

JAE (CONT'D)

Hates the humanity she had -- the  
part of her that loved me. Especially  
that.

JAIME

I... I'm sorry.

Jae looks at her sharply, maybe angry at his own moment of  
weakness in being honest, maybe angry at her.

JAE

Pay attention. I'm telling you, if  
she has a weakness, that's what it  
is -- how sure she is that humanity  
is something disgusting. Repulsive.  
Weak. She'll believe that you'll  
reject being human -- because she  
did.

They reach a DOOR.

JAE (CONT'D)

Go home, Sommers. Get some sleep.

EXT. JAIME'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

The streets around Jaime's building. Jaime gets out of a  
taxi, heads inside, looking exhausted and pale --

-- and as the door closes behind her, we notice something  
DARK AND LIQUID, trickling into the gutter from the alley on  
the building's side --

BLOOD, slow as molasses, coming from a face-down MAN'S BODY  
dressed in the crisp, neutral blacks.

ONE OF JONAS' PEOPLE, lying DEAD in the alley -- and, behind  
him, FOUR MORE BODIES in the same dress, stuffed into the  
alley behind a trashcan.

So much for JAIME'S PROTECTION.

INT. JAIME'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Jaime opens the door -- it STICKS, refusing to open, and in  
the DIM LIGHT she can barely make out BECCA'S BACKPACK on  
the floor, JAMMED up against the door.

JAIME

(disgusted)

Becca --

Jaime impatiently SHOVES -- and the flimsy door CRACKS.

JAIME (CONT'D)

Great. Just great.

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Jaime's trying not to lose her temper but it's probably not going to work, she PUSHES the door open --

**START** —

JAIME (CONT'D)

Becca, could you please pick up your junk before you --

-- and Jaime STOPS SHORT.

The apartment is a total WRECK, furniture BROKEN, SHATTERED GLASS everywhere, like a TORNADO hit -- and

SARAH stands in the center, grinning fiercely, holding --

BECCA in front of her, arm CROOKED around Becca's neck in a stranglehold. Becca's mouth is DUCT TAPED, but her eyes are WIDE with helpless TERROR.

SARAH

Hi. I just thought I'd drop by.

Becca, TERRIFIED, looks helplessly back and forth between Jaime and Sarah.

JAIME

Don't worry, Becca, it's going to be ok --

SARAH

You shouldn't lie to children. It doesn't make it better.

Sarah PRESSES on Becca's NECK, holding hard -- Becca's eyes go FUZZY, she SLUMPS in Sarah's arms.

JAIME

(furious)

So help me god if you hurt her --

SARAH

Calm down. Pressure on the carotid. She won't even be bruised. Just put her to sleep for ten or fifteen -- so us grownups can talk.

Sarah starts DRAGGING Becca backwards, toward the kitchen.

JAIME

Let her go! Whatever you want, I'll do it -- just leave her alone --

SARAH

You know I can't do that.

Sarah puts Becca's unconscious form on a CHAIR in the kitchen staying in between Becca and Jaime.

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JAIME

Just -- just let her go. I won't hurt you --

SARAH

I'm not sure you could. You didn't, last time.

(cocks her head)

Time to choose a side.

JAIME

And whose side are you on, in all this?

SARAH

Who, me? Haven't you heard?

(smiles)

I'm insane.

Sarah takes out a CIGARETTE and lights it. She takes a deep DRAG, blows out the smoke with SATISFACTION.

SARAH (CONT'D)

The nanocytes in our blood can filter any impurities in our lungs, did you know that? I might as well be breathing mountain air.

(takes another drag)

Fringe benefits of being a freak.

She offers Jaime a cigarette. Jaime shakes her head.

JAIME

Just because you can do something, doesn't mean you should.

SARAH

Really? I hadn't noticed.

Sarah leans forward, lowers her voice.

SARAH (CONT'D)

So... you show me yours, I'll show you mine.

JAIME

Excuse me?

SARAH

What did they replace? I figured the ears and the eyes -- what else?

JAIME

Only one ear. One eye. My right arm. Both legs.

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SARAH

Me, they did both arms, both legs.  
Only one eye, too -- Masters wasn't  
sure about the optic interface.  
(shrugs)  
So I did the other one myself.

Jaime looks up sharply --

SARAH (CONT'D)

Part of my chest too.  
(off Jaime's shock)  
I'm cutting away all the parts of me  
that are weak.

Jaime can't believe what she's hearing.

JAIME

Why would you do that? Cut away  
your own body, and replace it with  
machinery --

SARAH

You still don't understand, do you?  
You talk like your body is alive.  
You're already dead. You were dead  
from the moment they put this junk  
inside you, raped your brain and  
made you what they wanted.

She stubs out her cigarette.

SARAH (CONT'D)

We both were.

JAIME

What do you want from me? Why are  
you here?

SARAH

To set you free. You're not one of  
them any more. You're one of us.  
And you need to accept it.

JAIME

I'm nothing like you.

SARAH

Well you sure as hell aren't human  
any more. *Techno sapiens* -- that's  
what some of us are saying now.

Sarah rises, moves back toward Becca -- and pulls a KNIFE  
from her belt.

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SARAH (CONT'D)

You need to cut away what's weak.  
And I'm going to help you do it.

Jaime takes an involuntary, panicked step FORWARD -- Sarah holds up a hand. \*

SARAH (CONT'D)

(shakes her head) \*

Uh-uh. \*

Jaime STOPS in her tracks.

Sarah runs a finger along Becca's cheek.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You have to let go of who you used to be -- your life, your job, your family -- all the things that connect you to their world.

JAIME

Get away from her. Right now.

SARAH

She's the only thing holding you back. Tying you to a life that doesn't matter any more.

Sarah PRESSES the knife slightly against Becca's skin -- it SLICES into her neck, just enough to let a TRICKLE of blood down, bright RED -- \*

JAIME

Sarah, don't --

SARAH

I have to. To set you free. You'll thank me for it. \*

ON JAIME'S FACE as she REMEMBERS JAE'S WORDS, hearing them -- \*

JAE (V.O.) \*

*If she has a weakness... believe that you'll reject being human...* \*

JAIME \*

(slowly) \*

Maybe... you're right. \*

Sarah looks at her SHARPLY -- is Jaime WAVERING? \*

JAIME (CONT'D) \*

It's just... I can't.... \*

Sarah tries to PRESS her advantage, CONVINCING Jaime. \*

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SARAH

Look at this girl, Jaime.

She PUSHES Becca's head to the side, showing her face.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Look at her. You give up everything for her. You sacrifice what you want, what you are, for her life. And what does she do? Does she thank you? Does she even notice? Can you honestly tell me she gives a damn about you?

JAIME

I... She's my sister.

SARAH

From now on -- I'll be the only sister you need.

(intense)

You could be something so much more than a sad little fake mom -- no money, no power, scraping by one pathetic day after another. All that can change.

Jaime takes a step forward, as if she's being DRAWN FORWARD.

JAIME

If she dies... ?

SARAH

(promising)

Everything changes. You come with me, meet the ones I work with. See all the sides. Pick for yourself.

There's an EXHILARATION to her words; Sarah BELIEVES every word she saying.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Freedom. Power. Life. And you answer to no one but yourself.

Jaime takes another step forward, like a bird MESMERIZED by a snake.

JAIME

I -- I'd like that.

SARAH

I know you would.

Jaime looks at the knife -- then holds out her hand.

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JAIME  
Let me help you do it.

Sarah GRINS, with sudden WOLFISHNESS.

SARAH  
That's my girl.

Jaime comes to her side. They GRIP the knife together.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Across the artery -- she won't feel  
a thing --

And without warning, so FAST it's a BLUR, Jaime TWISTS the  
knife and PLUNGES it STRAIGHT INTO SARAH'S ABDOMEN.

JAIME  
(suddenly hard)  
I'm guessing you haven't gotten around  
to doing your stomach yet.

Jaime TEARS Sarah away from Becca, SLAMS her up against the  
window.

Sarah GASPS in pain, STARES at her in disbelief --

SARAH  
Jaime --  
(weirdly admiring)  
Didn't think -- you had it in you --

~~JAIME  
(controlled fury)  
I don't care about you, or Jonas,  
your covert missions or your goddamned  
secret war -- all I care about is my  
family -- Becca. And Eric.  
(deadly)  
And I won't let you kill them. I  
will not.~~

SARAH'S expression is strangely SHOCKED -- and suddenly, she  
TWISTS her arms free, CLAMPING her hands on Jaime's temples.

With Jaime's head between her hands, Sarah starts to PRESS.

JAIME STRUGGLES to get free, but Sarah's hands hold her like  
a VISE, her head immobile --

-- and Jaime starts to SHUDDER with pain. It looks like  
Sarah is trying to CRUSH HER SKULL.

Jaime DROPS to her knees, Sarah's hands still at her temples --  
her eyes ROLL BACK, the pain UNBEARABLE, and she SCREAMS.

END OF ACT SEVEN

7/7

- stop