

ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY RUDI O'MEARA

# REJUVENATION

LET  
THE  
GAMES  
BEGIN

THIS FILM IS NOT YET RATED

REJUVENATION

Written by

Rudi O'Meara

rudi@rudiwithaneye.com  
(415) 806-9527

**INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT**

A lone woman in a blood-soaked, high-tech bodysuit staggers down a long, moodily-lit passage leaving a bloody smear.

A gash in her chest seeps blood. Too much blood.

From hidden speakers, an eerie, orchestral rendition of "CREEP" by Radiohead echoes off of every gleaming surface.

The woman, ELIZABETH PHILLIPS (50s) lurches down the hall ferociously sawing at her wrist with a silver scalpel.

On the wrist she's cutting: a flashing white bracelet.

From behind her, another woman's VOICE:

VOICE (O.S.)

That's right. Give yourself four minutes to bleed out after spending fifty-two years climbing the wall to the fucking glass ceiling.

Elizabeth saws harder, picks up the pace, desperate to get the bracelet off but running on empty.

ELIZABETH

(pained)

You don't. Know me.

Elizabeth bends left, stumbles, nearly falls. In the distance, a tall frosted glass door glows a faint blue.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

What I've been through. Called a shrew, a harpy. Cold, hard, firm, willful. Not a caretakers. A ball-buster. A hag.

Elizabeth hits a tendon, then a nerve, represses a scream.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I saved that fucking studio!

With one last hack, she finally cuts her hand clean off. It falls the to floor with a muted THUD.

As blood cascades from her wrist, Elizabeth ROARS:

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I'll show you pushy!

Her bracelet slips from her gushing wrist, hits the floor, rolls down the hall, still flashing.

It stops at the bare, bloodied feet of a YOUNG WOMAN who appears to resemble Elizabeth in nearly every way.

Around her wrist, a matching bracelet.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I don't know you? Bitch, I *am* you.

Pale as a sheet, Elizabeth wheels back around, lunges at the younger woman, full of rage.

ELIZABETH  
No you fucking AREN'T!

THUMP.

The scalpel plunges deeply into the younger woman's almost comically sculpted, bare and bronzed six pack.

Face-to-face, they could almost be sisters. Or mother and daughter. Or twins separated by nearly three decades.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
At least. I don't. Think. So.

And with that, she forcefully drags the blade across her younger double's abdomen, gutting her like a fish.

Sheer, utter carnage.

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. LOBBY - DAY**

A rumpled but chic woman, SLOANE (mid-40s, a frazzled striver), races across the lobby of a sleek modern office tower clutching a bright red briefcase.

Weirdly, "CREEP" continues over the PA system. But it's a jaunty bossa nova version, still without lyrics.

An ID badge dangles from a clip attached to Sloane's belt.

And she has two very prominent scars, one slanting upward from her right eyebrow and the other tipping downward from below her left cheekbone.

SLOANE  
(over AirPods)  
I told you, not enough PTO.

BUZZ. BUZZ.

She tries to pass through the gates of a glass turnstile. Lights flash red. The glass doesn't budge.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Plus, I can't afford it.

She glares at a nearby guard, flashes him her badge.

He nods, presses a button. The doors WHOOSH open.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Cedric.

The guard, CEDRIC (50s) lifts his radio as she passes, mutters something into it.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
(not to Cedric)  
Plus, I'm late for the pitch.

**INT. CLINIC - DAY**

Another similarly (but more expensively) clad woman sits with her legs crossed, paging through a hulking issue of "Vogue" inside the lobby of a spa-like clinic.

This is GEMMA (also mid-40s, a high net-worth free spirit).

GEMMA  
(also over AirPods)  
Bah. PTO is for NPCs.

Page flip.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
You should totally bail.

Page flip.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
Start your own agency.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. ELEVATOR - DAY**

Sloane surges through the doors to a crowded elevator, threads her way through a pack of on-trend millenials.

SLOANE  
Easy for you to say.

The doors WHOOSH shut behind her. Nobody even bothers to look up, too busy with their glowing devices.

GEMMA  
Just come with me.

SLOANE  
No.

GEMMA  
Come with me.

SLOANE  
No!

Sloane wheels around, presses the button for a high floor.

GEMMA  
We can plan it all out.

SLOANE  
Where are you?

GEMMA  
Seven days. Ecuador. Rejuvenation.

SLOANE  
(mockingly)  
*Rejuvenation.*

One of the women in the elevator looks up from her phone.

Over Sloane's AirPods, a VOICE chirps from off:

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
Miss Peters, the doctor will--

SLOANE  
You've *got* to be kidding me.

Sloane knows *exactly* where Gemma is. Again.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
You're about to fly thirty-eight  
hundred, twenty-one miles to get a  
fucking facelift and you're getting  
a little Botox top-off?

GEMMA  
So you *did* think about it!

The elevator doors BING open, a few passengers depart.

SLOANE  
I even packed. But...

Sloane reaches out, stabs at the CLOSE DOORS button.

GEMMA

That's so you, packing for a trip  
you already convinced yourself you  
don't deserve.

The doors slide silently shut.

Sloane unconsciously lifts a hand to her face, touches one  
of her scars with two fingers.

It's where she holds her pain.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Think about it. Like, real change.  
From within.

SLOANE

(unconvinced)  
I'm fine as I am.

GEMMA

They sample your DNA and design a  
custom set of treatments to get you  
as far back as you wanna go. Like,  
back to our fucking 20s again!

Page flip.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Gotta be the newer model to beat  
the newer model, yeah?

Sloane shifts hands with her briefcase, makes brief eye  
contact the woman who lowered her phone.

This is AMELIA (45 going on 27, bizarrely white teeth). She  
scrunches up her face, or tries to.

AMELIA

You should, like, totally try it.

Sloane stares at her, stunned. *How'd you...*

GEMMA

Is that--

Amelia SLAPS her rock-hard, perfectly sculpted glutes  
through her zillion dollar silk pantsuit.

And then her face glitches slightly. Like she just lost  
WiFi. Like an automaton beach balling.

AMELIA  
 Worth...worth...worth every penny.  
 And it's, like, a lot of pennies.

Sloane eyes her blankly. *Do I know you?*

GEMMA  
 (over Sloane's AirPods)  
 Hey, Amelia...

Of course Amelia can't hear her. She leans close to Sloane.

AMELIA  
 (oddly menacing)  
 They even do a little nip/tuck to  
 your vajayjay. If that's what  
 you're into.

The doors BING open again. Sloane slowly steps out.

After a second, Amelia follows her out.

**INT. CLINIC, HALLWAY - DAY**

Gemma tracks the blank-faced RECEPTIONIST (20s) down a seemingly endless hallway lined with frosted glass doors.

Behind each door, vague hints of streamlined spa chairs and elaborate, space-aged surgical equipment.

GEMMA  
 Like Gwen says, youth is a gift of  
 nature. Age is a work of art.

The receptionist pauses at a door, pushes it open.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
 It takes, like, effort, dude.

**INT. CLINIC, PROCEDURE ROOM - DAY**

Gemma steps into the room like she owns it. Like she's been here a thousand times. Maybe more.

A familiar tune BURBLES over hidden speakers.

RECEPTIONIST  
 Feel free to--

Gemma bats her off, knows the drill, unbuttons her blouse.



GEMMA  
 (to Sloane)  
 Because this body, it's like the  
 Golden Gate Bridge, baby.

The receptionist silently withdraws.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
 You gotta keep painting it.

SLOANE  
 How do you know--

GEMMA  
 Amelia? Soul Cycle. I think.

Gemma pulls off her blouse, tosses it to a waiting hook.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
 Anyway, chin-up.

It's only now that we clock the tune. It's "CREEP" yet again. This time, a techo instrumental version.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
 You'll probably make partner before  
 you hit Medicare. If you're lucky.

**INT. AD AGENCY, RESTROOM - LATER**

Sloane stands at a silver sink inside a vast, mostly marble bathroom. Water courses into the basin before her.

But, instead of running her hands through it, Sloane stares at her own reflection in the mirror. Her scars.

Her face falls. Her flinty confidence begins to melt away, replaced by a reluctant acknowledgment. Self-loathing.

SLOANE  
 She's right. You should've--

The door to a stall behind her CREAKS open.

And out strides Amelia again. A terrifying vision.

AMELIA  
 You're not kidding. No wonder I'm  
 gonna poach your fucking client.

SLOANE  
 Wait. What?

Amelia steps up, turns off the faucet, leans in close.

Too close.

AMELIA  
Perfection is a birthright.

Amelia lifts a hand to Sloane's chin, turns her head ever so slightly as if to get a better look at her scars.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
Sister.

**INT. AD AGENCY, BOARDROOM - DAY**

Sloane sits at a long, lacquered table flanked by a bro-y pack of ACCOUNT EXEC TYPES (20s, burly, slick, stupid).

At the head of the table, the agency's silver-haired FOUNDER (50s) stands, opens his arms wide.

FOUNDER  
Guaranteed Cannes Lions or we  
refund your retainer, yeah?

At the other end of the table stands Amelia, basking in the glow of a digital projector.

On the screen behind her: what appears to be the closing slide of what must have been an epic presentation.

Sloane, seated, glowers.

Opposite Sloane, a bevy of CLIENT TYPES (20s, all dudes in fleece vests) slow-clap their hands like wind-up monkeys.

The ALPHA MALE among them (20s) leaps to his feet.

ALPHA MALE  
Fuckin-A dude. No notes!

Sloane looks to Amelia. Amelia winks back. Ice cold.

ALPHA MALE (CONT'D)  
(toward Amelia)  
That was some serious Don Draper  
shit, babygirl.

Amelia clicks a button on her remote. A massive blood red THANK YOU fills the screen, paints her face scarlet.

AMELIA  
So glad you liked it, Chip.

Sloane looks away, catches sight of her reflection again in the floor-to-ceiling glass windows, doesn't like the view.

**INT. CLINIC, PROCEDURE ROOM - SAME**

A masked MALE DOCTOR (30s) drags an RF wand across a glistening grid of numbers printed onto Gemma's abdomen.

As the device burns away sub-dermal fat, Gemma grits her teeth, equal parts ecstatic and pained.

GEMMA

Gotta look good on the *outside* to feel good on the *inside*.

**EXT. PARKED CAR - AFTERNOON**

Sloane sits behind the wheel of her hulking SUV, crying.

Her bloodshot eyes are ringed in the remnants of her not-so-waterproof mascara.

Yet another version of "CREEP" burbles over the stereo. But this time it's a Spanish rendition, sung by a woman.

SLOANE

Fucking bitch.

She reaches across herself, grabs her briefcase.

Sloane pops her door open, slips her heels to the pavement, pauses, looks to a modest bungalow in the distance.

There's a vintage silver 911 in the driveway. And a bright pink convertible Mini Cooper parked at the curb.

BANG! She slams the door shut. The MUSIC stops.

**INT. BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER**

Sloane's keys JANGLE as she opens the front door, only to be confronted by a tangle of hastily discarded clothing.

In the distance: faint MOANING.

Sloane draws a breath as if to call out. But then she notices a pair of pink panties on the floor.

She quietly pulls the door closed with a muted: CLICK.

**INT. BUNGALOW, HALLWAY - SAME**

Sloane sets down her briefcase, advances slowly down the hall, following the clothing like breadcrumbs.

Then, over the MOANING, a man's VOICE:

TERRY  
That's right. That's--

Sloane instantly recognizes the VOICE. It's coming from beyond a door down the hall.

Sloane pauses, reaches out a hand, pushes the door open.

**INT. BUNGALOW, BEDROOM - SAME**

A meticulously spray-tanned young woman writhes astride a fit but graying middle-aged man.

SLOANE  
Terry?

The man, TERRY (50s, unkempt, hairy) stops thrusting, shoves the woman clear, scrambles to cover his particularly unimpressive manhood.

TERRY  
(breathless)  
What the hell... What are you...  
What are you doing home?!

SLOANE  
(distantly)  
I lost... the account.

The young woman, TINA (20s perky, bored) rolls over onto her back, doesn't even bother covering herself. Too proud.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Tina?

TINA  
Hey-uh.

Terry leaps to his feet, drags all the sheets with him.

TERRY  
It's not... It's not what it--

SLOANE  
This *can't* be happening.

TERRY  
She just... We just--

Sloane lifts a hand to her eyebrow, turns away, mind racing.

In the distance, an open closet. A single suitcase.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
I can explain. I just... We--

Sloane rushes for the closet. For the suitcase.

**EXT. HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Wrecked and running on rage, Sloane tumbles down the stairs to the bungalow, dragging the suitcase behind her.

Terry bursts through the door, trips over the sheets.

TERRY  
Honey, please!

Sloane catches sight of the Porsche in the drive, slows.

SLOANE  
Fuck you and your fucking mid-life  
crisis, you cliché motherfucker!

BANG! She kicks a deep dent in the drivers side door.

TERRY  
HEY!

SLOANE  
(screaming)  
WHAT AM I GONNA DO WITH MY EGGS?!

Sloane spins, thrusts a hand into her pocket, whips out her phone, tugs the suitcase across the asphalt toward her car.

Gemma instantly picks up.

SLOANE  
(into the phone)  
Fuck it! I'm in!

**INT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY**

Sloane and Gemma rush side-by-side through a crowded terminal tugging carry-ons.

Sloane's is beat to hell. And she clearly needs a new brand of mascara.

GEMMA  
His admin? That stupid prick.

Gemma slows, pulls a small tin from her purse, plunks a tiny shamrock shaped pill into her mouth.

SLOANE  
What're those?

GEMMA  
MDMA and psilocybin.

Gemma closes the tin, CLINK, keeps on walking.

Sloane pauses.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
I'm macro-dosing. For depression.

Sloane drags the back of her hand against her cheek to wipe away a tear. It only makes the mascara worse.

SLOANE  
Can I have some?

GEMMA (O.S.)  
Pretty sure these are above your pay grade.

Sloane SIGHS, hurries to catch up.

SLOANE  
Why couldn't I find a single review of this place, like, anywhere? Every link was a 404.

GEMMA  
Only you would want the world to know you had a little work done.

Gemma slows again, dry-swallows the pill.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
Listen, growing old gracefully, AKA not growing old, is all about the long game. A little work here, a little work there. Incrementally and under the radar. Yeah?

Sloane draws a breath. Gemma speed back up.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
An instant of pain...

Sloane lets her free hand drift to her face again.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
...a lifetime of gain.

Gemma veers away, toward a gate.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
Like Amelia said, worth every--

**EXT. MARISCAL SUCRE AIRPORT, QUITO, ECUADOR - DAY**

Both women stand on the curb in front of a shockingly modern airport in the blinding, high altitude sun.

Gemma swallows another pill. Sloane looks spent. On fumes.

SLOANE  
Is there anything you think *can't*  
be solved with a pill?

Gemma nips the tin back into her purse, pulls out a pair of sunglasses. The DIN all around them is dizzying.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
This is *not* what I pictured, at  
all. Where's the rainfo--

SCREECH!

A gold 1960s Mercedes 600 Pullman limo careens up to the curb, SQUEALS to a stop.

The driver's side door bursts open and a tall, tanned man with a coiffed mane of salt-and-pepper curls leaps out.

This is SANTIAGO. More on him in a minute.

SANTIAGO  
(faint German accent)  
Ah! Ladies!

He sprints around the rear of the car dressed in a form-fitting, impeccably tailored sea foam green suit.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
So sorry to have not been able to  
meet you at the gate!

Both women stare at him blankly. Gemma seems guardedly smitten. He suavely takes her hand.

On his wrist, a now familiar high-tech white bracelet.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
You must be Gemma.

He kisses her hand. She blushes. He snatches her purse!

GEMMA  
HEY!

He pops open the purse and pulls out her tiny tin of pills.  
CLINK! CLINK! CLINK! He shakes it, grinning.

SANTIAGO  
Can't have anything *interfering*  
with the procedures.

He hands her back her purse. She looks like she's just been slapped in the face.

Then he spins toward Sloane, reaches for her hand.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
Ms. Stevens. *Enchanté*.

Sloane warily takes his hand, shakes it formally.

SLOANE  
Thank you?

Santiago notices Sloane's scars, stares a tad too long. Just like Amelia did.

SANTIAGO  
Interesting.

Gemma reaches back into her purse, fishes out a pack of cigarettes, shakes one out.

GEMMA  
Even her soon-to-be ex tried to  
convince her to keep 'em.

FLICK! She lights her lighter.

Santiago lets go of Sloane's hand, wheels back around, nips the cigarette out of Gemma's collagen-puffed lips.

SANTIAGO  
Tisk, tisk, tisk.

He drops the cigarette to the curb, stomps it out with his camel colored loafers. No socks.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
Smoking? At your age?

Gemma tumbles from smitten to spiteful.

GEMMA  
I'm sorry, who the fuck are you?

Santiago flashes her his impossibly pearly whites.



SANTIAGO

Come, come!

He snaps his fingers, spins on his heels, sprints back around the front of the car, not bothering with their bags.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

We have so much to do.

Both women stand stone-still.

GEMMA

He just stole my medicine.

Sloane bends to pick up her carry-on, tromps past Gemma, feels for the latch to the trunk.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I have prescriptions.

VROOOM! Santiago starts the engine.

Sloane pops the trunk, dumps her bag.

SLOANE

Let's go. Time to paint the bridge.

**I/E. MERCEDES LIMOUSINE/QUITO OUTSKIRTS - DAY**

The women gawk at the sun-baked, denuded hills streaking by.

SANTIAGO

No alcohol. No nicotine. No caffeine. No illicit substances of any kind. Minimal trans-fats. Zero sugar. No processed foods. No WiFi.

SLOANE

Wait, I might need to...

GEMMA

Interview? Gimme a break.

Sloane spins toward her.

SLOANE

I'm sorry?

Santiago reaches across to the glove box, pops it open, pulls out a clipboard, hands hit back toward Gemma.

SANTIAGO

Before we arrive, we will need both of your signatures.

Sloane stares at Gemma, injured.

SLOANE  
Some people have to work to get  
work done.

Gemma ignores this, scans the paper on the clipboard.

GEMMA  
What's this?

SANTIAGO  
An NDA.

Gemma rolls her eyes. Her forehead doesn't crease.

Sloane turns back to her window, still hurt.

Up front, Santiago eyes both women in the rearview. Like a greedy snake hungrily sizing up its prey.

SLOANE  
You and all your stupid CEO  
survivalist dude ranch retreats.

Gemma pulls a pen from the clip.

GEMMA  
Survival skills are the key to  
survival.

Gemma leans forward, draws a breath.

Santiago looks back to the road.

SANTIAGO  
We have some very *recognizable*  
guests who require anonymity.

Gemma leans back, CLICKS the pen blithely.

GEMMA  
Celebs, huh?

Santiago's eyes return to the mirror. Lecherous.

SANTIAGO  
Who are no doubt *vibing* with your  
younger selves as we speak.

Gemma swivels toward Sloane, WHISPERS:

GEMMA  
Cute, speaks French, *and* funny?

Sloane ignores this, fumes toward her scarred reflection.

**EXT. WAYRA LODGE - AFTERNOON**

Suddenly: rainforest.

And, at the center of it all, a modern masterpiece of a hotel. Steel, glass, marble. Shrouded in mist.

Both women stand beside the Mercedes, gobsmacked.

SLOANE

Just... Wow.

Somewhere up in the misty canopy, monkeys HOOT and HOWL.

GEMMA

It's so *beautiful*.

Santiago pops the trunk open, fetches their bags.

SANTIAGO

2,500 hectares of virginal jungle.

He surveys the lodge clutching both carry-ons.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

Home to thousands of previously--

Unexpectedly, a pair of WOMEN in yoga attire sprint from the trees, across the gravel, and toward a thicket of vines.

Sloane and Gemma watch, perplexed.

The woman in front has graying hair and what appears to be a series of puncture wounds dotting her exposed mid-drift.

OLDER WOMAN

Please! Make it stop!

The younger woman (whose bone structure seems oddly and uncannily identical) HOWLS back:

YOUNGER WOMAN

That's the *whole* point!

Both women disappear through the tangle of vines.

Unperturbed, Santiago knocks the trunk closed with a BANG. The sound echoes through the verdant branches above.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

Cross-training.

Sloane and Gemma seem too bewildered to move.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
Come, meet Mother.

The oddly Anthony Perkins-y tone of his entreaty adds extra WTF flair. Sloane looks to Gemma.

Gemma slowly falls in behind Santiago like she's slipping into a mild hallucinogenics flashback.

GEMMA  
What uh... happened to her, uh--

SANTIAGO  
Therapeutic phlebotomy.

He veers toward a metal staircase to a tall, suspended viewing platform that juts out into the jungle.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
To restore purity.

More monkeys CHATTER and WAIL behind Sloane. She nervously jogs off after Gemma.

**EXT. WAYRA LODGE, VIEWING PLATFORM - AFTERNOON**

At the top of the stairs, a statuesque woman clad in all-black stands with her arms held wide.

This is LORELEI (ambiguously early 60s, sharp features, entrancing blue eyes, tanned, a shock of gray hair).

LORELEI  
*Willkommen.* Welcome! To the Wayra Lodge and preserve.

She wafts (seemingly effortlessly) over to Gemma, who seems instantly entranced by her eyes. Pulled in. Caught.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
I am Lorelei. You must be Gemma.

Lorelei reaches out a hand. It's weathered but fine. Not unaccustomed to labor. Gemma takes it.

In the jungle down below: what sounds very much like a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM. A woman's voice abruptly silenced.

GEMMA  
Yeah, yes?

Lorelei clasps Gemma's hand firmly with both hands.

Behind her, Sloane crests the stairs.

SLOANE  
Did you just hear--

LORELEI  
A very fortuitous name shared by  
the wife of Dante Alighieri! Poet  
of *The Inferno*.

Lorelei lets go of Gemma's hand, lets her eyes drift toward Sloane. Santiago trudges past them toward the lobby.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
*But the stars that marked our  
starting fall away.*

She glides over, takes Sloane's hand, quoting *The Inferno*:

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
*We must go deeper into greater  
pain...*

She plants a firm, almost feral kiss on Sloane's cheek.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
*...for it is not permitted that we  
stay.*

Lorelei drops Sloane's hand, breezes off behind Santiago.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Seventh Canto. Come!

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LOBBY - AFTERNOON**

Gemma and Sloane step into the lobby. The space is stunning. A simultaneously stark and welcoming womb-like glass box nestled in the treetops.

GEMMA  
Now *that's* what I'm talking about.

In the distance, a cluster of WOMEN IN PLUSH ROBES shuffle slowly away drinking tea and looking pained. Limping.

Sloane instantly recognizes one of them.

SLOANE  
Oh, wow. Isn't that--

Lorelei slips behind a reception desk, loudly slaps a silver fountain pen onto the warm wooden surface. SMACK!

Gemma and Sloane snap to attention, turn toward Lorelei.  
Behind her: a wall of ancient leather-bound tomes.

LORELEI  
Purity, health, greater  
intelligence.

Santiago moves past them, toward a door in the distance.  
He swipes his white bracelet across a panel near the  
doorknob. The door BUZZES quietly, opens automatically.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
The pursuit of longer life.

Santiago opens the door a crack, tosses in Gemma's tin of  
meds, her pack of cigarettes, and his car keys.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
The elimination of disease.

Gemma, barely listening, scratches at her left arm roughly.  
Quite possibly already coming down too hard.

In the distance, the Robed Women part ways for a slender  
WOMAN IN WHITE. She does not make eye contact or acknowledge  
them in any way.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
And better adjustment to the  
conditions of society.

Sloane glances toward the Woman in White, then lets her eyes  
drift to a tall glass vitrine in the center of the space.

SLOANE  
(distractedly)  
Well that's... terrifying.

The vitrine appears to be some sort of art installation. A  
two-story tall glass box full of weapons. Shotguns, rifles,  
pistols, hand grenades, daggers, machetes. You name it.

Lorelei scribbles something into a leather-bound ledger.

LORELEI  
Just a sampling of the weapons  
seized from poachers during the  
creation of the preserve.

Lorelei looks up, flashes them both a broad smile.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
From violence...

She slides two sheets of paper across the desk.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
...an oasis.

Sloane's eyes are still on the vitrine full of weapons.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Simply sign here, here, and here...

Lorelei sets her pen down in front of Gemma.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
...and our adventure shall begin.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, SEATING AREA - AFTERNOON**

Sloane and Gemma sit on a plush white sectional. Lorelei sits opposite them. Elegant and seductive.

LORELEI  
Body, mind, self.

Santiago leans in with a silver tray. On it, two steaming earthenware mugs. Gemma is the first to snatch one away.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
All shall be revitalized.

Gemma, jittery, takes a sip from her mug.

GEMMA  
Delish. What is it?

Sloane lifts her mug, takes her mug. Santiago withdraws.

LORELEI  
A proprietary blend of herbal  
extracts and chemical compounds.

Sloane takes a sip. Her face tightens.

SLOANE  
So... bitter.

Lorelei looks to Gemma just as she scratches her arm again.

LORELEI  
Being able to recognize bitterness  
helps us avoid *poisoning* ourselves.

Sloane begins to set her mug down. Lorelei swivels her eyes toward her imperiously. Sloane lifts it again.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
That's right, compliance is key.

This triggers Sloane. A sore spot. An unhealed wound.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Compliance and division.

Lorelei gestures. *Take another sip.*

Sloane hesitates, reluctantly complies. Out of habit.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
See, all complex organisms depend  
on cellular division to thrive.

Gemma switches hands with her mug, scratches at her neck.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
The end of division, senescence,  
that is the *enemy* of youth.

A woman Gemma instantly recognizes crosses the space clad in skin-tight Lycra. Her exposed (but not particularly toned) abs are dotted too with tiny blood-soaked bandages.

GEMMA  
Jess?

The woman, JESS HERNANDEZ (50s) a normally intrepid corporate raider type, looks instantly busted. Ashamed.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
I was just reading that hack job in  
FT about the board giving you...

Instead of responding, Jess simply keeps on walking.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
(perplexed)  
...the boot.

Santiago re-materializes as Jess disappears.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
(to Sloane)  
My roommate at Wharton. Undergrad.

Santiago bends toward Gemma, offers her the silver tray again. On it sit two streamlined bracelets that match his.



SANTIAGO

Silence is the ultimate amenity.

(beat)

Your room key.

Gemma narrows her eyes, lifts her wrist. Her hand shakes ever so much.

Santiago flicks the bracelet over it. And, with a series of DIGITAL TONES, it locks tight.

LORELEI

And a biometric device designed to monitor your progress.

Santiago offers the second bracelet to Sloane.

Seeming a little spooked, she warily lifts her wrist.

But as her bracelet locks, a different set of TONES.

SLOANE

Ouch! Jesus!

Gemma looks to her, sets down her nearly empty mug.

LORELEI

I should have warned you.

Sloane tries to slip her wrist out. It won't budge.

SLOANE

That hurts!

LORELEI

Just a small blood draw.

Sloane yanks at the bracelet.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

Since you did not participate in 23andMe as your friend did, we will need to sample your DNA before we finalize your regimen.

Sloane looks to Gemma, wide-eyed. Gemma forces a smile.

GEMMA

An instant of pain, a lifetime of gain. You'll get used to it.

Finally Sloane's bracelet GLOWS white like Gemma's.

LORELEI

Finish your tea. And we shall show  
you to your rooms.

Lorelei lifts her wrist. On it, an ancient-looking gold  
watch, not a bracelet.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

(to Sloane)

Then bodywork for you, to relax.

(to Gemma)

And then us chickens to the lab for  
your first infusion.

Gemma itches her arm, tries to put on a brave face.

GEMMA

Down the hatch...

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Gemma and Sloane follow Santiago and Lorelei down a dimly  
lit hallway. Their white bracelets glow faintly.

LORELEI

Endurance. Sound baths. Cryo  
therapy. Guided meditation.

Lorelei slows at a door.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

All is at your disposal.

Santiago lifts his wrist to the panel next to the knob.

CLICK. CLICK. The door WHOOSHES open.

Beyond it: a lush, lavish, luxurious, nearly all-glass room.

SLOANE

Well, that's just...

LORELEI

I hope all is to your satisfaction.

Sloane steps cautiously in.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, SLOANE'S ROOM - SAME**

Sloane's anxious eyes wash over the space.

SLOANE

Are there, um...

Santiago sets her bag down. To his left, a massive wet room. Carrera marble. Chrome. Egyptian cotton robes.

SANTIAGO  
...blinds? No.

Santiago grins.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
Most of our clients tend to  
complain of *no longer* being seen.

He waves a hand toward the verdant jungle canopy outside.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
But don't worry. There is no one  
for miles and miles to compromise  
your... *decency*.

Behind him, Lorelei continues down the hall with Gemma.

LORELEI (O.S.)  
The spa is downstairs. Ten minutes.  
Wear your robe and noting more!

Santiago spins on his heels to depart.

As he does, the woman Sloane clocked in the lobby strides slowly by, still wearing her robe.

Sloane CALLS OUT sheepishly:

SLOANE  
Mia? Mia Hall?

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, PASSAGEWAY - SAME**

The woman in the hall, MIA HALL (50s) someone formerly accustomed to seeing herself fifty feet tall on the silver screen, pauses briefly.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Huge fan.

Mia swivels toward Sloane, also seeming busted. Or annoyed.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
"Missus MacMillan's Joyful Mister  
Miracle" most especially.

Mia's face shifts from a strained blankness to a flicker of fondness. Then nothing but regret.

MIA  
Fucking Hallmark Channel. I used to  
have a career.

And, with that, she abruptly disappears.

Sloane just stands there, cursing herself.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, GEMMA'S ROOM - SAME**

Lorelei slows at the door to Gemma's room. Santiago jogs  
down the hall after them.

GEMMA  
Where do we start? A peel?  
Microderm? Filler? Because I just--

LORELEI  
You *are* curious. Shame she  
underestimates your intellect.

Broad smile from Lorelei. Antsy silence from Gemma.

Santiago unlocks, pushes open the door. It's even more luxe.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
As a Life Path Five, you must learn  
to value moderation.

Barely hearing her, Gemma steps inside.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
And discover healthier ways to blot  
out your pain.

Gemma slows, points up to a pair of long, hollowed-out  
wooden objects arrayed on the far wall.

GEMMA  
What're those?

Lorelei smiles bewitchingly.

LORELEI  
Kichwa blowguns. The primitives  
indigenous to this forest used to  
hunt with darts rubbed against the  
skin of tree frogs. The toxin is  
survivable... in small doses.

Lorelei steps up, wraps Gemma in her arms. Motherly.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
 But there's no need to trouble  
 yourself with such details.

Gemma, normally chemically chill, seems entirely on-edge.

Lorelei gently lets her go, pulls away.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
 Together we shall work wonders!

Lorelei abruptly CLAPS her hands together. The sound is jarringly loud. A boney THUNDERCLAP.

Gemma instantly crumples to the ground in a heap!

And, from the wet room, in saunters a naked, nubile young woman who resembles Gemma in nearly every way.

Meet: YOUNG GEMMA (20s) her masterfully-constructed, genetically engineered, entirely flawless duplicate.

Santiago leers at her lustfully, bends to scoop the original Gemma up off the floor. She's heavier than he thought.

Lorelei, beaming, turns toward Young Gemma.

LORELEI  
*Bleiben Sie bei ihr, bis die  
 Übertragung abgeschlossen ist.*

We do not get subtitles.

Young Gemma nods obediently, crawls up and onto the bed with her radiant eyes affixed to Gemma's limp body.

YOUNG GEMMA  
 So, like, soft. In the middle.

Lorelei nods, wags her chin toward Santiago.

LORELEI  
 Get her to the lab for detox before  
 the other arrives to the spa.

SANTIAGO  
 Yes, Mother.

He steps out carrying Gemma's lifeless body.

Young Gemma pulls a bundle of cables out of a recessed panel in the headboard, dons a tiara-like electronic device.

Lorelei smiles confidently. Everything's going to plan.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, SLOANE'S ROOM - SAME**

Sloane paces at the foot of her bed, one hand reflexively rubbing the scar above her eyebrow.

On the bed sits a plush white robe.

SLOANE  
 "Missus MacMillan's Joyful Mister  
 Miracle" most especially?  
 (beat)  
 Idiot.

Sloane catches a glimpse herself in the massive bathroom mirror, doesn't like what she sees. Again.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
 He's right. You *are* invisible.

Sloane tries to steel herself, will herself back. Fails.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
 Fuck it.  
 (mantra-like)  
 An instant of pain, a lifetime of--

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER**

Lorelei and Santiago enter an incongruously sophisticated, brightly-lit laboratory somewhere inside the compound.

Beakers, gene sequencers, surgical robots. Gear no one would ever expect to see inside a posh spa in the jungle.

Still carrying Gemma's body, Santiago moves toward a circular ring of coffin-shaped clear glass pods.

In each pod, what appear to be bodies. Women's bodies.

LORELEI  
 As with the others, salvage  
 whatever remains.

SANTIAGO  
 Yes, Mother.

At the center sits a larger pod. Braided strands of sterile surgical tubing lead up from each pod, then down from the ceiling and into the pod at the center.

LORELEI  
 If they fail, start over. Survival  
 of the fittest.

Santiago pauses at an apparently empty pods in the outer ring, presses a few keys on its thin glass display.

WHOOSH! The glass canopy lifts, and Santiago gently lowers Gemma's body into the pod.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

All they do is complain about the patriarchy. But it is entirely of their own creation.

SANTIAGO

What if we can't complete full transference in time? Their language modules alone--

Lorelei steps over, stabs at the screen on the next pod over. WHOOSH! It opens too.

In it sits a mass of flesh-like material surrounded by silver nozzles connected to titanium armatures.

LORELEI

*Liebling.*

Lorelei leans over the open pod. The blue/white light emanating from it illuminates her face harshly.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

You worry too much.

Behind her, Santiago lowers a FLASHING cranial rig down onto Gemma's head, tears open an alcohol swab, douses her arm.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

(into the pod)

For centuries, women have been the fairer, weaker sex. But no longer.

Lorelei reaches in, caresses the mass of unfinished flesh.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

*Übermensch?*

Lorelei smiles the broadest of smiles. Like a proud parent.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

(ferociously)

*Überfrauen!*

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, SPA - MOMENTS LATER**

Sloane stands in her robe inside of the cocoon-like anteroom of the resort's spa, looking exposed.

Water BURBLES from an alabaster fountain. Soothing MUSIC echoes from hidden speakers.

A door in the distance slowly CREAKS open. A wall of steam billows slowly out. From the steam: a WOMAN'S VOICE:

DONNA  
Motherfuckers valued brainless  
clickbait over hard news.

Out of the cloud steps DONNA JONES (50s) a woman hardened by years in the newsroom bullpen.

She wears nothing but a towel.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Oh, I thought--

Sloane forces a smile, steps forward, one hand extended.

SLOANE  
Sloane.

DONNA  
Donna. Donna Jones.

SLOANE  
Now I understand the NDA.

DONNA  
Excuse me?

SLOANE  
(proudly)  
Canceled my subscription when they  
wouldn't run your editorial.

Donna finally takes Sloane's hand, shakes it.

DONNA  
Thank you. That means...

Sloane continues shaking her hand a tad too long.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
...a lot.

From beyond the steam another WOMAN'S VOICE:

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Spineless bastards!

Suddenly, Lorelei steps up behind Sloane.



Donna quickly lets go of her hand, spins, snatches up a waiting glass of cucumber water, retreats into the fog.

LORELEI  
Now, as a Life Path Two--

Sloane just stands there staring at the settling steam bank.

SLOANE  
I'm sorry?

Lorelei smiles condescendingly.

LORELEI  
Starstruck is not a good look.

Sloane spins slowly toward her.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
You must learn to love and believe  
in *yourself* above all others.

Lorelei leans closer.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Take more than you give.

SLOANE  
Where's Gemma?

Lorelei lifts a hand to Sloane's face.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
I know. You have been through so  
much. You both have.

Lorelei caresses Sloane's cheek. The one with the scar.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Infertile. *Institutionalized*.

Sloane barely represses a GASP.

SLOANE  
How could you possibly--

LORELEI  
*Shhh.*

Lorelei lets go of Sloane's cheek, kisses her gently on the forehead. Near the other scar.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
And poor Gemma. Her father--

SLOANE  
Where the hell is she?

LORELEI  
Why, already receiving her first  
infusion, my dear.

Lorelei slowly steps back.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
She is, as you say, a pro.

Sloane just stares, searches for a response.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
And, yes, we do our research.

Sloane's face hardens again.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Now, I cannot guarantee renewed  
ovulation. But, by injecting  
platelet-rich plasma--

SLOANE  
Wait one fucking minute.

Lorelei closes her eyes. Sloane's body SHUDDERS like she's  
briefly come un-moored, untethered.

LORELEI  
We must face the pain of the past.

Lorelei turns, heads for the door.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
So that your new selves can thrive.

She gestures left, toward an arched passageway.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Step into your room, disrobe. Your  
masseur will arrive momentarily.

Lorelei continues, away.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Relaxation in moderation opens the  
door to transformation in excess!

WHOOSH. She's gone like a passing phantom.

SLOANE  
This can't be--

Silence. Just the BURBLING of the water over alabaster.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
There's no way she could--

Sloane paces again. A fish out of water.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Alright, alright, alright.

Sloane slows, takes a deep breath. Exhales slowly.

SLOANE  
It's all just part of the--

*No, it's not.*

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Bullshit!

Sloane lifts a finger to her scar, massages it.

DONG!

From the arched passageway, the sound of a TIBETAN PRAYER BOWL being struck by a wooden mallet.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Okay, alright. They're here.

DONG!

Another toll from the distance.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
You're here.

DONG!

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
It's a massage. How hard can it--

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, MASSAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Lying nude face-down on a massage table, Sloane MOANS:

SLOANE  
Oh my god!

Across the table, the same statuesque Woman in White sweeps her manicured fingers along both sides of Sloane's spine.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Yes. Yessss.

The woman's bracelet FLASHES at key points as if confirming the topography of every vertebrae, every pore.

As if she's scanning Sloane's body. Literally.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
That feels so...

The Woman in White reaches across herself to a silver tray, pulls a small syringe from the tray, JABS Sloane with it.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Ouch.

The Woman in White smooths the spot. Instantly numbing.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Oh, wow.

The Woman in White trades the syringe for a scalpel, makes a small incision, lifts a postage stamp sized piece of flesh, nips it into a waiting vial.

With her other hand, the Woman in White keeps working. Her bracelet continues PULSING. Still scanning.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
I don't... normally... do deep...  
tissue.

Sloane EXHALES deeply. A tiny rivulet of blood runs down her back to the table. The Woman in White dabs it quickly up.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Hurts. Too. Much.

**INT. WAYRA LOGE, LABORATORY - SAME**

Santiago stands before the open pod with the mass of fleshy material from earlier.

Now though, the mass itself roughly resembles the naked form of Sloane's body. Prone just like she is.

In the distance, Lorelei prepares the larger pod in the center of the space for some sort of procedure.

LORELEI  
Isolate the viable cells. Recode  
their transcriptional profiles.

Santiago nods, turns back toward Gemma's pod.

In it, Gemma rests. A thick red liquid runs up and away from the ports in each of her arms.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

A dimly-lit, oversized formal dining room.

Sloane and Gemma (the actual Gemma again) sit at one end of a communal table. Santiago and his mother sit at the other.

Between them sit all of the other women we've seen so far plus two more: the woman we saw run through the jungle and another woman (whose voice we heard from the steam room).

The former now seems infinitely younger. Lithe. Fit. Glowing as if from within. And she eats like a ravenous beast.

The later, PRISHA SINGH (50s) a beatific, platitude chirping influencer type, just stares at the carnage.

PRISHA

(faint Indian accent)

You really should try my Rose  
Colored Glasses Diet. The lenses  
prevent overeating by making food  
look less--

The ravenous woman opposite her is Nikki Taylor (50s going on 20s) aka YOUNG NIKKI, the original's cunning duplicate.

YOUNG NIKKI

Diets are for suckers.

Sloane grins, seeming almost blissful. Like she's just had the massage of a lifetime.

SLOANE

Could not agree more.

Next to her, Gemma looks out of it. Exhausted. Spent. Literally drained.

LORELEI

And for your main...

The same statuesque Woman in White enters, wordlessly sets sterling silver cloches down in front of Sloane and Gemma.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

...seared Ecuadorian sea scallops.

The Woman in White showily reveals each dish. Her face, again, betrays no emotion. No life.

As blank as her formfitting dress is white.

GEMMA  
God, my head hurts.

SLOANE  
A little pain...

Gemma glares at Sloane, rubs her temples.

Across the table, Jess finally pipes up:

JESS  
Probably should have considered  
tapering down beforehand.

Sloane does a double-take.

SLOANE  
That's what I said.

Further down the table, Mia (the actress) rolls her eyes.  
Donna (the journalist) does the same.

Prisha lifts her fork. It seems to take effort. She turns  
toward Lorelei and Santiago.

PRISHA  
What happened to Elizabeth?

LORELEI  
Sadly, Miss Phillips had to...  
*depart* prematurely.

MIA  
Fuck that bitch.

DONNA  
Hey!

MIA  
What? Wannabe boys club hard-ass  
got me fired before they sold the  
studio out from under her...  
(takes a bite)  
...for the fucking real estate.

All of the other women continue staring at Young Nikki for  
an overlong moment. Suspicion mingled with admiration.

MIA (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ, Nikki. You look so  
fucking good right now!

JESS  
Doesn't she?

DONNA  
Like, an *entirely* different person.

PRISHA  
You're not kidding. I mean, not  
that I doubted the process would--

The Woman in White disappears and then instantly reappears,  
bearing more dishes. Way too fast.

Only Gemma seems to perplexedly clock it. *What the...*

Lorelei turns toward Sloane.

LORELEI  
I trust your massage was  
satisfactory.

Sloane lifts her knife and fork, famished.

SLOANE  
Unexpectedly, yeah.

LORELEI  
Good, good. Here, unlike elsewhere,  
your pleasure is paramount.

Everyone but Young Nikki seems to subtly balk.

JESS  
Pleasure it *not* the word I'd--

SLOANE  
(chewing)  
Oh, man!

The Woman in White disappears and reappears again, seeming  
to be in two places at once.

LORELEI  
(to Sloane)  
I should apologize, for earlier.

Gemma narrows her bloodshot eyes. Everyone else looks away.

GEMMA  
Huh?

The Woman in White pours a bright green liquid from a  
pitcher into glass goblets before Sloane and Gemma.

LORELEI

But past trauma unexamined adds  
stress. And stress adds age. Age is  
the enemy of progress, yes?

Gemma reaches out for her goblet, takes a sip, winces.

Lorelei smiles.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

Two things for tomorrow.

Lorelei surgically draws her knife across a glistening  
scallop, lifts a morsel to her lips, chews.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

You must push yourselves to the  
point of exhaustion so that we can  
gather as much... *data* as possible.

She finds her napkin, dabs lightly at her blood red lips.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

Physically and emotionally. So,  
tell the truth at all times.

Beat.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

Don't be the polite little girls  
society has beaten you into  
becoming.

Daintily returning her napkin to her lap, Lorelei reaches  
out for her own goblet of green sludge.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

Instead, be *ferocious*.

Lorelei takes a sip, looks proudly to Young Nikki now  
guzzling scallops. Santiago CHIMES IN:

SANTIAGO

And sleep in your workout gear.  
It'll make things easier in the AM.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, SLOANE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Sloane and Gemma lie on their backs on Sloane's bed.

GEMMA

I think all he wanted was a boy.  
That's why he was so rough on me.



Sloane nods, rub something on her back. The incision.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

So, I got rough too. Built up a fiery moat to keep people out, prevent myself from feeling.

(air quotes)

Thus all my 'medicine'.

Gemma blinks. A hint of real emotion. But she tamps it down.

GEMMA

Because that's what I am. A fucking badass in the boardroom. And a basket case in the bedroom. Just like Jess.

SLOANE

You should have told me.

GEMMA

Not even my stupid therapist knows.

Gemma clenches her jaw. Wills away the pain.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

We'll be fine. He cheated on you. Fuck him. Amelia stole your client. So what? You'll land another.

SLOANE

I don't think--

GEMMA

You gotta put on a brave fucking flawless face like all of those surly-ass mean girls. That's why we're here. All of us. Right?

Sloane draws a breath, closes her eyes.

SLOANE

I was fourteen and this new girl moved to town. Cora. She had it all. Beautiful. Carefree. Hard as nails. Everyone wanted her. Or, in my case, wanted to be her. She would lend me her clothes. Do my make-up. Dye my hair. We'd listen to New Order. Depeche Mode. The Cure. Smoke clove cigarettes and get fucked up. Mom sent me away to boarding school. I flunked out, came home.

(MORE)

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
 And Cora wanted nothing to do with  
 me anymore. Wouldn't talk to me.  
 Wouldn't see me. Like I was damaged  
 goods or something.

(beat)  
 So, one night, I smashed open my  
 mom's medicine cabinet.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]**

TEENAGED SLOANE (14, no scars) stands before a mirrored  
 medicine cabinet inside a very 80s master bathroom.

A single tear runs down her acne-dotted cheek.

Then, in a fit of rage, she **SLAMS** both fists against the  
 mirror - as if to obliterate her own reflection.

And, in SLOW MOTION, bits of mirrored glass fly everywhere!

Two razor sharp, jagged fragments (each, like the rest,  
 reflecting Sloane's face) slice through the air toward her.

One catches her just above the eyebrow. The other, just  
 below her cheek. The blood flows instantly.

END FLASHBACK.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, SLOANE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Gemma nods slowly to herself. *Now it all makes sense.*

SLOANE  
 Just... *shattered* it.  
 (beat)  
 And took everything I could find.

Sloane opens her eyes.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
 When they found me, I was right on  
 the edge. Almost made it. So they  
 pumped my stomach and sent me away  
 to the loony bin.  
 (beat)  
 And the rest is history.

Silence.

**EXT. WAYRA LODGE, SLOANE'S ROOM - SAME**

Young Gemma stands on a tree branch just outside the window  
 to Sloane's room, gazing in.

She's perched like a puma in a space-aged, high-tech, form-fitting bodysuit. A good sixty feet up.

YOUNG GEMMA

Lame. I thought we were friends.

Out of nowhere, Young Nikki swings down onto the branch next to her. She wags her head side-to-side. Her chiseled cheekbones and flawless skin glow in the moonlight.

YOUNG NIKKI

Who keeps a secret like that?

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, SLOANE'S ROOM - SAME**

Gemma reaches over, takes Sloane hand.

GEMMA

Maybe what's her name's right. Not talking about this shit just holds us back. From here on out, the straight dope 24/7 365. Deal?

SLOANE

Deal.

Both women close their eyes. Bonded.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, SLOANE'S ROOM - PRE-DAWN**

BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ!

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

A deafening FIRE ALARM blares inside of Sloane's room.

SLOANE

What the--

Sloane LEAPS out of bed, dressed in all-Lycra. Her hair is a crazy rat's nest.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, GEMMA'S ROOM - SAME**

BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ!

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

The alarm continues. But instead of jumping out of bed, Gemma GROANS, pulls the covers up over her head.

GEMMA

Leave. Me. ALONE!

From just beyond her door, a VOICE:

SANTIAGO (O.S.)  
The roof! Now!

**EXT. WAYRA LODGE, ROOF - DAWN**

Sloane and Gemma stand side-by-side on the roof next to Mia, Prisha, Donna, and Jess.

Hints of sunrise paint the low-hanging fog with fringes of pink and gold.

Young Nikki is conspicuously absent.

Lorelei stands opposite the gaggle of women. Beyond her, also dressed in Lycra, Santiago stretches.

LORELEI  
Disgusting. Revolting. Repellant.

Sloane and Gemma tug at their Lycra like they don't know what to do with their hands.

Gemma and Jess swap a quick, competitive glare.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Unattractive. Obsolete.

Lorelei strides between them like a commanding officer.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
*Hysterical.*

Santiago jogs in-place like an effete Rocky.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
These are all terms used to  
describe women of a certain age.

Sloane gazes past Lorelei toward a cluster of heavy-duty machines with cables snaking out of them.

Each industrial device is emblazoned with a bright red sign reading: HYDROGEN FIRE HAZARD NO SMOKING.

Sloane wags her head toward Donna.

SLOANE  
(to Donna)  
So, that's how they power the--

DONNA  
And?

Lorelei stares at them impatiently. Donna looks away first.

LORELEI

And they are all true. Women are weak. Vain. Deferential to a fault. The product of *generations* of servitude and repression.

Sloane cocks her head. *Wait, what now?*

LORELEI (CONT'D)

Men compete over what they achieve. Women compete over how they *appear*.

Lorelei leans toward Gemma. Too close for comfort.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

Ruthlessly undermining each other at every step. Such a waste.

She reaches her hand out, lightly pinches up a bit of flab just above Gemma's hip bone.

All the other women watch seeming to have been through all of this (and maybe worse) already.

GEMMA

Is this really--

JESS

Yep.

LORELEI

Biological differences *do* diminish sexual equality. Women are proof.

She lets go of Gemma's love handle, turns, continues pacing.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

We must *overcome* those differences to be truly free. We need Darwinism not Feminism.

In the background, Santiago does jumping jacks - his bugling package made more apparent with every scissor stride.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

Equality through maximal struggle.

Santiago pauses, saunters slyly over as if on cue.

Sloane averts her eyes in disgust.

SANTIAGO  
Who's afraid of heights?

**EXT. WAYRA LODGE, GONDOLA - MORNING**

Amid a cacophony of JUNGLE NOISES, all six women stand inside a rickety-looking gondola attached to a rusty cable.

Santiago steps into the gondola, closes the gate.

SANTIAGO  
Four miles through the jungle to  
the waterfall and back. You lag  
behind you get left behind.

There are no safety harnesses. No seat belts. Just an open metal cage on wheels which sways in the faint breeze.

Santiago grips a latch above their heads.

SLOANE  
What does this have to do with--

PRISHA  
(rote)  
Testing our max O2, heart rate,  
fear response. You know, Cortisol.

GEMMA  
Um...

SANTIAGO  
You came here to find the fountain  
of youth, yes?

Gemma nods, wary.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
Good. Just don't drink the water.

Each woman grabs onto whatever they can get a hold of.

SLOANE  
If there's not a fountain of youth  
down there, two stars on--

**BANG!**

Santiago throws the latch and the gondola ROCKETS DOWN into the canopy, instantly disappearing from view.

All we hear is Sloane and Gemma SCREAMING.

Still on the roof, Lorelei smiles.

LORELEI  
*Citius, Altius, Fortius.*

Yes. The Latin Olympic motto. Faster, higher, stronger.  
 Young Nikki materializes, steps up next to her.

YOUNG NIKKI  
 What now?

LORELEI  
 Go attend to your remains.

**EXT. JUNGLE, PLATFORM - MORNING**

The gondola SCREECHES to a halt above a moss-covered platform in the middle of the jungle.

Santiago LEAPS out, takes off running.

SANTIAGO  
 Well, come on! Get OUT!

Gemma is the first to budge. She pushes Jess out of the way, jumps out of the gondola, jogs off.

GEMMA  
 See ya. Wouldn't wanna be ya.

All the other women hop out, take off. Sloane just watches.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
 You heard the perv! Out!

Sloane SIGHS, staggers out, finally takes off after them.

**EXT. JUNGLE, PATH - CONTINUOUS**

With Santiago BOBBING and WEAVING through the verdant jungle, Gemma struggles to keep up.

Behind the rest of the pack, Sloane gallops awkwardly, already WHEEZING.

Deep in the trees to her left, Young Gemma sprints like a jungle cat. Like a nubile predator.

SLOANE  
 This is *precisely* why I don't--

Sloane catches a brief glimpse of Young Gemma on the run.

Off in the distance, the *actual* Gemma SHOUTS:

GEMMA (O.S.)  
Un-fucking-real!!

Jess slows, Sloane passes her, perplexed.

JESS  
I'd watch out for that one. She'll  
drop you in a hot second for anyone  
who can get her up the ladder  
faster.

Sloane slows. Jess speeds up. Prisha falls in behind her.

PRISHA  
(to Sloane)  
She's just jealous your bestie made  
the cover of Bloomberg.

SLOANE  
Oh, she's not... We're not... We're  
more like--

Prisha speeds up, leaving Mia and Sloane in her wake.

Mia stops dead, hands on her knees GASPING.

Sloane jogs slowly past her.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Sorry again for fangirling out on  
you like that.

Mia just bats her had at Sloane. Go... Go...

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
That movie just--

MIA  
Shut. The fuck. Up. And run.

Sloane, looking wounded, obliges.

SLOANE  
Meant a lot to me. At the time.

With everyone gone, Mia finally stands back up, eyes on the  
leafy canopy, gulping down air.

From behind her:

YOUNG MIA (O.S.)  
No wonder you can't get roles.  
You've surrendered all agency.



Mia cocks her head, slowly turns around.

MIA  
 (winded)  
 God, if I only still had an agent.  
 All my problems would be--

WHOOSH!

From out of nowhere, a primitive bola (basically, two fist-sized rocks tied to the ends of thick length of vine) hurtles through the air, hits Mia in the neck.

The force throws her backward into a tree. The rocks WHIP around and around, wrap the vine tightly around her neck as she struggles to free herself.

From out of the canopy steps her younger carbon copy, YOUNG MIA (20s) fit as a fiddle and raring to go.

MIA (CONT'D)  
 (barely audible)  
 The fuuuuu--

Young Mia saunters toward her like an A-list starlet.

YOUNG MIA  
 Time for your close-up, skank.

Mia kicks at her furiously. It's a pitiful display of total desperation. Like a fish trapped in a net.

MIA  
 What. Are. You?

Young Mia smiles ear-to-ear. A vision.

YOUNG MIA  
 Tune in for next week's episode of  
 "Dancing with the D-List Deadbeats"  
 to find out...

Young Mia bends, picks up a mossy boulder with one hand, SMASHES it into the face of her elder double.

Blood, brain, and bits of skull go flying.

YOUNG MIA (CONT'D)  
 ...or not.

Vicious, predatory grin.

**EXT. JUNGLE, WATERFALL - LATER**

Santiago blasts through the vine-covered trees and skids to a stop before a crystal-clear pool of vividly blue water.

Beyond the pool, a towering stone cliff. And from the top of the cliff, a perfect waterfall. Unbelievably picturesque.

Gemma, slides to a stop next to him. Stone cold sober.

GEMMA

Dude.

SANTIAGO

Who needs the fountain of youth  
when you have the Garden of Eden?

He springs from the path and onto a glistening boulder just as Donna, Jess, and Prisha emerge from the trees.

Without looking back, Santiago bounds from boulder-to-boulder toward the foot of the cliff.

Prisha takes off after him.

PRISHA

Blocking Cdk5 enzymes can lead to  
reduced stress and thus reduced  
cellular aging. Apparently.

Jess and Donna share a quick look.

DONNA

If she's such a fucking health  
guru, why the hell's she here?

JESS

Well, fifty million followers can't  
be *that* wrong.

Jess leaps onto her first boulder, catches her balance.  
Donna does the same.

DONNA

Good point.

Gulping down air, Sloane tumbles out of the trees. Gemma points ahead to Santiago who is now climbing the cliff face.

SLOANE

Oh, hell no.

Young Mia emerges from the trees behind her looking, well, amazing. Only Gemma seems to clock the improvement.

GEMMA  
Wowsie. Look at you.

Young Mia leaps past her just as, in the distance, Young Gemma disappears around the far side of the cliff.

Sloane and Gemma of course don't clock her.

**EXT. JUNGLE, CLIFF - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane and Gemma scale the mossy, mist-shrouded cliff like complete, practiced experts. Shocker.

Only Young Mia can keep pace as Jess, Donna, and Prisha lag way behind. Too cautious. Novices.

GEMMA  
Climbing gym, baby!

YOUNG MIA  
Fuck yeah!

Jess SHOUTS from below:

JESS  
Stuff it, showoffs!

SLOANE  
(to Gemma)  
Can't picture you two as roommates.

GEMMA  
Me neither, now.

Gemma reaches for a gutsy hold, makes it. Sloane looks to her, smiles.

SLOANE  
That's the way.

Behind them all, Prisha pauses. Her arms quake. Her eyes are full of fear. Petrified.

No one else notices. They just leave her in their dust.

SANTIAGO (O.S.)  
(from above)  
C'mon ladies. Move your asses!

Young Mia blasts past Sloane and Gemma. Fearless.

GEMMA  
(to Sloane)  
I take back everything I said.

Down below, just beyond Jess and Donna, a MUFFLED SCREAM.

Then a meaty THUD.

Everyone pauses, looks down.

But there's Prisha still (or so it seems). She looks up, starts climbing like an Olympian. Like a master.

It's only as she sails past Jess and Donna that we notice the band of gray in her hair is now jet black.

And her ridiculously ripped biceps, triceps, and delts don't quiver or quake in the slightest.

Yep. Meet YOUNG PRISHA (20s), newly radiant.

JESS

What the...

DONNA

Enzymes, huh?

**EXT. JUNGLE, CLIFF BASE - SAME**

Thrown just out of view, the actual Prisha lies IMPALED on a jagged conical rock formation at the foot of the cliff.

Blood gushes in waves while she GASPS:

PRISHA

Help. Me...

Sorry, nope.

**EXT. JUNGLE, CLIFFTOP - MORNING**

Sloane, Gemma, Jess, Donna, Young Prisha, and Young Mia stand in a cluster opposite Santiago at the summit.

Only Sloane and Gemma seem elated beyond belief.

Young Prisha and Young Mia appear bored and annoyed.

Jess and Donna are wrecked, bloody hands on their knees. Like they've done this far too many times by now.

SLOANE

I've never done anything like that  
in my entire life!

Gemma leans out over the edge, peers down to the pool below. Moisture from the waterfall blankets her face.

GEMMA  
Sobriety rules!

JESS  
You, sober? Don't make me laugh.

Jess promptly starts HACKING up a lung.

Donna looks to the sky.

DONNA  
I'm so over this shitho...

Her eyes finally snag on Young Prisha's impossibly un-aged visage. And her insane physique.

Then her eyes dart enviously to Young Mia.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Scratch that. You two look fucking  
fab all of a--

YOUNG PRISHA  
Thank you very much...

Young Prisha flashes Donna and Jess double middles as she strides backward toward the edge of the cliff, spins, and leaps into the mists.

YOUNG PRISHA (O.S.)  
...losers!

Young Mia swan dives after her, WAILING:

YOUNG MIA (O.S.)  
So freaking mid!

Jess and Donna lock eyes, confused.

JESS  
Mid?

DONNA  
Mid?

Santiago steps up behind Donna, places a hand on her back.

SANTIAGO  
As in mediocre.

Donna draws a breath to ask a follow-up. But before she can, Santiago gives her a FIRM SHOVE!

And she PLUMMETS over the edge, through the waterfall, and down toward the placid pool below. SCREAMING bloody murder.

Jess LUNGES at Santiago.

JESS  
You son of a--

Saying nothing, Santiago lifts his wrist. On his bracelet, numbers flash.

SANTIAGO  
Wait for it.

SPLASH!

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
Cortisol. Way too high.

From down below:

DONNA (O.S.)  
OhmygodohmygodohmyGOD!!

Santiago steps toward Jess. She steps back.

JESS  
Don't you *fucking* touch me!

SANTIAGO  
I'd prefer not to.

From down below:

DONNA (O.S.)  
INFUCKINGSANE!!

SANTIAGO  
I think she just mogged you, yes?

Santiago steps closer. She lifts her hands.

JESS  
I beg your--

From down below, another WHOOP. Or is it a SCREAM?

Then, SPLASHING. The sound of desperate THRASHING.

JESS (CONT'D)  
(over her shoulder)  
Donna?

No answer.

**EXT. JUNGLE, POOL - SAME**

Down at the foot of the waterfall, two women struggle violently to survive.

You guessed it.

Meet YOUNG DONNA (20s) high cheekbones, perfect skin, the dead eyes of a blood lusty beast of prey.

DONNA  
(barely audible)  
Stop it! Stop it! Stop!

Young Donna grabs her elder self by her hair, drags her underwater with overwhelming cruelty and strength.

From below the surface: more trashing, more bubbles.

Young Mia just treads water next to her, watches blissfully.

YOUNG DONNA  
(toward the water)  
All those years trying to prove  
yourself to the big boys in the  
newsroom and for what?!

Donna briefly breaks free, bobs up, gulps down a breath, eyes full of terror (and confusion).

YOUNG MIA  
Finish this NPC already.

YOUNG DONNA  
I'm trying.

Donna scratches at Young Donna's arms, tries to reach the surface again.

Instead, Young Donna grabs her by the chin, twists.

Vertebrae and cartilage SNAP, CRACKLE, and POP as Donna's body goes instantly still.

YOUNG MIA  
Radness.

From above, again:

JESS (O.S.)  
Mia?!

Young Donna forcefully SHOVES the suddenly lifeless body of her older model deeper into the water.

Donna's corpse drifts behind the waterfall, discarded like a useless piece of garbage.

YOUNG DONNA  
 (up to the rest)  
 Do it or get owned, noobs!

YOUNG MIA  
 It's gorge down here!!

**EXT. JUNGLE, CLIFFTOP - SAME TIME**

Santiago looks to Jess, Sloane, and Gemma.

SANTIAGO  
 You heard her.

Without waiting for the next word, Gemma SLAMS her eyes shut, SPINS on her heels, and LEAPS from the edge!

After an overlong few seconds: SPLASH!

All three women SCREAM victoriously from below.

GEMMA (O.S.)  
 OhmyfreakingGAWD!!

Sloane looks to Jess.

SLOANE  
 I don't quite know what your beef with her is. But I'm pretty sure she wouldn't leave me hanging.

And, with that, Sloane follows her friend over the edge.

SPLASH!

Jess looks to Santiago.

JESS  
 This place fucking sucks.

Santiago SIGHS.

SANTIAGO  
 No pain, no...

WHOOSH!

He shoves her over the edge from behind.

SPLASH!

More HOOTING and HOLLERING from below as Santiago dusts his hands off together. Like he touched something dirty.



Unexpectedly, Young Gemma step up next to him.

YOUNG GEMMA  
My turn?

SANTIAGO  
Not yet. Mother first.

Young Gemma pouts.

YOUNG GEMMA  
But they all go to...

SANTIAGO  
You'll have your fun. In time.

Weirdly, she sounds like Gemma. But not quite. More annoying Gen-Z than (reluctantly) wizened Gen-X.

**EXT. WAYRA LODGE, ROOF - LATER**

Intoxicated by the endorphins coursing through their veins, Sloane and Gemma towel off back on the roof opposite the three youngs and an old.

GEMMA  
(to Sloane)  
Told ya.

She wags her head toward Young Mia, Young Prisha, and Young Donna. Even Jess (who looks spent) nods.

JESS  
Guess it works after all.

The gondola car swings on the cable behind them.

SANTIAGO  
Lunch. You've earned it. Then...  
(points to Gemma)  
...you back to the lab for your  
second infusion.

GEMMA  
Alright.

Gemma lifts a hand to scratch again, notices, doesn't.

SANTIAGO  
(points to Sloane)  
And you to Mother's office for your  
intention assessment.

GEMMA  
Don't you mean ceremony?

JESS  
No, that's tonight.

Santiago turns to go.

SANTIAGO  
The rest of you, go tidy up.

As he departs, Sloane dumps her towel.

SLOANE  
C'mon. I'm starved.

She and Gemma take off after Santiago, followed by the youngs. Jess hangs back, still drying her hair.

THUMP.

The door to the roof slams shut behind Young Prisha.

Jess lowers her towel, gazes out toward the jungle, SIGHS.

JESS  
So weird. I don't feel any--

SMASH!

Jess takes a single blow to the head from behind from what appears to be the blade of a shovel.

She stumbles forward, stunned. Blood oozes down her neck and face from a terrifying gash in her scalp.

YOUNG JESS  
Survival of the fittest? More like  
demise of the fucking droopy.

YOUNG JESS (20s) lean + mean, steps forward, swings the spade again. This time, Jess catches it. Stops it.

JESS  
I *fucking* knew it!

Her entire face is bathed in blood.

YOUNG JESS  
Oh no u di'n't.

Young Jess tries to yank the shovel back. Instead, Jess lets out a FEROCIOUS ROAR:

JESS  
GAAAAAAHHHHHH!

And, with a dizzying almost balletic flare, she FLIPS her younger self into the air and onto her back on the roof.

THUD!

Jess summons all her strength, shoves the handle into Young Jess' larynx.

JESS  
Whatever the fuck you are, you're  
so fucking FIRED!

A unexpected flash of terror fills Young Jess' eyes.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Jess RAMS the handle down onto Young Jess' throat. Blood flies from Jess' gushing scalp with each impact.

YOUNG JESS  
(gurgling)  
Enough. Enough. Uncle! Uncle!

Jess hesitates briefly. Young Jess smiles.

YOUNG JESS (CONT'D)  
So Ohio.

Young Jess LEAPS to her feet, SNATCHES away the shovel, SNAPS the handle in half across her own bare kneecap.

Jess, fading, stumbles blindly backward.

JESS  
This can't be... You can't--

Young Jess flips the handle over in one hand, brandishes the jagged wooden edge like a knife.

YOUNG JESS  
See, now. That's, like, exactly  
what's wrong with your generation.

Young Jess takes a step forward. Jess stutter-steps back, leaving a bloody smear.

YOUNG JESS (CONT'D)  
Always saying yes to everyone else.  
And no to your self.

JESS

Wait...

YOUNG JESS

Nope.

Young Jess STABS her in the chest, then in the abdomen. The force of the second blow spins Jess around.

YOUNG JESS (CONT'D)

Not any more.

THUMP!

Young Jess skewers Jess again like a bloody martini olive, runs her across the roof and over the edge.

YOUNG JESS (CONT'D)

(barely winded)

It's our turn now.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LORELEI'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

Having changed out of her waterlogged Lycra, Sloane steps slowly up to a frosted glass door, lifts a hand to knock.

The door BUZZES quietly and then POPS open.

LORELEI (O.S.)

Come in, dear. You're just in time.

Sloane pushes the door further open, steps inside.

The place is immaculate. Glass and stainless steel. Lorelei sits in the center of the space at a black marble desk.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I won't bite.

To her right, another wall of glass. But this one looks out into the lab from earlier.

SLOANE

(eyes on the lab)

Oh, wow.

Through the glass: the ring of pods.

One glass dome is closed. The one presumably still forming Young Sloane. Nothing inside it is visible.

LORELEI

Impressive, I know.

Sloane walks slowly forward, eyes on the lab.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Please, sit.

Sloane reaches for a chair across from Lorelei just as (the actual) Gemma steps into the lab, waves giddily.

She's wearing a sleek body suit. Her midsection is exposed. And she has electrodes stuck to her temples and chest.

Sloane waves warily back.

The Woman in White guides Gemma on.

SLOANE  
Why all the... telemetry?

The Woman in White presses a button on one of the pods. It LIGHTS UP. The glass dome opens.

LORELEI  
To monitor effectiveness.

The Woman in White gestures for Gemma to lay down inside the pod. Gemma looks to Sloane with a kid-like grin, does.

SLOANE  
Of what?

LORELEI  
Why, Rejuvenation, of course.

In a swift flurry of movement, The Woman in White swabs Gemma's arm, turns, and then sinks a long IV needle into it.

Sloane GASPS.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LABORATORY - SAME**

Gemma winces, lies back on the pillow inside the pod.

A clear line leading to the needle in her arm fills with a viscous translucent fluid, pumps it into her arm.

GEMMA  
What... What is that?

The Woman in White says nothing. Instead, she quickly swabs Gemma's abdomen with iodine as if to ready her for surgery.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
Oh, yeah.

Gemma's eyes flutter briefly, the effect already taking hold. Her face goes slack. Her lips part. She SLURS:

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
So worth it.

The Woman in White reaches out, presses a button, and the pod closes noiselessly. Like a high-tech coffin.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LORELEI'S OFFICE - SAME**

Her gaze still cast toward the lab, Sloane slowly takes a seat across from Lorelei.

SLOANE  
What are you giving her?

LORELEI  
Giving? Taking.  
(beat)  
Accelerated detoxification.

Sloane finally looks to Lorelei. On a credenza behind her is the room's only piece of personal decoration: a black and white photo of a young female gymnast.

The resemblance is striking. The girl is *ripped*.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
So, tell me about your work.

Sloane narrows her eyes.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Must have come as *quite* a shock,  
being replaced.

Lorelei opens a drawer, pulls out a notebook and her pen.

SLOANE  
I'm sorry?

LORELEI  
Then again, everyone knows society  
values women less as they age.

Sloane STAMMERS.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Now, when did you last push the  
boundaries of your comfort zone?

SLOANE  
My what?

Lorelei scribbles something in her notebook.

LORELEI  
When did you last act in a way that  
surprised even you?

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LABORATORY - SAME**

Inside her closed pod, Gemma fades in and out consciousness just as a series of articulated robotic armatures swirl around her abdomen making incisions.

GEMMA  
(sounding drunk)  
That tickles...

A crimson slash of blood dots the glass canopy above her.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LORELEI'S OFFICE - SAME**

Behind her desk, Lorelei scribbles notes.

LORELEI  
If this were the last day of your  
life, would these be your plans?

SLOANE  
Uh, no.

Lorelei looks up. *Do tell.*

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Being subjected to some clickbait  
personality quiz while my friend's  
in there getting pumped full of who  
knows what? Yeah, no. Hard pass.

LORELEI  
What would you do instead?

SLOANE  
If this was my last day on Earth?

LORELEI  
Yes.

Sloane GRUMBLES.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
I assumed, given your history of  
institutionalization, you would  
understand the value of compliance.

This stirs something in Sloane. Something deep. Trauma.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
 Answer the question so that we can  
 customize your treatment.

SLOANE  
 What *treatment*?!  
 (leans forward)  
 So far, we've been marched through  
 the jungle, deprived of every vice  
 known to man--

LORELEI  
 The cognitive artifacts of male  
 domination keep all women shackled.

Sloane just stares, unable to argue the point.

SLOANE  
 Fine. You know what I'd do? I'd  
 pick up a bottle of bourbon. A big  
 one. With a handle. Buy some cheap  
 grass from some shitty dispensary.  
 Get high. Eat a dozen donuts. Whole  
 not holes. Stop by that cliché  
 piece of shit loft where Terry's  
 probably banging that brainless  
 pixel pusher right now. And burn it  
 to the motherfucking ground!

LORELEI  
 Interesting.

Even Sloane seems shocked by her candor.

SLOANE  
 But before I did, I'd notice my  
 feelings, regulate my emotions, and  
 mindfully tolerate my distress.

Lorelei NOISILY crosses something out in her notebook.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
 Do you mind telling me--

Lorelei cuts her off:

LORELEI  
 What are you *most* frightened of?

SLOANE  
 Is this really--

LORELEI  
 What *terrifies* you?



SLOANE

Oh, I dunno. Losing my job, going broke, defaulting on the house. Dying alone. You know, the usuals.

Lorelei leans across her desk toward her.

LORELEI

Look into my eyes.

**EXT. WAYRA LODGE, STONE MAZE - SAME**

Sloane suddenly stands alone at the center of a circular stone maze set in a verdant clearing just outside the lodge.

LORELEI

You are sinking down and shutting down. Sinking down and shutting down. Sinking down, shutting down.

(beat)

Shutting down completely.

Sloane's shoulders slump. Her head falls forward.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

The deeper you go, the deeper you are able to go. The deeper you go, the deeper you want to go.

(beat)

And the more enjoyable the experience becomes.

From behind Lorelei, up strides Young Gemma.

She's no longer wearing a sleek, high-tech body suit. Instead, she's wearing yoga gear snatched from Gemma's room.

But, unlike our Gemma, she has actual abs. Perfect abs.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

(still to Sloane)

Envision yourself at the bottom of a well. There's a door in the wall of the well.

Sloane's arms hang lifelessly at her sides and her eyes dart back and forth behind her eyelids as if she's dreaming.

Lorelei wags her head toward Young Gemma.

Young Gemma steps closer, places one of the cranial rigs on Sloane's head. It PULSES in short bursts.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
 When you let your old self die and  
 your new self emerge...

Lorelei lightly caresses Sloane's cheek.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
 ...oh the wonders we shall--

A tiny blemish on Sloane's lower lip catches Lorelei's eye.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
 No, no, no.

Lorelei reaches out, pinches up Sloane's lip, leans close,  
 looks it over urgently, turns to Young Gemma.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
*Bringen sie in den Quarantäne-  
 Operationssaal.*

Again, no subtitles.

Young Gemma nods, threads her slender arm through Sloane's.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
 Rapid biopsy.

**INT. QUARANTINE OPERATING THEATER - LATER**

Sloane wakes with a start inside some sort of operating  
 room. She's strapped to a bare metal gurney more suited to a  
 slaughterhouse than a hospital.

Above, an ancient-looking ring of surgical lights BUZZ.

The flashing tiara is gone.

And Sloane's face is a bloody mess. A long, crude gash  
 bisects both of her swollen lips - which have both been  
 sloppily cauterized and sutured.

She's wearing a blood-soaked hospital gown.

SLOANE  
 (barely discernible)  
 The fuck?!

Sloane tries to lift her right hand her face. But it's  
 strapped to the gurney.

She looks to her left arm. It's unbound but attached to an  
 I.V. taped to her hand.

All instinct, Sloane RIPS her hand away. The tape and needle go flying. Blood immediately gushes down her forearm and palm as she quickly fumbles to unbuckle her restraints.

The straps fall away. Sloane sits up. The pain is excruciating. She lowers her feet to the floor with effort.

On the floor, a mound of bloody gauze. It's brown not red.

She tries to stand, nearly falls. She lifts a finger to her mouth, feels her lips, winces.

In the distance: a metal trash can full of bloody scrubs.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Gemma?

There's only one door. She staggers toward it, opens it.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, PASSAGEWAY - SAME**

Sloane peers down a darkened hall. It's empty and silent.

SLOANE

Gemma?

Up ahead, traces of dried blood along one wall.

Sloane limps down the hall, passes door after door, spies one further down, heads toward it.

On the door, a stylized snowflake symbol glows, beacon-like.

Sloane pauses, looks both directions. Reaches a hand out, tries the door. It's ajar.

And there's a smudge of blood near the handle.

Sloane slowly pushes the door open, steps into -

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, CRYO LAB - SAME**

Faint, vaguely tribal SPA MUSIC plays over unseen speakers. Blue light colors every surface. Smoke or steam hangs low to the cold stone floor.

Along both walls stand tall, cylindrical stainless steel vats. Above each: a steel sluice with a digital display.

Just past the cryo pods, Sloane spies another pair of doors. Both are, unlike the door she just entered, made of steel and feature oversized latch-like releases.

Sloane veers toward one of them, turns, looks. Still, she's entirely alone. Or so it seems.

SLOANE  
 (pained)  
 Everybody knows society values  
 women less as they age?  
 (spitting blood)  
 Fuck you.

She reaches out, pulls the latch. The thick, insulated steel door GLIDES slowly open.

More blue light. More low-lying fog.

Sloane squints, can't quite make out what's inside. But she slowly steps in anyway, leaves the door open behind her.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, ARCHIVE - SAME**

Sloane staggers into what appears to be a vast, industrial space lined on both sides with mechanized ceiling tracks.

From the tracks hang opaque plastic sleeves almost resembling garment bags. There must be hundreds of them.

Sloane hesitates, looks back to the open door. Her face and everything else is bathed in a harsh neon blue.

Saying nothing, she squints toward one of the sleeves, can't quite make out what's inside.

She steps closer to it, reaches out, feels around the sleeve. The topography of its contents eludes her.

Turning, Sloane pauses, spies a zipper on the next sleeve over, crosses to it, reaches a hand out.

ZZZIIIIIIIPPPPP!

The thick plastic sleeve parts to reveal the flash-frozen and partially-butchered face of a middle-aged woman!

Sloane covers her swollen, blood-crusting mouth to repress a scream. She falls back.

We linger on the face in the bag.

IT'S AMELIA, FROM EARLIER. AN OLDER AMELIA. WITH WRINKLES.

Then, from behind Sloane, a WOMAN'S VOICE:

ELIZABETH (O.S.)  
 A book. Behind the front desk.

Sloane wheels around to find a Elizabeth standing behind her, clutching her right forearm.

Where her hand was: a bloody stump.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
"Advanced Surgical Techniques to  
Arrest Cellular Senescence."

Elizabeth thrusts a blood-spattered bracelet toward Sloane.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Take it. It was her's. A master.

Sloane, petrified, STAMMERS:

SLOANE  
Who... Who are you?

ELIZABETH  
It was her or me.

And, with this, she drops the bracelet, reaches behind herself, produces a the same massive silver scalpel.

And proceeds to SLASH HER OWN THROAT!

Sloane again stifles a wail.

Elizabeth buckles, RASPS:

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Save yourself.

THUMP.

She hits the floor like a bag of rocks.

Sloane snatches up the bracelet, turns to run.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, CRYO LAB - SAME**

Sloane sprints past the cryo pods toward the door.

SLOANE  
We gotta get outta here!

She BLASTS through the door, into the passageway.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LABORATORY - SAME**

Back inside the lab, Santiago gazes into an electron microscope while Lorelei, ZIPS on her own skin-tight high tech body suit.

Young Gemma and Young Nikki stand over Gemma's pod.

SANTIAGO  
Clear. Actinic cheilitis. Benign.

LORELEI  
Excellent. Quickly, now.

Santiago abandons the microscope, keys commands into the glass panel on the central pod. The lid lifts with a WHOOSH.

Lorelei steps up, lowers herself inside, plugs lines from both inner walls into the ports in her arms.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Stem cells first, grafts second.

SANTIAGO  
Yes, Mother.

Santiago swipes through a few more screens. And the massive surgical robot in the distance SHUDDERS and WHIRS to life.

The domed glass lid opens automatically, ready for surgery.

LORELEI  
(to the Woman in White)  
*Schneller.*

The Woman in White nods, departs.

And as she does, rivulets of thick, dark red liquid run upward again from Gemma's pod and then descends swiftly down through the clear lines toward Lorelei's pod.

Lorelei lays back. The ports on her arms go flush.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Yes. Yes! YESSSS!

Averting his eyes, Santiago backs away slowly.

SANTIAGO  
Remove all that is impure. Renew  
all that is broken.

Young Gemma and Young Nikki watch disinterestedly.

YOUNG GEMMA  
Bo-ring.

YOUNG NIKKI  
Af.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LANDING - MOMENTS LATER**

Sloane runs full-bore up the stairs toward the lobby, SKIDS to a stop on a landing, sucks air through her puffy lips.

SLOANE  
Think. THINK!

She looks up to see a grid of boxes arrayed on the wall. In each box: what appear to be ancient feathered blow darts.

Sloane's eyes catch sight of her own reflection. Carnage.

Her face hardens. Her cheeks flush red.

SLOANE  
That fucking bitch.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LABORATORY - SAME**

Still in her pod but finally complete, YOUNG SLOANE (20s, radiant and worry-free) SNAPS her eyes open.

Not a wrinkle. Not a line. No scars. Utter perfection.

The dome of the pod WHOOSHES open and she slowly sits up.

SANTIAGO (O.S.)  
There we are. Steady.

Young Sloane swivels her head to see Santiago gently helping Lorelei back out of the central pod.

Other than the four tiny, cauterized incisions on her abdomen, she looks like a woman transformed. Pure power.

LORELEI  
Welcome, my darling!

In the distance behind Lorelei, the surgical robot is busy cauterizing incisions in Gemma's belly.

The Woman in White gently ushers Young Sloane out of her pod. She stands feebly. Like a newly birthed colt.

Young Gemma approaches. Young Nikki scowls.

YOUNG GEMMA  
Hey dude.

YOUNG SLOANE  
(raspy)  
Hello, friend?

Young Gemma shifts her gaze to a nearby grid of CCTVs.

Young Sloane looks too. Mirroring, learning.

YOUNG SLOANE (CONT'D)  
So... *sad*?

On one screen, Sloane (our Sloane, the actual Sloane) paces nervously on the landing below the blow darts.

YOUNG NIKKI  
Youth's wasted on the olds.

Santiago steps up, delicately removes the electrodes from Young Sloane's forehead.

SANTIAGO  
Are you ready?

All three younger versions nod in unison.

SANTIAGO  
(to the Woman in White)  
You, sleep mode with the rest.

The Woman in White nods, turns to go.

YOUNG NIKKI  
What about me?

Santiago ignores this.

SANTIAGO  
Mother?

Lorelei watches Sloane pace on the CCTVs.

LORELEI  
Fascinating.

Santiago looks to the live feed of Sloane as she finally continues sprinting up the stairs to the lobby.

YOUNG NIKKI  
What about me?

Lorelei turns, strides quickly across the space toward Young Gemma and Young Sloane.

LORELEI  
(toward Young Nikki)  
Pack your things. Time for you to re-enter society with the rest.



Lorelei gently ushers Young Gemma and Young Sloane.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
And allow these two to put  
themselves to the test.

Santiago presses a few more keys and the lid of the central pod lowers noiselessly. He stands.

SANTIAGO  
(to the ceiling)  
Dim the lights fifty percent.

The lights dim automatically. He steps into the darkness.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

All on her own and barefoot, Sloane sneaks across the lobby toward the front desk.

The only light seems to be coming from inside the towering vitrine full of weapons.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, FRONT DESK - SAME**

Sloane slips behind the front desk, looks quickly to the wall of ancient tomes, sees a title:

**Advanced Surgical Techniques to Arrest Cellular Senescence**

She quickly grabs the book, cracks it open, flips pages.

Elaborate illustrations of surgical procedures whip by until we stop at a dogeared page with single passage circled in lipstick (or blood):

SLOANE  
(reading quietly)  
*Muscle grafts derived from young  
donors regained the capacity to  
regenerate when transplanted into  
older recipients who...*

She looks up, puts two and two together. Horrified.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Oh my god. We're the--

Sloane's eyes dart to the door Santiago opened earlier.

She quickly shelves the book, rushes to the door, swipes the bloody bracelet over the keypad. The door CLICKS open.

She looks both ways, slowly pushes the door further open.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, STORAGE ROOM - SAME**

Sloane squints into the darkened space.

On the counter to her right: a key chain with a Mercedes fob sits next to Gemma's tin of meds and pack of cigarettes.

Sloane feels for a light switch, finds one.

CLICK!

The lights go on to reveal: TWELVE IDENTICAL WOMEN IN WHITE HANGING FROM THE CEILING!

SLOANE  
Jesus fucking--

Their eyes are all closed. Their clingy white shift dresses, identical. And they're all wearing the same white bracelet.

And matching five-inch stilettos.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LOBBY - SAME**

Sloane pulls the door shut, falls backward away from it, eyes full of fear. And rage.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
The lab.

Sloane runs back for the stairwell. Her SLAPPING FOOTFALL echoes off the steps as she descends.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LORELEI'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Winded and GASPING, Sloane pauses at the door to Lorelei's office, leans forward, listens for voices.

Silence.

Sloane takes a deep breath, slides Elizabeth's clone's bloody bracelet across the control panel.

CLICK.

The door unlocks.

Sloane looks both ways, pushes inside.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, COMMAND CENTER - SAME**

Lorelei and Santiago watch from what appears to be a sophisticated command center.

Large monitors, server banks, flashing lights.

LORELEI  
Notice the activity in her  
amygdala. Impressive.

All of the other younger models (including Young Gemma and Young Sloane) squint toward the screen, blasé.

Lorelei leans forward, closer to a monitor.

LORELEI  
And Ms. Phillips' bracelet. Find  
her so that we can begin again.

Santiago nods, typing.

In the background, Young Gemma YAWNS loudly.

YOUNG SLOANE  
You are just... jealous.

YOUNG GEMMA  
Of what, dude?!

YOUNG SLOANE  
Me. I think.

YOUNG GEMMA  
Whatever, loony bin.

SANTIAGO  
(irritated)  
Silence!

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LORELEI'S OFFICE - SAME**

Sloane closes the door behind herself, turns, looks around. Everything appears as it was earlier.

All that sits on Lorelei's immaculate marble desk is her notebook and fountain pen.

Sloane rushes toward the desk, opens every drawer. They're all entirely empty.

She looks up, spies the framed photo of the gymnast.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Fuck me if that's not you.

She picks up the photo, flips it over. On the back, we see a small, yellowed placard. In typewritten German it reads:

## Sommerolympiade | Gymnastik Wettbewerb | 11 August 1936

Sloane stares at it.

SLOANE  
Nineteen thirty--

In the distance, through the glass wall connecting Lorelei's office to the lab, one of the closed pods GLOWS.

Through its glass canopy, we can barely make out Gemma's familiar silhouette. The original.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Shit.

Sloane SLAMS the portrait back down, RUNS for the door.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, COMMAND CENTER - SAME**

Lorelei sits back from the monitors looking almost proud of Sloane's fortitude.

But instead she HISSES toward Young Gemma and Young Sloane:

LORELEI  
Come with me.

All the other younger models SIGH in unison.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
(to the youngs)  
Bring me Ms. Phillips. Now.

YOUNG MIA  
You got it.

Lorelei stands, points to another screen.

On it we see Gemma's pod.

LORELEI  
(to Santiago)  
Initiate cardiac arrest.

SANTIAGO  
What? No. That's not--

Lorelei turns to depart.

LORELEI  
I have had my fill of her.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LABORATORY - SAME**

Sloane rushes to Gemma's glowing pod, slams her hands against the glass as if to wake her. Nothing happens.

Gemma doesn't stir.

Sloane drops to one knee, swipes through a series of indecipherable screens on the control panel. No dice.

SLOANE  
C'mon, Gemma! Wake up!

Suddenly, the screen flashes red. All the graphs flatline.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
No, no, no.

Sloane leaps up, spins, spies a metal lab chair, grabs it, flips it over, hurls it toward Gemma's pod.

It glances off. Barely a scratch.

Sloane spins, grabs another chair, lifts the chair overhead like a warrior, brings it down with a mighty ROAR:

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Aaaaaaaah!

The glass finally SHATTERS, sending shards raining down all around Gemma's contented face.

Sloane LEAPS forward, THRUSTS her hands into the pod, RIPS out the IVs, and furiously TEARS off every telemetry lead.

Dark red blood oozes as Gemma's body bolts board-upright. She GAGS and GASPS. Alive but stunned.

GEMMA  
The fuck, dude?!

SLOANE  
Get out! Get out! Hurry!

Gemma's bleary eyes say it all. *What is it now?*

Sloane reaches in, YANKS her out. She's dazed. Drugged. And her abdomen is covered in tiny weeping incisions.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
We have to get out of here!

GEMMA  
What happened to your mouth?

SLOANE  
I don't know! But I saw her! They  
killed that bitch. Amelia!

Gemma can barely stand. Sloane drags her away from the pod.

GEMMA  
What're you even--

SLOANE  
And she had wrinkles!

Gemma tries to screw up her face. Can't.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
They're not making us younger!  
They're killing us off!

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, SLOANE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Back inside Sloane's room, Sloane packs in a panic. Her arms are spattered with blood. Gemma just watches.

GEMMA  
She said what?

SLOANE  
That it was her or... her. And then  
she slit her own *fucking* throat  
right in front of me!  
(beat)  
In that fucking meat locker!

GEMMA  
Uhhhh...

SLOANE  
I saw bodies. Women's bodies.  
Hundreds of them! Thousands!

Gemma's hand drifts to the incisions on her belly.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
And that chick in white. There are  
dozens of them. Robots. Or clones!

GEMMA  
Now, that's just--

SLOANE  
I know!

Sloane tosses Gemma a hoodie, spins back around, searches for anything useful.

Gemma spies the bloody bracelet in her hand.

GEMMA

Where'd you--

Sloane stops dead, her eyes cast up to the two blowguns mounted to the far wall.

SLOANE

Does it matter?! Get dressed!

Gemma stares at Sloane like she has indeed lost her mind.

GEMMA

Honey...

SLOANE

We gotta get home! Tell the whole fucking world!

GEMMA

Tell the whole world what?

SLOANE

That Norman Bates and his ripped fucking zombie mother are mining middle-aged women for their fucking cells! For parts! To keep that crazy bitch alive forever!

Gemma draws a slow breath. *Okay...*

SLOANE (CONT'D)

It's not our rejuvenation we're here for. It's hers!

(beat)

Where's your passport?

GEMMA

In my-- In the safe.

SLOANE

What's the combo?

GEMMA

1, 2, 3, 4.

*Of course it is.*

Sloane throws open her closet, grabs her passport, spins, grabs a messenger bag, swings it over her shoulders.

SLOANE  
I know a woman who works for the Times. She would be all over this fucking story.

GEMMA  
WHAT story?!

Sloane charges toward the door, pauses, turns back around, runs for the far wall, pulls down one of the blowguns.

SLOANE  
Take the other one.

GEMMA  
You've got to be--

SLOANE  
Just meet me in the lobby in, like, three minutes! Okay?

Gemma's eyes drift to the other blowgun.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
I will get us out of here.

Sloane rushes toward the door, clutching her blowgun. Gemma stares blankly, one hand on her cauterized incisions.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Three minutes, max!

CLICK. CLICK. WHOOSH! And she's gone.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane dashes silently down the hall carrying the blowgun.

Checking to make sure the coast is clear, she swipes the bloody bracelet against Gemma's door. CLICK. CLICK.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, GEMMA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane ducks into Gemma's room.

Unlike her room, the place is a total disaster. Clothing literally everywhere.

SLOANE  
Jesus, Gemma. We just--

She hurries to the closet, pulls it open, finds the safe, dials in four digits.



BEEP, BEEP. WHIR. The safe unlocks.

Sloane reaches in, pulls out packets of white powder, orange bottles of pills, and a small glass vial marked ETHER.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Unbelievable.

She finally finds Gemma's passport, yanks it out.

She's about to toss all the drugs back into the safe. But then she thinks better of it, scoops them into her bag.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane sprints down the stairs, pauses on the landing, reaches for one of the glass boxes mounted on the wall.

It won't budge. She tries another. Nope.

She LEAPS up, knocks a higher box with the blowgun. It falls free, shatters, sends the wooden dart inside it tumbling to the floor.

She quickly knocks out all the darts she can reach, scoops them all up, shoves them into her bag, takes back off.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Gemma waits, crouched, behind the reception desk.

She clutches the other blowgun from Sloane's room. In her hands, it looks dumb. More didgeridoo than deadly weapon.

Sloane veers toward the door to the room where she first saw the Women in White. She swipes the bloody bracelet.

CLICK! The door opens. All the Women in White are still there, still in sleep mode.

Gemma GASPS.

SLOANE  
(hushed)  
See! Clones!

Gemma's eyes fall to her tin of mints/meds.

GEMMA  
Oh, there you--

SLOANE  
Nope!

Sloane shakes her hand like it's falling asleep.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Here.

She opens the flap of her bag, jostles the blow darts.

GEMMA

You weren't--

Sloane RIPS a sheet of paper from the roster on the desk, uses it to pick up a few of the darts.

SLOANE

Think my hand's falling asleep.

Gemma pulls the sleeve of her hoodie over her hand and takes the handful of darts.

Sloane thrusts Gemma her passport, grabs the car keys.

GEMMA

My Black Card?

Sloane taps her sports bra with the tip of the blowgun.

SLOANE

GO!

Sloane turns, runs for the doors to the observation deck.

Gemma hesitates.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

C'mon!

Gemma, SIGHS, leaves her drugs behind.

**EXT. WAYRA LODGE, ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

The automatic glass doors open and close as Sloane and Gemma dash out into the humid air amid a RIOT of sound.

At night, the jungle is even louder.

**EXT. WAYRA LODGE, OBSERVATION DECK - CONTINUOUS**

Both women scurry down the steel stairs toward where the Mercedes hopefully awaits.

But, passing the prow-like observation deck, something catches Sloane's eye and she skids to a stop.

Out of the darkness, a VOICE:

LORELEI (O.S.)  
Such a pity to see you dispatched  
so soon.

Lorelei and Santiago emerge from the blackness flanked by two more SHADOWY FIGURES.

They're blocking the only way out.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Before your treatment is complete.

Sloane squints at her shadowy double.

SLOANE  
Oh, no.

The mist above parts to reveal Young Sloane and Young Gemma standing side-by-side in the moonlight.

Gemma's jaw hits the decking. Figuratively.

GEMMA  
You weren't--

Lorelei takes a step forward. Sloane shakes her numb hand, reaches into her bag.

SLOANE  
Back it up, you sexist fucking New  
Age fascist freak!

LORELEI  
Fascist?

Sloane grips the blowgun with her good hand.

SLOANE  
I don't know what you're trying to  
pull here but--

Lorelei pauses, trades a quick look with Santiago.

LORELEI  
Why, of course you do, darling.

SLOANE  
I saw her. I saw them! I saw  
Amelia. What's her name. Elizabeth.  
The bodies! All of them!

LORELEI  
 Well, not *all*.  
 (beat)  
 Trust me, this is for your benefit.  
 Society's benefit.

Santiago steps forward.

SANTIAGO  
 Women are weak. Frail to a fault.  
 Mother's here to fix all that.

SLOANE  
 Oh, right. So you drug us,  
 hypnotize us, steal our *organs*?!

Gemma touches her belly.

GEMMA  
 Organs?

LORELEI  
 Only tissues, dear. Muscle grafts  
 derived from young donors...

SLOANE  
 ...regain the capacity to  
 regenerate. I fucking know! Now.

Lorelei nods admiringly.

LORELEI  
 The only way to restore balance  
 between the sexes is to embrace  
 radical self-interest.

Santiago advances again.

SANTIAGO  
 Struggle. Division.

The younger versions don't say a word.

LORELEI  
 To fight for survival and allow  
 your... *better* self to emerge.

Santiago SNAPS his fingers and both younger models awaken.

YOUNG GEMMA  
 (toward Gemma)  
 Yeah, junkie.

GEMMA

Junkie?!

YOUNG SLOANE

(toward Sloane)

Can't believe you let that two-timing prick *with* a tiny prick convince you he actually *liked* those ugly-ass scars!

SLOANE

Hey!

Both younger versions SNICKER mockingly.

YOUNG GEMMA

Why get all that top-dollar work done to then just shove your fucking head in the sand, huh?

GEMMA

I... I... I...

YOUNG SLOANE

And you. All that striving, for what? You stupid conformist.

SLOANE

Enough!

Sloane SCOOPS out a dart, SLAMS it into her blowgun.

LORELEI

Please.

Both younger versions clench their fists and narrow their eyes, ready to rumble.

Sloane lifts her blowgun. Gemma doesn't. Mind spinning.

SLOANE

Back it up.

GEMMA

(to Lorelei)

Wait. *That's* your master plan? Let us fight it out so you can be the last bitch standing?

(beat)

Um, yeah. No thanks.

SLOANE

What she said.

Sloane takes a deep breath and blows.

SWOOOSH! THUMP!

The dart blasts past Lorelei, lodges deeply into Santiago's neck. Gemma stares, stunned. Sloane lowers the blowgun.

Santiago's expression doesn't change.

SANTIAGO  
I commend your initiative.

He YANKS the dart out, DROPS it to the decking. CLANG!

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
But these are just... curios.

Something in his face shifts. Confusion. Lorelei clocks it.

LORELEI  
*Liebling?*

SANTIAGO  
(slurring slightly)  
Artifacts of a crude, subhuman--

His knees wobble. He reaches a hand for the railing but misses, falls to the deck with a heavy BANG!

All four (young and olds) EXCLAIM in unison:

ALL  
DUDE!

Lorelei drops to her knees.

LORELEI  
Santiago?

Sloane stares, speechless.

SLOANE  
I can't believe that actually...  
(barely audible)  
Run.

GEMMA  
What?

SLOANE  
RUN!

Sloane spins on her heels, still clutching her blowgun, and sprints back toward the lodge.

After a split second, Gemma follows.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane BURSTS through glass doors to the lobby.

Gemma tumbles in after her.

GEMMA

What now?! What now?!

SLOANE

The doors!

GEMMA

Right.

The doors glide shut, Gemma jams her blowgun into the track.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

You took that prick down like a  
motherfucking ELEPHANT!

Sloane, still shaking her numb hand, wheels around frantically. *Something! Something! ANYTHING!*

Suddenly, she sees it:

**THE HULKING GLASS VITRINE FULL OF WEAPONS!**

GEMMA (CONT'D)

How'd you know that would--

Sloane dashes toward the vitrine, skids to a stop, reaches out for a chair. But her dead hand won't grab it.

SLOANE

Help! Hurry! Before the others--

In the distance: SMASH!

The doors to the lobby SHATTER loudly. Both younger models stride casually in.

YOUNG GEMMA

Uh, yoo-hoo...

Sloane nips her blowgun under her bad arm, and, together, she and Gemma grip the chair by its arms.

SLOANE

Hard as you can!

They HURL the chair at the vitrine. It hits near the base, bounces off without so much as making a dent.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

FUCK!

YOUNG SLOANE

This is gonna be, like, so easy.

YOUNG GEMMA

Facts.

Sloane looks to a bronze sculpture on a nearby credenza.

Without a second thought, she snatches it up, HURLS it like a football at the vitrine. A perfect spiral.

CRASH!

The sculpture pierces the vitrine. A spiderweb of splinters and cracks swirls swiftly up the glass.

And then the entire vitrine comes raining down in a roaring THUNDERCLAP of shattering glass!

Weapons galore slosh out like fish from a trawler's net.

Both older women dive toward the bounty like kids at the foot of a macabre piñata.

Gemma jumps back up first, a grenade, a bandoleer, and a machete in one hand. And an AK-47 in the other.

GEMMA

These things can't be--

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!

She accidentally strafes the lobby with a furious barrage of machine gun fire. Both younger models duck for cover.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Okay then...

SMASH!

The bullet-ridden plate glass window to her right shatters, sends a waterfall of glass out into darkened jungle.

Sloane stands clutching a sawed-off shotgun with an ax-like bayonet attached to its flared barrel.

SLOANE

Loose your bitch. Meet at the car!



GEMMA  
WHAT?! No!

Sloane surges toward her, reaches into her shoulder bag.

SLOANE  
Watch for the others! Take this.  
She thrusts Gemma a fist-full of drugs.

GEMMA  
Now?!

SLOANE  
No! Get your dumbass doppelganger  
fucked up?! Jesus!

Gemma tucks her machete under one arm, shoves packets of pills and the vial of ether into her sports bra.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
GO!

Both women, their bare feet bleeding, turn, leap through the shattered window, and sprint out into the forest in two different directions.

We stay on what remains of the vitrine.

Both younger models amble calmly over toward it.

YOUNG SLOANE  
Aren't you supposed to be the one  
giving all the orders all the time?

YOUNG GEMMA  
Uh, yeah?

YOUNG SLOANE  
Well then, girlboss me, babe.

Young Gemma smiles.

YOUNG GEMMA  
Let's cancel these Cosmo-swilling  
Gen-Xers and get back to the real  
work. Taking down the patriarchy.

Young Gemma scoops up a bundle of crude-looking spears, bounds toward the shattered glass window.

YOUNG SLOANE  
Fire.

Young Sloane snatches up a flamethrower, tosses it on like a backpack full of beach reads.

And, together, they both step out into the jungle.

**EXT. JUNGLE - SAME**

Once in the moonlight, they gently part ways.

YOUNG GEMMA  
Happy hunting.

Young Gemma starts sprinting through the trees like a gazelle wearing our Gemma's Lulus.

YOUNG SLOANE  
Word.

Young Sloane grins, flicks a switch on the flamethrower.

WHOOSH! A river of bright orange flames.

Breathing in the fumes, Young Sloane exhales slowly.

YOUNG SLOANE (CONT'D)  
I love this place.

**EXT. JUNGLE, PATH - SAME**

In the darkness, Sloane runs through the jungle. Branches and vines slap her sweat-drenched face.

SLOANE  
I HATE THIS FUCKING PLACE!

**EXT. JUNGLE, RIVER - MOMENTS LATER**

Also in darkness, Gemma runs for her life along a shallow riverbed, SPLASHING loudly.

She's got the bandoleer over her shoulder, the AK-47 in one hand, and the machete and grenade in the other.

GEMMA  
Management retreat rule number one,  
always cover your--

Out of nowhere, Young Gemma SPRINGS from the blackness, tackles Gemma to the ground.

Stunned, Gemma leaps up, STRAFES the canopy with more tracers SCREAMING at the top of her lungs.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
 FUCK YOU YOUNG ME!

YOUNG GEMMA  
 Whoa! Whoa! WHOA!

Without even looking back, Gemma turns and dashes across the river toward a mossy rise.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
 Get to the high ground. It's the only way to get a clear--

As Gemma claws her way up the mossy hill, Young Gemma just stands there, miraculously uninjured.

YOUNG GEMMA  
 How do you know all this shit?

GEMMA (O.S.)  
 It's called ADULTING!

**EXT. JUNGLE, MOSSY RISE - CONTINUOUS**

Gemma crests the rise, turns, spies the waterfall from earlier, charges off toward it.

Suddenly, a thrown spear RIPS through the vines and impales her just above the armpit!

GEMMA  
 GAAAAHHHHH! That fucking hurts!

Gemma wheels around, yanks the spear out, still clutching her machine gun. Blood gushes everywhere.

Out of the darkened trees, another spear!

Gemma slashes it out of the air with the machete.

The grenade slips from her grasp, falls to the ground.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
 That all you got, perky tits?!

From the shadows:

YOUNG GEMMA  
 Suck it, SAGGY ASS!

Young Gemma charges toward her.

Gemma lifts the AK-47, closes her eyes, pulls the trigger.

NOTHING HAPPENS! It's empty. Or so it seems.

Slowing, Young Gemma grins broadly.

Gemma fumbles nervously with the gun.

GEMMA

You're not so hot.

YOUNG GEMMA

And you're a Goop clone with zero  
imagination a silver spoon stuck up  
your dimpled ass!

Gemma lifts the rifle, squeezes the trigger again.

**BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!**

A blinding barrage fills the jungle with light.

Young Gemma spins, hit. A GUST OF BLOOD bathes the palm  
fronds behind her.

GEMMA

Ah, right. Safety.

Young Gemma ROARS back:

YOUNG GEMMA

That's all you care about!

GEMMA

Sorry not sorry.

Bleeding profusely, Young Gemma leaps toward her again.

Thinking fast, Gemma kicks the grenade up off the ground.

BONK!

It hits Young Gemma in the face, bounces right back.

Gemma catches it with the hand holding the machete, tucks it  
into her sports bra opposite the ether.

YOUNG GEMMA

QUIT IT!

GEMMA

You quit it!

With a deft SLASH, Gemma cuts the strap of Young Gemma's  
form-fitting crop top. No blood. Just a ruined top.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
And stop stealing my shit.

Gemma turns and runs for the rocks leading up to the top of the waterfall, bleeding profusely. Young Gemma just watches.

YOUNG GEMMA  
Give it up, burnout. You're done!

In the distance, Gemma leaps from boulder-to-boulder.

GEMMA  
Oh, I'm just getting started!

**EXT. JUNGLE, PATH - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane sprints frantically down a path through the jungle, batting away palm fronds.

SLOANE  
Where the hell is she?! Where the--

As if on cue, Young Sloane drops from the trees ahead, lands on the path like a crouching tiger.

Clutching the lit flamethrower.

YOUNG SLOANE  
You really should spend more time  
placating your deadbeat hubby.  
(beat)  
Said no one ever.

Young Sloane pulls the trigger, fills the jungle with rivers of molten, flaming gasoline.

Sloane tries to leap clear. But it's too late. The flames engulf her, set her hair on fire.

SCREAMING, Sloane falls to the dirt, rolls, frantically tries to put herself out.

Young Sloane stares, enjoys the show.

YOUNG SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Good thing you like scars. You're  
about to get a lot more of 'em.

Sloane leaps back to her feet, burnt and bleeding.

SLOANE  
You don't need to do this.

Young Sloane smiles. Flames glint in her eyes.

YOUNG SLOANE  
Yeah, I think I kinda do.

Sloane looks her younger self up and down, smoldering.

SLOANE  
God, I remember when I was your  
age. Everything just seemed so...  
possible.

YOUNG SLOANE  
And look at you now, huh? Sad.

Sloane tamps down her scorched hair, advances.

SLOANE  
You're right. I don't know why I  
fucked it all up.

Young Sloane lifts the flamethrower again.

YOUNG SLOANE  
Save it for someone who cares.

SLOANE  
Just... stop.

Young Sloane grips the flamethrower's trigger again.

YOUNG SLOANE  
Shoulda got that shit fixed.

SLOANE  
What shit?

Young Sloane wags the lit flamethrower toward Sloane's face.

YOUNG SLOANE  
The fuck ugly scars!

SLOANE  
I... He...

YOUNG SLOANE  
You disgust me.

SLOANE  
Me too.

Sloane suddenly lifts the sawed-off shotgun, fires once:

**KA-BLAM!**

Young Sloane stumbles backward.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Told you to stop.

Sloane narrows her eyes, tries to get a look at her target through the smoke and the flames.

Young Sloane stumbles back into the light bleeding from a million tiny little puncture wounds in her face.

YOUNG SLOANE  
Like, OUCH!

**KA-BLAM!**

Another blinding blast engulfs Young Sloane's entire head in a cloud of tiny pellets.

YOUNG SLOANE  
My fucking FACE!

Ignoring her, Sloane CRACKS open the shotgun, YANKS out both spent shells, POPS in two more from a rack on the stock.

SLOANE  
You *must* be young me.

She FLICKS the rifle closed like an old pro.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
You can still fucking feel.

**KA-BLAM!**

Young Sloane stumbles backward, bleeding from everywhere.

YOUNG SLOANE  
It's not my fault you chose to  
shill people shit they don't need!

Sloane throws back the hammer on the second barrel and charges at her annoyingly svelte double.

SLOANE  
YES...

**KA-BLAM!** A third round, right to the face.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
...IT...

**CLICK!** She's out.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
...IS!

Sloane THRUSTS the empty shotgun forward.

THUMP!

The rusty bayonet blade impales Young Sloane.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
I mean, technically it is.

Sloane YANKS the blade of the bayonet from Young Sloane's abdomen. The gasoline tank falls the the ground.

The nozzle of the flamethrower SPUTTERS and dies. Scarlet blooms from the wound in Young Sloane's toned belly.

YOUNG SLOANE  
That's not good.

The two women lock eyes for a brief moment.

It looks almost as though Sloane is about to apologize. But then Young Sloane, gushing blood, lifts a hand and slaps her older self with an open palm to the face.

YOUNG SLOANE (CONT'D)  
I can't even!

Young Sloane collapses to her knees.

SLOANE  
Can't even what?

Nothing but GURGLING from Young Sloane.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Can't even what?

YOUNG SLOANE  
(weakly)  
GOD-UH! It's just a fucking  
expression! You neurotic,  
careerist, paranoid--

GURGLE, GURGLE, GURGLE.

Sloane hangs on her next word. But Young Sloane, still GURGLING, crumples into a blood-soaked heap.

Sloane drops the shotgun.

SLOANE  
Bitch replaced me, remember.



**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LABORATORY - SAME**

Lorelei BURSTS through glass door to the lab clutching Santiago's limp body, SKIDS to a stop at the large central pod, STABS at the control panel.

LORELEI

Come back, come back, come back!

WHOOSH!

The pod opens up. She gently lowers Santiago in.

**EXT. JUNGLE, CLIFF - SAME**

Gemma rapidly scales the cliff.

Young Gemma, equally dexterous, is right below her.

YOUNG GEMMA

You know you'll never out-climb me.  
You weigh too goddamn much.

GEMMA

Oh, yeah?!

Gemma grips the wall, kicks her younger self in the face.

YOUNG GEMMA

Weak!

Ignoring her, Gemma leaps for a gutsy hold, pulls herself up and over the edge and onto the summit again.

**EXT. JUNGLE, CLIFFTOP - SAME**

Gemma spins back around, pale from the blood loss. There's nowhere left to go but down.

Young Gemma leaps up onto the ledge across from her.

Gemma slashes at her with the machete. But Young Gemma slaps it furiously away, cutting her palm deeply.

The machete tumbles across the rocks, falls over the edge as Young Gemma's hand gushes blood.

Gemma lifts the AK-47.

Young Gemma RIPS it out of her hands, heaves over the edge.

YOUNG GEMMA

Face it. It's over!

Gemma lifts her empty, blood soaked hands, wipes them across her face. War paint. Brutal make-up.

GEMMA

Not until I say so.

Young Gemma smiles.

YOUNG GEMMA

Okay. Fine. I surrender.

GEMMA

Wait, really?

YOUNG GEMMA

No, you stupid stoner.

Gemma turns, discretely yanks the bottle of Ether from her sports bra, palms it behind her back.

GEMMA

I am not a stoner!

The two women circle each other slowly.

YOUNG GEMMA

You're addicted to being addicted.  
Hoping that popping a little pill,  
getting a little jab, freezing  
this, sculpting that, will solve  
every fucking problem.

Gemma surreptitiously uncaps the bottle, GLUGS ether out onto her hand.

GEMMA

I *have* prescriptions.

Young Gemma LUNGES at her, shoves her backward toward the edge of the cliff.

YOUNG GEMMA

That's just so ick.

Gemma, still bleeding from the wound in her shoulder, teeters on the edge. Her heels jut out into the open air.

GEMMA

And you're nothing but a Canal  
street fucking knock-off!

Gemma drops the bottle, rushes toward Young Gemma, covers her face face with a palm full of ether.

And, together, the two of them tumble backward over the edge and down toward the inky waters below!

**EXT. JUNGLE, PATH - SAME**

Sloane stands alone in the moonlight, looking like she has a new lease on life. A wholly new perspective. Freedom.

YOUNG SLOANE  
(from the dirt)  
You worthless hag!

Sloane, unarmed, jumps back.

Young Sloane slowly pushes her blood-soaked body up off the ground. Her eyes are full of fury.

She doesn't even bother picking up the flamethrower.

YOUNG SLOANE (CONT'D)  
You came here so that you could win  
back your stupid fucking husband.

SLOANE  
No, I didn't.

YOUNG SLOANE  
Your job. Your PTO. Your 401k. Your  
lame ass stock portfolio.

Young Sloane trudges toward her leaving a glistening slick.

YOUNG SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Such a fucking waste!

SLOANE  
Yeah, well. You got me there.

And, with that, Sloane turns tail and runs!

**EXT. JUNGLE, WATERFALL - CONTINUOUS**

Together, Gemma and her limp younger double plummet to the pool at the bottom of the waterfall.

SPLASH!

For an overlong second, SILENCE. Just the sound of the waterfall RAINING down.

Then, Gemma breaks the surface.

GEMMA  
OHMYGOD! OHMYGOD!

Gemma wheels around wildly, ducks back underwater. No sign of Young Gemma anywhere. Not a trace.

Gemma furiously paddles for the rocks.

Miraculously, the AK-47 bobs up right in front of her. She slows, snatches it, scrambles up the rocks.

Before taking off, she looks back one last time.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Good ridd--

Suddenly, Young Gemma surges out of the water, HOWLS:

YOUNG GEMMA

No wonder they all divorced you!

Gemma lifts the AK-47, pulls the trigger.

NOTHING HAPPENS! Again.

GEMMA

I divorced them!

Gemma turns, sprints frantically back into the forest.

**EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS**

Drenched in sweat and GASPING, Sloane BLASTS from a tangle of vines looking completely lost.

Up ahead stands a massive rusted steel observation tower. It must be a good ten stories tall.

SLOANE

Great. Just fucking--

Suddenly, Gemma STUMBLES through the underbrush right behind her, still clutching the water-logged machine gun.

Sloane leaps back, empty arms up defensively.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus! You scared me.

GEMMA

What happened to your--

Gemma spies the tower, tightens her grip on the gun, SHOUTS:

GEMMA (CONT'D)

To the high ground!

SLOANE  
What?

GEMMA  
C'mon!

Together, they take off toward the tower.

Half a second later, their injured doubles stumble out into the moonlight opposite each other.

YOUNG SLOANE  
Yours?

YOUNG GEMMA  
Nope.

Both women look to see their older versions leap onto the stairs to the tower and start climbing.

Young Sloane bends, spits out blood and teeth.

YOUNG SLOANE  
SO fucking annoying!

From the darkness behind them all five other younger models step into the light.

YOUNG NIKKI  
Need some help?

YOUNG GEMMA  
We got this.

All the other youngs look entirely unconvinced.

**EXT. OBSERVATION TOWER, STAIRS - CONTINUOUS**

Sucking down air, Sloane and Gemma run for their lives up the rusty observation tower stairs.

SLOANE  
I don't understand. What do we do when we get to the top?!

GEMMA  
(fading)  
I dunno. Improvise?

Sloane charges past her, finally faster. Fitter.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
Wait. For. Me.

**EXT. OBSERVATION TOWER, PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER**

Both women circle the top of the tower in a frenzy.

All we see is moonlight rippling across the top of the gauzy white mist covering the treetops below.

Gemma is drenched in blood. Bleeding way too much.

GEMMA

Fuck... Maybe we should just--

SLOANE

Where are they?!

Gemma slumps to the deck, weak and exhausted.

GEMMA

Man, they fucking won. They--

Sloane continues racing around the platform, trying to get eyes on the jungle below. Unwilling to relent.

SLOANE

No, no! Fuck that!

Gemma relaxes her grip on the AK-47. No more energy.

GEMMA

She's right.

(gasp)

She is everything I shoulda...

(wheeze)

Better than us. Stronger than us.

Smarter than--

Suddenly, from below, the sound of FOOTFALL up the stairs.

SLOANE

No, they're NOT!

YOUNG JESS (O.S.)

Ready or not...

YOUNG NIKKI (O.S.)

...here we come!

SLOANE

Oh, shit. Shit! SHIT!

Sloane slides toward Gemma, snatches away the machine gun, lifts the stock to her shoulder, leans over the edge.

GEMMA  
 (weakly)  
 I think it's waterlogg--

Sloane leans further out, pulls the trigger.

**BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!**

A furious fusillade of fiery tracers ricochets off the steel structure below like angry fireflies.

SLOANE  
 Leave us ALONE!

YOUNG MIA (O.S.)  
 (from below)  
HA!

**BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!**

YOUNG DONNA (O.S.)  
 You're gonna die alone you thirsty  
 greed heads!

Gemma slumps further into the pool of blood below her.

GEMMA  
 Must sleep...

Sloane runs to the other side of the tower, takes aim.

SLOANE  
 Get up!

From below:

YOUNG PRISHA (O.S.)  
 The question isn't who's going to  
 let us. It's who's going to--

Sloane finally sees the women below, grips the trigger.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
 Enough with the Ayn Rand bullshit!

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. The gun doesn't fire!

Sloane yanks out the clip, flips it over, turns, tugs bandoleer from Gemma's shoulder, pulls out shells.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
 Help me.

GEMMA

Can't.

Sloane tries jamming in the bullets. But they're too big.

SLOANE

Dammit!

Sloane spies the grenade still wedged inside Gemma's blood-soaked sports bra. She bends, grabs it, pulls the pin with her teeth, stands, flicks away the safety lever.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

So much for a nice relaxing vaycay  
with my bestie.

She drops the grenade. It JANGLES down the structure.

**EXT. OBSERVATION TOWER, STAIRS - SAME**

Followed by a blood-soaked Young Sloane and Young Gemma, all of the rest of the younger models rush up the stairs.

But Young Nikki sees something flash by in the moonlight.

It hits the metal landing below her with PING!

Everyone stops.

YOUNG NIKKI

Those fucking Karens.

**KA-BANG!**

The grenade goes off, engulfing the whole midsection of the tower in a BRIGHT ORANGE FIREBALL!

**EXT. OBSERVATION TOWER, PLATFORM - SAME**

Birds scatter SCREECHING. Alarmed howler monkeys HOWL.

GEMMA

(weakly)

Bestie?

Sloane nods.

SLOANE

They're not smarter than us.

Suddenly, a deep GRINDING from below. The sound of steel struts bending and snapping as white-hot rivets go flying.

Sloane reaches a hand down, pulls Gemma to her feet.



Slowly, then faster, the entire top of the tower BUCKLES toward the darkened jungle canopy below.

**EXT. JUNGLE, OBSERVATION TOWER - CONTINUOUS**

Amid the ROAR of twisting steel and broken branches, Sloane and Gemma ride the top of the tower down toward the ground.

Instead of looking terrified, they look regal. Like Kate on the bow of the Titanic (but without the dude).

CRASH!

The deck smashes through the treetops and then, abruptly SCREECHES to a stop only inches from the ground.

Both women open their eyes. *What the...*

Palm fronds and shredded vines rain down all around them.

Sloane and Gemma step slowly out into the jungle looking like new women. Full of hope. Until:

YOUNG GEMMA (O.S.)  
You fucking cunt!

Young Gemma emerges from the wreckage, limping.

Young Sloane, her entire body soaked in blood, follows.

YOUNG SLOANE  
What she said.

Sloane backs away, arms up, unarmed.

YOUNG GEMMA  
All the shit you thought you  
deserved. That life owed you.  
(staggering forward)  
Career, marriage, a house, money,  
success, youth.

From behind her a loud, shrill WHINE. More metal bending.

YOUNG SLOANE  
Of course neither of you had kids.  
(beat)  
You wouldn't have had enough...

Out of the darkness, a twisted steel strut from the tower SQUEALS through the canopy like an arrow.

And impales both Young Sloane and Young Gemma from behind.

YOUNG GEMMA  
...time.

YOUNG SLOANE  
...time.

A FOUNTAIN OF GORE SPRAYS SLOANE AND GEMMA'S FACES.

SLOANE  
Well, now we got nothing *but* time.

Sloane wraps one arm around Gemma's waist.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Can you walk?

Gemma nods. Stunned speechless.

**EXT. JUNGLE, PATH - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane and Gemma hobble through the jungle to the tune of the uncensored rendition of Radiohead's "Creep".

They look radiant. Powerful. Indomitable.

Bloodied and burnt, but with a new-found will to live.

**EXT. WAYRA LODGE, PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Together, they emerge from the jungle WHEEZING.

SLOANE  
We did it! We fucking... did it.

GEMMA  
You *massacred* those gold diggers.

Sloane reaches up, gently wipes blood from Gemma's face.

SLOANE  
Are you...

Gemma nods furiously, drenched in blood.

GEMMA  
It's okay. I think... I think...  
(beat)  
I think I'm gonna go to rehab?

A massive grin washes across Sloane's bloody face.

SLOANE  
I'm gonna start my own agency.

Gemma smiles back. *That's fucking right you are.*

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
 But first, I'm gonna find a donor.  
 Unfreeze my eggs. Use 'em.

The two women embrace, looking finally like the pair of unbreakably bonded BFFs they'd always hoped to be.

GEMMA  
 Told ya perky us had no chance.

Sloane and Gemma laugh out loud. Hysterically.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
 Alright, alright, alright. Let's  
 get the hell outta here.

Sloane sees the lodge over Gemma's shoulder, hesitates.

SLOANE  
 But, wait. Hold on.

She turns, points. The lodge is lit up like a lantern.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
 She has our DNA. What's to stop  
 them from, like...

GEMMA  
 Shit. You're right.

SLOANE  
 C'mon.

Gemma smirks, shocked and more than a little relieved to be taking orders instead of giving them.

**EXT. WAYRA LODGE, OBSERVATION DECK - CONTINUOUS**

Both women crest the stairs from the parking lot and sprint past the empty observation deck.

Gemma follows Sloane toward the smashed doors to the lobby.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

The women LEAP in, skid in across the floor.

Broken glass blankets the tile. The shattered vitrine still sits in a heap. Disgorged weapons everywhere.

SLOANE  
 Something small. Handguns!

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, SPA - MOMENTS LATER**

Sloane and Gemma move slowly toward the door to Lorelei's office, clutching pistols.

In the distance we can hear the familiar sound of the defibrillator CHARGING and then FIRING.

BUZZZZ! ZAP! BUZZZZ! ZAP! BUZZZZ! ZAP! Over and over again.

Together they step over the threshold and in.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LORELEI'S OFFICE - SAME**

Sloane turns to see Lorelei inside the lab. She stands over the open pod clutching defibrillator paddles.

**INT. WAYRA LODGE, LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS**

Lorelei lowers the paddles to Santiago's chest.

BUZZZZ! ZAP!

Santiago's body convulses and collapses.

BUZZZZ!

ZAP!

Same again. Is he actually dead? BUZZZZ!

SLOANE  
That's enough!

Lorelei looks up, still holding the paddles.

LORELEI  
What have you done to my boy?

Sloane and Gemma train their pistols on her.

GEMMA  
What have you done to us? Bitch.

SLOANE  
All we want is our DNA back.

Stunningly, Lorelei drops the paddles, steps away from them and toward the hulking robotic surgical device.

LORELEI  
One hundred and seven years of  
constant, brutal self-improvement  
and now this?

GEMMA

A hundred and seven?!

Sloane nods. *See!*

Lorelei lets her hand drift toward a glass control panel near the robot. Without looking, she hits a few keys.

Both women follow, keep her in their sights.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

You barely look--

Lorelei wheels back around, full of rage.

LORELEI

PARASITES!

SLOANE

You're the fucking parasite!

Lorelei thunders toward them.

LORELEI

The sacred mission of the master race is to preserve the most valuable bloodlines and raise them to a dominant position!

GEMMA

Oh, snap. Eugenics. I get--

Lorelei RUSHES at Gemma, GRABS her by the neck, LIFTS her by the throat toward the surgical robot.

Her pistol SKITTERS across the floor.

The arms of the robot suddenly JOLT to life, coiled above Gemma like the metallic tails of six futuristic scorpions.

Sloane doesn't have a clear shot.

SLOANE

Get your hands OFF her!

Ignoring this, Lorelei pushes Gemma toward the robot. The soles of her feet SCREECH and SQUEAL across the floor.

LORELEI

Perfection is a birthright.

The robot arms descend toward Gemma, deploying scalpels, cranial saws, lasers.

Gemma's eyes bulge. Her feet barely touch the floor.

LORELEI (CONT'D)

It can't be purchased. It must be  
earned!

Gemma HISSES toward Sloane:

GEMMA

Help... me.

Lorelei TOSSES Gemma toward the robot like meat to a crocodile, spins back around toward Sloane. Pure menace.

LORELEI

Must destroy all flaws!

SLOANE

Fuck that.

Sloane fires once. **BANG!**

The sound is near deafening. The flash, blinding.

Lorelei stumbles backward, stunned. A blossom of red colors her crisply-pressed blouse.

All instinct, Sloane LEAPS toward her, SHOVES her further backward toward the robot, YANKS Gemma clear.

THE ROBOT ARMS INSTANTLY DESCEND UPON LORELEI AND VIOLENTLY REDUCE HER TO A BLOODY DISMEMBERED PULP!

It's a terrifying, revolting spectacle. Flesh flying everywhere. Rivers of blood.

Then, SILENCE. The machine WHIRS down. The arms retract.

**The bitch is dead.** Nothing viable remains.

Sloane and Gemma, bathed in blood, stare on in shock.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

That's... Is... Did I...

Sloane lowers her pistol. Gemma wipes blood from her eyes.

GEMMA

You saved me.

BEEP! BEEP!

Both of their biometric tracking bracelets CLICK and fall to the ground, disabled.

Sloane doesn't even bother wiping the blood from her face.

SLOANE  
I got an idea.

**EXT. WAYRA LODGE, ROOF - NIGHT**

Side-by-side on the roof in the dark, Sloane and Gemma train their pistols on the hulking hydrogen fuel cells.

Each woman has a lit cigarette dangling from her lips.

SLOANE  
Aim for the no smoking sign.

Gemma nods.

GEMMA  
So much for a refund.

And then both of them UNLOAD on the fuel cells!

Bullets streak through the inky blackness in SLOW MOTION.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Four direct hits.

Both women drop their handguns, take one last drag, and then flick their lit cigarettes into each fuel cell.

The FRAME RATE ROCKETES BACK UP as each fuel cell belches out a gust of blue flame. Then, the flames get SUCKED back in.

SLOANE  
And, we're out!

Sloane and Gemma turn and sprint toward the waiting gondola.

Gemma leaps from the roof and into the gondola just as a series of RUMBLING FIREBALLS echo up from below.

In the BLINDING ORANGE LIGHT, Sloane vaults skyward, windmilling her arms.

She catches the release latch with one hand, barely makes it into the gondola car in time.

BANG!

The gondola cuts loose and ZIPS down to the valley below.

**EXT. JUNGLE, GONDOLA - NIGHT**

A fiery explosion blows entire lodge to smithereens!

Neither of the women bother to look back. They don't scream. Instead, they just stare fearlessly ahead. Into the future.

**I/E. MERCEDES LIMOUSINE/JUNGLE - DAWN**

Sloane pilots Santiago's Benz at speed through the jungle as the sun slowly rises outside.

Both women (singed, soot-blackened, and bloodied) marvel at the sunlight as it shines through the dirty windshield.

Until...

SLOANE

Fuck me.

Up ahead: a line of thirteen Women in White brandishing all manner of low-tech weaponry.

One of them fires a grenade launcher:

KA-BOOM!

The blast sends the car careening.

GEMMA

You know what to do!

Sloane nods, yanks the wheel, guns the gas.

As bullets streak through the twilight, ricochet off the hood and shatter the windshield, Sloane accelerates directly toward the Women in White.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

She mows them down one-by-one like duckpins.

And as the car RUMBLES and SHIMMIES over each body, Sloane and Gemma swap identical maniacal grins.

**INT. MARISCAL SUCRE AIRPORT, QUITO, ECUADOR - DAY**

A blood-specked hand with nails flaunting what remains of a an over-priced and chewed manicure SLAPS a Black Card down onto an airline ticket counter.

SLOANE

Business Class. LAX. For two.

Behind Sloane, Gemma grins. Her face is covered in dirt and dried blood. So is Sloane's.

But neither of them care in the slightest.



**EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT**

A ridiculously luxe rooftop bar. The kind of place even the entitled .5% line up to get into.

Flickering fire pits. Underemployed YOGA INSTRUCTORS delivering overwrought cocktails. Inane SMALLTALK.

Amid yet another version of "CREEP" (this time a Reggae rendition), we GLIDE toward Sloane and Gemma.

Both women now rock tightly-cropped, asymmetrical pixie cuts. And neither of them are wearing a speck of makeup.

They both look incandescent. Literally rejuvenated. Finally *entirely* comfortable in their own skins.

GEMMA

So, uh, when's the story run?

Sloane turns, gestures toward a distant server.

SLOANE

Sunday. Front page.

Gemma calmly nods, reaches across herself for a bottle of fizzy water, tops off her own glass.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

You really gonna give notice?

GEMMA

Gonna? Did! Board went ballistic. But they're all dudes. So fuck 'em.

SLOANE

Amen.

GEMMA

What's next for you?

Sloane lifts a finger to the scar above her singed eyebrow, catches herself, doesn't touch it. Smiles.

SLOANE

I got a nursery to paint.

GEMMA

I'm gonna be an auntie!

Gemma reaches into her purse, hands over her tin of meds.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
And the first of twelve steps  
starts today.

Sloane smiles proudly, pockets the tin.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
Whaddya say? Tulum next summer?

Both women CHUCKLE knowingly.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
Because Gwen knows this place...

Sloane looks up.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
Kidding! Jeesh!

Grinning, they both lift their glasses. CLINK!

They fucking made it.

Slowly, the CAMERA CRANES UP to reveal the rest of the city.

In the distance, we glimpse a very familiar WOMAN IN WHITE  
delivering drinks to a table full of ROWDY EXECES.

She doesn't say a word.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL END CREDITS --

To "Disparate Youth" by Santigold.

THE END