ORPHAN BLACK
Pilot

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1 INT. SUBWAY CAR – DAY

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

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.


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

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

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, snaps the purse.
Purse in hand, Sarah joins the tail end of the commuter flow out.
ACT ONE

5 EXT. SUBWAY EXIT, DOWNTOWN - DAY

She’s disgorged among the crowd, clutching the out-of-character purse. Daylight hits her, street noise. She pulls aside to get her bearings. Skyscrapers tower all around, disorienting. She picks a direction, heads off, holding herself to a fast walk.

6 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

She rifles the purse in a filthy stall. A wallet, find the ID: Too fucking weird, herself staring back. Name:

SARAH
Elizabeth Childs ...

Count the money. $140, into her pocket. Two phones, one expensive, one cheap pink plastic, pocket them. A big set of keys with an electronic swipe card attached. Take those too. Go back and take the credit cards. The rest is crap.

Exit the stall, purse into garbage, cover it with trash. A breath, a moment in the mirror. Wipe away another blood spot. Holy fuckin shit.

7 INT. OLLY’S TAVERN - DAY

A skid bar, almost empty. Sarah comes out of the bathroom, steps to the sketchy BARTENDER.

SARAH
Bourbon rocks.

The Bartender pours, eyes her curiously.

BARTENDER
Do I know you?

SARAH
Maybe. I haven’t been around for a while.

BARTENDER
Yeah. Thought I seen you before.

8 INT. OLLY’S TAVERN - LATER

Sarah at a table, four drinks in. She fidgets, not good at sitting still.

Door opens. A skinny-assed hustler enters. FELIX, worldly beyond his 23 years, all of them gay. He's Sarah's foster brother, the closest thing either of them have to family. He
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)
Guiness, Jack.
(them)
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

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

A bank of buzzers. Swipe the key card, lock tumbles, slip in ...
EXT. BETH’S BUILDING, LOBBY - DAY

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.

INT. BETH’S BUILDING, ELEVATOR - DAY

Quiet, Sarah tense, floors ticking upwards.

INT. BETH’S BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

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.

INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, FRONT HALL - DAY

Sarah softly shuts the door, stays still. Silence. She edges in ... 

INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

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.

INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

She passes the fridge, photos on the door: “Beth”. And a boyfriend? One with his shirt off, not bad, but not her type.

INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

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.

INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY
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.

INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY
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:

INT. FELIX’S LOFT - DAY
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 ...
ACT TWO

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

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

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

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 ...
INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM – DAY

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.


INT. BETH’S BUILDING, ELEVATOR – DAY

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

INT. BETH’S BUILDING, LOBBY – DAY

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 ...

INT. BOBBY’S DINER – DAY

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

Sarah, all business, before a RECEPTIONIST.

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

33 INT. BANK MANAGER’S OFFICE – DAY

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.

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT ROOM – DAY

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

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...
INT. COP CAR - DAY

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.

INT. MORGUE, CORRIDOR - DAY

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

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

39 EXT. POLICE PRECINCT, PARKING LOT – CONTINUOUS

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

40 INT. COP CAR – CONTINUOUS

Sarah’s frozen.

SARAH

Ho-ly shit.

It must be shift change, COPS everywhere. Art waits impatiently.
EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

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.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

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”

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

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.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT, HALLWAY - DAY

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
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
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 ... tooooo 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

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

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

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

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.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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
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.
DR. BOWERS (CONT'D)
A year you've been seeing me and you avoid that couch like the plague. It tells me you're acting. And if you're not being truthful, I can't help you.

(washing hands of her)
So your recent episodes -- dissociation, delusions, paranoia -- they can all be part of a legal defense. A very good one. Just not for a cop with ambition. If you still want a career, you need me. Are you hearing that?

SARAH
Yes.

DR. BOWERS
Good. Because your time is up.

Thank God. Sarah is right out the door.

53 INT. PSYCHIATRIST’S OFFICE, HALLWAY - DAY
Sarah slips out of the office quietly, sticking to the wall. Craning down the hall she can glimpse ...

54 INT. PSYCHIATRIST’S OFFICE, WAITING ROOM
Art waiting for her on a couch, her escort, intense as usual.

55 INT. PSYCHIATRIST’S BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY
Sarah moves the other direction, toward an “Exit”.

56 INT. PSYCHIATRIST’S BUILDING, STAIRWELL - DAY
She bounds down half a flight at a time, footfalls echoing. Not quite parkour, but she’s got moves. Hits the bottom ...

57 EXT. PSYCHIATRIST’S OFFICE, ALLEY - DAY
Instant composure. Sarah steps calmly out the door, picks the alley mouth offering the most traffic.

58 EXT. STREET - DAY
Steps into pedestrian flow. Checks her back.

An unfamiliar phone chirps in her bag. Still moving, she fishes out Beth’s usual phone, but it’s the other phone that chirps again, the one that hasn’t rung yet
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

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

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
Aaaaahhhh’ll prove it to you!!

INT. MORGUE – DAY

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 ...
“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-tranquillisers, guns down an 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
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
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
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
The door handle turns, someone coming in ...

68 INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, BEDROOM — CONTINUOUS
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.

\[ \text{PAUL (CONT'D)} \]
\[ \text{Bedroom ...} \]

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

\[ \text{SARAH} \]
\[ \text{Right here ...} \]

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

\[ \text{SARAH (CONT'D)} \]
\[ \text{Oh man ...} \]

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.

\[ \text{PAUL} \]
\[ \text{Bedroom ...} \]

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

\[ \text{END ACT THREE} \]
ACT FOUR

INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, BEDROOM – NIGHT

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.

INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

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.

INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, FRONT HALL – NIGHT

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.

INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, BEDROOM – NIGHT

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

INT. FELIX’S LOFT – DAY

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.

INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, FRONT HALL – DAY

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.

INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, BEDROOM – DAY

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 ...

INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, BATHROOM – DAY

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.

INT. CREMATORIUM – NIGHT

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.


INT. BETH’S APARTMENT, OFFICE – DAY

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.

INT. BETH’S BUILDING, ELEVATOR – DAY

“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.
INT. BETH'S BUILDING, PARKING LEVEL - DAY

A cavernous, echoing space, cars for miles. Hit the electronic key, a car squawks - a nice Audi.

SARAH

Sweet.

INT. AUDI - DAY

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.

EXT. BETH'S BUILDING, UNDERGROUND PARKING - DAY

The security door rolls up slow, revealing the Audi, Sarah behind the wheel. She pulls out.

EXT. BETH'S BUILDING, CURBSIDE - DAY

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.

INT. ART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Art keeps well back, tailing her professionally, determined and calm.

EXT. STREET, VARIOUS - DAY

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.

INT. AUDI, DRIVING - DAY

Sarah chews her lip, going over the plan, oblivious to the tails.

EXT. BANK - DAY

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

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 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

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

Sarah’s car pulls out into traffic.

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

94 INT. AUDI, DRIVING — DAY

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
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
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 ... Il am, Allenside Park."

SARAH (CONT'D)
(stews, then)
Well, you only die once ...

97 EXT. FELIX'S LOFT, STREET - DAY
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
The Audi rises above city streets onto a highway overpass. The BMW is on it's tail.

99 EXT. INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT - DAY
As the Audi passes, the cityscape breaks down: factory shells, decrepit warehouses, rusting lakers alongside canals.
A barren lot, clumps of bush along the water. The Audi parks overlooking the harbour.

INT. AUDI - DAY

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.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT, VANTAGE POINT - DAY

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.

EXT. LAKEFRONT PARK - DAY

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, heavyset, 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!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT, VANTAGE POINT – DAY

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.

INT. AUDI – DAY

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

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

107 EXT. INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT, VANTAGE POINT - DAY

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

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

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

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.
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.

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

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

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