreeing with you.

ANGLE ON: MORELLO AND NICKY IN THE BACK OF THE COMMON ROOM

MORELLO has ripped out pictures from a magazine, is making a collage. Pictures of hair styles, clothes, jewelry. NO MEN. Nicky just flips through the remnants of the magazines.

NICKY
 What do you think I'd look like with
 my hair straightened like this?

Morello is close enough to hear Crazy Eyes and the other girls.

ANGLE ON: CRAZY EYES, POUSSEY, CINDY AND TAYSTEE

CINDY
 First you don't wanna hear anything
 bad about her, now you don't wanna
 hear anything good. Make up your
 mind!

POUSSEY
 Hasn't it been nicer since she's
 gone?

TAYSTEE
 Yeah, we were always walking on
 eggshells around her.

POUSSEY
 Eggs.

TAYSTEE
 Huh?

POUSSEY
 Walking on *eggs*, not eggshells. Why
 would it matter if we walked on
 eggshells? Eggs are already broken.

TAYSTEE

Naw, naw. It's eggshells! You don't
wanna break the eggshells.

POUSSEY

"Eggshells" implies that the egg has
already been cracked, like you put
the egg in the frying pan and discard
the eggshells.

CINDY

Oh, that's true.

TAYSTEE

Hmm. Whatever. But you gotta admit,
our stress level is lower now.

CINDY

I was getting a damn ulcer!

CRAZY EYES

She was not a nice woman.

POUSSEY

There ya go! Right!

Red walks in, passes by the group in time to hear...

CRAZY EYES

I loved her!

Sad or mad? They aren't sure.

CINDY

Okay. Well. Whatever.

Cindy turns her attention back to the TV. Seeing the pathetic
therapy session, Red steps up to Crazy Eyes.

RED

There is an old Russian proverb.
"Love is heavy. But lack of love is
heavier."

This blows Crazy Eyes' mind; will keep her thinking for hours.
She stands, and repeats it, in awe.

CRAZY EYES

Love is heavy. But lack of love is
heavier.

She wanders off in a thoughtful daze.

TAYSTEE

Damn Red, you lookin' fine!

POUSSEY

Wow. Lovely.

ANGLE ON: MORELLO AND NICKY AT A TABLE IN THE BACK OF THE COMMON ROOM.

Red approaches Morello, who glances up from her collage. Awe.

MORELLO

OH. MY. GOD! You look *beautiful!*

RED

Don't make a fuss. Sofia did it.

MORELLO

Oh my god, I can hardly see your...you know.... And you look so...pretty. Oh, not that you didn't look --

RED

Stop fawning.

NICKY

Day-um! I might have to jump you later!

Doggett slinks over, wanting to join in.

DOGGETT

Wow. What happened to you?

On that note, Red turns and leaves.

MORELLO

It's called a make-over. We all need a new look once in a while.

Doggett plays with her own new short ugly haircut.

DOGGETT

Yeah, that's true.

MORELLO

Oh. Yeah. Yours is nice too.

DOGGETT

Of course I didn't do mine just to look good. Mine serves a purpose.

MORELLO

(not really understanding)
Uh huh. That's great.

NICKY

Doggett, when you got your teeth fixed, did the anesthesia permanently numb your brain?

DOGGETT

Uh, no!

NICKY

Boo's playing you. There's no secret lesbian group. Believe me, if there was I would know. Hell, I'd be the president.

DOGGETT

What?

NICKY

She's fucking with you!

DOGGETT

But my hair! I cut my hair for this!

MORELLO

Well...your teeth sure look nice.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Nicky exits the common room and falls in line with Piper striding down the hall. Piper smiles at her.

NICKY

Look at you, still having a good day, huh?

PIPER

Things could be worse. I need to remember, some people have it worse than I do. I mean, look at Red.

NICKY

I did! She looks great!

PIPER

What? No, I mean, her store.

NICKY

What about her store?

PIPER

She asked me to go check on her store in Queens. To make sure everything was okay. Nicky, it was *closed*.

NICKY

What? Oh, fuck. Poor Red. What'd she say?

PIPER

Um.

NICKY

Oh crap, you didn't tell her, did you? You told her you didn't go?

Piper cringes.

PIPER

I said it was doing really well.

NICKY

What?! What the fuck for? Why not just said you didn't have time to go?!

PIPER

Yeah. That would have been a better choice. But hey, I gave her hope! This way she will be happy it's doing well, and being happy is good, right?

NICKY

Rationalization your major in college? Shit. It's totally gone?

PIPER

No. No, it's still there, I mean it's not emptied out or anything. But the gates were closed and it was for lease.

NICKY

But there's still stuff in the store, right? Food and tables and shit? The sign is still there?

PIPER

Yeah.

NICKY

Okay then! There's still a chance they can turn it around.

PIPER

Good stuff, that rationalization. Anyway, my point was that it could be worse, for me I mean. I'm looking on the bright side of things.

NICKY

Seriously, you need to give. What's up? You find another girlfriend? Should I be jealous?

PIPER

Actually...

NICKY

Jesus, you did!

PIPER

No. It's Alex.

NICKY

OH CHRIST! You're a glutton for punishment! You guys didn't even work when you were both in here, how do you think it's gonna work with her running around New York?

Piper stops. So Nicky does too. Piper pulls her aside.

PIPER

(hushed tone)

I had my friend call her P.O. and tell him Alex was about to flee and that she had a gun.

NICKY

Are you fucking kidding? You lied just so you could have her back in here with you?!

PIPER

No! No, I didn't lie! That's the thing! She WAS going to flee! And start dealing drugs again!

Nicky can only shake her head in disapproval.

PIPER

See, she was gonna ruin her life again, make it even worse than before.

NICKY

Oh, so you SAVED her.

PIPER

Yes.

NICKY

Jesus, Chapman, do I need to raise my hand when I'm being sarcastic?

PIPER

I'm doing her a favor.

NICKY

Wow. Rationalization really is a great tool. How do you know Alex got snagged?

PIPER

I told you. I had my friend Polly call Alex's P.O. officer.

NICKY

I know, but I mean how do you know Polly actually did that? She could have just lied. It'd be a hell of a lot easier to just tell you she did it. You'd never know the difference.

Piper's brow furrows. Deep thought.

PIPER

Nah. Why would she lie? Polly wouldn't do that, we were best friends for years.

NICKY

Is this the same Polly that stole your husband, then lied about it?

Shit. Good point.

PIPER

Fiancé. Yeah.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HEALY'S OFFICE - DAY

Piper plunges into HEALY'S office, knocking and entering at the same time.

PIPER

Mr. Healy? Can I ask you for a favor?

He looks up from his paperwork, haggard.

HEALY

It's what I live for, Chapman.

INT. SHU - DAY

Miss Rosa's POV: Gray ceiling. Vent. Fire sprinkler.

Tears roll down her face.

The door opens. CAPUTO enters. She turns her head to dry her tears before he sees.

CAPUTO

Good afternoon, Miss Rosa.

MISS ROSA

Afternoon, day, night, I wouldn't know.

CAPUTO

You can take my word for it -- it's daytime. Do you need some water?

MISS ROSA

No. Why am I not in max?

CAPUTO

Damage control. Admitting to two escapees my first week as vice warden? Not a good career move. But your escape still made me look like an asshole to my own staff.

MISS ROSA

Oh, my escape did that? What was your excuse bef --

CAPUTO

Don't say it. Please do not finish that sentence.

MISS ROSA

What kind of man puts a dying woman in solitary confinement?

CAPUTO

The kind who needed a day to think about how to handle two escapees without sending the one who's still alive to max. Thirty-six hours with four visits from the medical team. Not the most solitary of confinements. If I send you to max, I admit that you tried to escape.

MISS ROSA

Tried? I DID escape.

CAPUTO

Well that's exactly the crux of the matter here.

She coughs and sputters, sits up and leans against the wall.

CAPUTO

You sure you don't need water or anything? I can get you something to eat.

She shakes her head no.

CAPUTO

Correct me if I'm wrong, but your recent joyride led me to believe that you saw your one last chance to go die free and you took it.

MISS ROSA

Something like that.

CAPUTO

And I presume that dying in max would be even worse than dying here.

MISS ROSA

In SHU?

CAPUTO

No, I mean here on campus. I already have one dead escapee to deal with, that looks unfortunate. A second escapee makes me look, well, incompetent.

MISS ROSA

So what do you want me to do?

Caputo sits on the edge of the bed.

CAPUTO

There's this thing called "chemo brain." A common syndrome where cancer patients who receive chemo experience confusion, foggy thinking. Act strangely.

She nods, sees where he's going.

CAPUTO

If, by some chance, you were experiencing some of these symptoms, it could explain what happened.

MISS ROSA

I was confused.

CAPUTO

Yes.

MISS ROSA

I thought it was my car and that...

CAPUTO

(prompts)
Foggy thinking.

MISS ROSA

...I thought that I was just driving myself home from a doctor's visit. I didn't know where I was going, I was confused and upset.

Caputo smiles.

MISS ROSA

When I saw the flashing lights I got scared, I panicked. I was confused, so I tried to get away.

CAPUTO

That's right. No harm done. We were able to catch up to you, head you off and you agreed to return to campus, safe and sound.

MISS ROSA

To save your ass?

CAPUTO

And keep yours out of max.

She thinks, silently. No response. He stands.

CAPUTO

I'll give you a few more hours to think about it.

He strides out. Door slams shut.

INT. HEALY'S OFFICE - DAY

Healy's mouth hangs open as he stares at Piper across his desk.

HEALY

And why exactly do you think her parole has been violated?

PIPER

I can't explain. I just need you to check, please. Can't you just look?

Exhausted, he turns to his computer. Clicks, scrolls, clicks. Piper can barely contain herself.

HEALY

"Pending."

PIPER

Pending? What's pending?

HEALY

Basically means her file hasn't been updated yet, I can't see anything. She's not in Litchfield, so I can't access her other files.

PIPER

But "pending"...that means something's happening, right?

HEALY

It would seem so.

That's enough for her. Grins. Can't hide her happiness.

PIPER

Thank you.

HEALY

You know, Chapman, I really think you might have issues that need to be dealt with.

PIPER

What kind of issues?

HEALY

Look at you, you're actually happy that Vause might be a recidivist? That's sick!

PIPER

Are you saying I have happiness issues?

HEALY

I'm saying sometimes you don't have very clear judgment when it comes to relationships.

PIPER

I think that's true of almost everyone, don't you?

Ouch. Close to home for him. He shuffles some papers. Deep breath. Rubs his eyes.

HEALY

I sometimes wonder why people let relationships linger on so long after they clearly aren't working.

Is he talking about her? No eye contact.

HEALY

I don't understand this obsession you have with Vause.

She shrugs.

PIPER

Frankly Mr. Healy, neither do I. But I've decided to just go with it. Right now I'm happy. Isn't it better than having anger issues?

HEALY

At least I know how to deal with anger issues.

Her ears prick up at this.

PIPER

You do? How?

HEALY

I've been reading up on it. You know, to help the other inmates.

PIPER

I think there's someone here that could use some help with anger.

HEALY

Who?

PIPER

Jones.

He chuckles.

HEALY

Jones? Erica Jones?

PIPER

Yeah.

HEALY

That little blonde Buddha-hippie? She's the last person in here who needs to learn to control her anger.

PIPER

No. Not to control her anger, but to bring it out more. Maybe you could help us figure out a way.

HEALY

You want me to approve a method of increasing the anger of an inmate?

PIPER

Yes. Sort of. Well, not to increase it, but to let the existing anger out in a safe way. And wouldn't that be good for all of the inmates? I read that exercise is one of the best ways to release anger. We never got that gym that was funded. How about some sort of gym facility?

HEALY

You want me to get a gym built?

PIPER

Well no. But isn't there somewhere we could have an exercise bike? Or a treadmill? Oh, I know! A punching bag! I can see really getting some aggression out on that!

HEALY

You think providing inmates with boxing gloves is a good idea?

PIPER

The kitchen staff have access to knives. Sofia cuts hair with scissors. You think boxing gloves are going to be Litchfield's downfall?

HEALY

You yourself begged me to reopen the track. Remember your spiel on what great exercise walking is?

PIPER

Yes. But it's freezing here in the winter and hot and humid in the summer. We need an indoor place to exercise year-round.

He leans back. Considering.

PIPER

Wouldn't you rather have the inmates get their aggression out through exercise rather than on each other?

EXT. LITCHFIELD PRISON GROUNDS - DAY

Nicky and BIG BOO stroll the grounds getting some fresh air.

BIG BOO

I'm SO glad I listened to you. So now we still have a huge add-five-years-to-your-sentence amount of heroin stashed in the warehouse and no use for it. Any ideas?

Nicky looks happy.

BIG BOO

Other than that!

NICKY

Keep it there for a rainy day?

BIG BOO

Not the best hiding spot on campus.

NICKY

Well, where is?

Big Boo's look says no, she wants no part of that.

BIG BOO

Nowhere. I'm all for a little contraband now and then, some bartering, greasing the palms of a guard when a favor is needed. But kingpin-style heroin dealing inside the joint? No thank you!

NICKY

So we're not gonna sell it, and we're not going to use it. What's left?

BIG BOO

Flush it?

NICKY

Bite your tongue! Wait, you're right. The best place for it is off-campus. Somebody should benefit.

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

Piper sits at a table with her mom, MRS. CHAPMAN.

MRS. CHAPMAN

And then Henry said that he had no idea how the squirrel could have possibly gotten in there.

(laughs)

Oh, it was quite funny!

Piper isn't laughing because she isn't paying attention. She's got her eyes on Red, across the room at a table visiting with her son VASILY.

MRS. CHAPMAN

Can you imagine? Oh! I have a joke for you! It's a bit silly, but I think it's funny.

ANGLE ON: RED AND VASILY

Vasily is all smiles.

VASILY

You look so pretty. What's the occasion?

RED

Your visit, of course. So tell me. How is everything? The store, it's doing well, no? I'm so proud of you.

ANGLE ON: PIPER AND MRS. CHAPMAN

Piper sneaks glances at Red while pretending to listen to her mom.

MRS. CHAPMAN
 ...so he says, "He's not an eggplant,
 he's retarded!"

Mrs. Chapman breaks down into hysterical giggles. Across the room Piper watches Red go from happy to sad to incensed.

MRS. CHAPMAN
 Do you get it?

Piper fake laughs. Sees Red. Red turns. Glares at Piper. A lethal look that would make even Big Boo run for her mommy.

EXT. LITCHFIELD PRISON GROUNDS - DAY

Jones strolls the grounds. She sits on a bench. Deep breath. Closes her eyes for a long time. Meditation.

Opens her eyes. Looks into the distance. Gazes at a mountain.

YOGA JONES
 God damn it, I want to go camping.

INT. CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

Jones takes in the lovely peaceful atmosphere. Then notices one lone figure sitting far from the door. Chapman. She approaches her.

YOGA JONES
 What are you doing in here?

PIPER
 Hiding from Red.

YOGA JONES
 Oh. I see. That's all the
 explanation I need. Can I sit?

Piper happily pats the seat next to her. Jones plops down.

YOGA JONES
 Wait...don't you bunk with her?

PIPER
 Yep. I'm gonna have to pay the piper
 eventually. Ha ha.

They both sit and gaze out at the lovely empty space.

YOGA JONES

Maybe you're right. Maybe I AM angry. All I want to do is go to the mountains. Take a nice hike. Have a swim in the river. Build a campfire that night. Have some nice tea, sit and watch the stars. That would make me the happiest woman in the world. And you know why I can't have that? BECAUSE I'M IN FREAKING PRISON!

That last sentence reverberates. Great acoustics in the chapel.

PIPER

Maybe what you need is exercise.

YOGA JONES

Exercise?

PIPER

Yeah, I know, you're really flexible and toned from yoga. Yoga's great. I feel so good after your classes. But it's anaerobic. You need something aerobic. Exercise can be very cathartic. I'm trying to get us some exercise equipment. I think it'll do us some good. Get the endorphins pumping!

Jones nods.

PIPER

Whenever I'd get mad at Alex I'd go out for a run, then when I got back all the anger was out of my system and we were able to work out whatever the problem was in our relationship.

YOGA JONES

And look how well that turned out.

A conscious joke. They laugh.

PIPER

Maybe not a great example. But you get the idea. Imagine, a nice long bike ride.

YOGA JONES

Yeah. I could go for that. Cleanse the system. Recharge the batteries. I've always liked to keep my body clean of bad things. Other than the excessive alcohol of course.

They chuckle.

PIPER

Yeah. A slight exception there.

YOGA JONES

And the huge fake boobs.

PIPER

Really? You don't seem the type.

Piper sneaks a look at Jones' not-so-ample bosom. Jones catches her, chuckles.

YOGA JONES

Well, obviously I've had them removed since then.

PIPER

Ah.

YOGA JONES

They never felt right in my body.

INT. STRIP CLUB - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Sexy 25 YEAR-OLD JONES hangs naked upside down on a stripper pole. Slides and thrusts to that summer's huge hit - Def Leppard's "Photograph." Huge fake boobs.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Hot, sweaty and fresh from stage 25 Year-Old Jones struts to her seat at the makeup mirrors. She carries a lot of sweaty money. Petite PETUNIA sits waiting for her turn to go onstage. Jones smothers her own boobs with the bills.

25 YEAR-OLD JONES

Best investment I ever made.

PETUNIA

Told you.

Jones sits and pours herself a huge helping of vodka into a Taco Bell soda cup with a straw, then hides the vodka bottle.

PETUNIA

Don't let Rob see that bottle.

25 YEAR-OLD JONES

I know.

She touches up her makeup in the mirror.

25 YEAR-OLD JONES

I earned enough for a Prada bag in two days.

PETUNIA

I just paid for my vacation with mine. I'm going to Sedona, Arizona with Tad. A very spiritual place.

Jones makes a "phfft" noise.

25 YEAR-OLD JONES

Ooey-gooey bullshit. I'm going to Cancun with Mason.

PETUNIA

Doesn't he have a condo down there?

25 YEAR-OLD JONES

Penthouse condo. In the best neighborhood. Right on the beach.

PETUNIA

Nice.

25 YEAR-OLD JONES

No, not "nice." The BEST.

Petunia leans over, whispers.

PETUNIA

You know, if you want to make even more money, you can ask Rob about the VIP Club.

25 YEAR-OLD JONES

What's that?

PETUNIA

It's for customers who are willing to pay even more for a little more personal service.

Tempting. She ponders.

PETUNIA

A LOT more money.

Then she shakes her head.

25 YEAR-OLD JONES

Nah. No way. I don't want to do anything illegal.

EXT. JONES' PARENTS HOUSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

25 Year-Old Jones pulls up to the house in a new model Corvette, probably an '82 or '83. Jones doesn't get out right away. She takes a really long pull from her Taco Bell cup.

INT. JONES' DINING ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Mother (now late 40s) greets Jones. Jones wears a very expensive outfit, and ya just know her jewelry ain't fake. Boobs are not on display, tastefully concealed.

MOTHER

Erica, sweetheart, you look fabulous!

25 YEAR-OLD JONES

I feel like crap. Tired.

MOTHER

Well, you LOOK just lovely.

FATHER joins them, late 40s, dapper but casual. Kisses hello.

FATHER

There's my girl. How's work?

25 YEAR-OLD JONES

Great.

Mother holds up a crystal cut decanter.

MOTHER

Drink, sweetie?

INT. JONES' DINING ROOM - FLASHBACK - LATER

A polite dinner is winding down. Decanter is empty.

FATHER

Your boss treating you okay?

25 YEAR-OLD JONES

Yes, no problems.

FATHER

You have your own office yet?

25 YEAR-OLD JONES

Well, not yet. But I'm working on it. I just got a raise. A big one.

FATHER

Cheers to that!

They all clink glasses.

MOTHER

That explains that stunning tennis bracelet.

FATHER

Hard work is it's own reward.

MOTHER

But jewelry is a nice bonus.

Father tries to pour more drinks, but the decanter's empty. He hops up to replenish it.

MOTHER

(whispers)

The boobs weren't a bad idea either.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

DAYA

My boobs are so annoying!

Daya's trying to carry a box, but her big pregnancy boobs get in the way. Aleida and Gloria take the box from her.

GLORIA

Enjoy them while you can. Once you start breast-feeding they're really going to be a pain in the ass.

ALEIDA

You mean a pain in the chest. Mine hurt like a motherfucker with you.

DAYA

Thanks, Mom.

ALEIDA

Boobs are more hassle than they're worth sometimes.

Caputo has entered just in time to hear this last critique.

CAPUTO

Now that's something I'd have to disagree with.

Daya smiles politely at his joke, Gloria and Aleida ignore it. Daya suddenly grabs her belly.

DAYA

Oh! She's kicking!

Aleida rushes over to feel.

DAYA

Feel it? She's been kicking the hell out of me lately.

ALEIDA

Yeah! Feel those little feet!

Caputo noses in.

CAPUTO

Would you mind? I've always wanted
to feel a baby kick.

Daya nods. Aleida scoffs, moves away to make room for him.
He puts his hands on her belly. Eventually, a kick!

CAPUTO

Wow, that's amazing!

He leans in to Daya, voice low.

CAPUTO

Guess she doesn't take after her
daddy.

Daya and Aleida freeze in horror. He *knows*. He saunters off.

INT. HEALY'S OFFICE - DAY

Doggett fumes into Healy's office.

DOGGETT

I thought we were friends! Are you
trying to trick me?

HEALY

What the hell are you talking about?

DOGGETT

I cut my hair to get into the lesbian
group. But it turns out there IS no
real secret lesbian group!

HEALY

I never said it was an actual secret
group! Who told you you had to cut
your hair? Why would you do that?

DOGGETT

She told me to! Initiation!

HEALY

Who?

DOGGETT

The one with the Hitler haircut.

HEALY

You took hair-styling advice from a
woman with a Hitler hairdo? Why
would you do that, Doggett?

DOGGETT

To infiltrate this group so I could
bring you secret information! So we
could bring them down together!

HEALY
Doggett, you sound crazy!

DOGGETT
You're the one who told me about
their 'secret agenda'!

Touché. He regroups. Quiet.

HEALY
Well, there's nothing I can do about
your hair. It'll grow back.

He turns his attention back to his paperwork. Conversation
over. She fumes out.

HEALY
These women are killing me.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

FLACA and MARITZA cut onions and tomatoes.

MARITZA
Did you see her belly? It's getting
so big!

FLACA
Yeah, that happens when you're
pregnant, dum-dum.

MARITZA
I wonder if it's going to leave
stretch marks and shit.

Red comes in, sees only the two girls.

RED
Gloria here?

FLACA
She'll be right back.

Flaca and Maritza are dumbfounded by Red's new look.

MARITZA
Oh my god! You look so good!

FLACA
Wow, someone had a make-over.

Red rolls her eyes.

RED
Sofia.

FLACA
Of course. She has the best makeup.

Maritza is so entranced by the superb makeup job that she ventures closer. Like appreciating a fine painting.

MARITZA
It totally changes you, Red. I mean,
like wow.

Red stands stock still, not sure what's happening here.

MARITZA
It's so nicely blended. Softens
you. I love it.

RED
(cold)
Thank you. Tell Gloria I'll talk to
her about the stew recipe tomorrow.

FLACA
Okay.

Flaca returns to her onions, but Maritza is still entranced. She moves even closer to her new makeup buddy.

MARITZA
You know. I have a fan brush that
works really great for blending blush.

She reaches out and TOUCHES Red's cheek to demonstrate.

MARITZA
You just sweep it up like this.
Maybe you can get one at commissary.

FLACA
Chop these tomatoes, girl!

Maritza returns to her tomatoes. Red still stands, stunned.

RED
(hushed, to herself)
Did she just...stroke my cheek?!

INT. CAPUTO'S OFFICE - DAY

Miss Rosa sits in front of Caputo at the desk.

MISS ROSA
I don't know what I was thinking.
My thoughts were all cloudy. I
thought it was my car and I needed
to get home. I was confused.

CAPUTO

Uh huh. It happens. I think I can convince the DOC that it was just a mistake brought on by your medical treatment. Something they call "chemo brain."

MISS ROSA

Yes, I've heard of that.

He smiles.

CAPUTO

You've made me very happy.

MISS ROSA

That's not why I'm doing it. I'm doing it for me.

CAPUTO

Well, at least we have one escapee dealt with. The other one, well, funny thing is, she was found dead. Hit and run.

MISS ROSA

Hm.

CAPUTO

In fact, she was on the same road on which you were found.

MISS ROSA

Small world.

CAPUTO

Indeed it is.

MISS ROSA

She will be missed by no one.

CAPUTO

Since the whole bank robber thing didn't pan out for you, perhaps you should consider a future career as a publicist.

MISS ROSA

Is that supposed to be funny?

CAPUTO

Sorry. I'll talk to the warden, explain what happened.

MISS ROSA

What if they don't buy it? I'm going to die in max?

CAPUTO

Oh they'll buy it. Right now they'll be very amenable to limiting the amount of escapee stories on the news. But thank you again for helping us.

MISS ROSA

Well, since you're not *rude* about it.

INT. TASLITZ'S BLOCK - NIGHT

Nicky stands at the doorway of Taslitz's block. She waves to get her attention. Taslitz finally shuffles over.

NICKY

Hey, is Red's tunnel still open?

TASLITZ

Yeah. That dumb bitch Vee left it wide open, but luckily we found it and covered it up.

NICKY

Does Red's son still make drop-offs?

TASLITZ

Not as much, but he does what he can.

NICKY

Is Red always there when he comes?

TASLITZ

Usually. Depends. He's coming tomorrow.

NICKY

You think your posse of old ladies can keep Red busy while I have a quick chat with Vasily?

INT. RED AND PIPER'S CUBE - NIGHT

Red lies on her bed. Still dressed, makeup still on. Piper pads in quietly. Sees that Red's eyes are open. Piper freezes. But Red only looks at her. Piper sits down on her own bed. Red stares at the ceiling.

Silence.

Finally, Red speaks. Quietly. Doesn't look at Piper.

RED

Did you really think I wouldn't find out? It didn't occur to you that one of my sons might one day mention "Oh, mama, by the way, our family business has closed down"?

Piper slumps.

PIPER

I know. It was stupid. I guess I just wanted to see you happy.

Red turns and glares at her.

RED

Do I look happy?

PIPER

No. No, you don't.

Piper notices the new makeup, gets distracted. Leans forward.

PIPER

But wow, you look great! You look so different. I love it.

Red still scowls through her artfully blended makeup.

PIPER

But no. You don't look happy. But for a time you were. You were hopeful. It raised your hopes.

RED

And now from this great height my hopes will plunge. So much better, thank you.

PIPER

I guess I always try to make everything better.

RED

My mama died when I was 13. The night before the funeral we had a viewing. I had been given a new dress for the occasion. All the relatives were fawning all over me. Telling me what a pretty dress I had, how shiny my shoes were. I couldn't understand why everyone was making such a fuss over the new dress.

Red rolls onto her side so she can face Piper more easily.

RED

My aunt put a ribbon in my hair. I didn't usually wear a ribbon, so that drew more attention too. "What a lovely ribbon! It matches your dress."

Red shakes her head in disbelief.

RED

All I could think was "My mama is lying dead in that box, why are the grownups talking about my dress? My hair?" Even as a child I found it absurd. The next day at the funeral they invited family and friends to stand up to speak, to say something nice about Mama. I wanted to speak. I was nervous, but determined to say one last nice story about Mama. A goodbye.

Piper nods, appreciates the sentiment.

RED

But they wouldn't let me. They said "No, meelaya, it's too upsetting for you. Just sit and listen to the nice things everyone else has to say about your mama." I sat there feeling so angry. I wanted to speak for my mama, but wasn't allowed. They thought I was too weak to handle it. I felt like a victim. Held back. Told to sit quietly and look pretty.

PIPER

I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to treat you like a child.

RED

Well, it is what it is. The store is dead now. You didn't kill it. My bumbling family did. I need to take control again.

PIPER

So what are you going to do?

RED

I need to go scrub my face.

Red gets up and heads out.

PIPER

Hey, Red.

Red turns.

PIPER

That scar doesn't make you look like a victim. It makes you look like a bad ass!

This makes Red smile.

INT. SPANISH BLOCK/GUARD STATION - NIGHT

Daya sneaks out of her bed and finds her way to the guard station where BENNETT sits. She stands at the door.

He does a bad job of hiding his pleasure upon seeing her.

BENNETT

(whispers)

Hi! I've missed you. Two days off used to be heaven. Now it's just 48 hours of hell without you.

She beams, but keeps her distance. Her face becomes a combination of fear and pride. They whisper their words.

DAYA

You told him?

Bennett nods.

BENNETT

I did!

She cringes.

DAYA

But...you're still here.

He stands up, crosses to her. Gets close.

BENNETT

He didn't want to hear!

DAYA

What? What do you mean?

BENNETT

I went into his office, told him that I love you and I'm the father of this baby. He said it was too scandalous, it would make him look bad, and he said I shouldn't say another word about it!

She is so happy she almost cries.

BENNETT

So we can relax. And your bitchy friends can stop blackmailing me now.

After a quick glance to make sure the coast is clear, she pulls him out of the office.

BENNETT

Wait, I can't...

She easily succeeds in leading him to...

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Daya wastes no time in handing out his reward. She unbuttons his shirt, smothers him in kisses. Quickly undoes his pants and starts sending him to heaven right then and there.

DAYA

You are no pussy, John Bennett.

INT. DIVE BAR - FLASHBACK - DAY

42 YEAR-OLD JONES sits at a bar nursing a drink in a small dive bar. The drink in front of Jones is clearly not her first. Worn, tired, older. Still nice boobs though.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

Tim. Timmy. Timmy Timmerson...

The bartender, whose name is presumably TIM, wears an "I Survived Y2K" t-shirt.

TIM

Another?

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

Yes, sir. Uno mas.

She's not dressed so nice now. No jewelry.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

Timmy, you sure you don't need some help? I can bartend.

TIM

Nah. We're all set. Try O'Malley's Bar, next block over. They go through servers like watered down bourbon.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

I'm gonna do that! Thanks! That's my goal for today. Find a job. In fact I'm going over there right now.

TIM

Maybe you should sober up a bit first.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S BAR - FLASHBACK - LATER

Jones sits outside the bar on a bench. A bit more sober now.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

(practices sounding sober)

Hello, I'm Erica. I was wondering if you're hiring. Hello, I'm Erica.

Too serious. Clears throat. Tries again, peppier this time.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

Hi! Are you Jeff? Tim from Shock's sent me, said you might need a server.

A WOMAN hears her talking to herself, glances over. Jones laughs. She pops a mint in her mouth.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

Oh hi, I'm not homeless or crazy. Just practicing what I'm gonna say before I go in. I'm not crazy, honest.

WOMAN

Erica?

The woman, JANIE, is Jones' age, but not as worn. A gentle grace exudes from her. Long flowing dress, crystal necklace.

JANIE

It's Janie Watson. We were in Girl Scouts together.

Jones hops up.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

Oh my lord! Janie!

They hug.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S BAR - FLASHBACK - LATER

Still sitting on the bench, but now they are eating. A hot dog for the now sober Jones, salad in a container for Janie.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

So now I'm just looking for something to keep me going. My rent is so high. I should find a smaller place.

JANIE

I don't know of any job openings. If I think of any I'll call you.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

Actually my phone got turned off last week. I thought I paid that bill on time, but I guess it got lost in the mail.

Janie fiddles with the last bites of her salad.

JANIE

Listen. It's not really my place to say, but maybe a bar isn't the best place to be looking for work.

Jones starts to sob.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES
Am I that obvious?

JANIE
No, sweetie. I'm fairly intuitive.
I feel like you've had a hard run,
and you just need to regroup.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES
Regroup?

JANIE
Yeah, like shed all your old stuff,
your past, your belongings and find
your center. Then start anew.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES
Sounds kind of hippie-dippie.

Janie shrugs.

JANIE
Hey, if it works. I'm heading back
up to the farm now. Why don't you
come with me? Take a little break?

EXT. FARM - HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Jones gets out of Janie's car. Inhales deeply.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES
Mmm. Mountain air. Nice.

JANIE
We love it up here.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES
You live here full time?

Janie nods. They go inside a rustic but cozy house.

INT. JANIE'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Janie, Jones and KEITH, 40s, handsome in a scruffy way, sit
in the small living room. Keith on the couch, Janie and
Jones on the floor using the coffee table as a dining table.
Lovely new age music plays. A fire in the fireplace.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES
You guys make living by selling pot?

Janie pours hot water into a teapot, she steeps some tea.

KEITH

That makes us sound like dealers!
No, we grow the pot, then pass it to
those with medical marijuana cards.

JANIE

Well...yeah...we sell pot. But we
grow it, it's all organic, and might
I add, perfectly legal.

KEITH

Thank you proposition 215!

JANIE

This is THE most perfect climate for
growing the best marijuana. Climate-
wise and culture-wise. This town is
geared for pot-growing.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

And you earn enough to live on it?

KEITH

Sure. Lots of weed-lovers out there.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

I thought only people with medical
cards could buy it.

Janie rolls her eyes.

JANIE

Oh, c'mon, grow up. Here, try some
of this. It's kukicha tea. Full of
vitamin C and calcium. Alkalizes
your body for better health.

She pours a cup for Jones.

JANIE

You know, there's a little house for
rent up the road a few miles.
Probably on half an acre. Didn't
you say you need a smaller place?

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

Yeah. I was making really good money
for a while, but that road is ending.

Keith and Janie look confused.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

I was a stripper.

KEITH

Ah.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

I made great money. Had a great apartment, BMW, nothing but the best. Stupidly, I spent all my money. Not thinking about, you know, stripping's not a career you can count on in your forties.

She finally takes a sip of the kukicha tea. Disgust.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

Ew...that's...just awful.

Janie laughs.

JANIE

Give it a chance. It's an acquired taste.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

So now here I am. Broke, too old to strip, and nothing saved up. Sold all my jewelry. No marketable skills.

KEITH

If you want I can show you how to grow the best pot. In fact we can start you off with some seedlings.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

I can grow a farm of pot?

KEITH

Technically you're allowed to grow up to 99 plants. But, hey, seeds blow in the wind, other plants sprout up. It happens.

He laughs. She mulls this over for a moment. She looks around at this lovely home. Rustic, peaceful, simple.

42 YEAR-OLD JONES

I wouldn't have to wear tie-dye and hang wind chimes outside, would I?

KEITH

Tie-dye optional.

INT. COMMON ROOM - MORNING

BELL and O'NEILL keep an eye on everyone.

ANGLE ON: AA CIRCLE

A smattering of inmates sit in a circle, and impromptu AA sign on the podium. Jones sits quietly listening to a young LATINA INMATE ramble on about a disastrous high school date.

YOUNG LATINA

Then, like, I thought we were going to kiss, but, like, he puked on me...

ANGLE ON: MORELLO WITH HER NEW COLLAGE

Morello puts the finishing touches on her latest collage. Moping Crazy Eyes sits with her Uno deck at a nearby table. Morello takes her collage to a surprised Crazy Eyes.

MORELLO

Wanna see?

Crazy Eyes nods. Morello sits, they look at the collage.

MORELLO

This is the type of outfit I'm gonna wear when I first get out of here. I'm going to wear it when I get my first job. Fashion industry hopefully, but we'll see what I can get.

Crazy Eyes nods, appreciates the outfit.

MORELLO

This is a hairdo I might try. I think it will suit me, don't you?

CRAZY EYES

Oh. Yes. It would.

MORELLO

I could get it cut now in here, but I'm not sure Sofia would get it quite right. I have a girl I go to in Queens. This is my favorite here, this is what I want my next living room to look like. Orangey-yellow walls, like you're in warm Tuscany.

CRAZY EYES

Pretty.

They look at the photos. Hair, clothes, interior decor. Unlike her previous collages there are NO MEN, no romance.

MORELLO

This collage is just for me. My home. My things. My life.

Morello makes eye contact with her.

MORELLO

I give myself away too easily. I fall in love. And I think sometimes I fall in love with men who aren't good for me. You know what I mean?

Crazy Eyes nods.

CRAZY EYES

I do.

MORELLO

Yeah. You do. Sometimes we become attached to bad people. Suzanne...

Morello holds Crazy Eye's hands.

MORELLO

...I know what it's like to love someone and then find out they aren't the person you built them up to be inside your head. You feel sad. Embarrassed. Maybe mad.

CRAZY EYES

I do. All of that!

MORELLO

Sometimes all at once even! And that's okay. But don't hold onto those feelings. You and I are a lot alike. Maybe we can be there for each other. Hey, I have an idea. You wanna play Uno?

CRAZY EYES

It's better with more than two people.

MORELLO

Oh yeah?

Morello spies Taystee, Watson, Poussey and Cindy.

MORELLO

I bet I know who'll play.

Crazy Eyes smiles. Nods.

ANGLE ON: AA CIRCLE

Jones approaches the podium.

YOGA JONES

Hi everyone. I'm Erica. I'm an alcoholic.

AA ATTENDEES

Hi Erica.

YOGA JONES

I've been mulling this over for a while and I think I'm...

She stares down at her hands folded on the podium. A long wait before she finally speaks.

YOGA JONES
...I'm pissed!

Even Bell and O'Neill look over in surprise at that one.

YOGA JONES
Yes. I'm pissed! My mother didn't prepare me for life. I was told that a lady didn't need to go to college. I'd marry into a fine family and never need to learn a trade or have a career. Daddy told me that I deserved whatever my heart desired. They gave me everything. And I was a spoiled little brat!

Some of the inmates perk up. This might be fun after all.

YOGA JONES
I'm angry that my parents did that, and I'm angry that I'm blaming my parents! I'm mad that I spent most of my life chasing money. Buying such nice things. I'm angry that I was stupid enough to spend all the money I made. I'm pissed that I drank my pain away. I'm pissed that I have to feel the pain now! Everything is pissing me off!!!

Even people not in the AA circle are looking and listening.

YOGA JONES
I'm in fucking prison! I am not allowed to eat or pee or listen to music when I want. My freedom is gone. Why the fuck did I have a gun? Why did that little boy's parents not notice he was gone? It was after midnight! I'm pissed that I can't drink anymore! I miss it. And I can't have it. Why can those people over there -
(indicates those NOT in AA)
- drink without it being a problem, but we can't?

The AA members look around, consider this. Some shrug.

YOGA JONES
Doesn't that piss you off?!

Some nods, some mumbled yeses.

YOGA JONES
Life is infuriating!

ANGLE ON: CRAZY EYES PLAYING UNO WITH GROUP

Crazy Eyes mimes an atomic bomb blast with accompanying noise.

ANGLE ON: AA CIRCLE

YOGA JONES
And when I get out of here, I will
still have no life skills, no money,
and I still won't be able to drink!

She's very upset now. But someone ventures a comment.

YOUNG LATINA
You can teach yoga classes.

AA LEADER
Ssh. No cross-talk.

Jones grabs the AA leader binder from the podium and HURLS
it against the wall with an anguished scream.

YOGA JONES
Aaaaarrrrrrrrr!

She picks up the folding chair behind her, lifts it as high
as she can, and SLAMS it down on the floor with all her might.

YOGA JONES
Fuuuuuuuuuucccck!!!

O'Neill stiffens up, is about to step in to diffuse this.
Bell stops him.

BELL
No, no. It's okay. It's part of
the process.

A surprised O'Neill looks at Bell.

O'NEILL
How do you know?

ANGLE ON: BIG BOO READING BOOK BY DOOR

Doggett saunters in, sees the commotion.

DOGGETT
What's going on?

BIG BOO
Meltdown. It was awesome.

The room starts to settle down as AA members comfort Jones.

Doggett approaches Big Boo, stands too close to her.

DOGGETT
I'm onto your game.

Big Boo doesn't even look up.

BIG BOO
Good for you.

DOGGETT
You know what they say. Cold revenge
is the best dish you can serve.

BIG BOO
Do you mean revenge is a dish best
served cold?

DOGGETT
Whatever! Hope you're hungry!

Doggett trots off.

BIG BOO
Have you seen me? I'm always hungry!

ANGLE ON: UNO GROUP

Morello, Crazy Eyes, Taystee, Poussey, Cindy and Watson play Uno at a table. Cards slapped down, oohs and cackling as they battle for victory. Sofia sits nearby, happy to just observe the game.

Red appears. She's back in her harsh Russian lady makeup. Scarlet slash of scowly lipstick, crayon-like eyeliner in a bad cat-eye shape, colored in eyebrows. Scar is very visible.

Sofia raises her exquisitely arched eyebrow in surprise.

RED
I needed my old look back.

SOFIA
I understand. You got a "rep to
protect."

RED
Exactly. I'm keeping the cocoa butter
though.

Morello waves Red over.

MORELLO
Wanna play?

Red considers this odd group. Then shrugs.

RED

Why not?

She sits next to Crazy Eyes, who takes in her whole intensity.

CRAZY EYES

(happy)

Scary Red is back.

INT. OUT-OF-THE-WAY HALLWAY - DAY

Healy leads Piper down an out-of-the-way hallway.

HEALY

Last night I went down to max, looked around their basement. They had some extra equipment I had moved up here.

He opens a door of a small room, an old storeroom or office.

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

HEALY

Don't get excited, it's not much.

Piper sees a crappy old treadmill, a clunky exercise bike and a punching bag with some gloves.

PIPER

Oh, Mr. Healy, it's beautiful! Thank you! This is so great.

She inspects the exercise bike.

PIPER

I bet Jones will like this.

HEALY

She can pretend she's riding through a peaceful forest of majestic redwoods.

They share a chuckle.

HEALY

I'll leave you to it.

Almost out the door before he turns back.

HEALY

Oh, and I checked up on Vause. Her P.O. filed a report to revoke her parole. But that's all I know.

Piper can't control her smile. He sighs and shakes his head.

HEALY

Still hoping for a miracle, huh?

EXT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Taslitz stands watch outside the door.

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Big Boo stands over the open tunnel entrance, big bag of heroin in hand. Nicky's crouched next to her, reaches up for the bag. Big Boo holds onto it, doesn't want to let go.

NICKY

Give it!

Nicky wrenches it out of her hands. Passes it to Vasily, who is tucked down below in the tunnel.

NICKY

You know if your mother finds out you're selling drugs she'll climb through this pipe and come kill you.

VASILY

You let me handle her.

BIG BOO

After she kills us both.

Hand-off is complete.

VASILY

Thank you so much.

NICKY

Hey, if you can manage to throw a little money in me and Boo's commissary, it'd be appreciated.

VASILY

Expect it.

INT. GREENHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Tunnel closed. Boards and table back in place.

BIG BOO

We just gave up a shit load of money. What's in it for us?

NICKY

How about knowing we're doing a good thing for Red?

BIG BOO

Oh. Yay.

NICKY

How about me sleeping better knowing
it's gone?

INT. MISS ROSA'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Nurse finishes her administrations on Miss Rosa back in her own bunk. ANITA sits in her bunk, watching this sad 'end of days' ritual.

NURSE

Okay, different routine for tonight.
Absolutely no food or water past
midnight.

MISS ROSA

What? Why not?

NURSE

Your surgery is scheduled for tomorrow
morning at 9, so it's crucial that
you do not eat after midnight. No
exceptions.

Flummoxed Miss Rosa can barely form the words.

MISS ROSA

My surgery? What surgery?

NURSE

Your oophorectomy.

Miss Rosa can only blink in disbelief. She looks to Anita, who is similarly dumbfounded.

MISS ROSA

I'm getting the surgery?

NURSE

Yes. Caputo pushed it through.

Her eyes brim with tears.

MISS ROSA

So soon?

(to Anita)

I only spoke to him about 'the thing'
yesterday.

NURSE

Well, I don't know about that, but
he filed the paperwork for your
surgery three days ago.

Nurse gathers her stuff and heads out.

NURSE
Nothing after midnight!

MISS ROSA
Yes, of course!

Nurse leaves. Anita and Miss Rosa SCREAM in joy.

INT. HEALY BEDROOM - NIGHT

KATYA gets ready for bed, brushing her hair. Healy is already lying on the bed in boxers and undershirt. He watches her.

HEALY
Why don't you come on over here?
You look so nice.

KATYA
Oh, I don't. I don't even have my
makeup on.

HEALY
Are you kidding? You're beautiful!

She soaks up the compliment, but doesn't move to join him.

HEALY
Come over here next to me.

She stands, but moves toward the door.

KATYA
I think first I want to watch TV.

He grabs the remote.

HEALY
We've got a TV right here.

KATYA
I prefer living room.

Just as she reaches the bedroom door, Healy's stern voice stops her.

HEALY
Katya! You know, I'm starting to
think maybe we aren't a very good
match for each other.

She stares at him.

HEALY
If you feel the same and don't want
to be in this marriage then maybe
you should go home.

Terror in her eyes. Goodbye green card!

He gets up and pushes past her out of the room.

INT. PHONE BANK - NIGHT

Piper's on the phone.

PIPER

Hi, Larry.

LARRY (O.S.)

(on phone)

Hey, Pipes. How are you?

INT. POLLY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Larry leans on the kitchen counter, he stirs his tea.

INTERCUT LARRY AND PIPER

PIPER

You know, I've been thinking. Lots of time to think in here.

LARRY

I'm sure.

PIPER

Only four months ago you and I were in love, living together, engaged.

LARRY

Yes, I seem to recall that.

PIPER

Things have changed.

LARRY

Indeed they have.

PIPER

Let's be adult about this and accept it. You ended up with the last person I wanted you to be with. And I ended up with the last person you wanted me to be with.

LARRY

You have? Is she back?

PIPER

Well, not yet. But I'm expecting her back any day since her parole's been revoked.

LARRY

Yeah. Okay. But do you have to sound so happy about it?

PIPER

Sorry. I guess I have happiness issues.

INT. HEALY BASEMENT - NIGHT

Healy, still in boxers and undershirt, rides an exercise bike that's nestled in amongst big boxes and old suitcases.

Breathes hard, sweaty. He rides like the devil.

INT. GYM - MORNING

Jones is in the makeshift gym. But not on the exercise bike.

Boxing gloves on. Beats the living shit out of the punching bag. Punches, punches, punches!

O'Neill looks on.

O'NEILL

I need to start going to the gym.

INT. DINING HALL - MORNING

Piper bounces through the cafeteria with her breakfast tray. Sits with Nicky, Sister, Red, Norma, and Big Boo. Her smile prompts goofy looks and chuckles.

BIG BOO

You get an extra banana or something?

NICKY

She's expecting company.

SISTER

Oh, a visitor?

NICKY

Not exactly. She's expecting long tall Sally to walk in any moment.

PIPER

Alex's parole has been revoked. She's being processed.

They frown.

RED

Oh. That's too bad. For her. Good for you, I guess.

Piper shrugs.

PIPER
It is what it is.

Morello rushes in from outside, coat still on.

MORELLO
Piper! I have news about Alex!

Shoves Nicky aside, plops down across from Piper.

MORELLO
I just transported some inmates over to max. I was talking to some of the guards down there.
(getting off point)
Some of them are so cute, oh my gosh, this one was flirting with me. He was so handsome, I think he's Greek.

Nicky snaps her fingers.

NICKY
Focus!

MORELLO
I asked about your Alex.

Piper's breathless.

PIPER
And?

MORELLO
You're right. She's back in prison.

Big grin for Piper.

MORELLO
In New Jersey. She got sent to Pikeville Penitentiary!

Grin gone.

BIG BOO
(chuckles)
Oh shit. Prison's bad enough. But prison...in New Jersey!

Piper's mouth hangs open. MORTIFICATION.

Fuck!

FADE TO ORANGE