

What Happened to Monday?

by
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FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION DEPT. - DAY (PRESENT TIME)

In the halls of the CHILD ALLOCATION BUREAU (C.A.B.) we PAN ACROSS a line of melancholic CHILDREN that stretches through a sterile white corridor. The line bends around a corner, filtering into a REGISTRATION ROOM just as...

TERRENCE SETTMAN, mid-30's, attractive but under duress, steps in front of a white wall.

AGENT (O.S.)
State your name.

TERRENCE
Terrence Settman.

A camera emits a blinding FLASH.

INT. INTERROGATION HALLWAY - DAY

We TRACK BEHIND Terrence, escorted by AGENT 63, mid-50's, stocky, hardened by three decades of exhausting Bureau service. 63 dabs a FRESH GASH below his eye with a SWAB.

They pass rows of eerily austere glass BOOTHS, in which fearful children are being questioned by stern Bureau Agents.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Seated behind a sparse white desk, Agent 63 slides his TABLET (the hi-tech computer du jour) into a docking bay. Opposite him, Terrence sits on a solitary chair, anxious, fatigued.

63 studies Terrence, in awe.

AGENT 63
Clearly there are no bounds to what your kind will endure in an effort to live among us.
(beat)
Tell me, Mr. Settman, how were you able to operate under our radar for so long?

TERRENCE
How far back would you like me to go?

AGENT 63
As far as your memory allows...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Going back in time, we RISE ABOVE a throbbing mass of pedestrians, above a multi-tiered sidewalk and street to reveal a metropolis flooded with hi-rises, human and automotive traffic stretching far beyond the dark horizon.

Our fears of overpopulation have been realized.

INT./EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

KAREN SETTMAN, late-20's, strikingly gorgeous, poised and refined, a consummate architect, ascends a half-finished ultra-modern sky-scraper, accompanied by her ruggedly attractive husband, TERRENCE SR., 20's.

Traversing treacherous scaffolding, Karen and Terrence Sr. arrive at a look-out. Peering down from dizzying heights, Karen is moved by the majesty of her grand design.

TERRENCE SR.

Is it what you envisioned, my love?

KAREN

Feeling the placement on this site, the way those towers seem to caress us with their reflections...it's too breathtaking to be ignored. Is it what I envisioned? It's far bigger than either of us, Terrence.

Karen and her husband share a glance, their chemistry primal.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

Terrence shifts in his seat as he recounts his tale for an entranced but skeptical Agent 63...

TERRENCE

We were made the old-fashioned way...

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - ABANDONED FLOOR - DAY

The overdeveloped city-scape looms. Propped atop scaffolding, a half-undressed Karen ecstatically rides Terrence Sr.

TERRENCE (V.O.)

...in a primal act of love and pure intention.

CLOSE ON a PALM FROND TATTOO on Terrence Sr.'s neck.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Palm Frond on a sign: SIBLINGS HAVE A RIGHT TO LIFE!

We PULL BACK to reveal that Terrence Sr. is leading a MARCH of thousands of PROTESTORS outside a DISTRICT CAPITOL BUILDING, surrounded by hundreds of armed SOLDIERS.

TERRENCE SR.
(leading a chant)
Only children are lonely children!

Displayed on the wall of an adjacent office building is LIVE FOOTAGE of a SUPREME COURT HEARING- the CHIEF JUSTICE silences the court to deliver the majority decision...

CHIEF JUSTICE
In consideration of the dearth of resources necessary to sustain a rapidly growing populace, and in accordance with similarly outlined legislation being passed the world over, this court deems constitutional the Child Allocation Act.

Appalled, the protestors erupt in heated dissent.

Just then, the court entrance opens to allow passage for a procession of skittish POLITICIANS, BUSINESSMEN and MEDIA. As the crowd momentarily clears, we're afforded a view of...

NICHOLAS CAYMAN, 30's, a regal presence, newly enacted DIRECTOR of the Child Allocation Bureau. He surveys the human mass below while commenting for an accompanying JOURNALIST...

CAYMAN
The decision was ultimately made in the interest of national security. Beyond obvious issues of scarcity, our overpopulated districts have become petri dishes- breeding grounds for a slew of bugs to run rampant. If we don't curb our growth, disease could turn pandemic.

A PHOTOGRAPHER approaches Cayman as he has a private word with SENATOR JOHN CHERMACK, 30's, lanky.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Mr. Cayman, can I get a shot of you with Senator Chermack?

Cayman places a friendly arm around Senator Chermack's shoulder. The camera FLASHES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Under police escort, the parade of politicians descends into the crowd, inciting the mob.

Terrence Sr. leads the protestors over barricades to charge the capitol building. The SOLDIERS relinquish their posts and begin firing MRP's (non-lethal, Muscle-Relaxing Pulses). A PULSE of blue energy strikes Terrence Sr. in the leg. He buckles to the ground and the horde of frantic protestors trample him.

TERRENCE (V.O.)

Like the *Marrakech* resistance movement,
our father's days were short-lived.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

There are PLOTS as far as the eye can see, the TOMBSTONES stacked in towers, lined up woefully close to one another.

In tears, Karen stands alone before Terrence Sr.'s crowded tomb. Suddenly she hunches over, clutching her stomach.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

TERRENCE

Our mother used to tell us that the best
gifts come in the form of the unexpected.
And whether you embrace them or reject
them, real gifts can never be returned.

INT. CLINIC - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Wearing a hospital gown, Karen reclines on an exam table.

DOCTOR JENNINGS, late-50's, Karen's closest friend and personal physician, squirts a layer of cool gel over Karen's bare abdomen. She places a pliable SHELL on top.

DOCTOR JENNINGS

Let's see what we have...

Clearly displayed on a sophisticated MONITOR is a cluster of SEVEN FETUSES floating side-by-side in amniotic fluid.

Karen and Dr. Jennings are speechless, in shared disbelief.

KAREN

Oh, Terrence...

DOCTOR JENNINGS

Have you been taking fertility
medication?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Karen hesitates, her brow furrowing with guilt...

KAREN

I know they've been banned but we tried
for years without any luck.

Dr. Jennings fills a glass of water at the sink and downs it.

DOCTOR JENNINGS

I don't want to say it, but I have to.
Our options are...you don't have any
options.

Karen looks incredulous.

DOCTOR JENNINGS (CONT'D)

The law says we have to terminate six of
the fetuses...or abort the pregnancy
altogether.

HOLD ON Karen, malcontent with the choices presented...

KAREN

What if I chose neither?

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

TERRENCE

As one of the city's premier freelance
architects our mother believed first and
foremost that nothing was absolute, that
the best results came from the bending of
rules and the questioning of facts.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - NIGHT

Karen runs her hand over the smooth face of an antique
GRANDFATHER CLOCK, a lone relic of simpler times. The SECOND
HAND of the clock hammers past each Roman numeral.

Karen drags the clock to the center of her exquisite loft-
style abode, adding it to an assemblage of moved furniture.

She pries open a crate, exposing a four-foot metal CUBE. From
her TABLET, she uploads a 3D-model of the unit into the cube.

TIME LAPSE: the cube separates into various robotic
components, each 'walking' off to- demolish & build walls,
drill, paint, sand, solder wires, construct shelves,
reassembling into the original cube at job's end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her stomach grown, Karen admires the finished REMODEL.

DISSOLVE TO:

SEVEN MONTHS LATER...seated at her drafting table, stomach bulging, Karen tweaks blueprints for a SHOPPING COMPLEX. Suddenly she feels a CONTRACTION. She rises, falters...

PAN ACROSS:

SEVEN IDENTICAL BABIES lined up on a bed beside Karen, who regards her offspring teary-eyed. Dr. Jennings approaches...

DOCTOR JENNINGS

Have you given thought to their names?

KAREN

I want to name them Terrence.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

TERRENCE

In the early years, with only the most basic of needs, our duplicate names didn't present much of an issue...

SERIES OF SHOTS - TIME LAPSE

Like an assembly line worker, Karen changes each of the seven ONE-YEAR-OLD TERRENCES' diapers on an elongated changing station, pulls a nighty over each of their heads, inserts a pacifier into each mouth, and sets each boy in his crib slot.

KAREN

This little Terrence went to the market.
This little Terrence stayed home. This
little Terrence ate dim sum and this
little Terrence ate none. And this little
Terrence cried wee wee wee all the way
home.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - MEDIA ROOM - MORNING

Seated at desks arranged in semi-circle formation, seven SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Setzman siblings take notes as Karen writes MATH EQUATIONS on a digital dry-erase board.

Two of the boys raise their hands. She points to one.

KAREN

Yes, Terrence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRENCE #1

Me?

KAREN

No you, Terrence.

TERRENCE #2

Which one? Him or me?

KAREN

You, Terrence.

TERRENCE #2

Oh. I got x equals eleven.

KAREN

Right you are. Does everyone understand
how Terrence got that?

TERRENCE #3

No. How can a letter equal a number?

Suddenly, Karen's face drops, her attention drawn to a
MONITOR across the room...

TERRENCE #4

What's wrong, Mom?

Karen nears the monitor, her children eagerly surrounding as
they watch a surveillance feed from outside-

A sleek WHITE POD is parked at the curb. (A pod is a slender
multi-passenger vehicle propelled by a polarized track
affixed to every city street.)

Four white-suit wearing BUREAU AGENTS swiftly exit the pod.

Drawing stares from the dense crowd, the agents storm into
the apartment building, one sandwiched between countless...

TERRENCE #5

The Bureau...

KAREN

Quickly, everyone. Into your hiding
places like we've practiced! Chop chop!

We finally REVEAL the transformed unit...

The Media Room is decked out with an amalgam of cutting edge
TECH TOYS- monitors, multimedia consoles, workout equipment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Karen presses buttons on a CONTROL PANEL: six BUNK BEDS built into the bedroom walls fold in, leaving a single bed out in the open.

The Settman siblings slide down a pole, climb ladders, and descend a chute on their speedy exodus downstairs.

One by one they enter a floor tunnel, a kitchen cabinet, the hollowed out couch...

One of the boys remains stationary, out in the open on the couch, as the last brothers disappear into hiding.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Agent 63, three decades younger, face unscathed, leads the silent raid, signalling to three other Bureau agents with a series of hand signals. The agents draw weapons, non-lethal technology beyond our time.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

We TRACK BEHIND the agents as they clamber through the hall, their footsteps a well-orchestrated show of synchronicity.

INT. SETTMAN HIDING SPOTS

In their dark sanctuaries, the Settman boys tremble in fear. They listen to the encroaching FOOTSTEPS of the agents echo through the hallway. Claustrophobic, crying...

TERRENCE #6

I don't like this...

FOYER

The agents' footsteps cease. Karen peers out the peephole. From her FISH-EYED POV- Agent 63 eyes their door, suspicious.

Fearful, Karen peels away from the door, holds her breath.

KAREN

Brace yourselves.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

Agent 63 tears a SILVER PATCH in three and affixes its now sizzling metallic fibers around a door, instantly corroding the frame and wall. 63 kicks in the door!

INT. SETTMAN UNIT

The Settman front door remains intact. Karen drops to her knees, grateful, sobbing.

LATER...the Settmans watch a surveillance MONITOR- their hysterical NEIGHBORS trail the agents, who have apprehended their four-year-old *sibling*- a GIRL IN A FLORAL DRESS.

TERRENCE (V.O.)

Who would have thought that a family just down the hall from ours was living the same lie...

TERRENCE #7

Mom, what's gonna happen if the Bureau finds out there are seven of us?

The others chime in with ad-libbed pleas for an answer.

KAREN

I suppose it's time.

EXT. PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

A double-decker bullet train arrives in front of a massive facility: an unmarked, gated edifice.

We RISE ABOVE dense smog to the top of a needle-like TOWER, which peers over the land as if to proclaim 'we see all'.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

TERRENCE

Our mother had a gift for simplifying the complex. In the plainest of words she explained to us that...

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - DAY

Karen explains to her enraptured children...

KAREN

The world has become too crowded, my loves. The year you were born our leaders scared us into accepting rules that forbid families from having more than one child.

EXT. PROCESSING CENTER

The train's freight doors slide open and the recent arrivals disembark, the GIRL IN THE FLORAL DRESS among them. There is not a *sibling* above the age of ten.

KAREN (V.O.)
Any children born beyond the allowable
only child were called *siblings*.

Single file lines of hundreds of *siblings* make their way through the gate, kept in order by masked, armed GUARDS.

INT. PROCESSING CENTER - CORRIDOR

TERRENCE (V.O.)
Mom explained that the Child Allocation
Bureau had been created to find these
siblings...

The parallel lines of *siblings* each lead into a...

PROCESSING ROOM

The Girl in the Floral Dress approaches a PROCESSOR who is seated beside a counter stacked with METAL CARTRIDGES.

TERRENCE (V.O.)
...and those who were caught were never
seen or heard from again.

GIRL
Does it hurt?

PROCESSOR
No.

He inserts a cartridge into an INJECTOR and pokes the girl's arm with the needle. She SQUEALS and collapses.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - NIGHT

Karen snugly tucks each frightened Terrence into his bunk.

KAREN
No matter what other people might think
or say, each and every one of you has a
right to exist. This is what your father
died for...

MEDIA ROOM - MORNING

The seven hyper boys take their seats for class. Standing before them, Karen SHUSHES them.

KAREN

My little Terrences, I didn't sleep a wink last night thinking about what happened. I've realized I'm causing more harm than good keeping you cooped up in this unit. The world may be dangerous and it may be flawed, but it's still our world and you must experience it.

TERRENCE #1

How can we go outside, Mom?

KAREN

You know I'd never suggest anything that might get you into trouble, my loves.

TERRENCE (V.O.)

What our mother proposed changed the world as we knew it.

KAREN

Starting this instant, I no longer wish to hear you calling each other Terrence. Line up. Chop chop.

PAN ACROSS the lined up Settman seven, each wearing a unique expression and outfit.

KAREN (CONT'D)

For the sake of simplicity, these are your new names...

TERRENCE (V.O.)

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday,
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday
and Saturday.

KAREN

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday,
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday
and Saturday.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You will each live out the day of the week that is your new name. That means Sunday will be allowed to leave the unit on Sunday, Monday on Monday, Tuesday on Tuesday and so on. But outside the unit you will all take on the identity of Terrence Settman. Is that clear?

All seven boys excitedly ad-lib understanding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN (CONT'D)

We will begin tomorrow, starting with
you, Thursday.

Monday stares jealously at his elated brother, Thursday.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

AGENT 63

And which of the seven are you?

TERRENCE

I just happened to be standing fourth in
line from the left, making me Thursday.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

SUPER: **Thursday**

Karen accompanies an excited back-pack toting Thursday.

KAREN

I have something for you, Thursday.

She hands her son a TABLET. His eyes fill with glee.

KAREN (CONT'D)

This Tablet will be the most important
tool at our disposal. You will use it to
keep in contact as well as document what
you see, who you talk to, what they say.
Everything from the mundane to the vital.
The others must be able to match your
version of Terrence so do your best to
blend in. You remember the three P's?

THURSDAY

Posture, poise and power.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Karen escorts Thursday down the front steps.

Terrified and ecstatic, he experiences the outside world for
the very first time- pods speed past, the tops of high-rise
apartments disappear into grey cloud cover, a pair of mangy
pigeons perch on a lamp post.

Thursday is mesmerized by a dense swarm of pedestrians that
continually swims past as they arrive at an elongated yellow
SCHOOL BUS POD, opening its doors. Karen kneels, whispers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN

You're the one and only Terrence Setzman.

THURSDAY

You can count on me, Mother.

Karen kisses her son's head and he steps inside. She has trouble letting go of his hand, but does. Karen watches as the pod hums away, swallowed by an ocean of traffic.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

THURSDAY

In the unit we had our new names, but in the outside world we would share the identity of...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The TEACHER takes roll call off a large Tablet.

TEACHER

Terrence Setzman!

In the back of the overcrowded room Thursday's skinny arm confidently rises behind his desk.

THURSDAY

Present.

Thursday is a sponge, soaking up his surroundings. He types furiously into his Tablet, uses it to covertly snap PHOTOS of the teacher, students, class.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - EVENING

MONTAGE: Thursday enters, exhilarated. The brothers abandon their immersive VIDEO GAME to hound him, some green with envy, some genuinely happy for him, all pressing for details.

The antique clock's second hand completes its cycle, pushing the minute & hour hands onto the XII. BELLS chime. MIDNIGHT.

Thursday begins a PRESENTATION: sharing photos, video footage, stories, and lessons with his Mother and brothers who sit around a circular table.

THURSDAY (V.O.)

To solve continuity problems, Mom devised a system where we shared every last detail of our day with the others.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THURSDAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was the single most important part of
our routine: at the stroke of midnight,
the end-of-the-day meeting.

We see a RAPID SLIDE-SHOW of evidence from each brother's day
out: students, teachers, computer labs, bathrooms, books,
cafeterias, exams, experiments, gym classes, hall fights...

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

THURSDAY

To keep things as fair as possible,
Mother enrolled Saturday and Sunday in
institutions that would provide their
days with similar structure.

INT. THEATER - DAY

On stage rehearsing for *Bye Bye Birdie*, SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD
Saturday, as Conrad Birdie, sings and dances to "Honestly,
Sincere" as a group of girls swoon over him. He shares a
smile with the cutest of them, a blonde girl, JEN.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Sunday, as an Acolyte, presents the cruets of water and wine
for the PRIEST to pour in the chalice.

PRIEST

...as I urge the youngest members in our
congregation to take the vow of life-long
abstinence. After all, children of god
need not be born when there are so many
already among us who have yet to have
their eyes opened...

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

THURSDAY

We were seven minds and seven bodies
living as one. Our only enemy was desire.

INT. ABANDONED TRAIN - NIGHT

Cloaked by the darkness, Saturday makes out with Jen.
Suddenly a light BLINDS them.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - NIGHT

Karen opens the door, revealing a guilt-ridden Saturday and
an escorting POLICE OFFICER, who turns the boy over.

POLICE OFFICER

Found him in a restricted area...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOMENTS LATER, the officer gone...

KAREN

It's okay, boys, you can come out.

The Settman siblings emerge from their hiding spots.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Was it worth risking your brothers' lives
for fleeting pleasure?!

(off Saturday's head shake)

I know it's difficult to ignore your
hormonal instincts, my loves, but we must
all make sacrifices for this to work. One
day you will realize that even a fraction
of a life is better than none at all.

SATURDAY

(tearing up)

I'm so sorry, Mom. I'm sorry everyone.

MONDAY

Sorry doesn't cut it. Your selfishness
could have gotten us all killed.

TUESDAY

I honestly don't get what the appeal is.

WEDNESDAY

Please say you touched her boobs!

KAREN

Hard as it's going to be to miss out on
one of the most beautiful parts of life,
love is not some 'thing' to be shared,
nor can it last on just a single day a
week. You know if there was a solution
I'd do everything I could to explore it.

SUNDAY

Reading the Bible once in a while
certainly couldn't hurt here.

The brothers AD-LIB insults, ganging up on Sunday...

KAREN

Okay, okay, settle down!

(breaks into a coughing fit)

It's bed time.

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

In the dark, the Setzman siblings lie in their respective bunk beds.

SATURDAY

I think I'm in love with Jen.

(sits up)

I can't just stop seeing her.

MONDAY

Didn't you hear what Mom just said?

SATURDAY

Would you tell if I kept our relationship a secret?

WEDNESDAY

Not if I can make out with her on my day.

Some of them snicker, but Monday, enraged by jealousy, jumps from his bunk and shakes Saturday by the shoulders, pleading.

MONDAY

Why do you get to break the rules?! What makes you so special?! What about me?!

Friday and Thursday join the fray to pull Monday off.

FRIDAY

What the fuck, Monday!

THURSDAY

Get off of him!

MONDAY (CONT'D)

What about me?! What about me?!

SUNDAY

Have you both lost your minds?!

THURSDAY

Look at us! One hour with a girl and we're already beating each other up!

The brothers return to their beds, seven teenagers, cooped up, confused. Thursday tries to make peace...

THURSDAY (CONT'D)

I know it sucks, but we have to face up to it. There's no place in our life for girlfriends or lovers or marriage.

(saddened by the realization)

Love is just too risky.

We PAN ACROSS the Setzmans as they face the bitter truth.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

THURSDAY

The years passed quickly and before we
knew it our need for an education had
given way to our want for an occupation.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - NIGHT

Karen works at her drafting table in the background as seven
TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD Setzman siblings sit around the circular
table in their end-of-the-day meeting.

As adults, the brothers' differing choices in attire and hair-
style reflect their disparate in-home personalities. Sunday
wears a CRUCIFIX around his neck.

MONDAY

We should become a product designer of
some sort. It's creative, technical, it's
fast-paced and we'll always be working on
something new.

WEDNESDAY

I don't have a lick of artistic talent,
let alone Friday's tech know-how.

THURSDAY

We'd have to rely on you to carry the
rest of us.

Monday is frustrated that his suggestion is discounted.

FRIDAY

We need to select a job that suits our
overall skill-set and interests, whether
we're working at home or in an office.

SATURDAY

What if we opened a restaurant, ooh, or
better yet how about a night club?

TUESDAY

(effeminate)

I really like the nightclub idea. A lot.

SATURDAY

It's social, we don't have to answer to a
boss. There's no cap on our income.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUNDAY

We're going to be in the business of indulging people's hedonistic tendencies? I'm not comfortable with this.

KAREN

What about becoming a banker?!

The brothers consider the suggestion for a moment.

THURSDAY

Banking's not bad. It melds creativity and management, we'll work with clients in a variety of fields, we'll generate more than enough income to provide for a comfortable lifestyle and at the end of the day we can still pursue our own hobbies. What do you guys think?

The Setzman siblings all AD-LIB varying degrees of interest, lone for Monday who leans back in his chair, perturbed.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

SUPER: **Wednesday**

Dressed in a suit, Wednesday bounds confidently through the compact crowd, a beacon in a sea of grey.

He passes under a sign for the FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - LATER

Senior bank executive CLIFF PETROSSIAN shows Wednesday his new OFFICE and shakes his hand. After Cliff leaves, Wednesday contacts his brothers on his Tablet.

WEDNESDAY

We got the job.

INT. CENTRAL PARK AVIARY - DAY

An ultra-modern twist on neoclassical architecture, a domed-structure composed of glass panels framed by an iron lattice.

Karen, greyed, emaciated, walks up a moving ramp, admiring her finished work. Cutting through a faux rainforest teeming with rare tropical BIRDS, Karen blacks out and collapses.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

SUPER: **Monday**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Monday holds his bed-ridden mother's frail hand. In a drug stupor, Karen veers in and out of consciousness...

KAREN

I've made a grave mistake. It's not enough to just preserve routine. To engage the world as something you're not is a farce...a failure of my own design. I chose to bring you into this world as a testament to what your father fought to preserve and when I look into your eyes I get to be reminded of the love we shared. But it pains me to know that his legacy lives on at a cost.

Monday is silent, absorbing the profound confession.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You may have come out of me, but I fear that you've yet to be born.

Karen dozes off when the door opens, revealing DR. ADRIAN KNOWLES, late-20's, a raven-haired medical doctor.

Monday rises as Adrian draws near, taking note of her natural beauty, her gentle mien, a rare benevolence in her gaze.

ADRIAN

Mr. Settman?

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Adrian sits beside Monday on a bench, the sprawling sky-line visible behind them, featuring Karen's beautiful skyscraper.

ADRIAN

Living on top of one another, it's only a matter of time before all of us are exposed to one of the bugs--

Eyes welling with tears, Monday looks devastated. Adrian warmly rubs his shoulders.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I really am.

MONDAY

How much time do we have?

ADRIAN

Not long I'm afraid. Couple months maybe.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Rotation has me at this hospital on Mondays but I'll ask the nurses to keep an eye on her, make sure she's well attended to. She's an extraordinary woman and deserving of whatever compassion's left in this profession.

MONDAY

You have no idea how much that means, Dr. Knowles...to both of us.

There's undeniable chemistry between the two.

ADRIAN

Please, call me Adrian.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - NIGHT

A photo of DR. ADRIAN KNOWLES projected over him, Monday addresses six Settman siblings in an end of the day meeting.

MONDAY

...Dr. Knowles will ensure there's always a nurse on-hand to attend to Mother for the rest of her stay. A kind gesture.

Monday stops his presentation, obviously preoccupied. Thursday notes that something is off...

THURSDAY

You okay?

MONDAY

It's just...at the hospital talking with Mother, all these questions came up- is this life enough to fulfill us? Are we just aging and consuming without a moment to call our own? I tried to answer questions we've been scared to confront.

FRIDAY

What have we not confronted? I think we've been rather thorough and objective in evaluating our situation.

MONDAY

Have we? Then how come we avoid talking about who Terrence Settman is? I mean, who he really is.

WEDNESDAY

And who in your mighty opinion is Terrence Settman?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONDAY

He's just a vehicle, a skin we put on one day a week so we can breathe fresh air.

SUNDAY

How dare you undermine our existence. Terrence Setzman is our foundation. He's the bedrock we've built on. Through him we've been blessed with a chance to live.

MONDAY

I don't deny that. I just wonder what's stopping us from living our lives differently, why we have to be trapped in this routine.

THURSDAY

You don't think all of us fantasize about what it might be like to break from the routine, to experience something new or surprising, to have lives of our own?

The other Setzmans nod in agreement.

TUESDAY

Even a man as connected as Terrence Setzman can't get clearance for a border crossing.

MONDAY

I'm not saying we have to run away. I just think we should consider other options.

WEDNESDAY

Like what?

MONDAY

We can use Terrence's influence to continue the work Father was doing with *Marrakech*. Together we could change public policy on *siblings*. If we won that fight we could lead separate lives.

WEDNESDAY

You're being a total shit, rehashing things we've put to rest. The resistance that father was a part of is dead. It's gone man and nobody out there is missing it. I don't know about the rest of you but I refuse to entertain false hope.

HOLD ON Monday, foiled but unwilling to press the issue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THURSDAY

You're asking us to take even bigger risks than we do now. Activism is a dangerous proposition, especially when the consequences we face are so harsh.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

THURSDAY

Though none of us spoke of it, something changed that day. Monday's questions had sent a shock-wave through our family.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - DAY

The seven Setzman siblings sit around the circular table eating breakfasts of eggs, bacon and toast.

THURSDAY (V.O.)

Each of us began to cling to what little independence we had, seeking out ways to make our day uniquely ours.

Tuesday notices as Wednesday doesn't touch his meal.

TUESDAY

Is something wrong? Did I undercook your eggs?

WEDNESDAY

No. I'd just rather pick up a coffee and croissant on the way to the bank.

SERIES OF SHOTS - **SCREEN SPLITS IN SEVEN**

THURSDAY (V.O.)

In the outside world, more than ever before we strived to spend our limited time doing things we loved...

SUPER each day of the week as it happens...

In an ART GALLERY...**Monday** peruses the modern watercolors and watches enviously as the PAINTER fields an interview.

In a WINE TASTING...**Tuesday** sips a Cabernet and relishes the tang on his palette.

In a SOCCER FIELD...**Wednesday** dribbles past a defender and scores a goal.

In the HOSPITAL...**Thursday** plays chess with his mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In an ELECTRONICS STORE...**Friday** browses an impressive array of circuit-boards.

In a MOVIE THEATER...**Saturday** is moved to tears as Cary Grant kisses Ingrid Bergman.

In a CONCERT HALL...**Sunday** listens to a chamber orchestra.

THURSDAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But it was all a search for something we
couldn't have...a connection.

In VARIOUS RESTAURANTS...each of the Settman siblings sits at a table with a different, attractive female ESCORT, except for Tuesday who is accompanied by a male escort.

In VARIOUS MOTEL ROOMS...each of the Settman siblings has intercourse with their escort, some rough, others tender.

THURSDAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The trouble was, once we had settled in
to our new habits, returning home became
that much harder.

In the SETTMAN UNIT...VARIOUS SHOTS of the ANTIQUE CLOCK reading 11:59 as each of the Settman siblings returns home.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

SUPER: **Monday**

Stoic, Monday assists Adrian in pulling a sheet over Karen. He stops momentarily to regard his Mother's visage one final time. Adrian places her hand atop Monday's, consoling. Uneasy showing vulnerability, he withdraws his hand and hurries out.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

SUPER: **Saturday**

Sobbing, Saturday stands before Karen's casket, suspended in front of a joint TOMBSTONE for Terrence Sr. and Karen. Adrian, Dr. Jennings, and a crowd of former clients surround.

LATER...Adrian approaches Saturday and embraces him.

ADRIAN

The world has lost a great talent,
Terrence.

SATURDAY

Thank you, Dr. Knowles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLD ON a small PALM FROND TATTOO identical to Terrence Sr.'s on the nape of Adrian's neck.

INT. SETTMAN MEDIA ROOM - DAY

In mourning, the brothers take swigs from a bottle of bourbon, consoling one another.

THURSDAY (V.O.)

After Mother passed on, we promised one another that we wouldn't let her absence disrupt our progress. We were committed to making sure Terrence Setzman reached his full potential.

The seven Setzman brothers work on a financial presentation, each tackling a different element- conducting research, assembling a slide-show, critiquing delivery.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Thursday finishes delivering his presentation to the BOARD.

Cliff turns apologetically to JERRY PERTRIDGE, 40's, the gaunt vice-president of the bank.

CLIFF

It was a tough decision, Jerry, but ultimately Terrence was the better fit.

JERRY

I trust the board's judgment.

Jerry eyes Thursday enviously as he is shown to a brand new office, the door marked PRESIDENT OF OPERATIONS.

INT. SETTMAN'S EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Jerry bitterly surveys Terrence Setzman's new office- it's an architectural marvel, with a panoramic view of the city that seems strangely familiar. A TICKER on a nearby building reads DISTRICT POPULATION: 68,245,739. The number climbing.

Thursday notices Jerry snooping around, empathizes...

THURSDAY

I'm sorry. I know how badly you wanted this job, Jerry.

JERRY

One day you're hot, the next you're ice cold.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY (CONT'D)

If I had to put it in clinical terms I'd say you're suffering from a split personality disorder.

THURSDAY

Let's not go places we're going to regret.

INT. SETTMAN KITCHEN - NIGHT

A champagne cork POPS! Thursday holds up his glass to toast their promotion.

THURSDAY

To Terrence Settman.

ALL SEVEN

To Terrence Settman...

The Settman siblings clink flutes to a successful promotion.

THURSDAY (V.O.)

The more successful Terrence Settman became, the more difficult it became to maintain a low profile.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DAY

A gaggle of JOURNALISTS swarm Friday as he exits.

JOURNALIST

Mr. Settman, what is First National's stance on bond issuance in light of the recent Treasury scandal?

INT. SETTMAN MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

The Settman siblings watch Friday's interview. Saturday hits PAUSE to point out...

SATURDAY

Posture, poise and power. You're all hunched over. And how many times have I said ar-ti-cu-late. Terrence Settman doesn't mumble. He's the very embodiment of refinement. He should come across as personable without being cloying, intelligent without being arrogant.

Saturday hits PLAY to continue the interview...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THURSDAY (V.O.)

With the public scrutinizing Terrence Settman's every move, we became more cautious than ever.

INT. SETTMAN CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

SUPER: **Monday**

Friday opens a cabinet, revealing a wired DETONATION DEVICE.

FRIDAY

In the event of a Bureau entry, we agreed that all evidence of our occupancy is to be destroyed.

Friday presses a button on a TIMER- 4:59, 58, 57... He immediately resets and deactivates it.

We PULL BACK to reveal six Settmans crowded around Friday as he mans a half-installed CONTROL PANEL, littered with mechanical parts. Monday wears a business suit.

SUNDAY

Hypothetically speaking, what if agents are in the unit when it goes off?

SATURDAY

Hypothetically, how's that our problem?

MONDAY

Can we wrap up? I'm going to be late.

FRIDAY

Yeah, it's not like I put hundreds of hours into this or anything.

Monday rolls his eyes.

FRIDAY (CONT'D)

I've activated the thumb print scanner on our front door. I've also upgraded the insulation in the walls. As long as we're inside the unit we're invisible to the next generation *Tracer* bots.

WEDNESDAY

How do their new *Tracers* hunt?

FRIDAY

Basic biometrics. No two DNA strands vibrate with the same frequency, right?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRIDAY (CONT'D)

So the *Tracer* emits a pulse that scans for only the frequencies the Bureau is looking for. When that pulse bounces back, it registers every trace it discovered on a map. And finally...

The siblings exit the control room and the panel closes, revealing a MURAL- a gorgeous, sprawling painting of seven HORSES running free on a grassy plain.

COAT CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Friday removes a PANEL, exposing a dark void. In turn, the Settman siblings peer inside.

FRIDAY

To be used in the case of emergencies, Bureau, fire or what not...

From Friday's POV- we stare down a long narrow shaft, a faint light at the bottom. A LIFT hangs against one of the walls.

FRIDAY (CONT'D)

There's a maintenance tunnel down there, directly beneath us. Practically the entire city can be traversed from there.

MONDAY

Alright, well done. I'm out of here.

FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Monday takes a sip of coffee. He's about to set the mug on a foyer table when Tuesday eagerly grabs it.

TUESDAY

I'll wash it.

Thursday hands Monday their communal briefcase.

THURSDAY

We'll see you when you get home.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - MORNING

Monday steps out of the elevator and alters his posture and expression to embody Terrence Settman.

He passes the security desk where EDDIE, 50's, the building's security officer, stares contemptuously.

EDDIE

Have a productive day, Mr. Settman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONDAY

Same to you, Eddie.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Monday disappears into the mass of pedestrians.

INT. SETTMAN MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

Six of the Settman siblings lounge on couches, reviewing financial reports for work, snacking, watching TV. Thursday browses NEWS categories displayed on the life-like FLAT-SCREEN on the wall. A story about CROP CONTAMINATION airs...

We see AERIAL FOOTAGE of a blazing fire consuming hundreds of acres of crops.

REPORTER (V.O.)

...the Department of Agriculture is investigating a possible pesticide-resistant strain of the *bug* responsible for the crop contamination.

A FARMER and his WORKERS watch stoically as DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AGENTS use flame-throwers to torch their fields.

A HEADLINE on-screen catches Thursday's eye...

THURSDAY

Guys, Nicholas Cayman is giving an interview.

He expands a video NEWS PROGRAM. Appearing on-screen...

Nicholas Cayman, now 60's, sits opposite CHARLES BENNING, 60's, the liberal, squirrely host of a Larry King-type program. The pair spar, rapid-fire...

CAYMAN

We've been posting an operating loss due to a lack of centralized management. Too many regulators, spending excesses--

CHARLES

Somehow I fail to see how privatization has become the only viable solution.

CAYMAN

The Bureau requires drastic restructuring if we're ever going to pull into the black. That's not going to happen in government hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLES

And where does the backing come from for such a pricey acquisition?

Cayman is sweating, shifty- a sore subject.

CAYMAN

It's been a rather tough road identifying a financial partner. I won't sugar coat it. Investors are hesitant.

CHARLES

Hesitant? Who are you kidding, Nick? They're downright terrified. Who the hell wants to get into bed with a man who critics regularly describe as...

(reading from a Tablet)

..."a two-headed, cannibalistic reptile who catches children for a living"?

Cayman is angered but unable to back down.

CAYMAN

Siblings are not children as we know them. They're sub-human, with no rights, or futures. They are a danger and a drain on our precious resources.

SUNDAY

That man should rot for eternity in hell.

The brothers react to Sunday's outburst, impressed. For a second, he's the coolest brother in the room.

WEDNESDAY

I couldn't have said it better myself.

CHARLES

We'll be back in a moment with Nicholas Cayman, Chairman of Cayman Industries and Acting Director of the Child Allocation Bureau.

The antique clock's second hand completes its cycle, pushing the minute & hour hands onto the XII. BELLS chime. MIDNIGHT.

SUPER: Tuesday

Rising from the couch, Thursday implores...

THURSDAY

It's midnight already?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SATURDAY

Wow. I totally lost track of time.

THURSDAY

What happened to Monday?

Thursday opens the front door and peers out before cautiously stepping into the vacant HALLWAY.

THURSDAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Thirty-five years...

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

THURSDAY

Thirty-five years and none of us had ever missed an end-of-the-day meeting.

INT. SETTMAN BEDROOM - NIGHT

A lone King-sized bed is flanked by three sets of BUNK BEDS which protrude from the wall. A tense air pervades as the Settman siblings crowd around Thursday who rifles through Monday's CLOSET, one hidden among seven.

FRIDAY

What do you expect to find?

THURSDAY

Information. A receipt. A phone number. Lint. I don't know. There's got to be something that'll give us some insight.

SUNDAY

(Tablet pressed to ear)
Might as well dig through your pockets. You're not going to find anything we haven't already accounted for.
(hanging up)
Still going to message. And I called all the hospitals, and the police. Nothing.

His search fruitless, Thursday sighs, turns to the others.

THURSDAY

Monday can be...unpredictable at times, but not coming home, not contacting us or answering his Tablet, that's unusual behavior even for him.

SATURDAY

What are you getting at?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THURSDAY

Either Monday is dead...or worse, he
doesn't want to come home.

Wednesday, in athletic garb, sprints on a treadmill in the
background. HOLOGRAPHIC FOLIAGE soars past. Out of breath...

WEDNESDAY

Guys, let's not let our imaginations get
the best of us. He's barely an hour late.

TUESDAY

Wednesday, you think you can finish your
work out later and join us?

Wednesday shuts off the treadmill, ambles over and begins
massaging Tuesday's shoulders as he nervously crochets a red
SKULL CAP. Trying to duck out of Wednesday's grasp...

TUESDAY (CONT'D)

Ugh, you reek. Go bathe.

THURSDAY

Have any of you noticed anything out of
the ordinary?

The Settmans shake their heads no.

SATURDAY

No, not that I can think of.

SUNDAY

I hate to be the one to say it but what
if the Bureau's discovered that--

SATURDAY

Here we go.

SUNDAY

What? It's a possibility.

SATURDAY

It's not. If the Bureau knew we existed
we'd all be processed by now.

FRIDAY

Correction. *Right of Choice* - one of us
will get to live.

The Settman siblings share a look of dread as Thursday stares
out the window, fretful.

We PULL OUT from the Settman unit...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

...and SOAR over rooftops towering above the still humming metropolis. Now half a city away, the lights of the SETTMAN UNIT are a faint speck, lost within the dotted grid...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. SETTMAN FOYER - MORNING

The brothers surround a skittish, suit-clad Tuesday. Some are poised, some on edge.

SUNDAY

Are we sure Tuesday should be going out?

SATURDAY

We've discussed it. Our plan's always been that if one of us doesn't make it home the next in line goes out on his day to investigate.

THURSDAY

If Monday needs our help we have to be there to support him.

WEDNESDAY

I'd want the same if it was me out there.

Thursday fixes Tuesday's eyebrows and hair.

THURSDAY

If at any point you feel like you're compromising our cover, contact us and return to the unit. Are we in agreement?

The brothers all nod.

SUNDAY

Please be careful, Tuesday.

SATURDAY

Just stick to the routine. It's gotten us this far.

Nervous, Tuesday twirls, modeling his attire...

TUESDAY

How do I look?

The brothers give him a good once over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THURSDAY

What do you want us to say? You're a
strikingly handsome man.

The other brothers nod in agreement.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - MORNING

Tuesday steps out of the elevator. From the moment he exits
he becomes more composed, confident, masculine. He embodies
Terrence Setzman.

He passes the security desk, where Eddie watches an
automotive program on his Tablet.

EDDIE

Have a productive day, Mr. Setzman.

TUESDAY

(deepening his voice)
Same to you, Eddie.

Tuesday peeks over his shoulder- Eddie's oblivious.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Tuesday traverses the sidewalk studying passersby, suspicious
of everyone. Per the norm, no one makes eye contact.

Tuesday notices a faint, green PALM FROND graffitied below a
digital AD simultaneously plastered on all buildings- "IF WE
ALL EAT LESS, WE ALL GET TO EAT".

Tuesday arrives at the...

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK LOBBY - DAY

Tuesday enters, slyly speaking into his Tablet.

TUESDAY

I'm here.

Judging from the elegant decor and clientele, this is an
institution that clearly caters to the elite.

Tuesday passes TELLERS who greet "Mr. Setzman" deferentially.
In this domain he's a god.

Tuesday is intercepted by Jerry Pertridge, still struggling
to advance from his post as the bank's Senior VP. A naturally
anxious personality, Jerry's attempt at amiability comes off
strained and ingratiating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY

Terrence, do you have a second?

TUESDAY

We're not wasting any time today are we,
Jerry?

Tuesday passes through a security check point, little
patience for his trailing underling.

JERRY

Disagreements in the past shouldn't keep
us from sitting down and getting to know
one another. Things are changing fast out
there and I think it's important that our
staff feels like we're on the same team--

TUESDAY

What are you after exactly?

JERRY

Vicki said you're clear for lunch today.

Focused on more important matters, Tuesday approaches a bank
of elevators, gives Jerry the brush off.

TUESDAY

You know I don't schedule impromptu
lunches.

Defeated, Jerry stops walking. Tuesday enters an elevator,
but his gentler nature can't leave it there. He holds the
doors for a moment.

TUESDAY (CONT'D)

Sorry, Jerry. I know you're just trying
to get ahead. I'll have Vicki put
something in the books after next Monday.

The doors close. Tuesday is unaware of Jerry's maligned,
leery stare.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tuesday sighs, relieved to have made it this far. His comely
secretary, VICKI, 20's, rises from behind her desk, nervous
in his presence, but flirtatious nonetheless.

VICKI

Good morning, Mr. Settman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TUESDAY
(rolling his eyes)
Morning, Vicki.

VICKI
I'll have your coffee ready in just a moment.

TUESDAY
I'm in no hurry.

Tuesday lingers awkwardly, hesitant about how to proceed...

TUESDAY (CONT'D)
I...I have a question that may strike you as unusual, Vicki.

VICKI
What is it, Mr. Settman?

TUESDAY
To the best of your recollection, did you notice anything...unusual yesterday?

VICKI
Unusual? Not that I could tell, I'm sorry. Is something the matter?

TUESDAY
I'm sure it's nothing.

Tuesday is about to open the door to his office when...

VICKI
Oh, I hope you don't mind, but your nine am arrived early. They're waiting for you inside.

INT. SETTMAN'S EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

Staring out the window are JOSEPHINE "JOE" FULLER, 30's, athletic build, menacing eyes and THORIN JOHANSEN, 40's, bald, a slit for lips. Both personify cool.

Tuesday ambles in and stands behind them.

TUESDAY
Quite the view, isn't it? My mother designed the building. Just a matter of chance that I happen to be operating out of it.

The pair are silent, turn to face Tuesday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TUESDAY (CONT'D)

I'm Terrence Settman. I oversee the day to day here. I apologize for the inconvenience but I'm afraid something's come up. I'm going to have to reschedule.

Thorin and Joe share a snide, knowing look.

THORIN

We aren't here to play games, Settman.

Tuesday dulls his cheer as subdued panic sets in...

TUESDAY

I could be mistaken but...have we done business together before?

JOE

You'd recall if we'd met.

THORIN

Nicholas Cayman wants to see you.

The name instantly sets off an internal alarm...

TUESDAY

Would you...would you mind if I excuse myself for a moment?

Thorin adjusts his coat, intentionally flashing a GUN with a MOTHER OF PEARL grip tucked into the waistband of his pants.

THORIN

We mind.

Terrified, Tuesday eyes the piece, struggles to maintain his Terrence Settman charade, his voice cracking...

TUESDAY

I think a mistake may have been made. Do you know who I am?

THORIN

Cayman doesn't want to make this Bureau business unless you force him to.

Tuesday analyzes the situation- two goons between him and the only exit. Too much ground to cover- he won't make it.

JOE

Cooperate or you'll face the same fate as your *sibling*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLD ON Tuesday, petrified to discover that Monday's absence was no accident, and worse, that they know his secret.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry Pertridge pryingly observes as Joe and Thorin forcibly escort Tuesday from the premises.

EXT. CAYMAN INDUSTRIES BUILDING - ESTABLISHING

A Cadillac pod pulls up before a modest but elegant office building overlaid with black solar panels.

Joe and Thorin cart Tuesday out of the pod. He discreetly slips his Tablet out of his pocket and cups it in his sleeve.

CUT TO:

Parked at the CURB, spying from the safety of his pod, Jerry Pertridge watches as...

Thorin and Joe lead Tuesday past an avant-garde sculpture of a MAN, WOMAN and CHILD embossed with CAYMAN INDUSTRIES. Tuesday covertly tries to snap a PHOTO of the sculpture.

Shoved forward by Thorin, Tuesday misses, capturing a PANDA KING Chinese restaurant sign across the street instead.

TUESDAY

Shit.

It'll suffice. He hits SEND.

In his POD...Jerry dials on his Tablet...

JERRY

Settman just entered...

Jerry pulls into traffic and drives away.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - MEANWHILE

Tense and silent the brothers sit around the circular table, each holding a digital HAND OF CARDS on their respective Tablets. Friday uses a finger gesture to 'pass' a card to Thursday on his left when a message indicator POPS UP...

He clicks on it, revealing the PANDA KING PHOTO from Tuesday.

FRIDAY

Guys...

INT. CAYMAN INDUSTRIES LOBBY - MEANWHILE

Free-floating monitors play a constant stream of Child Allocation Bureau ADS. Tuesday reads one-

REPORT A *SIBLING* AND RECEIVE A 5% DEDUCTION ON YOUR FEDERAL INCOME TAX RETURN. GO TO CAB.GOV FOR DETAILS.

ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Disquieted, Tuesday stands between Joe and Thorin as they ascend. His Tablet RINGS. He looks to the two brooding goons for 'permission' to answer.

CAYMAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator doors open, revealing platinum-blond BUREAU AGENT 57, who studies Tuesday, entranced. Joe and Thorin escort Tuesday over the crushed remnants of his Tablet as 57 enters, never breaking his piercing gaze.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Sunday appears distraught as he hangs up his Tablet.

SUNDAY

It went to message.

THURSDAY

This can't be happening.

(determined)

Friday, I need you to find out where that photo was taken.

Friday is already at work at their Desktop Tablet...

FRIDAY

One step ahead of you.

INT. CAYMAN'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

Joe and Thorin usher Tuesday into a PARLOR ROOM. If excess had a *sibling* this is he. What isn't crystal is gold plated.

Nicholas Cayman saunters in and steps in front of Tuesday, who is trembling, paralyzed with fear.

TUESDAY

What do you want from me?

Cayman steps around Tuesday, awestruck, scrutinizing him as though looking at some rare artifact.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAYMAN

I couldn't resist. I had to see you.

TUESDAY

Please...just tell me what you want.
I'm...I'm really not feeling well and I
fear that I may have contracted a *bug*.

Cayman can't contain a laugh...

CAYMAN

I assure you that what I need won't take
but a minute of your valuable time.

Cayman throws a nod to Thorin and Joe, who converge on
Tuesday and restrain him against a seat-back.

TUESDAY

No! What are you doing?!

Joe grabs Tuesday's hand and unfurls a LASER SWITCHBLADE.

TUESDAY (CONT'D)

Mr. Cayman, tell them to stop! I beg of
you.

CAYMAN

I'm sorry, Terrence but you have
something I need.

In a swift motion, Joe SEVERs Tuesday's thumb! Blood spouts
from the fresh nub!

TUESDAY

AHHHHH! Oh...Christ! You son of a...

Thorin presses the GUN with the MOTHER OF PEARL grip to
Tuesday's temple.

TUESDAY (CONT'D)

If you tell me what you want...I may be
able to help you.

CAYMAN

Unfortunately, you have nothing else to
offer.

TUESDAY

That's not true. I'm...I'm a powerful
man. I have money. I have connections.

CAYMAN

And I have obligations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLD ON Tuesday's horror-filled eyes...

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - NIGHT

The antique clock's second hand completes its cycle, pushing the minute & hour hands onto the XII. BELLS chime. MIDNIGHT.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

THURSDAY

And just like that Tuesday was gone from
our lives, not to be heard from again.
Two nights, two brothers.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - NIGHT

SUPER: **Wednesday**

The CLOCK reads: 3 am.

The Settman brothers sit in taut silence, a couple resting their heads in their palms. It's the worst possible outcome they could have imagined.

Thursday examines Tuesday's unfinished skull cap.

THURSDAY

I have this fantasy that we'll wake up
tomorrow, all seven of us, and we'll sit
down together for a delicious breakfast
Tuesday prepared and this will all get
written off as a gross misunderstanding.

SUNDAY

He's going to walk in that door.

THURSDAY

I've always admired your faith Sunday.

FRIDAY (O.S.)

Guys. Look.

Friday points to a row of THREE TREES in Tuesday's Panda King photo, which is projected on the wall. He then projects a clear photo of an identical PANDA KING storefront beside it.

FRIDAY (CONT'D)

I pulled up street views for all the
Panda Kings in the district. Nineteen-
Seventy-Nine Eleventh Street. On
Eleventh, between Prospect and Second.
Three trees in front.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The brothers stir, looking at each other for what it portends.

SATURDAY

Well, what are we waiting for? Wednesday should go now, while our only lead is still fresh.

WEDNESDAY

Breaking routine to leave the unit after dark seems stupid, even by my standards--

Wednesday is suddenly interrupted by the quiet, pulsating BEEP of an alarm.

Dread sweeps over the Settmans as the SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR UNLOCKING resounds from the foyer.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

What the hell...?

THURSDAY

Everyone...hiding places. Chop chop.

The brothers scramble into their designated spots: behind a dresser, beneath retractable floor boards, under the cushion of a couch. Thursday turns off the lights.

They disappear into hiding just as the front door opens.

As the control room panel closes, the motor malfunctions, leaving the door ajar. A sliver of BLUE LIGHT leaks out...

Stragglng behind, Friday slides into a faux cabinet in the kitchen. He notices the open panel but it's too late...

An INTRUDER enters holding a FLASH LIGHT. He closes, then locks the door quietly. He searches the unit- the kitchen, bedroom, media room. All empty.

INTRUDER

Come on out you cowards!

He notices the blue light emanating from within the control room. Curious, he heads to investigate. He opens the panel, revealing the monitors and hi-tech gadgetry.

In the CONTROL ROOM...the intruder presses random buttons on the control panel. CLICKS and SLIDES sound from behind him as the hiding spots are inadvertently opened...

MEDIA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The intruder steps out to discover the silhouette of a figure outlined by a cavernous breach across the room.

He draws a silenced gun from his waist, turns off the SAFETY. He timidly takes a step towards the figure.

INTRUDER

Step out from the dark.

Struggling to stay composed, Friday steps into the faint light. The intruder trains his weapon on him.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

Where are the others?

FRIDAY

I'm...alone.

Out of sight, Thursday climbs out from under an opened seat cushion in the Media Room. From his POV- we watch the intruder advance on Friday, gun raised.

INTRUDER

We both know that's not true, Settman.
Where are they?

Thursday skulks silently towards the intruder.

FRIDAY

There's no one else. I'm telling you I
live by myself.

INTRUDER

(to the walls)

Stay hidden! You'll be found eventually!

The intruder is about to pull the trigger when Thursday tackles him. The silenced shot splits the wall. The men fall to the floor as the gun knocks free.

Thursday and the intruder claw over each other to reach it.

The other siblings emerge from their hiding spots.

With a substantial strength and size advantage, the intruder throws Thursday aside and snatches up the gun.

THURSDAY

For Christ's sake, help me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wednesday jumps on the intruder from behind, trying to wrestle the weapon away.

The intruder's mask is pulled off, unveiling- Thorin.

The other Settmans stand by, wanting to engage, but unsure how to assist as the gun waves wildly.

Wednesday and Thorin topple to the ground. The gun FIRES silently, ceiling fragments crumbling atop them.

The lights turn on. From Thorin's POV- we see Sunday and Friday nearing from each side, Wednesday behind, and Thursday advancing from the front. Viewing four Terrences...

THORIN

Everywhere I look I see ass-holes.

Wednesday punches Thorin in the kidney. The weapon discharges. Wednesday again delivers a devastating punch to the kidney. The gun discharges again and PULVERIZES half of Thorin's face, blood splattering across Wednesday!

THURSDAY

Oh Jesus!

Covered in gore, stupefied, Wednesday lets go of Thorin as he rolls off, lifeless. The brothers are stunned silent.

WEDNESDAY

Someone get me a towel.

FRIDAY (O.S.)

Ughh! Guys...

Friday lies on the floor clutching his gut, struck by a stray bullet. The siblings rush over, paralyzed with fear at the sight of their fallen brother. Thursday holds Friday's hand as BLOOD drains out onto the pristine tile.

THURSDAY

The people who love you will take good care of you. You're going to be fine.

WEDNESDAY

I'll get the med kit.

SUNDAY

I'm getting water.

Sunday and Wednesday take off, leaving Saturday, rattled.

THURSDAY (CONT'D)

Saturday, help me put pressure.

Saturday can't stomach the gore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SATURDAY

I don't know if I can do this.

Saturday lifts off Friday's shirt, revealing the entry wound. Gagging, he looks away as he presses the balled-up shirt to the bleeding hole.

FRIDAY

(semi-conscious)

Thursday...after Mother died...you took care of me...you kept us together...when temptation tried to pull us...apart.

And like that, the fire in Friday's eyes extinguishes.

THURSDAY

Friday. Friday. Hey. You're fine. You're going to be fine.

Thursday begins to shake him, gently at first and then more violently. To no avail.

The brothers return. In shock, they kneel beside Friday and begin to break down, some crying, some suppressing, all feeling as though a part of themselves has died.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER...Wednesday digs through the intruder's empty pockets.

WEDNESDAY

He's not carrying identification.

Sunday spots the bundle nearby, unwraps the cloth, and drops it when he registers it's a THUMB he's holding.

SUNDAY

Oh god.

The brothers crowd around to examine it, fearful. Thursday picks it up, compares it to his own. It's identical.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Could be Tuesday's.

SATURDAY

Or Monday's.

Thursday becomes lost in speculation...

THURSDAY

He knew we were siblings...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WEDNESDAY

Monday or Tuesday might have talked.
Someone might be trying to blackmail--

THURSDAY

He wasn't here for money. Something else
is going on, I'm telling you.

Wednesday picks up Thorin's weapon. Savoring the weight in
his hand, he admires the custom MOTHER OF PEARL GRIP.

WEDNESDAY

Look, whoever's behind this, they
obviously aren't working alone...

INT. BOILER ROOM - LATER

Sunday and Wednesday enter carrying Friday's body. Behind
them, Thursday and Saturday carry Thorin.

The four brothers stare into the smoldering white fire of a
LIQUID INJECTION INCINERATOR, melancholic.

SUNDAY

Go in peace, for as much as we have sworn
in the name of the Lord, saying the Lord
shall be between me and thee and between
my seed and thy seed forever...

Morose, they cast Friday into the fire. Clothing and flesh
peel away in a swirling rush of flames that atomize the body.

The four toss Thorin inside, without any remorse or fanfare.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

Agent 63 dabs the wound under his eye with a swab, sees that
the blood has dried.

AGENT 63

If this story is some desperate attempt
to pull a veil over our eyes, you should
know DNA traces can still be pulled from
an atomizing incinerator.

THURSDAY

I left desperate behind a long time ago.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - NIGHT

Saturday lines up three tall glasses as Wednesday pours
bourbon and proceeds to drain the bottle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUNDAY

(in tears)

I'm scared of what's going to become of us.

Thursday drapes his arms around Sunday, consoling him.

THURSDAY

I am too. But it's not in our nature to give in. Tempting as it is, that's not how Mother raised us. Every day that we've set foot outside we've defied the odds by standing up to a faceless enemy. Is this really so different?

SUNDAY

It's worlds different. Three of us are gone.

THURSDAY

Where's your faith when we need it most? You're supposed to be the religious one, the believer.

SUNDAY

Why? Because I go to church? That doesn't define who I am. Truth be told...I don't know who I am.

Though unwilling to admit it, Thursday relates...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. SETTMAN BEDROOM - MORNING

Thursday, Saturday and Sunday follow Wednesday into the WALK-IN CLOSET, where he peruses their extensive collection of conservative, designer suits.

WEDNESDAY

Every Wednesday I wear a black suit, a white shirt and a green tie. Not today.

Wednesday selects athletic garb from a drawer and puts it on.

FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Wednesday slides Thorin's gun into the back of his waistband. The other Settmans look on, concerned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUNDAY

That thing makes me nervous.

WEDNESDAY

That's the general idea.

SATURDAY

If you get Terrence Setzman arrested or killed, it'll completely cripple us. We'll be forced to leave the unit, we'll have no access to the money we've saved. Do you have any idea how hard life off the grid is? Coming from this micromanaged bubble we won't last a minute out there.

Thursday looks at Saturday strangely, the severe comment out of character for him.

WEDNESDAY

How come Tuesday didn't get this lecture?

SATURDAY

Because we weren't concerned he'd be cocky and reckless.

WEDNESDAY

I understand what's at stake. I'm looking for answers not trouble.

In turn, Wednesday pulls each brother in for a hug.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

I can't imagine having grown up without you guys. I don't care that our life was bizarre and illegal and overwhelming most of the time. I feel sorry for a world that won't know the love of a *sibling*.

THURSDAY

I love you, Wednesday.

SATURDAY

Love you.

SUNDAY

You take care of yourself.

Wednesday opens the door as all the brothers but Thursday return to the Media Room...

THURSDAY

Wednesday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wednesday stops. Thursday lowers his voice...

THURSDAY (CONT'D)

Forget what they just said. Break our
rules if you have to. Do what needs to be
done. You're going out there so last
night never happens again.

Smiling, charged from Thursday's permission to let loose...

WEDNESDAY

Now we're talking.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - MORNING

The moment Wednesday exits the elevator he alters his
posture, livens his expression. He embodies Terrence Setzman.

He walks past the security desk. From his POV- Eddie is not
visible at his station.

PAN TO:

Behind the security desk, Eddie lies in a pool of blood, a
bullet lodged in his temple.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - MEANWHILE

Thursday and Sunday assemble SANDWICHES from an alluring
selection of artisanal FOOD STUFFS stocked in their FRIDGE.
With each item used, a DISPLAY updates consumption levels.

Thursday watches as Saturday speaks into his Tablet, his
voice hoarse, congested. A skillful performance.

SATURDAY

No no, I'll be fine, Vicki. It's one of
the milder bugs. But the doctor insisted
I remain in home-quarantine for two days.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Determined, Wednesday moves across an overcrowded crosswalk,
each step a chore, and arrives in front of a PANDA KING with
three trees out front.

A digital sign on the door reads CLOSED FOR FUMIGATION. He
peers inside at a restaurant covered in plastic tarps.

WEDNESDAY

They weren't even open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wednesday regards the adjacent storefronts- a SHOE REPAIR, a SPECIALTY VIDEO GAME SHOP, a PHARMACY, a BAR.

Stumped but eager to solve the quandary, Wednesday pulls up the Panda King photo on his Tablet. He switches to CAMERA MODE to 'recreate' the photo. He crosses the street, backing up until his vantage point finally matches Tuesday's photo.

He spins to behold the TICKER seen earlier- DISTRICT POPULATION: 71,501,043. The number climbing. It's mounted prominently over a sign for the Cayman Industries Building.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

Cayman...

INT. SETTMAN KITCHEN - SPLIT SCREEN

Saturday

Nicholas Cayman?

While on the vid-phone, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday are swept by a wave of fear, interrupting their meal.

WEDNESDAY

There's no question. Tuesday was here.

SUNDAY

We have to assume this is connected to the man who broke into our unit. Which means Cayman may know our secret.

SATURDAY

(skeptical)

If Nicholas Cayman knows we're siblings, why wouldn't he just send his Bureau agents?

THURSDAY

We must have something he wants.

EXT. CAYMAN INDUSTRIES BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Wednesday notices as a wave of MEDIA and BUSINESSMEN pass him and enter the building.

WEDNESDAY

Wait. Something's going on inside. I'll be in touch.

INT. SETTMAN KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Vid-phone screen goes BLANK. About to take a bite of his SANDWICH...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THURSDAY

He hung up on us.

INT. CAYMAN INDUSTRIES LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Wednesday enters the bustling lobby to observe the controlled chaos- hundreds of JOURNALISTS mingle within rows of seats facing a STAGE and PODIUM.

Wednesday does his best to keep his cool as he passes a gaggle of BUREAU AGENTS.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

On his Tablet, trailed by Saturday and Sunday, Thursday heads to the entertainment center and turns on the monitor. He tunes in to the Cayman Industries PRESS CONFERENCE.

INT. CAYMAN'S INDUSTRIES HALLWAY - MEANWHILE

Wearing his finest attire, Cayman swaggers purposefully down the corridor, accompanied by a team of EXECUTIVES.

Joe intercepts Cayman, who is displeased to see her. He informs his stuffy entourage...

CAYMAN

I'll be there in a moment.

(following their departure)

You had clear instructions to not return until after the conference.

JOE

(anxious)

Thorin never came home last night.

Cayman pauses for a moment before sharing insensitively...

CAYMAN

There was an incident at the Settman unit. Thorin was killed.

Joe appears rattled, a rare glimpse of her vulnerability.

JOE

What? Who told you that? How can you be sure?

CAYMAN

I have a contact on the inside.

Joe suppresses an anguish that speaks of more than just losing a partner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAYMAN (CONT'D)

Listen to me, Joe. You need to remain focused. If the Settmans aren't dispatched by the end of the week, this conference is for naught. Do you understand me?

Joe takes a deep breath to center herself, on a mission to avenge Thorin.

JOE

I'll have the matter resolved by end of day.

INT. CAYMAN INDUSTRIES LOBBY - MEANWHILE

Wednesday takes a seat in the back. Feeling eyes on him, he turns, surprised to find Jerry Pertridge studying him from across the room. Jerry nods, confirming that he's watching.

A hush travels through the crowd as Cayman takes the podium.

CAYMAN

Ladies and gentlemen of the press...

Cayman sips a glass of water, calm, relishing the attention.

Eyes still locked with Wednesday, Jerry points to Cayman on-stage, non-verbally telling his boss to "pay attention".

Wednesday diverts his gaze to...

CAYMAN (CONT'D)

For over three decades, the Child Allocation Bureau has been relied upon to combat the most severe problem our nation has ever faced- overpopulation. In that time, we've expanded our infrastructure from a single office to 518 branches nationwide, providing employment to a force of over 43,000 and processing over 12 million siblings to date.

A clashing series of BOOS and CLAPS resound from the crowd.

CAYMAN (CONT'D)

But success has come at a significant financial burden to our government, one they can simply no longer shoulder alone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAYMAN (CONT'D)

In the name of preserving the very agency I helped build, it's with great honor that I announce that Cayman Industries is acquiring the Child Allocation Bureau, to be privately owned and operated. This is in large part possible because of our burgeoning relationship with a major bank, whose identity I cannot reveal at present due to the terms of our non-disclosure agreement.

Wednesday appears disturbed by the news, his mind whirling.

INT. SETTMAN MEDIA ROOM - MEANWHILE

Thursday and Saturday watch the press conference, stunned by the announcement. On-screen...

CAYMAN

Details of the bank loan will be made public when the contracts are finalized in the coming days.

Thursday is trying to make sense of the facts...

THURSDAY

Do you think someone at First National went behind our back to grant Cayman Industries a loan?

SATURDAY

Like who?

THURSDAY

Someone who stands to gain the most from our downfall.

SUNDAY

The same person who's been gunning for our job since day one...

INT. CAYMAN INDUSTRIES LOBBY - SPLIT SCREEN

Perhaps sharing some sort of twin telepathy...

ALL FOUR SETTMANS

Jerry Pertridge.

Cayman wraps his speech as Wednesday turns to suspiciously regard Jerry Pertridge.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - MEANWHILE

Thursday receives a message on his Tablet- PERTRIDGE IS HERE.
WILL CONFRONT HIM.

THURSDAY
(sotto)
Be careful.

INT. CAYMAN INDUSTRIES LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Wednesday tries to track Jerry among the exiting journalists, but he is gone. Wednesday anxiously scans the area and sees Jerry slinking out. As he follows, Wednesday is spotted by Joe, who is astonished that Settman is right in their midst.

EXT. CAYMAN INDUSTRIES BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Wednesday rushes outside in a tizzy, searching the crowd for...

JERRY (O.S.)
Looking for me, Settman?

Wednesday spins to discover that Jerry is waiting for him.

Wednesday draws the gun and nudges it into Jerry's stomach, forcing him against a pillar. Nervous...

JERRY (CONT'D)
Whoa, easy with that thing.

WEDNESDAY
We need to talk.

JERRY
I've been trying to talk all week.

WEDNESDAY
What are you doing here?

JERRY
I'm not the one who called in sick.

WEDNESDAY
What do you know about the loan?

Just then, Wednesday spies out of the corner of his eye- a pack of five SECURITY GUARDS carrying TAZER BATONS and MRP's exiting, eyeing him like a hawk.

JERRY
I know everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Astounded to have their suspicions so easily confirmed, Wednesday sees the guards encroaching and takes off.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Eventually you're going to have to come to me!

But Wednesday is already out of earshot...

EXT. CAYMAN INDUSTRIES BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

FROM ABOVE, we watch Wednesday barrel pedestrians over as he cuts a swath through the mass, the guards pursuing.

He unzips his athletic jacket...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - LATER

A hand zips a BODY BAG over Eddie's face. The air in the bag is expelled, sealing the corpse in a vacuum tight package.

The security desk has been sequestered by a holographic perimeter. PHOTOGRAPHERS snap photos as two FORENSIC EXPERTS, led by NINA JACOBS, run a *DNA SWEEP*, a vacuum like discus, around the crime scene. The results upload to her Tablet.

Pleased with her findings, Nina makes a call...

NINA

Dispatch, this is Nina Jacobs...

SECURITY BOOTH - LATER

Nina enters with DETECTIVE SHOOKER, 40's, brash and arrogant, and his shrewd, female partner DETECTIVE LEE, 30's.

NINA

We ran a *Sweep* and cross-referenced the results against every listed tenant in the building. A dozen plus DNA sequences belonged to non-residents but only one had a criminal record- Thorin Johansen. You collared him last?

SHOOKER

Thorin's one of Nicholas Cayman's associates. Former Bureau Agent discharged for tampering with evidence. I brought him in for questioning following Senator Humphreys' disappearance. Was hoping to get him to turn on Cayman but he wouldn't talk and we had insufficient evidence to hold him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

Can we see the surveillance footage?

Appearing on a MONITOR- wearing a ski mask, Thorin walks past Eddie who stands to confront him. Thorin pauses, turns, draws his weapon and fires, striking Eddie in the head. Eddie collapses as Thorin heads to the elevators.

NINA

He rides the elevator to the top floor
but he never comes down.

LEE

He may still be on the premises then.

NINA

Unlikely...but certainly a possibility.

SHOOKER

I want officers posted at all points of
entry.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Wednesday bursts free of the drove and finds himself on a SINGLE PASSENGER VEHICLE (SPV) LANE, a walled-in half-width road used by VERTICAL SCOOTER and ELECTRIC BICYCLE RIDERS.

We see Wednesday's reflexes on display as he nimbly side-steps, ducks under, and spins around oncoming SPV riders.

Determined, the guards give chase against the flow of traffic. They open fire with their MRP's. The faint spheres of electrical energy barely miss their target, hitting riders' limbs which twitch before going numb. A series of SPV's collide in a perilous pile-up.

An oncoming SPV rider is struck in the neck by a pulse. Numb, his head droops. He veers wildly before scraping the wall, sparks flying on his collision course with Wednesday, who sees the vehicle within striking distance.

Wednesday fleetly runs up the wall to avoid impact.

The rider PLOWS into a tailing guard, sending him soaring over the wall...SPLAT into the windshield of a speeding pod, stopped dead in his tracks.

A GUARD stops to catch his breath. Into his headset...

GUARD

He's running south on Benson. And the guy
can move.

EXT. CAYMAN INDUSTRIES BUILDING - MEANWHILE

Receiving word on her headset, Joe climbs into the Cadillac pod to join REGGIE, the lanky driver, and two guards.

The Cadillac pod rockets out onto the track.

EXT. CITY STREET - MEANWHILE

Wednesday leaps from the narrow wall and grasps onto the edge of a MOVING WALK-WAY, suspended above pedestrian traffic on the sidewalk.

He dangles by one arm, a mass of panicked pedestrians below clearing out for fear of being toppled. His Tablet slips out from his pocket and shatters on the ground.

WEDNESDAY

No!

Wednesday pulls himself up to discover the walk-way is carrying him towards guards waiting at an upcoming LOADING PLATFORM.

The guards open fire with their MRP's, dropping obstructing pedestrians like flies.

Wednesday runs against the 'grain', forcing his way past annoyed pedestrians until he reaches the next platform. The guards fight through the crowds to follow.

EXT. CITY STREET - MEANWHILE

On an upper-level RAMP, the Cadillac pod weaves through traffic.

INT. CADILLAC POD - CONTINUOUS

While Reggie drives, Joe scans the streets and picks up Wednesday jogging into an alleyway on the level below.

JOE

(into radio)

Got him. He's entering Chinatown!

(to Reggie)

We need to cut over!

Reggie stabs a button.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

We RISE ABOVE the Cadillac as the interior cabin swivels 180 degrees, steering wheel, pedals and all, to allow the pod to merge horizontally into opposing traffic and drive in the opposite direction down an exit ramp to...

STREET LEVEL

Wednesday cuts through a dank passageway, where Chinese PEDDLERS sell low-grade meats and produce from rustic carts.

He reaches a DEAD-END- a towering chain link fence blocks his outlet, buttressed by shipping containers on the other side.

He backtracks just as the Cadillac pod pulls up. Joe and the two guards exit, obstructing his only escape.

JOE

There's nowhere to run, Settman.

WEDNESDAY

I'd have to disagree.

Wednesday runs up the fence, begins scaling, and in a matter of seconds is half-way to the top.

Joe draws one of the guard's MRP's and fires a pulse which strikes Wednesday's right arm, causing his bicep to twitch before going numb.

Joe fires a second pulse which strikes Wednesday's left leg, to the same numbing effect.

JOE

(to guards)

Go get him.

The guards makes haste up the fence. One grabs on to Wednesday's foot. Unable to support the extra weight, Wednesday begins to slide, his fingers bloodying as they scrape the rusted grating.

We follow a stream of RED DROPLETS which rain upon the guard's face, blinding him. Wednesday delivers a swift boot to the guard's nose. He falls upon the second guard, taking the two crashing into a cart below.

Determined, Wednesday climbs one-armed, one-legged up the fence, intent on making it over when he spies below...

Joe smugly touches a TAZER BATON to the fence. We watch the ELECTRICITY spider its way up the metal mesh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alarmed, Wednesday frantically picks up his pace and topples over the crest just as the bolts reach him.

STORAGE DEPOT - CONTINUOUS

Jolted by the shock, Wednesday drops onto a shipping container, panting. He massages his limbs.

Quickly regaining feeling, Wednesday hobbles to his feet.

From his POV on high- we see a gated yard teeming with shipping containers being sorted by a dozen ROBOTIC ARMS.

Wednesday finally catches his breath when...he's SIDE-SWIPE by Joe, tackled to the metal. In one fluid motion, Joe's back on her feet, her Tazer Baton extended.

JOE

You tell me how many *siblings* remain,
where they are and I'll ensure your death
is swift and painless.

Wednesday springs from the container onto one being moved by a robotic arm. Joe leaps after him in pursuit. Equally agile, the two spring from one transported container to the next.

Finally, Wednesday finds himself repositioned atop a different tower, no more containers to aid his flight, Joe advancing with her Tazer baton raised.

Wednesday draws the gun, aims confidently.

WEDNESDAY

Drop it!

Joe instantly recognizes the custom Mother of Pearl grip. She grimaces and advances, intrepid.

JOE

I know where you got that weapon. Because
I bought it for him!

WEDNESDAY

I'm warning you. I'll shoot, I swear!

Joe inches closer.

JOE

Unless you plan on becoming a bald,
Norwegian man in the next few seconds
that gun is nothing but dead weight in
your hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wednesday squeezes the trigger. It BEEPS. He squeezes it again. BEEP. He examines print sensors on the grip as Joe deliberately advances.

In his periphery, Wednesday sees a robotic arm reaching for an adjacent container. Defenseless, he drops the gun. He throws his arms up in surrender, before darting for the edge. He's about to lunge off when Joe throws the baton.

We SAIL with it, spiraling end-over-end as it strikes Wednesday's calf. He shudders from the jolt and falls over the edge. Gone...

All of sudden, a container rises into view, Wednesday safely sprawled out atop it. He cockily salutes Joe, who immediately draws her gun and opens fire. A series of near-hits and then IMPACT in his forearm.

Approaching ground level, Wednesday jumps from the container, clutching his wound as he runs out of sight.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Detectives Shooker and Lee depress the Settman door BUZZER.

SHOOKER

Terrence Settman? Detectives Shooker and
Lee with the GMPD.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - MEDIA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thursday and Sunday react to the front door, alarmed.

THURSDAY

Where's Saturday?

SUNDAY

He's taking a shower.

The door BUZZES again and the brothers spring to their feet.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shooker removes a METALLIC PATCH from a case and places it over the lock mechanism. The patch sizzles as it dissolves the steel lock mechanism.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sunday grabs three glasses and dumps them in the sink. Hearing the front door opening, he notices a PLATE OF SANDWICHES left out on the counter. But there's no time. He enters a hiding spot within a faux kitchen cabinet.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thursday opens the shower door.

SATURDAY

What the hell? Can't I have some privacy?

THURSDAY

The police are here.

SATURDAY

What?

The front door SLAMS offscreen.

SHOOKER (O.S.)

Mr. Settman?!

THURSDAY

Shit. They're inside.

SATURDAY

We have to hide.

Detectives Shooker and Lee enter the bathroom just as Saturday wraps himself in a towel. He turns around, embodies the role of Terrence Settman and pretends to be startled...

SATURDAY (CONT'D)

Just take what you want.

SHOOKER

(exposing their badges)

Detectives Shooker and Lee with the GMPD.

We have a warrant to search the building.

Saturday calms, feigns naivete, as the role demands.

SATURDAY

What are you searching for?

From Saturday's POV- in the mirror, we can see a sliver of Thursday's body hidden behind the door.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

THURSDAY

Only a trained actor like Saturday could have performed under such pressure.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

The detectives are seated on a couch across from a somber Saturday, who has thrown on pants and a sweater. Lee takes notes on her Tablet.

SATURDAY

I didn't really know Eddie. We greeted one another, exchanged pleasantries, but that was pretty much the extent of it.

(then - realizing)

Pardon my lack of manners. Can I get either of you some mineral water or a bite perhaps? I just had bittersweet chocolate flown in from Belgium and it's quite the guilty pleasure.

LEE

The hospitality's appreciated, Mr. Setzman, but no thank you.

Just then, a Tablet is heard RINGING from the bathroom.

The detectives glance towards the source of the disruption.

SATURDAY

It can go to message.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thursday nervously tracks the RING to Saturday's Tablet, in the pocket of his pants sprawled at the base of the shower. Thursday's about to silence it when it stops.

He looks at the screen- CALLER UNKNOWN. Seconds later it DINGS- the message indicator.

Reading the text, Thursday's expression dims as he peers towards the...

MEDIA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shooker holds up his Tablet, displaying a PHOTO of Thorin.

SHOOKER

Have you ever seen this man?

Saturday examines it closely, masks his recognition.

SATURDAY

No. I've never seen him before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

Are you absolutely certain? He rode the elevator to this floor.

SATURDAY

I'm certain.

An uncomfortably long pause before Shooker rises.

SATURDAY (CONT'D)

Do you need something, Detective?

SHOOKER

Do you mind if I look around?

It's rhetorical. Shooker heads to the kitchen.

LEE

Could you tell me where you were early this morning, at approximately one a.m.?

In the KITCHEN...Shooker peers around nosily, opens drawers, runs his hand over the cabinet Sunday's concealed behind.

Visible in the background, Saturday tries under great duress to not be overtly distracted by Shooker's snooping.

Shooker examines the plate of three half-eaten sandwiches resting on the counter. He presses his finger into the bread's innards. It's soft, fresh.

Shooker returns to the MEDIA ROOM, holding the plate-

SHOOKER

Did you have guests today?

Saturday squirms in his seat before laughing awkwardly...

SATURDAY

This is going to sound ridiculous but for the life of me I couldn't get the correct ratio of mustard to meat. I know what you're thinking. Tragic to waste food.

The detectives visually confer- Settman knows nothing.

LEE

(to Shooker)

Do you have any more questions?

Shooker shakes his head no and promptly rises. He and Lee pause to be shown out and Saturday pops to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SATURDAY

Actually, I'm heading out myself. I'll walk down with you.

We CUT TO Sunday then Thursday, both following the exchange and disturbed by Saturday's announcement.

Saturday steps into the bathroom doorway, leans in and grabs his Tablet. Thursday is stuck -- he can do nothing but glare, with the police standing there.

As they head into the FOYER...

SHOOKER

Why are you not at work, Mr. Settman?

SATURDAY

I've been running myself down so I took a sick day. My scrip is probably ready by now.

They leave. The door SLAMS and Thursday and Sunday emerge.

SUNDAY

He just left!

In the CONTROL ROOM...Thursday watches on a monitor as Saturday enters the elevator with Shooker and Lee. He turns around, rattled, withdrawn, an easy read for...

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

I know that look.

THURSDAY

There was a message on Saturday's tablet.

SUNDAY

A message? What did it say?

THURSDAY

Will meet you in an hour.

SUNDAY

That's it? Will meet who in an hour?

THURSDAY

The caller was listed as unknown but I think it's pretty obvious who he's going to meet.

SUNDAY

You think he's conspiring with Jerry Pertridge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOLD ON Thursday and Sunday, the betrayal cut deep.

INT. CADILLAC POD - EVENING

Out of breath, Joe returns to the vehicle, joining Reggie and the two injured guards.

JOE

Go to the Settman unit.

INT. SETTMAN FOYER - MEANWHILE

Frantic, Thursday searches through the closet...

THURSDAY

Saturday took the umbrella. Do we have any others?

SUNDAY

We only have the one. So you're leaving me alone?

Thursday heads to the rear of the unit, Sunday on his heels.

THURSDAY

I don't have a choice. We need answers.

SUNDAY

We have our answers. Saturday just walked out on us without a word! He set us up to be killed!

THURSDAY

We don't know that for sure. I have to confront him.

Thursday opens the COAT CLOSET and separates hanging clothes, revealing the LIFT PANEL. Sunday grabs Thursday's arm.

SUNDAY

If you act with violence you're no better than they are.

THURSDAY

How much longer can we sit back and wait to die? Brother, we've barely started living.

INT. ESCAPE SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Riding the lift, Thursday plunges into the dark void.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Saturday exits the building with Shooker and Lee. Steady rainfall drums on a mass of umbrella-carrying pedestrians.

SHOOKER
Have a productive day.

SATURDAY
A productive day to you as well.

Saturday opens his umbrella and disappears into the mass.

SATURDAY (CONT'D)
Feels an awful lot like a Saturday.

Shooker watches him go, then heads to his Squad Pod.

INT. MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - MEANWHILE

Thursday emerges from the escape shaft. The narrow tunnel stretches as far as the eye can see in both directions.

He climbs a ladder leading to a MAN-HOLE.

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Shooker nears a MAN-HOLE COVER, steps on it just as...

BELOW GROUND, Thursday is about to push on the cover when...

Shooker is distracted by a disheveled man staring at him from down the street, a man identical to the Settman who is still visible walking away in the opposite direction!

DOWN THE STREET...from Wednesday's POV- we see Shooker's befuddled but knowing gaze.

Struggling to see clearly through a sheet of rain, Shooker steps off the man-hole cover just as it is propped open, Thursday's eyes peering out of the slit.

Wednesday, frightened by the detective's stare, flees. Shooker springs into action and runs across the street!

LEE
What the...

MEANWHILE...Thursday exits the man-hole, surveys the area from a stoop and spies Saturday entering a SUBWAY STATION.

AROUND THE CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

Lee catches up with Shooker as he watches Wednesday disappear from view at the end of the block.

SHOOKER
Did you see that?

LEE
Was that Settman?

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MEANWHILE

Thursday watches Saturday, desperate to confront his sibling but unable to risk the two being exposed together.

The TRAIN arrives and the two board adjacent cabins.

INT. CADILLAC POD - MEANWHILE

Reggie speeds through a dip in the road, the vehicle briefly scraping the track.

From Joe's POV- Wednesday sprints through an intersection, perpendicular to their vehicle.

JOE
There he is.

EXT. CITY STREET - MEANWHILE

Joe, Reggie and the two guards exit the Cadillac pod, observing as Wednesday runs into a decrepit building, abutted on two sides by a murky CANAL.

INT. DECREPIT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Littered with structural debris, the lobby is now home to hordes of homeless, occupying every inch of available space.

Wednesday arrives at a staircase lying in a pile of rubble.

Joe watches as Wednesday springs off the staircase onto a fallen column and leaps to the second floor.

JOE
He can only run for so long.
(to the guards)
Stay with him.

The guards try the identical maneuver. The first barely clears the jump. The second smacks into the floor and struggles to pull himself up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)
There must be another way up.

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Reggie run through a downpour to an adjacent building.

INT. ADJACENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator gate descends, sealing a drenched Joe and Reggie inside.

INT. DECREPIT BUILDING - MEANWHILE

Wednesday bounds up the steps, carefully avoiding a tight configuration of sleeping bodies. He peers down below and locks eyes with the pursuing guards.

The guards step right through a HOLE IN THE FLOOR COVERED WITH A BLANKET. They tumble awkwardly, landing with a sickening CRACK, followed by agonizing WAILS.

Wednesday smiles, satisfied, his trap sprung.

He emerges on the top floor and is immediately fired upon by Joe and Reggie from the opposite end of the hall. He takes cover behind a wall as the resident homeless flee.

Wednesday spies a lower rooftop visible through a window across the way. He takes off running, bullets narrowly missing his body, and breaks through the pane...

EXT. DECREPIT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Wednesday SAILS through the air, splinters of glass dripping from his muscular frame, a miraculous display of athletic prowess. He can make it... But gravity has other plans.

Wednesday falls short of the roof, collides brutally with the wall, FREE-FALLS thirty stories towards the CANAL below.

INT. DECREPIT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Reggie peer down to find Wednesday splattered on the concrete, blood draining into the canal, staining it crimson.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

63 holds up a bag containing Wednesday's SHATTERED TABLET.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT 63
Recovered below a walkway six blocks
south of the Cayman Industries building.

Thursday nods, saddened by the confirmation.

AGENT 63 (CONT'D)
Wednesday fell out of contact with you
how long ago precisely?

THURSDAY
(thinking)
That was five hours ago or so.

Agent 63 enters the data into a TIME LINE on his Tablet.

AGENT 63
At this point four of your *siblings* were
gone. Your future was looking grimmer by
the hour. Why not hide? Go to ground and
cover your trail?

THURSDAY
Because we were close. We knew Cayman was
after us. We knew Saturday and Pertridge
were involved. We just needed to
understand why.

INT. SUBWAY CABIN - NIGHT

Saturday studies the sardined-in passengers around him-
unawakened, silent drones.

We MOVE THROUGH the train to an adjacent cabin where...
Thursday watches Saturday, resentful.

The train fleetly rises from the underground on a ramp
crossing a murky body of water. Thursday turns to behold the
silhouette of a decayed SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

We PULL OUT from the train window...

EXT. EAST RIVER - CONTINUOUS

...and SOAR over black water, to arrive at the rusted
remnants of the BROOKLYN BRIDGE, now a dumping ground.

Joe and Reggie step up to a breach in the railing and roll a
BAGGED BODY rigged with weights over the edge...

INT. SUBWAY CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Saturday sees a faint black speck fall into the dark abyss but thinks nothing of it.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - LATER

The pristine TRAIN pulls into the squalid station, its first stop outside the relative safety of the DOWNTOWN districts.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Thursday trails Saturday through a bustling Flea market, resembling a Souq. He arrives at a PALM FROND-emblazoned door that is guarded by two hulking BOUNCERS, both on high alert as they scan the market and crowd.

Thursday watches Saturday filter forward with a group of entrants. A bouncer blocks his path with his bulging arm-

BOUNCER

Ticket?

Saturday fumbles through his pockets before withdrawing a TICKET, on which is printed a PALM FROND. We're afforded a glimpse of the back- a handwritten message reads TERRENCE, I HOPE YOU CAN... But the rest is covered by Saturday's thumb.

Satisfied, the bouncer allows Saturday to pass.

Thursday pauses, unnerved that he can't enter for risk of being spotted with Saturday. Suddenly he discovers one of the bouncers eyeing him askance. He retreats into crowd cover...

INT. MARRAKECH - CONTINUOUS

We TRACK BEHIND Saturday as his footsteps echo down a spiraling, stone STAIRWELL into a COURTYARD, where an artificial BLUE SKY is projected on the high ceiling above.

An eccentric crowd flows through the gates of an immaculate stone MINARET, a structure out of place and time. Uneasy with the friendly head nods and soulful eye contact he receives, Saturday passes through to...

INT. MARRAKECH - MAIN HALL

...a Moroccan palace adorned with Moucharabie, ornately carved wood, stone columns, and streams. Hundreds of REVELERS, mingle, lounge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Saturday steps between RECONNECTION CIRCLES in which patrons hold hands, lounge on each other, all listening attentively to those who speak. A sense of love and calm permeates each and every circle, the antithesis of the outside world.

Saturday catches snippets of their conversations...

SPEAKER 1

...the more populated the world becomes
the less we value individual lives. We
can hide behind our anonymity...

SPEAKER 2

...and I told him it was okay to be
scared. For me, sickness had been this
major wake-up call...

SPEAKER 3

...when the Bureau finally came to our
home and took my *sibling*. Guilt nearly
killed my mother following my brother's
processing...

Saturday is entranced by the speakers' choice of topics. He
nears center court, where a FOUNTAIN springs from a basin.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MEANWHILE

Sitting at a FOOD STAND, Thursday sips Turkish Coffee,
anxiously eyeing the Marrakech entrance. Suddenly a Taxi Pod
pulls up, blocking his view.

THURSDAY

Oh, come on...

A tense pause before a door opens and out steps...Jerry
Pertridge.

THURSDAY (CONT'D)

(his suspicions confirmed)
Saturday's meeting Pertridge.

Thursday abandons the cart, struck by an idea. If he can
intercept Jerry before he enters, he can pretend to be
Saturday.

The STAND OWNER notices his customer leaving and pursues...

STAND OWNER

Hey! You no pay!

Jerry greets the bouncers as Thursday forces his way through
the crowd, advancing on him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The same glaring bouncer as earlier notices Thursday making a bee-line for Jerry, pursued by the angry Stand Owner. They're making a scene...

THURSDAY

Jerry!

But Jerry can't hear his name over the din of the Souq. Thursday nears Jerry just as he's about to enter.

THURSDAY (CONT'D)

Jerry!

Jerry spins just as the watchful bouncer, sensing a threat, TAZES Thursday, who drops to the ground.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. MARRAKECH - MEANWHILE

Saturday sits at one of the BARS and flags down a BARTENDER, ogling the scene, a stranger in a strange land.

SATURDAY

Bourbon on the rocks.

BARTENDER

We serve no alcohol here, my brother. It clouds perception. Perhaps you'd care to join me for some mint tea?

The bartender pours fresh mint tea, lifting the traditional Moroccan teapot high above the slender glass.

Saturday is about to take a sip when he sees a vision in a flowing red gown emerge from the stairwell- ADRIAN KNOWLES.

Heads turn as Adrian passes, drawn to her grace and beauty.

Entranced, Saturday sets his glass down and walks towards her. She smiles, setting his heart aflutter.

They embrace and kiss lustfully.

ADRIAN

I missed you, Terrence.

SATURDAY

You have no idea how badly I missed you.

Saturday is momentarily distracted by a Reconnection Circle that shouts at the top of their lungs- WE'RE ALIVE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADRIAN

I know this can be a lot to take in.

SATURDAY

So this is Marrakech...

ADRIAN

It means *Land of God*. It was built to reclaim what's been lost- empathy, eye contact, a deeper connection between us. I'm sure you've felt the sickness out there, Terrence. Marrakech is the closest thing I've found to a cure. People come here to embrace humanity, to celebrate one another, to connect, with no fear or judgment. Where others put up walls, Marrakech opens doors.

Saturday is not only enchanted by the concept but by Adrian's passion in detailing it.

SATURDAY

It sounds like some kind of social club.

ADRIAN

If you allow it, Marrakech goes much deeper than that.

(then)

From the moment we met I wanted to share this with you because I could feel that you were different, that you wanted more from your life. But getting you here was always such an ordeal with that schedule of yours.

Adrian strokes Saturday's face with her fingers. He's putty in her hands.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

But now you're here and I'm just...I'm so thrilled you came. I wasn't sure you would after how we left things.

SATURDAY

I promised you everything would work out, didn't I?

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - MEANWHILE

Seated at his desk, a man possessed, Detective Shooker reviews the SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE. Displayed on the monitor-dressed in athletic garb, Wednesday exits the building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lee steps behind Shooker...

LEE

Dug through Settman's file. Couldn't find anything that connected him to Thorin or Cayman. You still picking that apart?

Shooker PAUSES on the image of Wednesday.

SHOOKER

It was hard to be certain through the rain and the crowd but the tape confirms it. The man we saw across the street was Settman. Look.

Shooker FAST FORWARDS through the day. Sparse activity. An elderly tenant discovers Eddie's body. The police arrive, Nina, Shooker and Lee included. But no return by Wednesday.

SHOOKER (CONT'D)

He was just returning home when we exited the building.

LEE

Then who did we speak with in the unit? Who walked us downstairs?

SHOOKER

It had to be a different man.

Shooker and Lee share a look of understanding before Shooker reaches for a phone...

INT. CHILD ALLOCATION BUREAU - MEANWHILE

Bureau agents scramble past us in a WHITE BLUR, holstering their weapons. Finally a clearing, revealing the monitor.

A name has been dispatched...TERRENCE SETTMAN.

INT. MARRAKECH - MEANWHILE

Saturday and Adrian sit in a Reconnection Circle, amongst a group of captivated 'strangers'.

ADRIAN

When I'm on-call it's equally rough on my personal life. But I truly believe if you care about someone and you want a relationship to work, you find time. It's just that one day a week wasn't cutting it for me anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Relating better than she could possibly imagine...

SATURDAY

What would you say to the idea of
starting over?

The members of the circle nod and smile in support.

ADRIAN

I'd really like that.

Saturday notices as most of the Reconnection circles filter
out of the hall, heading downstairs.

SATURDAY

Where's everyone going?

DANCE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Emerging into a massive club, Saturday is awe-struck to
behold- a Moroccan BAND blaring Arabic electronic music atop
a PLATFORM suspended above a raging dance floor.

ADRIAN

You didn't think we were going to sit
around and talk all night, did you?!

MOMENTS LATER, on the DANCE FLOOR, Saturday is a phenomenal
dancer, employing his musical theater training to twirl
Adrian like a pro.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

You never mentioned you were such a good
dancer!

SATURDAY

There's a lot you don't know about me!

Adrian presses her body against Saturday's. She lunges in to
kiss him and pulls away to get a good look at his face.

ADRIAN

I never know what to expect with you,
Terrence Setzman!

SATURDAY

You have no idea!

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - MOMENTS LATER

From Thursday's POV- we open our eyes, blinded by a LIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THURSDAY

(muffled)

Where am I? What do you want?

HARTASH (O.S.)

We're asking the questions.

JERRY (O.S.)

If you cooperate with us, Terrence, I
promise no harm will befall you.

THURSDAY

Jerry? Is that you?

We hear HUSHED VOICES before the light is turned away.

From Thursday's POV- we see halos and a series of
intimidating silhouettes visible through the haze.

Sweating, terrified, Thursday tries to rise from his chair
but he's bound to it by rope.

Jerry steps close, towering menacingly over Thursday.

THURSDAY (CONT'D)

Please...please don't kill me.

JERRY

Why did you come here?

THURSDAY

(lying)

I...I was following you.

Jerry shares a pointed look with HARTASH, 20's, a suave
Indian revolutionary leader.

JERRY

Are you working for Nicholas Cayman?

THURSDAY

What? No. That's preposterous.

JERRY

Then why did you grant Cayman Industries
the loan?

THURSDAY

Me? I thought you granted Cayman that
loan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARTASH

Then how do you explain your signature on the contract? Or why the loan originated from the IP address assigned to the Tablet in your office?

THURSDAY

I know how it may appear but I swear to you I just discovered the loan myself.

Jerry and Hartash visually confer.

THURSDAY (CONT'D)

Do you think I could see it?

Jerry withdraws a KNIFE and steps towards Thursday, who recoils in fear.

THURSDAY (CONT'D)

No, don't.

Jerry raises the knife and swipes, cutting through Thursday's ropes, to his relief.

HARTASH

Follow me.

Thursday follows Jerry and Hartash, surveying the organized chaos around him, a hi-tech space modeled after campaign headquarters, teeming with activity-

A cluster of REVOLUTIONARIES discuss strategy around a holographic city grid.

THURSDAY

What is this place?

JERRY

Certainly your mother must have mentioned your father's revolutionary actions.

THURSDAY

She left this part out.

They continue on, passing...

ENGINEERS at Tablet work stations.

A wall of monitors displaying live NEWS REPORTS and DISTRICT SURVEILLANCE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A DIGITAL BOARD features a LINKAGE TREE and PHOTOS of prominent politicians, celebrities, businessmen- NICHOLAS CAYMAN included.

Thursday pauses before a two way mirror, peering down on the DANCE FLOOR and party below, unaware that just under his nose Saturday dances with Adrian.

Arriving at a TABLET WORK STATION, Hartash expertly sifts through encrypted FILES on his Desktop Tablet.

THURSDAY (CONT'D)

How did you discover the loan?

HARTASH

We've been trading victories with Cayman Industries' cyber-security over the years. Despite their continually changing encryption protocol bits and pieces have slipped through their cracks, enough data to amass a case. Here we go.

Hartash pulls up the CAYMAN INDUSTRIES LOAN DOCUMENT. Thursday's eyes widen upon first glance...

THURSDAY

Can you click to the signature page?

Hartash pulls up the final page- revealing the name Terrence Setzman, accompanied by his SIGNATURE and DATE.

THURSDAY (CONT'D)

August 14th. That was...

(realizing)

...last Monday...

The room begins to spin as Thursday makes sense of the facts- Monday generated the loan and never told them. Why?

HARTASH

If what you tell us is true, then you have been directly targeted.

Thursday struggles to remain focused...

THURSDAY

Huh? Targeted by whom?

HARTASH

Does Cayman have something on you, information he could hold over your head that might prevent you from exposing his exploits?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THURSDAY
(forced to lie)
No, there's...there's nothing like that.

JERRY
Show him.

Hartash pulls up side-by-side CLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS labeled
CENSUS STATISTICS.

HARTASH
On the left is the original. On the
right, the official, public records
submitted by Cayman, who ran the census
bureau prior to his CAB post. You'll
notice the numbers are inflated by a
margin of about 40%.

THURSDAY
Cayman doctored census statistics?

JERRY
To ensure that the Child Allocation Act
passed. The man wanted upward mobility
and the Bureau post was his meal ticket.

HARTASH
He's still manipulating figures to
ratchet up support for his enterprise.

Hartash pulls up a live CAMERA FEED of the DISTRICT
POPULATION TICKER seen earlier, the number still climbing.

JERRY
Our census data shows the District's
population has been steadily decreasing
over the past sixteen years.

THURSDAY
What? How could he be so blatant and get
away with it?

HARTASH
We're just grazing the surface. We also
have reason to believe Cayman was
responsible for Senator Humphreys' not so
mysterious disappearance.

JERRY
Humphreys was spearheading a campaign to
overturn the Child Allocation Act just a
few years back and he was gaining allies.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JERRY (CONT'D)

But after his death who replaced him?
Cayman's Yale pal, Senator John Chermack.

THURSDAY

How come I never heard about that?

JERRY

Because *they* didn't want you to.

HARTASH

Do you understand the implications of
Cayman running a privatized Bureau?

JERRY

He'll have the power to list anyone who
stands in the way of his political
agenda, as well as the authority to
determine *Right of Choice*, to pick who
lives or dies, *sibling* or not.

HARTASH

Cayman's just one small cog in a much
bigger machine. I'm sure you've seen the
campaign on the streets- *you eat less,*
everyone gets to eat. It's fabricated,
complete bullshit.

Hartash pulls up a SATELLITE PHOTO of the BURNING FIELDS seen
earlier as news footage.

HARTASH (CONT'D)

A few days ago The Department of
Agriculture scorched fields that were
tainted with some vague mutant bug. We
had heard this exact story before so we
sent field agents out to question the
farmers. No one would comment. They were
scared shitless. But one called us
anonymously yesterday claiming there
wasn't a pest in a hundred mile radius.

JERRY

The Department of Agriculture destroys
food to drive prices up. The more
expensive it is, the fewer people can
afford it and the poorest among us die.

HARTASH

Socio-economic population control.

THURSDAY

What's the hesitation? Why not release
this evidence to the press?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

HARTASH

Because we're not out to just create a scandal. We want to shut the Bureau down. We release this data they're going to say we fabricated it.

JERRY

We need irrefutable evidence that Nicholas Cayman is a criminal.

Thursday appears moved, understanding but fearful.

HARTASH

We asked Jerry to watch you, to know which side you're on. Because as we speak Cayman is meeting with government regulators to close the deal.

JERRY

We can help you, but it's going to require you to go out on a limb, to risk everything.

HARTASH

Will you join us?

HOLD ON Thursday, uncertain, preoccupied. His Tablet RINGS, startling him.

THURSDAY

Excuse me for a second.

(steps away)

I need you to calm down. I can't follow a word you're saying...

INT. SETTMAN CONTROL ROOM - MEANWHILE

Terrified, Sunday watches the MONITOR- Agent 63 exits the Bureau pod, leading three agents.

SUNDAY

The Bureau is here!

INT. MARRAKECH - WAR ROOM - MEANWHILE

His expression darkened, Thursday hangs up and notices Jerry and Hartash, backs turned, talking with a colleague.

Seconds later, Jerry turns to find that Thursday is gone.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - MEANWHILE

The security desk is unmanned. At 63's command three agents split up to canvass the lobby. Signalling all clear, they file into the elevator.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - CONTROL ROOM - MEANWHILE

Hyperventilating, talking on his Tablet, Sunday opens the cabinet revealing the DETONATOR.

SUNDAY

Why did you leave me? I can't do this alone.

THURSDAY (V.O.)

You have to. Set the timer now and meet me behind the corner store across the street.

Sunday presses the button on the TIMER, initiating the DETONATION COUNTDOWN: 04:59, 58, 57...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

The four daunting agents all stare up at the digital display, the floor numbers rapidly climbing. Passing FLOOR 8, AGENTS 38, 12 and 5 remove their weapons in sync.

63 pays close attention to eager Agent 5, new to the field.

AGENT 63

Just follow my lead.

Agent 5 nods.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - MEDIA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sunday takes one final look at his home. He spots a digital picture frame. A PHOTO cycles in- Karen holds Fourteen-Year-Old Terrence's hand in front of the Central Park Aviary.

SUNDAY

I'm sorry, Mother.

Sunday gently sets the frame face down.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MEANWHILE

Agent 63 kicks in the Settman door!

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The three agents swarm in, weapons raised, and disperse throughout the flat, followed by Agent 63, who conducts the silent raid with a series of hand signals.

COAT CLOSET - MEANWHILE

Hearing the agents clambering in the adjacent room, Sunday clears aside hanging clothes, revealing the LIFT PANEL. Petrified, he peers into the shaft...

SUNDAY

God, grant us the power to make it out of this alive. If only to see another day.

Sunday climbs through the opening and steps onto the lift, which dips under his weight.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus.

INT. ESCAPE SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Sunday's eyes shut tight as he plunges into the darkness.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - MEDIA ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Agent 38 reports back to Agent 63...

AGENT 38

Sir, the unit is unoccupied.

AGENT 63

Dismantle it.

INT. MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Sunday emerges from the shaft, overwhelmed by claustrophobia. He climbs the ladder leading to the man-hole.

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Sunday frantically emerges from the tunnel, able to breathe again, cleansed by the pounding rain.

He looks around to get his bearings and is immediately PUMMELED by a speeding DELIVERY POD.

Trapped under the front bumper, Sunday is dragged over the polarized track until the vehicle finally halts, torpedoing him out. Sunday skids over the rain-slicked pavement and finally comes to a stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Illuminated by the headlights, the skin on his back ripped to shreds, Sunday musters the last of his strength to stand before collapsing to the pavement, his crucifix dropping into a puddle.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - MEANWHILE

Agents 38, 12 and 5 methodically search through shelves, bedding, drawers, the shower, closets, personal miscellany.

The evidence- clothing, furniture, toiletries for one.

EXT. CITY STREET - MEANWHILE

Thursday notices halted traffic outside his building. He discovers Sunday's lifeless body resting in a puddle, surrounding on-lookers more entertained than concerned.

Distraught, Thursday rushes to his side.

THURSDAY

No!

(paranoid of the crowd)

All of you clear out!

A pedestrian notes the uncanny resemblance between the men and stares, appalled, as if in the presence of a leper.

THURSDAY (CONT'D)

Seen enough?

Thursday picks up Sunday's crucifix, fastens it around his neck and races away from the accident.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH (PRESENT TIME)

Thursday grasps the crucifix through his shirt, chokes back tears.

THURSDAY

Sunday wasn't just my brother. He was my closest friend.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

The agents convene, save for persistent Agent 5 who is tapping on Monday's mural behind them.

AGENT 38

We've taken apart every square meter of the unit and nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT 12

We have to use common sense when following leads. I don't care how credible a source Detective Shooker is. Adult *siblings* simply do not exist.

But Agent 5 is steadfast. He exposes the lever along the base of the wall, depresses it.

AGENT 5

Sir...

The agents turn to find a large panel in the wall opening, revealing the CONTROL ROOM.

AGENT 63

You were saying...

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - CONTROL ROOM - CABINET - MEANWHILE

UNSEEN, the TIMER counts down in the dark: 01:40...

We PULL OUT of the closed cabinet to reveal...

63 opens a drawer and removes a digital ALBUM. He browses PHOTOS of the Settman seven as children, with Karen at birth, on birthdays, graduations. In utter disbelief...

AGENT 63

Septuplets...?

He examines Monday's whimsical PORTRAITS of the seven.

Agent 63 opens a cabinet, revealing: a slim TIMER. 14 SECONDS and counting. A wave of dread sweeps over him.

63 enters the MEDIA ROOM...

AGENT 63 (CONT'D)

We have to vacate now!

The TIMER counts down as the agents sprint out of the unit...3...2...1...

HALLWAY

The Agents sprint down the hall just as the wall shatters, concrete fragments spraying out. We FOLLOW a piece that grazes 63's face, cutting him beneath the eye.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Settman unit erupts in a MUTED BLAST, debris raining down upon the street, pedestrians below running for cover.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jarred from the blast, 63 storms towards the Settman unit.

AGENT 63

I want a *Tracer Kit* brought up here immediately.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - SEPTUPLETS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Agents 5 and 38 use statically charged BATONS to retrieve samples of HAIR and DEAD SKIN from the Settman's charred belongings.

In the MEDIA ROOM...a silver briefcase, a TRACER KIT, is opened. Secured inside custom-fit padding is a 1m-long TUBULAR weapon, resembling a smaller, sleeker Bazooka, a TRACKING TABLET and a conical cartridge- the TRACER.

Agent 63 withdraws the Tracer, presses his thumb to its underside and the device whirs to life in a SPECTRUM OF LIGHTS. Agent 5 ogles the technology.

63 flips a switch, activating the Tracer's lid, which rises, exposing a PORT. In turn, Agents 5 and 38 insert their static batons into the Tracer, which sucks up their samples.

Agent 12 removes a Tracking Tablet from the case and turns it on, syncing it with the Tracer. A DISPLAY lists the DNA test results- six unidentified humans and Terrence Settman.

AGENT 12

We've been able to track *siblings* in the past off a single fallen eyelash.

AGENT 5

Damn.

AGENT 63

No *sibling* has ever outrun the Bureau.

Agent 63 slides the Tracer into the Tubular Gun, turns it on, creating an ear-piercing WHINE.

All of a sudden his Tablet rings. He looks at the ID- CAB HQ. He's about to answer but silences it, determined.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

63 fires the Tracer skyward through the blasted unit ceiling.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Tracer rockets above rain-soaked urbanity. As it reaches its apex it begins to gently pulse before sending out a SONIC SHOCKWAVE that shrouds the entire area within a 5km radius.

We FOLLOW the pulse as it soars outward, blanketing the concrete jungle until it washes over Thursday. From his POV- the world is momentarily bathed in a rainbow-tinged halo.

Thursday falters, dizzy, unsure what he's experiencing. He stumbles into a SUBWAY ENTRANCE.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Agent 63 presses a switch on the Tubular gun, triggering the WHINE. The Tracer is magnetically pulled back through the rain-soaked hole it created and into the barrel.

Agent 12 examines the Tracking Tablet- over a dozen traces have been pin-pointed- everywhere the Settmann siblings have left a DNA trace in a 5km area.

PAN TO:

The antique clock, miraculously still in working order, though worse for wear. Its second hand shutters as it completes its cycle, pushing the minute and hour hands onto the XII. Distorted BELLS chime. MIDNIGHT.

SUPER: **Thursday**

EXT. CITY STREET - LATE NIGHT

Soaked from the deluge, Agent 63 examines Sunday's corpse while Agent 12 analyzes the tracking grid.

AGENT 12

One of them descended underground not far from here.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MEANWHILE

Thursday scans the train schedule- the next arrives in TWO MINUTES.

Out of the corner of his eye he notices Agent 63, descending steps into the station. The two lock eyes, 63 stopped in his tracks as he blocks the pedestrian flow like a boulder in rapids. 63 flinches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thursday frenziedly pushes his way to the opposite end of the station.

Agent 63 forces his way through the mass on his frustratingly slow pursuit after Thursday.

Nearing the opposite entrance just as the train pulls in, Thursday spies Agent 12 making her way downstairs. Thursday spins to find Agent 63 mere steps behind. He's book-ended.

With no choice, Thursday bounds off the loading platform in front of the slowing train. He tries to out run it. From our vantage point, we're unable to see if he made it...

AGENT 63

Damn it!

Agent 63 and 12 wait anxiously for passengers to disembark and board. The train departs. The Agents scan the tracks...

Thursday's nowhere to be seen.

AGENT 63 (CONT'D)

(undeterred)

We're close.

EXT. ADRIAN'S BUILDING - LATE NIGHT

Adrian leads Saturday up the steps of an elegant two-story brownstone, a rare domicile in a district of hi-rises.

Adrian unlocks the door.

SATURDAY

Allow me, my love.

Saturday theatrically sweeps her off her feet and carries her in his arms through the threshold.

INT. ADRIAN'S UNIT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Saturday undresses Adrian like the apocalypse is nigh. He unfastens her dress straps, exposing her perfect breasts. He kisses the nape of her neck, her mouth.

Adrian pulls Saturday by the belt into her...

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and pushes him onto the bed. She slinks away.

SATURDAY

Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADRIAN

Can't a woman have a pee?

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Adrian closes the door and tries to turn on the light but it doesn't work. In the dark, she approaches the toilet...

CLOSE ON Adrian as she wipes herself and flushes. She turns on the faucet, admires her shadowy reflection.

Suddenly, a HAND clasps over her mouth...

We PAN UP to reveal...MONDAY, very much alive, though a three day stubble and bags under his bloodshot eyes tell a tale of sleepless struggle.

Horrificed, Adrian screams, though the sound comes out muffled.

MONDAY

Shhh. Shhh. Adrian, it's me, Terrence.

Writhing in his arms, Adrian sees Monday's reflection in the mirror and calms, puzzlement overwhelming threat.

SATURDAY (O.S.)

Adrian?

MONDAY

I can imagine how confused you must be.

He leads her to the door and opens it slightly, revealing Saturday sitting on the bed. Adrian is rattled as Monday shuts the door.

He slowly removes his hand from her mouth. Confounded, Adrian backpedals away from him.

ADRIAN

What the hell's going on, Terrence?

MONDAY

His life is far more complex than you can possibly imagine.

ADRIAN

Who is that man out there?

It's hard to say out loud...

MONDAY

He's...one of my brothers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADRIAN
You're a *sibling*?

MONDAY
One of seven, identical in every way.

ADRIAN
Oh god.

MONDAY
Well, maybe not every way...

SATURDAY (O.S.)
Adrian? You okay in there?

Adrian moves to exit and Monday steps out of her way.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Adrian emerges from the bathroom, turns on the lights.

ADRIAN
You have to go.

Saturday doesn't understand the sudden change in attitude until...Monday steps out, in a daze.

SATURDAY
Monday, what are you doing here?

ADRIAN
I want you out of my home, both of you.

SATURDAY
What did you say to her?

Saturday approaches Adrian, desperate...

SATURDAY (CONT'D)
Adrian, I swear I've wanted to tell you.
I planned on telling you eventually. But
protecting our secret is what's kept us
alive.
(beat)
Haven't you wondered why we only see each
other on Saturdays?

ADRIAN
Oh, I've wondered--

SATURDAY
Because I am Saturday. It's the only day
I'm allowed out of our unit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Adrian doesn't quite believe what she's hearing...

ADRIAN

But I met you at the hospital on a
Monday. I clearly remember when--
(off Saturday's guilty look)
You're not the man I first met are you?

Saturday shakes his head no, looks to Monday...

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - **FLASHBACK**

As seen earlier, Monday and Adrian are seated on a bench.

MONDAY

Thank you, Dr. Knowles. You have no idea
how much that means...to both of us.

ADRIAN

Please, call me Adrian.

The scene continues from where we left off. Monday can't
resist his overwhelming attraction...

MONDAY

Adrian, when your shift ends would you
like to join me for a drink?

ADRIAN

I'd really like that.

INT. BAR - **FLASHBACK**

Sipping her cocktail, Adrian is animated as she tells Monday
a story. He eyes her like a piece of meat.

INT. ADRIAN'S UNIT - **FLASHBACK**

Atop her bed, Monday and Adrian climax together.

INT. ADRIAN'S UNIT - BEDROOM

Relishing the distress he's causing...

MONDAY

Once I got my taste I knew it was time to
call it quits. But you really sunk your
claws into this guy...

EXT. CEMETARY - **FLASHBACK**

As seen earlier, somber, Saturday stands before Karen's
casket. Adrian approaches and embraces him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADRIAN

The world has lost a great talent,
Terrence.

SATURDAY

Thank you, Dr. Knowles.

The scene continues from where we left off...

ADRIAN

I know you said you can't see me again,
that I shouldn't seek you out. But I
refuse to let you go so easily.

Adrian kisses Saturday on the lips. He's caught off-guard by
the revelation and the intimacy, yet instantly smitten.

INT. ADRIAN'S UNIT - BEDROOM

Fixated, Saturday steps towards Adrian, who retreats.

ADRIAN

So you just pretended to know me?

SATURDAY

I had to, to protect myself. But then I
got to know this stunning, compassionate,
brilliant woman who's so full of life and
there was no way I could stop seeing you.

(beat)

I love you, Adrian. I would do anything,
I've done everything, to be with you.

Adrian is speechless, upset.

SATURDAY (CONT'D)

Well...say something.

ADRIAN

I would have had no problem with the fact
that you're a *sibling*. *Siblings* deserve
love like everyone else. But the way you
deceived me and toyed with me. I'm sorry,
Terrence, or whomever you are, but I
can't have any part of this.

MONDAY

Just accept that it's finished.

SATURDAY

Shut up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADRIAN

When I return...I expect you to both be gone.

Monday laughs as Adrian bounds for the front door, Saturday following...

SATURDAY

Adrian, please don't do this!

Adrian hesitates before exiting, torn...

SATURDAY (CONT'D)

(desperate)

You make me more than just a day of the week. You make me a man.

But Adrian feels betrayed and overwhelmed by the strange reality of the situation.

ADRIAN

I really am sorry, Terrence.

She kisses him on the cheek and slams the doors behind her.

MONDAY

It doesn't matter, brother. The Bureau's coming for us.

SATURDAY

What?

MONDAY

We've been listed.

Fire raging in his eyes, Saturday charges Monday, smashes him against the wall. Shaken violently, Monday relinquishes.

SATURDAY

You swore to me that this would work! The only reason I ever agreed to your sick plan with Cayman was so that Adrian and I could have a life together!

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - MEDIA ROOM - **FLASHBACK**

Thursday shuts off the TV as the brothers prepare to go to bed. Monday passes Saturday discretely...

MONDAY

You and I need to talk.

KITCHEN - **FLASHBACK**

In a dark corner, Monday hands Saturday the *Marrakech* TICKET we saw earlier. He flips it over revealing the complete note-TERRENCE, I HOPE YOU CAN JOIN ME. WITH LOVE, ADRIAN.

MONDAY

You're very lucky that arrived at the bank when I happened to be there. I'm not sure how the others might react if they were to find out you've been having a serious relationship with a woman.

SATURDAY

(timid)

You...you went out with her first.

MONDAY

A lapse in judgment, true. But I never saw her again. Nor do I want to. She's far too...good for me.

SATURDAY

I beg of you, Monday, don't tell them.

MONDAY

Well, that depends. Drastic changes to our routine would have to be made for you to continue seeing Adrian. How far are you willing to go for this woman?

SATURDAY

(desperate)

I'll do anything.

INT. ADRIAN'S UNIT - BEDROOM

Saturday begins to cry, a helpless child.

SATURDAY

You used me. You blackmailed me. We were going to have a life together. We were going to start a family.

MONDAY

I sincerely hope you didn't plan on having more than one child.

Saturday's cries turn to sobs. He completely breaks down. Monday caresses his brother with one arm. It's forced, eerie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONDAY (CONT'D)

There, there Saturday. You know as well as I do that our lives were over the day we were born.

Saturday breaks away, steps back.

SATURDAY

You're wrong. The others are different than you. I'm different.

MONDAY

How? How are you any different?

SATURDAY

For starters, I'm not holding the knife.

We PAN DOWN to reveal a glimmering BUTCHER'S KNIFE concealed behind Monday's back.

Monday slowly advances, possessed, distressed by what he knows he must do...

MONDAY

Right of Choice. You know as well as I do that only one of us can be Terrence Setzman.

Having lost all will to live, Saturday doesn't put up a fight as Monday lunges the knife into his stomach. Saturday falters and collapses to the floor.

SATURDAY

You didn't tell me Cayman was sending a man to our unit.

MONDAY

Hmm. Did I fail to mention that?

SATURDAY

You were never going to let me live, were you?

MONDAY

I'm through sharing.

Monday kneels over his brother and twists the knife.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Monday opens the front door, steps into the...

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...ready to run. From his POV- the world around him is bathed in a colored HALO, the *Tracer's* resonance. The door to the front entrance SHAKES. He knows- it's the Bureau.

INT. ADRIAN'S UNIT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Monday slams the door, bolts it once...and again. He races towards the...

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Monday exits, hops over the railing, a handful of unwitting pedestrians breaking his single-story descent.

EXT. ADRIAN'S BUILDING - LATE NIGHT

Monday shakily rises and takes off into a crowd of onlookers.

INT. ADRIAN'S UNIT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The front door topples inside the unit with a thunderous CRASH! The Bureau agents storm in, their weapons drawn.

Agent 63 kneels to examine Saturday's body, retrieves his Tablet.

AGENT 63

So, Mr. Settman...which one are you?

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION DEPARTMENT (PRESENT TIME)

Walking through an aisle separating booths, Agent 57, the young, platinum blonde seen earlier in Cayman's office, escorts a five-year-old SIBLING.

He passes Thursday's booth and spies Agent 63 interrogating an increasingly tired 'Terrence Settman' in the midst of sharing his story.

Alarmed, Agent 57 presses a small, funnel-shaped metal AUDIO AMPLIFIER to the glass and hears...

THURSDAY

(filtered)

I was distraught. I imagined Monday and Saturday were meeting up, gloating over their success at tearing us all apart.

57 withdraws his Tablet and dials.

INT. CAYMAN'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

Cayman is camped around a conference table with a team of LAWYERS and GOVERNMENT REGULATORS, Tablets and digital contracts sprawled everywhere...

GOVERNMENT REGULATOR
...which will require legal recourse to
fall under Subheading 3-B. But if we
decide to outsource...

Cayman's Tablet RINGS. He looks at the caller ID...

CAYMAN
Pardon me.
(answering)
What is it?
(sourcing - rising)
Connect me with the lead agent who was
assigned the case.
(to the others)
I apologize for the interruption but
Bureau duties require my attention.

We HOLD ON the HEAD ATTORNEY as he finishes his meal, pushing aside a plate containing a single piece of uneaten SUSHI.

EXT. CAYMAN INDUSTRIES BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Cayman bounds towards a waiting LIMOUSINE POD.

AGENT 57 (V.O.)
I'm patching you through, sir.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH - MEANWHILE

Agent 63 rises from his seat and steps away to speak in private...

AGENT 63
This is a rather unusual development,
sir, hearing from you directly.

CAYMAN (V.O.)
I understand you're handling the Settman
case.

AGENT 63
Seven identical adult *siblings*. This
changes everything...

INT. LIMOUSINE POD - INTERCUT

Cayman signals to the DRIVER, who pulls into traffic.

CAYMAN

Has *Right of Choice* been determined?

Overhearing the conversation, Thursday grows worried at the mention of *Right of Choice*...

AGENT 63

Not yet, sir. I'm wrapping interrogation as we speak.

CAYMAN

(anxious)

And what has Settman told you precisely?

AGENT 63

Enough to understand why you might take a personal interest in the case.

CAYMAN

Listen to me carefully, Agent, because your future depends on it. The Settman case involves a sensitive political issue we cannot meddle with at present. The Settmans have been wrongfully listed and I want you to cease and desist at once. This case is temporarily suspended until I arrive at headquarters.

Agent 63 peers at Thursday, having grown empathetic for his helpless victim. He's torn.

AGENT 63

I'm afraid I can't do that, sir.

63 hangs up the Tablet.

INT. LIMOUSINE POD - CONTINUOUS

Cayman is livid to have been hung up on. He lowers the glass separating him from the DRIVER.

CAYMAN

How long until we're there?

DRIVER

Peak rush hour, cross-town, we're looking at an hour minimum.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION BOOTH - MEANWHILE

Talking on his Tablet, Agent 57 bangs on the glass door...

AGENT 57
Open the booth! You've been given orders!
(into Tablet)
He won't open it, sir.

AGENT 63
Ignore him. Let's get this wrapped up.
Two hours ago. How'd you find Monday?

THURSDAY
(trying to ignore the banging)
All it took was a simple message.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATE NIGHT

Monday scrubs blood from his hands under run-off from a rooftop gutter. He's interrupted by his vibrating Tablet. He looks at the screen, a message from Thursday-

I KNOW EVERYTHING.

INT. ALLEY - MEANWHILE

Crouched behind a dumpster, amongst a slew of homeless, Thursday receives a message on his Tablet. WHO'S LEFT?

Their typed conversation continues...

Thursday- JUST YOU, ME, SATURDAY
Monday- IT'S YOU AND ME NOW
Thursday- WE SHOULD MEET
Monday- CENTRAL PARK AVIARY IN 30 MINUTES
Thursday- NO GAMES, COME ALONE
Monday- LET'S MAKE DARWIN PROUD

INT. CAYMAN'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

Two hours before we last saw him storm out of this very meeting, Cayman eagerly answers his Tablet as the Legal Team and Government Regulators begin to set up around the conference table in the background.

A secretary sets a full plate of SUSHI before the Head Attorney, who promptly unwraps a pair of chopsticks.

CAYMAN
(grim - hushed)
You couldn't have picked a worse time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONDAY (V.O.)

You think I'd be reaching out if I had any alternative? There are only two of us left. You hold up your end of the arrangement or I'll expose you.

CAYMAN

How will my people be able to distinguish you from your *sibling*?

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAWN - SPLIT SCREEN

Monday enters CENTRAL PARK from the West. Thursday from the East. Both are determined as they march into battle.

They cut through patches of FOREST, a rare dose of 'nature' fueling their primal rage.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK AVIARY - DAWN

Monday emerges from tree cover to view the unlit, latticed structure, fenced off by a construction company for impending demolition and reconstruction.

Monday squeezes through a narrow gap in a fence to find the site littered with squatters.

He watches a homeless man squeeze through a cracked window and follows him in.

INT. CENTRAL PARK AVIARY - MOMENTS LATER

A fractured shell of what Karen designed years earlier. The exotic birds are long since gone, replaced with scavengers. The once lush trees are dead and decaying.

Monday passes a family warming themselves around a trash can fire, one of several illuminating the overcrowded space.

On edge, Monday surveys the aviary. A homeless man breaks into a violent coughing fit. Monday covers his mouth.

CRASH! Monday spins, fearful, as a mangy cat springs from the shadows behind him.

MONDAY

THURSDAY!!!

The name ECHOES throughout the dome, causing a colony of bats to abandon their perch and circle frantically.

THURSDAY (O.S.)

Did you miss us, brother?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monday turns to behold Thursday peering down from an upper level terrace.

MONDAY

Would your opinion of me change if I did?

Monday walks parallel to Thursday as he heads to a spiral walkway leading downstairs.

THURSDAY

If all we are is a reflection of what we're exposed to then we should have seen this coming.

MONDAY

Why do you say that?

THURSDAY

Everyone knows Monday is the worst day of the week.

MONDAY

I guess you could say I've had a bad case of the Mondays for a while now.

Thursday descends the walkway, keeping Monday in his sight.

THURSDAY

And what about Saturday? What was his excuse?

MONDAY

The poor sap fell in lust.

THURSDAY

Is that where he was running off to tonight? To see a woman?

MONDAY

You remember Doctor Adrian Knowles.

THURSDAY

Mother's doctor?

MONDAY

He was seeing her for some time. But she gave him an ultimatum. Either he makes himself more available or she ends it.

THURSDAY

And you took advantage of that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MONDAY

Taking a page out of our playbook, it would have been careless of me to execute a plan without a back-up. Having Saturday on the inside kept me informed if something went wrong.

(bitterly laughing)

And this couldn't have gone more wrong.

THURSDAY

I don't understand. Why not just kill us in the unit yourself? You've had countless opportunities...

MONDAY

Do you think that thought didn't cross my mind every moment of every day? But there was no way I could live with your blood on my hands. Imagining myself killing you felt strangely like suicide. So I took advantage of an opportunity that was presented to me.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - EXECUTIVE OFFICE - **FLASHBACK**

MONTAGE: Nicholas Cayman and Monday shake hands. Cayman presents a Business Proposal in the form of a slide-show.

MONDAY (V.O.)

Cayman came to the bank three weeks ago, making the rounds to raise funds for his new venture. He was struggling to get what he needed.

INT. SETTMAN UNIT - MEDIA ROOM - **FLASHBACK**

Monday delivers his end-of-the-day presentation to the other Settmans, seated around the circular table.

MONDAY (V.O.)

And I could relate. So I never mentioned our encounter in my end-of-the-day.

INT. CAYMAN'S OFFICE - **FLASHBACK**

Cayman and Monday sit opposite each other in the PARLOR ROOM.

CAYMAN

You got what you wanted. We're alone.

Monday waits for the elevator doors to close behind Joe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONDAY

What if I told you that a powerful public figure was actually a front for a family of seven identical adult siblings?

CAYMAN

Adult siblings don't exist.

(dubious)

Is this visit related to the proposal I laid out at the bank?

MONDAY

I assure you this family of *siblings* does exist.

CAYMAN

Who's your source?

MONDAY

First things first, if the Bureau brought *siblings* in, can you guarantee one of them *Right of Choice*?

CAYMAN

Even if I could make that guarantee, exposing adult *siblings* would be an indelible stain on the Bureau's pristine track record. It would undermine our efficacy, the technology we use, as well as my reputation.

MONDAY

So, in effect, you'd stand to benefit more from their disappearance than from their processing?

CAYMAN

I think you know the answer to that.

MONDAY

I just wanted to hear you say it.

(then)

Would you be willing to help facilitate these *siblings'* disappearance if I were able to secure the financing you need for your acquisition?

Cayman is more than intrigued...

CAYMAN

Tell me what's required of me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MONDAY

I'll be in touch with the details.

Monday rises to excuse himself. Cayman gets up to follow.

CAYMAN

How do I know you can be trusted?

MONDAY

Because that powerful public figure,
those *siblings* I mentioned...

(beat)

...I'm one of them.

INT. CENTRAL PARK AVIARY

Thursday arrives at the base of the walkway, finally on equal ground with Monday.

THURSDAY

Was it so horrible living with us?

MONDAY

Six days a week we spent locked up in isolation with six other grown men, not a shred of privacy, not a single real friend or lover or escape, playing out the same routine again and again, the ridiculous charade we had to maintain every time we left the unit. That was no life, brother. That was a slow death.

Thursday advances, the brothers both ready to pounce.

THURSDAY

True our life may not have been what we dreamed for ourselves but you made the choice to dwell in the negative, to harp over what you lacked versus what you had. Despite the sacrifices we all made, I cherished the time we had together.

MONDAY

Of course you did. But I'll never forgive Mother for bringing a single *sibling* into this world, let alone seven of us. I think I could've tolerated it better if I had never known what I was missing. But unleashing me into the world...that was her fatal mistake.

(beat)

Mother once told us that a fraction of a life is better than none at all...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THURSDAY

I remember.

MONDAY

Even she ultimately realized that was a lie. But the rest of you...you were living too deep in delusion to ever fully acknowledge it. But once you have, there's no turning back.

(beat)

I'm sorry Thursday, but I need Terrence Setzman all for my lonesome.

THURSDAY

Then you best come and take it.

The brothers circle one another, both on guard.

Monday throws a jab which Thursday evades. Monday throws another, clocks Thursday in the jaw. He spits up blood.

Monday charges in to tackle his brother and Thursday pummels him in the gut, keeling him over.

MONDAY

Ahh! Try to keep it above the neck. You do enough damage, maybe the Bureau won't recognize me.

INT. LIMOUSINE POD (PRESENT TIME)

Cayman is growing restless as he peers out the window and views an awaiting BUREAU POD.

CAYMAN

Stop the vehicle!

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Cayman exits the limo and enters the BUREAU POD, which merges into traffic, automatically forcing all stopped vehicles in its path off the track as it advances, unimpeded.

INT. CENTRAL PARK AVIARY - DAWN

Monday charges, swinging recklessly. Thursday counters, using Monday's momentum to throw him to the ground.

Monday rises, turns to find Thursday is nowhere to be seen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONDAY

That's it?! Resorting to hiding already,
are we?! Old habits die hard, Thursday!
Let me make it easier for you!

Monday picks up a jagged piece of REBAR and creeps forward in a tense game of cat and mouse. He overreacts to the slightest stimulus- a homeless man tosses an empty liquor bottle. A cockroach scurries by his feet.

He spies a figure hiding behind a tree trunk. He advances, rebar raised, ready to strike when all of a sudden he hears footsteps from behind. He spins to behold Thursday just as he smashes a half-charred plank across his chest.

Ash snows upon the brothers as Thursday straddles Monday's fallen body and begins to beat his face with a devastating series of blows.

THURSDAY

You destroyed our family! You destroyed
our routine! You destroyed any chance of
a future!

Monday struggles to reach for the fallen rebar, an inch out of his grasp. He finally grabs it and smacks Thursday upside the head!

CUT TO BLACK.

From Thursday's POV- we open our eyes to find Monday atop of us, strangling us with every ounce of strength he can muster.

MONDAY

Welcome home, Thursday. You have a
productive day?

Veins bulging, skin flushed blue, Thursday claws at Monday's hands, trying in vain to loosen his grip. But he's becoming weak, gurgling for air. He's unable to resist much longer.

THURSDAY

Yes...

With his last ounce of energy, Thursday waves his hand.

THURSDAY (CONT'D)

...I did.

A SHOT rings out, piercing through Monday's shoulder.

Monday falls to the side, revealing Joe, her weapon aimed, Reggie by her side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Joe hovers over Thursday as he gasps for air.

JOE

You should have given us more notice,
Settman.

Monday eyes Joe with disgust.

MONDAY

You shot me. You bitch!
(stunned - to Thursday)
More notice?

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - **FLASHBACK**

Thursday enters the eastern end of the park, on his Tablet.
The call we thought was made by Monday earlier was actually
made by Thursday. We see HIGHLIGHTS-

THURSDAY

You think I'd be reaching out if there
was any alternative? There are only two
of us left. You hold up your end of the
arrangement or I'll expose you.

CAYMAN (V.O.)

How will my people be able to distinguish
you from your *sibling*?

We continue the scene from where we left off...

THURSDAY

I'm wearing a crucifix around my neck.

CAYMAN (V.O.)

Where should my associates be sent?

THURSDAY

The Aviary in Central Park. And be quick.
Your Bureau agents are not far behind.

INT. CENTRAL PARK AVIARY

Joe turns her gun on Monday, who begins to backpedal, shaky,
desperately searching for an escape.

MONDAY

What the hell do you think you're doing?!
I'm the one who set up the deal with
Cayman! Me!

THURSDAY

He's lying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe presses her gun to Monday's head.

MONDAY

Do it. For Christ's sake just end it
already! It's over!

JOE

It's over for the both of you. I've been
sent to cut loose ends.

AGENT 63 (O.S.)

Child Allocation Bureau! Drop the weapon!

Joe turns to find Agent 63 and his colleagues scattered on the upper and lower levels, their weapons trained on her. She grabs Monday, using him as a human shield until she reaches cover behind a flaming trash can.

She and Reggie open fire on the agents.

MOS. Thursday crawls to cover, watching the fire fight. A barrage of high impact bullets are exchanged. Reggie is quickly sniped. Joe strikes Agent 5 in the leg.

Monday capitalizes on the distraction and slinks out through the cracked window.

Joe stops to reload and peers up to find Agent 12's gun aimed square between her eyes. Joe gently sets her gun down.

Thursday walks to Agent 63, his arms raised in surrender.

THURSDAY

My sibling took off on foot.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAWN

Terrified, fading in and out of consciousness, Monday flees into the early morning light. He looks over his shoulder at the Aviary just as Agent 63 calmly steps out.

63 snaps an ATTACHMENT onto the barrel of his weapon, takes sight of Monday through a scope and fires.

We SOAR with a large black pellet that strikes Monday in the back and instantly envelops him in a NET. A neurotoxin is released from the net fibers, tranquilizing Monday.

FADE TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THURSDAY (V.O.)

We always knew it was only a matter of
time before the Bureau caught up with us.

FADE IN:

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION DEPARTMENT (PRESENT TIME)

We DESCEND on the spot-lit booth where Thursday finishes
recounting the Settman story...

THURSDAY

And finally you have.

EXT. C.A.B. HEADQUARTERS - MEANWHILE

Cayman trudges up the steps of the front entrance...

INT. THURSDAY'S INTERROGATION BOOTH - MEANWHILE

Agent 63 resumes working and types rapidly on his Tablet.

AGENT 63

It was impressive to hear you relate the
details of your experiences. Your
recollection of people's appearances,
mannerisms, their exact spoken words, all
accounted for so meticulously.

THURSDAY

It's how we were taught to view the
world. Communication was our life blood.

AGENT 63

So the other *siblings* shared this gift as
well, this heightened sense of awareness?

THURSDAY

Some more than others.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Cayman storms through aisles of booths, enraged, drawing
curious stares from working Bureau agents and *siblings*.

CAYMAN

Where is he? Where the hell is he?!

Ingratiating Agent 57 intercepts Cayman...

AGENT 57

I'll take you there, sir.

INT. THURSDAY'S INTERROGATION BOOTH - MEANWHILE

Agent 63 peruses the contents of his report. On his Tablet, we see IMAGES, MESSAGES and a CALL LOG retrieved from the working Settman Tablets- the blurry Panda King photo, WILL MEET YOU AT TEN, I KNOW EVERYTHING, calls to NICHOLAS CAYMAN.

AGENT 63

Ultimately we're left with two surviving siblings. You and...

Agent 63 turns to regard an adjacent booth WE'VE BEEN UNABLE TO SEE UNTIL NOW...

AGENT 63 (CONT'D)

Monday, is it?

MONDAY, alive, is sitting five meters away from Thursday, being interrogated in an adjacent booth by Agent 12!

THURSDAY

That's correct.

We RISE out of Thursday's booth and descend into...

MONDAY'S INTERROGATION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Monday is battered, and desperate...

MONDAY

(points at Thursday)

I'm telling you my he's a certifiable lunatic. He tried to kill me and my siblings to claim the life of Terrence Settman for himself. Can you wrap your red-tape riddled brain around that?

Silent, dubious, Agent 12 types into her report.

MONDAY (CONT'D)

Well, can you?!

AGENT 12

If that is in fact the case, Mr. Settman, then your brother has done the Bureau a service.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION DEPARTMENT - MEANWHILE

Just then, Agent 57 deposits Nicholas Cayman at Thursday's booth. Cayman is seething, staring needles at 63 as he bangs on the glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAYMAN

Agent, step out of the booth now!

Surrounding Agents begin to emerge from their booths to ogle the spectacle Cayman is causing.

Knowing he has to exit eventually, 63 calmly rises and is about to unlock the door when Thursday utters something that causes 63 to stop and face his captive, his countenance shifted as though he's received bad news.

From Cayman and Monday's POV's- Thursday is inaudible.

CAYMAN (CONT'D)

Open the booth immediately!

Agent 63 places a call on his Tablet. In the adjacent booth, Agent 12 curiously answers her Tablet, eyes locked with 63.

63 ends the call and opens the booth door, whereupon Cayman grabs him by the neck and slams him against the booth wall.

CAYMAN (CONT'D)

Do you have a mental defect Agent?! You were ordered to cease and desist!

Agent 63 proudly takes the abuse, a subtle smirk spreading across his cheeks. Is it disgust? Or is there more?

In the background, talking on her cell, Agent 12 exits Monday's interrogation booth.

Monday watches anxiously, unsure what's taking place.

AGENT 63

This agency isn't some weapon to wield as you see fit, sir.

Cayman leans in close to whisper.

CAYMAN

That's where you're wrong. In a matter of days I will personally control the listings, as well as *Right of Choice*. *Sibling* or not, names might appear on that list, perhaps even Bureau agents in our very midst.

For a moment, it appears as though 63 is cowed. Thursday sits glum, surrendering to his grim fate.

Cayman addresses the timid, staring Agents who surround...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAYMAN (CONT'D)

Now listen to me, all of you! This case is hereby terminated! *Right of Choice* has been denied and both Setzman's will be processed! Is that sufficiently clear?

The Bureau agents regard one another, uncertain but fearful of Cayman.

In the BOOTH...Thursday looks up, defeated. Time has run out. Or has it? 63 looks across to 12 just as she hangs up her Tablet. She peers at Thursday, then back to 63 and nods, before returning to Monday's booth.

With great resolve Agent 63 retorts...

AGENT 63

You're too late. The wheels have already been set in motion.

CAYMAN

What are you talking about?

AGENT 63

Considering the Setzman's unique circumstances, we explored...
(looking at Agent 12)
...other alternatives.

MONDAY'S INTERROGATION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Monday scowls at his processing agent.

MONDAY

What sort of alternatives?

A pregnant pause.

AGENT 12

Your *sibling* has already struck a deal...

We PULL IN on Monday as he snaps his around to look at Thursday. All blood drains from Monday's face...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - **FLASHBACK**

Entering the park, as seen earlier, Thursday finishes his call with Cayman...

CAYMAN (V.O.)

Where should my associates be sent?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THURSDAY

The Aviary in Central Park. And be quick.
The Bureau's not far behind.

Thursday hangs up and makes a SECOND CALL...

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERCUT - **FLASHBACK**

Seated at his desk, Detective Shooker answers his Tablet...

SHOOKER

Detective Shooker.

THURSDAY

Detective, this is Terrence Settman.

Shooker waves Lee over and puts the call on SPEAKER...

THURSDAY (CONT'D)

Would it be possible for the GMPD to
offer me transactional immunity from
Bureau processing?

SHOOKER

It's never been done. But if it were
possible, what incentive would we have in
assisting you?

THURSDAY

What if I could deliver Nicholas Cayman?

HOLD ON Shooker, beyond intrigued...

SERIES OF SHOTS - **FLASHBACK**

In the AVIARY...Agent 12 arrests Joe. Agent 38 bags Reggie.

In the POLICE STATION...the Bureau Agents turn Joe over to
Detectives Shooker and Lee for interrogation.

In POLICE INTERROGATION...Shooker bears down on Joe.

DETECTIVE SHOOKER

You testify against Cayman and we're
prepared to offer you a new life.

Joe appears as though she is about to crack.

INT. C.A.B. INTERROGATION DEPARTMENT (PRESENT TIME)

Agent 63 leans in close to Cayman and whispers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT 63

They're on their way now.

Horrificed by the fate he faces, Cayman steals away, Thursday smiling in the background.

He reaches the exit just as Detectives Shooker and Lee enter.

Frightened into retreat, he takes off on foot, drawing intrusive, hateful stares from the child *siblings* he passes.

THURSDAY'S INTERROGATION BOOTH - MEANWHILE

Thursday watches with great satisfaction as Shooker tackles Cayman to the ground and cuffs him.

INT. MONDAY'S INTERROGATION BOOTH

Agent 12 finishes explaining to a seething Monday.

AGENT 12

Perhaps your *sibling* wanted the life just a little more than you did...

The remark sets Monday off...

MONDAY

You let that man walk out of this facility you're unleashing a great evil into the world. Do you understand me? Are you prepared to be held accountable for what he's capable of?

AGENT 12

We'll take our chances.
(consulting her Tablet)
Your processing has been scheduled for...this upcoming Monday.

Monday begins to cackle, crazed. He charges the glass...

THURSDAY'S INTERROGATION BOOTH

Agent 63 returns as Thursday watches Monday bang his hands on the booth walls, throwing a tantrum directed at Thursday.

Upset but content, Thursday stares into Monday's eyes and tenderly presses his hand to the glass. Unwilling to mirror the gesture, Monday steps back, bleak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT 63 (O.S.)
Our case analysis has concluded, Mr.
Settman, unless there's anything else
you'd like to add.

Thursday faces Monday, as though speaking to his warped
reflection...

THURSDAY
It's going to be strange to set foot
outside, responsible for no one but
myself. I've never known what it means to
be alone. But I suppose my *siblings* will
always be there, living on within me,
their memories my memories, their dreams
my dreams.
(to 63)
It puts a lot of pressure on a man, to
make each day as meaningful as the last.

LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Agent 63 escorts Thursday through the corridor, past the
obtrusive gazes of loitering agents.

Thursday and Agent 63 reach the entrance. Thursday is about
to exit when Agent 63 grabs his arm.

AGENT 63
One last thing, Mr. Settman.
(a tense beat until...)
I think it's remarkable what you guys
did.

Thursday and Agent 63 share a moment of understanding.

AGENT 63 (CONT'D)
Have a productive day.

THURSDAY
A productive day to you as well.

Thursday opens the door, flooding the screen with light.

EXT. CHILD ALLOCATION BUREAU - DAY

Thursday exits, shielding his eyes from a rare glimpse of
natural sunlight piercing through the clouds. He enters the
ever-flowing sea of pedestrians, the only smile in sight.

FADE TO WHITE.

FADE IN:

INT. BUREAU TRAIN - DAY

SUPER: **Monday**

In RESTRAINTS, Monday is strapped upright against the wall of the cabin, an anomaly in a row of frightened children.

Peering through a small horizontal slit in the door, Monday basks in the natural splendor of the CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

EXT. PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

The Bureau train arrives beside an electrified fence barricading the industrial facility. The cabin doors unlock and slide open in sync.

Masked guards enter to release the captives from their straps. Monday and the children are prodded out.

INT. PROCESSING CENTER - CORRIDOR - DAY

Standing in a single file line of all child *siblings*, frightened, identical TWINS peer behind to study the lone adult- Monday, poised, accepting. He smiles reassuringly.

As the line moves forward, Monday gently grasps their hands. They enter the dark door frame of the processing center...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. MARRAKECH - DAY

Adrian opens the wooden door marked with the Palm Frond.

INT. MARRAKECH - WAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Adrian enters the frenetic headquarters and passes the Wall of Monitors, on which various NEWS ANCHORS report...

NEWS ANCHOR #1

...when the chairman of Cayman Industries goes before a judge next week, facing charges of second degree murder in the death of Senator Humphreys, as well as charges of conspiracy to defraud...

NEWS ANCHOR #2

The House Judiciary Committee has called for a forensic reexamination of census data...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWS ANCHOR #3

Radical reforms are expected in the weeks ahead as the House and Senate convene to reevaluate the Child Allocation...

NEWS ANCHOR #4

...Terrence Setzman, the public front for a family of seven identical thirty-five-year-old *siblings*. The discovery has incited riots in the streets, as the Setzmans have become something of a media sensation.

Mass riots outside the Child Allocation Bureau HQ. A RIOTER speaks to the camera-

RIOTER

The Setzmans are a beacon of hope for those *siblings* out there who are still living off the grid.

Adrian joins Jerry, Hartash, and a crew of Revolutionaries surrounding a holographic city grid.

She recognizes the man at their helm, Thursday, and is instantly flooded with conflicting emotions.

THURSDAY

We can assemble on the southwest corner of Grand St. My contact told me police will most likely set up their barricades on the opposing intersection here and here, which should provide more than enough breathing room...

Thursday looks up, notices Adrian and pauses. A moment of profound recognition...

ADRIAN

Terrence, I don't think we've officially met.

Thursday extends his hand to shake.

THURSDAY

It's Thursday.

Adrian smiles, accepting a handshake which manifests a future of endless possibility...

FADE TO BLACK.