

FADE IN:

INT. LOOPNER PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY - WARD 218 - DAY

LORENE LIVELY (16, cautious, Russian accent) transfers her clothes into a SUITCASE on her bed as VICTORIA ADAMS (18, sly) makes shadow puppets on the wall. She is singing:

VICTORIA

*Go around once not knowing where you
are. Loop on back still feeling real
far. Round and round, don't look down
you'll be sorry...*

She makes two shadow puppies. They are frolicking together.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

*...'Cuz you're found, you're stuck in
purgatory. So don't step off the Loop
de Loop. Keep on spinning, you'll
swoop de swoop. 'Cuz denial is better
a real whoop de whoop...*

One of the puppies grows larger and larger until it dwarfs the other. The little puppy continues playing, oblivious.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

*...Than accepting you're stuck in the
crazy coop...*

The larger shadow puppy attacks the small one, consuming it.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

*...Stuck in the Purgatory Loop de
Loop. Stuck in the--*

LORENE

Stop it. Is bad enough when kids
visiting sing it.

VICTORIA

You'll miss it. Come on, admit it.
You'll miss it if you leave.

Lorene ignores her and continues packing. Getting up, Victoria pulls Lorene's suitcase out of her grasp and closes the lid.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Admit it.

LORENE

Is nothing to admit. What is it I'm
supposed to miss? This shithole? You?

Lorene SCOFFS. Then leaning across the bed, she yanks her suitcase back.

LORENE (CONT'D)
And Vicky, is not matter of if I
leave. Is when I leave.

Lorene continues to pack. Sitting back down, Victoria shrugs.

VICTORIA
Fine.
(beat)
Wanna hear something funny?

LORENE
Funny like knock-knock joke? Or funny
like nursery rhyme you tell me about
Siamese twins who get chainsaw for
Christmas.

VICTORIA
(smiling)
My mother taught me that one.

Victoria makes a shadow of a flying bird on the wall.

LORENE
No wonder you're in here.

VICTORIA
We're in here.

LORENE
Not for long.

VICTORIA
What if I said it was somewhere in
between? Funny like a clown.

LORENE
I like clowns.

VICTORIA
During meal when we have to put our
hands flat on the table: did you know
that you're always so still?

LORENE
Is that or get thrown in tank.

VICTORIA
No. Perfect stillness. Not nervous
like the anorexics or slumped over
like the suicide-watch head-cases.
(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Not even fidgety like the other schitzos. You're like: easy as breathing.

With a sharp twist of her hand, Victoria breaks one of the bird's wings: it weaves drunkenly across the wall. Lorene's eyes track the broken bird's progress before darting away.

LORENE

I liked nursery rhyme better.

VICTORIA

I don't think you're crazy, you know? I've been here a long time and I know what it looks like and I don't think you are.

LORENE

Considering you're certifiable, I have much confidence in this opinion.

VICTORIA

You know, I liked you better when you couldn't speak English for shit 'cuz as it turns out: you're not a very nice person.

Lorene shrugs. Victoria makes a shadow girl. Her other hand forms a noose.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Every time before I was supposed to be released: I'd burn something or hurt someone. Hurt myself. Anything for another ride on the Loop-de-Loop. I figure: why delay the inevitable, right?

LORENE

Speak for yourself.

Victoria hangs the girl. With her left index finger, she swings the noose. Lorene SLAMS her suitcase shut. Pulling it off the bed, its wheels hit the floor with a THWACK.

VICTORIA

I'd never dream of speaking for you though someone should. You never talk about yourself.

LORENE

Yes, would be better if we all were like you, eager to open mouths no matter what comes out.

(MORE)

LORENE (CONT'D)
(looking intently at
Victoria)

You can have it. Is all random sounds
from somewhere far behind me.

Lorene turns away from Victoria and begins rolling her
suitcase towards the door.

VICTORIA
Martha and Allen Lively. That's what
your adoptive parents are called,
right? Or am I just making more random
sounds? How about this one: Bobby
Lively.

Lorene pauses at the door.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
They gave birth to him just a year
after adopting you. He was a wonderful
surprise. No. He was a bonafide,
motherfucking, medical marvel.
(beat)
And you? You had to be put on anti-
psychotics to cope with all that
marvelousness.

Lorene turns around.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
But I wonder, if the meds didn't stop
you from attacking little Bobby last
time, what's to stop you this time?

Lorene shrugs, the motion jerky and fast.

LORENE
Is simple. They weren't strong enough.
Now, they're better. I'm better.

VICTORIA
Like I said: I don't think you're
crazy. You didn't hurt little Bobby
because the mean, bad voices in your
head told you to. You hurt him because
you wanted to.
(beat)
Thorazine, Risperdal, Olanzapine, they
treat had to. They treat compelled to.
There's not a damn thing they can do
about want to. But I think you know
that.

Lorene brushes past her packed suitcase as she advances on Victoria, it falls unto its side.

LORENE

(soft)

Where you hear that? Where you hear
any of that?

VICTORIA

A little birdie.

Victoria forms the bird with the broken wing again but this time Lorene yanks her hands away from the wall, holding them captive in a crushing grip.

LORENE

Been going through my files, Vicky?

VICTORIA

Even before I did, I knew you were one
of the violent ones. I could tell.

Lorene SLAPS her hard. But just as she rears back to hit Victoria again:

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

I guess it's not goodbye forever then.

Lorene's hand drops limply to her side. Victoria raises her hands and forms the girl and the swinging noose.

She starts to sing:

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

*Go around once not knowing where you
are. Loop on back still feeling real
far...*

FADE OUT.