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 GRENADE KRELL [40s], Elle’s mother/manager, also in the backseat. Well-dressed, whiff of white trash, texting.

GRENADE
Steven asked how you are.

ELLE
Frenecki or Gottford.

GRENADE
Gottford. From the network.

ELLE
Tell him I’m shitty.

GRENADE
I’ll say you’re doing fine.

ELLE
Why would I be **fine**?

GRENADE
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.

GRENADE
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.

GRENADE (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 scrambling 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,” “Dependent, 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. Capisce?

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.

GRENAIDINE
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.

GRENAIDINE
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.

GRENA DINE
Elle --

ELLE
Keep it comin’!

DR. K GRENADINE
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.

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 COP 1
No-- 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 yourselves, 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