

LIVING WITH YOURSELF

PILOT

Written by

Timothy Greenberg

6/27/2016

LIVING WITH YOURSELF - PILOT

COLD OPEN

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A mound of dirt in a forest. About the size and shape of a person.

The dirt trembles.

A bloodied hand bursts forth.

A naked man claws his way out of the mound. He struggles to his knees, hacks up the grime from his lungs. In a shivery panic he swats the dirt from his exposed skin. Then like a newborn he cries out to the heavens, lost and uncomprehending.

He looks down at himself. Actually he's not quite naked. He is wearing a diaper.

END COLD OPEN

TITLES

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK:

Title: TWENTY FOUR HOURS EARLIER

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - POOL BRANDING INC - DAY

It begins with the word "refresh."

GEORGE ELLIOTT, late 30s, the man from the opening, stares at the word on his computer. It's the theme of the proposal he's working on. Well, should be working on. So far all he has is the one word.

George seems like he could use a refresh himself. On his desk is a honeymoon photo with his wife, JANINE, 30s - from a beach, the camera catching them as they leap into the air, blithesome and happy. Whereas this George seems to have a physical weight pressing down.

A folder thuds on his desk. From off-screen comes a stream of corporate-speak that is the official language of Pool Branding Incorporated:

CLIENT LEAD (O.S.)

Hillsboro-Refresh action agenda.

Pitch presents, twenty minutes.

Both feet in today, 'kay George?

George doesn't even look at the folder. Instead his attention is drawn to a fly buzzing at the window. But the glass is sealed. No way out.

Finally he picks up the folder. Slams it into the fly. The fly lays dead on the windowsill.

GEORGE
(to fly)
You're welcome.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

George's colleagues sit around a conference table: Client Leads, Strategists, Producers, and other Creative Directors like George. But something odd is happening. On close-ups of their faces we see discomfort and embarrassment.

Cut wide to reveal George standing as if presenting... but he's not saying anything. He looks at his blank notes.

GEORGE
Um...

ELEANOR POOL, 60s, company founder and matriarch but far from maternal, waits as the silence stretches on.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I... I need a little more time.
Just. Not quite there yet.

The sound of Pool's pen tapping the desk is loud in the otherwise dead quiet room. DAN GRANNAM, 30s, a big man overly-confident in his limited talents, raises his hand.

DAN
Question on your proposal.

*

Snickers.

POOL
Dan, do you need more time too?

DAN
No Ma'am. Thanks George, major value add.
(winks for the room)
JK. Be a pal, pass these out for me.

He hands George a box of Oculus VR glasses. George is stuck passing them out.

Everyone dons the glasses except George.

DAN (CONT'D)

Hillsboro wants us to refresh their image? How about we refresh their... reality!

A collective gasp at something amazing. They wave their hands in front of their faces, oohing and aahing over something that George alone cannot see...

INT. POOL'S OFFICE - DAY

Afterwards, George sits in Pool's office. Her words are distant as George watches another fly buzzing at the window.

POOL

...just wanted you to know before we announced it to the staff.

GEORGE

Dan's been a Creative Director for less than a year. Plus he's an idiot.

POOL

True. But he had a great year. Surprisingly. You should be glad. When one succeeds, we all succeed.

GEORGE

(reciting)

Pool Promise Number Eight.

Pool narrows her eyes at George. Was that insubordination?

GEORGE (CONT'D)

One of my favorites.

POOL

Want to know my favorite? Ten. You're either in the Pool, or out of the Pool.

A beat. Then George nods acquiescence. Pool nods, good. She stands in dismissal, framing her against the Ten Pool Promises on the wall.

POOL (CONT'D)

You were a Golden Pencil winner once. You're going to turn this thing around. I can feel it.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

A 2006 Business-to-Business Branding Magazine Golden Pencil Award - literally a gold pencil - but its lustre is hidden under a layer of dust.

George stares at his award. He blows the dust from it. It kicks up, some settling on his face. He's not feeling it.

EXT. CHILI'S - LATER THAT NIGHT

George stands outside the doors of a Chili's, girding himself for what is to come.

INT. CHILI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

One section of the restaurant is closed off for Dan's happy hour promotion party - everyone is wearing Oculus glasses, bumping into one another, drinking margaritas, having fun. Even the buffet tower has a pair of glasses atop it.

George sits at the bar, no glasses, two empty margaritas and one half-full. He drains his drink, tries to get the bartender's attention as an attractive assistant, KAYLYN, early 20s, approaches and signals for a pitcher.

GEORGE

Hey Kaylyn.

But she doesn't hear George over the music. Now he feels awkward even though no one else is watching.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hey Kaylyn!

He's about to try again but is interrupted by her squeal as DAN sneaks up and gives her a pinch. She play-slaps Dan.

KAYLYN

(teasing, to Dan)

God, what an ass!!

She takes her pitcher back to the party, leaving George with the person he least wants to talk to.

DAN

There he is. 'Bout today. You know I'm just fucking with ya, right?

George again tries to get the bartender's attention.

GEORGE

Sure, Dan. Congrats on the promotion.

DAN

Hey, PP8. When one succeeds -

GEORGE

I know. I wrote it. Long time ago.

DAN

See! You're a fucking braniac man. Braniacs always come out on top, in the movies. Probably because they write them too.

(to the bartender,
pantomimes pouring
drinks)

Amigo, dos. Pour favor.

*
*
*
*
*

The bartender gets the drinks. It gives George a minute to look at his adversary, really look at him.

GEORGE

What happened to you? You couldn't put two words together. Now you're... so... on.

DAN

One day I just decided to look people in the eye and tell them we're going to be friends.

GEORGE

That's it? You just decided.

DAN

That's it.

GEORGE

And now you can magically sell Pool on something as stupid as those glasses.

DAN

Oculi are the balls dude.

George gives up. Clearly he's not getting an answer. But then Dan - the party and bottomless margaritas fueling him - gives him one.

DAN (CONT'D)

I like you, George. You really want to know my secret?

GEORGE

I don't know, do I.

Dan looks around, pitches his voice low.

DAN

I went to a...
(revealing a dark secret)
...spa.

GEORGE

Your secret is you paid for a handjob.

DAN

Not that kind. They do this cleanse. Full body-and-mind-and-soul. You have to be recommended by a previous client. Highly exclusive.

GEORGE

(not believing any of this)
So how'd you get in.

DAN

I know people. But it's fucking coin. Not shitting you. But ever since then...? I'm on fire. My best day, every day.

GEORGE

So why are you telling me?

DAN

Not exactly worried about the competition.
(drains his drink)
Plus I get a 10% discount for the referral. Coin baby.

GEORGE

Fuck you, a spa.

DAN

Don't believe me, fine. But just know that this -

Dan gestures to his Chili's party.

DAN (CONT'D)

- all this could be yours.

George lets that depressing thought sink in, as Dan takes out his wallet and gives George a card.

DAN (CONT'D)

Best day, every day.

EXT. CHILI'S PARKING LOT - LATER THAT NIGHT

George exits the Chili's, the sound of the celebration following him.

As he heads to his bottom-of-the-line Acura, he spots a couple fooling around in the shadows of the parking lot, the woman's dress hiked past her waist. It's KAYLYN, with DAN. *

George gets into his car, shoves it into reverse.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSING DEVELOPMENT

George drives past a row of identical cookie-cutter housing development homes. He pulls into his driveway - no, wait, wrong house.

GEORGE

Goddamnit.

He backs out, pulls into a driveway two houses down.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

George sneaks inside. He keeps the lights off so as not to wake his wife - and ends up slamming his hip into the credenza the front hallway. JANINE ELLIOTT, 30s, calls from the bedroom upstairs.

JANINE (O.S.)

Was that the credenza?

He curses silently. The credenza has been a source of many fights and frustration, and any answer he gives is weighted with baggage. In as neutral a tone as possible:

GEORGE

(calling upstairs)

No, it's fine!

Even to his ears it sounds passive-aggressive. Her silence is her passive-aggressive response.

He does his best to slide the credenza back into place. Flips it off. Then he climbs the stairs to their bedroom...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The moment he reaches the bedroom door Janine shuts off the light.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

George slides into bed next to Janine's still form. He leans over to deliver a kiss on her cheek... but the stillness of her back stops him. It's an imposing wall that he doesn't know how to get over.

He retreats to his side of the bed. By the light of his phone he reads the business card. It's empty, other than a phone number and the words: "Top Happy Spa - The Best You Can Be."

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

George tosses and turns in his sleep. Something is bothering his dreams.

A phone rings -

INT. BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

- Light streams in the window as he jerks awake with the card stuck to his face, a massive hangover, and a phone ringing in his ear. He looks at the card - which by the light of day seems incredibly stupid - tosses it, and answers the phone.

NURSE (O.S.)
(perky male voice)
Good morning, this is South Hill
Fertility Center calling to confirm
your appointment for the semen
analysis today.

*
*

GEORGE
Hi Hugh.

The caller is the desk nurse with whom George is on a first name basis by now, even if the nurse does not acknowledge it.

HUGH
Mr. Elliott, will we be seeing you
this afternoon at 3?

GEORGE
You can just talk to me. We're
both people here.

HUGH
So we'll see you at 3 then?

George rubs the sleep from his eyes.

GEORGE

Actually I have to reschedule.

A pause, pregnant with condemnation.

HUGH

Another reschedule. Ok Mr. Elliott,
I have next Tuesday at 10, 2, 4:30,
or 5. Or Wednesday, or Thursday.

GEORGE

What about next month?

A beat.

HUGH

Is this perhaps more than a
scheduling issue, Mr. Elliott?

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

George comes downstairs to find Janine scrutinizing the credenza for any new scratches, as she talks with the phone cradled under one ear.

JANINE

...I know, I know. Because our
client needs a therapist not an
architect. It's ok, I'll handle
it, crazy's my specialty. See you
at the site.

We now see that she doesn't look at all like the henpecking harpy we might have imagined. She is attractive, bright, positive. Most of all she seems like she's trying.

But as she tries to buff out a scratch, all George sees is her looking for something to blame him for. She notices him there.

JANINE (CONT'D)

(sunny)

Hey honey! How'd you sleep?
Seemed like a rough one.

GEORGE

Fine.

JANINE

Before I forget, I have this stupid
client thing - would you mind
picking up the dry cleaning after
your appointment?

*
*

His non-reply says it all.

JANINE (CONT'D)

(keeping it light)

Again? We can't make a baby if you
won't keep the first appointment.
Birds and the bees.

*

GEORGE

It's just so expensive.

JANINE

So what else have I been saving
for?

(catching herself)

What have we been saving for.

(trying to cheer him up)

Besides, didn't you say you have
your review coming up? Who knows,
could be time for that promotion.

GEORGE

Could be.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Over breakfast, Janine and George both read their iPhones.

JANINE

(still trying for
cheerful)

So, Indian or Chinese tonight? I
saw there's a new place that does
Cantonese.

GEORGE

You choose.

JANINE

Great, Chinese.

He makes a non-committal noise. Her cheerfulness slips.

JANINE (CONT'D)

So, would you prefer Indian?

GEORGE

Either way.

JANINE

No preference at all? They are two completely different families of cuisine.

GEORGE

Whatever.

She sighs, exhausted from the effort of even this simple thing.

JANINE

Fine, we'll do Indian.

They eat in silence.

JANINE (CONT'D)

About your appointment -

GEORGE

Can we talk about it later? Just, let's not ruin a nice morning.

JANINE

Sure.

Her dishes clatter in the sink as she heads up to shower.

He watches her go. Looks like he ruined the nice morning.

GEORGE

(softly, to himself)

Shit.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

George clears the table. Switches on the light above the sink. The bulb burns out. He stares at it.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

George opens the door to the bathroom. Steam drifts past as he watches Janine showering through the misted glass. Janine notices the draft.

JANINE

Hey, what's up?

He wants to say something, but he can't come up with the right words.

GEORGE

I...

JANINE

What?

Instead -

GEORGE

Where are the lightbulbs?

JANINE

Maybe the laundry room?
(shivers against the
draft)

Would you mind closing the door?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

George fishes a new lightbulb out its four-pack. He carefully screws it into the socket over the sink. He finishes, but the light doesn't come on. He flicks the switch. Still nothing.

A beat.

Suddenly he smashes the lightbulb with his fist, again and again.

Another beat. Then he smashes the remaining bulbs in the four-pack for good measure.

Glass is everywhere. He flexes his hand. It's bleeding.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The shower sounds from the bathroom as he retrieves the business card out of the garbage, a bloody dish towel wrapped around his hand. He dials the number. A voice with a strangely lilting accent picks up.

ACCENT

Top Happy!

GEORGE

Hi. I'd like to schedule an appoi-

ACCENT

Fifty thousand dollar. 1730
Highway 50. Next to Curves.

The call cuts off. He looks at the phone.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

With Janine still in the bathroom, he checks their joint savings account.

INSERT: Balance: \$49,992.10

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

He checks his wallet. Empty. He grabs his jacket.

GEORGE

Honey, I'm taking ten dollars from
your wallet!

JANINE (O.S.)

(shouts over the shower)
Can't you just stop by the bank?

GEORGE

I will.
(beat)
Also, I might be a bit late
tonight.

EXT. BANK - DAY

George exits the bank and unlocks his car.

INT. CAR - DAY

He stares at the large stack of bills in his lap.

GEORGE

Forty nine thousand, nine hundred
and ninety two dollars.

It's a very large stack of money.

But then he looks at his bandaged hand. He adds Janine's ten
dollars, starts the car.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CAR - DAY

George's car exits the highway onto a rural country road.

INT. CAR - LATER

He looks out at the rolling farmland passing by. He checks the address on the GPS.

INT. CAR - LATER

The road finally leads him back to a town. Not nearly as nice as George's. Worn two-family homes give way to a business district, of sorts - a run-down Diner, Discount Tire, shuttered Bingo Hall, 24 Hour Cash Express -

GPS

You have reached your destination.

A strip mall. Not a nice one.

This can't be right. But there's the Curves. On one side of it, an "Oriental Massage" parlor. On the other side -

Top Happy Spa. George slowly parks in front of the spa's dirty storefront window.

GEORGE

I'm going to fucking kill Dan.

George sits for a long moment. He tries to look inside, but all he can see is a scruffy cat lounging in the weak sun that manages to leak past the window grime.

He puts his car in reverse, ready to leave -

- TOM BRADY, quarterback for the New England Patriots, steps out of the spa's dirty storefront.

Brady leans back his head, eyes shut, feeling the sun on his face. Other than his beatific expression he seems the same as always, which is to say a perfect specimen of mankind. Then he whoops, a primal sound of pure joy -

TOM

Yeah baby!

- claps his hands as a black Escalade pulls up. His driver opens the door, Brady double taps the roof, hops in, the SUV pulls away. George cranes his neck to watch them go.

He looks back at the dirty spa. Then he takes the envelope of money, stuffs it down his pants.

INT. TOP HAPPY SPA - ANTEROOM - DAY

George opens the front door to a narrow anteroom. On the far side there's another door with a cheap Plexiglas one-way mirror. A buzzer button on the wall. That's it. He pushes the button. The door buzzes open. He enters -

INT. TOP HAPPY SPA - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- into a pitch black space. The door clangs shut behind him, plunging him into darkness.

GEORGE

Hello?

Modern fluorescent lighting flickers on, revealing that he's standing in what appears to be the spotless waiting room of a luxury spa. The aesthetic is minimal, clean, white. Enya plays over hidden speakers. There's a white couch. A desk, with white Eames chairs.

Two KOREAN MEN, 40s, in lab coats enter from a door at the back of the room, bow, sit at the desk. From across the room the man on the right speaks.

RIGHT

Welcome Top Happy Spa.

George slowly approaches, takes the seat across from them. The man on the right offers him a glass and a pitcher.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Cucumber water?

GEORGE

Was that Tom Brady?

RIGHT

Client confidentiality number one priority. You referred by...?

GEORGE

Dan Grannam. I work with him.

RIGHT

Ah yes. He tell you about Top Happy?

GEORGE

Not, really.

RIGHT

O-k.

He takes out a brochure, but rather than hand it over he reads from it himself:

RIGHT (CONT'D)

(reading)

Top Happy Spa. We have highly exclusive, highly discrete process. Employ most modern technology. Full-body molecular DNA scrub.

The man on the left emphasizes with a scrubbing motion.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

(reading)

Whole new you. Power. Motion. Go. Ok, that enough that.

He puts away the brochure, addresses George directly, man-to-man.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Life.

(exhales)

Right?

GEORGE

I... sorry, what?

RIGHT

No what. Listen.

(leans forward)

Along path of life come great trouble. Many trouble. Sadness. Fear. Humiliation. Pain. Short telemores. Weak protein signal. Bad DNA. Old body, old chemical, bad life. Our exclusive process rebuild DNA, better than ever. You be best you can be. Yes?

George reaches into his pants, pulls out the fifty thousand dollars, sets it on the table.

GEORGE

Yes. That's what I want.

The man on the right opens the door behind him. Gestures for George to enter.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

George undresses in a tiny but tasteful dressing room. He catches sight of himself in a mirror. His slight gut pushes out against his shirt. Not a great look.

He hangs his clothes in a white locker. A knock. An arm drops off a paper medical robe, and an adult diaper.

GEORGE
 (examines the diaper)
 This isn't a fetish spa, is it?
 Hello?

INT. SPA HALLWAY - DAY

The man on the left leads George down a pristine white hallway. A side door cracks open and George gets a glimpse of a dark room cluttered with complicated machinery, wires and hoses, a huge device that looks like an oversized 3-D printer.

INT. PROCEDURE ROOM - DAY

George is laid out on a bare metal table as the man on the left passes by holding a scruffy CAT.

GEORGE
 Um. Is this going to take long?

RIGHT
 Just calibrate equipment.

The man returns, sans-cat, cleans his hands with an alcohol wipe. He taps George's chin.

LEFT
 Open.

George opens his mouth. The man swipes the inside of his cheek with a small metal loop. Then he lowers an anesthetic breathing mask over George's face. Opens a valve. The hissing of gas.

George's eyelids grow heavy... until the hissing stops. The man kicks the machine, shouting to his partner in the back. A quick harsh argument in Korean -

GEORGE
 Everything ok...?

- but the man ignores him, adjusts a different valve. The gas sputters, resumes.

George tries to say something else but his mouth doesn't seem to be working. He slowly fades from consciousness...

INT. COFFIN - HOURS LATER

Darkness. Pitch black, as dark as death.

Then we hear the sounds of George awakening. A cough. A retch. The sound of a hand scraping against a plastic sheet.

George starts to hyperventilate, panicking. He calls out, voice muffled.

GEORGE

Hello!?

No answer. The sound of a hand clawing the plastic. Tearing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no!!

We hear a rip, a collapse of dirt, a sliver of light.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Above ground, we see the same mound of dirt from earlier. A hand bursts forth.

George digs himself out from the mound. In a shivery panic he swats his exposed skin free of the dirt of his erstwhile prison. He gasps for breath, then screams.

He looks down at himself. He is naked. Well, other than the diaper.

Even his wedding ring is gone.

And as the camera pulls back, his growing realization matches our own:

He is in a forest, surrounded by dozens more freshly-dug mounds.

A graveyard.

EXT. EDGE OF FOREST / ROAD - SUNSET

The sun sets as George stumbles out of the forest, scratched and exhausted, to a rural road.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

He comes to a rundown farmhouse. He scurries into the yard like an animal, searching for a clothesline.

GEORGE
(teeth chattering)
What kind of farmhouse doesn't have
a clothesline.

A light comes on. He's busted, trapped by the light.

An old farmer opens the front door. The man squints at him in the darkness.

FARMER
George?

WTF? *How does this guy know his name?!*

FARMER (CONT'D)
What ya doing ya dumb shit!

More freaked out than ever, George dashes into the darkness.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LATER

George walks the road at night, shivering.

Headlights. For a moment he's unsure whether to hide or ask for help. But his desperation drives him. He waves - the old beater station wagon gives him wide berth - of course, skirting the lunatic in a diaper.

He wraps his arms around himself and continues walking.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LATER

More headlights. This time he psyches himself up, and steps directly into the road.

GEORGE
Let's see if this thing worked.

The car is forced to slow to a stop. He leans in the window to see an OLDER COUPLE, 60s.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(heavy eye contact)
My name is George and we're going
to be friends.

The couple peels away, nearly running him over.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LATER

He limps in the dark, feet bruised from the rough asphalt. More headlights. He doesn't even look up.

An 18-wheeler slows to a stop. George considers. What freak would pick up a grown man in a diaper?

The passenger door opens. He climbs in.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The TRUCKER, 50s, looks him up and down. George squirms uncomfortably.

The trucker finally pulls back onto the road. He breaks the painful silence with:

TRUCKER

Depends.

George doesn't know what he means. The trucker reaches into his pants and lifts the edge of his own diaper.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)

Comfortable, good for the long haul, same's that astronaut lady used. American made, not that cheap rice muncher shit.

*
*

GEORGE

Thanks.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The truck drops George at a highway exit of his suburban town.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

George scurries along the suburban streets, praying no neighbors see him.

EXT. HIS HOME - NIGHT

George comes to his house, nearly in tears from relief. He slips in the front door -

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

- shuts it behind him as silently as he can.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He tiptoes into the kitchen, turns on the gas stove, warms his shivering hands over the flame.

He hears a murmur of Janine's voice from upstairs.

Damn it. He holds perfectly still, hoping he didn't wake her.

All quiet. He starts to relax. But then he hears her voice again -

- joined by a man's voice.

The slow realization hits him harder than everything that's gone before:

His wife is upstairs, with another man.

He is utterly, completely crushed.

And then, angry. We see a spark of the decisive person he once was. For the first time he knows exactly what he's going to do. He's going to kill that motherfucker.

He goes into the attached garage. Past the his-and-her bikes, past the woodpile. Finds a golf bag. He tests a few golf clubs by miming overhead swings with each of them. Settles on a 5-iron.

But then he reconsiders. This isn't right. He puts down the 5-iron -

- and picks up a wood axe.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Armed, he heads through the front hallway towards the stairs - but freezes at the sound of a toilet flushing. He hears the bedroom door open. Footsteps.

It's dark, but he can make out a MAN coming down the stairs.

George tightens his grip on his axe. Takes a deep breath. Balances on the balls of his feet, readies his swing -

The man flips on the hallway light -

George swings, attacks. But the man ducks, a hair faster than George. The weight of the axe spins George 360, and then it's an awkward blur of action as they silently struggle-

- Although they're about the same size, the man gets the upper hand, wrests the axe away -

- Together they slam hard into the credenza, a loud crack, the man raises the axe, ready to strike, as from upstairs Janine calls out -

JANINE (O.S.)

George?

George stands still as stone, staring at the man.

He is looking at a mirror image of himself.

The IMPOSTER GEORGE stares back, equally, exactly as speechless.

JANINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

George, was that the credenza?

Both Georges react in unison, checking the credenza. One corner has in fact snapped off, a section of wood on the ground.

JANINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Are you ok? Do I need to come down?

Both Georges call back, in perfect unison:

GEORGE

No, no, no, no, it's fine!

IMPOSTER GEORGE

No, no, no, no, it's fine!

Together they work to fix the fucking credenza. They quickly fit the wood back in place and push it against the wall, holding it in place. Ok, done.

Then they look at one another.

There are two Georges.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

There are two Georges.

George stares at the man that looks so much like him. And who now, he also notes, currently has possession of the axe, along with a slightly panicked expression.

Without making any sudden moves, George indicates that perhaps they should adjourn to the garage -

- a gesture that is creepily mirrored by the other, who apparently was thinking the same thing.

A moment of confusion as they each try to step through the door at the same time. Then both pause, waiting for the other to go. Then both go, bumping into one another. Finally they make it through the door -

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

George, keeping his voice low, hisses at the imposter him:

GEORGE

Who the fuck are you?!

IMPOSTER GEORGE

I don't want to hurt you. I just want you to please leave this house, right now.

GEORGE

Me leave this house? You leave this house! In fact, what the fuck are you doing in my house!?

IMPOSTER GEORGE

This is not your house.

GEORGE

This IS my house!! I know because I'm in it! What I want to know is, why the fuck you are in it?!

IMPOSTER GEORGE

I live here.

GEORGE

I live here!!

George spots imposter George creeping back towards the axe -

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Stay away from the axe!!

IMPOSTER GEORGE
(hands up)
Take it easy, ok? All I know is.
I'm at home, having a lovely
evening with my wife -

GEORGE
YOUR WIFE!?

IMPOSTER GEORGE
- and the next thing I know, I'm
being attacked by a man in a
diaper.

*
*
*
*

GEORGE
Oh apologies for my outfit, but I
just woke up in a graveyard, walked
halfway across the fucking county
barefoot, only to find whatever you
are, upstairs with *my* wife!!

IMPOSTER GEORGE
(softly)
What do you mean, woke up in a
graveyard?

GEORGE
As in, I went in for a spa, woke up
in a grave.

The imposter stops at this. Then -

IMPOSTER GEORGE
I also went to the spa this
morning. But then I woke up in a
recovery room. Felt refreshed.
Went to the office. Did some good
work on the Hillsboro account.
Came home. Had a lovely evening
with Janine. And then was
attacked, by you, with an axe.

This calm description of a day similar to what George had
originally hoped his own would be - eerily similar, given the
details - finally stops him.

GEORGE
You went to the spa?

Imposter George nods.

GEORGE
 Four years old. Co-op pre-K. My
 mother came to pick me up. I was
 drinking lemonade. What happened?

Imposter George just stares at him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 A-ha! Busted!

IMPOSTER GEORGE
 (quietly)
 A bee stung me on the eyebrow.
 Felt like a hot needle.

George looks at the other George, a shiver going down his
 spine. Oh fuck.

Imposter George's turn:

IMPOSTER GEORGE (CONT'D)
 Sixth grade. Frost Valley
 overnight, seven minutes in heaven.
 I couldn't undo the bra strap
 of...?

This stops George. He vaguely remembers the incident. But
 for the life of him he can't recall who it was with.

GEORGE
 Um.

He's drawing a blank.

IMPOSTER GEORGE
 She told the whole school about it.

GEORGE
 I know, don't get excited, I got
 it. Just, um...
 (beat)
 What color hair?

IMPOSTER GEORGE
 Blonde.

Still nothing.

GEORGE
 First initial.

IMPOSTER GEORGE
 J.

George still can't remember. Imposter George starts humming the theme from "Jeopardy."

GEORGE
Ok, don't be an asshole.
(thinks)
First initial, last name.

IMPOSTER GEORGE
It's... wait.

Now it's Imposter George who can't remember her last name. They're both stumped.

IMPOSTER GEORGE (CONT'D)
Shit. Hold on. It's, uh...

GEORGE
See, not that easy, is it?

IMPOSTER GEORGE
I'll get it. First name Jen. Jen,
um...

GEORGE
(starting to remember)
Oh, oh - Jen - wall-something -

IMPOSTER GEORGE
Walter?

GEORGE
Walther! Jen Walther! Right?

IMPOSTER GEORGE
Yes! Blonde, had that uptight
preppy thing going on!

GEORGE
Always looked at you like she hated
you! Yeah.

IMPOSTER GEORGE
Yeah.

GEORGE
Yeah.

IMPOSTER GEORGE
Yeah.

Their shared excitement wears off as the implications sink in.

EXT. FOREST GRAVE - JUST BEFORE DAWN

George and his imposter stand in the forested graveyard, the open grave at their feet.

GEORGE

You thinking what I'm thinking?

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

Dawn is breaking as they park in Top Happy's empty strip mall.

EXT. TOP HAPPY SPA - DAY

Imposter George pounds on Top Happy's locked door. No answer. George joins in as a bleary-eyed 24 Hour Cash Express customer, 50s, passes by.

CASH EXPRESS CUSTOMER

If you're that desperate, I'll give you a tug job.

GEORGE

Fuck off.

IMPOSTER GEORGE

Get lost.

But then the door does open, revealing the two KOREANS with their morning Starbucks.

*

RIGHT

Uh oh.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SPA WAITING AREA - DAY

The two Georges sit in the spa waiting area, each with a cucumber water, as the Koreans try to allay their concerns.

RIGHT

We have absolutely nothing do with this.

GEORGE

Really. So we can tell the police about the graveyard in the woods?

The scientists confer. Then, in a different tone -

RIGHT

Mr Elliot, Mr Elliot. This is new process. Is very, very difficult. People not ready for this. We have be very, very careful. Reproductive cloning is illegal in 287 countries.

IMPOSTER GEORGE

Cloning?

RIGHT

One hour cloning. Plus memory transfer. That's the bitch.

GEORGE

You cloned me, to make a better me?

RIGHT

Nail on head.

GEORGE

Just so I'm clear. What were you planning to do with the original me?

The one on the right spreads his hands in apology.

RIGHT

In a better society we wouldn't have to do this way. Everyone has to make the living, right?

GEORGE

Just, sorry to belabor what might be perfectly obvious -

RIGHT
Not at all.

GEORGE
You're sitting here telling me you
tried to *murder* me?

RIGHT
Please. Very embarrassed. You are
first to survive the de-activation.

LEFT
(interjects, sotto voice)
Bad gas.

This sparks another argument between the two men, in Korean,
until George interrupts -

GEORGE
(still not believing it)
Excuse me. You were really just
going to kill me?

RIGHT
No, no! Harvest organs first.

George looks at the them in horror. Right bursts out
laughing.

RIGHT (CONT'D)
Kidding! You should see your face.
Check have liver, right? We joke.
Laughter spice life.

GEORGE
(head spinning)
So you are kidding?

RIGHT
Harvest, yes. Cloning, murder, no.
(serious again)
We offer deepest apologies.

GEORGE
Somehow that feels insufficient. I
mean, at minimum I should be
getting a refund.

RIGHT
Sorry, no refunds. But we can bury
you again if you like?

George looks to imposter George for help, who has been
sitting in a silent daze.

GEORGE
 (to Imposter George)
 Hey, you got anything to say or are
 you just gonna sit there?

IMPOSTER GEORGE
 (to Koreans)
 This isn't real. Right? It's some
 kind of trick?

RIGHT
 No.

IMPOSTER GEORGE
 So who's the clone?

George and the Koreans look at one another awkwardly.
 Finally the man on the left speaks, not without compassion -

LEFT
 You.

*[And for the rest of the episode we'll call the imposter New
 George - because that's who he is, as they both are now
 aware.]*

GEORGE
 Small detail here, but you do
 realize... there's two of us. And
 only only one home. One car. One
 life. What are we supposed to do?

The Koreans huddle together in a furious conversation,
 obviously some debate between them. The two Georges watch,
 waiting for the solution to their horrifying predicament.
 Finally, the man on the right seems to win the argument, and
 presents them with the answer:

RIGHT
 Ok. What we can do.

NEW GEORGE
 Yes?

GEORGE
 Yes?

RIGHT
 Ten percent discount. Final offer.

NEW GEORGE
 That's it?

RIGHT

No! There's more.

The two Georges wait to hear the solution....

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Twenty percent, if you refer new customer.

EXT. TOP HAPPY SPA - DAY

The two Georges exit the spa together, George counting the measly \$5K refund as New George, in a daze, struggles to process this new reality.

They both slow to a stop in front of the storefront, as for the first time they notice:

A pair of identical cats sit on the windowsill inside, unnaturally alike, right down to the spots on their fur.

And as the two Georges watch, the two cats fight for the narrow spot in the sunlight. But one is stronger, more aggressive, and chases the other off.

As the camera pulls back we see the loser cat retreat to a dim corner of the room, the victor cat curling up alone in the sun... and over it the reflection of the two Georges.

END EPAPISODE ONE

*

