

SISTER - HOOD

FADE IN:

**INT. UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - OFFICE - DAY**

Professor SUSAN CURRAN (40) sits at her desk grading papers.

A TAP on the door jamb. It's DETECTIVE ANNA MOLINA (30), satchel in hand.

DETECTIVE MOLINA  
Thanks for agreeing to see me on  
such short notice.

Susan points to a chair on the other side of her desk.

SUSAN  
Please, have a seat.

As Molina takes a seat, she scans the shelves behind Susan's desk - full of PSYCHOLOGY TEXTBOOKS.

DETECTIVE MOLINA  
(re: the books)  
I minored in it. It really served  
me well as a detect --

SUSAN  
I don't mean to be rude, but I have  
class in twenty minutes. So please,  
the nature of your visit is....?

DETECTIVE MOLINA  
Two months ago we found the body of  
a Jane Doe. About twenty-eight.

SUSAN  
What does that have to do with me?

DETECTIVE MOLINA  
I'm sorry, but we believe it might  
be your sister. I have a photo...

Molina reaches into her satchel, starts to retrieve a photo.

SUSAN  
That won't be necessary.

DETECTIVE MOLINA  
Look, I know it's a shock. But --

SUSAN  
I don't have a sister.

A curious - *WTF* look - crosses Detective Molina's face.

**INT. LAPD DETECTIVE DIVISION - DAY**

Detective Molina at a desk, cluttered with case files.

FORENSICS SPECIALIST ABRAHAM (40), folder in hand, approaches with a folder in his hand. He tosses it on Molina's desk as he takes a seat.

SUPER - TWO DAYS EARLIER

ABRAHAM

Just got a DNA match on your Jane Doe. The FBI lab picked it up from Twenty-Three and Me.

Molina opens the folder revealing a report along with a driver's license photo of Professor Curran.

DETECTIVE MOLINA

What's the relation?

ABRAHAM

Sibling.

DETECTIVE MOLINA

Level of certainty?

ABRAHAM

It's her sister. No doubt.

**EXT. COAST OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN - MORNING**

Early - the sun just peeking above the horizon.

SUPER - TWO MONTHS EARLIER

Detective Molina stares intently at the nude, water-bloated corpse of a YOUNG WOMAN washed ashore.

A MALE OFFICER approaches.

MALE OFFICER

I talked to the fisherman. Says He fishes here every morning. The body didn't show until now.

DETECTIVE MOLINA

(re: the body)

Been dead for at least three days. Means she had to have been weighted down.

The ocean current turns the corpse to one side, now revealing the back of the woman's skull - CRUSHED.

DETECTIVE MOLINA  
Yeah... definitely.

Molina looks towards the houses perched on the coastline looking for clues - nothing.

**INT. UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - OFFICE - PRESENT DAY**

Detective Molina removes a photo of JANE DOE's face - grayish skin - obviously deceased and places it on the desk.

DETECTIVE MOLINA  
Sorry. I know it's not pleasant.  
(tapping the photo)  
You sure you don't recognize her?

SUSAN  
(ignoring the photo)  
I thought I was clear. I have no sister.

DETECTIVE MOLINA  
Yeah...

Detective Molina removes a notepad from the satchel.

DETECTIVE MOLINA  
Just a few more questions and I'll be out of your hair... You still live in Malibu - yes?

**INT. MALIBU CALIFORNIA - HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A mini-mansion, richly decorated. Antique furniture and symbols of wealth everywhere. Susan sips a glass of wine as she sits on the sofa listening to AMELIA (28).

SUPER - TWO MONTHS EARLIER

AMELIA  
So you didn't know?

SUSAN  
I knew that my parents had frozen embryos... They weren't quite certain whether or not they wanted more children. The embryos were insurance - in case they changed their minds. But they were told that they had been destroyed.

Amelia points her fingers towards herself.

AMELIA

Well, apparently at least one of them made its way to Canada.

SUSAN

And what makes you so sure?

AMELIA

Twenty-three and Me. All I had to do was click the DNA relatives list and there you were.

SUSAN

Hmm...

AMELIA

Why were you on there?

SUSAN

My father was a bit of a hypochondriac. He wanted genetic health screening for the whole family. So he signed up, had us all submit samples. Ironically, he and Mom died before they even got the results back.

AMELIA

How did they --- ?

SUSAN

Drowned. She fell off their boat - drunk. He dove in to save her...

AMELIA

I'm so sorry. I do know what it's like to lose parents. To be alone.

Amelia scans the living room - takes in the luxury.

AMELIA

I had no idea my father was so wealthy.

SUSAN

Your father wasn't. Mine was.

AMELIA

About that... You see. I've seen the will. It's a public record.

Susan's eyes narrow in suspicion.

SUSAN

And...?

AMELIA

Everything to be split into equal shares... Among all surviving children.

Susan raises her wine glass in a toast motion.

SUSAN

To sisters.

**INT. UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - OFFICE - PRESENT DAY**

Detective Molina and Susan at opposite sides of the desk.

DETECTIVE MOLINA

I mean, that's so odd, isn't it? A body that just happens to match your DNA showing up at the shore just a few miles from your home.  
(off Susan's non-response)  
Nothing...?

**EXT. MALIBU CALIFORNIA - PIER - NIGHT**

Susan and Amelia walk down a wooden pier towards a thirty-foot luxury powerboat.

SUPER: TWO MONTHS EARLIER

AMELIA

Wow. It's gorgeous.

They reach the --

**POWERBOAT**

Susan motions for Amelia to step aboard.

SUSAN

Please. It's half yours now.

As Amelia carefully steps from the pier to the boat deck, Susan grabs a fire extinguisher from an adjacent pole and --

BAM - thrusts it against Amelia's skull. Blood sprays everywhere. Amelia collapses to the deck.

**EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - POWERBOAT - NIGHT**

The idling powerboat bobs in the modest waves somewhere a mile off the Malibu coast.

Amelia's nude corpse is sprawled on the deck. A large HEFTY BAG, containing her clothes and belongings next to her.

Susan strains as she throws an anchor overboard. As the rope uncurls, we can see the end is tied to Amelia's ankle.

One herculean lift from Susan and Amelia's corpse tumbles over the rail of the boat into the dark waters of the ocean.

**INT. UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - OFFICE - PRESENT DAY**

Detective Molina and Susan at opposite sides of the desk.

SUSAN

How did you get my DNA?

DETECTIVE MOLINA

Oh, yeah - Twenty Three and Me. The FBI can run matches against their database. It's in the terms and conditions. You didn't know that?

SUSAN

I'm sure there was a mistake.

DETECTIVE MOLINA

(standing)

Maybe. I suppose that's possible.

**EXT. MALIBU CALIFORNIA - PIER - PRESENT DAY**

Two FORENSIC INVESTIGATORS collecting specks of dried blood samples from the deck of the powerboat.

DETECTIVE MOLINA (V.O.)

That's why we're collecting our own DNA samples.

**INT. UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - OFFICE - PRESENT DAY**

A wide-eyed Susan stares at Detective Molina at the door.

DETECTIVE MOLINA

You know, I was an only child. It sure would have been nice to have a sister.... I'll be in touch. Let you know how those tests go.

As Molina exits, Susan buries her face in her - muffles a scream.

FADE OUT.