

Lindsay Episode 3: Private Pussy

By

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DISCLAIMER

All characters and events in this series, even those based on real people, are entirely fictional. And all voices are impersonated. This series contains strong language, and adult content, so listener discretion is advised.

THE VOICE

"No" is the word used to put boundaries on a childhood, and it's also the word least heard by child stars. At age 7, Drew Barrymore was the adorable little sister in E.T., at 9 she was partying at Studio 54, and by 12 she was in rehab. You can go down the line from Macauley Culkin and Amanda Bynes, all the way back to Tatum O'Neal and Shirley Temple- the pattern is clear. Consuming the glamour of Hollywood without limits takes its toll even on our brightest, most promising stars. When you've exhausted a full life by the age of sixteen, where to go from there... We present for your listening pleasure, a six-part series entitled, Lindsay. Sit back, relax and enjoy the Dennis Quaid impression.

MARZIPAN V.O.

The next couple of days happened fast. They buried The Butler and halted production for a couple of days. Suddenly, I found myself in the Lohan inner circle. I was promoted to personal bodyguard, which made Fucking Dave question his career path. Jojo tried calling, but I let it go. He had no idea who I was anymore. Not after all of this.
(SOUND OF RAIN)

Lindsay and Sydney asked me into their trailer. We were set to start filming again the next day. I walked in and saw a ghost. The Butler was sitting there next to Lindsay and Sydney like nothing had happened, like the bullet hole in his heart was a pierced ear that had closed up.

MARZIPAN

Oh my God!

NEW BUTLER

Hi.

MARZIPAN

How are you-?

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

This isn't Wally. This is Wally's twin, Polly.

MARZIPAN

His twin?

POLLY

Not anymore.

MARZIPAN

So, you're playing the Butler now?

POLLY

If I can get the British accent right. I've never acted before, but this way the studio doesn't have to reshoot any of the scenes.

SYDNEY

Sit down, Marzipan. We've got good news.

MARZIPAN

You guys are quitting the movie?

SYDNEY

What would be good about that?

MARZIPAN

No more deaths.

SYDNEY

Well, that's the good news. There won't be any more deaths because they caught the guy. Dennis and Natasha are throwing a party tonight and you're invited, Marzipan.

MARZIPAN

Dennis Quaid and Natasha Richardson? I don't know them.

SYDNEY

Well, I get a plus 1. And I'm taking you. You're my date.

MARZIPAN V.O.

Sydney smiled at me and I couldn't help but smile back.

POLLY

Sydney, Lindsay, we should go get ready for the party.

LINDSAY

You guys go. I have to talk to Marzipan for a second.

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

Ms. Dramatic over here wants to have a secret meeting with her Private Dick. Or I guess we should just call you a Private Pussy, huh?

MARZIPAN

Just Marzipan is fine.

MARZIPAN V.O.

Sydney blew a kiss to me as she walked out of the trailer with Polly. I tried to laugh it off, but there was something different about her. You could tell she was starting to understand how important she was. She was starting to talk down to people. I smiled back at Sydney stupidly as she disappeared. Lindsay watched my face the whole time.

LINDSAY

It's bullshit. This guy they found.

MARZIPAN

You met him?

LINDSAY

No, but I know it's bullshit. Everybody was dying for someone to confess, they didn't care who it was. Just as long as they could get the movie going again.

MARZIPAN

Can I ask you something?

LINDSAY

Ask.

MARZIPAN

Why'd you come back like that? We were so close to catching the guy and then you suddenly appeared and everything went to shit.

LINDSAY

I don't know why I came back. I got tired of being invisible I guess. Eventually people get comfortable with you being gone.

MARZIPAN

No one wanted you gone. We just needed you to stay gone for a little while longer.

LINDSAY

Can you do me a favor, Marzipan? Can you check this guy out? They're holding him at the San Bernardino County Jail.

(CONTINUED)

MARZIPAN

I don't know Lindsay.

LINDSAY

So you think this thing is over? You solved the case then?

MARZIPAN

Can you come with me?

LINDSAY

I've got to get ready for the party. Can't have Sydney looking better than me. Thanks Marzipan!

MARZIPAN V.O.

And just like that, she was gone. I had no one to say No to. And even if I did, I would have just said Yes. I was being manipulated by twelve year old girls and they weren't even trying that hard. What the fuck was the point of a college education if I could still get played like this?

(SOUNDS OF A JAIL)

I had no idea what to expect when I got there. Apparently his name was Jake Treefire. I wondered if he was some kind of cult hippy killer or something. I sat down and a nauseatingly handsome man sat down across the glass from me.

JAKE

What magazine are you from again?

MARZIPAN

I'm not from a magazine. I'm Marzipan.

JAKE

Oh, your name sounds like magazine.

MARZIPAN

How'd you get the name Treefire?

JAKE

It's my stage name. My real name is Anthony Lombardo.

MARZIPAN

You're an actor?

JAKE

Actor, musician, writer. I do a lot.

MARZIPAN

You murder too, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Well, yeah, I guess that too.

MARZIPAN

Why?

JAKE

I just hated them so much. Lauren and Sarah. They were gonna get famous before I was.

MARZIPAN

It's Lindsay and Sydney.

JAKE

Right. I have a problem with names. I thought this was gonna be a magazine interview.

MARZIPAN

I'm Lindsay and Sydney's friend. They think they're safe now because the killer is caught. Is that true?

JAKE

Yep. That's me.

MARZIPAN

These girls are 12, Jake. They want to relax and enjoy themselves like little girls should.

JAKE

Well, I'm in fucking jail aren't I?

MARZIPAN

You seem like a good person. Why are you lying?

JAKE

Ah c'mon can you just leave me alone and let me do this thing?

MARZIPAN

I'm not recording this, Jake. I just want the truth.

JAKE

You a cop?

MARZIPAN

I'm a private pussy.

JAKE

You can't tell anyone.

MARZIPAN

Everyone thinks you're a murderer. What could you tell me that's worse?

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

I'm a bad actor.

MARZIPAN

What?

JAKE

I've been out here for three years and the best I've got to show for it is a bit part in some kid's college thesis. Every day I would drop off my head shots with Lennee and he would tell me about any gossip that might help me land a role. So....

MARZIPAN

So?

JAKE

So, Lennee told me about this letter business and then with the whole murder, I saw an opportunity. You know, I figure at the very least I get a book deal out of this. And if I ever get charged, I can just say I got framed. And how good a story would that be?

MARZIPAN

But you weren't framed. You confessed. And the real killer is still out there.

JAKE

Eh, not my problem. Besides, my girl got picked up a week ago, so I figured it'd be pretty romantic if we were locked up at the same time. And it would keep me from cheating. Unless I learn how to fuck dudes, right?

MARZIPAN

Good luck with your acting career, Anthony.

JAKE

Yeah thanks. Let me know if you ever find that killer.

(CELL DOOR CLOSSES. MUSIC: NOIR SWING)

MARZIPAN V.O.

I felt nauseous. We were farther than ever from solving this. It didn't feel like I was helping at all. I thought about just driving home and telling them I quit. I was trying to make sense of everything- Lennee, Jake Treefire, the Butler, the letters, the twins, and how I fit into any of it. I looked up and realized I had driven to Dennis Quaid's house for the party. The driveway had five stop signs along the way. Fucking Dave greeted me at the door. Somehow I was relieved to see him.

(CONTINUED)

FUCKING DAVE

What the fuck are you doing here?

MARZIPAN

I could ask you the same question and I will. What the fuck are you doing here?

FUCKING DAVE

I'm working security. They only hired one person for security.

MARZIPAN

I'm someone's date.

FUCKING DAVE

How do you think this is all gonna end?

MARZIPAN

Most parties end the same way. Bad sex and Popeye's.

FUCKING DAVE

I mean you, the movie, the girls. You have no idea what you're getting yourself into.

MARZIPAN

Tell me what I'm getting into.

FUCKING DAVE

You wouldn't listen anyway.

MARZIPAN

You have such a way with words.

FUCKING DAVE

Have fun with all the actors and murderers.

MARZIPAN

Here's my keys.

MARZIPAN V.O.

I walked into the party and felt lightheaded. Twenty chandeliers hung overhead, like crystal palm trees. Everything was so bright. And beautiful. It was like a glossy version of life. Half naked women walked around, offering the fanciest looking appetizers I've ever seen. The air felt more expensive. I breathed it in and couldn't help but smile. I felt famous. I spotted Lindsay across the room and suddenly remembered Jake. I made my way over to her as a glass clinked and everyone turned. Dennis Quaid stepped up.

DENNIS QUAID

Hi, everyone. I know it's been a tough last couple of days. We all miss Wally dearly and we know that the best that we can do for him is to finish this movie. Wally cared deeply for Lindsay and Sydney and he can rest easy knowing now that the man who took his life and terrorized Lindsay and Sydney is now safely behind bars. I, for one, want to say that I feel so fortunate to be working with all of you wonderful people. And I would also like to say to Lindsay and Sydney, no one will ever hurt you and everyone at this party loves you dearly. I can say confidently that the worst is behind us. So if everyone would raise a glass: To the future and to finishing this fantastic film!

(CHEERS, THEN DANCE MUSIC)

MARZIPAN V.O.

I set off as soon as Dennis Quaid had finished, but Lindsay had disappeared from sight. The speech made me frantic- I had to tell someone about Jake before everyone got too comfortable. I felt a tug on my back pocket and Sydney appeared behind me. She held a champagne glass in her left hand and swayed slightly. Sydney looked incredible. She had a white dress floating on top of her, making her seem older than me. Sydney wasn't even famous yet, but every single person in that room was staring at her.

SYDNEY

My date finally showed up.

MARZIPAN

Are you drunk?

SYDNEY

I had to do something while I waited for you.

MARZIPAN

Well, I'm here.

SYDNEY

Let's go somewhere more quiet, Marzy.

MARZIPAN

I have to find your sister. There's something I need to tell her. And you.

SYDNEY

You make me jealous when you talk about my sister so much, you know.

(CONTINUED)

MARZIPAN

Sydney, this is serious.

SYDNEY

Okay, c'mon. We'll go somewhere to be serious.

MARZIPAN V.O.

She grabbed my hand and led me upstairs. I felt the cloud come over me again. I was losing myself to the party, and all I could think about was how nice it was to be holding the most important person's hand in this house. We walked by rooms of people fucking and snorting, but Sydney seemed unfazed. She found us a room and shut the door. She sat on the bed and patted the space next to her.

MARZIPAN

Listen, Sydney. I found something out today.

SYDNEY

Let me go first. I'm scared, Marzipan. I know we're still in danger. And I know once this movie comes out we'll be in even more danger. I'm scared for me but I'm even more scared for Lindsay. I love her more than anything, Marzipan, and I think she's headed for trouble.

MARZIPAN V.O.

(OVER LINDSAY'S VOICE)

Who the fuck was this girl? Was she even drunk before, or was that just for appearances?

SYDNEY

We need you. I need you. You're the only person I trust. I don't even know whose side my Mom is on. But I know you care about us, and I know when I'm with you, I'm safe.

MARZIPAN V.O.

It had come out so fast, it was hard to process. I puffed out my chest a couple of inches and tried to remember what strength felt like. Sydney looked down and took me by the elbow. She looked up and I lost myself. I forgot what I wanted to tell her. I didn't see anything past her artichoke green eyes.

SYDNEY

Kiss me Marzipan.

MARZIPAN V.O.

I heard shouting from downstairs. I came to and realized where I was and what I was doing. I started down the stairs, making sure there was a reasonable

(MORE)

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MARZIPAN V.O. (cont'd)

distance between Sydney and me. I got outside where everyone was staring at a man across the pool. The man looked straight at me and I wondered if I was looking at the murderer.

PAPA

Honey!

MARZIPAN V.O.

I realized then that he was looking at Sydney, who had placed herself right behind me.

SYDNEY

What are you doing here Dad?

PAPA

I wanted to come and see you guys. It's been so long. This movie, the death, it's all so crazy. I want you to come home with me. I love you girls, you know that.

SYDNEY

Is Mom okay with that?

MOMMY DEAREST

No, I am not. Your father just showed up here, unannounced and he's demanding that you and Lindsay go home with him. I mean, this is a party for Christ's sake, show some tact.

SYDNEY

Lindsay? What do you think?

MARZIPAN V.O.

Lindsay didn't say a word. She just stared at me and shook her head. I tried to move away from Sydney.

PAPA

Honey, please. I miss you. Just tell them you're happy to see me. Just come for a day or two. You need to get away from this movie for awhile.

MARZIPAN V.O.

I looked at Sydney, and tried to understand what she was thinking. She cared about her Dad and missed him, that much was clear. I sensed her body longing to be held tight by her father. Then she looked around and became quickly embarrassed. She straightened up and looked through her father, as though he was an overzealous fan.

SYDNEY

Dad... This is weird. I'm sorry. You should go.

MOMMY DEAREST

Please escort him out of here, Dave.

MARZIPAN V.O.

Fucking Dave took him by the arm and he started to scream.

PAPA

You can't do this to me, Dina!

MARZIPAN V.O.

Everyone looked away and pretended they didn't hear anything.

PAPA

A restraining order won't stop me! You're destroying my girls! I won't let you endanger my girls! I won't let you Dina! Fuck you!

MOMMY DEAREST

Oh, real nice, swear in front of the kids, you fucking idiot.

MARZIPAN V.O.

Fucking Dave carried Michael Lohan out of the property and everyone took a deep breath and continued the conversation they were having. Lindsay and Sydney were gone and so was their Mom. I thought about jumping in the pool to see if I could feel any more insane. The Intern popped up behind me instead.

MARZIPAN

How did you get invited?

INTERN

Dennis Quaid is my uncle.

MARZIPAN

I want to be alone, Intern.

INTERN

I know you probably don't want to hear this but...

MARZIPAN

If you're gonna start the sentence like that, just fucking say it.

MARZIPAN V.O.

The Intern held up an envelope.

INTERN

I got another letter, Marzipan.
(END CREDITS MUSIC)

THE VOICE

Lindsay was produced by Alex Genty-Waksberg, Hana Wuerker, Isabelle Platt, and Rachel Aronoff. Sound Design and editing by Hana Wuerker. Music by Tree Palmedo.

With performances by Annie Fox as Marzipan, Gideon Salzman-Gubbay as Fucking Dave, Eileen Veghte as Lindsay and Sydney Lohan, Olivia Jampol as Mommy Dearest, Amanda Centeno as The Intern, Luke Taylor as Polly, Rob Caporale as Jake Treefire / Dennis Quaid, Steve Taylor as Papa Lohan, and Robert Boles as The Voice.