

Lindsay Episode 6: No Such Twin

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

By 2011, the public's belief in Lindsay Lohan's acting career had faded. All hopes of a comeback had been dashed and people began to move on to Hollywood's next young starlet. But Lindsay never completely disappeared from the cultural imagination. For most of us, she would forever live as each of the precocious twins in The Parent Trap. As one paparazzo put it years later, "In movies, you only need to be great once. She might not be doing what she'd like to be doing, but she'll always be Lindsay Lohan."

(MONTAGE OF DISPARATE SOUNDS FROM PREVIOUS EPISODES, CULMINATING IN A SCREAM)

MARZIPAN V.O.

Everything after the scream is a blur. The tent was immediately surrounded by a fleet of bodyguards. I tried to fight my way through, but to no avail. I screamed for Lindsay and for Sydney, but I was ignored. I could tell someone was dead. It was in the air. They sent me home with no explanation. The Intern called me later that day.

MARZIPAN

Hello?

INTERN

Hi Marsha.

MARZIPAN

What happened?

INTERN

She's dead. Lindsay, she's gone.

MARZIPAN

How? Who?

INTERN

She killed herself. I mean, jeez, I don't know what you said to her, but she killed herself after you guys talked. The Lohans are none too happy, to be honest...

(CONTINUED)

MARZIPAN V.O.

I hung up the phone. I had heard enough. I stopped answering my phone or leaving my room. My Dad got worried and tried to talk to me when he got home from work. He would give up after an hour of silence and go to sleep. Eventually he gave up altogether and it was just me in my childhood room with no escape. I called Lindsay once and I swear someone picked up the phone, but then they hung up. Weeks passed and I wasn't any less depressed. I watched X-Files on repeat. It was lonely and simple. I stopped remembering what had happened. It became a snugly layer of sad that kept me lying in bed.

(TRANSITIONAL MUSIC)

MARZIPAN V.O.

I was masturbating one day to an episode where Scully almost fucks a bunch of Amish guys when my Dad knocked on the door. I pulled up my pants, paused X-Files, then remembered it wasn't inherently dirty and played it again.

MARZIPAN

Come in.

FATHERZIPAN

Hey. You look guilty.

MARZIPAN

I don't like people in my room.

FATHERZIPAN

There's a letter for you. From the studio.

MARZIPAN

Thanks.

FATHERZIPAN

Maybe you should ignore it. Whatever it is. It's just gonna dig up... you know.

MARZIPAN

Dig up? It's still right there, with me. You think I'm not moving for fun?

FATHERZIPAN

Well why don't we talk about it then? Or why don't you talk about it with someone? You know I'll pay for it.

MARZIPAN

Talking doesn't help. I know what happened. There's nothing to work through.

(CONTINUED)

FATHERZIPAN

There is a **lot** to work through, Marz.

MARZIPAN

The letter please.

MARZIPAN V.O.

My Dad passed me the letter weakly. I stared down into my lap until he had left the room and closed the door. I cut it open with an energy I didn't know I had.

(MARZIPAN CUTS OPEN LETTER)

The words were typed but I felt like I could hear an adult talking to me delicately.

MARZIPAN

Dear Ms. Marzipan, We would like to cordially invite you

(A DIFFERENT VOICE TAKES OVER)

LETTER READER

...To the premiere of The Parent Trap. Despite the fact that we ended on less than ideal terms, Ms. Lindsay Lohan has personally requested your presence there. The directions and instructions are enclosed. This is the first press event for the film so we ask for your discretion in talking about this movie before the actual screening.

MARZIPAN

We look forward to seeing you there.

MARZIPAN V.O.

I held the letter close to me, wanting it to tell me more. But there was nothing else. Lindsay requested my presence? What the fuck was going on? Was the letter sent in her honor or...? The Lohans wouldn't let me rest. I decided within seconds that I needed to go. There was still so much I didn't know. Maybe knowing wouldn't help me. But not knowing was slowly killing me.

RADIO

Ladies and Gentlemen, from the entertainment capital of the world... Shotgun Tom Kelly... KURTH 101 Los Angeles...

(RADIO FLIPS AROUND SOME MORE UNTIL IT LANDS ON NOIR MUSIC)

MARZIPAN V.O.

My Dad drove me to the screening. I wore jeans and a baseball t shirt. My Dad told me he'd wait at a bar nearby in case we needed to make a quick getaway. Neither of us could tell if he was kidding. I was swarmed by paparazzi when I walked in. Only famous people would dress so casually to a premiere. But then they got up close and saw my pores and my unbleached asshole and realized I was nobody. I walked through security, delighted that I was actually on a list, and immediately looked around for Sydney. I found the second Butler instead.

POLLY

Marzipan!

MARZIPAN

Polly!

POLLY

I have been told to escort you to your seat.

MARZIPAN

Can't I shmooze?

POLLY

Not really. The movie's about to start.

MARZIPAN

Have you seen Sydney?

POLLY

Yea- No.

MARZIPAN

That sounded like a yes.

POLLY

It was a no.

MARZIPAN

What happened after Lindsay died, Polly? I got a letter from Lindsay asking-

POLLY

I'm really just supposed to take you to your seat.

MARZIPAN

You can't multitask?

POLLY

I wouldn't want to overextend myself.

MARZIPAN

I don't understand, why-

POLLY

Here is your seat, Marzipan. I do hope you enjoy the show. It's really a fine movie.

MARZIPAN

Do you ever miss Wally?

POLLY

What?

MARZIPAN

Do you-

POLLY

I heard what you said. Do I ever miss my dead twin. What do you think, you stupid bitch?

MARZIPAN V.O.

Polly walked off in a huff, but I felt no remorse.

MC

Please welcome to the stage, director of The Parent Trap, Nancy Meyers!

MARZIPAN V.O.

Nancy Meyers walked out on stage to enthusiastic applause. I didn't recognize anyone sitting around me. All of them looked soulless, like they were eternally filling these seats and clapping for whoever came out on stage.

NANCY

Thank you everyone so much for coming tonight. The film that you are about to see is very important to me. It was not an easy process making this film and we left a lot behind us to get to this final product. But it is my sincere belief that everything that we may have lost has been made worth it by the amazing story that we were able to tell.

MARZIPAN V.O.

My stomach turned. Everyone around me nodded. Why had I come here?

NANCY

It is a remake of the wonderful 1961 film starring Hayley Mills. Just as was the case then, there is one very special girl at the heart of this film, who you will meet at the end. We all are witnessing the beginning of a very rich and prolific career. Without further ado... The Parent Trap.

(SOUND OF MOVIE BEGINNING)

MARZIPAN V.O.

I did my best not to care. So what if the movie was good? Lindsay was dead. It was offensive that Sydney was playing both roles. I crossed my arms and exhaled loudly every time the camera moved from Sydney to Sydney. Slowly, though, my arms came uncrossed and my lip muscles relaxed. I was smiling, laughing. I couldn't help myself. The movie was good. Really really fucking good. I forgot about the suicide note and could only think of Sydney, my perfect Sydney who did everything right on screen. In no time, I was sucked back into the Lohan world. It was the kind of high you get after abstaining for months. Someone spat at the back of my neck.

LENNEE

Marzzzzzzzipan.

MARZIPAN V.O.

I turned my head to find Lennee gathering saliva back into his mouth.

LENNEE

That Z does a number on my salivary glands.

MARZIPAN

Nice to see you again, Lennee.

LENNEE

Very good to see you.

MARZIPAN

You think it's okay we're talking loudly in the middle of the premiere of this movie?

LENNEE

I thought we were whispering.

MARZIPAN

Want to take a bathroom break with me?

LENNEE

As long as people don't think we're an item.

MARZIPAN V.O.

Lennee shouted at each person in the row to let him pass. People applauded as we finally exited the theater. Once outside, I relaxed. Lennee seemed exactly the same.

(CONTINUED)

LENNEE

What the hell were you invited for?

MARZIPAN

Excuse me, but all you do is the mail and you don't even really do that.

LENNEE

I'm a very respected part of the team, I'll have you know.

MARZIPAN

You're not respected if you have to tell people you're respected.

LENNEE

Well I'm more respected than the lady who got Lindsay to kill herself.

MARZIPAN V.O.

He saw how much it hurt me when he said it and winced for my sake.

LENNEE

Oy, sorry, I know that probably hurt you too.

MARZIPAN

I still hurt, Lennee.

(AWKWARD SAD SILENCE, THEN LENNEE FARTS)

MARZIPAN

Nice one.

LENNEE

Thanks.

MARZIPAN

How quickly did they start production back up?

LENNEE

The day after her funeral.

MARZIPAN

Fuck. What happened to Treefire?

LENNEE

They released him and gave him a Cialis commercial.

MARZIPAN

Did they arrest anyone?

(CONTINUED)



LENNEE

Who would they arrest? Sydney wrote the notes and Lindsay added her name. That's all that happened.

MARZIPAN

That is not all that happened! Sydney fell! And Wally died! And Lindsay and I got run off the road. And Dennis Quaid had the gun. And the studio wanted Lindsay dead. Or was it Sydney? And I didn't kill Lindsay! I swear I didn't say anything to her. I just wanted her to be happy.

MARZIPAN V.O.

I cried and forced Lennee to hold me. He started to hum softly.

(LENNEE HUMS)

MARZIPAN V.O.

I smeared my makeup all over his jacket, but he didn't seem to mind.

(MARZIPAN BLOWS NOSE)

MARZIPAN

You don't know anything else, Lennee?

LENNEE

I don't. I know that what they did was wrong and I know they're a bunch of rotten evil hearted people, but I don't know how to get them back for it. Except...

MARZIPAN

What?

LENNEE

I brought you the first letter we ever got. The first one Sydney wrote I guess. I thought maybe you'd want to see it. You're a good woman, Marzipan. If I was 90 years younger... and you were 90 years older... things would be very different.

(LENNEE FARTS AND SNEEZES)

What was I saying?

MARZIPAN V.O.

Lennee walked away in the wrong direction. I inhaled as much of his gassy waste as I could. I unfolded the note and then immediately folded it back up. A sign to the right of the bathroom read, "No Entry." The door was locked so I started to bang. I made my voice incrementally louder, giving them an opportunity to get to me before people in the audience started to hear.

(CONTINUED)

MARZIPAN

It's Marzipan!!!! Hello!!! I'm going to kill myself if you don't let me in!!!!

MARZIPAN V.O.

I was trying to figure out if that threat was in bad taste when the door opened and Fucking Dave appeared on the other side. He looked worn out. He had huge bags under his eyes and his uniform pinched out this way and that. This was no longer a man I could trade quips with.

MARZIPAN

Hi... Dave.

FUCKING DAVE

What the fuck are you doing here?

MARZIPAN

Just doing my job of annoying you.

FUCKING DAVE

Yeah, well, it's been awhile. You should be watching the movie. It's pretty good.

MARZIPAN

How's security?

FUCKING DAVE

Eh. I'm thinking of calling it quits. It's not as... simple as it used to be.

MARZIPAN

Cuz of all the murders and suicides.

FUCKING DAVE

Yeah, for example.

MARZIPAN

You look tired.

FUCKING DAVE

It all kind of hit me at once. Thirty years of fatigue saved up.

MARZIPAN

Do you know what happened, Dave?

FUCKING DAVE

Yeah, I do.

MARZIPAN

Tell me then.

FUCKING DAVE

I can't.

MARZIPAN

I guess I should've known you were on their side too. You never liked me, I don't know why I thought you'd help me now-

FUCKING DAVE

Marzipan, just listen. It's all fucked up. You're on the right side of things. These people, they're.. well they don't have the same moral code as us. I tried to do something, I was following the whole thing, I didn't want anyone to get hurt. But, I need a job. And I need a pension. And I just can't go against my employer of the last 30 years. And I hate myself for it. I wish I was like you.

MARZIPAN

Like me? How?

FUCKING DAVE

You're a fighter. You give it as good as you take it. You're not gonna let them just get away with it.

MARZIPAN

I thought you were a fighter.

FUCKING DAVE

You thought wrong. I'm just a guy with a job who wants to stay out of everyone's business.

MARZIPAN V.O.

Fucking Dave handed me a piece of paper.

MARZIPAN

What is this?

FUCKING DAVE

The note she left.

MARZIPAN V.O.

I looked down. All it said was, "Dedicated to the talented twin, Sydney."

FUCKING DAVE

Kinda dramatic, no?

MARZIPAN

I don't know if I have it in me, Dave.

FUCKING DAVE

Call me Fucking Dave. We're friends now. I believe in you, Marzipan. You're still young.

MARZIPAN

I think I need to grow up.

FUCKING DAVE

Who told you that nonsense?

MARZIPAN

A little girl I knew.

MARZIPAN V.O.

Fucking Dave moved to the side to allow me through the door. He tipped his cap and bowed a little as I passed. I didn't think I'd even find this door. I didn't think anyone would open it. I didn't think Dave would tell me I'm a fighter and that I wasn't gonna let them get away with it. Why can't I be weak? Why can't I go back to my seat and enjoy the rest of the movie? I came to the projection room and heard noises inside. I placed my hand on the knob and breathed in for a long time, knowing that I would enter on the exhale. In I went without another thought, but when I saw what was inside, I wished I had breathed more.

GAUZE

So good to see you Marzipan.

MARZIPAN V.O.

The man with the gauze on his face was standing with a drink in his hand. Somehow, he looked completely different. He had a massive, red forehead and a non-existent chin.

MARZIPAN

I almost didn't recognize you. The gauze worked.

GAUZE

I told you it would.

MARZIPAN V.O.

Someone sitting down lit a cigarette and I realized that the room may be more full than I thought.

MARZIPAN

Who else is here?

GAUZE

That's not important. We asked you here for a reason, Marzipan.

MARZIPAN

You lied to me that day. Lindsay wasn't in danger from the studio.

GAUZE

Well she died, didn't she? I suppose she was in danger from you. And whatever you filled her head with.

MARZIPAN

I didn't kill her.

GAUZE

No, of course not. Lindsay had many problems. It was nobody's fault.

MARZIPAN

I didn't say that.

MARZIPAN V.O.

I whipped out a flashlight I had swiped off of Dave and shined it out on the room. Lindsay's mom and Dad were there. Dennis Quaid was there, too. And Polly. And some other suits I didn't recognize.

MARZIPAN

What the fuck is this? Everyone's on the same side? You've all been working together to terrorize the set, and kill Butlers and little girls?

GAUZE

Well, no, not exactly. We didn't all start off on the same side, but we all eventually came around to see it the same way. And I think if you watch the movie-

MARZIPAN

Who killed Wally?

GAUZE

Oh, my, I'm not sure if I even know that. Anyone here kill Wally?

VOICE

Yes, I believe that was me.

MARZIPAN

Who said that?

GAUZE

That's not your concern.

MARZIPAN

There's somebody missing here.

GAUZE

Is that right?

MARZIPAN

Where are you, Intern?

MARZIPAN V.O.

There was a pure silence, but I could tell from Gauze's face that I had landed on something. My throat started to close up, but I made myself continue to talk.

MARZIPAN

See, Lennee gave me the first threatening note that you guys ever got. And we all know now that was written by Sydney, right? Strangely though, it perfectly matched the handwriting of the suicide note that Lindsay wrote. At first, I thought maybe this made sense. Lindsay and Sydney were twins, so I guess it's plausible that they would have the same handwriting. But then I remembered something. It wasn't Sydney who actually wrote the letters. Sydney would write a letter to the Intern who would then copy down what she wrote in a new letter and then leave it in Lennee's office. Lindsay didn't kill herself. The Intern did.

MARZIPAN V.O.

I felt a cold breath at the back of my neck.

INTERN

My job is to do as I am told.

MARZIPAN V.O.

She grabbed me from behind and pulled me to the ground. She slapped me and then pressed her hands against my neck. I didn't struggle. I felt the life leaving me and I welcomed it. Maybe this would give me purpose. My death could make my life mean something. I would die for a reason and no one would question what the fuck I was doing for those first 22 years. Just as I was slipping into unconsciousness, I heard a short yelp and the Intern's hands slipped off of my neck. Fucking Dave stood over me, brandishing a night stick. He helped me to my feet and pushed me out towards the door.

FUCKING DAVE

Get out of here, Marzipan. I'll take care of things. Just get the fuck away from this place and don't come back.

MARZIPAN V.O.

I heard Dave, but I was on a high from the lack of oxygen and needed to do something before I left. I needed to find Sydney. I raced into the theater and down the aisles. I jumped up the stairs and went behind the screen. No one noticed me. The movie was at its climax, so I knew I didn't have much time. And then, all of a sudden, there she was. She was just standing there, totally relaxed as people plotted and killed around her. I thought about just letting her be. She didn't need the drama that I was about to bring her. But I couldn't help myself. She would be grown soon. She should know what really happened. She was staring at the wall, at something I couldn't see. I had seen that look in her eyes before.

MARZIPAN

What are you looking at?

SYDNEY

Oh, hi! Um, nothing. How are you?

MARZIPAN

I'm... well, you know. How are you, Sydney?

SYDNEY

Oh, I'm fine, you know. Don't um don't call me that, by the way. What are you doing here, anyway?

MARZIPAN

I would love to enter a room without somebody asking me that.

SYDNEY

I just didn't think you were coming to this.

MARZIPAN

Yeah, well I was invited. So they could kill me, I think.

SYDNEY

Who's they?

MARZIPAN

They is everybody. You can't trust anyone around you. They just care about your fame. They killed Wally. They killed your sister.

SYDNEY

Stop it, Marzipan.

MARZIPAN

I'm serious. Look at these two notes. This is your sister's suicide note and this is-

SYDNEY

I know everything. I know what they did. It was wrong, but they did it for a reason. Lindsay would have held me back. And have you seen the movie? It's really good. It's gonna be HUGE.

MARZIPAN

Are you hearing yourself? Your sister is dead. And why? So the movie could be a little better? So your performance would be more impressive? Does that seem worth it to you?

SYDNEY

Yes.

MARZIPAN

Yes?

SYDNEY

This is everything I've ever wanted. And now it's happening. You can't make me feel bad about that. Just because things didn't go the way you wanted.

MARZIPAN

I thought you were more than that.

SYDNEY

And what does being more than that get me? Constantly depressed like you? I'm gonna have everything I need. The rest of my life is set. I feel completely free. You should go. The movie's about to end. I have to get ready for my speech.

MARZIPAN

Can I just read you something first?

SYDNEY

What?

MARZIPAN

This is the first hate note you wrote to yourself. Do you remember what it said?

SYDNEY

No.

MARZIPAN

Dear whomever it may concern, I ask that you stop production immediately. This girl is too young. She

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(CONTINUED)



MARZIPAN (cont'd)

deserves a real life. She shouldn't be spending her childhoods acting like other people. She should be making stories for herself. Let this girl go. I will continue to harass this set for as long as you hold this girl hostage. Right now she's good and pure. Don't ruin her.

SYDNEY

I don't remember writing that.

MARZIPAN

It wasn't long ago. You're the same person that wrote that. You don't need any of this. This movie isn't even that good. Come with me. We can get you out of this, it's not too late.

SYDNEY

It was too late as soon as I sold out my sister. I'm Lindsay now. Sydney is gone.

MARZIPAN V.O.

She took out her inhaler, shook it, and breathed in a long heavy breath. Then she walked away without looking back towards me. I slipped back into my seat to watch the end of the movie. It probably wasn't safe, but I figured as long as I stayed in the crowd, I would be okay. The film ended and the credits rolled. It read, Starring Lindsay Lohan. I guess they thought Lindsay Lohan had a better ring to it. I watched through the whole credits. There was no mention of a dead sister. Finally, the lights came up in the theater and they welcomed Sydney, now Lindsay Lohan on stage. She was funny and engaging and gracious and said all the right things. Yeah, she was gonna be huge. I slipped out of the theater in the middle of her speech. I had heard enough. Lindsay Lohan was a star. Outside on the LA streets, nothing had changed.

TOUR BUS DRIVER

LA City Tours. Bus is departing in 5 minutes. 5 minutes. Beverly Hills, Rodeo Drive, Sunset Strip, and much, much more. Our next departure is in approximately 5 more minutes so don't miss out.

MARZIPAN

I took out my phone and dialed JoJo.

JOJO

Hey.

MARZIPAN

Hey. You wanna go see a movie?

JOJO

Sure. You got something in mind?

MARZIPAN

Something hopelessly romantic. But no kids.

JOJO

Sounds good to me.

MARZIPAN V.O.

We met up and saw You've Got Mail. It was a great day. One of the best I can remember.

MARZIPAN V.O.

Well, you probably know the rest of the story. I thought about going to the police after the premiere, but I thought the better punishment would be making them all live with what they had done. I didn't know how to explain the whole story, anyway. And as for the new Lindsay- she was successful at first, but eventually it all caught up with her. You can repress that for only so long. I see Lindsay now and I feel bad. If there's one person she could have used in her ascent to fame, it was her sister. But she had no one. Just a bunch of people disappointed that she didn't do more for them.

Me and JoJo got married. I know that seems anticlimactic. I don't know if I even love him. But he was kind and undramatic. It was what I needed. We have a quiet life. We don't talk about the Lohans. Sometimes I'll cry out of nowhere and he'll sit next to me and rub my hand until I feel better. I wouldn't say I'm happy, but I have my moments. And that's enough.

I'm still one of the few people that know about the real Lindsay. I try to think of her often, so that she doesn't disappear entirely. Disappearing was what she was good at. It was reappearing that she could never get right. If you watch The Parent Trap, there are a couple of scenes that the real Lindsay is actually in. The scenes are short, but for whatever reason the editors decided to use Lindsay's original takes rather than Sydney's new ones. I guess for those couple of lines, Lindsay was the more talented twin.

I wonder if anyone will ever find out what really happened. It is strange that Lindsay Lohan had no asthmatic symptoms until she was 12 years old. I guess these are things people don't notice. I don't want

(MORE)

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## MARZIPAN V.O. (cont'd)

people to know the truth anymore. I just want Lindsay to find peace. I want Lindsay to know that I still love her, and I always will.

(CLOSING MUSIC. END OF SERIES)

## THE VOICE

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

With performances by Annie Fox as Marzipan, Amanda Centeno as The Intern, John Goodall as Fatherzipan, Jennifer Harlee Mitchell as Letter Reader, Luke Taylor as Polly, Nicole Klein as Nancy Meyers, Nate Rattner as Lennee, Gideon Salzman-Gubbay as Fucking Dave, Bill Theisen as Gauze, Eileen Veghte as Lindsay and Sydney Lohan, Alex Genty-Waksberg as Jojo, and Robert Boles as The Voice.