

# I Am Susan - Chapter 2

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### CHAPTER 2

"When science seems like magic, that is when religion seems like science." Tennawort

We see Susan and Patty, a friend of Susan's, as they sit at a small table outside a cafe. They are having a small lunch.

Patty voiced, "I can't believe it is really you. . ."

Susan said, "Yeah. It is good to see you too. I kind of lost touch with my old friends since my death."

Patty added, "And resurrection."

Susan nodded, "Yes, I guess in a way, I have been. But not the way my faith implies."

Patty asked, "You still believe in God?"

Susan said, "Yes, of course. Why would I not? Why would I stop believing?"

Patty spoke, "Well. You know. The original you dying. And then your husband having you basically, brought back from the dead, by replication. I just thought, since you were a robot, an android, that maybe you lost your faith."

Susan shook her pretty head, "If anything, I gained even more faith in Jesus Christ. Because no matter what the physical manifestations of the world are, the truth of the matter is, that because God created all things. Both what is seen and what is not seen, those things unseen being greater than those things seen, none of this would be possible. God is in the details, Patty."

Patty questioned, "I heard that your family has filed a law suit to have you decommissioned?"

Susan nodded, "Yes. That is true. I wish I could reach them, but most of them don't want to talk to me."

Patty said, "Even your sister?"

Susan spoke, "Fana and I used to be close. But that was along time ago, it seems. After my death, they all decided on mourning me and then moving on. But Scott couldn't move on in that way, so he finally decided to have me resurrected by replication. As you already know, both sides of my family are deeply religious, so going down that path, seemed to be against the ways of God. To them, anyway."

Patty voiced, "I don't know if I died, that I'd want to be replaced like that. I mean, no offense, it is really good to see you and talk to you. To me, you are just plain old Susan. But you know what I mean. . ."

Susan nodded, "Yeah. I do. Some people expressly have wills that either ask for replication after their death, or state that no replication can ever take place. In my case, I didn't express an opinion either way, so Scott used his own judgment. And for the most part, I'm glad that he did."

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Patty replied, "You know, your death was under a cloud of suspicion. I think your death was officially ruled a possible homicide, but there was never any concrete proof."

Susan said, "That aspect of my original self has always bothered me. You see, I can remember everything about my original life. But my actual death is clouded, I didn't really get a good look at my possible killer, or even remember, if there was a killer. I go blank at that point. My psychologist told me that my reaction is typical of replicants. Most of them don't have a memory of their death, if it was violent. She said that the mind represses such memories, specially during the replication process. But I might remember someday."

Patty said, "That must be awful."

Susan countered, "Yeah. In some ways it is. But look at the flip side of the argument, I'm dead and there is no hope."

Patty asked, "What for argument's sake, you were murdered and your death was not an accident? Aren't you afraid that your murderer might still be out there?"

Susan thought on it for a moment, then answered, "I try not to think about my death all together. I don't think you understand. . ."

Patty shook her head, "Oh no, I do. . ."

Susan uttered, "It is not really a healthy thing to do. Maybe that is why my former life towards the end, is hazy. Maybe that is a mechanism that was built into my re-creation."

Patty uttered, "But still. You might be in some kind of danger."

Susan pondered, "But what would it gain?"

Patty answered, "Well. For one thing, the killer might not know that you don't remember your death. If the killer thought that you remembered everything, that would put him or her at risk of exposure. They might try to kill you all over again. . ."

Susan said, "You are being silly. Cruel at best."

Patty spoke, "Look, Susan, no one is happier to see you than I am. I'm your best friend. That is why I'm talking to you in such plain language. I'm not trying to be mean. But the police report wasn't exactly clear. What if I am right?"

Susan finally gave in, "Okay. For the sake of argument, let's say that you are. What am I suppose to do about it? And a bigger question is, what about Scott?"

Patty asked, "I don't follow?"

Susan said, "Well, if you are right, might the so called killer think that I have told my husband who killed me?"

Patty responded, "You have a point. To be honest, I never did buy into all the explanations that were given as to your death. I don't know, something about it all just seemed too convenient. I mean, don't get me wrong, I'm not paranoid or anything, but well, I just never bought into it all. I guess I couldn't accept it anymore than Scott could accept that you were gone."

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Susan said, "But all that begs the question, why?"

Patty nodded, "That is where everything starts to fall apart. So, I can see where the police might have some trouble. I mean, who would want to kill you, you are a nice person. I just can't imagine someone wanting to hurt you?"

Susan spoke, "You know there are sick-oâs everywhere. But maybe I might dwell on the idea for a while, just to see if I can remember anything. But I have to tell you, I really don't like the idea. It kind of creeps me out."

Patty said, "Oh, I can see that it would. It would make me sick to my stomach, the whole thing would. It would take some getting used to. In fact, I think that you have handled it all very well."

Susan uttered, "I don't know about all that. To be honest, at times, for what seems like no reason, I just get frightened."

Patty voiced, "Maybe you need to talk to your shrink, or a priest. Because you still believe in God, right?"

Susan nodded, "Yes, I do. But somehow, I think these answers will have to be worked out with me and the Lord in private. But I just might try talking it out with someone professional."

We see Susan as she is seated in a crowded room. Father Jay is seated across from her. We see that they are nearing the end of a session.

Father Jay spoke, "I talked to your friend Patty the other day. She was really concerned about you."

Susan stated, "Yeah, I talked to her a few weeks ago. Haven't spoken to her since."

Father Jay said, "Something about your death?"

Susan nodded, "Do I still have a soul?"

Father Jay pondered, "I wish I could really answer that. You know, there was a time, when that very same question was asked about clones. You know, back a hundred years ago, society wasn't ready to deal with the idea that millionaires could clone themselves towards the end of their lives, and then will all their wealth to themselves. In a real way, making themselves immortal. Society really had a problem with that."

Susan added, "And now, society has a problem with replicas."

Father Jay voiced, "It is nothing personal, Susan. It is just a moral issue that human beings have to work out. The same problem existed when concrete evidence presented itself, that aliens existed, and then a floodgate of all sorts of alien creatures seemed to present itself. It all comes from believing that life on Earth was somehow special. When in fact, the whole universe is teeming with life. It took a re-examining of the Holy Bible, to see that God never said that our life forms were the only ones in the universe. I mean, just look at the references to angels, and their many incarnations. If angels were then looked at as aliens, then angels become a multitude of different species of aliens. All because there were so many different types."

Susan nodded, "It took society a while to deal with an issue that could no longer be denied."

Father Jay spoke, "And it is going to take society a while to deal with the idea that machines can totally replace human beings. It tugs at our sense of superiority, just another thing to make humans feel even less

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significant."

Susan countered, "But human life is sacred."

Father Jay nodded, "Yes it is and no one is saying anything different. But I think the church is saying that all life is sacred. In that context, the universe is God's creation and everything in it, should be viewed as God's work."

Susan asked, "Even evil?"

Father Jay stated, "Evil is a paradox in this universe. It shouldn't exist here, but it does. It is perhaps the only truly alien thing in creation. That is why it is so disruptive. It is anti-life."

Susan questioned, "Then if my death, in my original life, was murder. . ."

Father Jay said, "Oh. Wait a moment. Is that what this is all about? You think you were murdered?"

Susan stated, "Patty brought up the possibility. I hadn't really given any of it, any thought, up until then. The idea of my death frightens me."

Father Jay said, "As I would think it would be for anyone. The fact that you have all the memories of the original Susan, means that you in a sense have lived one life, only to find yourself, living a second one."

Susan asked, "Am I damned for being brought back to life? In an artificial way?"

Father Jay spoke, "God's ways are mysterious. That is a question that might not have an easy answer. The human soul has always been thought to be sacred, but times change. And so do basic ideas once held sacred. Mankind errs when he seeks to limit the power of God Almighty."

We see a lot of people gathered at a local fair. There are all sorts of activities going on. We see Scott and Susan as they walk throughout the area, enjoying the various events and delights.

Scott uttered, "I heard that you spoke with Father Jay the other day."

Susan is eating some cotton-candy, "Yes, I did. I guess I wanted to express some concerns I was having."

Scott asked, "Concerns about what?"

Susan answered, "Well. There is that little business about your family and my family suing to have me deactivated."

Scott said, "Yeah. That bothers the heck out of me too. But don't worry, It is like I told you, they can't do anything. In the whole history of cloning and replication, I've never heard of a case when a replicant has ever been forced to be decommissioned. No one has the right to kill you, Susan."

Susan said, "And yet, someone did do just that."

Scott asked, "What do you mean?"

Susan answered, "Someone killed me. I mean, the original me. I was murdered."

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Scott uttered, "That's not what the police told me."

Susan spoke, "I don't care what the police told you, Scott. I was murdered. I can feel it. I just know. . ."

Scott voiced, "Then you remember your death? I thought that replicas couldn't remember their own deaths. Something kept them from doing that?"

Susan nodded, "At first I thought so too. But as time has gone on, I seem to be able to remember little pieces of what happened to me. I don't have the full picture, but I have a feeling and that feeling won't go away."

Scott spoke, "Wow. I hadn't realized how much you were able to remember."

Susan responded, "Yeah. I think it is a unique thing in my case. I'm not sure why. But if I am right, I could be in a lot of danger."

Scott asked, "Danger? How?"

Susan spoke, "If I am right. And I was murdered. If the murderer ever finds out about my memory coming back, it could be very dangerous for me and for you."

Scott asked, "Me?"

Susan went on, "Well yeah. The killer might assume that I told you everything."

Scott retorted, "You've got a point there. Perhaps we should take certain precautions."

Susan said, "Yeah. But what. I'm not sure of anything, just right now. And very few people really know that I am having memories of my death."

Scott asked, "Few people? Why, who have you told?"

Susan answered, "Just a few friends. Really no one because I really don't have anything to say at the moment. Like I said, these are more like feelings rather than actual thoughts or memories."

Scott suggested, "Maybe you shouldn't talk about any of this with outsiders."

Susan stated, "I don't understand?"

Scott went on, "Not until you know for sure what it is that you remember. You don't want to talk to the wrong people."

Susan nodded, "You have a point. And it makes sense. Heck, I could be talking to the killer and not even know it."

We see a really nice garden. There is a gazebo out on the far lawn. We see that little children are running about the area in a haphazard fashion. Seated in the gazebo is Susan and Fana, they are in a rather serious conversation.

Susan asked, "Why don't you talk to them. You've been with me more than any of them. Tell them the truth. I'm sure that both sides would understand."

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Fana shook her head, "Believe me, I have tried. But it seems like they all are like I was when I first laid eyes on you. They just want their pain to go away and having you decommissioned seems to be the way to do that."

Susan spoke, "This is crazy. Scott went through all the trouble to bring me back, and all my family can think about, is killing me all over again."

Fana stated, "But don't you see. To them, this is not killing you, because as far as they are concerned, you are already dead. You died in an accident. . ."

Susan voiced, "No. I was murdered."

Fana said, "What? What did you just say?"

Susan retorted, "I was murdered. Iâ€™m starting to get some of my memories back. The ones just before I died."

Fana uttered, "You remember your death? I thought that was impossible? I thought that replicas couldn't remember their own death because it was too traumatic."

Susan nodded, "In most cases it is true. But in my case, I guess because the reason is so great, that I am starting to remember."

Fana said, "Are you sure of this?"

Susan stated, "No. Iâ€™m not a hundred percent sure because I just get bits and pieces. Itâ€™s like a bad dream. But I really did live it. My shrink thinks that due to the stress of my death, that Iâ€™m suffering from some kind of post-traumatic stress."

Fana said, "I didn't know a robot could suffer psychological trauma."

Susan countered, "Iâ€™m more than just a robot, Fana. Iâ€™m your sister first and foremost, and just because I was created, doesn't mean Iâ€™m somehow less than the original."

Fana nodded, "You are right. Iâ€™m sorry. I just still have a hard time adjusting to you being here. So. You can imagine how mom and dad feel."

Susan said, "I wish everyone would stop thinking about themselves and give some thought to me. How I feel. You all have left me out in the cold. I mean, how do you think I feel? My own family wants me dead. Again! Scott's family aren't any better. I mean, Good Lord!"

Fana spoke, "Can you see the person's face?"

Susan said, "What?"

Fana went on, "Can you see your killer's face?"

Susan uttered, "Oh. You went back to that. No. I can't. It just seems like a blur. A menacing blur but a blur none the less."

Fana asked, "What did Scott say when you told him. Or have you revealed this to him?"

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Susan said, "Yeah. I told him. Truth of the matter, is that it helps to just talk to someone about all this. Makes me feel better."

Fana spoke, "I'm sure it does. Look, I'm sorry, Susan. I'll try and talk to the family. See if I can't win them over. You know the holidays are coming up. It would be wonderful to have you there."

Susan asked, "Do you really mean that?"

Fana nodded, "Yeah. It is empty without you. Don't worry, it'll all work out."

We see Patty and Susan as they are jogging by a wooded area. They run for a good while and then they decide to take a break on a bench. Others jog on by, some with their dogs on leash.

Patty seems serious, "I was talking to a private detective the other day."

Susan took a deep breath, "Really? Why?"

Patty said, "Oh. You know, a bunch of thoughts crossed my mind. Word is getting out amongst our friends that maybe you were a victim of foul play."

Susan uttered, "My friends? I had a feeling that no one wanted to see me after my death? That somehow, I was some kind of a freak?"

Patty voiced, "Now. Now. You are not the only one to have been replicated you know."

Susan nodded, "Yeah. I know that."

Patty went on, "Your friends. Your real friends are not your relatives. I mean, I spoke with Fana. She's okay, but she still has a whole bunch of issues and rightly so. I mean, her sister was murdered."

Susan spoke, "Murdered? Is that what everyone is calling it nowadays?"

Patty spoke, "You should hear some of the crazy theories that some of our friends have. It goes all the way from one theory to Martian Elves."

Susan questioned, "Now, why would elves want to kill me?"

Patty said, "Oh, you know. Nobody trust elves, specially, Martian Elves. They are all so smug. Think that they are better than everyone else."

Susan spoke, "That is because they are. Their society actually colonized Mars long before humans did. And they colonized Earth, hence all the myths surrounding the wee-folk and the forest people. Back then, humans were not sophisticated enough to realize that most of their so called myths were actually based on aliens, visitors and immigrants from the stars."

Patty uttered, "Some of us think that maybe you should get away. Leave Mars."

Susan said, "Why? Mars is my home."

Patty added, "Mars is also where you met your first death."



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Susan considered, "I hadn't looked at it that way."

Patty went on, "Well. Perhaps you should. Not all of us are crazy and talking trash. Some of us are just glad that you are back and don't want to go through the grief of having to bury you again."

Susan countered, "I wasn't buried. I was cremated. It is illegal to bury the dead on Mars."

Patty retorted, "You know what I mean, Susan. Don't act like you don't understand the danger."

Susan stated, "I'm trying not to act frightened, Patty."

Patty said, "Believe me I understand. But the old you is gone. And the new you has to think about the future. Not everyone has the money or the religious freedom to be replicated after death. It is a controversial thing at best."

Susan spoke, "Believe me, I know, I'm living it."

Patty asked, "Do you think Scott knows anything about it?"

Susan asked, "Scott? What are you talking about? Scott is the one who had me commissioned, at the expense of both our families, I might add."

Patty spoke, "No. I mean, do you think that he might go with you if you decide to go away? I guess that is what I was trying to say."

Susan stated, "I don't think so. We've had deeper conversations than this one. Deep inside, he doesn't believe that I was murdered. He believes what the police put out."

We see Father Jay and Susan, they have met at the park. We see out on the water, small sail boats floating, they are models. On the shore we see kids with their parents as they sail the various boats across the tiny lake.

Father Jay asked, "You wanted to see me? It sounded pretty serious."

Susan nodded, "Yes. Thank you for coming so quickly, Father Jay."

Father Jay said, "As I told you before, I'm going to do my best to help you, Susan."

Susan went on, "I'm currently going through a legal procedure. My family and Scott's family want to have me decommissioned."

Father Jay voiced, "Yes. I know."

Susan retorted, "I'm going to run. I'm going to leave Mars and find someplace to live. Someplace where a person like me can live without persecution."

Father Jay was taken aback, "Does Scott know about this?"

Susan shook her head, "No. He doesn't. I'm afraid to tell him, in fear that he'll tell someone in his family and word will get out and they will try to hold me in some kind of custody. I want to live, Father Jay. I died once, I didn't like it. I have been given a second chance and I want to live."

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Father Jay could see how disturbed she was, "I don't blame you, Susan. Everyone should have the right to live. And not just to live. But to live well. Free from famine and hunger, disease and sickness, a good place to live and clothes, and other things that well to do people take for granted, these all things, everyone should have access to. Not just the rich. And yes, that also includes the right to live. I understand what you are going through and I agree with you."

Susan was shocked, "You do? You are not just saying this to gain some advantage."

Father Jay uttered, "Susan, as your clergy, it is not my job to tell you what you want to hear. It is my job to tell you what you need to hear. The truth. And to be honest, when I first heard about your family's decision to try and have you decommissioned, it troubled me greatly. To be honest, technology has made my job much harder. But that has been true since the beginning. Right and wrong have been in a constant flux of ambiguity. Ever since the snake told Eve, you won't surely die."

Susan said, "Thanks, Father Jay. Your support means a lot to me."

Father Jay asked, "Where will you go?"

Susan shook her head, "I'm not sure. I haven't thought it out that far."

Father Jay uttered, "Well. You give it some thought. Because this might prove to be the biggest decision of your life. You also might want to see if Scott is willing to back you on this. I know you have doubts about your husband's loyalties. But remember, he loved you so much, that he went against his family's wishes, and your family's wishes too, and had you commissioned. It might devastate him to wake up one day and find you gone without any explanation."

Susan said, "Oh. I won't do that to him. I'd leave him a letter explaining what I had done and why."

Father Jay spoke, "It is your decision. You are fighting for your life. It is understandable if you are somewhat cautious. I'd be if I were placed in your situation."

Susan asked, "Then you don't think that I am over reacting?"

Father Jay answered, "Oh. Those people mean to have you killed. All over again. No. I think you have to do what you have to do."

Susan asked, "And you won't say anything to anyone about this?"

Father Jay spoke, "I'm your religious counsel, I can't divulge information."

We see Susan and Fana as they are sitting in a park where children are playing. Susan watches the kids play and seems sadden by what she sees. Fana notices this.

Fana asked, "You and Scott wanted children at some point?"

Susan nodded, "Yes. I guess it is safe to say that we did at one point in life. Oh now, I believe that he still does. But so much is happening right now. I mean, with the family wanting me decommissioned and all. . ."

Fana stated, "I don't want you decommissioned."

Susan looked at her for a long moment, "Are you sure?"

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Fana said, "Yes. I thought you knew that?"

Susan uttered, "People have an at tendency to say one thing when in the presence of one person and then when they are in the presence of others, they say something entirely different."

Fana spoke, "Are you calling me a hypocrite?"

Susan said, "Iâ m saying that I hear things. I know that no one in either side of my family has truly accepted me. And no one has rose to speak on my behalf. Itâ s funny in a way because Scott wanted so badly for this all to work out. And in the end, he might wind up being alone and hurt, all the same."

Fana stated, "This isnâ t about Scott is it?"

Susan retorted, "No. It is about me. Iâ m the one facing legal termination, and I havenâ t done anything, except tried to live."

Fana went on, "They wonâ t let you live, Susan. You remind them of their own smallness. Iâ ve sat in the family meetings. Some of them, Scott was in. It is horrible. How they talk about you as if you were some kind of monster. Not a sister, or daughter. . ."

Susan stated, "I am a monster! To them, that is what they want me to be. So that it is easier for them to judge me and condemn me."

Fana said, "But I donâ t think that way."

Susan asked, "Have you gone and spoken up on my behalf to the family?"

Fana answered, "You donâ t understand. . ."

Susan said, "Oh, but I do. It is my family too. I know them all only too well. Once they all get something in their mind, they can be unreasonable."

Fana told, "I donâ t want to see you put to death, Susan."

Susan extolled, "Ah, but that is what is going to ultimately happen. Because of ignorance and prejudice."

Fana was deeply saddened, "I donâ t know what to do in order to stop it. You were always the strong one. Standing up to everyone, making them listen and reasoning. Iâ m weak, they wonâ t listen to me even when I try."

Susan spoke, "I know. It is not your fault. The family is acting like a group mob. Seems it is easier to live with pain than it is to live with success."

Fana uttered, "They understand pain, Susan. They all lack faith to be happy."

Susan said, "They lack a lot of things as I remember."

Fana asked, "What are you going to do?"

Susan answered, "I canâ t tell you. If I do, youâ ll just go to the others and reveal everything to them."

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Fana said, "No I won't. You can trust me."

Susan asked, "Can I, Fana? Can I trust you?"

Fana nodded, "I'm your sister. Of course you can."

We see Scott and Susan as they have dinner at a fancy restaurant. We can hear soft music playing in the background and off in a joined room, people are dancing. Scott and Susan are enjoying the evening.

Scott said, "I hear that you are going to do a photo shoot."

Susan nodded, "I just found out that I got the contract today."

Scott voiced, "That is exciting. You are getting back into things."

Susan spoke, "But it really won't do any good will it?"

Scott asked, "I don't understand?"

Susan voiced, "Well. What good will anything I do, if in the end, you and your family have me decommissioned?"

Scott stated, "It is not going to happen, Susan."

Susan asked, "And why is that?"

Scott answered, "Look. I'm just letting the two families vent. That seems to be what they want to do. Each day, one or more seem to be coming around, in some way. They legally can't do anything. You are your own person, Susan. They are trying to treat you like you are hardware or an appliance. There have been all sorts of laws set forth, ever since the beginning of domestic robots. And then there are the sentient laws for androids, in which you fall into the latter category."

Susan retorted, "I'm beyond an android, Scott. I'm a living, thinking, being. It doesn't matter if I am synthetic or not. The bottom line is that I'm alive."

Scott nodded, "I'm not denying those things."

Susan expounded, "Then what in the hell is yours and mine family's problem?"

Scott pointed out, "I think they are scared."

Susan said, "Scared of what? That I might go on living, even after my death? Or that I might actually be Susan and spoil their grief mentality?"

Scott stated, "Some of it all. They are super religious and can't seem to find the middle ground."

Susan voiced, "The Holy Bible says that we should be moderate in all things. So. Where do they stand?"

Scott answered, "Ever since there has been religion. There have been those that seek to twist the word of God to their own purpose. Even when their intentions are good."

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Susan stated, "Those people are the most dangerous. Because they only are thinking about their own point of view. Jesus Christ didn't come here and teach us, only to have us fall into a deeper pit."

Scott voiced, "It's the technology, Susan. It frightens them."

Susan said, "They have people who use transdoor technology to go back in time and retrieve loved ones that have passed away. That doesn't seem to bother most people. In fact, it is common practice on many planets."

Scott nodded, "This is true. But that is different."

Susan asked, "And why is that?"

Scott answered, "That is because, those people are still alive. All they are is brought into the future."

Susan stated, "Yet there are strict laws governing the retrieval of the dead, in that manner. But I don't see an angry mob calling for the blood of the past?"

Scott announced, "And they can't call for your blood either, Susan. They can't win."

We see a large area gathering. There is a large apparatus at the center of the area. It is a transdoor. We see people going to and fro, as the machine allows people to travel from one point in time and space to another, like walking through a door into another reality. We see Susan and Patty as they approach the spot where the ticket area is.

Patty said, "Are you sure you want to go through with this, Susan?"

Susan answered, "I really don't see where I have a choice."

Patty answered, "You can stay and fight."

Susan stated, "Stay and fight what? I have unknown people who may or may not want to kill me all over again. I have a husband who won't stand up to his family and I have a family who is happier with me being dead than alive."

Patty spoke, "Yes. You do have problems, Susan. But everybody has problems. Honestly, I don't think the meaning of life is free from troubles. Least, not here, in this world. In this reality."

Susan said, "You probably are right. No human being ever born is free of troubles."

Patty answered, "Then why are you running away? What will it solve?"

Susan uttered, "He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day."

Patty said, "But what is going to happen to Scott? When he finds out that you have just up and gone. And not just gone, but transdoored to some other planet and some other reality, what is going to happen to him?"

Susan said, "I can't concern myself with what will happen to Scott. When he had me commissioned, and he saw that his and my family had problems with him resurrecting me by using technology, then he should have also had the forethought to move to some place else where we could live our lives in peace."

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Patty said, "That is not fair, Susan. You can't just go and break Scott's heart like that, all over again. He needs you."

Susan expounded, "And when the family succeeds in having me decommissioned, then what? What will he do then? I'll be dead for the second time and he'll still be without his wife. At least this way, I'll still be alive and there will be hope."

Patty spoke, "Do you want me to tell him where you are going?"

Susan stated, "I can't tell you what my plans are because I'm not going to let anyone destroy my future. If I can't find peace here I'm not going to let evil follow me to where I'm seeking peace. And even if I fail, my future will belong to me."

Patty uttered, "You don't trust me?"

Susan answered, "I don't know who I can trust."

Patty stated, "You can trust me."

Susan answered, "Can I? From the beginning of my new existence, have I found comfort anywhere?"

Patty voiced, "We've been hard on you, Susan. I'll be the first to admit it. But you just going, running on off, into another reality, another world, another place. Aren't you afraid?"

Susan answered, "I'm more frightened of the past than I am of the future. All of our lives are governed by fate. . ."

Patty interjected, "Freewill. Mankind has free will, like the angels."

Susan corrected, "No one has freewill except for God Almighty. We are all just parts of something that is far bigger than ourselves. Freewill as mankind understands it is nothing more than an illusion, it is multiple choice. Life presents us with choices, that's not freewill."



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