

ORPHAN BLACK
Ep. 102

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TEASER

1 EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

1

CLOSE ON: SARAH'S EYES, wide, terrified. Her breath rasps in her head, drowning out all other sound but a ringing phone.

She stands in stasis outside the Audi where it skidded to a halt. The phone is in her hand, ringing, ringing ...

Sarah slowly looks 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.

The phone rings on. The ID says "unknown caller". Her thumb is poised to answer, she has no idea --

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

Sarah switches voices and body language to "Beth".

SARAH
Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)
(relieved)
Beth. Where have you *been*?

Sarah balks - it's *her voice*. She glances to the body in the car, *her face*.

SARAH
Long story.

VOICE (O.S.)
Well we have a problem. The German came anyway.

SARAH
(beat)
The German's dead.

VOICE (O.S.)
She's what?

SARAH
Shot dead, right in front of me.

VOICE (O.S.)
Are you all right?

SARAH
Not really.

VOICE (O.S.)
Jesus. She was right.

SARAH
About what?

VOICE (O.S.)
(like it's obvious)
That someone is *killing us*, Beth.

SARAH
Us...?

VOICE
Just go slow. What happened?

SARAH
It's ... It was a headshot. I didn't
even hear it.

It freaks Sarah all over again, makes her check her
surroundings.

VOICE (O.S.)
Where's the body?

SARAH
My car.

VOICE (O.S.)
You have the body? There, with you?

SARAH
Yes.

VOICE (O.S.)
I need hair and blood samples.

SARAH
Hair and blood...?

VOICE (V.O.)
Sterilize. If you touch them they're
contaminated.

SARAH
I'm a cop. I know what I'm doing.

VOICE (O.S.)
I know. So tell me how a cop gets
rid of a body.

SARAH
(gulps)
Actually, open to suggestions there.

VOICE (O.S.)
Bury her.

She stumbles, breaks character, muttering in her English accent.

SARAH
Bury her, bloody hell ...

VOICE
 What?

Sarah looks to the body again. She has to *deal* with it.

VOICE (CONT'D)
 You have no choice, she can't be found. Beth, are you there?

SARAH
 (back as Beth)
 I'm here.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Empty her pockets, don't leave anything to identify her.

Sarah can't think of any other alternative.

SARAH
 Okay.

VOICE (O.S.)
 You can do this. I'll call back.

The phone goes dead. Sarah drops "Beth". She stares at the phone in her shaking hand, rattled to her core.

Off the body, off her own dead face ...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**2 INT./EXT. AUDI/VACANT LOT - DAY 2**

The dead, staring German, cooling in the back seat.

Sarah, sickened, covers her with a car blanket.

She swabs blood droplets off the front windshield with kleenex. Fumbles with bloody hands to swab down the seats.

3 EXT. CITY-TO-RURAL, VARIOUS - EVENING 3

The Audi joins the evening exodus out of the city.

Traffic thins. Suburbs give way to fields. Fields give way to forest.

4 INT. AUDI, DRIVING - EVENING 4

On Sarah, an abyss of horror just over her shoulder in the back seat.

She fumbles out her own phone.

5 INT. FELIX'S LOFT - EVENING 5

ON FELIX, edgy, dry as toast, standing apart from -

Sarah's wake. The motley mourners are getting despondently drunk in his studio. VIC, ROCKABILLY BOB, the random BIKERS and PUNKS. Everyone's attention is on SHERRY, mascara-streaked, sharing her pain with the group.

SHERRY

Sarah always stuck up for me. Like with guys. When guys were *pigs*? She never backed down.

"Pigs" was directed at Vic, who dangerously resents it. Rockabilly Bob sees this and defuses sagely.

ROCKABILLY BOB

Freaks and punks and lost puppies. We always had a friend in Sarah.

SHERRY

Well she was an orphan herself, so.

Felix just wants this to be over. His phone rings. Vic can't believe the rudeness.

VIC

Turn your phone off for fuck's sake.

FELIX

Sorry.

He checks THE CALLER ID: Sarah. He *really* wants to take the call, but can't.

6 INT. AUDI, DRIVING - EVENING

6

Sarah cusses as she gets Felix's voice mail.

FELIX (O.S.)

Leave it for Felix.

SARAH

Felix? Kira was at your stupid memorial!

(chokes)

My daughter *can't think I'm dead*, Fee.

She hangs up in anguish. Another glance to the back seat - bloody hair, a hand poking out from under the blanket.

7 INT. FELIX'S LOFT - NIGHT

7

Vic's emotionally volatile, choked up.

VIC

I just... I cant...

Bob puts a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

ROCKABILLY BOB

It's all right, Vic.

VIC

I can't figure out why she would kill herself. It's not *her*.

ROCKABILLY BOB

We're ultimately opaque to one another, man. That's the human condition.

Vic buries his face in the coffee table as if in anguish, but he's hoovering up a line of coke.

VIC

Ahhhhrrrrrggghh ... but she had *love*.

Felix harrumphs his displeasure.

FELIX

Who's love did she have? Yours?

VIC
(his excuse)
Love is imperfect. Love is
imperfection itself.

FELIX
If that's your definition, no wonder
she jumped.

Vic snaps, leaps up and grabs him by the throat, taking
everyone by surprise.

ROCKABILLY BOB
Whoa, whoa, whoa ... take it easy.

SHERRY
Let him go, Vic, you dick!

Felix and Vic, eye to eye.

VIC
Go ahead and say it. Tell them it's
my fault.

FELIX
It's ... your --

Vic squeezes his throat harder, but Bob is there, gingerly
prying him off.

ROCKABILLY BOB
Vic, man, be cool. Everyone's raw,
it's okay.

Vic relents quickly and lets go, a cocaine mood swing.

VIC
Okay. Okay. I'm sorry.

He opens his arms to Felix, cajoling him to hug it out.

VIC (CONT'D)
Felix. Come on, my bad.

SHERRY
Don't do it, Felix.

Felix has no intention to.

FELIX
I'm not a huggy griever, Vic ...

He sidesteps him and plays to the others

FELIX (CONT'D)
 But if this is going to be that kind
 of wake, let's have some of that
 blow!

Everyone's relieved. He's urged to the table, handed a rolled up bill.

8 INT. FOREST - NIGHT

8

Headlights through the trees. The Audi on a rough track, pulls off, casting light into the bush.

A shovel breaks ground. A dirt pile grows beside a shallow hole. Sarah's breath rasps - with emotion, not the work.

The Audi's interior light comes on as the rear door opens. Sarah grabs the body by the feet and pulls. It rolls off the seat and gets wedged. She has to grapple with it, face to face...

Just as the *mindfuck* is all too much, the body comes free, hits the ground. Sarah drags it slowly to the grave, flops it beside the hole --

And retches, the edge of puking, acid fear in her mouth. But she steels herself for the grisly task of ...

Going through the German's pockets. She finds her wallet, a hotel keycard, spare change and crap. She checks her ID in the headlight glow. A German driver's license. The photo: a pasty, short-haired version of herself.

SARAH
 Katja Obinger ... *Stuttgart*? Who the
 hell *are* you?

Sarah looks at her again and softens. She overcomes her disgust, reaches down and closes Katja's eyes. Then she rolls her into the hole.

Now she fights the horror of throwing dirt on her own corpse.

A familiar, ominous ring - the pink phone. She freezes.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Shit.

She fishes out the phone. Hangs on it. Tells herself ...

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Don't. Walk away.

She turns off the phone. Throws a shovel full of dirt that covers the German's face for good.

9 EXT. FELIX'S LOFT - DAY

9

It's getting light out. Felix is trying to herd out Vic, who's the last to leave. Vic has a bottle of bourbon and won't let go of his glass.

FELIX
Vic, I'm tired.

VIC
One last drink. A bourbon. For Sarah.

Felix groans and takes the bottle, swigs, shivers.

FELIX
Okay? Off you go.

VIC
My turn.

Vic tilts the bottle for a long, long pull. When he finishes, his eyes are teary.

VIC (CONT'D)
Felix, I want to get to know Sarah's daughter.

FELIX
Out, Vic.

VIC
Why not?

FELIX
There's a reason you never met her.

VIC
What?

FELIX
You're a *drug dealer* --

VIC
-- I could help, financially --

FELIX
-- And Sarah *left* you. She *ran*, because you're *abusive*.

VIC
I want to make up for it. Felix, I need to stay connected to her ...

FELIX

To who?

(to get it through
his thick skull)

Kira is not Sarah. Sarah is dead and
she's not coming back. You need to
man up and accept that, Vic.

Vic struggles. Emotion cracks. He opens his arms for a hug,
beseeching him.

VIC

Felix ...

Felix closes the door in his face. Vic punches it.

VIC (CONT'D)

Cold hearted little faggot!

10 EXT. FELIX'S BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

10

Sarah comes up the stairs carrying the "money" shoulder bag.
She turns around a corner, but recoils.

Vic is stumbling drunk and sniffly down the hall. She holds
her breath and he passes without seeing her.

But he lurches to a halt, sensing something through is stupor.
He turns around. Sarah is gone.

11 INT. FELIX'S LOFT - DAY

11

Felix, finally ready for bed, pulls curtains over grimy
windows to hide the dawn. He groans at a soft knocking on
the door, drags himself back to open it.

FELIX (O.S.)

Vic, I have a knife and I will *stab*
you in the face.

He opens the door on Sarah and jumps out of his skin.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Fuck! Aren't you supposed to wait
three days before rising?

He turns away fuming, but lets her in. She's angry too.

SARAH

What was *Vic* doing here?

FELIX

Your *wake*. It was *agony*.

SARAH
Then why did you *have* one?

FELIX
I'm sorry. I was mad at you. Why are you back? I thought you were going to let things settle down.

SARAH
(nothing else matters)
Felix? Does Kira think I'm *dead*?

Felix is sick over it too. He gives her a guilty shrug.

FELIX
I don't know. Vic fucked everything up when he phoned Mrs. S. But I don't know what she told Kira

Sarah's legs give out. She sits, head in hands.

SARAH
Vic.

FELIX
Since you *died* he's even more obsessed. He wants to *meet* Kira.

SARAH
No.

FELIX
Of course not. You think we'd let that happen?
(notices something)
Sarah, what's...?

There's blood on her sleeve. He sees more on her and gets totally creeped out.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Oh my God. What happened?

Sarah doesn't want to tell him too much.

SARAH
Remember those birth certificates? Beth's and two others?

FELIX
Katja and Alison.

SARAH
Well, I met the German.

FELIX
What? Was she ...
(his skin crawl)
A twin?

SARAH
I *seriously* cannot explain.

FELIX
You had a robo-Mom. You're robo-spawn.

SARAH
Stop. I can't answer those questions
so please don't ask them. I just
need your help with Kira.
(beat)
You have to tell Mrs. S I'm not dead.

FELIX
No *way*. You fuckin' do it.

SARAH
If I walk in there now, after ten
months? Think about how hard she can
make custody.

FELIX
So *I* go in and say what?

SARAH
That I faked my death to get away
from Vic. It's true. Felix, we can
still do this. We can still get
quietly *out*.

Sarah kicks the bag she brought across the floor to him.

FELIX
Is that the money from your evil
twin?

SARAH
150 thousand in cash.

He kneels to open it.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Enough to lose Vic. Lose the twin
sister *weirdness*. Just somewhere
safe with my daughter. Is that so
much to ask?

FELIX
Um. Maybe?

He's looking in the bag skeptically. Sarah's heart sinks. She reefs open the bag to see --

No money. Nothing but a stack of police files. She picks something out with two fingers - a business card - holds it up for him to read.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Detective Art Bell.

SARAH
Beth's partner. Bastard must have followed me and taken the money.

Her blood is rising, Felix is wary of an explosion.

FELIX
Okay ... let's not go off.

She *snaps* and hurls the bag at the wall with a roar. Files scatter. She starts punching things, unhinged.

Felix knows better than to intervene. He puts on the kettle, waiting for her to wind down. But her destruction gets too close to a piece of his art.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Not that! I'm working on that!

Her tantrum veers to avoid the piece, then pulls up to a sudden halt.

Something caught her attention amid the scattered files on the floor -- a CRIME SCENE PHOTO of a shooting victim, an Asian woman, 40's. Two in the chest, eyes staring.

She picks it up incredulously, it's labelled...

SARAH
Maggie Chen ...

FELIX
Who?

SARAH
Maggie Chen. This is the civilian
Beth *shot*.

She quickly sorts through scattered paper, rebuilding the file. We see shards: Crime scene diagrams. "Statement of Detective Art Bell", "Statement of Detective Beth Childs".

SARAH (CONT'D)
This is all of it, everything. Time
line. Ballistics. Art left it for
her. Look ...

Sarah lays out the Maggie Chen photo. Beside it she puts a
MUGSHOT of a felon: a different Asian female, roughly the
same age. The ID board she's holding says "Xan Yip".

SARAH (CONT'D)
Beth's shrink said she mistook her
victim for a known felon.

FELIX
That's her defense? They all look
the same?

Another photo: Close on the phone, clutched in the victims
hand.

SARAH
Thought her cel phone was a gun.

FELIX
That is so fishy. With her 150
thousand stashed in a secret account
and her pill problem. This twin is
like the Bad Lieutenant.

SARAH
Well her partner's more like Serpico
and he's got our money.

Beth's phone rings. Sarah checks the ID and darkens.

FELIX
Is that him?

Off the phone in her hand, Sarah gives her head a shake. She
really can't believe it.

SARAH
I gotta be Beth again ...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**12 INT. FELIX'S LOFT - DAY****12**

Sarah and Felix on pins and needles over the ringing phone.

SARAH
I don't *want* to be Beth again.

FELIX
Then don't answer it.

SARAH
I *have* to.

FELIX
Sarah it's not worth it --

But Sarah hits 'talk', stepping into Beth's "skin" already pissed off.

SARAH
What do you think you're doing?

INTERCUT:

13 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY**13**

Art at his desk, gloating as he adds sugar to his first shitty cup of coffee of the day.

ART
How far'd you get? Buffalo? Or
Niagara. You stopped to check it
before you hit the border, right?

Art opens a gym bag beneath his desk with his foot -- inside is a jumble of cash.

SARAH
I'm downtown, Art. You got it all
wrong.

She shoos Felix away - he's gawking at her chameleon switch.

ART
I never get it *all* wrong, Beth, you
know that. But I'll give you a chance
to set me straight on a few things.
What do you say?

SARAH
Bring me my money.

Art scoffs at that. The conversation is over.

ART
 Maybe I'll bring backup. Your place
 in an hour.

He hangs up on her. Beth "deflates" back to Sarah. She looks to Felix, drained by it all. He just shakes his head, awed by her performance.

FELIX
 Wow. You really missed your calling.

14 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

14

Art has packed up and is leaving the office when he hears

HARDCASTLE (O.S.)
 Bell!

He winces, turns to see

Hardcastle at his desk in his office. With him is DESK
 SERGEANT GREAVES, who despises Art.

15 INT. HARDCASTLE'S OFFICE - DAY

15

Art steps to the doorway, doesn't come right in.

ART
 Lieutenant.

Hardcastle just shrugs. It's obvious what he wants.

ART (CONT'D)
 Beth won't mess up again.

Hardcastle looks to Greaves like he just proved a point.

HARDCASTLE
 See? Loyal to a fault.
 (back to Art)
 Sergeant Greaves was betting you'd
 throw her under the bus at this point.

ART
 Well he's wrong. The Board reconvenes
 in two days, she'll be ready.

SERGEANT GREAVES
 Not if the head shrinker says she's
 unfit for duty.

ART
 The Shrink'll sign off.

HARDCASTLE
 She better. If we don't get a "No
 Fault" ruling, I.A. stays on her.
 The department's open to civil suits.
 This fuck up just *hangs around*.

Art nods goodbye to them both.

ART
 I'll get her through, Lieutenant.

Hardcastle's not so sure.

16 INT. BETH'S BUILDING - DAY 16

To establish. The Audi pulls into the UNDERGROUND PARKING.

17 INT. BETH'S BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY 17

Sarah gets off the elevator. She's cramming on her feet,
 bag of files over her shoulder and one in her hands.

She pulls up with her keys to the door, but hesitates and
 listens. Damn, someone's inside.

SARAH
 Shit, Paul ...

The door opens, and he's standing right there, heading out
 for work.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Paul!

She throws herself into a hug. He's dumbfounded.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 I'm so sorry I didn't call!

18 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 18

She pushes past inside, making him follow, using the file in
 her hands as a prop. Paul's recovering and he's not happy.

SARAH
 I was at the station catching up on
 this backlog.

PAUL
 You're under suspension.

SARAH
 So? They reconvened the hearing. I
 need to get on top of this stuff!

He shakes his head at the ceiling, can't believe her.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What?

PAUL

First, you fuck me wild for the first time in months, then, you don't even call to say you're out all night.

SARAH

Sorry.

PAUL

(end of his rope)

You know. I can see this shooting's killing you. But you stopped talking to me months ago, Beth. What am I supposed to do?

Sarah's not used to decent guys. She really doesn't want to hurt him.

SARAH

Paul, this is all my problem. You don't have to take it on.

PAUL

Well I have. It's been a long year. And I can't keep waking up every night to check your breathing because your mixing meds and everything else.

He picks up a bag by the door, she realizes he's not just leaving for work.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm going back to Cody's for a while.

Sarah has a pang of losing him, but has to take the path of least resistance.

SARAH

If that's what you want.

Paul just shakes his head and turns away. As soon as the door closes, she hangs her head.

But she shakes it off. Checks her watch and the open file laid out before her: Statement of Detective Elizabeth Childs.

She flips open a notebook, begins jotting things down.

19 EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE, EAST END - DAY 19

Felix emerges and enters a scruffy, working class hood.

20 EXT. MRS. S'S HOUSE - DAY 20

Felix looks over a run-down house with a sad rope swing in the front yard. He approaches tenuously, not sure what to expect. Then the front door flies open and Kira runs out.

KIRA

Felix!

She races into his arms. But not until he looks into her face does he know --

KIRA (CONT'D)

Did you see my Mum?

FELIX

Oh thank God.

KIRA

You were at the lake party. Did my Mum go?

FELIX

Not exactly, but I happen to know she misses you very much.

The imposing Mrs. S appears in the door. 50's, a gruff, working class Brit. She's been expecting him.

MRS. S

Put her down.

He does, squats to Kira's level.

FELIX

Can you play outside for a little while?

MRS. S

Uncle Felix has some explaining to do.

She disappears into the house. Felix is not looking forward to this. But it's a huge relief Kira's oblivious. He ruffles her hair.

21 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, VARIOUS - DAY 21

SEQUENCE: Beth at the table, files laid out. She's on Google Earth, building a picture of the shooting, her process rendered in abstract visual and audio detail ...

Her finger traces an intersection, following Beth's statement. New crime scene photographs. Chinatown. A courtyard of some kind. Diagrams of angles of fire. Another file labelled "New Town Jewelry Heist". The rap sheet for "Xan Yip". The little notebook fills with Sarah's handwriting. She flips to a new page.

ON SARAH in the medicine cabinet mirror. She opens it to reveal: all Beth's pill bottles. She looks through the pills, making notes in the pad.

The door BUZZES loudly. Sarah closes the cabinet and looks at herself in the mirror.

SARAH
Okay, Beth ...

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

22

ON ART: giving her 'The Stare'.

The bag full of money sits between them.

SARAH
It's not a payoff.

ART
It's punching way above your paygrade.
And it sure looks hinky on the heels
of this shooting.

SARAH
Well it's not a payoff.

ART
Then where'd you get it?

Sarah hangs, then goes all in with a Big Lie.

SARAH
It's Paul's.

Art stares. It has the ring of truth.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Paul's and mine. I cleaned out our
savings. He doesn't know yet.
(then)
Yes, I was leaving town. But I
couldn't go through with it, I turned
around.

ART
(dripping sarcasm)
For Paul.

SARAH
To clear the *shooting*, Art. I'm not
dirty, I'm just freaked out.

ART
-- Jesus H. Christ --

SARAH
But I *swear*. I'll clear this thing.
I won't screw you, Art.

ART
(re the money)
Not while I've got this, you won't.
(stands)
Let's go.

Sarah has no idea where, but he's waiting.

23 INT. MRS. S'S HOUSE - DAY

23

Mrs. S stares sourly at Felix across the kitchen table. Kira
can be seen out the window, playing on the rope swing.

MRS. S
I knew it was too good to be true.
Sarah's too *tough* to commit suicide.
Most feral mutt I ever took in.

Felix shrugs, what can you do? She snaps.

MRS. S (CONT'D)
Don't *shrug*. You're just enabling
the mayhem as usual.

FELIX
Sorry. We staged a funeral to get
rid of Vic. You weren't supposed to
know.

MRS. S
Why would you help with such a *stupid*
plan?

FELIX
(weakly)
Vic's a dick.

MRS. S
I know there's more to it, Felix.
There always is with her. Plagued
from birth, that child.

FELIX
What do you mean by that?

MRS. S
 Never you mind! Tell her she hasn't
 seen her daughter in nearly a year
 and I think it's best it stays that
 way.

Felix stands, martyrly, tired of being in the middle

FELIX
 Actually, I just came to make sure
 Kira doesn't think her mother's dead.
 Oh good, she doesn't. You and fucking
 Sarah can work out the rest of it.

24 INT. ART'S CAR, DRIVING, VARIOUS - DAY

24

A pressure cooker in the car. Art stoic, his intention opaque, dangerous. The city rolls by. Sarah's hands are shaking, she tries to hide them.

Finally she sees they're entering CHINATOWN. They share a look.

SARAH
 This isn't necessary.

ART
 Last time you *cracked* under
 questioning.

SARAH
 Actually, I cracked *before* and *avoided*
 questioning.

ART
 Well you're gonna walk me through
 the whole thing so it doesn't happen
 again.

He pulls the car over to the curb and puts it in park. Sarah shakes her head at him.

SARAH
 No.

He's testing her. She points across the street.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 We parked North side, right over
 there at Huron.

Art's not even close to impressed. He drops the car in drive for a U-turn.

25 EXT. SPADINA STREET, CHINATOWN - DAY

25

Sarah leads Art down the crowded sidewalk. He has the shooting file in his hand, harassing her.

SARAH
I was by myself. We split up,
canvassing witnesses on another case.

ART
Which case?

SARAH
The Ramsay thing. New Sun Jewelry
Heist. Point is we weren't even
looking for Yip.

ART
Yip who?

SARAH
Xan Yip, Yan Yip, however you
pronounce it - the US racketeering
warrant. I'd seen her sheet that
morning, Asian female, 41.

ART
And?

They're standing at an alley mouth.

SARAH
And right here I thought I saw Yip.

ART
You *thought*?

SARAH
Did. I saw her. I called her name,
told her to freeze.

A pause, staring at one another.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Well she didn't, she ran down there.

ART
So what are you waiting for?

SARAH
All *right*, you're making me nervous.

ART
Good, you know what it feels like.

Sarah angrily leads him into the alley.

26 EXT. COURTYARD CRIME SCENE, CHINATOWN - DAY

26

Art in a deserted, crumbling courtyard. We've seen it before in the photos he holds, the scene of the Maggie Chen shooting. Several possible entrances/exits. Sarah stands in one.

ART
So you had your weapon drawn, and
you saw her from there.

SARAH
Glimpsed her. She was just
disappearing in there.
(points to an exit)
I went across --

ART
Show me.

Sarah moves towards the exit as if stalking the suspect.

SARAH
I stopped here. That's when I heard
someone behind me. I turned ...

Art has the CRIME SCENE PHOTO in his hand, Maggie Chen with two in the chest.

She is facing the exact spot the body fell. There's still a blood stain on the ground. Sarah gulps.

SARAH (CONT'D)
And I shot her, twice.
(a whisper)
They were both dressed in black. It
wasn't her.

ART
Then?

SARAH
I saw the phone.

ART
And then what?

SARAH
Then you finally showed up.

Art drills her with cop-eye. She points to an entrance.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Over there.

ART
And that's how it went down?

SARAH
That's how it went down. Just like
our statements.

He just keeps staring. Waves his hand in front of her face
like she's a mirror or a ghost. She's sick of it.

SARAH (CONT'D)
You got something more you want to
say, Art?

At that, Art snaps, shoves her up against a wall.

ART
Are you trying to fuck me?

He frisks her roughly, scaring the shit out of her.

ART (CONT'D)
Are you wearing a wire? Are you?

SARAH
No.

ART
I didn't come in over there.
(explodes)
I wasn't even here!

It lands like a bomb.

ART (CONT'D)
*You called me at home. You said it
was an accident. I came down and put
the phone in the vic's hand. I lied
to I.A. to back you up. So if you
took 150 K to cap this woman --*

SARAH
I didn't!

ART
-- If there's another version of the
story, Beth, I don't care what it
is, it needs to *die*.

SARAH
-- There's only one story --

ART
I will put a *bullet in your head*,
you hear me?

He's raw and emotional. Sarah placates, talking him down.

SARAH

Art. I gotta carry what I did. But
Maggie Chen was in the wrong place
at the wrong time. None of this ends
up on you.

It's partner to partner. Art's just barely believing her.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

27 INT. BOBBY'S DINER - DAY

27

It's slow. BOBBY, 25, proprietor and Goth Mother, is reading a graphic novel behind the counter. A sparse crowd of SKETCHY DINERS. Felix alone at a booth in back, waiting.

Sarah comes in, the strain obvious on her face. She strides straight for him. He holds his palms up, placating.

FELIX
Kira's fine. You're not dead to your daughter.

A huge, debilitating rush of relief. Sarah falls into his arms.

SARAH
I'm still just away?

FELIX
I told her you're coming back for her.

They hold tight, a rare display of intimacy.

SARAH
Thank you.

FELIX
Just take me with you when you leave again.

She laughs through the emotion. Pulls herself together.

SARAH
Soon. Art's holding the money. But if I can clear Beth's shooting, I think he'll give it back.

FELIX
You mean clear her in front of a *police board*? With like lawyers and cross examination?

Then, the ominous ring of the pink phone.

SARAH
That's the least of my worries.

Sarah takes it out of her pocket and puts it on the table between them. It rings on beneath their convo.

FELIX
That's Beth's other phone.
(she nods, a whisper)
Is it the German?

SARAH
Definitely not the German.

FELIX
(off her tone)
What's going on, Sarah?

SARAH
You said this could be my story? If
it is, it's on the other end of that
line. Beth was investigating her
twins too. A *Detective* wanted to
know and I think it drove her to
suicide. So, do I pick up?

Felix shakes his head madly. She smiles.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Really? I can't help myself.

FELIX
Then why even *ask*.

She hits 'talk', a finger to her lips because it's on speaker.

SARAH
This is Beth.

VOICE (O.S.)
Where have you been?

Felix cringes and writhes at the sound of *Sarah's voice*.

SARAH
Busy.

VOICE (O.S.)
Did you go to the German's hotel?

SARAH
No. Why?

VOICE (O.S.)
You know where she's staying?

Sarah gets the German's key card from her bag. Felix wants
something from the bag too and they struggle over it.

SARAH
Hotel Diplomat. Room 701.

VOICE (O.S.)
Pretend to be her. Go in and pack up everything she has.

SARAH
Uh. What am I looking for again?

VOICE (O.S.)
Answers, Beth.

SARAH
(for real)
That would be nice.

VOICE (V.O.)
I'll call back at two o'clock.

The phone goes dead. Felix is flabbergasted.

FELIX
Who is that?

SARAH
(shrugs)
Every time I think I know something,
I'm wrong.

Felix pulls what he wanted from her bag - the three birth certificates.

FELIX
Beth, Katja ... and *Alison Hendrix*.
Is it her?

SARAH
Felix, I don't know.

FELIX
What happened to the *German*?

Sarah's not going there. She takes his face in her hands and kisses him, time to go.

SARAH
Thank you for helping with Kira.

FELIX
(frustrated)
Sarah ...
(then softens)
Whatever, be careful.

28 EXT. HOTEL DIPLOMAT - DAY**28**

ON SARAH'S REFLECTION: In a shop window. Off the German's driver's licence, she tries to approximate the photo, tucks her hair up under a hat. Tries a German accent.

SARAH
*Guten morgen, Katja Obinger. Jah
schtimpt. Genau, genau.*

Ready, she turns and heads for the doors of the once-grand Hotel Diplomat.

29 INT. HOTEL DIPLOMAT, LOBBY - DAY**29**

Sarah enters, clocking the sleepy, faded art deco lobby. The front desk is empty. She makes for the elevator, hits the button.

Just as the mousy DESK CLERK steps out of a back room, the elevator opens. He just spots Sarah ducking in.

DESK CLERK
Oh! Miss Obinger --

But the doors slide shut, saving her.

A hefty HOTEL SECURITY CHIEF steps out of the back too.

HOTEL SECURITY
Was that her?

30 INT. HOTEL DIPLOMAT, 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY**30**

Sarah steps into a wide, threadbare corridor, silent except for the electrical buzz of dim sconces like runway lights down the walls.

Rooms pass on either side - 708, 707, 706, 705 ... 701. She stares at the number plate. She slots the key card. A green light winks, she's in.

31 INT. ROOM 701 - DAY**31**

It's dark, curtains drawn. She closes the door behind her. Her hand creeps along the wall, finds the switch ...

The room is ransacked. Drawers turned out, cupboards dumped, possession scattered. A thin sheen of feathers everywhere.

Sarah steps through the debris, picking it over visually.

Her feet squelch on wet carpet. Sound of running water. She looks into ...

32 INT. ROOM 701, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 32

There are toiletries flung about. The sink is broken, dripping water. Sarah reaches in and turns off the tap.

33 INT. ROOM 701 - CONTINUOUS 33

She turns back to the room, taking it in. She notices a bedside drawer, open a crack.

Sarah eases open the drawer and flinches a little.

Laying on top of the Gideon's bible is a barbie doll. She lifts them both out. The doll's face looks like it's been burned with cigarettes. Hair hacked short, coloured red like the German.

Sarah opens the bible. It's desecrated. Someone has maniacally circled passages, tearing through the pages. She tries to read a half destroyed passage.

SARAH
"Your dead shall live, their bodies
shall rise ..."

There's a knock at the door. Sarah freezes like a deer. Another knock.

DESK CLERK (O.S.)
Miss Obinger?

INTERCUT:

34 INT. HOTEL DIPLOMAT, 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 34

He's there with Hotel Security at his shoulder. The Clerk is obsequious, afraid to offend his guest. Security is gung-ho, righteous, none too smart - but still a threat.

DESK CLERK
Sorry, Miss Obinger are you in there?

HOTEL SECURITY (O.S.)
Hotel security, Ma'am, please open
the door.

Sarah grimaces, casts about for a plan.

Security hammers on the door harder.

HOTEL SECURITY (CONT'D)
Miss Obinger, I'm going to need you
to open the door.

The door opens a crack on the chain, just enough for them to see her.

DESK CLERK
 Sorry. Avery from the front desk?
 Several of your neighbors reported a disturbance?

SARAH
 (German accent)
 A what?

HOTEL SECURITY
 Loud noise from your room, Ma'am.
 May we check inside?

SARAH
 I just returned.
 (appeals to Desk Clerk)
 You saw me.

DESK CLERK
 The call was a little before that?
 Sorry.

HOTEL SECURITY
 Ma'am, I have the option of calling police.

DESK CLERK
 It's easiest if you just let us check the room.

Sarah closes the door.

SARAH
 Shit.

But she'd rather deal with these two than cops. So she unhooks the chain and just throws open the door.

The duo step in, jaws dropping.

HOTEL SECURITY
 Did you do this?

She shrugs like she wrecks German hotel rooms all the time.

SARAH
 Rock and roll.

HOTEL SECURITY
 Rock and roll? What the heck is wrong with you?

DESK CLERK
Oh, this is unfortunate ...

SARAH
You have my card on file, ja?

DESK CLERK
Yes.

SARAH
So? I pay damages.

HOTEL SECURITY
Stuff dumped everywhere ... water
damage ... the *sink* is broken.

He comes across the weird Barbie doll beside the defaced bible, looks at Sarah appalled.

Sarah gives him the rock and roll "devil horns".

35 INT. HOTEL DIPLOMAT, FRONT DESK - DAY

35

Security glares, arms folded. Other STAFF gathered, all eyes on the *bad* guest, Sarah, keeping up her Berlin rocker impression. The Desk Clerk processes payment.

DESK CLERK
Six thousand, four hundred, thirty
seven dollars and eleven cents.

Sarah shrugs. He runs it. Awkward silence as they wait for approval. It's broken by the printer spitting out a receipt.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
Hm.

Sarah hides her relief with nochalance. Spots -- some left luggage behind the desk, tagged and waiting for guests. She remembers --

A LUGGAGE TAG in the German's wallet. She holds it out to the Security guy expectantly. He takes it, surly.

An expensive, combination-locked metal briefcase lands on the desk before Sarah. She smiles.

SARAH
Danke schoen.

36 EXT. DESOLATE LAKESHORE PULL OUT - DAY

36

Grey water, grey skies. The Audi parked on a desolate stretch of shoreline.

On the hood of the car, Sarah fiddles with the combination lock on the metal briefcase. She looks it over - the hinge, the tight seal, the lock to be picked to go deeper.

She checks her watch. Almost 2 o'clock. Then, fuck it. She hefts the case and *bashes* it again and again on the ground like a madwoman until it breaks. Typical looking business crap scatters.

She picks out the German's passport. 2 manilla envelopes. Inside one: X-rays. In the other: Photocopies of photo ID's. Different names, European countries. Different haircuts and styles, but all the same face - hers. One by one, she lays six on the hood, muttering.

SARAH
Are you kidding? Austrian, Italian,
French ... *Beth*.

A copy of Beth's driver's licence as well. The next one belongs to ...

SARAH (CONT'D)
Alison Hendrix.

A Driver's licence photo. Herself in a cardigan and bob.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Address in Waterloo ... you're
practically a local.

The pink phone rings. Sarah checks her watch, 2pm exactly.

SARAH (CONT'D)
And punctual.

Sarah considers the "evidence" before her. She's sick of getting nowhere.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Fuck it.

She completely drops the charade and answers in her own voice.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)
Hello?

SARAH
Yes? Are you calling for Beth?

VOICE (O.S.)
 (suddenly cold)
 Who is this?

SARAH
 Beth's indisposed. Is this Alison?

VOICE (O.S.)
 Just one, I'm a few, familyless too.
 Who am I?

It's the same riddle the German threw at her.

SARAH
 Sorry Riddler, means nothing to me.
 Beth said to say I have the
 information from the German's hotel.
 (silence)
 You want me to bring it to you?

The phone goes dead. Sarah lets out a slow breath.

CLOSE ON: the German's passport, Beth, Alison and the Euro-ID's laid out. Their faces FLASH BY in a rush.

37 EXT. LEAVING THE CITY - DAY 37

The Audi roars out a highway, leaving the city in it's dust.

38 INT. AUDI, DRIVING - DAY 38

Sarah stabs buttons on the onboard navigator. The ROUTE MAP appears on screen. The helpful-sounding assistant pipes up.

NAV ASSISTANT (V.O.)
 Distance to - 251 Black Oak Drive,
 Waterloo: 95 kilomet--

Sarah hits a button, cutting it off.

SARAH
 Shuttup, I can read.

39 EXT. WATERLOO SUBURB - DAY 39

The Audi slowly crawls through a bland, upscale, treeless travesty. New pavement, new lawns, big new variation-on-a-theme houses.

40 INT. AUDI - DAY 40

Sarah pulls up down the street from 251. She shuts the engine off and eyes the house.

The blinds are drawn, no car in the drive. It looks just as sterile and deserted as the rest of the neighborhood.

41 EXT. AUDI, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS 41

And is just getting out when - the garage door starts to open. She ducks behind her car as

A blacked-out SUV emerges fast, races past her down the street, garage door closing in it's wake.

On Sarah: *What is this now?* She quickly hops back in the Audi, starts the engine.

42 INT./EXT. AUDI, DRIVING, VARIOUS - DAY 42

Sarah tails the SUV through traffic. Nothing can be seen through the rear windows.

The SUV makes a left turn. Sarah holds up traffic to see the car broadside but still can't see the driver. She steps on the gas after it.

Tailing again, the SUV's rear view *almost* offers a glimpse.

Then the SUV is signaling, turning into an empty parking lot. Sarah drives past, watching as ...

43 EXT. PARK - DAY 43

The SUV rolls slowly across the empty parking lot, pulls into a space.

44 INT./EXT. AUDI, PARK VANTAGE - DAY 44

Sarah pulls up at a distance with a clear view.

The SUV stops idling. Nothing happens. It just sits there looking ominous ...

INTERCUT:

45 EXT. PARK - DAY 45

Then the doors burst open and *kids* pile out. A BOY, 8, and GIRL, 9, the girl in a soccer uniform. They bound off to the nearby pitch.

The driver's door opens. Sarah can only see feet, someone finishing tying up their cleats, then ...

ALISON HENDRIX steps out. *Another twin.* Full Lulu Lemon *sportmotif*, tying her hair back with a scrunchy.

Sarah slumps lower in her seat.

SARAH
Holy shit.

She takes another peek.

"Alison" pulls out a bag of balls from the back of the car.
More cars arrive, dropping kids. Alison waves and greets and
hectors. She's the *coach*.

Off Sarah, gobsmacked, just can't look away ...

SARAH (CONT'D)
A soccer mom?

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

46 EXT. PARK - DAY

46

ABSTRACT SEQUENCE:

Soccer practice underway.

Sarah in the Audi, fixated on the woman at the center of it.

Alison runs drills with the GIRLS. She helps the GOALIE with positioning. She uses two players to illustrate a give-and-go. Her son, meanwhile, has to be ball-boy to the girls.

Sarah reads her: She's competitive, even pushy, especially with her daughter. In an unguarded moment, she seems stressed.

A scrimmage now, Alison refereeing. Her phone rings, she checks the ID and has to take it. She gives the whistle to another MOM, steps aside to take the call.

Alison paces away from everyone, closer to Sarah. The call looks intense - questions, arguing, some kind of fight. She hangs up unsatisfied. Looks around, then turns and heads for the PARK WASHROOMS nearby.

Sarah watches her go in the Women's. Gets out of the car.

47 EXT. PARK WASHROOM - DAY

47

Keeping herself shielded from the soccer pitch, Sarah approaches the door. Peeks in.

48 INT. PARK WASHROOM - CONTINUOUS

48

No one in sight, Sarah slips in. Moves along the stalls.

Under one of the stall doors, she glimpses the soccer cleats.

She steps to the door. It's too silent. She reaches out, finds it unlocked, slowly swings it open on --

The empty soccer cleats on the floor ...

Suddenly Alison steps up behind Sarah, rams her against a wall in shock, eye to eye.

ALISON

How *dare* you show your face around
my children!

SARAH

Jesus ...

ALISON
(hisses)
How did you find me?

SARAH
The German had your address.

ALISON
Idiot. Do you even know who you're
talking to? Where is *Beth*?

SARAH
Dead. She's dead.

Alison steps off in shock.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. She killed herself.

Alison just paces, holding her head.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Look, I can explain. My name is Sarah --

ALISON
I don't *care*.
(fumes)
Why Lord, *why* me? I never wanted any
part of this. Do I wear a huge kick
me sign on my back?

SARAH
Please. Just *tell* me: *Who* are we to
each other?

ALISON
Are you kidding? I am *not* doing this.
This is *not* my responsibility ...
(forceful)
You need to get *out* of here, whoever
you are. Go and wait for a call.

Alison turns to leave but Sarah catches her arm. She yanks
away forcefully

ALISON (CONT'D)
Let *go*! Wait for a *call*. And hide
your ugly face on the way out of
here.

Alison pushes out of the washroom.

Sarah reels, grabs a sink like an anchor to steady herself.
She looks at herself in the mirror in shock.

SARAH
Well, that one's a bit of a bitch.

49 EXT. BETH'S BUILDING - NIGHT

49

To Establish.

The Audi pulls up across the street.

50 INT. AUDI - NIGHT

50

Sarah scans the building, making sure there's no light on.

But headlights flash in her eyes. A car screeches up beside her, window to window.

It's Art, all business. He signals "roll down the window". She complies.

ART
Get in.

She gestures to the building like an excuse.

SARAH
Art --

ART
Paul's out. He's staying with a buddy.

SARAH
You checking into my love life now?

ART
Such as it is. Let's go. You need to get through the shrink.

SARAH
What?

ART
The *shrink*.

SARAH
The shrink.

ART
Is this a two car echo chamber? She has to declare you fit for duty, or there *is* no hearing.

SARAH
I know ...

ART

So let's go. The Lieutenant requested she stay open late, so you're gonna tell her whatever it is she needs to hear.

Sarah opens her door. She walks round to his passenger side reeling. Can't believe she has to go --

SARAH

Back to the shrink?

51 INT. DR. BOWER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**51**

Dr. Bowers wears a skeptical expression. Sarah is on the hot seat.

SARAH

I'm making progress. Full progress.

DR. BOWERS

Really. How?

SARAH

You know, with the guilt. Admitting my mistake.

DR. BOWERS

Good.

SARAH

The best thing for me now is to get back to work.

DR. BOWERS

Last time I saw you, you couldn't *remember* the shooting.

(from her notes)

"I'm missing myself. I glitched. A break or something."

SARAH

No, I remember it just fine. It's all in my statement.

Bowers puts down her notes and sits back, bracing her.

DR. BOWERS

I'm sorry. But considering your mental state in the months leading up to the incident --

SARAH

-- That's behind me now ---

DR. BOWERS
 -- *And* by your own admission of
 blackout or psychotic break ... I
 can't recommend you for duty.

Beat. Sarah has to push back.

SARAH
 That's not going to work for me.

DR. BOWERS
 I understand, you're a cop. But this
 is my job.

SARAH
 Can you read that back again? "I'm
 missing myself ..."

Dr. Bowers indulges her, refers back to her notes.

DR. BOWERS
 "I'm missing myself. I glitched, a
 break or something."

SARAH
 "Glitched". Sounds stoned.

Sarah pulls out her *own* notes, her cop pad.

DR. BOWERS
 "Glitched" sounds "stoned"?

SARAH
 Tweaked, gakked, spun ...

Sarah flips through the pad, finds the notes she wrote in
 Beth's bathroom.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Lexapro. Abilify. Xanax. Zyprexa
 ... What's the difference between a
 "mood stabilizer" and an anti-
 psychotic again?

Bowers realizes where she's going with this.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 I've been confused. I mean it's very
 confusing.
 (off more notes)
 Anti-depressants, anti-anxieties,
 SSRI's. Aderol? That one's a
 stimulant.

DR. BOWERS
Beth. We've known each a while now --

SARAH
That's where you're wrong.

DR. BOWERS
You have *constantly* tested me with
personal appeals for tranquilizers.

SARAH
I know. My bad. So I'll just explain
to the board - that I *shot* this poor
civilian after mixing up all your
overlapping scrips.

Bowers just stares at her, rooked.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Or am I making progress?

52 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

52

SEQUENCE: Under music, side by side, Art and Sarah repeat
the "walk" into the station from the pilot.

It's busy, a long way to the front doors. UNIFORMS changing
shift, DETECTIVES in suits, a knot of BRASS with briefcases.

Sarah is all Beth, chewing gum, cop swagger. Art walks tall
beside her, a display of loyalty, challenging anyone
otherwise. They mount the steps together. Sarah recognizes
DETECTIVE ANGELA DEANGELIS. She gives her a nod.

Art holds the door for her. Sarah gives him a rueful smile.
She has to respect the guy. Then she steps into the station.

53 INT. HEARING ROOM - DAY

53

The room settles. Across the table, Sarah faces the same 3
Board Members: INTERNAL AFFAIRS, POLICE CAPTAIN, and a
CIVILIAN woman in her 40's.

Observing in the back: Art, Hardcastle and Sgt. Greaves.

POLICE CAPTAIN
All right, if everybody's here let's
see if we can do this again ...

INTERNAL AFFAIRS
Board convenes in a fatal, line-of-
duty shooting, February 7th of this
year.

POLICE CAPTAIN
State your name and rank for the
record. And begin.

Sarah clears her throat, all in.

SARAH
Detective Elizabeth Childs ...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**54 INT. OUTSIDE HEARING ROOM - DAY****54**

The hearing is just over, people milling out. Art is already waiting. He watches from a distance as --

Sarah emerges talking with her Lawyer, a positive vibe.

LAWYER

You did well. We'll have a ruling in a couple days.

Art watches the Board Members emerge, Hardcastle shepherding them. As they pass, Hardcastle stops to shake Sarah's hand briefly, tacit approval.

HARDCASTLE

Not bad, Childs.

Off this, Sarah sees Art watching. She gives him a hopeful shrug. But then her smile drops. She reaches in her pocket and pulls out -- the pink phone, vibrating.

Art's expression hardens as she indicates she'll be right back. She makes for the bathroom.

55 INT. POLICE STATION, BATHROOM - DAY**55**

Sarah steps in - to the same bathroom with the still-broken soap dispenser from the first Hearing.

The phone vibrates insistently. She answers it, her own voice.

SARAH

This is Sarah.

INTERCUT:

56 INT. ALISON'S KITCHEN - DAY**56**

Alison is on speaker, in the middle of making some Mother Hubbard casserole. She's just as irked and angered by all of this as she was last encounter.

ALISON (O.S.)

Well, Sarah, this will be quick.

SARAH

Good.

ALISON (O.S.)

Since you apparently know where I live, and I can't get a sitter, come here after 9 tonight.

SARAH
You're over an hour away --

ALISON (O.S.)
It's not optional. Be discrete and
don't ring the doorbell.

The line goes dead. Sarah growls.

57 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

57

Sarah emerges with Art, they head for the parking lot. He's raining on her parade.

SARAH
It was good, right?

ART
Academy Award.

SARAH
Come on. Why do you have to be such
a hard ass? I'm back.

ART
Are ya? They haven't ruled yet.

SARAH
I know but ...
(makes her play)
Art, Paul doesn't know I took that
money out of our account. Let me put
it back before he finds out.

ART
(scoffs)
No, I think I'll hang on to it till
you're reinstated.

ANGELA (O.S.)
Hey, Beth.

DeAngelis approaches with a smile.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I hear it went good.

SARAH
(off Art)
Not outta the woods yet.

ANGELA
Whatever, you *own* the woods.

SARAH
 Thanks. I should go ...
 (to Art)
 I owe Paul some quality time.

ART
 Yeah, you do.

Sarah heads off for her car.

Art and DeAngelis watch her go.

ANGELA
 Cut her some slack, why don't ya?

ART
 She's seriously off.

ANGELA
 It's called a fatal shooting, Art.

ART
 Nope. That was just Beth. This I
 can't put my finger on.

Off Art. He's going to be a problem.

58 INT. AUDI, ALISON'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

58

Sarah driving. Felix in the passenger seat, kvetching as the burbs roll past.

FELIX
 I never would have got *in* if you
 said we were going to *Waterlooser*.
 My skin breaks out as soon as I leave
 downtown. Look: *acne*.

SARAH
 I don't see acne.

FELIX
 Am I blushing? Redness! Little
 suburban *stress zits* emerging in
 direct proximity to *bad* architecture.
 (out the window)
 Look at this travesty!

In answer, Sarah pulls over.

59 EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

59

The Audi parks across the street from Alison's house.

60 INT. AUDI - CONTINUOUS

60

Felix looks around them like Sarah's lost her mind.

FELIX
Keep moving. Someone might speak to us.

SARAH
Felix. I'll have the money in a couple days. I'll make good with Mrs. S, then we'll take Kira somewhere quiet. Somewhere warm.

Felix has noticed she's watching the house.

FELIX
Yes, please, now what's in the house?

SARAH
I won't be long.

FELIX
Oh my God. Who's there?

SARAH
Just stay here, okay?

FELIX
The German?

SARAH
Felix, the German's dead. This one's an uptight soccer mom.

Felix squeaks. She reaches for the door but he stops her.

FELIX
You always do this to me!

SARAH
I just need you to be my back up.

FELIX
I don't *do* back up. How does one "back up"?

SARAH
Give me half an hour.

She opens her door, he keeps holding her half in the car.

FELIX
Then what? What am I supposed to do?

SARAH
Nothing. I just need someone to know
where I am.

FELIX
That is not comforting!

She closes the door on him. He cranes his neck after her.

INTERCUT:

61 EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

61

Sarah crosses to Alison's house. Mounts the steps.

Felix observes, all paranoid, slumped in his seat.

She's about to ring the doorbell, but remembers not to. She
knocks lightly. Nothing. Knocks a little louder.

She turns and shrugs at Felix in the car. He stage whispers.

FELIX
Come back! Run away!

The door opens a crack behind her.

Felix squeaks again. He watches her open the door on her
own, step inside ...

62 INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT

62

It's dim. Sarah can't see much, but she hears -

ALISON
Close it, lock it.

She can see Alison now, just barely in the murk. She
cautiously closes the door. Deadbolt clicks.

The lights flip on and Alison steps quickly forward, seizes
her by the scruff, puts a gun to her head.

SARAH
Whoa! Really?

ALISON
(loud-quiet)
SHUT-up. My kids are sleeping.

SARAH
You're going to shoot me in the head
when your kids are sleeping?

Alison presses the gun into her temple.

ALISON
 You *wake* them up, or show your face,
 yes, I will shoot you in the head.
 It's one of the rules.

Alison pushes her ahead down the hall, gun on her.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 Down the stairs.

63 INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, STAIRS/BASEMENT HALL- CONTINUOUS

63

They come downstairs. Alison steers her down the hall.

They pass doorways: A disastrous kids PLAYROOM, a SEWING ROOM.

SARAH
 Well I've never known a blood
 relation, but so far I must say,
 being your twin certainly fucking
 sucks.

ALISON
 You really have *no idea*, do you?

She's purposely scaring her. Indicates a doorway.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 Go ahead.

Sarah gives her a hard look, then steps cautiously through.

64 INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, BASEMENT DEN - CONTINUOUS

64

A big TV lounge, fireplace, walkout patio. Sarah gasps as

ANOTHER TWIN stands to greet her, a surprising new version.
 American. A geek girl, tattooed, intelligent demeanor.

COSIMA
 Hi.
 (Sarah is dumbstruck)
 I'm Cosima. We talked on the phone.

SARAH
 The phone ...

She looks to Alison and back, *freaking*.

SARAH (CONT'D)
How bloody many of us are there?

END OF SHOW