

ORPHAN BLACK
Pilot

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TEASER

1 INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

1

Commuters crowded in sardine silence. Idle gazes on - a girl. Asleep? Passed out? She is SARAH, late 20's, a born outsider traveling light, probably in flight. She dreams like a dog, animated ...

A FAT MAN eyes her. So does a LITTLE GIRL holding her MOM's hand.

Sarah jolts awake, dissociated, freaked out. Where the fuck am I?

She pulls herself together. Checks her bag as if used to being robbed. Her knuckles are cut. She takes in the train, all those judging eyes. The Fat Man is still leering.

SARAH

What?

FAT MAN

Wakey-wakey.

SARAH

You like sleeping girls, lard ass?
Is that your bag?

Sarah carries more than a trace of a working class English accent, and this is North America. He turns his back. She's making everyone uncomfortable. Sarah sees the Mom try to shield the Little Girl from it. Instant regret.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Sorry, honey.

The train squeals into a station. Doors open. Sarah takes the chance to push blindly out, past the Mother.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Sorry.

2 INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

2

The train pulls away. Commuter crush on the platform thins. Sarah's breathing slows, she pulls herself together.

Okay, assess. She checks her jeans pockets - a five dollar bill and some change. Cell phone in the inside pocket of her beat up leather jacket. In her purse, a plastic water bottle.

She unscrews the cap, tilts back the bottle and drinks. Then something odd catches her eye.

ANGLE ON: OPPOSITE PLATFORM

A well dressed WOMAN, back turned, crouching down, slipping off her heels. She takes off her suit jacket, folds it neatly, places her purse and shoes on the jacket in a neat pile on the floor. A train approaches, rising thunder. She straightens up, turns towards us ...

THE WOMAN IS HER. Sarah gasps, time slows. A twin - better dressed, different social strata - but identical.

The bottle falls out of Sarah's hand. Water leaks out across the platform.

And then the Woman sees Sarah. A frozen moment of contact ... and in her eyes, Sarah sees - fear, confusion.

The train roars into the station, and without hesitation, the Woman steps off the platform DIRECTLY INTO ITS PATH.

Blood spatters everywhere. Brakes squeal. Commuters scream.

Sarah stands stock still, her brain overloading. At her feet, blood droplets swirl in spilt water. She raises a hand, wipes a drop of blood from her lip, looks at it on her finger ...

And snaps out of it, noise and confusion rushing back. She starts walking, breaks into a run ...

3 INT. SUBWAY STATION, VARIOUS - DAY

3

Sarah forgoes a crowded ESCALATOR and runs up the stairs beside it. She turns a corner at the top.

Runs along a wide, tiled HALLWAY, rounding another corner to confront ...

A MOB welling up from the other platform, freaked-out by the suicide. She steels herself, pushes down against them ...

4 INT. OPPOSITE SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

4

Sarah emerges against the flow. Train emptying, platform clearing, TRACK WORKERS on radios, a few macabre RUBBERNECKERS. Way more blood spatter this side. Sarah walks to where she can see ...

The body on the tracks: shattered and contorted, but the face still intact, eyes staring -- it's her.

Sarah rips her eyes away, spots ... the woman's personal effects, unnoticed, piled so neatly aside. She slides over, snags the purse.

Purse in hand, Sarah joins the tail end of the commuter flow out.

END TEASER

was younger than her when they emigrated, so he carries no English accent unless he wants to put it on. Sarah stands to hug him, an air of codependency beneath their banter.

FELIX

Oh my God, you look like crap.
 (hug ends, regard her)
 Seriously, Sarah -- ew.

SARAH

How's life, Felix?

FELIX

Operatic.

SARAH

Want a Bellini or something?

FELIX

Fuck off. This long no see, you don't get to be the bitch. I do.

SARAH

I didn't miss your Birthday.

FELIX

I know, totally pedestrian and the only reason I'm here.
 (to Bartender)
 Guinness, Jack.
 (then)
 So. How's Vic the Dick?

Sarah drums her fingers. How much should she tell him?

SARAH

I hit him first this time.

Felix raises an eyebrow.

SARAH (CONT'D)

With an ashtray, so, you know ...
 pretty sure it's time to move on.
 (beat)
 I'm here for Kira, Fee.

FELIX

Mrs. S isn't going to let you just take her.

SARAH

She's my daughter, she's going to have to.

FELIX
It's been almost a year, Sarah.

Sarah's not proud of that.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Not judging, just saying.

SARAH
So I'm back, on the run. The usual
Sarah shit, right?
(Felix shrugs, kinda)
Well on that joyous note, something
awfully fucking weird just happened
on the subway.

FELIX
What?

SARAH
I saw a girl kill herself.

FELIX
Ew. A jumper?

SARAH
(nods)
And she ... She looked exactly like
me, Felix.

FELIX
Whaddaya mean?

She pulls the girl's stuff out of her pockets and lines it
up on the table: Keys, ID. One pink phone, one black. Felix
blanches.

FELIX (CONT'D)
You robbed her body?

SARAH
No. She left her purse on the
platform.

She slides the drivers license to Felix. He picks it up.
Long pause.

FELIX
Okay, that's weird.

SARAH
Ya think?

FELIX

It's you with a nice haircut ... and
a nice address.

She takes the ID back and examines it again.

SARAH

What the hell, Fee? Did I have a
twin sister?

FELIX

Well, when you're a poor little
orphaned foster wretch, anything's
possible. Or so we tell ourselves.

SARAH

(pause, off the ID)
I've go to go up to her flat.

FELIX

To find out who she is, or to rob
the rest of her shit?

Sarah checks the key ring.

SARAH

No car. There has to be a car.

The black phone rings, startling them. Sarah checks the
caller ID: Art. Shows it to Felix.

FELIX

Answer it.

As if. Sarah pockets the phone, gathers the other effects.

FELIX (CONT'D)

What about Vic?

She kisses him on the cheek. He doesn't reciprocate.

SARAH

I'll call ya.

9 EXT. BETH'S BUILDING - DAY

9

On a wide, empty sidewalk. Sarah checks the address of the
drivers license. Looks up at a sleek, high end building.
Nice.

10 EXT. BETH'S BUILDING, ENTRYWAY - DAY

10

A bank of buzzers. Swipe the key card, lock tumbles, slip
in ...

- 11 EXT. BETH'S BUILDING, LOBBY - DAY** **11**
- Cross to elevator, hit the button. An edgy wait, floors ticking down. Shit - a moo-moo wearing WOMAN, 60's, entering the lobby with a drop-kick sized dog. Sarah keeps her back turned.
- WOMAN
- Beth?
- The dog starts barking at her furiously.
- WOMAN (CONT'D)
- Pookie, stop that!
- Ding. Elevator door opens. Sarah quickly hits floor 14.
- WOMAN (CONT'D)
- Beth, hold the --
- The door slides closed.
- 12 INT. BETH'S BUILDING, ELEVATOR - DAY** **12**
- Quiet, Sarah tense, floors ticking upwards.
- 13 INT. BETH'S BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY** **13**
- Door slides open, Sarah steps out. Subdued lighting, wide and quiet. She slips to door # 1423, listens carefully. She tries a key, another and another, getting frustrated until ... Bingo.
- 14 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, FRONT HALL - DAY** **14**
- Sarah softly shuts the door, stays still. Silence. She edges in ...
- 15 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY** **15**
- Holy shit, you can see for miles. A sweet pad, not rich, but art on the walls, styley, way out of her league. She explores.
- 16 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY** **16**
- She passes the fridge, photos on the door: "Beth". And a boyfriend? One with his shirt off, not bad, but not her type.
- 17 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY** **17**
- Understated, tidy. Open a closet: girls wardrobe. Skirt-suits, nice but conservative. An athlete too, gym gear. Another closet: his.

They live together. Suits, shirts, fuckin' boat shoes and chinos.

SARAH

Squares.

But in Paul's well organized things she spots - a camera. She grabs it.

18 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY 18

A big ensuite. Check the med cabinet: serious prescription drugs. All Beth's - anti-depressants, tranquilizers, a mixed bag. All prescribed by one DR. BOWERS.

19 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, OFFICE - DAY 19

This looks promising. Fax and printer on the desk, but no computer. A two-drawer file cabinet, rifle it - just bills and paper. Open desk drawers, one by one. Bingo: last drawer has cheque books, credit card statements. Pull the whole thing out of the desk.

20 INT. FELIX'S LOFT - DAY 20

A dim, open warehouse, high windows, curtains drawn. Vague clutter, art and decay. Vague decadence: a line of coke snorted, clothing roughly removed.

Two men: An ND executive type, few features, no soul. And Felix, the bottom, tossed around. Not exactly pleasure, but nothing he'd do without.

LATER: Felix in bed. No conversation, the ND lover dressing, drops a few bills on the dresser on the way out.

Felix gets up in the gloom. Lights a smoke. He throws back a curtain, revealing in detail ...

Art space, paint splashed. Canvases and found metal sculpture, variations on a fuck you theme. A lot of it good, none of it finished ... and naked Felix heading for the bathroom ...

21 INT. FELIX'S LOFT - LATER 21

Shower running. A loud door buzzer, someone leaning on it. Shower dies off, Felix comes out of the bathroom pulling on a robe.

FELIX

Okay, okay, okay!

He unlatches and slides open the rolling metal door ...

And gets grabbed by the throat by VIC, alias "Vic the Dick", 33, a lean, frustrated bundle of see-saw emotion. Felix ain't scared of him, but Vic has him by the windpipe and tends to injure.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Vic?

VIC

Where is she?

FELIX

Who?

(throat grip tightens)

Vic? ... can't ...

VIC

Breathe?

Felix struggles, has to beg.

FELIX

Please, Vic ...

Vic relaxes his grip enough to catch a breath.

VIC

Talk.

FELIX

I haven't seen her in a year. I swear to God, I don't want to. She's not my problem anymore.

Vic lets him go. But puts a finger in his face.

VIC

Bullshit.

He takes off his ball cap to reveal a shaved bald spot and a big welt with stitches.

VIC (CONT'D)

Tell her this didn't even hurt.
Tell her it makes me happy.

FELIX

Vic. You two are poison. Why don't you just let her go?

VIC

Because I love her you little fuckhead, and we're not finished.
Now where's her kid?

FELIX
I'm not telling you that, Vic.

VIC
She's with your foster mom, isn't she? Mrs. S or P or whatever.

FELIX
You'll have to beat it out of me, I'm afraid. And I'll enjoy it.

Vic grabs his face. Felix struggles.

VIC
Tell Sarah I'm coming back. She better be here, Felix.

22 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY 22

Cold imported beer in the fridge. Sarah fishes one out, closes the door. There's a piece of paper magnetized to the fridge beneath one of the boyfriend photos - a travel itinerary, under the name ...

SARAH
Paul ...

She takes his photo too.

23 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY 23

She turns on the TV with the remote -- a security camera feed from the lobby entrance. Nobody there. She flicks through a few channels to local news, volume low.

"Beth" is laid out on the dining table - Paul's photo on his travel itinerary. The pink and black phones. Paul's Camera. She's going through the office drawer, examining credit statements, checkbooks, bank books.

The TV is on, local news, volume low.

A phone rings - her own. Check the caller ID, answer.

SARAH
Felix.

INTERCUT:

24 INT. FELIX'S LOFT - DAY 24

Felix on the phone, examining the bruises on his throat.

FELIX
Hi Liz.

SARAH

It's "Beth". My credit is maxed, but I've got a sweet pad and my new boyfriend Paul is out of town till the weekend.

FELIX (ON PHONE)

Well that's handy. Unfortunately, your real boyfriend, Vic the Dick, is already here.

SARAH

Fuck.

FELIX

I'm fine, thanks for asking.

SARAH

Sorry.

FELIX

Not very. So is she your twin or what?

Sarah sighs, going through the last effects in the office drawer.

SARAH

I don't know. Just a girl who looks like me. A girl with a pretty nice life.

FELIX

If it's so nice, why'd she kill herself?

Sarah's fingers find a seam in the bottom of the drawer. It has a false bottom. She lifts it up to discover -- a bank book. She opens it.

SARAH

Holy shit.

FELIX

What?

SARAH

She's got 150 K in a savings account.

FELIX

Uh. Say again?

SARAH

150 K. In a hidden account. Felix, this is enough for me and Kira.

FELIX

To *what*, you and Kira?

SARAH

Get away. Set ourselves up somewhere.
It's not a lot but it's enough to
lose bloody *Vic*.

FELIX

Well I want to come.

SARAH

Yes. The three of us. Where, West
Coast?

FELIX

Uh, first? Any second someone will
ID that body and it's over.

SARAH

I know, and banks take a couple of
days to process a withdrawal this
size.

FELIX

You should really get out of there
right now.

(silence)

Vic has eight stitches, by the way.

(silence)

Hello?

SARAH

I'm thinking ...

The television catches her attention ...

ON TV: A NEWS REPORT

"Commuter Chaos" title. Footage of stationary trains; crowds
welling up out of the subway; sidewalks over-crowded with
stranded passenger. A reporter on the scene mopping up,
live after-the-fact.

REPORTER

... all trains are running again,
but the jumper remains a Jane Doe.
Witnesses describe her as white,
twenties, dark-haired and well
dressed...

ON SARAH. A Plan of action forming. Don't analyze, just do.

SARAH

Felix, I have an idea.

Felix is tenuous, knows her too well.

FELIX

Oh no ...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

25 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY 25

Open on VARIOUS HOME VIDEO OF BETH. She's running a 10K race. She's in the finish area, hands on hips, regaining her breath.

REVEAL: The footage is on the TV, which is cabled to Paul's camera. Sarah watches intently, soaking in her mannerisms and speech.

More HOME VIDEO footage. Casual moments. Beth reads a bit of a hard ass. Hard shell, soft center. She doesn't smile a lot, but when she does it's warm and fragile. She bites her nails. She chews gum. In a telling clip taken without her knowing, she looks troubled.

Sarah absorbs her, taking her on, a chameleon shift.

INTERCUT:

26 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY 26

Sarah picks a nice power suit from the wardrobe. Fits perfect. Vamps the mirror, all business, a chameleon.

HOME VIDEO: Holiday footage. They're in a canoe. Paul behind the camera in the bow, shooting backwards as Beth paddles. She looks peaceful, enjoying the surroundings. Then she looks at the camera wryly.

BETH

You gonna give me a hand there,
Spielberg?

PAUL

After your close up.

She splashes water at him with the paddle. Jiggle-cam.

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

Hey, you'll get it wet!

BETH

Oh, you're breaking my heart.

27 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY 27

In the mirror, Sarah 'becomes' Beth, using her make up, styling her hair to match photos stuck to the mirror.

SARAH

Oh, you're breaking my heart.

A phone rings off ...

28 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY 28

Sarah grabs Beth's phone off the table, the black one that rang before. Checks caller ID: "Art" again.

SARAH
(as Beth)
Sorry Art, whoever you are, I'm
leaving town for a while.

Now she builds Beth a new wallet: ID, cash, change, details. Fills a new purse: lipstick, keys, clutter. Finally - bank books, cheque book.

29 INT. BETH'S BUILDING, ELEVATOR - DAY 29

Floors tick off, too slow for Sarah, 3...2...L.

30 INT. BETH'S BUILDING, LOBBY - DAY 30

Doors open on - the same Woman getting her mail. Sarah walks straight for them. The little rat-dog starts barking again, but as "Beth" gets closer, the dog recognizes her and wags its tail.

WOMAN
Morning, Beth.

Sarah spots her name on the mailbox ...

SARAH
Morning, Mrs. Elray.

She bends and gives the dog a pat on her way by.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Morning, Pooker.

And Sarah's out the door ...

31 INT. BOBBY'S DINER - DAY 31

Felix drinking shit black coffee at the counter, trying to find the balls to dial the phone in his hand, nervous knee bouncing.

Felix's knee-bounce is making PETE, an old boy with the shakes, chin-dribble his coffee. Behind the counter is BOBBY, 30, a blue collar Goth Mother, inherited her name with the joint. She swats Felix with a spatula.

BOBBY
Felix!

FELIX
What?

BOBBY
Chill with the jackhammer. Yer
buggin' Pete.

FELIX
Sorry, Peter.

BOBBY
(pours Pete another)
On him.

Felix turns his back on them and does what he has to, dialing
a number.

POLICE OPERATOR (O.S.)
Police Services.

FELIX
Um, hi ... there was a girl who killed
herself in the subway yesterday? I
think I know her.

POLICE OPERATOR (O.S.)
All right, you know a name?

FELIX
Yeah, Sarah. Sarah Manning ...

32 INT. BANK - DAY

32

Sarah, all business, before a RECEPTIONIST.

SARAH
Beth Childs. I have an appointment
with the Manager.

33 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

33

Sarah sits opposite the Manager, STEPHEN RIGGS by his
nameplate, 40. He looks over Beth's bankbooks and ID.

STEPHEN RIGGS
Well I'm sorry to see you leave,
Beth. But of course we don't keep
this much cash on hand.

SARAH
The transaction needs to be verified,
that's fine. I'd like it by Thursday.

STEPHEN RIGGS
Thursday. Can I ask where you're going?

SARAH
Another institution.

STEPHEN RIGGS
Can I ask why?

She smiles a definite "no". He clears his throat.

STEPHEN RIGGS (CONT'D)
All right, we'll get it processed.
If you please authorize, right here.
(Sarah signs Beth's signature)
And here.
(she signs again)
You know, I really recommend a cashier's cheque, rather than carrying this amount of cash.

SARAH
Thank you, Stephen, that won't be necessary.

STEPHEN RIGGS
Will you be emptying your safe deposit box too?

SARAH
(beat)
Yes. Can we do that now?

STEPHEN RIGGS
Do you have your key with you?

Sarah takes out Beth's key ring. He spots the key before she does.

STEPHEN RIGGS (CONT'D)
Yes, there it is. This way, please.

34 INT. SAFE DEPOSIT ROOM - DAY

34

Mr. Riggs uses his key to remove a box from the wall. He puts it on the table for her.

STEPHEN RIGGS
Take your time.

He leaves the room. Sarah opens the lid.

One file folder. She opens it - nothing negotiable. Just a photocopied birth certificate - Beth's. Another photocopied birth certificate, this one German, for a "Katja Obinger". Another for "Allison Hendrix".

No time to think about it. Just take the file, slip it into her purse.

35 EXT. SIDEWALK, NEAR BETH'S APARTMENT - DAY

35

Sarah hustles back to Beth's. So far, so good. Except the heels are killing her. She bends down to take off the shoes, and is suddenly struck by a...

VISION-FLASH: The train station platform. Beth bending to take off her shoes, identical.

Sarah stands up quickly, wierded-out in a dead girl's clothes. Ignore it, keep walking barefoot, almost "home". But as she steps off the curb ...

An unmarked police car skids up, cutting her off. Out hops a plain clothes COP, early 30's, black, pissed right off. He eyes the shoes in her hand like she's crazy.

COP

What the hell are you doing?

SARAH

Is there a law against walking barefoot?

COP

Get in the car.

SARAH

Why?

COP

Don't fuck with me, Beth.

Oh no, he knows her. No choice, she reaches for the back door.

COP (CONT'D)

In the front. I ain't Drivin' Miss Daisy.

SARAH

Okay. Calm down.

He gets in behind the wheel. Freaking out, she goes around to the passenger side...

36 INT. COP CAR - DAY

36

Gets in. He pulls out fast, shaking his head in silent anger.

ART

Where you been for three days? Huh?

Sarah plays it tight lipped, pissed off right back.

ART (CONT'D)

You better be ready. Are you ready?

SARAH

Yeah, I'm ready.

Silence. He drives aggressively.

ART

Skip the shrink, that's your problem.
You fuck this up, you fuck me.

He's getting emotional. She has to say something.

SARAH

I know.

Casting about for clues, she spots a clipboard. Cop paperwork: Officer Arthur Bell. Art.

ART

We made a commitment. I crossed a
line for you. Suddenly I can't trust
you? Suddenly I don't even know
you?

SARAH

Art.

Beat. The name sticks. Sarah gives him "Beth" attitude.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You're breaking my heart. Just drive.

Art glowers. Sarah stares straight ahead. This is out of control.

37 INT. MORGUE, CORRIDOR - DAY

37

Felix escorted by COLIN, 29, geek-handsome young morgue attendant. Felix is flustered, finds the whole morgue thing kind of creatively juicy and a weird turn on. They approach the cold room doors at the end of the hall.

FELIX

Are they in there?

COLIN

Yes.

Colin is about to open the door, Felix balks, a hand on his arm.

FELIX

Colin... Can I call you Colin?

COLIN

My mum does.

FELIX

Uh huh. Don't get me wrong, I usually enjoy creepy. I'm just a little ...
(flustered)

COLIN

Sure. Take a breath.

FELIX

(tries, but)
The air in here. Is that just me?

COLIN

No. It's death.
(a smile)
You can do this. It can be a gestalt.

FELIX

Oh my.

Colin opens the door.

38 INT. COP CAR - DAY 38

Sarah holds on as Art angrily wheels the car around a corner.
Oh Fuck ...

39 EXT. POLICE PRECINCT, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 39

Art pulls the car into a space. He gets out fast and starts walking.

40 INT. COP CAR - CONTINUOUS 40

Sarah's frozen.

SARAH

Ho-ly shit.

It must be shift change, COPS everywhere. Art waits impatiently.

41 EXT. PRECINCT - DAY 41

She gets out, every Cop watching. WTF is going on?

Bull through, catch up to Art, make him fall into stride across the lot. Right up the wide front steps, in through the front door.

42 INT. PRECINCT - DAY 42

She holds up and lets Art lead. The DESK SERGEANT stands as they pass, doesn't like either of them. Why are all eyes on her? A few cold glares, a few nods of encouragement from the rank-and-file. A dark haired woman out of uniform (ANGELA DEANGELIS, 30) makes a fist - "strength"

43 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY 43

Art leads them right to a wiry little Napoleon, cue ball bald, waiting outside his office door - LIEUTENANT GAVIN HARDCASTLE, 50. He's got a hate on for Beth.

HARDCASTLE
Fashionably late, you call that?

ART
She's here, Lieutenant.

HARDCASTLE
(to him, then her)
You get busy. You come with me.

Hardcastle leads her off. Sarah casts a glance back to Art, at his desk. On the desk adjoining his, a nameplate - Detective Elizabeth Childs. Art nods encouragement. Real concern, her partner, an ally in this skin, but not her own.

Hardcastle, on the other hand, opens a door into a hallway. He glares back at the hanging squad room.

HARDCASTLE (CONT'D)
Show's over!

He slams the door behind them.

44 INT. POLICE PRECINCT, HALLWAY - DAY 44

He marches her down, interrogation rooms on either side.

HARDCASTLE
You better have your story down,
Childs.

He stops at a door ajar. Inside, Sarah glimpses a Tribunal: An INTERNAL AFFAIRS SUIT, a POLICE CAPTAIN in uniform, and a

CIVILIAN POLITICIAN, a woman in her 50's. Beth's LAWYER waits at a table facing them, her chair empty. Hardcastle softens a shade, offers a crack of encouragement.

HARDCASTLE (CONT'D)
Stick to your statement, you'll be fine.

She can't go in there. Spots a sign down the hall ...

SARAH
I gotta use the bathroom.
(her general disarray)
Lieutenant.

Hardcastle bristles, but there's a lot on the line.

HARDCASTLE
Get yourself together.

45 INT. PRECINCT, BATHROOM - DAY

45

Sarah steps in, alone, reeling. Pulls out her phone, dials. Waits as it rings, cusses low as she gets a message.

FELIX (V.O.)
Whaddaya want? Leave it for Felix.

SARAH
Felix! Beth is a cop! I'm a cop,
Felix! Abort!

46 INT. MORGUE - DAY

46

Felix, mortified/titillated as Colin rolls out a body bag.

COLIN
Okay. Can I call you Felix?

FELIX
Yes, please.

COLIN
This'll be shocking, Felix. But for her it was instant.

Felix nods. Colin unzips the face. Felix is rocked - he's staring at a dead, mangled Sarah. His knees go weak.

FELIX
Ohhhh my God ... toooo weird ...

COLIN
It's okay, lean on me.

FELIX
Ohhhh my God ... that is so fucked
up.

COLIN
Here's a chair.

He sits him down. Felix wasn't ready for that.

47 INT. PRECINCT, BATHROOM - DAY 47

Sarah's got nowhere to turn. She desperately needs a plan. Then she spots the liquid hand soap dispenser, clear colourless soap. Ah, shit. She dismantles it quickly.

48 INT. MORGUE - DAY 48

Felix thankfully drinks a glass of water.

FELIX
Thank you. Morgue water? Delicious.

COLIN
Is it her, Felix?

Felix takes a big breath and nods.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Your sister. I'm sorry.

FELIX
Foster sister, but close. We spent our 'formulative' years together.

COLIN
Well if you ... need anyone to talk to ... over a drink.

Colin is actually blushing. Not much surprises Felix, but this does. He reappraises him.

FELIX
Well, aren't you an odd duck?

49 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY 49

Sarah emerges from the bathroom. Death march toward Hardcastle waiting outside the hearing room, a slight wobble in her step. She steps right past him and in.

50 INT. HEARING ROOM - DAY 50

Sarah nods to her grim Lawyer and sits opposite the Tribunal. They've been waiting a while.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Nice of you to join us.

SARAH
Sorry, sir.

Internal Affairs turns on the tape rig, adjusts the mic.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS
All right. Statement of Officer Elizabeth Childs, entering into record her version of the line-of-duty shooting, 7 February of this year, resulting in a civilian fatality. In your own words please, begin by stating your name.

Silence. They wait. Her Lawyer gives her a nod. She opens her mouth to speak and closes it again.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Any time, Detective.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS
Just relax and tell it like it is.

Sarah shifts in her seat, sweating, going green ... and then the Tribunal scatters as she pukes all over the table.

51 INT. SQUAD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

51

Art looks up from his paperwork as the Tribunal Members stomp through wiping themselves down with paper towel. Hardcastle peels off from them, also toweling, steps up to Art.

HARDCASTLE
Get your partner to the goddamn shrink.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

52 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

52

On DR. ANITA BOWERS, her tired, piercing gaze over bifocals and nameplate on piled desk. Bowers has spent twenty years dealing with cops, and a year or so with Beth -- Sarah -- who's lying uncomfortably on a couch across the room, ready to say anything to get out of there.

DR. BOWERS

It's "not coming back" to you?

SARAH

Not really. I know I shot a civilian, but I'm missing ...

DR. BOWERS

What? Explain.

SARAH

Myself. I glitched, a break or something. I think I need some ... you know, leave.

DR. BOWERS

You're under suspension.

SARAH

Right.

DR. BOWERS

But I can declare you Unfit. So circumstances aside, let's start with how you *feel* about shooting this person you don't really remember shooting.

(refers to notes)

Maggie Chen. 44. Single, churchgoer. Who you mistook for a wanted felon. And her cell phone for a gun.

Sarah doesn't want to dig any deeper, just shrugs.

SARAH

I feel bad.

Bowers is deadpan. She checks her watch, settles back in her chair.

DR. BOWERS

A cop like you doesn't just accept unfit. And why are you *lying down*?

Sarah realizes she's made a mistake. Sits up.

SARAH
The pink phone ...

Its a TEXT: "1/2 blk mre, blk BMW, get in." Sarah stops dead.
Scans the block ahead ...

Half way up - black BMW, tinted windows, idling.

Now what? Jump down another rabbit hole? She's stuck.
The BMW revs it's engine. But then she sees ... Art.

INTERCUT:

59 EXT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE, MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

59

He's on the sidewalk, casting about for Beth. Pissed, he
pulls out his phone.

Sarah picks the devil she knows, turns quickly his way,
slipping into Beth's "skin". She switches to Beth's black
phone and beats him to the dial.

Art's phone rings as he's dialing.

ART
The fuck, Beth --?

SARAH
Easy. I'm right here ...

He sees her coming, scours, still on the line.

An engine roars. A backward glance. Sarah sees the black
BMW pulling away into traffic.

Sarah and Art hang up next to each other. She's on the
offensive.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Don't start. I needed to be alone
for a minute.

Art just shakes his head at her, deeply disappointed.

ART
You swore you were *off* the meds.

SARAH
I'm a mess. What do you want me to
say?

ART
Jesus Christ. How many pills do you
have to swallow to puke all over a
Disciplinary Hearing?

SARAH
More than I took. I had to drink
hand soap too.

It has that odd ring of truth that makes Art think twice.

ART
You did that on purpose?

SARAH
I was gonna screw it up, Art. I
panicked. I just need some more
time to get my head straight.

ART
A couple days they reconvene.

SARAH
I'll be ready, I promise.

ART
And now they fucking hate you.

SARAH
I'm good. I'll walk in and just stick
to my statement.

Art appears to soften. He reaches out to put a hand on his partner's shoulder. But instead he seizes the back of her neck and squeezes, dead fucking serious.

ART
Just so we're *clear*, partner. I won't
let you burn my career.

He turns and walks away. Sarah is rattled.

60 INT. FELIX'S LOFT - DAY

60

A painting underway - the vague corpse of Beth in the morgue, Felix working the surface. Someone lays on the buzzer and Felix knows exactly who it is. He puts down his brush, wipes his hands, arranges a handy newspaper, psyches himself for an Oscar-worthy drama.

61 INT. FELIX'S LOFT/HALLWAY - DAY

61

Vic leans on the buzzer and bangs on the door, murderous.

VIC
Open up, Felix!

The door whips open and Felix grabs him by the throat. Vic is taken off guard, but breaks the grip easily.

VIC (CONT'D)
 You crazy little fruit leather...

But before the blows land, Felix stops him cold with animated anguish.

FELIX
 Sarah's dead!

VIC
 What?

FELIX
 Dead! She killed herself!

VIC
 Bullshit.

Felix throws him the paper: "Jane Doe Jumper" headline.

FELIX
 She jumped in front of a train!
 Because you are such a fuckin'
 asshole!

VIC
 (has the fear now)
 This isn't Sarah ...

FELIX
 I identified her body! She's dead,
 Vic!

Felix grabs him, full waterworks. Vic pushes him off, freaking, just where Felix wants him.

VIC
 Don't fuck with me, Felix! She told
 you to say this! She can't be dead!

FELIX
 Aaaahhhh'll prove it to you!!

62 INT. MORGUE - DAY

62

Vic leaning heavily on Felix, lets out a strangled gasp as "Sarah's" body bag, is unzipped by Colin for the second time today.

VIC
 Sarah ... oh, Sarah ...

He breaks down, keening and pining. Felix absently pats him on the back, far more interested in his new frisson with Colin. Off Beth on the slab ...

63 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

63

"Beth" is laid out on the table. Photos, financial details, the envelope from the safe deposit box etc. Felix is with Sarah, trying to make sense of it all.

FELIX

So your twin, all hopped up on cop-tranquillizers, guns down a innocent Chinese lady. Is that true?

SARAH

I don't know. Her partner's covering for her somehow, but he sure doesn't trust her.

FELIX

Yeah, what's she doing with 150K in a hidden account?

SARAH

I don't care. Her life is way more fucked up than mine. But we can still pull this off.

FELIX

We have no choice now. Vic is keening like a banshee. He wants a funeral.

SARAH

You can't have a funeral. The whole sad point is nobody would notice if I died.

Felix chuckles, wanders the room with a jaundiced eye, scoffing at art, eating candies from a dish.

FELIX

Did I mention the bi-curious morgue attendant?

SARAH

Tell Vic dead is dead and you never want to see him again.

FELIX

Well, I need personal effects.

SARAH

What?

FELIX (O.S.)

Your shit, Sarah. Objects for him to pine over. You could at least help with your death.

Sarah pours over Beth, trying to get a handle on her.

SARAH
This girl. She's a hardass. A control
freak on anti-psychotics. I think
her life was falling apart.

FELIX
Thrilling, really, but can we get
the fucking elephant out of the room?

He slaps a photo of Beth right in front of her.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Look at her. This could be your
story.

SARAH
It's not.

FELIX
You have to ask.

SARAH
No I don't.

FELIX
Every foster kid dreams of their
dramatic lost family. Deep down, we
all hope we're special.

SARAH
The last thing I am is special.

Sarah flips him the picture of Beth's boyfriend.

SARAH (CONT'D)
If that was my boyfriend, I'd jump
in front of a train too.

FELIX
Don't say *that*. Paul is hot and you
know it.

Felix opens the envelope from the safe deposit box, the one
with the ID documents. She takes them away from him.

FELIX (CONT'D)
What are those?

SARAH
Nothing.
(relents)
She had some birth certificates in
her safe deposit box.

FELIX
Whose birth certificates?

SARAH
I don't know, okay. One of them's
German.

They examine them together. The three many-times-xeroxed
birth certificates... different places of birth... but dates
of birth all March or April, 1984.

FELIX
Beth. "Katja Obinger". "Alison
Hendrix". Sarah, their birth dates
are within a month of yours.

SARAH
So what?

FELIX
Well, *what is this*? Maybe your bio-
mother was like a robo-mom who punched
out quadruplets.

SARAH
Then the birthdays would be the *same*,
Felix. It's just a score. A score
going out of control, okay? It's
way too dangerous for Kira right
now. And it's too dangerous for
you.

Felix sinks. He should have known.

FELIX
Oh. You're gonna disappear again.

SARAH
Just for a bit.

FELIX
I'm so fucking stupid.

SARAH
I have to, Felix. There's other weird
shit going on. There was a black
car following her ...

FELIX
A black car? You must be terrified.

He storms off to the door. Sarah follows.

SARAH
 Tomorrow I'll get through the bank,
 leave you some money. I promise
 I'll be back in touch when I know
 it's safe.

FELIX
 Keep your money. Okay? You're not
 my fucking sister, you just *make me*
 be your brother.

SARAH
 Felix ... I will call you tomorrow.

Felix adjusts himself imperiously in a mirror.

FELIX
 I did my bit, Sarah. Now you're
 dead.

Felix closes the door on her. She groans, the drama.

64 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT - DAY 64

Sarah stands staring at Beth spread out on the table. Then
 snaps to it, sorting the information back into corresponding
 piles.

65 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT 65

Shower running. Sarah undresses. Beneath the clothes,
 bruises hint at a rough exit from her life with Vic.

Sarah lets the hot water pour over her, gathering strength.

66 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 66

Sarah in a bathrobe, staring into Sarah's closet.

She puts a small sports bag on the bed, starts picking a few
 items - functional clothing, some running shoes.

She startles out of it -- a key in a lock!

67 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS 67

The door handle turns, someone coming in ...

68 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 68

Beth frozen, listening as the door closes.

PAUL (O.S.)
 Beth?

SARAH
(under her breath)
Fuck ...

PAUL (O.S.)
Beth?

Sound of footfalls, receding, then approaching, right outside the door ... it's pushed open ...

PAUL stands looking in. 30ish, leaner and better looking than expected. Suit and loosened tie, travel-worn. He seems cautious with her, not sure what to expect.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hi.

SARAH
(as Beth)
Hey.

He takes in the bag on the bed.

PAUL
Are you going somewhere?

SARAH
No, gym stuff.

Sarah tosses it in the cupboard. He's expectant.

SARAH (CONT'D)
You're back early.

PAUL
Well, I wanted to be here. So?

SARAH
Yeah?

PAUL
How was the hearing?

SARAH
Oh ... I couldn't do it.

PAUL
You skipped it?

SARAH
No. I got sick to my stomach,
basically puked on them.

PAUL
 (real concern)
 Are you serious?

He comes to hold her. She sidesteps.

SARAH
 I'm okay, don't worry.

She sidesteps again but he cuts her off. She can't meet his gaze. He looks at her closer.

PAUL
 Beth ...?

SARAH
 What?

He senses something amiss, beyond the immediate. Sarah pushes past him. He follows her out.

PAUL
 What's happened?

SARAH
 A lot.

PAUL
 I know, but you're ...

69 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

69

There's no retreat. She turns to challenge him.

SARAH
 I'm what?

He can't put his finger on it.

PAUL
 What did you do to your hair?

SARAH
 Nothing. Got it cut.

PAUL
 It's longer.

SARAH
 It's just wet.

Concerned, he reaches out to touch her face.

PAUL
 Something's different ...

In a corner, Sarah doesn't think. She jumps him -- arms around his neck, kissing him deeply. He's knocked back against the wall.

Paul didn't know how much he needed this, and Sarah's not expecting his ardor. He flips her around, back against the wall, hands inside her robe.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Bedroom ...

The only way Sarah can do this is in charge. She muscled him aggressively around again, pressing him to the wall.

SARAH

Right here ...

She undoes his belt. Even in the midst of this madness, she's impressed by what she finds.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh man ...

She goes up on her toes, lowers onto his cock and groans.

They feel it, slowly, a few strokes. Paul is rocked and game. But wants it his way. He turns her firmly down the hall, an order whispered in her ear.

PAUL

Bedroom ...

Sarah no longer cares to resist. She lets him lead her.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

70 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 70

Sarah wide awake in bed, her back to Paul, sleeping with his arm around her. She's not okay with what she just did. She disengages cautiously.

71 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 71

In the dim light, she picks up his pants, finds his wallet. His ID: Paul Dierden. Credit cards, cash. Key chain - a Volvo key among them. She puts it all back in the pants.

72 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, FRONT HALL - NIGHT 72

She finds his briefcase. Turns on a hall light, clicks open the latches: Some files, some architectural drawings. He's an engineer or a contractor. Close it back up.

73 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 73

She slips back into the bed. In sleep, he puts his arm back around her. She can't do it, moves away.

74 INT. FELIX'S LOFT - DAY 74

Banging on the door. Felix pulls on a robe.

VIC (O.S.)

Felix! Felix!

FELIX

Oh for crying out loud ...

He pulls open the door. Vic is dishevelled and drunk. Blood down the front of his shirt.

VIC

I'm sorry, man, I got nowhere to go.

FELIX

A men's shelter?

But he sighs and lets him in.

FELIX (CONT'D)

What the fuck happened to your face?

VIC

I got in a fight.

FELIX

Why, Vic? Why are you such a dick?

VIC
 I'm angry, I don't know.
 (near tears)
 Felix, I can't sleep. I keep seeing
 her face.

FELIX
 Yeah, me too.

VIC
 She's gone, man.

Vic collapses into a chair, a puddle.

VIC (CONT'D)
 There's just no closure without a
 fuckin', you know, memorial send off
 or whatever.

Felix regards him dryly, then decides - fuck you, Sarah.

FELIX
 Okay, Vic. The cremation's tomorrow.

VIC
 Tomorrow? But I gotta tell Glen and
 that bitch Sherry. And some of the
 bikers from Hamilton, they'd want to
 be there.

FELIX
 We'll have a wake. They can come to
 that.

VIC
 A wake. That's what I'm talking about,
 Felix. Coming *together*.

Felix takes control, a practiced den mother.

FELIX
 Love to, but tonight, you need a
 shower and a Xanax. In the morning,
 we'll find you a suit. You're not
 going to Sarah's funeral looking
 like that.

75 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

75

Sarah asleep, the bed beside her empty. Paul enters with
 coffee for her. She wakes with a start, disoriented.

PAUL
 Easy, just coffee.

SARAH
Oh. Thanks.

He sits on the bed and hands it to her.

PAUL
You want to tell me what happened at
the hearing?

SARAH
I choked. Nerves, I guess. They're
reconvening for me, it'll be fine.

PAUL
Are you still off your meds?

SARAH
(beat)
Yes.

PAUL
Then you didn't choke, you're just
finally feeling something.

He slides his hand under the sheets.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Feeling like the real you.

He leans in, kisses her deeply. Sarah can't help it -- it
feels good even though she's about to screw the guy over.

SARAH
Hey, uh. Are you driving?

PAUL
What do you mean?

SARAH
I could use the Volvo today.

PAUL
Use your own car.

SARAH
Yeah ... can't find my keys.

PAUL
They're in the thing, like they always
are.

SARAH
Oh. Sorry, yeah. Still kinda asleep
here.

He smiles at her oddly, and heads out.

Sarah listens to him leaving, on edge ... the door closes. She hops up.

76 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, FRONT HALL - DAY 76

She looks around for "the thing". Tries a drawer, nothing. Looks in a clay pot - spare change. A little decorative box with a lid - bingo, keys. She fishes out an electronic car key.

77 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY 77

From the closet, she retrieves the bag she packed and hastily hid last night. She picks a new power suit from Beth's clothes. Sooo not her style, but ...

78 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY 78

It fits like a glove. In the mirror, Sarah does the make up, styles the hair, "becoming" Beth

SARAH

Hello, Stephen, nice to see you again.

INTERCUT:

79 INT. CREMATORIUM - NIGHT 79

Sarah's funeral. An oven door opens on a gas-fired inferno. A plain wooden casket rolls into the flames. An UNDERTAKER, solicitous in black.

Felix, bitter in dapper attire. Vic in a bad suit, leaning on him. Battling anger, battling tears, hugging Sarah's beat up old leather jacket.

80 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, OFFICE - DAY 80

Sort Beth: Photos and details she doesn't need put aside. Wallet, passport, bankbook into purse. Sort the 3 birth certificates, they go into the purse too.

81 INT. CREMATORIUM, OFFICE - DAY 81

Weeping Vic accepts a simple urn of ashes from the Undertaker. Felix just want to get out of there.

82 INT. BETH'S BUILDING, ELEVATOR - DAY 82

"Beth" dressed for business -- purse and travel bags. Foot tapping impatiently as the floors tick off too slowly: 3,2,L,P1,P2 ... Ding. The doors slide open.

- 83 INT. BETH'S BUILDING, PARKING LEVEL - DAY 83**
- A cavernous, echoing space, cars for miles. Hit the electronic key, a car squawks - a nice Audi.
- SARAH
- Sweet.
- 84 INT. AUDI - DAY 84**
- Sarah gets in the car. It's spotless. She checks the arm rest compartment, nothing but a box of tissue. Reaches over to open the glove compartment: A pair of binoculars.
- 85 EXT. BETH'S BUILDING, UNDERGROUND PARKING - DAY 85**
- The security door rolls up slow, revealing the Audi, Sarah behind the wheel. She pulls out.
- 86 EXT. BETH'S BUILDING, CURBSIDE - DAY 86**
- Art is parked down the block, staking her out in his car. He slumps down as she passes, starts his engine, pulls out after her.
- 87 INT. ART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 87**
- Art keeps well back, tailing her professionally, determined and calm.
- 88 EXT. STREET, VARIOUS - DAY 88**
- Sarah's car passes ...
- The black, tinted BMW at the curb.
- As Art's car passes, the BMW pulls out, starts tailing the both of them.
- 89 INT. AUDI, DRIVING - DAY 89**
- Sarah chews her lip, going over the plan, oblivious to the tails.
- 90 EXT. BANK - DAY 90**
- Sarah parks, gets out with purse and briefcase.
- ANGLE ON: Art pulls in a short way off. Watches her go into the bank.
- ANGLE ON: The black BMW, rolling slowly past.

91 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY**91**

Sarah sits waiting, briefcase in her lap. Her foot taps nervously, she stills it.

Her phone beeps: Message From: Felix. She opens it.

GRAPHIC: A photo of Sarah with text, a cheesy invitation. "Please join us to commemorate the passing of our friend Sarah Manning ..."

SARAH
(not in character)
Felix! Are you bloody serious.

The Manager, Stephen Riggs enters, carrying a zippered pouch. He caught the accent.

STEPHEN RIGGS
Everything all right?

SARAH
(back to Beth)
Stephen. Nice to see you again. Sorry.
Dealing with the English.

STEPHEN RIGGS
Well, all is in order.

He unzips the pouch. Inside -- banded wads of cash. Sarah counts them. Puts one into her purse, the rest into the brief case.

92 EXT. BANK - DAY**92**

Art, backed into a parking space watches ...

Sarah emerge from the bank, cross the lot. She opens the trunk of the Audi, drops in the bag containing the money, slams it closed.

93 EXT. BANK, STREET - DAY**93**

Sarah's car pulls out into traffic.

Art pulls in behind, leaving a couple cars between them.

94 INT. AUDI, DRIVING - DAY**94**

Sarah should feel great. She's pulled it off, she's on the road, but the unexpected "memorial" irks her. She gets on the phone, rolls her eyes at his voice mail.

FELIX (O.S.)
Leave it for Felix.

SARAH

Yeah. Joke, right? You wouldn't actually have a memorial because I would have to kill you, then we'd both be dead.

95 EXT. FELIX'S LOFT, STREET - DAY 95

Sarah hops out of the car and hurries into the building

SARAH (V.O.)

You're in your bathrobe, all pissed off at me, and I'm coming over ...

ANGLE ON: Art's car pulls up nearby. As she disappears in the building, he gets out, eyeing the Audi.

96 INT. FELIX'S LOFT, HALLWAY - DAY 96

Sarah bangs on the door, hope fading. Taking out her phone, she mutters a familiar refrain.

SARAH

Felix ...

On Felix's Memorial GRAPHIC again. "Please join us to commemorate the passing of our friend Sarah Manning ... 11 am, Allenside Park."

SARAH (CONT'D)

Allenside Park. Where else? Vic's stupid beach.

(stews, then)

Well, you only die once ...

97 EXT. FELIX'S LOFT, STREET - DAY 97

Sarah emerges from the building and gets into the Audi.

REVEAL: Art's car is no longer where he parked. He's gone.

But the black BMW is there, nothing visible beyond it's tinted windows. As the Audi starts up, it does the same.

98 EXT. STREETS/OVERPASS - DAY 98

The Audi rises above city streets onto a highway overpass. The BMW is on it's tail.

99 EXT. INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT - DAY 99

As the Audi passes, the cityscape breaks down: factory shells, decrepit warehouses, rusting lakers alongside canals.

100 EXT. INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT, VANTAGE POINT - DAY 100

A barren lot, clumps of bush along the water. The Audi parks overlooking the harbour.

101 INT. AUDI - DAY 101

There, across the water in a sad little park encroached by industry, is Sarah's own memorial. She can just make out the small group of people.

SARAH

Pathetic.

But a little amusing too. She opens the glove box, takes out the binoculars.

102 EXT. INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT, VANTAGE POINT - DAY 102

Sarah gets out of the car, walks a short distance down the shore to get a better view.

She settles down and steadies the binoculars on the group. Moans in dismay.

SARAH'S POV: Emotional Vic is delivering a eulogy. He cradles the urn before a motley group of misfit MOURNERS - a couple of BIKERS with their old LADIES, a ROCKABILLY GUY, a teary-eyed, chain smoking girl, SHERRY. And Felix, standing a little aside, perversely enjoying the whole charade.

Sarah growls at him and pulls out her phone.

103 EXT. LAKEFRONT PARK - DAY 103

VIC

She grew up rough, you know, so it was always fight or flight with her ... you want to *hang on* to someone like that. I'm sorry, Sarah. I'm an asshole, I got some work to do. I'm sorry ...

Under this, Felix checks his vibrating phone, smirks, edges further away. Quietly answers.

FELIX (ON PHONE)

So? Heaven or Hell?

SARAH (ON PHONE)

I didn't want a funeral for this very reason.

FELIX

Can't do much about that when you're dead, can you?

SARAH (ON PHONE)

I'm watching, right now.

FELIX (ON PHONE)

Oh. I dressed Vic. How do we look?

Sarah sighs, her anger subsiding a little. Her POV settles on the Rockabilly guy.

SARAH (ON PHONE)

Not as good as Rockabilly Bob.

FELIX (ON PHONE)

I know, still rockabilly after all these years, you have to respect that.

SARAH'S POV moves to: a bored BIKER and his leather-fringed BIMBO, totally unconnected.

SARAH (ON PHONE)

I don't even know that bitch with the fringe.

(POV to smoking girl)

Sherry's upset though.

FELIX (ON PHONE)

She thinks Vic pushed you in front of the train. Priceless, really.

SARAH (ON PHONE)

I got the money, Fee. I still want us to be together. It can work.

Felix is silent. Vic is glaring sideways.

FELIX (ON PHONE)

Vic's getting mad I'm taking a call.

SARAH'S POV: The binoculars leave Felix and focus on a car pulling up behind them.

A woman gets out - MRS. S, 60, heavysset, no-nonsense, working class Brit through and through. Sarah's heart sinks.

SARAH (ON PHONE)

Mrs. S.

Felix spots Mrs. S with the same "oh shit" reaction.

SARAH'S POV: In the back seat is KIRA, 9, precocious, observant, too smart by half.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Felix, *Kira* is there!

Felix beelines to head off Mrs. S.

SARAH (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
What the fuck did you do? My daughter can't think I'm dead!

104 EXT. INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT, VANTAGE POINT - DAY

104

SARAH (ON PHONE)
Felix! Felix?

She's yelling into a dead phone. Powerless, she hangs up, watches through the binoculars, trying to read body language.

SARAH'S POV: Mrs. S is stern and concerned, interrogating him. Felix placates, shepherding her back towards the car. Mrs. S gets angrily in and drives off.

But WTF happened? Sarah's gut-sick, a visceral reaction. She retreats to the car. At a loss, she gets in.

105 INT. AUDI - DAY

105

Slams the door. The quiet interior, just her panicked breathing. She tries to slow it down. To take control.

Movement behind her. Sarah glances in the rearview mirror and sees herself.

HERSELF. In the backseat.

Sarah whips around. *Another one of her*. KATJA OBINGER. Pallid, sickly and pissed off. She waves an identical pink cell phone, has a thick German accent.

KATJA
Beth! Why you not follow my text?

Sarah screams ...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

106 INT. AUDI - DAY

106

Sarah screams at her new Doppelganger, launches herself out of the car.

107 EXT. INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT, VANTAGE POINT - DAY

107

Sarah reels. Katja gets out of the back.

KATJA

Entschuldigung! Sorry!

SARAH

Keep the fuck away from me.

KATJA

Beth, it's Katja.

SARAH

Holy shit, holy, holy fuckin shit.

Sarah retreats, circling the car, keeping it between them, Katja waving that pink cell phone.

KATJA

Bitte, Beth, I need to see the Doctor.

SARAH

See whoever you want.

KATJA

The Doctor must call me.

SARAH

Just stay back.

KATJA

I'm Katja. Katja Obinger, Beth.

SARAH

I get it, okay? The German. I've seen your birth certificate.

KATJA

Jah. You asked for it. For proof.

SARAH

Proof of *what*?

KATJA

All of it, Beth.

Katja has a coughing spasm, hacks up clotted blood into a handkerchief. Begs Sarah over her bloody hands ...

KATJA (CONT'D)
Please. I need the Doctor.

Blood on her chin, on the pink cell phone. Sarah is horrified.

SARAH
I can't help you.

She's worked around to the drivers door again, quickly gets in.

108 INT. AUDI - DAY

108

But before she can lock the doors, Katja's leapt in the back.

SARAH
Get out of the car.

KATJA
No. Fear will drive you crazy, Beth.
You're police, we need you.

Sarah has no response. Katja stares at her hard.

KATJA (CONT'D)
What's going on over there?

SARAH
A friend's funeral.

KATJA
Why not go? Why spy?

SARAH
There's people I don't want to see.

Katja leans forward, searching her features. Sarah tries to poker face her back, but it's so unsettling, an alter-self in a mirror.

KATJA
Just one, I'm a few, familyless too.
Who am I?

It's a riddle, a test. Sarah balks. And Katja knows.

KATJA (CONT'D)
You're not Beth.

A rush of air and cracking glass. A red mist momentarily blinds Sarah.

SARAH

Ahh!

Time slows as ... Sarah opens her eyes. There's blood droplets on the front windscreen. She turns around.

Katja is slumped, head on her chest. Sarah can't see her face. It doesn't compute. She sees ...

A dollar-sized hole in the rear passenger window. An exit hole, spider-cracked, out the blood-misted front passenger side.

Real-time rushes back with another rush of air and instant bullet hole through the windows.

Sarah yelps, dives down. Is she hit? She can feel blood on the side of her head. All instinct now as she turns the key. The engine growls, she drops it in reverse.

109 EXT. INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT, VANTAGE POINT - CONTINUOUS 109

The Audi peels backwards, running over debris.

Sarah stays low, peering out the rear window. Hits a bump, yelps as Katja's still-seated body falls over. Yelps as another bullet rips through the windshield.

The Audi punches through a chain-link fence, skids Rockford-style into the street.

Sarah shifts into first, lights up the tires. She madly corrects the wheel as ...

The Audi fishtails up onto the curb, bounces back into the street and speeds away.

110 EXT. LAKEFRONT PARK - DAY 110

Felix bites his lip, deeply concerned with Mrs. S and Kira. His reactionary memorial is backfiring as he watches ...

Vic holding the urn. Mourners dip handfuls of ash, wander off to say their private good-byes.

Handfuls of "Sarah" tossed into the lake, the wind not cooperating, small clouds of ash blowing away.

Vic, doing some kind of Ganges River thing, wades out in his suit, scatters the ashes in circles around himself.

Felix at the water's edge, sighs at the scene. He lowers his handful of ash to the surface, slowly letting the water seep into his hands, making a slurry.

FELIX
Sorry, Elizabeth Childs.

111 INT. AUDI, DRIVING - DAY

111

Sarah fumbles wads of kleenex as she drives, pressing some to the side of her head. In the rearview, she sees she's just nicked.

She gets a fresh tissue and tries to wipe down the windshield and dash. It just smears. Her hands shake uncontrollably.

She forgets the bloody windshield. Someone who never cries is about to cry.

SARAH
What the hell is happening to me?

A phone rings. In the backseat.

With dread, she looks back to see ... Katja's corpse flopped across the back seat. Dead eyes staring back, her own face with an exit hole.

Katja's pink cell lies under her blood-matted hair, lighting up with each ring.

Sarah turns forward and just drives. The phone stops ringing, a relief.

Sarah startles as almost immediately, as a second phone rings. Same ring. From her pocket she pulls out - the pink phone. "Unknown Caller"

Ring ... ring ... Does she answer it? Sarah is torn a thousand ways.

She cranks the wheel.

112 EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

112

The Audi careens into an derelict industrial lot and skids to a halt.

113 INT. AUDI - DAY

113

Phone ringing in her hand, Sarah slowly turns to look in the back seat. The dead German lies there, eyes staring, exit wound oozing.

Sarah can't make sense of it. The fear is absolute. She catches herself in the rear view. There's blood droplets on her face, a *deja vu* of the pilot teaser.

She wipes away the blood with a surge of panic, breaks the stasis and bursts out of the car.

114 EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

114

Sarah paces, the phone in her hand. Her thumb is poised to answer, but she's terrified.

She hits the button, stays quiet. She can hear breathing.

Sarah switches voices and body language to "Beth".

SARAH

Hello?

END OF PILOT