

THE DOUBLE

Screenplay by
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The Double

WHITE CREDITS dissolve in and out to PEGGY LEE'S *FEVER*.

INT. LIMO - DAY

The hot tones of skin on skin. Forms gliding against one another, emerging from shadow. Writhing erotically. Caressing sensually. Slowly. Passionately.

Leather seats. High Heels. Thigh highs.

MARISA NUZZI is perfect. Deep brown eyes. Long dark hair. Sexy as hell.

As we mover further and further out, the abstract forms take on human outlines. But the outlines become silhouetted against the daylight beyond the limo windows.

OLLY ADKINS is mostly concealed in the shadow. But there's no mistaking it- he's in paradise, savoring every minute.

OLLY

Oh god... oh god...

MARISA

Wait. Stop.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - PRESENT

Abrupt Medium Close-Up of Olly Adkins, mid thirties, thin, tall, bald, and nervous. A slight resemblance to Woody Woodpecker. He addresses the camera in a manner that suggests he has too many thoughts to spit out coherently.

This could be any room anywhere. A plant in the corner. A window. A sky.

OLLY

A fine way to start a story. I- I swear-- I swear that's how it all started. Really. With a "stop." Stop in the name of love maybe? Yes, maybe. No, *exactly*. Exactly in the name of love. You keep asking about *him*. Well, I tell
(more)

(cont'd)

you, all *that* business has nothing to do with the price of tea in Kansas— It started with *her*. Marisa— god she's something. She's my *Dulcinea*. It was always about *her*. From the very beginning. And it started—ugh—yes, it started with a *stop*. A—

INT. LIMO - DAY

Marisa's silhouetted lips.

MARISA

Wait. Stop.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - PRESENT

OLLY

There was a man. I forget his name. A brilliant man. A poet. He hit the nail on the nose. He said... ahem... *I would do anything for love. But I won't do that.*

Olly stares deadpan into the camera for a slightly prolonged beat, as if to bestow profundity upon the words.

INT. LIMO - DAY, PAST

MARISA (O.S.)

You know, if you love me...

OLLY (O.S.)

I do. I do.

MARISA

...you'll do it.

OLLY

I will. Yes. Certainly, I will.

MARISA

If you love me, you'll do it, you know. It was your idea, after all.

OLLY

Yes, yes. You're right. Of course,
you're right. I know. I know.

Silent beat. No reply.

MARISA

You'll do it then?

OLLY

Of course, I will. I'll do it for
you. I'll do it in the name of
love.

Olly looks at the BANK OF AMERICA outside, then down at a
GUN in his hand.

Olly steps from the limo...

EXT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

And pauses at the entrance of the bank, contemplating.
Meatloaf's *I Would Do Anything* plays.

MARISA (V.O.)

Turns a pauper into a prince.

OLLY (V.O.)

Makes the merry go 'round.

MARISA (V.O.)

Respectability.

OLLY (V.O.)

Yes, happiness.

MARISA (V.O.)

Happiness, yes.

OLLY

Yes. Yes. Yes.

INT. NON-DESCRIPT ROOM - WHITE WALLS

OLLY

No, No, No. *He's* the one who did
(more)

(cont'd)

it!!!- and it wasn't for love, I assure you of that. It's always been about him. From the beginning. I mean, it was easy for him to do it, after all. To impersonate me? You might say there's well, a certain resemblance... But me? I'm an honorable man. Above all things I'm honorable. I may have moments of weakness... sure... but I never- I never- I- I-

Frazzled. Turns away from the camera in torment.

OLLY

Please. Please turn the camera off... Who- Who's going to be watching this, you say?

We FREEZE FRAME on Olly in his cringing posture.

INT. DOUBLE INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We PAN UP from a TELEVISION MONITOR-(on it the paused image of Olly)- to a man, THE DOUBLE, who looks exactly like Olly except he's better dressed and maintains a more confident air. He's sitting in a similar, nondescript room, shaking his head in almost mock sympathetic discontent.

THE DOUBLE

Poor guy. Poor, poor man. You have to feel sorry for a guy who's so delusional- I mean mental illness- social anxiety disorder, whatever it is he's got- well it's nothing to laugh at... I mean, sure it's *funny*. But still..

Chuckles at a private thought.

DOUBLE

I bet he never mentioned all those times I tried to *help* him, did he? The time I tried to save him from
(more)

(cont'd)

all that embarrassment? *That's* when it all started. *Days* before he found himself doing things he shouldn't do for love. We *should* start this story then. The day I showed up...

INT. NON-DESCRIPT ROOM - PRESENT

Olly is indignant. Reacting to the Double's suggestion.

OLLY

Ab-so-lutely not! Positively out of the question! Under no circumstances will we recount here *the day that imposter showed his face!*

EXT. OFFICE - MIDDAY

To establish. The building is the embodiment of corporate oppression, standing monolithic against a gray sky.

TITLE: WEDNESDAY, THE DAY THAT IMPOSTER SHOWED HIS FACE

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

We move through a cubicle-village. Fluorescent lights. Sickly. Zombie-like Office Workers mill about. Computers flicker. Somewhere a desktop radio chimes an AD JINGLE.

We settle down on Olly's cluttered desk. His head rests on the hard surface, drool connects his lips to it in a fine white line. His desktop radio suddenly switches from the AD JINGLE to a TEST OF THE EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM.

He jolts to his feet in a cold sweat.

OLLY

What is it? An attack? A dream? Am I still dreaming?

PETER PETERSON, a bespectacled, studious man in his thirties pops his head over the cubicle wall. He's slightly effeminate, as if he can't figure out, or won't admit, which side of the fence he falls. He's a great ball of

corporate paranoia, but he's also a nosy-body, and pays close attention to Olly as if collecting fodder for office gossip.

PETERSON

Keep it down. Christ, someone will hear. What's the matter with you?

OLLY

What? No, there's nothing the matter. Why would you think something's the matter?

Olly changes the radio station desperately: a flurry of advertisement jingles.

PETERSON

Well, you've been snoring. Slept through the company meeting this morning... they planned a company picnic, by the way, and you were up for a spotlight award for most original small parts design... but obviously you're in no condition to- I mean, it's understandable after what happened last time.

Olly perks up straight with the memory.

INT. MEETING HALL - PAST

Olly is standing at a Podium beside HIS EXCELLENCY, a smug, hard nosed, CEO in his early sixties. The room is filled with bemused OFFICE WORKERS, clapping half-heartedly.

Olly has a CERTIFICATE of some sort in his hand. Hot lights and all eyes are trained on him. Beads of sweat gathering quickly on his brow.

HIS EXCELLENCY

Go ahead. Say something, son.

Olly is completely locked with anxiety. He falls like a dead tree backward. His Excellency, instead of breaking his fall, merely steps aside.

Flat on his back, Olly looks up at His Excellency looming over him.

EXCELLENCY

Are you ok... er... what did you say
your name was again?

OLLY

It's just an honor to be
nominated, your Excellency.

INT. OFFICE - PRESENT

Olly turns away from Peterson, concentrates on the radio.

OLLY

(muttering to himself)
Exactly why I never go to those
gad-blasted meetings. Some
intrigue to make me look foolish
in front of everyone, no doubt.

PETERSON

Nothing like that. You were up for
another award, a gift certificate...
to Denny's, I think.

Olly mutters to himself.

PETERSON

Olly?

Olly tunes in an ALAN WATTS lecture. Alan Watts' voice is
at once haunting, ominous, mischievous and god-like.

ALAN WATTS

But to me nothing -- the negative,
the empty -- is exceedingly
powerful. I would say, on the
contrary, you can't have something
without nothing...

OLLY

He's speaking truth... the rules of
the game... the whole of it...

Peterson regards Olly with an air of suspicion. Then notices ADREW FALBO making his way down the hall. Falbo is well-kept, handsome, together. Peterson is smitten.

PETERSON

Hmmm...

Olly's head pops out of his work area like a gopher's.

Olly grabs a stack of papers and fumbles over himself as he exits, he slams right into Falbo. Papers fly everywhere. Olly is visibly shaken with anxiety.

OLLY

I'm sorry. Excuse me. Please... I didn't mean to-

FALBO

In a rush, Adkins?

OLLY

An accident. I- um- excuse me. Sorry.

He scurries away, banging himself in the head. Falbo shakes his head.

INT. HALL - BEAT LATER

Olly winded, takes cover around a corner. He gulps hard.

He's struck suddenly with an angelic vision: MARISA, flowing hair, haloed by sunlight sits behind her desk in the office at the end of the hall.

Olly conceals himself in a doorway and absorbs her image with a dopey grin. The Tubes' *She's One in a Million Girls*.

[We cut to opposite sides of Olly's $\frac{3}{4}$ profile as he talks to his Voice-Over self.]

OLLY V.O.

She'd laugh. Then she'd tell everybody how ridiculous you are.

OLLY

I could never. She'd probably just laugh at me. How ridiculous I am.

OLLY V.O.

If only you could talk to her and let her know how sensitive and honest you really are.

OLLY

I would care for her with a tenderness, a tenderness from which she'd swoon.

BOB and ROB, twenties, wiseass co-workers, appear behind the daydreaming Olly.

ROB

Whacha doin' pal?

Olly is startled. YELPS involuntarily. Papers fly everywhere. Then kneels and frantically gathers his PAPERS: technical drawings of widgets.

OLLY

(stammering, mumbling)

My friends, my hard working friends, Rob and Bob. Or is it hardly working friends Bob and Rob... a jest of course comrades...

Bob and Rob lean in and whisper in either ear like devil and angel, but they're both devil. There's a rapid fire cadence to these guys, they don't miss a beat.

ROB

You do this every day, Olly.

BOB

It's been five months already.

ROB

More than enough time.

Olly locks on Marisa again.

BOB

We've been watching you... Don't you think it's time you did it?

ROB

Took the plunge?

OLLY

Certainly. You're right. It would look odd if I didn't.

ROB

Sure, she'll wonder if something's wrong.

BOB

It would be *questionable*.

OLLY

I wouldn't want that. Certainly not *questionable*.

ROB

Of course not.

BOB

It's all about appearances, you know.

ROB

And *questionable* is not a good appearance.

BOB

A bad one as a matter of fact.

Olly's inner conflict plays out preposterously on his face.

ROB

She works right down the hall for fuck's sake.

BOB

It's five months now.

ROB

Five months!? You should go.
Introduce yourself.

OLLY

Introductions are only natural.
They're acceptable, that is.

BOB

I hear she wants to invite you.

OLLY

Invite me?

ROB

You haven't heard?

BOB

Her birthday party tonight.

ROB

All the big wigs'll be there.

BOB

You *know* who her father is. Rub
elbows with the best of them.

ROB

You should do it.

BOB

It's time.

OLLY

Yes, yes. I will. I will, my
friends. Introductions are
certainly in order. You're right.
All on the up and up.

A deep breath. A strained step forward.

EXT. OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Olly bursts from the building jumping for joy. Exuberant.
He's carrying a WASTEBASKET. Flings it off carelessly.

OLLY

Ha! Ha!

He trips down the stairs. Recovers.

OLLY

Doyle, my man! My man, Doyle!

Runs off screen.

INT. OLLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - PRESENT

Olly rushes to the door of his NEIGHBOR, excited as all get out. Knocking.

OLLY

Doyle! Open up. I have news to tell you! News, I tell you!

DOYLE (O.S.)

(loudly)

Who goes there?!

Olly leans in and whispers conspiratorially.

OLLY

It's me. Your neighbor. Olly. I have news to share and a favor to ask.

DOYLE (O.S.)

(again, loudly)

What?! You'll have to speak up. I'm half deaf in one ear and can't hear out of the other!

OLLY

(to himself)

Yes, yes... of course, the firework incident...

(loudly)

I say! Open up! It's Olly! I have news to tell you! News, I tell you!

The door unchains from inside, finally opens. Doyle is a wild-eyed writer with a shock of chaotic black hair. In his hands is DOSTOEVSKY'S THE IDIOT.

Olly rushes inside without a second thought, shoving Doyle's mail into his hands. Because of his hearing impairment, Doyle YELLS all his lines. Olly does the same in return.

OLLY
Your mail! Your mail!!

DOYLE
I'm kinda busy right now Jack!

INT. DOYLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Doyle's apartment is scattered with BOOKS, BOOZE BOTTLES, and an ancient UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER. On the wall, in shrine like positioning, is a poster of JACK KEROUAC.

OLLY
My friend, my weird and wonderful friend, I met her! It's been the morning of all mornings! I marched right into her office... with *confidence*! And when she said-

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Marisa smiling from behind her desk, beaming sexuality. [Marisa and Olly YELL THEIR LINES as well, as if trying to reach Doyle.]

MARISA
Hi! can I help you!?

OLLY V.O.
I said!-

Olly leaning in the doorway of MARISA'S office, arms casually crossed, smiling confidently

OLLY
(loudly, exuding confidence)
Well, I could make something up,
(more)

(cont'd)
 but I'll be honest, I just wanted
 to meet you! Introduce myself!

She extends her hand. Smiling.

MARISA
 Oh- I'm Marisa! It's a pleasure to
 finally meet you, *Olly*!

Olly kisses her hand chivalrously.

OLLY
 You know my name then?!

She insinuates more than she says.

MARISA
 Of course I do!

INT. OLLY'S APARTMENT - PRESENT

Doyle thumbs a LITERARY REJECTION LETTER; a sour reaction.
 Olly paces around the room, wired on his own thoughts.

OLLY
 "Of course I do." Me, poor old
 Olly Adkins conversing with a
 princess! I mean with Marisa.

DOYLE
 That's great. I'm pleased as
 punch!

But his expression defies his words. He's obviously upset
 by the letter. He sits before his typewriter.

OLLY
 What a glorious morning! Only to
 be topped by this evening- what
 this evening is to be, that is.
 She invited me- can you believe
 it? Me! Invited!

INT. OFFICE - PAST

Marisa extends a FANCY INVITATION to Olly, flirtatiously.

They are still yelling for Doyle's sake.

MARISA

You are cordially invited, Olly
Adkins!

OLLY

It is my honor, to accept!

MARISA

See you there!

OLLY

I'll count the moments!

She hands him the invitation. Flirting eyes.

INT. DOYLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Doyle is at his typewriter staring at it scornfully.

OLLY

I'll count the moments. Not too
bad, aye? A little much, you
think? It *is* the truth after all.
And if I'm nothing else, I'm
truthful. I-

Doyle is impatient and disinterested. Rolling his eyes.

DOYLE

Olly! Is there something you
wanted!? I have things to do!

But Doyle is obviously distraught with writer's block,
preoccupied with written pages, false starts of something.
He pours brown booze into a spotted tumbler.

OLLY

Yes. The novel! Any progress!?

DOYLE

Ahhh.

Olly reads the frustration.

OLLY

How about a story of a misfit who-
who- who suddenly fits in to the
whole of it! Understands the rules
of the game and then- then falls
in love with a beautiful princess!

DOYLE

But something gets in their way?!

OLLY

Does it?!

DOYLE

Something always gets in the way!

OLLY

(softly now)

I see.

Olly spaces out, depression washes over his face.

OLLY

Something... always... gets in the
way...

Olly is suddenly engulfed in some dark thought. Heavy
silence.

Doyle passes a hand in front of his eyes to see if
"anyone's home."

DOYLE

You been taking your medication,
Jack?!

OLLY

Doyle, you think I'm weird?! I
mean, you think I'm... I'm
respectable in the eyes of... of
them?!!

DOYLE

Who knows the workings of men's
minds!!

OLLY
Mmmm... Yes, friend. Thank you.

DOYLE
What!?

OLLY
I say, I say thank you! Thank you,
you poor sot!

DOYLE
What did you call me?!

Olly suddenly grabs Doyle by the shoulders. Doyle reacts
incredulously.

OLLY
Doyle, listen to me! Of course,
you agree that the penis- the car
a man drives is an important
indication of his... status and
importance in the eyes of men?!

DOYLE
What?!

OLLY
And you still moonlight in the
daytime as a limo driver, I take
it?!

Grabs a CHAUFFEUR HAT from amongst the clutter and places
it on Doyle's head.

DOYLE
So?!

OLLY
So! Sew muffins, my fine feathered
friend.

Olly grinds fist into open palm.

OLLY
Mack is back!

Big toothy smile.

EXT. ROAD - MONTAGE

To Bobby Darin's *Mack the Knife*: a Series of slow motion shots of a LIMOUSINE.

Chrome wheels spin. Sleek reflections gleam from the car's exterior. Olly smiles in the rear of the limo with the window down so all the world can see his face. He chats on the cell phone. He's a *player*.

People on the street outside stare.

EXT. GAS STATION/ INT. LIMO - LATER

The limo pulls up to a pump. The window open, Olly yells into his phone. Doyle steps out, sets the pump in motion.

OLLY

And buy up all the shares
available! I don't care what it
costs! Ha! Ha! Ha! I am *the man!*

As Doyle parts for the bathroom, Olly notices Falbo at the other side of the pump. He has a jolting reaction, the cell phone flies from his hands.

OLLY

Oh Jesus. Hide. Hide for your
life.

OLLY V.O.

No. Just wave to him. Play it
cool.

OLLY

Yes. A simple 'how do you do.' A
greeting is only natural.

FALBO

Adkins? Adkins is that you? What
are you doing in a limousine?

SUBTITLE: Who the hell does this freak think he is? What a goddamn idiot.

OLLY

Excuse me? Are you speaking to me?

SUBTITLE: Oh god... you- you ball and chain. You bane of my existence. This can't be happening. Anyone but you.

FALBO

Listen Adkins, I don't know what you think you're doing. You're still on the clock for another hour aren't you?

SUBTITLE: I'll crush you like an insect. I see right through you, into the core of your pathetic meaningless existence.

OLLY

Sir, excuse me. No offense, sir but- but please, I think you may have mistaken me for someone else.

SUBTITLE: You scumsucking cocksucking shit stinking cunt burger.

FALBO

Someone else? Have you lost your marbles? Does this have anything to do with my promotion last week?

SUBTITLE: My unjust advancement and engagement to the princess are just further proof of your absolute insignificance.

OLLY

Oh sir, you must be mistaking me for my brother. Golly Adkins? There's a certain family resemblance and I believe he lives in this part of town.

SUBTITLE: Just stop looking at me you foul, putrid, maggot infested ass head.

FALBO

You told me you were an only child.

SUBTITLE: God isn't so cruel to put two men with that face on this planet.

Olly slithers out of the back seat and shuffles with his back pinned against the car toward the front seat.

FALBO

Talent isn't everything in business, Adkins. It's just a fact of life you have to accept.

SUBTITLE: I'm fucking the boss' daughter and there's nothing you can do about it.

OLLY

It's not me. Not I, says I. Someone else. Excuse me, I have business in Pittsburgh to tend to. Excuse me.

Olly jumps into the driver's seat and screeches to a halt in front of Doyle, just emerging from the bathroom.

OLLY

Get in! Hurry!

The Limo screeches out of the gas station. Falbo is befuddled.

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Olly brings the Limo to a halt and races into a typical New Jersey Greasy Diner. Ringing his hands in anxiety.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Olly scurries through the restaurant for the bathroom, passing, but not noticing, Bob and Rob hunched over the bar, eating greasy food.

BOB

That Adkins?

Turning toward the window.

ROB

Driving a limo?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Olly, in a state of torment, splashes water on his face, then hangs his head.

OLLY

If woody had gone straight to the police, none of this would have happened. I am what I am and that's all that I am. Be-beep Be-beep, that's all folks- heh... heh...

Olly rests his head on the sink in anguish.

OLLY V.O.

Calm down. He has no right to judge you. You have the right to your private life.

OLLY

Yes. Personal business. Calm, cool. Everything's gonna be fine. Everything's fine.

Olly raises his head to meet his own gaze in the mirror.

REFLECTION

Not from this perspective, you miserable bastard.

OLLY

Aahhh! Sweet mother of god!

Terrified, Olly stumbles backward, falling over a garbage can. Struggling comically to get a hold of himself.

INT. DINER - COINTINUOUS

Olly emerges from the bathroom stumbling backwards.

OLLY

I have the devil in me!

BOB

And here I thought he was in Georgia.

ROB

Only a man of importance gets driven in a limo! Excuse me, are you a movie star? Can I have your autograph, guy?

BOB

Ladies and gentlemen, we're in the presence of greatness.

The handful of people in the restaurant are disinterested. Olly is taken aback. Feigns confidence, tries to regain himself.

OLLY

Yes, ah, my hard-working friends, Rob and Bob... or is that hardly working friends Bob and Rob... a jest of course comrades, heh-heh. How goes it- how goes it down at the widget factory?

(to waitress)

Excuse me, dear. A vanilla coke with a cherry on top.

WAITRESS

We don't have vanilla coke.

BOB

The place nearly fell apart without you. We were swamped.

Olly doesn't read the sarcasm. Worries.

OLLY

Really? I see. And the ball and chain? Was he- Did he say anything about-

ROB

The what?

OLLY

Falbo. Andrew Falbo. You haven't forgotten about the boss? The ball and chain?

(to waitress)

Make it a cherry coke, my dear,
with a vanilla on top.

WAITRESS

What the hell are you talking
about?

ROB

Yeah, he's been asking for you all
day. Worried we wouldn't make the
BIG deadline.

OLLY

The deadline?

ROB

Yeah... the deadline. You didn't
forget the deadline? The BIG
deadline?

Olly doesn't get the hoax; he's stunned, worried.

OLLY

Really? And his Excellency? Is he
concerned as well?

(to waitress)

A water please.

WAITRESS

Whatever.

BOB

Oh- never mind about that. A man
of such shine and prominence
doesn't give a shit about those
petty things. Right, Olly?

ROB

Yeah, and you obviously had more
important things to do.

Regards the Limo outside. Doyle reading.

BOB

Boy, you're dressed to kill. And
(more)

(cont'd)
you *smell* wonderful. Old spice?
No, no, Ben-gay, right? You are
such a lady killer
(to waitress)
Ain't he, doll?

The waitress rolls her eyes, places Olly's water on the counter.

Olly throws the water on his face.

OLLY
Joke, my friends. Laugh all you want. But in the end, all shall come to light. An eye for an eye. Karma, my friends! Karma will strike you all dead as sure as I stand here today!

BOB
A philosopher too? You are impressive.

Olly throws Rob and Bob's plates off the counter. A TREMENDOUS CRASH.

ROB
Hey, I wasn't done with that.

WAITRESS
You! Out of here!
(calling to back)
Tom!!

OLLY
You don't know me. You don't have an inkling! I will say just this. There are those who wear no mask! No mask at all. I am my own person... which is more than you can say! And now I have a party to attend! A society party! I bid you adieu!

Olly storms out of the restaurant.

ROB
Did he say a *party*?

BOB
You don't think-

They look at one another.

ROB/BOB
Nah--

INT. LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

Olly is mentally anguished. Mumbling to himself about barbeques. Having internal discussions.

EXT. HIS EXCELLENCY'S HOME - EARLY EVENING

An affluent upper class home, the sounds of a barbeque party emanate from the backyard. We can make out a few people in brightly colored attire. Balloons adorn the entrance of the house.

We pan down to find Doyle in extreme foreground in the driver's seat of the Limo, laboring over a notebook. He speaks aloud what he writes:

DOYLE
I'd pay her. I'd pay her... if only
the muse were a whore.

He takes a swig from a FLASK.

We TRACK DOWN and OVER to find Olly sitting on the street, leaning against the front end of the limo. We can still make out the party in the background. Olly flips a coin.

OLLY
Two out of three.

Heads.

OLLY
Three out of five.

Unhappy with the outcome he pockets the coin. Rubs his eyes in anxiety. Sits dumbstruck for a long beat.

OLLY

What would Kavorsky say? What
would sweet little Kavorsky say?

INT. DR. KAVORSKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Kavorsky is an old man with a little gray mustache and hair resembling a white bird's nest. He speaks with a heavy German accent. He's sitting behind a grand desk, the gold placard reads: SWEET LITTLE KAVORSKY.

Olly is lying on a couch, eyes closed.

KAVORSKY

Relax. Remember our breathing exercises. Imagine a situation that might cause you anxiety...

OLLY

A barbeque for instance?

KAVORSKY

Yes. Precisely. Now try to look at this *barbeque* from outside yourself. See everything objectively, free from anxiety and you will see the normalcy of such circumstances. These judgments of men, imagined or actual, have no bearing on the reality of interaction and-

OLLY

Yes. I'm just like them, aren't I? I mean, I fit. I can fit right in to the whole of it. I can understand the rules of the game just like anyone.

KAVORSKY

Of course. Once you realize that no one is perfect, *including you*, and assert yourself honestly, then you will see that you're no better or worse than any other upstanding member of society.

OLLY

Yes. Yes. That's wonderful news. I fit right in. I can be accepted.

KAVORSKY

Absolutely. Beyond a shadow of a doubt.

A tranquil smile grows on Olly's face.

OLLY

Accepted.

Suddenly, the smile vanishes. He opens his eyes, bolts upright to a standing position.

OLLY

I am not a *nobody*, Doctor. I am a somebody! *More* than a somebody.

KAVORSKY

Yes but-

OLLY

An individual! A man of consequence! How dare you! How dare you, doctor!

Olly spits on the floor, storms away. Pauses at the door.

OLLY

Good day to you, you filthy scoundrel.

Kavorsky is dumbfounded. The gold placard now reads: FILTHY SCOUNDREL.

Olly steps through the door, beyond which appears to be HIS EXCELLENCY'S LAWN.

EXT. HIS EXCELLENCY'S HOME, LAWN - PRESENT

In seamless sequencing, Olly walks through the Kavorsky's door and onto the lawn toward His Excellency's house. His nose in the air, exuding a parody of confidence.

OLLY

Prepare a face to meet the faces
you meet. That's what I always
say.

At the door, Olly interlocks his fingers and cracks the
joints. Then knocks with ceremony.

OLLY

A wonderful, intelligent,
impeccable face.

The door opens, and a large man, ANTHONY, appears. He has a
plate of Birthday Cake in his hands. The sounds of REM'S
SHINY HAPPY PEOPLE flows out of the house. Olly can see the
backyard through a picture window at the far end of the
Foyer. Smiling guests.

ANTHONY

Hey, you're that nim-rod from
Pop's office.

OLLY

I'm here to... I'm here to... I um-

Olly is inexplicably mesmerized by the hunk of birthday
cake in Anthony's hand.

OLLY

I... love... birthday cake.

Long beat.

ANTHONY

Oooh-Kay... Yeah, you must be
looking for la-la land. That left
back there in Albuquerque. Take
care now. I'm wanted back on
earth.

As Anthony begins to shut the door, Olly snaps out it.

OLLY

What? Yes, yes my man. Thank you.

Olly tries to step into the house, but he's stopped.

ANTHONY

Listen guy, I can't let you in.
Private party.

OLLY

Oh, you misunderstand, my man. I'm
a member... on the list.

ANTHONY

I don't think so.

OLLY

Adkins. You'll find me under
Adkins. Olly Adkins. A personal
friend, of course. Check.

Anthony doesn't even have a list to check.

ANTHONY

Sorry guy, you're not on the list.

OLLY

You're mistaken my good man.
Check. Check for yourself

Anthony pretends to check an imaginary list.

ANTHONY

Nope, no *Aikins*. I was told-

OLLY

You were told?

ANTHONY

Instructed. Instructed not to let
you in. You're that guy from Pop's
office that-

Olly is stunned.

OLLY

Wha- No- What are you saying, my
good man? I'm a personal friend,
here to wish the best to- No, no
please check with Miss Marisa
yourself- or-

ANTHONY

Sorry buddy. It ain't happening.
Don't make me put down this cake.

OLLY

No. Not 'sorry'. You've made a
mistake. A simple mistake. That's
all, please sir... You're not the
gatekeeper of society... the holder
of the secret...

ANTHONY

Listen, for the last time, I'm
sorry but-

Olly drops to a knee, begging.

ANTHONY

Oh Jesus.

OLLY

Please just check. I beg you. I
humble myself... I have no pride,
I'm an honest man... please sir...

Falbo approaches from behind with flowers in his hand.

FALBO

Adkins? Is that you... here? Is this
what the limo business is about?

Olly is embarrassed. Rises to his feet.

OLLY

No. It's not me sir. "Not I," says
I. Someone else, that's all.

FALBO

Someone else?

Olly turns to walk away, head buried.

OLLY

(muttering)

This is my private life sir. This
(more)

(cont'd)
 is not on the clock, you realize.
 My private life and my private
 space that's all.

ANTHONY
 What's *with* that guy?

Olly winces at the comment. Pausing.

ANTHONY
 He was literally begging me to-

Olly turns. Enraged.

OLLY
 No! Not begging. Not begging my
 friend... you have nothing for which
 I'd beg!

FALBO
 (calling after him)
 Adkins! For Christ's sake what's
 the matter with you?

OLLY
 You want a piece of me!?

Olly charges. The cake drops to the ground. Anthony steps
 in, SMASHING OLLY'S NOSE. BLOOD splatters everywhere.

OLLY
 (sniveling)
 Oh my nose! My nose! My poor
 beautiful nose. Why'dya havta go
 and do that!?

Olly turns away. His vision is obstructed by the hands on
 his nose. He steps on a RAKE, causing the long handle to
 shoot up and SMACK! him in the forehead.

OLLY
 Agg! You monsters!

ANTHONY
 Listen, pal. I'm sorry- I told
 you-

Olly scurries away, but not before stepping in a huge pile of DOG SHIT. His feet fly up and he lands on his back, in the shit.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Olly is holding a book: *Emersons' Self-Reliance and other essays*.

OLLY

See. Right here. Right here: *To be great is to be misunderstood.*

(beat)

I am the greatest man who ever lived.

A waft of SMOKE engulfs Olly.

EXT. HIS EXCELLENCY'S HOME, BACKYARD - LATER

The grill is SMOKING. The party is lively. Music is playing. It's a large and beautiful backyard, centered around a deck and lined with carefully kept landscaping. All the GUESTS are smiling, peaceful. They're enjoying themselves in the usual manner of suburban mediocrity.

In sharp contrast, Olly is a darkened figure, standing in a bush at the far end of the backyard, a deathly look on his face...

OLLY

More than one way to skin a mouse.
More than one way to build a house.

Olly takes a deep, deep breathe in mental preparation.

He steps out from the shadows onto the lawn, his shoes and pant legs are covered in mud. A shit stain is centered on his back.

Sparsely scattered on the lawn are guests who turn and look at him quizzically. Olly walks as if in a trance. From his point of view, the FACIAL FEATURES he sees become DISTORTED, the SOUNDS BECOME DISTANT and echoed. SWEAT drips down his face in fast streams.

With no sign of acknowledgment, he bangs into guests, and SPILLS DRINKS. Finally, he reaches the table where Marisa and Falbo are sitting but, concentrated on one another, they're unaware of his presence. Olly stands over them.

OLLY
 (barely a whisper)
 I'm sorry. Excuse me...

They haven't heard.

OLLY
 (Shouting LOUDLY)
 EXCUSE ME!

All background noise stops. All eyes are on Olly. His bloody nose. Falbo's face contorts into palpable fury.

MARISA
 Um. Can I help you?

Tense beat. Olly opens his mouth but no words come out.

INT. MARISA'S OFFICE - EARLIER THAT MORNING

A replaying of the previous scene. Marisa behind her desk.

MARISA
 I said, "Can I help you?"

Olly is nowhere near the suave man he described to Doyle earlier.

OLLY
 I- I-

EXT. BACKYARD - PRESENT

Olly still stammering.

OLLY
 I- I- I-

Anthony and Marisa's FATHER, HIS EXCELLENCY, have convened around Marisa.

Olly can see lips moving but he CAN'T HEAR the sounds.

With a sudden rush, the sound comes in again. Now everything is amplified, echoed. Olly can hear the music in the background and the flames of the grill with intense clarity. A SMALL DOG, A SHIH TZU, barks frantically at his legs, gnawing on his pants.

FALBO

-deaf or what? What the hell do you think you're doing?

Olly snaps out of it (somewhat).

OLLY

I'm sorry. That is, my business-intention is... that, what-

FALBO

What's gotten into you? You're dripping blood everywhere.

ANTHONY

(through clenched teeth)
If you know what's good for you, turn around quietly and-

OLLY

I just wanted... I just wanted to...

Deep breath.

OLLY

...extend my warmest salutations to the lady and her lovely groom to be... Happy birthday, princess. Mr. Ball and Chain.

Olly bows ceremoniously. Marisa musters a gracious smile.

MARISA

Thank you. Leave him alone guys. He's just not feeling well. He was sick this morning in my office. You Ok, Eddy?

INT. OFFICE - EARLIER THIS MORNING

A revisiting of Olly's previous meeting with Marisa.

MARISA

Are you ok?

Olly is petrified with anxiety. He chokes then VOMITS in a WASTEBASKET.

OLLY

(choking)

It's ok. Bad fish. Bad fish.

EXT. PARTY PRESENT - CONTINUOUS

Continuing catastrophe. Olly talks into his hands.

OLLY

Just a little mackerel. Rotten
Sushini.

FALBO

Adkins. You have some nerve. This
is no place...

OLLY

This is precisely the place, sir.
This does not concern you... this is
a private matter... a personal call,
really just- umm...

(to Marisa)

And- and may I say madam that you
are an exquisite specimen... not in
the scientific way of course...
purely in the sexual sense of the
word. A *sexual* specimen as it
were. A-heh. A sexual specimen to
experiment with.

MARISA

Excuse me?

OLLY

I have the glass slipper, Madame.

MARISA

What?

OLLY

The invitation. Right here.

Olly reaches into his coat and pulls out a page of SEX ADVERTISEMENTS. Without checking it, he smiles triumphantly. Winks at Marisa.

MARISA

Is this some kind of joke?

Olly winks again at Marisa.

HIS EXCELELENCY

Who is this man, Marisa?

ANTHONY

Goddamn party crasher, Dad.

Olly notices the sex ad in his own hands.

OLLY

Ahh!

Drops it to the ground. Panic on his face.

FALBO

He needs to be escorted out, Your Excellency. This is Adkins. From the Office.

OLLY

I'm sorry. I do this to myself. Or- someone is playing a cruel joke on me...

HIS EXCELELENCY

The office, huh? This buffoon works for me?

OLLY

Your Excellency, excuse me... Now that my pleasantries have been
(more)

(cont'd)

exuded- extended I'll just- Pardon
any stumble-ations- Not evil. I-
I- I- Achoo!

Olly is overcome with a SNEEZING ATTACK. Sending NOSE BLOOD and BLOOD SNOT all over Marisa's cream-colored blouse. She screams. Olly is spinning. Sneezing and spewing blood all over the GUESTS on the deck.

Through clouded vision, Olly sees a figure approach. Though the man is unidentifiable to Olly, we realize it's the Double. Olly rubs his eyes, trying to make him out. The Double grabs him by the arm.

DOUBLE

Comrade! My friend, what are you doing here? You know that the doctors clearly stated that-- Why, you're burning up!

(to the guests)

Ladies and Gentlemen, my friend is ill. Walking pneumonia, you see. Pardon him, please. His intentions are true I assure you. But now, he really must be tended to by professionals. Excuse us, please!

Olly is in an unconscious stupor.

DOUBLE

Let's get you right into bed, my friend. You'll catch your death out here like this.

OLLY

Yes, you're right, friend. I just need some rest, really.

The Double leads Olly through the party toward the street.

DOUBLE

Of course, that's all you need.
(to shocked, bloody guests)
Excuse us, excuse us please. Just a common cold gone haywire is all. No need for concern. Excuse us.

They approach the street, Olly still completely disoriented by the ordeal.

OLLY

But... But who are you friend? To whom do I owe the honor?

DOUBLE

Who me? Well, I'm the key to the gates of society, my fine feathered friend.

The Double grins ear to ear. Through his continued blurred vision, Olly finally recognizes that this Man bears more than just a coincidental resemblance to himself. His lip starts to tremble in horror.

OLLY

Jesus! Jesus, Jesus! Sweet Mother of God! You're—I'm--

Petrified, Olly PEES HIS PANTS, a puddle forms at his feet.

DOUBLE

Oh boy. Looks like you pissed yourself.

Olly turns and races into the limo. Screeches away...

Revealing Doyle, oblivious and lying on his back on a nearby lawn. Doyle has his notebook in one hand, the flask in the other. His gaze directed at the stars starting to show in the twilight.

DOYLE

The stars are... tiny jewels of the sky. The stars are so... so... nice.

He flings the book across the lawn.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Olly is woozy. The street appears to him as if he were hallucinating. Spaghetti streams of lights, melting mailboxes, oozing forms.

Alan Watts voice haunts from the radio. Olly echoes some of Watts' phrases unconsciously.

WATTS

We do not understand the interconnections between things, because in reality what we call things are not really separate from each other. The words and the ideas about them separate them from each other but they are not separate.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The limo veers from one end of the street to the other, leaving CAR ACCIDENTS in its wake.

WATTS

They all go with each other, interconnected in one vast vibratory pattern, and if you change it at one point it will be changed at all sorts of other points, because every vibration penetrates through the entire pattern.

EXT. OLLY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

The Limo careens onto the sidewalk, smashing into trash cans. Olly stumbles out.

OLLY

No place like home. No place like home.

He makes his way into the building peering over his shoulder, consumed with paranoia.

INT. OLLY'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

Olly enters his apartment, sparse and dreary. Not a decoration to be found. He peers through windows ensuring he hasn't been followed.

Rubbing his eyes in anxiety, he turns toward the kitchen.

INT. KICHEN - CONTINUOUS

Olly is shocked to find THE DOUBLE in an apron at the stove.

DOUBLE

Care for a Spanish omelet?

Olly's world spins out of control: his vision becomes blurry again, the sounds become warbled. The Double turns on a small TRANSISTOR RADIO. Then turns to Olly.

DOUBLE

Oh, here, I believe you were looking for this?

The Double extends Marisa's invitation.

ALAN WATTS

... So to describe myself in a scientific way, I must also describe my surroundings, which is a clumsy way getting around to the realization that you are the entire universe. However we do not normally feel that way because we have constructed in thought an abstract idea of our self.

Olly drops to the ground.

BLACK.

An ANIMATED BRAIN against a backdrop of STARS flashes across the screen with lettering that reads: THE PARANORMAL MIND. Eerie cheese-ball music.

INT. SOUND STAGE - TELEVISION SHOW - CONTINUOUS

Peter Peterson, in a bad toupee, stands on a stage designed in typical cult/paranormal news entertainment fashion. SCI-FI-ESQUE ANIMATIONS sparkle on a large PLASMA SCREEN off to his right. He addresses the camera or "television audience."

PETERSON

Good evening and welcome back to our show. In our next segment we'll be taking a look at a legend that dates back to the beginning of time. But make no mistake, these are real citizens who have had real encounters with exact replicas of themselves... doubles known throughout history as... doppelgangers.

Cheesy dramatic music. Peterson turns to address another camera.

PETERSON

Tonight's guest expert on the paranormal and the phenomenon of doppelgangers is the famed Dr. Kavorsky, respected throughout the paranormal community. Welcome Doctor.

A live feed of Kavorsky pops up on the plasma screen.

KAVORSKY

(thick German accent)

Yes. Hello. Thank you.

PETERSON

Doctor, what can you tell us about this very strange phenomenon?

KAVORSKY

Yes. First I should say "Doppelganger" is German for "double walker" - a shadow self that is thought to accompany every person. Traditionally, it is said that only the owner of the doppelganger can see this phantom self. But occasionally, however, a doppelganger can be seen by a person's friends or family, resulting in quite a bit of confusion. Heh-heh-heh.

PETERSON

I can imagine. Doctor, our first true tale involves a man whom I believe you've studied intimately, an unassuming Internal Widget Mechanism designer from New Jersey, Olly Adkins.

Olly's Interview Room comes in.

OLLY

Hello? Hello? Can you hear me?

KAVORSKY

Yes. Olly. Olly Adkins, an interesting specimen. Oh pardon me- I forgot to mention- before we begin our analysis of this extraordinary man, well, I hope it's not the case here of course, but I should mention that the doppelganger is historically interpreted as a harbinger of death. Heh-heh-heh.

PETERSON

You mean, soon after an encounter with a double, one usually dies?

KAVORSKY

Precisely. Precisely. And you were saying... concerning Olly Adkins?

INT. OLLY'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Olly jolts up from his sleeping position on the kitchen floor. His face is a wreck. He pans the apartment for anything suspect.

BANGING on the door. Olly is scared. He races to the door.

OLLY

Who- Who is it?

DOYLE

Doyle!

Olly sighs relief. Opens the door.

Doyle PUNCHES Olly in the nose.

DOYLE

Don't ever steal my car again!

Doyle grabs the keys from the floor and exits leaving Olly reeling in pain.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATE MORNING

Olly's JALOPY, an '84 ISUZU I-MARK covered in rust, sputters into the lot. Olly's nose is covered with a WHITE BANDAGE.

Olly sighs heavily then approaches the entrance to the building. He swipes his ADMITTANCE CARD, but it beeps red: NO ADMITTANCE.

He repeats the swiping ritual ad nauseum, until finally he resorts to yanking on the door with all his might. Straining against the immovable object.

Suddenly the door opens from inside (Bob and Rob coming out for a smoke). This sends Olly flailing backward, tumbling down steps.

BOB

Top of the afternoon there, Olly.

ROB

Burning the midnight oil or what?
You look like shit.

BOB

But they say you are what you eat,
right Olly?

Olly ignores them, slips inside.

INT. HALLS - CONTINUOUS

Olly walks through the hall, drawing glances from the OFFICE WORKERS. Olly is tense. Paranoid.

He approaches Marisa's office and looks in with trepidation.

He shuts his eyes and takes a deep cleansing breath. He steps in.

INT. MARISA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marisa is bending over a file cabinet. With her back turned she doesn't notice Olly standing there. He becomes mesmerized by her perfect bottom.

Marisa suddenly turns, catching Olly off-guard.

MARISA

Oh, hi Eddy.

OLLY

I wasn't staring at your ass!

MARISA

What?

OLLY

Nothing. I- Well- I-

Marisa shows empathy in her eyes. Approaches Olly.

MARISA

Poor thing. You're so nervous. So full of tension... Try to calm down, Eddy. I don't bite, you know.

Olly seems to be calming down a little.

OLLY

Yes- well- please. About last night...

MARISA

Yeah, geez... last night. My brother told me about how he treated you. I'm so sorry about that-

OLLY

No. It was me. I- I- just wanted to say-

The voice of Falbo approaches quickly from the hall.

FALBO (O.S.)
... and this is HR and the
accounting department up here. Any
questions you have about your
paycheck, vacation time, anything
of that nature, Marisa is the one
to ask. She's my girlfriend you
know.

Falbo appears in the doorway with the Double. The color
runs quickly out of Olly's face.

FALBO
Ah- here she is now. With *Adkins*?

Falbo sneers at Olly.

FALBO
(to *Marisa*)
Sweetie, this is Olly Adkins, he's
our new Product Development
Engineer.

Olly is hyperventilating.

MARISA
(almost flirtatiously)
Hi, Olly. Welcome aboard. Pleasure
to meet you.

DOUBLE
(suavely)
I assure you the pleasure is all
mine.

FALBO
Excuse me a moment, please.
(to Olly, under his breathe)
Get over here, Adkins. I been
looking for you all morning.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Falbo shoves Olly into the hall while The Double and Marisa get acquainted. As Falbo talks, Olly's attention is more focused on the Double than anything else.

OLLY

What- What- is that-

DOUBLE

(to Marisa)

Chief accountant, huh? That's fascinating. I've always marveled at people who've had a head for numbers.

FALBO

(to Olly)

That was some trick you pulled last night, Olly.

OLLY

Nothing I just- I just-

DOUBLE

(cont'd)

I'm more of a left-brained personality myself. Kind of an artist.

FALBO

Another incident like that, I'll see to it you're shit-canned. I don't care how good a designer you are.

MARISA

Oh, I love artists. Such passion. Such vitality.

DOUBLE

Yes, well, there's an indescribable ecstasy that happens when creating. Some consider it an aphrodisiac, actually.

FALBO

Now get you're ass in there and meet the *new* Adkins. You'll be working closely with him.

Falbo shoves Olly inside. The Double and Marisa turn toward him.

DOUBLE

Howdy Partner. You're in design, right? Looks like we'll be getting to know one another. Adkins. Olly Adkins. Pleased to meet ya.

The Double extends his hand. Olly's eyes are downcast.

OLLY

(quick, under his breathe)
Yes. Pleasure to meet you. Excuse me, excuse me, I have work-

Olly turns quickly and attempts to get through the door as quickly as possible, but he misses by a foot and SLAMS into the wall. Dazed, he finally makes it into the hall and races away.

INT. OLLY'S WORK AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Olly pops his head over the cubicle wall.

OLLY

Peter Peterson, Jesus Christ, what's happening?

PETER

My god, are you Ok?

OLLY

Of course I'm ok. Why shouldn't I be OK?

PETER

Well, your nose is the size of a football and I think there's blood dripping from your nostrils-

OLLY

It's nothing Peter Peterson a mere trifle. Nothing of consequence.

PETER

I see.

OLLY

What's this about a new guy?
They're hiring a new guy?

PETER

Yes. A 'Mr. Adkins' as a matter of fact. Your brother, no?

OLLY

My brother, Peter Peterson? My brother! Absolutely not! I'm an only child!

PETER

Hmmm. You don't say. There's kind of a similarity in the facial features.

OLLY

A similarity? A similarity!

PETER

You don't look so good. Maybe you should go and see a Doctor-

OLLY

No, no. I'm fine... but this new guy-

PETER

Yes. The new guy.

OLLY

The new guy. What- what, I mean, that is, how can you say that there's a similarity- we're like clones - identical- like two widgets off an assembly line

PETER

Hmmm. Yeah, you know, you're right. Wow. Now that I think of it- it's pretty amazing really-

OLLY

Amazing!? Amazing!? What- Where why are they hiring-

PETER

To fill in Falbo's position, you know, after his promotion...

OLLY

Yes, yes, but still, this man... this new guy, Peter Peterson... by what right does he have to-

PETER

Really, don't be so taken over it. Your job is safe. And he came highly recommended. Extensive in Pseudo Aesthetic Product Development. Revolutionary ideas for The Widget, I'm told, and-

OLLY

Please Peter Peterson. This man, this imposter, he's stolen my- well, he can't just walk in here and-

PETER

Don't get all bent out of shape. Sure the guy looks a little like you but he can't really help it, can he? Now please, I have work to do, a presentation tomorrow, as you *know*-

OLLY

Sorry. Yes Peter Peterson, of course, excuse the extrusion-intrusion, forgive me, Peter Peterson.

Olly ducks back down to his workspace. Tries to calm himself.

OLLY

Of course. Of course. It's not my fault. It's mother nature. How can I help it, really? Right?

He looks up as if asking his voice over self of the opening passages. Nothing but silence replies.

OLLY

Where are you when I need you?

Olly buries his face in his hands. A long beat.

A shadow falls over Olly.

DOUBLE (off screen)

Special Delivery for a Mr. Adkins.

OLLY

Huh?

Olly looks up to see his own face looking directly down at him. The Double raises his hand and bitch-slaps Olly.

CUT TO:

INT. OLLY'S OFFICE - LATER

Olly jolts up from the sleeping position on his desk.

OLLY

What? Huh? What happened? Still dreaming? What-

Peter Peterson passes Olly's cubicle.

PETERSON

Have a nice rest? Quitting time, Olly.

Olly glances at his desk clock. 5:05 There's a tap on Olly's shoulder.

DOUBLE

A moment of your time, sir?

Olly falls over himself. Fleeing.

DOUBLE

Excuse me, sir! Just a moment of
your time, sir! Nothing out of the
ordinary!

EXT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Olly quickly gets in his beater car and drives away. At the entrance, he passes the Double looking innocent and dejected, waving feebly. Olly tries to hide his face.

EXT. OLLY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Olly gets out of his car and approaches his house, eyes downcast. As he turns and looks up to his door, he sees The Double sitting on the stoop, flipping a coin.

OLLY

Oh, god. Please. Please just leave
me alone.

The Double seems nervous.

DOUBLE

Sorry sir. I- despite how I
presented myself at the office, um
I- I- I'm a- I'm just a man down
on his luck at the moment and only
in need of a friend- I was hoping
to just have a word with you.

OLLY

I don't talk to strangers. I'm
sorry.

As Olly passes for the door, The Double grabs his shirt.

DOUBLE

Please sir. Just a word. I- I'm at
the end of my rope. Please.

Olly reconsiders in light of The Double's apparent sincerity and desperation. He takes the opportunity to lean in and scrutinize the Double's facial features, marveling at the phenomenon from a close distance. The Double appears a little uncomfortable, embarrassed.

OLLY

God it's amazing. It's horrible...

Beat.

OLLY

One minute of my time. I'm a busy man. But please- *inside*. You'll cause a scene out here. The neighbors will talk.

DOUBLE

Yes, sir. Thank you sir.

They enter. The Double carries a BROWN BAG.

INT. OLLY'S INTERVIEW ROOMS - CONTINUOUS

In SPLIT SCREEN we see both Olly and THE Double addressing the camera. The SPEAK OVER EACH OTHER.

OLLY

Why did I let him in? I dunno. He looked so sad there, sitting on the stoop. There was something about him that I- I identified with. But he was but a rat in sheep's clothing.

DOUBLE

My intentions were true. I wanted nothing but to set out on the right foot with him. We'd be spending so much time together and I felt that he had taken a disliking to me for some reason.

INT. OLLY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We CONTINUE SPLIT SCREEN. Possibly, additional INSET WINDOWS appear with oddly cropped images of the characters'

faces, creating a neo-Cubist/montage feel to the composition.

The Double and Olly stare at each other in silence. Then speak at the same time.

OLLY/DOUBLE

What is it that-/Allow me to-

OLLY/DOUBLE

You first/Go ahead

OLLY

What were you doing in my kitchen last night?

DOUBLE

I was just- just making Spanish omelets. I thought you'd be hungry and after-

OLLY

Excuse me. No. What I mean is, how were you in my kitchen last night... making Spanish Omelets.

DOUBLE

I- I'm sorry sir, I just don't know. I've been- I've just been so confused lately. These past couple of days, I've found myself in places for the life of me I can't understand- I can't remember much before last night, as a matter of fact.

OLLY

I see... I'm sorry. That must be terrible.

The Double is apparently shaken.

DOUBLE

It is. It is.

A sigh of empathy from Olly.

OLLY

Well. May I ask *why* you've- Why have you come here? To me of all people?

DOUBLE

I just... I'm new in town. I have no friends and- I know we're to work together and- well I brought tidings. A peace offering.

Offers the brown bag to Olly.

OLLY

Vodka. My favorite. How'd you know?

DOUBLE

Just a guess. I love it too. The water of life.

OLLY

Yes. Yes indeed. The water of life.

INT. OLLY'S INTERVIEW ROOM/ DOUBLE'S INTERVIEW ROOM

CONTINUE SPLIT SCREEN TREATMENT- Olly paces now, talking to himself more than the camera. The Double is turned away from us. Head down, talking into his hands, as if mocking Olly's sincerity.

OLLY

He got me drunk! To expose my weaknesses. A strategy. A plot. An intrigue! He's a devil. A devil I tell you!

DOUBLE

I offered my hand in friendship- he took my whole arm. He was singing songs. He made proclamations. I wasn't sure what to make of it all.

INT. OLLY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CONTINUE SPLIT SCREEN TREATMENT Olly is sloshed. The Vodka is considerably depleted. The pair clink glasses and down a shot.

DOUBLE

Olly do you agree that a man needs a friend? I mean a good heterosexual friend to drink vodka with and eat Spanish omelets? Someone to trust. -- Of course, I wouldn't dare to assume that-- well--I don't mean to insinuate...

Olly considers, scrutinizes the man with a drunken gaze for a long beat. Then bursts:

OLLY

Yes! Yes, yes my friend, you are right. Of course! A confidant. A sounding board. One is definitely needed in these times of uncertainty.

DOUBLE

Certainly.

Olly's gears spin with possibility.

OLLY

Certainly... Yes my friend. Ha! HA! A friend in need. Indeed! Indeed, we shall be friends. I have no friends. Except for that Doyle. And now with this limo incident between us...

DOUBLE

Olly, as your new friend, can I make an honest observation?

Olly empties another shot of vodka.

OLLY

Be kind, my friend.

DOUBLE

You are really a strikingly handsome man.

OLLY

No.

DOUBLE

Yes it's true. Really. I mean, your jaw is strong. Your eyes are soulful. Your nose... well, your nose appears to be broken in several places, but overall, you're very good looking. Any girl would-

OLLY

Ahhh- I've had no luck with girls.

DOUBLE

You're just saying that.

OLLY

It's true. They hate me.

DOUBLE

That can't be so. You just fail to present yourself in the right manner.

OLLY

It's a problem. I know.

DOUBLE

If you don't have the balls, sometimes you just have to fake it. Sooner or later, these balls, they come for real! You should go into her office tomorrow and ask her on a date! An informal affair between friends to start and then who knows. The Ball and Chain be damned!

OLLY

Perhaps you're right.

DOUBLE

The trick is to tell people what they want to hear. Give them what they want.

OLLY

No, I couldn't. I don't know-

DOUBLE

It's not a big mystery. People like people with money, clothes. Material possessions. It's makes them feel better to see-

OLLY

I don't know. I don't believe that-

DOUBLE

Oh never mind. There's plenty of time. The important thing is you, Olly.

OLLY

Yes. It's all about me, isn't it?

DOUBLE

Olly, friend, I look at you and I see that you're a wonderful man. Extremely talented, impeccably good looking. Caring. Honest. Sensitive.

Olly is tearing up.

DOUBLE

I didn't mean to upset you.

OLLY

No. What you're saying. It's all true. All of it. And may I say that the same goes for you, you handsome devil, you. The same to you a thousand fold! You blush, but it's true.

Olly pours drinks.

OLLY

Let us drink, my fine feathered
friend. My brother, my comrade in
arms! Let us drink to prosperity...
prosperity of the spirit... to
confidants in confidence... to a new
life together... To my Double!!

Olly stands ceremoniously. With another shot in his hand.

OLLY

We will plot against the plotters...
connive against the connivers...
they will quake to their souls to
see us coming...

Olly stumbles. Landing half on the couch, half on the
floor, spilling the booze on the floor.

DOUBLE

My friend! My friend, allow me to
escort you to bed. Strictly
platonic, of course.

The Double helps him up and into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Olly is lain in bed:

OLLY

It's nothing. A trifle!... But now...
now, the hour is late and there is
a world to face tomorrow... To
conquer... fear not... we shall face
it together... my friend... you sleep
on the couch. It's old and hard
and moldy but...

DOUBLE

The couch shall be fine, sir.

OLLY

I'm sorry I have no other
accommodations at the moment... but
the couch, it's awful, lice
(more)

(cont'd)
infested... you take the bed,
friend.

DOUBLE
I wouldn't dream of it. Good
night, partner.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Double crawls up on the couch.

DOUBLE
(calling)
This couch feels like feathers to
me this evening, my friend.

INT. OLLY'S ROOM - CONINUOUS

OLLY
You are quite a man. Quite a man,
Olly Adkins.

Olly drunkenly sets the alarm. Begins snoring immediately.

A beat later, the Double sneaks in and unplugs the alarm
clock and giggles.

DOUBLE
April fools, my new friend.

INT. HOSPITAL HALL - DAY

An ANIMATED BRAIN Logo flashes across the screen. This time
the show name/text is: EXTREME MENTAL MAKEOVER.

We're following Peterson down the hall toward an OPERATING
ROOM. He's in green scrubs, addressing the camera
excitedly.

PETERSON
Hi. Welcome Back. Well, now that
you know the background of our
lucky contestant, we can get down
to the fun stuff. Olly's already
been anesthetized and the
operation is about to begin.

He passes through the swinging doors of the OR. The Double is the Surgeon. Marisa, the nurse. Olly is laid out on the operating table.

PETERSON

There's the Doctor now.
(to doctor)
Hi Doctor.

DOUBLE

Hi Mr. Peterson.

PETERSON

Doctor, can you tell us what we're planning to do to the contestant?

The Camera pans down to Olly's head. His scalp is marked with marker and resembles a road map.

DOUBLE

Sure, today's extreme mental makeover involves some pretty exciting procedures. Here' we'll be removing self-doubt and implanting the confidence node. And here we'll be taking out all of the romantic idealism folds and supplanting them with the highly evolved superficial sentiment membranes, that helps most healthy people thrive.

PETERSON

Sounds great. And since this is an *extreme* makeover you of course are performing the surgery on rollerblades...

The camera pans down to see the rollerblades.

DOUBLE

And... we'll be using power tools.

MARISA

Here you go Doctor.

Marisa hands a CIRCULAR SAW to the Double. He fires it up.

DOUBLE
OK, here goes nothing..

Peterson smiles horrifically.

INT. OLLY'S ROOM - MORNING

Olly wakes with a jolt. His nose, still a mess.

He glances at the alarm clock. No numbers. Olly pops up.

Searches the room. No Double. Rushes out.

INT. APT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Olly bangs on Doyle's door. It opens after a tense, fidgety beat. Doyle has some CAPPUCINO CONCOCTION in his hand. The conversation carries on the usual yelling for Doyle's sake.

DOYLE
Olly. Listen, I was hard on you
yesterday.. about the limo- I just
want to say-

OLLY
Water through the tunnel. Listen,
have you seen a man, a man about
my height, looks a little like me?

DOYLE
You mean, Olly? Yeah, he was here.
He brought coffee and donuts.

OLLY
Yes but...

DOYBLE
Then gave me a great idea for a
novel. About a man, he's bitten by
a dog as child, see, a Shih Tzu,
then pledges to exact his revenge
on all Shi Tzus around the world.
He goes on this Shi Tzu killing
rampage and-

Olly exits abruptly.

DOYLE

Where are you going? Don't you
wanna hear the rest, Jack?

EXT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Olly waits in a bush for someone to come out. Bob and Rob
exit. As Olly scurries quickly in:

BOB

You been acting strange, Olly.

ROB

Like you been hiding something.

BOB

If you're hiding something, we'll
find out about it, you know.

ROB

Freak!

INT. HALL/COPY ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Olly walks toward his office. The Double shuffles toward
him, walking in the opposite direction.

The Double does not take notice of Olly. But Olly grabs him
by the hand as he passes.

OLLY

Good morning, friend.

DOUBLE

Excuse me sir. I'm in a rush. I
have no time for you.

The Double seems preoccupied with a stack of papers.

OLLY

What? What are you saying?

DOUBLE

Is something wrong sir? Please,
I'm very busy this morning -- a
(more)

(cont'd)
 special project for His
 Excellency.

OLLY
 His Excellency? A *special* project?

DOUBLE
 If there is something the matter
 and you wish to file a complaint,
 I suggest you take it up with HR.
 Marisa Nuzzi I believe handles
 such matters... Now if you don't
 mind...

OLLY
 Mr. Adkins. What has come over
 you?

The Double appears to only now recognize Olly.

DOUBLE
 Olly! It's you! Why didn't you say
 something sooner?

The Double bows and kisses Olly's hand in mock ceremony. He
 honks Olly's nose.

DOUBLE
 (Irish accent)
 Top of the morning to you, laddy!

The Double does a shuffle-dance. Walks off. Olly's stunned.

INT. OLLY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Olly approaches his desk confused. Just as he's about to
 sit, Peterson's head pops over the cubicle wall.

PETER
 Psst! Psst, Olly.

Olly draws nearer.

OLLY
 Yes, what is it Peter Peterson?

PETER

Are they ready? Are they done?

OLLY

What? What are you saying? Are we being watched?

PETER

The plans! The Miniature Parts Designs! Are they done? Falbo has been around twice asking for them. You're late again.

OLLY

The designs. Yes, yes of course they're ready. I only need to print them. They were done a week ago, Peter Peterson. I earn my keep. Not like the boss... goddamn hypocrite.

PETER

What?

OLLY

Nothing, just some with sugar on their lips, sucking up, the brown nosing, and the talking beneath their rotten breath... Scandalous promotions... unjustly...

PETER

Unjustly? Scandalous?

OLLY

I just don't go in for it Peter Peterson! I'm not one for intrigue Peter Peterson!

PETER

Great. But for Christ's sake, print the thing. Jesus. He's on a friggin rampage today.

OLLY
Yes, Peter Peterson. Of course, of course you're right. I'll print them straightaway-

FALBO
(on intercom)
AD-KINS!

Olly is frightened out of his chair. He answers from the floor.

OLLY
(calling timidly)
Yes sir?

FALBO
The Conference Room, Adkins!

OLLY
Yes, sir. Just a minute, sir.

FALBO
NOW!

OLLY
Yes sir.

Olly clicks 'PRINT' on his computer. The Double peers around Olly's cubicle wall.

DOUBLE
Do ya have em? Do ya have em?

OLLY
Yes, of course I have them.
They're printing right over-

The Double hurries away toward a printer. Olly gives chase. The print feeds out. The Double grabs it. Runs.

Olly follows.

OLLY
Stop! Thief! Stop him for the love of God.

Olly's shouts draw attention from co-workers.

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Olly catches up with the Double on the stairway. Tackles him on the landing. They roll around on the floor, struggling. A small group of office workers convenes to watch.

OLLY

Those are my papers!

DOUBLE

Maybe so. But you can't deliver them.

OLLY

Why- Why not-

DOUBLE

Because, because, that's why.

OLLY

Why- Why?

DOUBLE

Mistakes! Cock-eyed perspective, poor scaling... and the Widget parts are all inside out! It's horrendous.

OLLY

The hell you say!

FALBO (O.S.)

ADKINS! Is that you horsing around out there!?

Olly looks upstairs.

DOUBLE

Look! Behind you! The King of Spain!

Olly looks. The Double wriggles free. Runs up the stairs.

INT. EXECUTIVE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Olly can only watch as the Double enters the room full of EXECUTIVES.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONINUOUS

The Double exudes a paragon of confidence before the board.

DOUBLE

Good morning, gentlemen. Olly Adkins isn't feeling well this morning. He asked I present these to you. Truth be told, they're more my creations than his anyway, so perhaps I'm better prepared to-

HIS EXCELLENCY

Fine. That's fine. I like your initiative son. Now, let's get down to business.

DOUBLE

Then I'll get started...

INT. EXECUTIVE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Olly watches through the glass doors from a discreet location as the Double starts the presentation.

OLLY

My plans. My baby.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM- LATER, AFTERNOON

The Double is wrapping up his presentation.

DOUBLE

...and then the internal combustion mechanism causes the simulation device to over-ride the system and the resulting output is that of a well, you know...

HIS EXCELLENCY

A flawless operating machine.

DOUBLE

Exactly.

HIS EXCELLENCY

Well done, Adkins. Well done!
Excellent design.

A round of APPLAUSE from all in the room.

INT. EXECUTIVE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Olly is happy that the plans were well-received.

OLLY

They like me. They really like me.

The Executives emerge from the conference room. Olly conceals himself in the recesses of door as they pass.

EXCELLENCY

(to Falbo)

I like that Adkins. A hell of a planner. Not like that *other* guy. What's his name?

FALBO

His name's-

EXCELLENCY

Never mind that. Keep an eye on this Adkins character. He's on the fast track to the top.

FALBO

Yes sir.

The Double is bringing up the rear. He clicks his heels. Olly's expression changes as realization finally hits him.

INT. DOUBLE'S INTVW. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Double is smirking.

DOUBLE

It's often said that everyone has
(more)

(cont'd)
an exact Double somewhere out
there... well, let me tell you, as
much as it may seem that way with
me and Olly...

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM - DAY

Olly is at the urinal. The Double is at the adjacent urinal,
peering *down* at Olly.

DOUBLE
Looks like there's one striking
difference after all, aye?

The Double smiles at Olly's reaction.

DOUBLE
Whoever said size doesn't matter
must have had you in mind, pal.

The Double pinches Olly's ass. Exits quickly, leaving Olly
fumbling with his fly.

The LIGHT BAR of a Xerox copier passes across the frame,
transitioning us to:

INT. COPYROOM - LATER, AFTERNOON

Olly is making Xerox copies, mumbling to himself, obviously
distracted. He notices the Double pass by in the hall
beyond. He's whistling *Hi-ho, Off To Work We Go*.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Olly catches a glimpse of the Double entering Marisa's
office. He has a violent reaction and approaches the door.
He remains out of sight, listening.

DOUBLE (O.S.)
Oh, and you should have seen his
face when I showed him my plans
for Internal Reworking. He ate it
up.

MARISA (O.S.)
I heard.

DOUBLE (O.S.)

You know, I think your father, I mean, His Excellency, has really taken a shine to me.

INT. MARISA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marisa looks as good as ever.

MARISA

He's not the only one.

DOUBLE

Yes... well... he says that "I'm on the fast track." That's something isn't it?

MARISA

It's not surprising.

DOUBLE

And that *Adkins* character let me tell you...

BEGIN SPLIT SCREEN

Olly is in the hallway. His jaw drops in surprise.

MARISA

Oh, he's not so bad...

DOUBLE

Yes, I guess not. Still, what he did to your blouse.

MARISA

Well, that was pretty embarrassing.

DOUBLE

I swear, I'm almost ashamed to have the same face as him.

MARISA

Awww... No. Don't- Don't do that to yourself...

DOUBLE

I know, I know, it's silly... but
still... that man really *is* a mess.
A real loser with a capital L.

Olly is furious.

OLLY

I'll kill him. I'll kill him.

DOUBLE

Marisa, can I be completely honest
with you?

MARISA

Of course.

DOUBLE

Well, since the first time we met,
I've felt drawn to you. Like there
was some connection between us.
Can I ask, have you felt the same?

MARISA

Well, yes, but...

The Double approaches her seductively.

DOUBLE

Yes, I know. Falbo. Still. I think
we owe it to ourselves to at least
get to know one another. Perhaps,
it's just a platonic attraction...
kindred spirits coming into one
another's sphere..

There's insinuation in the air.

MARISA

Yes, maybe that's all it is.
Kindred spirits.

The Double is very close to Marisa now. Olly's fingers are
in his mouth.

DOUBLE

But perhaps it's something more.

MARISA

One can never tell...

DOUBLE

And we must exhaust all
possibilities...

MARISA

Or we risk a life filled with
regret...

DOUBLE

And unrequited longing...

Marisa kisses the Double with sudden passion.

Olly is beside himself, pacing furiously.

Marisa and The Double tear at each other's clothes.

MARISA

Wait. Stop.

DOUBLE

What- what is it?

MARISA

The door.

The Double tears himself away from an intense kiss.

Olly distraught. Tearing at his hair. The Double pops his
head into the hall, holding his pants up.

DOUBLE

This is great. Better than you
could even imagine.

The Double returns. Marisa is stripped to lingerie. The
Double attacks voraciously.

Finger nails run through hair. Marisa on top of the
unclothed Double. High heels. Red lips.

Marisa Orgasms.

Olly weeps in convulsions.

Marisa collapses on The Double.

MARISA
God, I needed that.

The Double speaks louder than necessary, ensuring Olly will hear beyond the door:

DOUBLE
Now that's something that that
imposter never had the pleasure to
administer to anyone in his life,
I can assure you of that!

MARISA
Olly, you're too much.

DOUBLE
The nerve of him. Running around--
Pretending to be me!

OLLY
That's it! THAT IS IT!

Olly rolls up his sleeves and clenches his fists. Just as he's about to burst into the room, he's grabbed by Falbo and turned violently away from Marisa's door.

END SPLIT SCREEN

FALBO
What the hell you doing up here?!

OLLY
What, I- I just-

FALBO
Goddamn it Adkins, so help me God
if you're bothering her..

The Double slips quietly out of Marisa's room and stands behind Falbo, noticed only by Olly.

OLLY
Sir- there's a scandal- an
intrigue underway just behind your
(more)

(cont'd)
nose- right beneath your back,
please just-

While Falbo rants, The Double points to Olly, then MIMES tying a noose and hanging himself with it.

FALBO
Listen to me and listen to me
good, Adkins. You're skating on
thin ice. Very thin ice. And you
know what happens to people who
skate on thin ice? Sometimes that
ice cracks and sometimes those
skaters, they drown Adkins. They
drown. You've been late, absent at
the big presentation, causing
distractions and disorder. All of
this is 'cause for termination.
You hear me, you fool?

OLLY
Perfectly sir, perfectly.. but-
but-

FALBO
That argument that you should have
been promoted instead of me is
completely worthless in light of
your recent conduct. You have no
footing anymore, Olly.

The Double walks away.

OLLY
(off-handed, distracted)
I agree. You're the better man,
even though you have no talent.
Excuse me.

Olly breaks free, runs after the Double.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Olly enters the cavernous space lined with monolithic
crates. He darts a glance toward echoed FOOTSTEPS in time
to catch the Double's shadow receding into an aisle.

He follows the footsteps through a shadowy maze, and finally through an exit door.

EXT. REAR OF OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A vast wasteland of ancient TRACTOR-TRAILERS and EQUIPMENT. The Double walks, whistling a happy tune.

OLLY

You there! Adkins! You scoundrel!
Stand fast. Stand fast!

Olly approaches the Double.

DOUBLE

What is it now? You're only hurting yourself, don't you get it? You do these things to yourself!

Olly is suddenly confused.

OLLY

What- What do you mean? I- Uh- How dare you carry on with the princess in such a manner, you scoundrel. What is the meaning of all this?

DOUBLE

The meaning? There's no meaning. We live in a meaningless world. You still don't understand that, you poor thing?

Olly suddenly grabs the Double's hand.

OLLY

I refuse to believe that. Please. I'm quite ready to accept an apology... for the scandal... and mend our relations- To return to the emotions and good cheer between us... You mustn't have forgotten about last night...

DOUBLE

Last night, right. You slept ok,
then? The couch wasn't too lice
infested? Not too lousy?

OLLY

Yes, I slept fine...

Olly is stumped.

OLLY

But you... you are playing a
complicated game here, my friend.

DOUBLE

Those are fighting words, Olly.
Fighting words! You understand!?

OLLY

Fighting words?

DOUBLE

And of course, you realize... this
means war, my fine feathered
friend! War!

The Double SMACKS Olly across the face with a WHITE LEATHER
GLOVE. Olly is scared.

OLLY

No... I didn't mean to- I- I'm your
friend, don't you remember?

DOUBLE

Look! Is that your nose walking
around over there?

Olly looks. The Double walks away.

Olly catches up with him.

OLLY

Please, sir. Please just a moment
of your time.

DOUBLE

Don't you get it? I have my own life to lead. I can't be holding your hand forever just because you can't figure out the rules of the game. I have desires. Goals. Dreams.

OLLY

Well- well- so do I.

DOUBLE

But that's not my problem is it? I'm on the fast track to the top, Olly and there's nothing you can do about it. I'm in love.

OLLY

You can't love her! You can't love anyone. You're shallow. Materialistic. Superficial.

DOUBLE

And what does that have to do with anything?

The Double walks away leaving Olly speechless.

The sound of THUNDER. The sky suddenly opens up and downpours on Olly. The Double pops open an UMBRELLA.

EXT. PARKING LOT - A BEAT LATER

Olly is behind the wheel, wet, trying to start his car to no avail.

OLLY

Please. Please. Please.

Frustrated, he emerges from the car and kicks the hell out of the body.

He stands for a long beat in the rain. Then walks away limping.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

A torrential downpour. Olly walks listlessly through the streets, mumbling to himself incoherently, sloshing through puddles.

OLLY

A simple social call. That's all. Nothing out of the ordinary. "It's like this, and it's like that." I will explain and they'll see my honesty and understand that I am an honorable man.

EXT. HIS EXCELLENCY'S HOME - NIGHT

Olly approaches and stares at the house. His silence is loaded with threat.

INT. DINER - LATER

Olly sits at a booth. His clothes are ragged, wet and mud stained. He's drawing on the back of the PAPER PLACEMAT with RED CRAYON.

OLLY

No two are alike. Noses don't just get up and walk around without you after all. It's unseemly. And *meaning*-- I'll go to my grave believing in the meaning of life... or searching for it anyway. Noses! Ha!

Olly puts down his crayon and observes his work; the writing is meticulous and small, the ramblings of a madman. A drawing of a nose is prominent in the composition.

WAITRESS 1

Anything else today, *sugar*?

OLLY

I'm all done. Everything was very good, thank you.

WAITRESS 1

Great.

She places a ticket on the table and walks away; \$45.92.

OLLY

Who me? Oh no.

He follows her to the REGISTER.

OLLY

Excuse me. There seems to be a mistake. It can't be-

WAITRESS 1

Sorry, but that's what it is.

OLLY

Sorry? *I'm* sorry... but really-

WAITRESS

Do we have a problem here?

OLLY

Sorry, no. There's no problem, just-

WAITRESS

I can GET the manager, you know.

OLLY

No. That is... I only had one tiny cheeseburger deluxe and \$45 seems a little-

WAITRESS

You had *five* cheeseburger deluxes. And eight cokes.

OLLY

What? No. That's a lie...

WAITRESS

(calling to the back)

Tom!

OLLY

That's not necessary... Please... don't make a scene... unseemly...

WAITRESS

We don't give food away for free
here you know... --Tom!

Something across the room catches Olly's eye- The Double sits at the table just behind the one Olly ate at. His table is littered with plates and glasses. He smiles at Olly, licks his fingers, rubs his belly.

OLLY

Impersonator! Imposter!

All eyes in the restaurant are on Olly. The Double does a little mocking jig. Exits through a side door.

Olly moves to follow but is grabbed by TOM, a large hairy man.

TOM

Problem here?

OLLY

No. No problem. No problem
whatsoever. I'm a victim... a victim
of circumstance.

(to waitress)

Take your blood money, you wench!

Olly fishes crumpled bills and change out of his pocket, throws them on the counter. Exits. The Waitress is angered, disgusted.

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Olly exits-- No sign of the Double. He stands alone in the pouring rain. Screaming into the empty parking lot.

OLLY

You want war! Then a war you shall
have, Mr. Adkins! You will perish!
You will die! Die! Die!

Olly's CELL PHONE rings. He pulls it out and looks at it. It says: OLLY ADKINS.

OLLY

Hello?

DOUBLE

Hey buddy, just want to let you know that I'm at Marisa's house right now and you are definitely losing the battle. See you at work tomorrow. Ciao.

Olly's face twists into a grimace.

EXT. HIS EXCELLENCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT, LATER

Olly is standing before the home, silent.

The door. Olly knocks. Waits, drenched in rain.

Marisa appears.

MARISA

Oh my god.

OLLY

Princess- Marisa- I've come- I've come to warn you.

MARISA

To warn me about what?

OLLY

This Olly Adkins. This Double is an imposter. He's dangerous and will bring you harm. He's out to destroy me... and that means hurting you, you see... and... I- I can't let that happen... and... and...

MARISA

Eddy, please. You can't be coming here like this. I know that you have- a crush on me.

OLLY

No. Not a crush.

MARISA

But we're just not right for each other. You're very sweet. But I
(more)

(cont'd)
think of you as a friend. In a
platonic way. Like a brother.

Olly drops to Marisa's ankles.

OLLY
Not that. Anything but that.

MARISA
Please don't.

OLLY
I am honest, caring. I- you can
love me. We can have sexual
relations.

MARISA
What?

OLLY
Olly Adkins is a demon. A devil.
Please don't make me hate you. You
and the rest of the world. Don't
make me destroy you!

FALBO
Who is it, Marisa?

Falbo appears in the doorway.

MARISA
Destroy me?

FALBO
Jesus Christ. What the hell are
you doing here? This is the last
straw.

Olly flees into the cold rain, slipping and sliding through
mud.

OLLY
It's not me! I am Olly Adkins! The
imposter! The demon!

INT. APT BUILDING, DOYLE'S DOOR - LATER

A distraught Olly knocks loudly on the door. It opens quickly.

DOYLE

Hey, pal!

His demeanor changes.

DOYLE

Oh. It's you.

Olly is vacant, listless, deflated. And soaked to the bone.

OLLY

Yes. Just me. Were you expecting someone else?

DOYLE

Yes. I was hoping it was Olly.

OLLY

Oh?

DOYLE

I've been developing the novel with him. The backstory of these Shih Tzus.

OLLY

Yes. The Shit Zhus.

Doyle pulls out a PAMPHLET. On it is a new-age drawing of the cosmos. It's for a UFO cult called PLUTARIUS.

DOYLE

Yeah, see, Olly found this Ufo cult online that believes that dogs are the physical manifestation of future beings from the planet Plutarius and-

Olly grabs Doyle by the shirt.

OLLY

Please my friend. I'm having a crisis. Heh-heh. A bit of an existential crisis, you see. This man, this man with my face, my name, is out to destroy me. I can't take it. It's not- it's not natural for a man to have a double. I need- I need your help please, I-

DOYLE

Jesus Christ, Olly. Is everything always about you! I have my own things to think about.

OLLY

The novel. Shih Tzus. But- but please- don't you find it strange that this demon-

DOYLE

Demon!? Olly Adkins is one of the finest men I've ever met! How dare you!

Doyle shoves Olly and slams the door shut.

INT. HALL/OLLY'S APT - MOMENTS LATER

Olly shuffles to his door. Tries his key. The lock won't turn.

Olly's face reddens. He's overcome with fury. Starts kicking and banging on the door until he exhausts himself.

Finally, his back against the door, he slides down to a sitting position.

DOUBLE (O.S.)

(falsetto)

Who is it?

Olly springs to his feet.

OLLY

It's me. It's me! Open up! What are you doing in my home you scoundrel!?

DOUBLE

I'm sorry. I don't talk to strangers. Please call on someone else.

OLLY

Stranger! Strangers! It is you who- You bastard! Open up right now!

DOUBLE

I'm sorry. Please identify yourself or leave before I'm forced to call the authorities.

OLLY

(to himself)

The nerve of him.

Olly assumes a formal posture.

OLLY

My friend, I am Olly Mortimer Adkins the One and only and I insist- *demand* you open this door at once! Immediately!

DOUBLE

I'm sorry. But I too am Olly Mortimer Adkins and so I fear that you are either mistaken in the wording of the title you've just declared, or you are a solicitor trying to trick me into some underhanded gray market scam, in which case, once again, I will be forced to contact the authorities.

Olly changes gear.

OLLY

Olly, please. It's me. Your counterpart. Your friend. Olly Adkins. We drank from the water of life. We spoke of eating Spanish Olives one fine day. Please. I'm at the end of my rope.

DOUBLE

Olly? Olly Mortimer Adkins Jr?
Well, why didn't you just say so?

The Double opens the door.

DOUBLE

(southern accent)
How are you! Oh how I missed you so.

The Double embraces Olly. Then releases him and looks him over.

DOUBLE

(southern accent)
It's been so long, sugar. You haven't written. Oh my, but Olly, you don't look so good. And sugar- What's this? There's something on your nose.

OLLY

Really?

DOUBLE

(southern accent)
Here, let me get it for you.

The Double leans over to a small table beside the door and picks up an IRON SKILLET. He puts it behind his back.

DOUBLE

(southern accent)
OK. Close your eyes. This might tickle a little bit, sugar.

Olly closes his eyes. The Double cracks him across the face with the Iron Skillet.

Olly wavers for a minute. Then drops.

BLACK.

EXT. APT HALLWAY - MORNING

Olly is curled up against the floor. He opens his eyes to find TWO TRENCHCOAT DETECTIVES standing above him. Through his vision, they're blurred and unidentifiable.

One kicks him in the ribs. Note: The Detectives voices are the same as Bob and Rob's.

DETECTIVE 1

Sleeping in the halls, these days
huh?

DETECTIVE 2

Not very respectable, is it?

DETECTIVE 1

Downright unseemly.

DETECTIVE 2

What'll the neighbors think?

DETECTIVE 1

They're talking already. I can
hear them now.

OLLY

Who- who are you guys?

DETECTIVE 1

Let's just say that a *friend* hired
us to keep an eye on you.

DETECTIVE 2

To make sure you don't do anything
whacky.

OLLY

The imposter.

DETECTIVE 1

Funny, that's what he called you.

DETECTIVE 2
Got any plans today, Adkins?

DETECTIVE 2
Company picnic maybe?

DETECTIVE 2
Well, this isn't a social call.

DETECTIVE 1
Not a simple meeting between
friends.

DETECTIVE 2
Just thought you should know,
we're on to you.

DETECTIVE 1
All over your shenanigans.

DETECTIVE 2
That bank heist- quite a trick.

OLLY
What bank heist?

WHUMP! Olly is kicked in the gut.

DETECTIVE 2
Now my partner here, he hates
unnecessary violence.

WHUMP! Again.

DETECTIVE 1
But I'm willing to succumb to it.

DETECTIVE 2
In the spirit of justice, of
course.

DETECTIVE 1
I know what you're thinking.

DETECTIVE 2
(mimicking)
"I didn't knock over any Bank."

DETECTIVE 1
Especially not for some
materialistic Princess who asked
you to do it.

DETECTIVE 2
In the name of love.

DETECTIVE 1
Or money.

WHITE FLASH

INT. LIMO - NIGHT, FLASHBACK

The darkened figures from the opening sequence.

MARISA
If you love me, you'll do it.

OLLY
I will. I will.

WHITE FLASH

INT. OLLY'S APT. - PRESENT

Whump! Another kick in the gut.

DETECTIVE 1
But sooner or later.

DETECTIVE 2
You're going to slip up.

DETECTIVE 1
Let's just say that this little
birdie, he told us what you're
planning.

DETECTIVE 2
Intriguing really.

DETECTIVE 1
An Olly-Bird sang a song in our
ear, ain't that so Chief?

OLLY
(under his breath)
The rat! That fraud.

DETECTIVE 2
It is. It is so.

DETECTIVE 1
We're watching you Adkins.

DETECTIVE 2
And as sure as shit stinks,

DETECTIVE 1
We're gonna get you.

DETECTIVE 2
Consider yourself warned.

WHUMP! One last kick before they leave.

Olly doubles over in pain.

INT. OLLY'S CUBICLE - LATER

Olly pops his head over the dividing wall.

OLLY
Peter Peterson, a word please...

Peter Peterson doesn't even look up to see Olly's catastrophic appearance.

PETER
Not now Adkins.

OLLY
Please, I beg you!

PETER
What is it? What do you want?

OLLY
What's happening? What are they
saying about me? It must look
awful. Where's the imposter!?

PETER

I heard that you've been stalking Marisa- Yes, that sounds pretty awful.

OLLY

It wasn't me. I- didn't-

PETER

She's the boss' daughter for Christ sake. You know Falbo has been looking for you already.

Bob and Rob pass by, peering at Olly. Peterson takes note of their ominous stares.

PETER

Now please, I can't be seen cavorting with you.

OLLY

No. Wait! I am just like you Peterson. Just like you, after all. I believe in truth and justice and the American way. I'm your friend. Consumerism. A young republican. Just like you... I'm your friend. Please- have you seen Adkins?

PETER

I don't know. Leave me alone.

OLLY

Please. Please.

PETER

I think I saw him with Marisa in the break room.

Olly rushes away.

INT. BREAKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marisa and Olly are having coffee. Smiling. Olly charges in.

OLLY

Ha! Ha!

Olly's life force seems to become suddenly deflated. Upon seeing Marisa, he's compelled to look away. His breathing becomes labored. He cowers over a trash can and looks into it as he speaks.

OLLY

I demand- I demand you come clean, you sinner, in front of the Princess and the rest of the world.

DOUBLE

Come clean about what? That you won't leave me alone wherever I go?

MARISA

We're just having coffee, Eddy.

DOUBLE

Talking a little innocent office gossip. Of which, you've seemed to commandeer center stage lately.

MARISA

Olly, don't.

OLLY

You see how he is? Always insinuating. He hit me on the head with a frying pan last night. Do you know that Princess? He ate cheeseburger deluxes in my name. He'll do anything, step on his brother for a dime. He's ruthless. Heartless. I tried to tell you...

Olly seems to be weeping.

DOUBLE

That wild imagination is going to land you in the shithouse. Anyone with eyes can see that you shoot
(more)

(cont'd)
yourself in the foot with every
 step you take.

OLLY
 Yes. I realize it appears that
 way---

Olly turns, drops to a knee, grabs Marisa's hand.

OLLY
 No! You have to believe me. This
 man is a scoundrel. If you weren't
 here, why, he'd be making a fool
 of me somehow, probably by doing
 something that involves a great
 deal of physical pain for me. I'm
 not a great man, no fine orator,
 but I know that I am good. I am
 good. Not like. Not like-

DOUBLE
 Uh-oh, do you hear that Olly? Is
 that the sound of your thin ice
 cracking?

Falbo enters.

FALBO
 Ah... Adkins. So glad you decided to
 show up today.

MARISA
 (whispers in Olly's ear)
 I believe you.

FALBO
 I was going to give this to you
 Monday morning. But since you've
 graced us with your presence...

Falbo hands Olly a PINK SLIP. Olly's eyes are fixed on
 Marisa, who smiles in pity.

FALBO
 With the addition of the new Olly
 (more)

(cont'd_

Adkins, your services are no longer needed. Consider yourself released. Clean out your cubicle and get out.

OLLY

I- I- I-

FALBO

You're finished Olly.

Falbo, Marisa, and the Double exit, leaving Olly alone.

EXT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Olly is packing a sad box of belongings into the trunk of his jalopy. He notices the Double escorting His Excellency to his Jaguar.

EXCELLENCY

...on the fast track to the top, son. You stick with me and together we'll take this company places.

DOUBLE

Consider it done. An honor, sir. Did you have your hair cut this morning? You look dashing.

EXCELLENCY

Heh-heh-heh... Quite a man indeed, Adkins. Quite a man. I'll see you at the picnic.

DOUBLE

Wouldn't miss it for the world, your Excellency.

The Double bows graciously. The Jaguar pulls away. The Double turns toward Olly.

Olly, utterly defeated, tries to ignore the Double, gets in his car. He turns the key but, of course, it doesn't start. Olly bangs his head on the steering wheel. A broken man.

The Double gets in the passenger seat. He turns the radio on: Solomon Burke's *Cry to Me* plays. The Double files his nails throughout the conversation.

OLLY

Leave me alone.

DOUBLE

You know what your problem is Olly? It's not that you don't know how to play the game. It's that, for some reason, you refuse to play it. Like you're too good for it or something. Well, let me tell you, just because you don't like the rules, doesn't mean you can make up your own. It's sour grapes, Olly! Sour grapes!

OLLY

I have integrity. Honesty.

DOUBLE

Integrity! Honesty! Where has it gotten you? It's gotten you fired and it sure as hell didn't get you laid. And money. What the hell you gonna do for money now?

OLLY

I believe- I believe-

DOUBLE

You believe? That and a kick in the ass won't get you on the bus.

OLLY

What?

DOUBLE

But me on the other hand, I am on the fast track to the top and I've positioned myself perfectly to steal- excuse me- *rescue* The Princess from that dingleberry Falbo. Before you know it, I'll be
(more)

(cont'd)

his boss. Heh-heh-heh. And my plan comes to fruition today! Today at the company picnic. Ha! HA!

OLLY

She believes-

DOUBLE

You know Olly, it's funny, when I was with Marisa the other day? She whispered in my ear, and I think just for a moment- now call me crazy- but I think she thought she was talking to you! Called me Eddy for Christ's sake. You believe that?

OLLY

Why do you hate me?

DOUBLE

Did you ever hear of an Olly-bird, Olly? An Olly-bird singing sweet songs in the ears of policemen?

OLLY

I didn't do anything... I'm guilty of nothing.

DOUBLE

Yet.

OLLY

What- what do you mean by that? Sir, I'm confused. Please, I could use a friend.

DOUBLE

It's too late for that Olly.

Olly turns and begins to weep silently into his hands.

DOUBLE

What? What is that? Are you crying? Oh, for the love of god.

OLLY

No. It's just something in my eye.
It'll pass.

DOUBLE

Jesus, Olly. Here.

Hands him a WHITE HANDKERCHIEF. Olly blows his nose making a honking sound.

DOUBLE

Alright. Listen. I'm gonna help
you. I want to. I do.

OLLY

You do?

DOUBLE

Take this.

The Double hands Olly a GUN.

OLLY

But- But-

DOUBLE

Now the thing is, it's not loaded,
but if you use it right, you'll be
able to get what you need to start
a new life.

OLLY

A new life?

DOUBLE

You can't stay around here. Your
name is mud in this town. So take
the gun, you go get what you need
to start anew. A nice small town
somewhere. Maybe Pittsburgh. I
don't know.

OLLY

What I need? What-what do I need?

The Double is incredulous.

DOUBLE

God, it's not an act, is it?

Olly's face is blank.

DOUBLE

Money you fool! You have to get some money!!

OLLY

Yes. Money. I'm Sorry.

DOUBLE

You know Americans have more words for money than Eskimos have for snow? Now you go get it... by any means necessary... and who knows, maybe if you have it, you'll be able to find yourself a nice girl in this brand new life of yours in Pittsburgh.

OLLY

A princess?

DOUBLE

Maybe even a princess.

Doyle's limo pulls into the lot.

DOUBLE

Well, there's my ride. Got a picnic to attend you know. Rubbing elbows, cheeseburgers, you know the deal.

Olly shakes his head.

OLLY

Thank you for everything Olly.

DOUBLE

Don't mention it. Good luck.

The Double exits the car.

DOUBLE

(to Doyle)

Hey Pal, how's it hanging?

DOYLE

Great, Olly. Great. I've decided after the picnic today, I'm headed to El Cajon to join that UFO cult.

DOUBLE

Get into their heads. Really understand the alien dogs our hero is out to destroy.

DOYLE

Exactly.

DOUBLE

Everything's working out great for everyone, isn't it?

Olly's car makes a horrible noise as he cranks the key.

The Double considers Olly. Then turns and leans and whispers in Doyle's ear. After a beat, Doyle nods his head. Both stare at Olly, depleted in his car. The Double approaches.

DOUBLE

Alright. Listen. Doyle said he'd give you a lift. Go home. Get some rest. Pack your bags.

OLLY

Really? But- But-

DOUBLE

I'll get a ride with those morons Bob and Rob. We're tight now.

OLLY

Really? Yes, I guess that makes sense.

Olly mopes over to the limo.

DOUBLE

Alright. Alright. Keep your head up. It's not the end of the world you know. Keep that thing concealed, would ya.

Olly buries the gun in his belt, covers it with his shirt.

DOUBLE

That's it. Now take it easy. Have a good life.

Just as Olly is about to step into the limo, he notices the Trench Coat Detectives eyeing the scene from across the street. Finally, he steps into the car.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

The beaten man sits in the limo. Beside him is Marisa. Both are silhouettes, recalling the opening scenes.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONINUOUS

Olly is wistful now, pondering his story. Staring off into space.

OLLY

She spoke to me. She asked my forgiveness.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

The darkened figures in the Limo.

MARISA

(sobbing)

Olly, I realize I've been a fool. You're the one I want. Not Falbo-not anyone but you. I've created a mess. A mess of my life. Of yours. Oh, Olly. I'm so sorry, all is lost. All is lost.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

OLLY
But I said, 'No.' Not all.
'There's one thing,' I said. 'A
new life,' I said.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

MARISA
We could be happy in a new life,
couldn't we Olly?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

OLLY
Yes. My love. We can be happy. We
can be happy. I'll do it.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

OLLY
Of course, I will. I'll do it for
you. I'll do it in the name of
love.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

OLLY
I did it-- in the name of love.

Silent beat.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Olly is on the counter waving his gun. There are CUSTOMERS
flat on their bellies, scared. A TELLER is just finishing
filling a bag with money.

OLLY
Not me! It's not me, my fine
feathered friends! You are surely
mistaken. Mistaken identity! I am
an honest man! An honest man, you
hear!?

The petrified TELLER hands Olly the bag.

OLLY
Thank you, my dear.

He hops down.

OLLY
Do you want to know a secret? Heh-
heh. This gun. It's not even
loaded.

TELLER
Ok. Ok. Please don't--

Olly raises the gun, pointed at the horrified Teller.

OLLY
No really- see-

BAM! On sound we CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - A MOMENT LATER

Olly emerges from the bank panting, a BAG OF MONEY in his hands. An UNMARKED POLICE CAR screeches into the lot.

The LIMO tears away.

ALAN WATTS
We do not need a new religion or a
new bible. We need a new
experience--a new feeling of what
it is to be "I."

The Trench Coat Detectives emerge from the unmarked car.
Olly hops through bushes and flees.

EXT. MISC STREET LOCATIONS - CONTINUOUS

Olly runs for his life through gritty urban landscapes. A snappy Ramey Lewis TUNE, maybe BLACK EYED PEAS, accompanies Watts.

ALAN WATTS
(cont'd)
The lowdown on life is that our
normal sensation of self is a hoax
(more)

(cont'd)

or, at best, a temporary role that we are playing, or have been conned into playing-- with our own tacit consent, just as every hypnotized person is basically willing to be hypnotized. The most strongly enforced of all known taboos is the taboo against knowing who or what you really are behind the mask of your apparently separate, independent, and isolated ego.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Olly ducks into an alley for a momentary reprieve. Panting.

The Double steps out from behind a dumpster.

DOUBLE

(English Accent)

Good show Old boy. Good show! I didn't think you had it in you!

Olly throws a punch at The Double, but the Double dodges it, causing Olly to hit the wall.

OLLY

Ow!

DOUBLE

That looked like it might have hurt.

OLLY

It did. It did.

DOUBLE

It's broken, no doubt.

OLLY

Yes. Yes, I think you're right.

DOUBLE

You have to be careful pal.

OLLY

Yes. You're right... Olly, did you have anything to do with it?

DOUBLE

No certainly not... Do with what?

OLLY

Marisa. You didn't- tell her- set me up to-

DOUBLE

Set you up? No, no certainly not. I wouldn't dream of it.

OLLY

If I find out you're behind it-

DOUBLE

You're too paranoid pal. You can't go through life thinking that everyone is out to get you all the time. You have to enjoy yourself. Stop to smell the roses. Relax.

OLLY

Maybe you're right.

DOUBLE

Listen. Here's what I'm going to do, just to show you I'm the better man, I'm going to step down, put aside all the plans and conniving I've worked so hard for so you can go and pretend to be me and live the life you dreamed.

OLLY

You'd do that for me?

DOUBLE

Sure I would. Now go, elope to paradise with the sexy princess. It'll be good for you. You deserve it.

OLLY
Really? It's all on the up and up?

DOUBLE
Of course. All on the up and up.

Olly thinks it over briefly.

OLLY
Yeah... Sure, there's nothing out of the ordinary in it. I'm going to do it!

DOUBLE
That's the spirit. Seize the day!

OLLY
Yes. Seize the day! Seize the day!

Olly stands up.

DOUBLE
Live the life you dreamed!

The Double rises with him.

OLLY
I'll live the life I dreamed, gad blast it!

DOUBLE
One in the hand is better than two in the bush!

OLLY
That's right... two in the bush, certainly!

DOUBLE
Early to bed...

OLLY
...Early to rise my good friend! Ha, ha, ha!

The Unmarked Police car screeches into the alley.

DOUBLE

Oops. Looks like you better get a
move on.

OLLY

Yes, yes. Thank you friend.

Olly flees for the far end of the alley. Climbs a fence and
disappears.

DOUBLE

Have fun storming the castle!

EXT. PARK/COMPANY PICNIC - LATER

A large sign reads: CONGRATULATIONS WIDGETEERS.

The picnic is casual, peaceful. The sun is shining. All the
Office Workers are enjoying themselves in moderation:
Drinking soft drinks from plastic cups, flipping burgers on
a large grill pit, playing horseshoes and Whiffle ball.
Someone collects for a raffle. Some young children are
playing Ring around the Rosie.

CHILDREN

Ring around the rosie, pocket full
of posie

Olly is standing nearby, sweating profusely.

OLLY

It's so... so beautiful.

Olly spots Marisa talking casually to The Double.

CHILDREN

We all fall down!

Olly faints and hits the ground.

BLACK

EXT. PARK/COMPANY PICNIC - A MINUTE LATER

Olly is flat on his back. He awakens to see a ring of
blurry faces staring straight down at him.

MARISA

Oh my god. The poor guy.

PETERSON

Is he dead?

FALBO

No, such luck. His eyes are opening.

HIS EXCELLENCY

Does anyone know this man?

DOUBLE

This is Olly Adkins. One of the greatest widget designers of all time.

(to crowd)

Ok everybody. Give him some room to breathe. He's going to be ok.

He helps Olly up to standing position.

DOUBLE

Ok. Easy does it, partner. That's it, nice and easy.

The crowd makes way.

DOUBLE

We'll just lead you to a nice spot in the shade where you can relax and get your bearing. Don't forget your luggage.

The Double hands him the BAG OF MONEY then leads him to a picnic table beneath a lean-to. He backs away to rejoin the crowd. All eyes are on Olly. Whispering.

Peterson hands him a cup of water, then he too rejoins the gaping crowd. The Double whispers something in Peterson's ear. Peterson nods in acknowledgement, flips open his cell phone and walks away.

Olly scans the faces of the crowd. Smiles.

OLLY

Thank you. Thank you friends.
You're all so beautiful. Just like
I imagined. I am so thankful, so
thankful for your hospitality...

Olly sees Marisa and is choked up.

OLLY

My sweet... my sweet...

Olly motions to the Double. Drawing him nearer.

DOUBLE

What is it, friend?

OLLY

His Excellency.

DOUBLE

His Excellency?

OLLY

Let me talk to him.

DOUBLE

Are you sure? You sure you want to
do that?

Olly nods. The Double turns to the crowd. Assumes an
official air and posture.

DOUBLE

My friend wishes to have a word
with his Excellency!

General dismay and muttering. His Excellency leaves
Marisa's side.

EXCELLENCY

Yes. What is it? What was your
name again?

OLLY

Oliver. Oliver Mortimer Adkins
sir. Small Parts Design at the
Factory.

EXCELLENCY

You're the guy from my daughter's party... with the snot and the blood and the-

OLLY

No sir. It was him sir.

EXCELLENCY

Who sir?

OLLY

Adkins sir.

EXCELLENCY

You sir?

OLLY

No, sir. Him, sir.

Pointing at The Double who shrugs.

EXCELLENCY

Ok. And what is that you want to tell me Oliver?

OLLY

He's a good man sir.

EXCELLENCY

Who?

OLLY

Olly, sir. Olly Adkins.

EXCELLENCY

You? You're a good man, sir?

OLLY

No. No. The other me- Yes, me, er, Adkins sir.

His Excellency is confused.

EXCELLENCY

You came all the way here... to tell me that?

OLLY

Yes sir.

Olly watches his Double behind His Excellency. The Double holds Marisa's hand. Caresses it gently.

OLLY

Scoundrel! You filthy scoundrel!

The guests gasp at the outbreak.

OLLY

I'll kill you!

Falbo steps forward.

FALBO

God damn it. There's nothing wrong with you that a good beating won't fix!

EXCELLENCY

Falbo. Back off! This has gone far enough.

Falbo backs away.

OLLY

Thank you sir. It's just- you must agree that it's unseemly sir. It just doesn't look right for a man to have a Double.

His Excellency rolls his eyes.

EXCELLENCY

Yes. Yes, sure. I agree. Why, don't you just sit back down, and relax. Enjoy the party. Have a drink.

His Excellency walks away rubbing his temple as if he has a headache.

OLLY

Wait sir!

EXCELLENY

Yes? Is there something more?

OLLY

No. Yes. That is, it's funny that you called me *son* just then.

EXCELLENCY

That's nice. Very nice. Ok then.

OLLY

No! That is. My original intention, you see... was to...

Marisa... I- we're to elope-

(to Marisa)

but darling forgive me- I just feel that it would be better out in the open- here- before God and his people- your hand in marriage- as we agreed-

(to His Excellency)

Sir, we're going to elope tonight.

But now, if it's out in the open...

we--

EXCELLENCY

Marisa? Is what this man says true?

MARISA

No, daddy. This man tricked me. He's trying to trick us all into thinking he's Olly Adkins. He's a liar. A conniver. And- and a criminal.

A gasp from the crowd.

MARISA

I thought- I thought he was someone else.

Olly is shocked.

OLLY

Marisa, it's me. You believe me. Please...

EXCELLENCY

What do you mean someone else,
darling?

MARISA

Daddy, there's something I wanted
to tell you- I don't care if
everybody knows it. I've broken it
off with Falbo.

EXCELLENCY

Why? What would make you do such a
thing?

MARISA

Well, it turns out that... well,
Falbo has *other* preferences...

Falbo is standing a bit TOO CLOSE to Peter Peterson. The
crowd 'oohs' and 'aaahs.'

MARISA

And I've been having a secret
affair with Olly Adkins. I've only
kept it a secret- because--
because of this man-

Motioning to Olly.

MARISA

I was worried that he would shed a
bad light on it somehow. With that
horrible face of his...

Marisa choking back a sob.

MARISA

And he has! He has, Daddy. I'm
sorry. I'm so sorry.

His Excellency turns to Olly.

EXCELLENCY

Just what kind of game do you
think you're playing here Adkins?

OLLY

I only wish to... I didn't mean to-

Behind His Excellency, The Double is holding a Shih Tzu dog. He kisses Marisa open-mouthed.

OLLY

I'LL KILL YOU!

Olly springs from his chair. Pulls out the gun.

The guests scream.

We spin around Olly.

Suddenly, Doubles are everywhere he looks, intermingled with the crowd. Taunting. Barking Shi Tzus.

BAM! He fires into the crowd.

Mass confusion. Scrambling. Screaming.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Olly continues to unload into the crowd. There are injuries.

Gun shot wounds.

Blood. Crying.

Death.

Olly relents and surveys the massacre in the ensuing calamity.

OLLY

Oh no. What have I done?

Bleeding people everywhere. Scattering. Hiding.

The Double appears behind Olly.

DOUBLE

It's no use, friend. You should just give it up.

Olly hangs his head.

OLLY

You're right.

DOUBLE

I'm just a better man than you.

OLLY

Yes.

DOUBLE

If you applied yourself- then maybe, maybe you'd be accepted by these fine people the way I am.

OLLY

I know. I don't apply myself.

DOUBLE

Well, you don't have to feel so bad. After all, no one's ever told you "the secret."

OLLY

Or the whole of it.

DOUBLE

Or the whole of it, see? There's nothing you could do, really.

OLLY

It's hopeless.

DOUBLE

Right. Hopeless. You may as well just end it now.

OLLY

End it?

DOUBLE

Oh, don't act like you don't know what I'm saying. You do know what I'm saying don't you?

Olly shakes his head.

OLLY

I know.

DOUBLE

Then you should just get on with it.

Olly drops to his knees. Lifts the gun to his temple.

DOUBLE

That's it. Now you've got the picture. And you're being productive too. Killing one thing is the best way to create another. Fitting right into society. The whole of it.

OLLY

Yes, yes. You're right.

Olly clenches his eyes shut.

FREEZE FRAME

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Double is watching the Picnic Scene on the nearby TV Set.

DOUBLE

Jesus Christ, is that what he's been telling you? That he shot everyone up? Robbed a bank? Oh my god, that boy and his imagination. Listen, I'm gonna give it to you straight. Or try to. He's made such a mess of this story. The fact is that, yes, he was a broken man when he got shit-canned at the factory and after that went to the bank.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Olly approaches the bank.

INT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Olly fills out a WITHDRAWAL slip.

DOUBLE V.O.

But all he did was fill out a withdrawal slip. Evidently, he was going to cash out his life savings.

INT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Olly waits in line, sweating.

DOUBLE V.O.

But when it was his turn he had a panic attack, as only Olly can have, and started hyperventilating.

Olly's breathing becomes labored.

INT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Olly is on the floor, breathing in quick short bursts.

DOUBLE V.O.

Didn't take long for the medics to arrive.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Olly is being wheeled out on a gurney. Olly springs up and wrestles free. Flees.

DOUBLE V.O.

And he ran clear across town to the picnic.

EXT. PICNIC - LATER

Olly lying passed out at the picnic.

DOUBLE V.O.

And we tried to help him. But he wouldn't hear of it. He started
(more)

(cont'd)
yelling at everyone. Calling us a
bunch of Shih Tzus.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DOUBLE V.O.
Then the saddest thing I ever saw
happened.

EXT. PICNIC - CONTINUOUS

Olly holds his finger out at everyone, pretending he's
shooting into the crowd. Making gunshot sounds with his
mouth.

The crowd laughs wildly at Olly's folly.

Olly kneels down.

DOUBLE
Olly, buddy.

OLLY
I think it's time I ended it.

DOUBLE
Don't talk like that Olly. You
have your whole life ahead of you.
You just have to stop pretending
to be what you're not.

OLLY
It's too late. They're all
laughing.

Vicious laughter from the crowd. The places a hand on
Olly's shoulder.

OLLY
Goodbye my friend. You scoundrel.

Olly clenches eyes. Suddenly, the gun appears to be in his
hand again.

Click. Nothing happens. The Double steps away.

The Detectives approach Olly. It's clear they're Bob and Rob now.

DETECTIVE 1
All out of ammunition.

DETECTIVE 2
Always the case with these guys. A
dollar late and a day short.

DETECTIVE 1
C'mon pal. We're going downtown.

The Detectives hook Olly's underarms and lift him up. They escort him through the picnic.

The guests stare silently at him. Though they show no signs of pain, they are covered with BLOOD and GUNSHOT WOUNDS.

Olly passes Falbo, Peterson, His Excellency, Anthony, even the Waitress and Tom. His head is hung low.

He finally passes Marisa standing close to The Double.

DOUBLE
Dems da breaks Olly. Dems da
breaks.

Olly concedes listlessly. The two Detectives escort him into the unmarked car. They seat him in the backseat next to Kavorsky. Kavorsky just pats Olly's lap.

KAVORSKY
There, there, son.

The car pulls away from the crowd.

The Double runs alongside, waving a white handkerchief.

DOUBLE
Bon voyage. Ciao! Boun Fortuna,
paisan!

Olly just waves numbly.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Olly in the backseat. The Detectives up front.

DETECTIVE 1

How 'bout a little music, Olly.

DETECTIVE

Something to soothe the beast.

OLLY

Ok. Ok. Sure, fellahs.

Detective 1 clicks on the radio. THE TEMPTATIONS' *JUST MY IMAGINATION* accompanies Alan Watts.

ALAN WATTS

(on radio)

This hallucination underlies the misuse of technology for the violent subjugation of man's natural environment and, consequently, its eventual destruction. We are therefore in urgent need of a sense of our own existence which is in accord with the physical facts and which overcomes our feeling of alienation from the universe.

OLLY

Where are you guys taking me?

DETECTIVE 1

Somewhere safe.

DETECTIVE 2

Somewhere far, far away.

DETECTIVE 1

Where no man has gone before.

They turn back to Olly. They are both Olly- Doubles, wearing white coats. Olly is scared.

Cut to Black.

FADE IN

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Olly looks sad, tired, beaten.

OLLY

And that- that's exactly how it
happened. The whole truth. Nothing
but the truth.

Olly is quiet for a LONG BEAT.

We FADE OUT SLOWLY.

INT. THE ADKINS HOME - SOME YEARS LATER, CHRISTMAS TIME

The Double sets up a camera, aimed at a Christmas Tree.
Bing Crosby crooning in the background. A quaint scene.

TWO YOUNG CHILDREN play with a train set near the tree.

DOUBLE

This is going to be the best
darned family picture yet.

(calling)

Dear! Are you ready?

MARISA (O.S.)

I'm coming. I'm coming.

Marisa comes shuffling in. She is six months pregnant.

MARISA

Oh darling do we have to this
year? I'm huge.

DOUBLE

Dear, you are beautiful.
Absolutely glowing. C'mon kids.
Come to Daddy.

The family takes their places. The Double has a remote for
the camera.

DOUBLE

Ok. You know what to say- On the
count of three. 1- 2- 3-

FAMILY

(in unison)

UNCLE OLLY!

The Camera snaps the Picture. The image FREEZES and
dissolves into a CHRISTMAS CARD lying on a table in an...

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - DAY

Hand written on the card:

*Get Well Soon. We miss you.
Love, the Adkins Family.*

Olly, smiles vacantly at the image of the happy family.

Just as we realize that this is the same room as Olly's
interview Room, we begin to PULL BACK. The SOUNDS of an
institution come in.

As we back out of the room, a nurse enters.

NURSE

How are we today, Mr. Aikins? Time
for your medicine.

We pull further and further down the hall.

Olly is distant now, soon swallowed by MENTAL PATIENTS
shuffling about mumbling to themselves.

CREDITS ROLL to THE CHIFFONS' *Will you still Love Me.*

THE END