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What Happened to Monday

By Max Botkin

1

In the last 50 years,
we've doubled our population,
tripled the amount of food and water we use,
and we have quadrupled
the use of fossil fuels.

Every four days, there's a million
more people on the planet.

How is the world gonna cope
with this explosion in population?

The UN predicts
that, by the end of the decade,
we will have a population of ten billion.

I am a firm believer
that climate change is real,
that it is impacted by human behavior.

The government has declared
most of South America a disaster zone.
Extreme drought and massive dust storms
have shut down

the Earth's entire agricultural system.

Too many people, not enough food.

In an effort to combat the food shortage,
the European Federation has placed
the world's future in the hands of science.

The development
of more resilient, high-yield,
genetically modified crops
is being fast-tracked around the globe.
Shelves once empty are now fully-stocked.

But the tinkering with nature
has created long-term consequences.

Across the world,
we are witnessing a staggering spike
in multiple births and genetic defects.

The solution is now feeding the problem.

It is the biggest crisis in human history.

Political activist
and renowned conservation biologist

Dr. Nicolette Cayman
has prompted the Federation
to institute a "one child per family" policy
called the "Child Allocation Act."

We are one human family sharing this Earth.

Today, together, we make history.
The Child Allocation Act
is the first vital step
towards preserving our planet
and making a better future for our children.
New legislation has been swift.
Check points have been
erected across the nation.
All citizens are required to wear
a Bureau-issued identity bracelet.
And, from this day forth,
illegally conceived siblings
will be remanded
to Bureau-enforced cryosleep.
Children are more than just children.
They are the future.
With cryosleep, we'll make sure
your child rests peacefully,
humanely, free from hunger, safe from harm,
while we work to build
a better, brighter future.
Cryosleep.
Awake to a better world.
I know there's...
maybe a little resistance,
but, with the "one child" policy...
it may give us some time.
I'm so sorry, Mr. Settman.
We did everything we could.
If we were better equipped,
there's a chance
we might've been able to saved her.
She knew the risks.
She knew you wouldn't report her.
- And the father?
- Who knows?
My daughter...
We haven't spoken in years.
How do you plan on hiding this?
How will you cope?
I'll manage.
I'll have to.
Have you thought about names?
Well...

There are seven.

So...

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

Free from hunger, safe from harm,
while we work to build
a better, brighter future.

Cryosleep. Awake to a better world.

Children are more than just children.

They are the future.

With cryosleep, we'll make sure
your child rests peacefully, humanely.

Please have your wristbands
ready for inspection.

No unauthorized persons
are allowed to enter the sector.

The following items may not be taken
through checkpoints

without prior permission:

any sharp objects, flammables, or chemicals.

For your safety and security...

My baby!

Don't take her, please! Please!

She's my child! She's my child!

This sibling is now listed
and will be processed under authority
of the Child Allocation Act.

No! No! My baby!

- My baby!

- She's my sister!

Can I have that one?

"What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up like a raisin in the sun,
or fester like a sore and then run?

Maybe it just sags like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?"

I like it. Did you write that?

No, ma'am.

That's the great Langston Hughes,
jazz king of Harlem.

Haven't I already told you that?

Must have slipped my mind.

Tell me, Miss Settman, what's your secret?

Last night, you're puking in the planter,

but, today, you're looking fresh as a daisy.

Dinner is served.

- That's interesting.

- Spreadsheets for tomorrow.

I'm starving.

- You are always starving.

- I think you might have worms.

Oh, come on, Saturday.

I hope I have worms.

We can cook them next week.

- Ugh, that's gross.

- It's delicious.

It's kind of beautiful.

- It's a fucking rat.

- It's actually quite good.

At least, it tastes like something,

unlike that engineered shit you're eating.

Oh, come on, Wednesday. You'd eat anything.

Deep-fried pig dick on a stick.

You'd buy it and you'd eat it.

Are you okay?

- I'm fine.

- You seem...

I know. It's just...

my big presentation is tomorrow.

You mean "our" presentation.

No thanks to you

getting shitfaced last night.

Yeah, Eddie said you threw up in the planter.

I didn't know what to say.

I felt really embarrassed.

I was entertaining one of our clients.

I might have overdone it

on the martinis. Shoot me.

You have to tell us everything, Saturday.

How can you be so stupid?

I'm just tired. Tomorrow's a big day.

If we get this promotion,

it's all thanks to Friday.

She makes us all look like a genius.

It's a team effort.

You guys did the legwork.

I just crunch numbers.

Seven minds are better than one.

You must work collectively.
You're stronger together than you are alone.
In time, we will select a career
that capitalizes on your joint skills.
What are you waiting for?
Go on, go on. Solve the problem.
May I see?
Very good.
Go, go, go, go, go!
Pay attention, girls.
Tomorrow... is a big day.
You know how there are
seven days in the week.
Well, starting tomorrow,
you will each get to go outside
on the day of the week that is your name.
That means Sunday will get
to go outside on Sunday,
Monday on Monday,
Tuesday on Tuesday, and so on.
In here, I want you to be who you are,
dress the way you wish.
I want you to be creative
and express yourself.
But, outside of these walls,
you will all take on the singular identity
of Karen Settman, named after your mother.
- Can I play outside?
- Yes, you can, as long as it's your day.
But you can never go outside together
at the same time, ever.
Even with your bracelet.
And, wherever you are
and whatever you're doing...
you can never tell a soul
that you're a sibling.
That's very important. You understand?
Okay. Well, we begin tomorrow.
Starting with you, Thursday.
You ready to do this?
Okay.
The following items may not be
taken through checkpoints
without prior permission:

any sharp objects, flammables, or chemicals.
For your safety and security,
have your bags ready for inspection
by an enforcement officer.
Please have your wristbands
ready for inspection.
No unauthorized persons
are allowed to enter the sector.
Don't forget, you're the one
and only Karen Settman.
The end of the day meeting
is the most important part of your day.
It's the time to share
every detail with your siblings.
Okay?

Mm...

- Oh, God.
- Poor kid. Straight to the cryobank.
With Cayman running for Parliament,
security's getting tighter.
I fucking hate that bitch.
I don't know.
Maybe cryosleep isn't such a bad idea.
We turn ourselves in, get frozen,
play Sleeping Beauty
until the population drops.
I heard you still dream,
like, horrible nightmares
for hundreds of years.
By the time you wake up,
everyone you know and love will be gone.
Well, we go to sleep together,
we wake up together.
The Child Allocation Act
will be a thing of the past,
and we can finally live our own lives.
Are we really gonna have
this conversation again?
Why can't you just accept
that this is your family?
This isn't a family.
It's a repressive regime.
I didn't pick this life
any more than you did.

Yet you live it so perfectly.

Karen Settman from cradle to grave.

- It's disgusting.

- What do you care?

Your only ambition was to be
a total loser, which you are.

Fuck you, Monday.

Just because I have my own personality and
dreams, and I want to have a relationship
that is more than just a random fuck
with someone that I will never see again?

I'm sick to death

of Miss Karen fucking Settman.

Karen Settman is the foundation
we built our lives on.

No, she's a mask,

a mask we put on one day a week.

One day a week we can go out into the real
world, and we can't even be ourselves.

- We have to be a fake person.

- Oh, shut up, both of you!

- You're driving us all crazy.

- Yeah, this is our life. It is what it is.

Being trapped in this prison
six days a week isn't a life.

It's a slow, agonizing, soul-sucking death.

Move over!

Saturday, let's go.

Or you'll be late for your recital.

So... you didn't see her leave...

and you don't have any idea
where she might be.

Well...

When did you see her last?

I was just skating and I fell! I did!

Oh, Thursday...

What if the Bureau caught you?

One mistake is all it takes
to put all your lives at risk.

I hate Karen Settman!

I wish I had never been born!

Enough!

You want to get taken away?

Get frozen for all eternity

in that god-awful machine
and never see me or your sisters again?

Go.

Monday.

I warned you.

Everything you do affects each other.

- What's that for?

- Keep still.

What happens to one of you...

happens to you all.

Monday...

I need you to be brave.

Set an example for your sisters.

Will it hurt?

Yes.

Don't move.

I bet that rat tasted better going down.

Shut up.

You're burning up. You running a fever?

No.

- You sure?

- I'm fine.

- Maybe you should switch days.

- I can do Monday.

Success does not come

without sacrifice and struggle.

Shut the fuck up.

"Beneath the tall tree, while night
comes on gently, dark like me."

Langston Hughes again, Eddie.

- You sound like a broken record.

- And a good day to you, too.

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taken through checkpoints

without prior permission:

any sharp objects, flammables, or chemicals.

For your safety and security...

The following items may not

be taken through checkpoints

without prior permission:

any sharp objects, flammables, or chemicals.

For your safety and security,

have your bags ready for inspection...

- Someone's in a rush, huh?

- By an enforcement officer.

Big day at work.

These lines are getting worse.

Last week, a woman gave birth right here because she couldn't get through.

- No kidding.

- Of course, it had to happen on my day.

Mondays are the worst.

I hate checkpoint duty.

Except I get to see you.

I'm afraid I have to ask you

a couple of questions.

The Bureau's a stickler for protocol.

You understand.

- What's your name?

- Karen Settman.

- Karen, do you have any siblings?

- No.

You carrying any contraband?

No.

Are you sure?

Do I have to body search you?

You may proceed.

- Karen.

- Jerry.

So...

Today's the big day, huh?

We'll see who gets the promotion.

All these years, I've been trying to figure out your angle.

I always thought, with a body like that, you'd fuck your way to the top.

But then it turns out, you're a frigid bitch.

Just because I find you repulsive?

You're not interested in anyone.

Working here, night after night, like a fucking robot.

You think you have us all fooled, don't you?

I have no idea what you're talking about.

Yes, you do.

Karen.

I'm onto you.

Where the hell is she?

- Did you try her again?

- Yeah. Straight to voicemail.

- Maybe she got held up.

- She would have called.

Ping her bracelet.

- That's weird.

- What?

Her GPS locator is off.

She's not showing up on the grid.

- She can't just vanish.

- Oh, yes, you can... if you want to.

Maybe she was in an accident.

Run a search. Um, hospitals, police records.

What if Monday's hurt? Or dead?

And the authorities find her before we do?

Then... Karen Settman no longer exists.

And our lives are over.

Jeez, she's only a few minutes late.

Monday's never been late

for an end of day meeting.

Ever.

"Eyes bloodshot from excessive drug use
and emotional distress.

Dark circles under the eyes..."

- Ow!

- Stay still.

Really? Pot brownie?

It's medicinal.

You know it's good for my nerves.

I have a bad feeling about this.

Remember what happened last time
two of us were out there at once.

That was bad.

We gotta figure out where Monday is.

You gotta act as if everything is normal.

Easy for you to say. It's not your day.

What if we've been listed?

Listen to me. If Karen Settman's been listed,
the Bureau would've kicked in the door,
and we'd all be processed by now.

Well...

technically speaking,

one of us would get to live.

- Good morning, Miss Settman.

- Good morning, Eddie.

I didn't see you come home yesterday.
After hours. Let myself in.
may not be taken through checkpoints
without prior permission:
any sharp objects, flammables, or chemicals.
For your safety and security,
have your bag ready for inspection
by an enforcement officer.
She's through.
So, we got our promotion.
Stay focused, Tuesday.
Check the calendar, desktop,
anything that might give us a clue.
I've got the brief for your conference call.
Vicky, when was the last time
you synched my tablet?

9:

Um, I forgot to log out last night.
You left early to celebrate.
Yes, of course.
Um...
Where did I go again?
Your favorite bar. Harry's.
Yes, of course. Harry's. Thanks.
You're welcome.
- Cheers.
- Cheers.
Last night, um... do you remember what...
what time I left?
You only stayed for one drink.
You barely touched it.
I think that colleague of yours put you off.
Yeah.
God, yeah. Which one of them?
You know, that douchebag in the suspenders.
- Jerry, I think?
- Yeah.
Monday and Jerry argued
just before she left the bar.
He's onto us.
- I knew it.
- Fucking dick sold us out.
Then why aren't we listed?

You've got to corner him, Tuesday.

- Find out what he knows.

- Are you nuts?

He could be the last person who saw Monday.

- He's our only lead.

- Yeah, okay.

Miss Settman.

Yes?

Step into the van, please.

Is there a problem?

I don't understand. Who are you?

Step into the fucking van.

Wha...?

That's weird. I lost her.

There's obviously been a mistake.

Can you please tell me what I'm doing here?

Miss Settman.

What a pleasure to meet you.

Nicolette Cayman.

I know who you are. Uh...

Can you please tell me why I'm here?

You poor child.

I am amazed you made it this far.

This is... This is all a big mistake.

Seven children.

What was your grandfather thinking?

Do you have any idea how much food and water

was taken out of others' mouths

so you could be here today?

If everyone were as cruel and selfish

as Terrence Settman,

the world would end tomorrow.

I am an only child.

For your sake, I wish that were true.

There are five of them left.

All the rotten eggs in one basket.

- Is there another way?

- Not if you want to keep it quiet.

What are you doing? Um...

I-I work in a bank!

I can get you money! Please! Please!

We can make some kind of deal! Please!

Funny.

That's what the last one said.

No, wait! No! No, please, no! No, no, no, no!
I can't believe this is happening.
We can't just sit here.
We gotta help her. We gotta...
We gotta go out there.
We gotta do something!
Thursday...
Oh, my God.
What the...
Residents or visitors?
Visitors.
Step out.
All of you.
Now!
That's it.
Nice and slow.
Nice and slow.
This way.
Look at them.
Hiding like rats.
So...
Where's the last one?
Fuck you.
You fucking cunt!
Fucking cu...
Is it bad?
It's okay. Look at me.
I don't want to die. I don't want to die.
You're gonna be okay. I'm here. It's okay.
I'm sorry.
I'm so sorry.
No. You're Sunday.
You're supposed to be the believer.
I don't know what I believe.
I don't...
I don't know who I am.
No!
No! No!
No!
Goddamn it!
They won't suffer.
- Excuse me?
- I'm assured of that.
Um...

We may have a containment problem.
We still haven't heard back
from the Settman team.
Last night, I dreamed this whole building
erupted and spewed out all the siblings.
There were so many of them.
A sea of little bodies...
scorched by flames.
I know what you feel for these children.
But this is on their parents, not you.
Sometimes, I think, "To hell with it."
To hell with everybody.
Humans will never learn.
You're our last chance, Dr. Cayman.
Our only hope.
I need you, Joe. Be careful.
Do not underestimate the Settmans.
If we officially list them,
they'll be flagged at the first checkpoint
and processed within hours.
Seven siblings surviving to adulthood?
It would destroy my credibility. No.
We have to keep this localized.
They are trapped inside that apartment
and they know it.
Besides... we have another issue.
A complication.
Make that a priority.
Then deal with the Settmans.
It's Tuesday's.
No...
What the fuck are we doing? Huh?
We gotta get out of here now.
They know about us.
They're gonna send more people.
Let them come. I'll fucking kill them all.
Calm down.
Just think for a second.
Four of us out there at once?
With all the Bureau agents
and checkpoints and sensors?
We won't last for two minutes.
We always work best as a team...
in an environment we can control.

Those guys, they weren't Bureau.
Or we'd be listed by now, and this place
would be crawling with agents.
Somebody wants us to disappear.
The question is why.
Fuck it.
Every Wednesday,
I wear a stupid dress and high heels.
Not today.
- What's that?
- Something I wish I thought of yesterday.
I customized it,
so we'll see and hear everything you do.
It's a user-locked grip.
- Can you unlock it?
- If I had more time.
For now, it's not gonna fire.
- Doesn't make it any less intimidating.
- This isn't a game, Wednesday.
Go to Jerry's. Find out what he knows.
Don't lose your head out there.
I won't.
Cryosleep. Awake to a better world.
Hello, Karen.
You're cutting it close. Aren't you?
Please.
Rough night?
Well, I did say you had until this morning,
and it's still morning, I guess,
technically, so...
What's it gonna be?
What's what gonna be?
Do we have a deal or not?
Deal...
What deal?
Playing dumb doesn't suit ya, Settman.
This is very simple.
You pass on the promotion.
It goes to me.
And I keep my mouth shut
about your little secret.
You motherfucker!
How long have you known?
You should be glad it was me

who found that contract,
or you'd be in jail by now.

What contract?

- Are you serious?

- What fucking contract?

407-C funds transfer.

Your contract with Cayman.

Cayman.

Nicolette Cayman.

Yeah. Your new VIP client.

Do you guys know about this?

Wow.

This, um... This contract, wh... where is it?

On my tablet.

Show it to me.

Yeah.

Get out of there!

Lost sight of the target.

Going in. Hold position.

Guys? You there?

Which way? Where do I go?

Best option is front door.

- Spread out.

- That's not an option.

Oh, shit.

Erickson?

Erickson, copy.

Erickson.

Sir?

Sir, do you copy?

What's going on up there? Do you need backup?

Guess so.

Move it! Take the sibling down.

Girls? I need a way out, now.

There, a dumpster, below the bedroom window.

- Come on.

- It's a three-story drop,

but the trash will soften the impact.

You better be right, sis.

Fuck!

It's empty.

The trash collection

is every Wednesday morning. Sorry.

Are you okay?

- Can you run?
- I think so.
Then run.
Go, go, go!
Guys, where am I going?
Next left. There's a door
at the end of the alley.
Come on.
What are you waiting for? Go get her!
Everybody move!
Move!
Get out of the fucking way!
- Get out of the way!
- Move!
What do I do?
We need to get you on the roof.
I can get you home from there.
Hold tight.
- Oh, shit.
- It's the Bureau.
- I thought you said we're not listed.
- We're not.
- Then what the fuck is he doing here?
- Friday? Friday!
Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait! Wait!
- What are you gonna do?
- Find out what he wants.
And get rid of him.
I got this.
Hey, open up!
- Hey.
- Hey.
New look?
Y-Yeah.
Yeah, I wanted to, um... try something new.
Nice.
Um, I called your... your office.
They said you were out sick.
I know. I know I'm not supposed to call,
- but when I saw you at the Bureau, I was...
- The... The Bureau?
Yeah.
Yeah, yeah, I had to go and, um...
drop off some stuff.

Boring bank stuff.

Aren't you going to invite me in?

I was only joking about the forced entry.

Friday?

Hold on. We've got a situation.

You've got a situation?

It's a nice place.

Friday? You there?

Who the fuck is this guy?

Please don't do that.

What?

Are you... Are you serious?

Sorry, I thought you liked that stuff. I'm...

Just, um...

Just... give me a sec.

- I'll be right back.

- Okay.

- What the hell is going on?

- You tell me. Who is that guy?

Don't bullshit me. Have you been seeing him?

What? No.

He's a Bureau agent.

Do you think I'm fucking stupid?

- You two seemed very familiar.

- It's called acting.

How do I know you're not acting now
and you've been seeing him all along?

I've never seen him in my life,
I swear to God.

You need to... to get him
to take you to his place
and find out which one of us
he's been seeing.

- What?

- Yeah, find out what he knows.

Have you lost it completely?

You want me to go with him?

- Yeah.

- I think he wants to fuck me.

Well, no shit.

- Show me your bracelet.

- Why?

It's a coupling device
from the dead guy's bracelet.

All you need to do is get yours close to his.

Wait. What?

Just activate your bracelet
and connect it to that guy's,
and we get a gateway
into the Bureau's servers.

What if he catches me?

Well, I'm sure you know
a few tricks to distract him.

Well, I don't know any tricks.

What do you mean?

All your big talk...

You've never been with anyone?

I'll be right there!

Oh, God! Wednesday!

Oh, shit!

- We're back.

- About time.

There's, uh, roof access.

The last door, southwest corner.

Guys...

There is no way I can clear this.

There's only two ways out of this, Wednesday.

You make that jump or you catch a bullet.

At least, this way, you stand a chance.

You've been training for this
your whole life.

You can do it.

Move! Move!

You can make that jump.

Get her to the processing center.

They'll know what to do.

I'll call it in.

What do you want to drink?

- A shot of vodka.

- Oh.

The file from Wednesday.

It's a 407-C funds transfer,
just like Jerry said.

Why would Karen Settman
illegally transfer millions of euros
into Nicolette Cayman's campaign fund?
This contract was executed the same day
as we got our promotion.

A transfer that big...

Hm...

Karen Settman really needed that promotion.

That's weird.

There's no signature.

We're in.

- She did it.

- Yeah.

Fuck me.

Wh-Where are the cells?

You know, where they keep people.

Oh, uh...

- The processing center.

- Can you get in there?

I think so. Hold on.

Stop.

- Is this feed real time?

- Yeah.

I-I think it's Monday.

Oh, shit.

I'm late.

Don't go.

I gotta go.

There's this big event at the Bureau tonight.

Cayman's starting her push for Parliament.

Why are you working for them?

The Bureau? Why not?

Well, couldn't you get another job?

Why would I want another job?

Don't you think it's wrong

to be rounding up siblings?

Have you ever set foot in the lower sectors?

I mean, most of these kids that we pick up,
they live in really shitty conditions.

Trust me, we're doing them a favor.

By sending them off to the cryobank?

Yeah. For now.

Until we see better days.

See you later?

I have some... work stuff to catch up on.

- Let's meet on our usual day.

- We talked about this, right?

I just wanna be with you every day.

Not just Monday.

See you, babe.

So, Monday's been seeing Adrian for months.

Miss Perfect likes to be choked during sex.

Can you believe it?

Cayman is holding her hostage.

What? Monday's alive?

Yeah.

Be careful, Saturday.

This Bureau agent could be playing us.

I... I don't know.

I don't think so. I'm scared, Thursday.

- What are we gonna do?

- We're gonna get through this.

Every day we set foot outside,

we beat the odds.

We're gonna get Monday out, and we're gonna show the world who Cayman really is.

I love...

- We gotta go!

- No! It's everything.

- Our whole life is in here.

- There's no time.

This is the only proof we ever existed.

Come on. Forget it. We gotta go. Okay?

Okay.

Here, put it over your face.

Come on!

Come on!

Come on, Friday.

Friday, what are you doing?

Friday!

Friday, what the fuck?

Friday, get down here now! Please!

Friday!

Friday, get down, please.

I synched everything to your bracelet.

What?

Go and get Monday.

Show Cayman who Karen Settman really is.

What are you talking about?

Please, there's still time!

It's okay. I'm not like the rest of you.

As crazy and dysfunctional as our family was,

I needed it to survive.

I couldn't make it out there.
Not without you guys.
Friday, get down here now! Please!
Friday!
It's time to unplug, big sis.
I love you.
Zulu Victor One to Bravo Delta.
Zulu Victor One to Bravo Delta.
Reports of an explosion.
25 Alexander Plaza. Multiple casualties.
I repeat, 25 Alexander Plaza.
Multiple casualties. Please respond.
Move! Move!
Another one coming your way.
- Authorization?
- Full clearance.
- You know the drill.
- Yes, sir.
Karen?
- Step back, please.
- Get him out of here.
Is it Karen? Let me see her.
Let me see her! Let me see her!
Let me see her! Karen!
Ka...
Don't move!
Don't move!
What the fuck?
You sold us out.
You son of a bitch!
Karen?
K-Karen?
Who are you? Who are you?
Stop your fucking games! You know who I am.
Jesus Christ, you're a sibling.
Yeah.
One of seven.
Identical in every way.
Well...
not in every way.
Karen...
I saw her in a body bag.
- Not her.
- She was in my apartment last night.

- She was in my apartment. I saw her.
- Not her.
- She was in my apartment!
- It wasn't her! She's not dead.
She's alive.
I love...
I have nothing to do with it.
You have to trust me. I love Karen.
Cayman is holding her hostage.
If you love her...
if you really love her...
you gotta help me.
You have a plan?
I am the plan.
Yeah, they're expecting you downstairs.
I'll take it from here.
Will it hurt?
No.
I thought there was a fire.
Fuck.
No, no! No! No!
No! No, no! No!
Help me! Let me out!
Help me! Please let me out!
- Are you okay?
- Yeah.
It was all a lie.
Cayman killed them all.
Every sibling.
Okay.
Hey.
Karen.
Tuesday.
- No, please! Please, no, please!
- It's me. It's me.
- Please, no, please!
- It's not her.
It's okay.
We're gonna get you out. Okay?
Where's Karen?
Is she still alive? Where's Karen?
What happened to Monday?
Ah...
Karen.

How are you enjoying your stay?
I trust we've made you comfortable.
More than comfortable.
We failed miserably
as a species on this planet.
Masterminding our own extinction.
But, through it all, through your donation
and my push for Parliament,
we might just still have another chance.
Take your wig off.
Take it off!
If you're beginning to have second thoughts,
you should know that I've kept
one of your siblings alive as collateral.
And, after all...
anyone who's willing to sacrifice
their own flesh and blood...
can never be fully trusted.
So...
how does it feel to be the one
and only Karen Settman?
When you get into the main server,
use the code Friday wrote.
Cayman's speech starts in 15 minutes.
- Let's go.
- Let's take this bitch down.
Fuck.
Nobody moves!
Show me your hands!
Open the door!
- Open the fucking now or I'll shoot him!
- Do it! Do it.
Monday.
I'm impressed.
You've never worn Karen Settman so well.
- You think you own her. You don't.
- I do her justice.
You only pretend.
Thank you for coming this evening.
I'm deeply honored and grateful.
I gotta get to Cayman.
Get her away from the servers.
You sold us out.
How could you?

I thought you, of all people,
would understand.
Understand? We were your family.
What do you know about family?
All these years of endless lectures
on responsibility and sacrifice?
I never saw you do any of it, not once.
I did everything I was told.
Everything right.
I did everything I could
to protect our family.
You have a funny way of showing it.
Sunday died in my arms.
Wednesday fell to her death.
Saturday was shot in the head, and Friday...
I didn't plan this.
I met Adrian and I fell in love.
And things changed.
I made a deal with Cayman, and...
it got out of my control.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry you...
you lost your finger because of me.
I was a... I was a total fuck-up.
If I could go back
and change it all, I would.
Karen Settman...
was so much more than any one of us.
She was all of us.
She was our family.
I was the firstborn.
Karen Settman was always mine.
The rest of you?
You were just afterbirth.
For three decades,
the Child Allocation Bureau has combatted
the most serious crisis
our world has ever faced.
Catastrophic overpopulation.
Critics may chastise our methods,
but the numbers don't lie.
In a perfect world,
every child has the right to live.
That's why I'm running for office.

So I can reform the law.
Anyone who wants to bring a child
into this world
must be able to prove financial stability...
and be able to guarantee
the emotional and physical
well-being of that child.
There may even be room for siblings...
if the data measures up.
So I commend you for your vision
as we continue to take positive action
to build a sustainable future
full of hope and possibility.
Together...
we will...
survive.
Are you okay?
Hit it.
They didn't suffer.
No, they didn't suffer.
They didn't suffer. They didn't suffer!
What have you done?
What have you done?
Monday.
I need you to be brave.
Set an example for your sisters.
I'm just trying to protect you.
I'm so sorry.
Promise me...
Don't let them take them.
Don't let them take them.
Hey, baby. Hey, baby.
Stay with me, okay?
Oh...
Baby, you're okay. Baby. Baby.
Federation-wide rioting has forced
the repeal of the Child Allocation Act.
Hundreds of siblings held
in processing centers have been released.
Pregnant women
are coming out of hiding in droves,
the majority from poorest districts.
Without this repeal,
many of these children would

have been discarded or processed
the minute they were born.
This planet is the only home
you will ever know.
So, look around.
Ask yourselves.
Who will continue to make
the difficult decisions
that will ensure your survival?
My regret...
My regret is that your children
will never know
the world we could have built together.
That hope is gone forever.
I like your new eye, Tuesday.
- They did a good job.
- Thank you.
Oh, it's not Tuesday anymore. It's Terry.
Okay. Terry.
So...
what should I call you?
Karen.
Karen Settman.
Monday did it all for them.
She wanted them to be safe.
Well...
they will be.