

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CABE, early 40's, is a kindly looking man who loves to spend time with his family and looks like he may once have been the charismatic star quarterback of his high school football team.

LINA, early 40's, is Cabe's wife. She is the brain to his brawn, beautiful but an elegant and well-aging beauty.

Lina fusses in a connected bathroom, getting ready for sleep, while Cabe watches her thoughtfully from the bed.

CABE

Ready to tell me what you're thinking?

Lina comes toward the bed and snuggles under the blankets next to Cabe. She likes to use her hands to talk.

LINA

Doesn't Erin seem a little... passive?

She shifts around, getting comfortable.

LINA (CONT'D)

I mean, she grew up within one of the most vicious street cultures in the world. Even Mr. Blandall told us when he found her that it was a miracle she had survived in that place. Doesn't that mean she has an impressive fighting spirit of her own?

CABE

I guess she is a little quiet. But wouldn't that have been a good thing? Easier to overlook on the streets.

Lina believes he is being ridiculous.

LINA

I don't mean to sound judgemental, dear, but did you see the girl? She doesn't have to try to attract attention. And I'm guessing she got a little too much of that.

CABE

She looks just like you did at that age.

LINA

- but with your eyes. I had hoped she wouldn't look like us. Dana doesn't say half of what she thinks, and I know it has to bother her to see the physical proof that she isn't our daughter.

CABE

We found out a long time ago that Dana isn't our daughter by birth. She knows that we still love her as one all the same. Having Erin here doesn't change that.

LINA

(To herself)
She'll be fine.

The couple turn off the light and allow themselves to get comfortable.

CABE

What about the krimac?

Lina pretends not to have heard him.

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

ERIN, 16, is a tall, clear-skinned naturally beautiful girl who is still a novelty to the clean-cut, technology-driven world around her.

DANA, 16, is paler, shorter, and a bit stockier than Erin. They have a similar air, but there is no actual physical resemblance.

Lights blare on and off. Dana is lying in the bed and groans, trying to make her way to the wall to turn off the light alarm. She falls on the floor and tries to continue rolling but is stopped by another body wrapped in blanket, Erin.

DANA

Ahh! Oh, Erin. What are you doing in here?

Erin wakes and leans up in a fluid motion, looking like a reclining sphinx on the throne of Egypt.

ERIN

Sorry, it was too strange falling asleep without sounds of other people nearby.

DANA

Okay... Well, we can move your bed

in here tomorrow, if you'd like.

ERIN

It doesn't bother you that I'm here, does it?

Dana is too tired for such a question.

DANA

Ugh. Does it bother you that I'm here?

ERIN

No.

DANA

Then, no. Now go to sleep.

Dana throws a box of tissues at a button in the wall and the lights turn off. The two girls lie in the dark.

DANA (CONT'D)

You want the bed?

ERIN

No.

The girls sleep.

EXT. NEAR SCHOOL EXIT - DAY

ERIN lounges on a concrete statue outside of school. RICHARD, 18, a regal giant among men, walks toward Erin.

RICHARD

You're a mod.

ERIN

And you are?

DANA enters behind Erin, unbeknownst to both.

DANA

Tall, dark, and handsome. Hey Rich, long time no see.

Dana joins Erin on top of the concrete. Erin squeezes Dana's hand in greeting.

DANA (CONT'D)

It's okay, Richard. She's been here nearly three months. It's about time the big bad wolf meets my sister.

RICHARD

She's one of ours.

DANA

(To Richard)

I think that's up to her, love.

(To Erin)

You want to meet the other krimac?

Erin smiles. She's been waiting for some drama to develop.

ERIN

Sounds good to me.

Erin and Dana both hop off the concrete and head toward Richard.

RICHARD

He only asked for the mod.

DANA

Ah, yes, of course. Send the wolf my love.

(To Erin)

You can get home all right?

Erin nods and the two girls share a smile.

INT. DARK BASEMENT - DAY

The basement is mostly open space, with a metallic feel and all sounds echoing off the enclosed space.

Erin is standing across from TAVIN, 18, tall and solidly thin, with a relaxed stance of confidence that could turn tense and aggressive at any moment.

ERIN

Dana sends you her love.

Tavin grins, baring pearly whites, giving him a canid-like appearance.

TAVIN

I'm Tavin.

Tavin sprawls out onto a sofa and Erin sets herself down opposite from him.

ERIN

And what do you want from me, exactly?

Tavin plays with a fraying edge of sofa.

TAVIN

We're not normal, you know. You can go to school with them, you can even live with them, but you will

never be one of them.

Tavin expects a response but doesn't get one.

TAVIN (CONT'D)

We're better. They know that, and they know that we know that. They're also boring, wouldn't you agree?

ERIN

My life has been a little too interesting. I have to say that I'm enjoying the change of pace. And Dana isn't boring.

TAVIN

Yes, boring is definitely one thing she is not. She is different, but she's not one of us as you are.

ERIN

There is no us, mister wolf. And now you're the one boring me.

Erin stands to leave.

TAVIN

We may be genetically superior, but the only way to be superior in fact is to train and push our bodies and minds - to find what the gap between modified and natural really is. That is what we do. That is what we can offer you.

Erin laughs with real mirth at the absurd seriousness of his offer.

ERIN

What do I care what that difference is? Why do you assume I don't already know?

Tavin sits up, ready to regale her with his very-practiced persuasive presentation.

TAVIN

You don't get it, do you? Nearly 15% of pregnant women are getting krimac now. It won't be long before people want to know exactly what the difference is between natural and modified. And how do you think they'll try to find out? We'll become lab rats. It was a miracle that we weren't put into labs as soon as we were out of the womb.

Erin turns during his speech and is leaving the basement.

ERIN

Those labs already exist. We
wouldn't exist in society without
them.

Tavin stares at the entrance to the hallway out of the
basement and realizes that there were no sounds of her
leaving footsteps or opening/closing doors.

INT. HOME OFFICE/WORKROOM - DAY

The room is dimly lit, emphasizing the one bright desk lamp
hovering over a set of scattered pictures. The photos hold
gruesome images of individual death and destruction.

MR. BLANDALL (V.O.)

These are the deaths attributed to
her in the last year. But record
keeping what it is in the
outskirts, there's a chance she
doesn't even know who they are.
Reputation is important more
important than reality; you acquire
it however you can.

Lina sits over the pictures, figuring the paperwork. She
doesn't believe Mr. Blandall's reassurances that Erin did not
kill these people. But what kind of person could do that to
another and yet seem so outwardly normal?