

# **peaches**

"Pilot"

Written By

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INT. BLACK ESCALADE (MOVING) - DAY

It's silent. ELLE WETHERS [17] is emotionless, gently bobbing with the car. She's slender, Auburn hair, usually pretty... The type of well-scrubbed, no-pore beauty that comes with wealth and professional fame; but at the moment you wouldn't be able to tell any of that, because her face is **fucked**.

I'm talkin' black eye, cuts, bruises, neck brace, the works. She gingerly puts on a pair of black sunglasses, to:

**peaches**

PAN to GRENADINE KRELL [40s], Elle's mother/manager, also in the backseat. Well-dressed, whiff of white trash, texting.

GRENADINE  
Steven asked how you are.

ELLE  
Frenecki or Gottford.

GRENADINE  
Gottford. From the network.

ELLE  
Tell him I'm shitty.

GRENADINE  
I'll say you're doing fine.

ELLE  
Why would I be **fine**?

GRENADINE  
You will be...  
(distracted)  
Back to work in no time.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, we see that we're winding through the quaint town of **Princeton, NJ**. Elle watches as ROSY-CHEEKED COLLEGE KIDS sip lattes, talk, study, laugh. Walking in groups through fallen leaves...

Before tearing her eyes away and swallowing.

ELLE  
I don't want to go back.

GRENADINE  
You're not well.

ELLE  
 (darkly)  
 I thought I was fine.

GRENADINE  
 You will be. And Dr. Kos --  
 (reading)  
 Fuck. I don't know how to pronounce  
 Polish names. Anyway, he's the best  
 there is in Adolescent Psychology,  
 and moved appointments to fit you  
 in-- so be nice...

She looks at her phone.

GRENADINE (CONT'D)  
 Susan sends her love and hopes  
 you're doing alright.

ELLE  
 Creedy or Stone.

GRENADINE  
 Creedy. From the label.

ELLE  
 Tell her not to worry. I'll be back  
 in no time... Apparently.

Grenadine squeezes Elle's shoulder, then turns back to her phone, as THE CAR ROLLS TO A STOP. THE DRIVER [MALE] comes around and opens the door. Elle steps out --

EXT. PRINCETON MEDICAL CENTER (PMC) - CONTINUOUS

-- Looking up at the STATELY HOSPITAL. VALETS are milling about out front. PEOPLE are getting pushed in wheelchairs.

PUSH IN ON A THIRD STORY WINDOW: Where a small GIRL [HOLLY ANDERS, 12] is monitoring the entrance through BINOCULARS.

INT. PMC PSYCH WARD, HOLLY'S DORMITORY - SAME

BINOCULAR POV: Elle, looking up at the place as she walks toward it. Grenadine, in a tight pencil skirt, holding a Birkin bag, texting and coming around the car.

HOLLY  
 We've got incoming.

She turns to the GIRLS draped around the room behind her.

MARISA CONSUELES [24] legs up on the wall, lying on the floor, chewing gum and reading scripture.

MARISA  
How do you know it's for us?

HOLLY  
Am I ever wrong?

ALICE [17] binge eater, clinically depressed, getting her hair French-braided by her anorexic twin sister, ARDEN [17].

ALICE  
There was that one time you thought we were getting a schizo and it was a lady heading to the OR with a massive brain tumor.

HOLLY  
Ok, so, one time. And all signs pointed to crazy, how was I supposed to know the underlying cause from three stories up? Shit -- I get no respect around here.

MARISA  
Language.

HOLLY  
Yeah, yeah, yeah--  
Ungrateful slitches.

Holly puts the binoculars back up. Marisa pops a bubble and slides her eyes over to Holly.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
Can't get mad. Slitches isn't a real word.

EXT. PMC - DAY

Grenadine and Elle walk toward the LOBBY.

GRENADINE  
So, there are a few things we should talk about. I'm getting pressured for responses-- no pressure on you, of course.

ELLE  
Shoot.

GRENADINE  
Statements, interviews. One on one exclusives. You have requests from The View, The Chew, The Talk --

INT. PMC, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

ELLE

No.

Walking and talking.

GRENADINE

To which?

ELLE

All of them.

GRENADINE

I don't think that's wise.

ELLE

I don't care.

GRENADINE

What about Dateline? Skip the morning and afternoon circuit --

ELLE

**No.** I said I needed to get out of LA, I agreed to speak to a shrink. I'm considering going back to work, but I have nothing to say to Barbara Walters or the general pop.

She presses the ELEVATOR BUTTON.

ELLE (CONT'D)

I know people feel a sense of ownership over me because they watched me grow up, but that's exactly why we're in this mess in the first place... I'm done.

GRENADINE

So, no interviews then.

Elle shoots her a look. They step inside an ELEVATOR. PATIENTS get in around them...

INT. PMC, ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The doors CLOSE. Grenadine tries another approach.

GRENADINE

What about Instagram? Connect with the fans directly, controlled setting, completely a hundred percent you--

(MORE)

GRENADINE (CONT'D)

(to Someone)

Third floor, thanks.

(then)

I'm being pushy.

ELLE

You really are.

GRENADINE

But it's my job to see the forest through the trees here.

ELLE

I know what your job is, I'm the one who signs your checks.

That came out harsher than intended.

SFX: DING

People file in/out. Elle and Grenadine continue up to the THIRD FLOOR. Elle shifts, becoming vulnerable.

ELLE (CONT'D)

But I just-- need you to be my mom right now. Can you do that?

Grenadine softens, touching Elle's face.

GRENADINE

I know. I know you're upset... And that you get irritated with me sometimes- more since the accident.

ELLE

Attack.

GRENADINE

Incident. The point is, I only have the brand's best interest at heart.

ELLE

My best interest... You mean my best interest at heart.

SFX: DING

The doors open. THIRD FLOOR.

GRENADINE

That's what I said.

INT. PMC, THIRD FLOOR WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

GRETA DURANG [25] is a giant with a buzzcut and bandages on her arms. She sits in the waiting room, reading a magazine with ELLE'S PICTURE ON THE COVER.

Elle plops down in the seat next to Greta, as Grenadine walks up to the ADMINISTRATIVE DESK, talking to the GIRL behind the desk. Elle seems disturbed by their conversation in the elevator. She watches her mother, lost in thought, suppressing a swell of emotion.

Meanwhile... Greta slowly tilts down the front corner of the magazine and frowns, looking at the picture... Then at Elle.

GRETA  
(tapping the cover)  
That's you, right?

Elle turns, coming face-to-face with herself. That person seems lightyears away.

ELLE  
Yeah.

GRETA  
(appraising her)  
Shit... Photoshop really does work miracles.

Elle's brows furrow as much as they can.

ELLE  
I don't normally look like this.  
That picture was taken before--

GRETA  
--I was joking.

ELLE  
Got it. Funny.

GRETA  
Before what?

ELLE  
I'm surprised you don't know. It's literally everywhere.

GRETA  
(shrugging)  
Tried to kill myself a few days ago, so. I dunno. Bit behind the news cycle.

Elle looks at her bandaged arms and feels like an asshole.

ELLE  
Oh, I'm sorry --

GRETA  
-- No, it's ok.

ELLE  
That's way worse --

GRETA  
No, really. I've tried a couple  
times, so.  
(beat)  
What'd I miss?

INT. MID-CENTURY MANSION (LOS ANGELES) - NIGHT

FLASHBACK. Elle tosses her keys on a console. She slips off her heels, puts down her clutch, and plods into a dark, too large, and professionally furnished manse. Her face shifts --

-- She doesn't remember leaving a light on in the master bedroom, or Spotify crooning in the background. she quietly makes her way down the LONG CORRIDOR...

INT. MID-CENTURY MANSION, MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Elle pushes the bedroom door open to REVEAL: **A MAN**. In an AUBURN WIG, wearing her clothes, nails painted her favorite color, sweater straining against his bulk. Elle should scream, but as he turns, sweat beading on his upper lip, eyes bulging, all she can muster is:

ELLE  
What the fuck --

Before he lets out a guttural, high-pitched scream and rushes straight for her.

- Elle hits the carpet with a thud
- Elle tries to fight him off and gets punched in the face.

HARD CUT TO:

PRESENT. On Greta, processing.

GRETA  
Shit, son.

ELLE  
Price of fame, right?



GRETA

Doesn't seem worth it to me.

(then)

I mean, some guy broke into your house... and stretched out **all** of your clothes.

Elle looks at her. Greta cracks a small smile.

GRENADINE (O.S.)

Time to go.

A NURSE (ROBERTA) [50s] holds open the door to the PSYCH WARD. Elle pushes herself up and follows her mom into the ward. A beat before she leans back into the WAITING ROOM.

ELLE

What was your name?

GRETA

Greta.

ELLE

It was weirdly nice to meet you.

GRETA

Yeah, same. I'll see you in there. Inpatient, so.

ELLE

Inpatient... Like, you stay here?

GRETA

Yep. Sometimes for a while. Sometimes not. Thoughts and tendencies.

ELLE

Never knew what that meant.

GRETA

Most people think suicide's a "one-and-done" type thing.

Elle disappears behind the door... She pops her head back in.

ELLE

I don't know if I should tell you this, but... you spelled resuscitate wrong.

Beat. Greta looks at her arm. In spotty blood stains it reads DO NOT RECESSITATE through the gauze.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
It's s-u-s-c-i-t-a-t-e.

GRETA  
Shit. Thanks.

Elle disappears into the PSYCH WARD, for good this time.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
Hey, Amy?

Desk girl (AMY) leans out from behind a desktop.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
Do you have a scissor I could  
borrow?

INT. BOHEMIAN APARTMENT (PHILADELPHIA, PA), BEDROOM - DAY

A DUDE (CHRIS) [22] handsome, shirt off is asleep in a pile of rose colored sheets. There are scarves over the windows, the place has the general air of an opium den.

A topless girl, most likely the most beautiful anyone's ever seen, sits up next to him in bed. This is CALEDONIA "CALLIE" FAIRCHILD [19]. She props her head up on her hand, takes a drag of a burned down cigarette, and watches him sleep.

She reaches over and lightly taps the cigarette over his face. Ashes land on his nose. He sleepily rubs them off but doesn't wake up. She sucks on the cigarette then slowly lowers the burning butt straight down onto his chest.

CHRIS  
Ow, fuck! What the --

He leaps out of bed.

CALLIE  
Oh good. You're awake.

She flicks the cigarette into an ashtray on the nightstand.

CHRIS  
You crazy bitch!

CALLIE  
Shh... Listen to me, baby. Look at  
me. Breathe.

She climbs to the edge of the bed like a cat, then sits up on her knees.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
I need you to get the fuck out of  
my place.  
(then)  
Now.

He stares at her with a stupid look on his face. Callie realizes she's going to have to treat him like a child.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
Ok... *One*.

CHRIS  
Are you serious?

She pushes him. Hard.

CALLIE  
*Two*.

He lunges at her. She moves out of the way with ease, off the bed and to her feet.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
Better get moving, you're already  
at *three*.

CHRIS  
Are you serious! Are you fucking  
kidding me right now?

He scrambles up.

CALLIE  
Who stays in somebody's bed till  
four in the afternoon?! Speaking of-

She shoves him again, harder.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
-- *FOUR!*

CHRIS  
Touch me again, I'll kill you.

CALLIE  
Oh, believe me, baby. Better men  
have tried. *FIVE*.

Callie pulls the bedroom door open. He grabs his stuff by the armful and looks at her, pointing fingers.

CHRIS  
You know, everyone says you're  
fucking nuts. That's all anyone  
knows about you!

INT. BOHEMIAN APARTMENT, LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

She marches toward the front door. He follows.

CALLIE  
*Six.*

CHRIS  
That you're some spoiled, rich-kid  
junkie who will fuck anything for a  
score. Well, ain't that the truth.

A GLASS VASE whizzes past his head and smashes to pieces.

CALLIE  
*Seven.*

CHRIS  
You know what?

CALLIE  
*Eight.*

CHRIS  
Fuck this.

CALLIE  
*Nine.*

She pulls the front door open. He stomps into the hall.

CHRIS  
I hope you die alone, you psychotic-

CALLIE  
*-- Ten.*

Callie lets the door slam shut in his face.

She grabs a cigarette and matchbook off the entryway table.  
Strikes it, lights it. Blows smoke and keeps walking...

She reaches over and lets the needle drop on a RECORD PLAYER.  
Heads back to her bedroom as CLASSICAL MUSIC fills the place.

INT. BOHEMIAN APARTMENT, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She comes in, totally relaxed. We see stacks of books: everything from Nietzsche, to obscure texts on particle physics and psychology, a certificate from MENSA... She finds a loose pill on her dresser. Jiggles an almost empty can of soda, tosses both back-- finds another, swallows that one too. Her PHONE starts to BUZZ on the nightstand.

She walks over and looks to see who's calling: UNKNOWN NUMBER. She lets it go to VOICEMAIL. She's about to put it back on the nightstand when it starts to ring again. UNKNOWN NUMBER... the caller HANGS UP.

A beat before a string of TEXTS come through: MONEY EMOJI... GUN EMOJI... SKULL EMOJI...

She takes a long, thoughtful drag.

INT. PMC PSYCH WARD, DR. K'S OFFICE - DAY

Elle and Grenadine plop on an old couch.

DR. K [40] attractive but worn-out, walks in and introduces himself with a handshake.

DR. K

I'm Dr. K. Thanks for coming all this way.

GRENADINE

Oh, it's no trouble really. Elle needed a break from the bustle, and we're from Hopewell originally. My mother's still there --

DR. K

-- Great.

He's terrible at small talk, clears his throat.

DR. K (CONT'D)

I'd like to start with you both here, since Elle is a minor. And then, speak to Elle alone. If that's alright.

GRENADINE

Of course.

He gets down to business, jotting notes.

DR. K  
How were you feeling when you woke  
up this morning?

ELLE  
Sore.

GRENADINE  
Don't be difficult.

ELLE  
I'm not, I'm being honest.

DR. K  
Have you been sleeping?

ELLE  
Not on my own. First morphine. Then  
Ambien.

DR. K  
I'd like to get you off of that if  
possible...  
(writing)  
Who prescribed the Ambien?

GRENADINE  
Dr. Bennett... At Cedars.

ELLE  
That's where I went, after it  
happened.

DR. K  
And when was the attack?

GRENADINE  
Incident.

DR. K  
Whatever you feel comfortable  
calling it... Elle.

ELLE  
Two weeks ago.

DR. K  
Have you been back to your house  
since?

She picks at a nail bed.

ELLE

Not really. I went to the hospital, then the police, but somebody in the department sold my photos to TMZ. So, I wanted to get out of town for a while.

Her foot jiggles.

DR. K

It's often helpful to get out of the environment where a traumatic event has occurred... Take time off. Heal --

GRENADINE

-- Sorry, to interrupt... But I'm just wondering how much time off?

Beat. Elle looks at her mother like she has three heads.

GRENADINE (CONT'D)

Elle isn't like normal kids, you see. She has obligations. Lucrative obligations and opportunities. Responsibilities. I mean, thank God the show is on mid-season hiatus and she's not touring 'til May, but I have to let people know when they can expect to have her back. You understand --

ELLE

I don't even know when I'll be ready to go back.

GRENADINE

Honey, let the man speak.

DR. K

-- I do... But I don't like to impose time limits on these things, every patient --

GRENADINE

Well, Elle's not really a patient, right? This is a strategy meeting, to get a plan of action. That's what we discussed on the phone.

DR. K

-- Is different. Trauma is a tricky thing;

(MORE)

DR. K (CONT'D)

a person may respond one way the first week, differently the next month. Feelings of hopelessness, detachment, anger, the desire to make major life changes --

GRENADINE

(horror)  
How major?

DR. K

-- Are all normal.  
(then)  
I'd like to speak to Elle alone, if that's ok?

She smiles, the room is tense.

GRENADINE

I'll just be outside.

She kisses Elle on the head, protectively/possessively, and gets up. Elle watches her go...

SFX: THE DOOR CLOSES

... And knows what she has to do.

ELLE

There was a girl in the waiting room. Greta. She said she was inpatient.

DR. K

We have a lot of long-term, live-in patients here.

ELLE

How long is long-term?

DR. K

Depends on insurance plans, the severity of the illness. Anywhere from a month to three, usually.

Beat.

ELLE

Sign me in.

DR. K

What?



ELLE

I have primo PPO, and if your professional opinion doesn't include talk show therapy, strapping on high heels, a smile, and sending me home with a Xanax prescription to a seven-figure book deal, she's never gonna hear it. So, sign me the fuck **in**.

Dr. K gives Elle a long look.

DR. K

I can't.

ELLE

What?

DR. K

What I mean is, you can't sign yourself in.

(then)

You're a minor. I need your mother's consent to admit you.

Beat. Elle leans back and kicks the couch --

ELLE

Fuck!

EXT. HIGHWAY - TWILIGHT

A banged-up, filthy RED CORVETTE is racing through traffic in the far left lanes. This is either the best or worst driver you've ever seen. A road sign indicates that **PRINCETON, NJ** is a mile or two out...

EXT./INT. CALLIE'S CORVETTE (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Callie is drinking a slushy and listening to the same CLASSICAL TRACK as earlier, picking up speed.

She gets honked at as she flies crosses multiple lanes of traffic, veering off the highway at the **PRINCETON** exit.

INT. PMC PSYCH WARD, DR. K'S OFFICE - SAME

Elle's on her feet, pacing. Mind racing, trying to hold it all together.

ELLE

I can't think with this thing on --

DR. K  
Just try to calm... Down.

She reaches around and peels the velcro of the neck brace off, revealing fingerprints in bruises.

Elle, hands on her hips, eyes closed. He looks at her, trying to remain impassive.

ELLE  
What are my options?  
(off his silence)  
I can't be the only minor in the history of the mental health system who's needed treatment that a guardian wouldn't consent to.

Beat.

DR. K  
Hypothetically, should she interfere with your care --

ELLE  
She will.

DR. K  
I can override her, legally.  
(then)  
If I believe you are at risk for substantial harm or significant deterioration --

ELLE  
How much time?

DR. K  
72 hours.  
(then)  
But you have to understand, if I intervene, this all becomes real. You'll have a hearing to determine further treatment. I'll have to make a compelling case for keeping you against your guardian's will. If legal paperwork is filed...

ELLE  
It becomes public record.

DR. K  
There is protection because of HIPAA, but I've never treated somebody --

ELLE

Whose medical information and legal documents have a rabid online following?

He nods. Elle sits back down, running her hands through her hair, as Dr. K glances over his notes:

CAMERA SCANS THE CLIPBOARD -- words and phrases pop out: "Exhibiting signs of Post Traumatic Stress," "Picking, scratching, physiological responses to discussion of the event" "Dependent mother," "Despondent, numb."

DR. K (O.S.)

How'd you do it?...

(then)

Escape, I mean.

POP-FLASH, THE ATTACK: Elle's hand finally wraps around the stem of an EMMY on the under-shelf of her nightstand. She swings with all her might.

HARD CUT TO:

ELLE

It was a Daytime Emmy.

(beat)

People think they're not as good as regular Emmys, but they work just fine if you ask me.

DR. K

Did it kill him?

ELLE

No.

She crosses her arms.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Well, I don't know. I told the cops I'd never seen him before and didn't want details.

(then)

All I know is he thinks, or thought, he is or was me.

Dr. K is lost in thought. Rubbing his chin absentmindedly.

DR. K

Sounds like Delusional Disorder. Possibly Schizophrenia...

(MORE)

DR. K (CONT'D)

Your appearance at the house, being confronted with reality in the midst of psychosis, was probably what jolted him to act so violently...

He trails off... His eyes land back on Elle.

ELLE

I'm not alright.

DR. K

I know.

ELLE

(a beat)

So, you wanna tell her or should I?

EXT. PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, PROSPECT AVENUE - NIGHT

Callie pulls up in front of an EATING CLUB, perfectly aligned against the curb despite the full throttle halt.

She gets out, takes a SUPER SOAKER and WATER PISTOL from the passenger seat. Drops a cigarette to the pavement and snuffs it with her foot.

She marches toward the TUDOR-STYLE MANSION... CUT TO:

EXT. TUDOR MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

She bangs on the door with her fist.

MALE (O.S.)

Who are you and what's your cup size?

She bangs again.

MALE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Jeez, alright, one sec.

RICK [18] (looks like a Brooks Brothers ad) opens the door. He puts his hands up, locking them behind his head and stretching as he checks her out, breaking into a grin.

Callie ignores his blatant eye-fucking. She holds the water pistol up to his chest, Super Soaker slung around her back.

CALLIE

Where is he?

RICK

Who's he?

CALLIE  
Your fearless leader.

RICK  
Ah, boss-man's busy. But I'd be  
happy to service you.  
(bro-nod)  
Rick, first door on the left.

CALLIE  
In your wet dreams, Dick.

She pushes forward, backing him into the FOYER.

INT. TUDOR MANSION, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Rick's still amused.

CALLIE  
James Fairchild the... What are  
you? The third, fourth?

JAMES (O.C.)  
Huh?

RICK  
(calling out)  
Yo, J. There's a total babe here  
who wants to join the party.

Callie starts marching toward the sound of James' voice...

INT. TUDOR MANSION, GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BROS playing video games in various stages of stupor  
including BRETT HAVERFORD [19] a square-jawed bonehead,  
smoking some seriously potent weed and big-man-on-campus,  
JAMES FAIRCHILD III [21] in a torn recliner, fooling around  
with a hot COED [19].

JAMES  
Yeah? Tell her if she wants to  
taste the king, she's gonna have to  
get in line... Oh, fuck.

Callie leans in the doorway.

CALLIE  
Wow, tempting. But I don't mix  
business with incest. Or pity.

RICK  
(putting it together)  
This is your *sister*?

Her eyes narrow.

CALLIE  
Half, at best.

JAMES  
What do you want, Cal?

CALLIE  
To go back in time and abort you,  
but I'll settle for sixty two  
hundred dollars and seventy five  
cents in cash.

JAMES  
I'm sorry... Is that a water gun?

She points the pistol at him.

CALLIE  
Give me the fucking money, James.

Beat. The boys start laughing.

JAMES  
What's your plan, Cal? Come in here  
and give me a wedgie, a wet willy?

She unloads the pistol in his face and he starts coughing --  
Then choking on a thick substance.

Callie wipes the barrel and licks her finger.

CALLIE  
Mm... Peanut-y.

James' eyes widen as he slides toward the floor.

JAMES  
(struggling)  
EpiPen.

Callie drops the water pistol and whips out the Super Soaker.

CALLIE  
Nobody FUCKING move!  
(to the Coed)  
Except you. Get out of my way.

The Coed looks between them and runs out. Callie kneels down  
to get in James' face.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Bravo, big, bastard bro. I've always been impressed with your ability to milk the Fairchild name.

(then)

What strip club did your mother work at again? Or was she a temp... I forget.

JAMES

(labored)

Fuck you. You're just pissed cause I'm the favorite now and you're a cut off -- fuck-up.

(then)

What are you on, Cal, who do you owe this time, huh?

She smiles at him and stands up, looking at Brett --

CALLIE

Brett Haverford!

He's currently too stoned to function.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I tutored you in chemistry at one point.

JAMES (O.C.)

Heard you did more than that.

She stomps down on James' face.

CALLIE

Go back to the hole in the condom you crawled out of --

Twists her boot heel into his cheek.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

-- Or at least anaphylactic shock.

He lets out a string of profanities.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

(to Brett)

Pop quiz, stud: What happens when you mix pure capsaicin with isopropyl alcohol and acetic acid?

Brett doesn't know how to answer. She starts whistling the JEOPARDY TUNE. Beat. Then lifts the Super Soaker and sprays him in the face. It burns. He screams.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Answer: military-grade Mace. You moronic Adonis... How did any of you get into this school, my God.

The remaining group is in full panic.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

So, now that I have your attention: ONE of you is going to run up to that safe, the one packed full of daddy-money and party dues -- RUN! With the swiftness of a real, fucking, all-American GOD, or I will blind, scathe and burn the cocks off every last one of you. Capiisce?

She fires a warning shot into the ceiling.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Go.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Running up the stairs
- Spinning the handle on a safe
- Emptying cash out-- inside are pictures, party drugs, etc.

INT. TUDOR MANSION, GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Callie takes an EpiPen from her back pocket and goes to roughly pull off James' pants. He puts up a fight.

CALLIE

Yeah. Sucks when people pull your pants down without asking... Doesn't it?

He falls back in defeat. She shakes it up with a wry smirk, bites the cap off, and stabs him in the thigh with excessive force. Off his howl, to:

EXT. TUDOR MANSION - LATER

She comes banging out of the house with a brown paper bag of money. She stops to light a cigarette.

Looks at her PHONE and opens MESSAGES to text the UNKNOWN NUMBER -- Typing that she has the money...

SFX: SIRENS GETTING CLOSER. She looks up, irritated.



CALLIE

Pussies.

INT. PMC PSYCH WARD, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Grenadine storms out of Dr. K's office, he follows.

GRENADINE

No! Absolutely not.

Holly, Marisa, and the other girls poke their heads out.

DR. K

There is work to be done that cannot be completed on an outpatient basis.

GRENADINE

You were supposed to talk to her and make this better! She is not staying with these --

Grenadine realizes they're all watching. Greta walks to the front of the pack and cracks her knuckles, crossing her arms.

GRENADINE (CONT'D)

(drops her voice)

People.

DR. K

I'm on your side. I'm on her side. We're all on the same side.

GRENADINE

What did she say to you? You know she's an actress, right? Instead of dealing with this by returning to normalcy, she's manipulating you to say "fuck you" to me.

DR. K

I'm not entirely sure this is about you.

GRENADINE

(hisses)

It's always about the mother.

DR. K

Can you please come back into my office so we can discuss this privately.

Elle wanders out of the office.

ELLE

How's it going... Not well? Didn't think it would be.

(nods)

Sup, Greta.

GRETA

Hey, Elle.

(to the others)

Told you. She knows me.

GRENADINE

Elle, this is absurd. Get your bag, get your coat. We are leaving.

She reaches for Elle's wrist, but Elle pulls away, toward Greta and the other girls -- CUT TO:

EXT./INT. CALLIE'S CORVETTE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Callie looks in her REARVIEW sees a COP CAR behind her, sirens blaring. She drives faster, zooming through CAMPUS and toward the SMALL TOWN OF PRINCETON.

She whizzes past a BLUE H (HOSPITAL) SIGN -- BACK TO:

INT. PMC PSYCH WARD, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Grenadine watches Elle slip through her fingers.

ELLE

Let's do this... Right here, right now.

GRENADINE

Have you completely lost your mind?

ELLE

Yeah, I have. Or I'm about to, and that's exactly the problem. But you don't listen. Hit it, doc.

Dr. K's hand is finally forced.

DR. K

Elenora Wethers, do you understand that you are believed to be a danger to yourself and others, and are therefore being committed to a psychiatric hold?

Roberta passes him a stack of paperwork.

ELLE  
 Nope, not at all -- what's going  
 on? IDK, because I'm crazy.

GRENADINE  
 Elle --

ELLE  
 Keep it comin'!

DR. K  
 Do you understand that at the  
 end of this 72 hour period  
 commencing on -- November the  
 12th, 2019. You will have the  
 right to contest this  
 decision in front of a Judge.

GRENADINE  
 You have no idea what you are  
 doing- You are a teenager and  
 you are making a choice that  
 can potentially alter your  
 life forever -- It could make  
 you unhirable, do you  
 understand what that means?

ELLE  
 Oh, I understand... But in case you  
 don't get what just happened here,  
 I'll spell it out in terms you  
 understand: You're **fired**.

Dr. K signs.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
 I'll see you in court.

Beat.

HOLLY  
 Actually, they usually just have  
 hearings in the multipurpose room  
 downstairs.

ELLE  
 (to Grenadine)  
 I'll see you in the multipurpose  
 room downstairs!

EXT./INT. CALLIE'S CORVETTE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Callie is racing down the same, small street that Elle's  
 Escalade drove down earlier. PEOPLE are diving out of the  
 way, spilling coffee, knocking into one another. She turns a  
 corner toward the HOSPITAL --

INT. PMC PSYCH WARD, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Grenadine is seething.

GRENADINE

You're going to pay for this, Kos-  
 Fuck! Whatever your name is --  
 (then)  
 You have no idea who the fuck  
 you're fucking with, and Elle.

There are no words to express her rage, or too many.

GRENADINE (CONT'D)

I'll see you in three days.

Elle says nothing, jaw clenched. Greta waves Grenadine off.

Grenadine marches toward the ward's double doors and hits the  
 EXIT button. They open with the sound of a loud BUZZER --  
 Elle watches her mother disappear.

GRETA

Well, this is the most exciting  
 night I've had in weeks.

SFX: SIRENS, SCREECHING RUBBER, AND CRASHING METAL.

All of their eyes widen. Beat. Holly motions for the girls to  
 follow her into a DORMITORY. Elle shudders, nerves shot.

DR. K

Come on, we'll get you some  
 earplugs.

He nods for Elle to come with him to the NURSES STATION.

DR. K (CONT'D)

Berta, can you please set Elle up  
 with a toothbrush, earplugs and  
 some extra blankets in -- What do  
 we have available?

Roberta checks the system.

ROBERTA

Just one room left, sir.

DR. K

Great. We can handle the rest of  
 the paperwork in the morning.

He raps his knuckles on the desk.

DR. K (CONT'D)

Try to get some sleep.

He departs... Elle realizes something:

ELLE  
Without meds?

He doesn't answer. Elle bites her cheek. What if she has nightmares?

DOWN THE HALL: Doc K checks his watch and wipes his hands down his face, exhausted.

INT. PMC PSYCH WARD, ELLE'S DORMITORY - NIGHT

Roberta reaches into the dark room and flicks on the lights holding linens and a toothbrush.

Elle wanders in and looks around, like she's touring a sad, studio apartment. The dormitory is a far cry from her Hollywood manse, empty aside from two, bare, twin beds.

ROBERTA  
(placing items on a bed)  
Towels, pillow cases, toothbrush,  
and...

Elle opens one of the closets. Hangers welded to the rod. Roberta gently sits a small teddy bear on top of the pile.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)  
If you need anything, call button's  
just there.

Elle closes the closet door and doesn't turn around, awash in the feeling that she's made a huge mistake.

ELLE  
Thanks.

Roberta leaves. Elle steels herself enough to look up. She sees the bear.

INT. PMC PSYCH WARD, HOLLY'S DORMITORY - NIGHT

The girls are pushing each other, crowded around the SAME WINDOW as before -- Holly in the middle with binoculars.

EXT. PMC - NIGHT

Callie's car is stopped, one inch behind an ACCESS-A-RIDE BUS unloading the ELDERLY and DISABLED. Smoke is coming out of another VEHICLE. Everyone is staring.

Callie pushes the car door open with her foot and steps out, walking to the passenger side. TWO SMALL-TOWN COPS (early 20s) get out of their car as well --

COP 1  
Put your hands above your head.

COP 2  
Don't fucking move, lady!

Callie has an unlit cigarette between her lips. She puts one hand up and reaches with the other to grab a duffel bag. She shrugs it onto her shoulder.

COP 1  
I said hands!

She turns to face them with her hands up. Holding a lighter and her keys... Midriff exposed. He falters.

COP 1 (CONT'D)  
Now turn around. Spread your legs  
and put your hands on the hood.

Callie smells weakness. A valet, CARLOS [50s], comes around.

CARLOS  
(Spanish)  
Hi, Callie. Long time no see.

CALLIE  
(Spanish)  
Carlo, you look good. How are Maria  
and the kids?

She kisses him on the cheek and drops the keys into his open hand. He gives her the claim ticket.

CARLOS  
(Spanish)  
Ah, good. You know, they're getting  
big. She's getting fat.

Callie looks apologetic --

COP 2  
Are you trying to get shot?!

His hand is on his holster.

CALLIE  
Please, you're not going to shoot  
me.

CARLOS  
(Spanish)  
Long-term parking?

CALLIE  
Si, darling.

CARLOS  
(Spanish, sotto)  
Fuckin pigs.

He gets in the driver's side of the Corvette and pulls away.

CALLIE  
Now... Why don't we mosey on  
upstairs and discuss this like  
civilized adults?

COP 2  
No--

COP 1  
What's upstairs?

They look at each other.

CALLIE  
Several mental health professionals  
and a file thicker than the bible  
attesting to the fact that I am a  
mentally unstable individual with  
at least five diagnosable disorders  
including but not limited to  
borderline personality disorder,  
antisocial personality disorder,  
addiction, nymphomania and  
uncontrollable rage. I mean, look  
at me-- non compos mentis, I'm  
completely insane.

She flicks the lighter on and tilts her head to light the  
cig... Blowing a long waft of smoke.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
Talk amongst yourselves. I'll wait.

One leans toward the other. They speak in HUSHED TONES.  
Something catches Callie's eye.

THE THIRD STORY WINDOW: Where Holly and the others are  
watching through binoculars.

She gives them a wave and the finger.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
That's right, bitches. I'm back.  
(then, to the cops)  
So... We good?

They seem to be in agreement.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
Lovely. Follow me.

Off Callie, turning toward the hospital.

INT. PMC PSYCH WARD, HOLLY'S DORMITORY - NIGHT

To the girls, staring out the window in abject horror.

ALICE  
It's her. Isn't it.

ARDEN  
Pretty sure, yeah.

HOLLY  
Brace ye selves, lads.

Marisa crosses herself.

MARISA  
God help us all.

INT. PMC PSYCH WARD, ELLE'S DORMITORY - NIGHT

Elle flops on her new bed and stares at the ceiling. A stranger in a strange land. If she were the kind of person who cried, this would be the moment...

But Elenora Jeanine Wethers is not that kind of girl. So, she lifts the teddy bear to her chest and squeezes tightly, like it's the only thing in the world keeping her afloat.

INT. PMC, LOBBY - NIGHT

Callie strides through the lobby, the cops close behind her.

They step into an open ELEVATOR, Callie in the middle.

CALLIE  
Third floor.

The trigger-happy one presses the button. The other checks out her ass... She takes a long drag through a sly smile--

SMASH TO BLACK.

**END PILOT**