

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Two identical women, LIZ and BETH, sit speaking on the couch.

Liz is perfectly coiffed in business casual, dark lipstick set to stun. Beth is wearing the same outfit but slumps, wilted like she just rode a bus with no A/C through Arizona.

BETH

Shit, my head is pounding.

LIZ

Stop being such a baby. Did you hear what I said?

BETH

Something about some asshole. The pounding has a beat. It's like a modern dance class for giants on the back of my goddamn eyelids!

LIZ

Take some aspirin, and then suck it up and listen. We have a job to do.

BETH

I'm barely conscious and I already have a job. Fine, talk.

LIZ

You're breaking into Pearson's office while I distract him.

BETH

The fuck you say. I'm taking a nap.

LIZ

I was going to do it myself, but things are different now that you're here to do it for me.

BETH

So I'm expendable?

LIZ

You don't exist. At least not yet. But once we get our hands on that research, we can sell it and become whoever the hell the want to be. Or I can take you out of existence the same way you came in. Your choice.

Liz brandishes a HAMMER at Beth and she flinches away, raising her hands in surrender.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

A grey-haired corporate shark in a bespoke suit, PEARSON, leans against his massive solid oak desk, smirking at Liz, who sits huddled in a chair before him.

PEARSON

Really makes you think, doesn't it?

LIZ

W-what?

PEARSON

I never would have guessed it was you. You're so mousy.

LIZ

This is a big misunderstanding.

PEARSON

You do try. It's precious, but, y'know... lipstick and pigs?

LIZ

I don't have to listen to this kind of harassment, and you-

PEARSON

Shut up. We know what you did, and how you did it. Your... sister? I guess that's what she is, she sang like a canary. Gave you right up.

LIZ

Oh god. Oh no.

PEARSON

My guys in the lab told me how it works. All I have to do is...

He turns to his desk and picks up a marble paperweight, weighs it speculatively, then puts it back down and turns to her with a smile before PUNCHING THE SIDE OF HER HEAD.

PEARSON

(CONT'D)

They said any old knock on the head would do, really, but I can't have you bleeding on my new carpet.

Liz gurgles and spasms and then there are TWO OF HER. The new copy, BETTY, sits up with a groan.

BETTY

Fuck, my head is pounding.