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"One"

written by James Nadler

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"One"

TEASER

FADE IN:

An ominous trip-hop song GROWLS in the background...

EXT. HEBRON -- DAY

The West Bank. MOHAMMAD, a spindly twelve year old boy, runs through the dusty street. Runs for his life past --

POSTERS OF MARTYRS peeling off the cement walls. Past --

BURNED OUT HULKS OF CARS. Past --

VEILED HOUSEWIVES hurrying to get their shopping home before curfew. Past --

OLDER BOYS in the doorways, waiting for something, anything, to happen. Waiting for freedom. Past --

A STORE OWNER. He recognizes Mohammad. He urges Muhammad to hurry.

Mohammad ducks through a door and into...

INT. MOHAMMAD'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The front room is packed with CHILDREN, NEIGHBORS and Mohammed's RELATIVES.

MUHAMMAD'S FATHER (mid-forties, tired mustache, tired eyes) cuffs Mohammad on the back of the head.

FATHER

(Arabic)

<Where were you?>

MOHAMMAD

(Arabic)

<There was traffic at the checkpoint.>

FATHER

<Go. Help your Mother.>

Mohammad wants to argue. He looks into his Father's eyes and decides to obey. This time.

FATHER (CONT'D)

(softer)

<Help your Mother.>

Mohammad's Father gently tousles his son's hair.

Mohammad goes into the kitchen.

His Father sits with the other MEN. They drink thick coffee out of small cups. The men toast Mohammad's father.

CUT TO:

INT. MOHAMMAD'S HOUSE: KITCHEN -- SAME TIME

Mohammad hovers in the doorway. He sees --

MOHAMMAD'S MOTHER (mid 30s, face lined by hard work and hard times) She sits with the WOMEN. The talk is animated, warm.

JALIL (28, sweet, clean shaven) emerges from the back room.

Jalil is Mohammad's oldest brother. Their eyes meet. Mohammad worships Jalil.

Jalil kisses his mother on the top of her head.

OFF Mohammad's pride --

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE -- DAY

A beautiful, lazy summer day. The soft breeze rocks the shade trees. Their seeds helicopter down to --

JALIL

His espresso is done but Jalil takes the time to linger.

JALIL'S POV

At a nearby table, a WELL DRESSED WOMAN (40, elegant) and her PROFESSOR husband, celebrate their NIECE's twenty-first birthday. The Niece dressed for the occasion. She glows.

The WAITER takes their picture. He hands the Niece back her camera. The Professor kisses his Niece.

BACK TO JALIL

He smiles. He glances over to --

THE BOY (8 YEARS OLD) AND HIS MOTHER

The Boy plays nearby with a toy plane. His Mother is on her cel phone. Jalil can't hear her conversation.

The Mother gets up from her chair to wave at her son to come back and behave. But the Boy isn't paying attention.

Jalil checks his watch. It's late. He has to go. He stands. Pulls on his backpack. And --

BAM! Jalil EXPLODES into a viscous fireball.

Everything happens so fast. People run. The Mother SCREAMS.

Chaos.

HOLD ON the Boy's tin toy, lying crumpled in the dirt.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE: THREE MONTHS LATER

INT. JON & SARAH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

With a quick movement from behind, JON GRIFFIN (28) wraps an Hermes tie around the neck of his girlfriend, SARAH SYMMS.

Sarah is naked. The tie nestles between her breasts. They stare at themselves in a mirror. They make a beautiful couple.

REVEAL that Jon is Jalil.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. JON & SARAH'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Jon Griffin, young lawyer, suits up, prepares for battle. He runs his hand across his jacket. No lint. Good. He ties the tie Sarah modeled last night.

JON

I like this one. Good memories.

Sarah comes into view sipping her morning coffee. She is 24, stunning and elusive. For now, Sarah describes herself as a waitress/graduate student/whatever.

SARAH

It's just a meeting.

JON

Did I say I was worried?

SARAH

Are you?

JON

It's with Makepeace. Not with the Partnership Committee. Not a good omen.

OFF Jon, considering himself in the mirror --

CUT TO:

INT. MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL & LYONS: RECEPTION -- DAY

Brass letters spell out MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL & LYONS above the reception desk. Dual RECEPTIONISTS work the busy phones.

Jon takes it all in. The bustle of lawyers and clients. The expensive heavy furniture. The security cameras.

Jon adjusts his tie and puts on his best game-face. Smiles. Let's get that charisma going.

RECEPTIONIST

He's looking for you.

JON

I'm sure he is. Thanks, Ginny.

Jon swipes his security card through the slot to enter the inner office.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL & LYONS: MAKEPEACE'S OFFICE -- DAY

TOMAS MAKEPEACE considers Jon. Makepeace is 40, a rocker wannabe who settled for the Law and scored big.

MAKEPEACE

Partnership review is next month but I wanted to talk to you first, Jon.

JON

I appreciate that, sir.

MAKEPEACE

We hear you're not happy.

JON

That's not the case, sir.

MAKEPEACE

We hear you're interviewing all over town.

JON

(beat)

If I don't make partner, I have to consider my options. But the Firm will always be my first choice.

MAKEPEACE

Okay then. Tell me, Jon Griffin, why should I spend the rest of my professional life working with you? What makes you so special?

JON

What makes me so special? Unique? I hoped it would be the quality and volume of my work.

Jon rises to leave. He knows that the meeting is effectively over. It doesn't matter what he says.

JON (CONT'D)

Look, it's your decision. Keep me on. Don't keep me on. Run the numbers. Right now, I'm a bargain. In two years, you won't be able to afford me.

MAKEPEACE

(beat, then)

Okay.

JON

Okay what?

MAKEPEACE

Okay, you passed the audition.

Makepeace smiles, revealing a diamond star imbedded in his front tooth. He's so hip it hurts.

MAKEPEACE (CONT'D)

I'll make my recommendation to the partners.

Pre-lap a HARD ROCK anthem.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION -- LATER

Triumphant, Jon leaps down the steps to the platform, backpack slung over a shoulder. He takes out his Mp3 earplugs. The rock song CUTS OUT.

Jon pulls out his iPhone. Speed dials. Gets the voice-mail.

SARAH (O.S.)

(through phone)

This is Sarah's phone please...

Jon presses pound to skip the message.

JON

Hey Sarah. I'm in! Just so you know, the tie made all the difference. On my way.

(touch awkward)

Love you.

Jon hangs up. Smiles. Slides the phone back into his pocket. Something else is there.

Jon takes out of his pocket --

A RING BOX

Jon flips it open. Considers the RING. Jon shakes his head. This is insane.

AN ELDERLY WOMAN smiles at Jon.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Good luck.

JON

Yeah thanks.

Shy now, Jon puts the ring back, turns away. Smiles to himself.

Jon looks up at --

A SECURITY MIRROR.

It is cracked. Jon sees a hundred shards of himself.

His reflections move with him except...

One Jon Reflection moves independently of the others.

Jon whips around. He sees the impossible --

THE DOPPELGANGER

Jon's exact double stands across the tracks. The Doppelganger is dressed blue collar (work shirt, jeans, stained denim jacket) but other than that he could be Jon's twin.

Jon experiences a FRISSON -- a visceral shock to his system.

JON'S POV

STEP CUT IN CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE DOPPELGANGER

DOPPELGANGER'S POV

STEP CUT IN CLOSER AND CLOSER TO JON

Jon snaps himself out of it.

The Doppelganger felt that too.

He stares at Jon, haunted.

An out-of-service train ROARS past, obscuring Jon's view.
Did he see what he thought he saw?

The train clears the station. The Doppelganger is still there.

The Doppelganger backs along the platform.

Transfixed, Jon shadows him, their eyes never breaking contact. Jon realizes his double is making for the stairs.

Jon picks up speed, half turns and --

WHAM. Jon careens into a COMMUTER. Jon nearly stumbles onto the tracks.

The Commuter grabs him, steadies him.

COMMUTER

Watch it!

JON

Let me go.

ON A BLUE/GREY SECURITY MONITOR we see --

Jon breaks free. He sprints down the platform.

JON (CONT'D)

(on monitor)

Excuse me. Out of the way! Move!

Jon bounds up the stairs to --

INT. SUBWAY STATION: UPPER LEVEL -- CONTINUOUS

Packed with COMMUTERS. Jon scans over their heads until he spots the Doppelganger fifty yards away heading for the exit.

The Doppelganger vaults over the subway turnstiles into the underground mall.

Jon presses forward. He's blocked by the tide of commuters trying to get home. They glare at Jon: annoyed, angry.

Jon loses sight of the Doppelganger.

CUT AHEAD TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND MALL: PASSAGEWAY -- LATER

Jon pauses for breath. No sign of his man. Jon turns and peers down a bright, tiled pedestrian tunnel off to the side.

First glance: nothing.

But towards the end of the tunnel, there is a service recess in the wall. Jon's double is hiding there.

The Doppelganger's shadow is thrown against the floor.

Jon approaches, slowly. He cannot see his double's face.

DOPPELGANGER

(Spanish)

<Who sent you?>

JON

What? Who are you?

The Doppelganger dives through an emergency exit. ALARMS SCREECH. Jon covers his ears in pain and follows him into --

INT. EMERGENCY STAIRWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Jon pounds up the stairs and out into --

EXT. BISHOP STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Jon finds himself in the middle of a lively street; people heading to clubs.

No sign of the Doppelganger.

Jon considers the nine or ten clubs that line the block. His Doppelganger could be in any one of them. Jon lost him.

Now, Jon can't catch his breath. Jon WHEEZES. COUGHS. It's an asthma attack. A bad one.

Jon fumbles through his pockets on the verge of panic.

Then, Jon finds his inhaler. Brings it to his mouth. Jon inhales. The medicine kicks in. Jon can breathe again.

CUT TO:

INT. JON'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

As Jon slices and dices dinner in the cramped kitchenette, Sarah sips her wine.

JON

It was like there was this weird connection between us.

SARAH

Maybe he was a pod person.

JON

Don't think so. Pod people show no emotion. This guy was freaked.

SARAH

You were chasing him.

JON

You know there's a myth about doubles.

SARAH

Uh huh. Don't chop so small.

JON

Something like...when you see your double...it means you're going to die.

SARAH

(creeped out)
Stop it.

JON
So you better be good to me.

SARAH
I mean it.

JON
Okay. Ginger please.

SARAH
Here.

JON
You know now that I'm a partner...

SARAH
You said it wasn't official.

JON
As good as official. I can afford a
few things.
(kisses her)
You. A plasma TV.

SARAH
Nice.

JON
A wall to hang it on. We should
check out those condos on Lincoln.
I'm so sick of living like a student.
I want to grow up.

He shows her the ring box.

SARAH
Don't.

JON
Sarah...you're everything I ever...

SARAH
Don't. Not yet. Please.

JON
Okay. Everything's going to change,
Sarah. I promise.

SARAH
I know.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON JON'S EYE

Wide open, unblinking. A bright red light plays over it.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL & LYONS: IT DEPARTMENT -- DAY

It's a retina scan. Jon is strapped into an optical machine. On a computer monitor, an image of Jon's eye forms: a translucent pink ball veined with blue lines.

CHRIS GETZ (bearded with a rat tail) oversees the machine.

CHERYL MANN (HR vet, late 40s, corporate) oversees Getz.

JON

You said this wasn't going to hurt.

GETZ

No I didn't.

JON

Isn't a Retina ID a little overkill?

CHERYL

It provides the partners access to the sensitive files. You don't want the associates to know how much you pull down, do you?

JON

They already know.

Jon's new SECURITY ID spits out from the laminator.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL: 45TH FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Cheryl clips the Security ID card onto Jon's jacket lapel.

CHERYL

Now that you're working on 45, never remove your ID. That's how we know who and where you are.

As they walk and talk, Jon and Cheryl dodge harried YOUNG LAWYERS and ASSISTANTS launched on various missions.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Partner meetings every second Tuesday when they happen. Did you read your memo on sexual harassment?

JON
 (flirting)
 Yes, ma'am.

CHERYL
 Read it again. Any specific office
 furnishings or treatments you want,
 talk to your assistant.

JON
 I was hoping Suze could make the
 move up with me.

CHERYL
 No. She's not senior enough.

Cheryl hands Jon a blue sheet of paper.

JON
 (reads)
 Midwestern Assurance?

CHERYL
 Your medical. We require Partner
 Insurance. Don't miss it. Don't
 worry. The Firm picks up the
 premiums.

They stop by a door.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
 This is you.

CUT TO:

INT. JON'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jon steps into his new space. It has an expansive view of
 the city's skyscrapers running down to the lake. Not bad.

Jon touches the window. He examines his reflection.

DEL
 Looks like you lucked out.

Jon turns to meet DEL MASTERS(38, male, bitter).

DEL (CONT'D)
 I'm Del, your assistant. Assistant
 not secretary.

JON
 Hey Del. You can call me Jon.

DEL

Why wouldn't I call you Jon?
 (runs down his list)
 Okay. You want supplies, talk to
 the mailroom. You still log your
 own billables. I'll keep your agenda
 but I'm not here to hold your hand.
 (back to his own agenda)
 Don't forget your physical and your
 10:30 is in Conference Room D.

JON

What 10:30?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY NEAR CONFERENCE ROOM D -- MOMENTS LATER

Makepeace grabs Jon in the hall.

MAKEPEACE

There you are. We're in here.

Makepeace guides Jon into --

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM D -- CONTINUOUS

A grand, glassed-in room. There, CYNTHIA REY waits for the
 meeting. Twenty-seven, sleek and elegant, Cynthia tempers
 professionalism with genuine warmth.

CYN REY

Hello, Jon.

Jon tries to place her but fails.

JON

Hello...

Makepeace picks up a document off the table.

MAKEPEACE

We were just discussing the killer
 R&D tax credit memo you wrote.

JON

For the Institute of Bioengineering?
 Tom, that's privileged...

CYN REY

Jon, I am the Institute's Corporate
 Counsel. I think it's okay.
 (reintroduces herself)
 Cynthia Rey?

JON

You're that C. Rey. You seem taller than your e-mails.

MAKEPEACE

You two never met?

JON

Well, sir, I've been trapped in the research library.

(a light dig)

You know how you feel about associates mixing with clients.

MAKEPEACE

Always a mistake. Well, from now on you'll be working directly for Cyn.

CYN REY

Actually, more with me than for me. Thank you, Tomas.

Cyn Rye smiles warmly at Makepeace. He is no longer required.

MAKEPEACE

Okay. I'll check in later. And Jon? Don't forget your medical.

And Makepeace's off with a jaunty wave.

JON

I'm sorry. I'm not prepared. I was pulled into this at the last minute.

CYN REY

I'll bring you up to speed. We need a patent. For Sadie.

Cyn Rey taps her iPad and a picture of a mouse appears.

JON

She's a looker.

CYN REY

Our latest Frankenmouse. The application should cover off the identification, isolation and cloning of transgenetic mice with the human gene mutations PS-1 and PS-2...

Jon looks through the glassed wall to see --

MAKEPEACE

A distance away, watching.

BACK TO JON AND CYN REY

Jon focuses back on his meeting. He picks up the tablet.

JON
So someone finally built a better
mouse.

Jon glances over again but now Makepeace is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL: 45TH FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

Jon pauses at Del's work station. Del looks up.

DEL
If there's nothing else right now I
was thinking of taking my break.

JON
Excellent. Let's go.

OFF Del's surprise --

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD COURT -- DAY

Del and Jon share a greasy taco lunch.

DEL
You think you can buy me with a lunch?

JON
You're not getting dinner and a movie.

DEL
Have you seen the sexual harassment
memo?

JON
You know what, Del? I don't believe
in luck.

DEL
So don't play the lottery.
(re: lunch)
This is vile.

JON
I've worked hard to get where I am.
So when I walked in my office, you
said I "lucked out". What did you
mean?

DEL
They didn't tell you?

JON
Tell me what?

DEL
You are such an innocent. Jon,
everyone knows you weren't promoted
for your cv. You were the sweetener
to keep the Institute's account.

JON
Cynthia Rey pulled Makepeace's strings
to make me partner?

DEL
That's what they say. For some reason
she wants you. So, you tell me, was
that luck or skill?

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- EARLY EVENING

Jon confirms the address for Midwestern Assurance from the
paper Cheryl gave him. It's a rundown 1950's office block.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL OFFICES: RECEPTION/OFFICES -- EARLY EVENING

Jon wanders through the empty offices, carrying the blue
form Cheryl gave him.

Hanging on the wall is a framed poster of a fetus. Creepy.

A MALE NURSE (beefy, humor-free) invades Jon's personal space.

MALE NURSE
Mr. Griffin?

JON
Last I checked.

The Male Nurse takes the form from Jon. Reads it with
indifference. He hands Jon a urine jar.

MALE NURSE
Third door on the right. Fill her up.

JON
This is just for insurance, right?
Because I have to tell you I do
serious drugs.

Jon hands over his asthma puffer.

MALE NURSE
Gerotec.

JON
For my asthma.

MALE NURSE
(reacts to the puffer)
Is that right? Dosage seems high.

JON
It's my usual prescription.

MALE NURSE
I'm surprised you're not on a
ventilator.
(makes a note)
In case of emergency?

JON
My girlfriend I guess. Sarah.

MALE NURSE
We prefer a spouse. Or a parent.

JON
I was adopted. My parents are gone.
Sarah's the only person to call.

MALE NURSE
Third door on the right.

CUT AHEAD TO:

The Male Nurse prepares a needle to draw Jon's blood.

MALE NURSE (CONT'D)
Let's see if we can find a vein.

CUT AHEAD TO:

The Male Nurse swabs the inside of Jon's cheek with a Q-tip.
He seals the swab in a baggie.

CUT AHEAD TO:

The Male Nurse folds a banker's box into shape.

He places in the box: vials of blood, the urine jar, printed
images of Jon's retinas, sealed baggies of swabs and a BRIGHT
BLUE USB KEY. The Male Nurse seals the box with red tape.

CUT AHEAD TO:

A COURIER signs for the box.

CUT TO:

EXT. EXPRESSWAY -- EVENING

The Courier drives along, chewing his gum in time to the music. He wheels onto...

EXT. BUSINESS COMPLEX -- CONTINUOUS

Low slung buildings in a park-like setting. The complex is half industrial park, half college campus.

HAPPY WORKERS toss Frisbees across the quad.

CUT TO:

INT. MAILROOM/LOADING DOCK -- MOMENTS LATER

A MAILROOM GUY (20's, clean cut) signs for the box.

CUT AHEAD TO:

A SUPERVISOR (45, friendly smile) picks up the box.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK STAIRWELL -- LATER

The Supervisor brings the box up the stairs. He whistles a happy tune.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HALLWAY -- LATER

Still carrying the box, the Supervisor nods to his COLLEAGUES. His face lights up. He sees someone special.

REVEAL CYNTHIA REY

As she gives the Supervisor a little wave.

Welcome to the Institute.

CUT TO:

EXT. JON & SARAH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Jon arrives home.

CUT TO:

INT. JON & SARAH'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Jon enters their apartment.

JON

Sarah?

No answer. Jon turns on the lights.

The apartment has been ransacked. Drawers are open, books are missing from the shelves.

JON (CONT'D)

SARAH!

Jon goes into...

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

There's an open valise half-packed on the bed.

Jon considers that.

Jon opens the closet. No women's clothing. Jon goes into...

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jon opens the medicine cabinet. It is half empty.

He pulls back the shower curtain.

Only one bottle of shampoo. Jon heads back into...

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jon grabs the landline, presses down a button for messages and hears:

SARAH (O.S.)

(through phone)

You've reached the phone of Jon Griffin. To reach Sarah, please call her cell at...

Jon hangs up the phone.

OFF Jon, alone --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

ON A BLUE/GREY SECURITY MONITOR we see --

INT. SUBWAY STATION -- NIGHT

Jon heads back from work. He looks across the platform.

Ordinary TRAVELERS wait for the train.

Jon's train arrives. He swings his backpack onto his shoulder...the exact same gesture as Jalil.

At the last moment, Jon decides to let this train go. Instead, Jon heads back up the stairs.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Jon's image isolated on a bank of monitors...from different angles...some frozen, some in motion.

CUT TO:

EXT. BISHOP STREET -- NIGHT

Jon stands on the sidewalk. He has retraced his steps from last night. Jon wipes his mouth with his hand. What to do?

Jon considers the nine bars across the street. Where did the Doppelganger go? And suddenly, Jon just knows...

POV JON

He experiences a "Frisson".

STEP CUT CLOSER AND CLOSER INTO

THE BLUE NOTE BAR DOORWAY

Jon snaps out of the trance, surprised. It's like a strong feeling of *deja vu*.

Jon is compelled forward into --

INT. THE BLUE NOTE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jon looks around. The Blue Note is a gritty, smoky *boite*. Its REGULARS are older, much rougher than the usual Bishop Street trade. This isn't Jon's regular crowd.

The juke PLAYS THE SAME SONG Jon listened to in the subway. Jon reacts: that's weird.

JON

Deja voodoo.

The bartender, SOPHIE (late 30s on a good day), shoots Jon a hard look.

SOPHIE

Don't blame me. That's your song.
I'll be right with you.

Jon sits at the bar. Speed dials.

JON

(into phone)

Sarah? Just pick up. It's Jon.

(aware of how he sounds)

God, I'm turning into one of those
guys who leaves lame messages on
machines. I know you're probably at
Katie's. I just want to talk. Bye.

Sophie slides him a drink, the Doppelganger's usual.

JON (CONT'D)

Ah...thank you.

SOPHIE

Where've you been?

Jon realizes that he has been mistaken for his double.

JON

Around. I've been around.

SOPHIE

(mimics Jon's accent)

You've "bin around." You've bin
practicing. You crack me up.

JON

How much is that?

SOPHIE

Six fifty like always.

JON

Right.

Jon hands her a bill. Sophie BANGS open the register to make change, harder than necessary.

SOPHIE

Out of ten.

JON
That's okay.

SOPHIE
(impressed by the tip)
Someone got some action last night.

Sophie runs her hand down the lapel of Jon's jacket.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
New job?

JON
Promotion. Things are going well.
I'm even thinking of moving.

SOPHIE
You don't like the motel?

JON
(playing along)
Too noisy.

SOPHIE
What did you expect for eighty-nine
bucks? All the comforts of home?
You wanted to be on the subway.

JON
Maybe I'll get something closer to
here.

SOPHIE
Three stops. How much closer do you
want to be?

CUT TO:

INT. MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL & LYONS: RECEPTION -- NIGHT

The offices are deserted. We HEAR from the night intercom:

JON'S VOICE (O.S.)
Anyone there?

CUT TO:

INT. MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL: 45TH FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The halls are empty.

JON'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL: IT DEPT. -- CONTINUOUS

Getz is working late.

JON'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (through intercom)
 I lost my ID. Anyone there?

Getz presses the com.

GETZ
 I'll come down and get you.
 (beat, to himself)
 Goddamn lawyers. They'd lose their
 mittens if they weren't pinned on.

CUT TO:

INT. JON'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Jon has a map of the city on his left desktop screen. Two subway stops are marked with red arrows. Note: Jon is still wearing suit and tie.

JON
 (into phone)
 And how much is that for the night?...
 (listens)
 One fifty? I was hoping for...
 (listens)
 Monthly? Sure. Eighty-nine is doable.
 And how far is it from the subway...?

Jon CLICKS his mouse and the website for the Cloud Motel FLASHES UP on his screen. Bingo!

JON (CONT'D)
 That's perfect.

Jon grabs his jacket.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL & LYONS: ELEVATORS -- MOMENTS LATER

Jon waits for the elevator. The doors open. He steps inside. The doors of Jon's elevator HISS closed.

Jon just misses seeing --

The next elevator open to REVEAL THE DOPPELGANGER AND GETZ

Note: The Doppelganger wears jeans and a denim jacket.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL: IT DEPARTMENT -- NIGHT

Getz hands the Doppelganger a new security ID.

GETZ

Just don't tell anyone I ran you a dupe. They'd kill me.

The Doppelganger sits at Getz' work station and scrolls through the server's files.

GETZ (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

DOPPELGANGER

I need to see my personnel file.

GETZ

You clear that with Mr. Makepeace?

DOPPELGANGER

Why? It's my file.

GETZ

Even a partner needs authorization. Hey, come on. This could really jam me up.

DOPPELGANGER

Maybe you should go for coffee. Here's some creamer.

The Doppelganger slips a baggie of fine white powder into Getz's shirt pocket.

GETZ

I'm going for coffee. I won't be back for a half an hour. That's it.

DOPPELGANGER

Thank you.

Getz leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOUD MOTEL -- NIGHT

A rundown two story building advertising "Rooms for Tourists." The Cloud Motel is hard by a busy six lane street.

Still in his suit, Jon ascends an open stairway to --

EXT. CLOUD MOTEL: SECOND FLOOR LANDING -- CONTINUOUS

The landing is long and open and hangs over the parking lot.

Down the way, the night manager, LEONARD (50's, smoker, consumptive) approaches. He recognizes Jon.

LEONARD
You're all slicked up. Big date?

JON
Yeah. I just need to get...

Jon makes a show of looking for his key.

LEONARD
Let me get that for you.

Unmasked, Leonard unlocks Room 106. Holds open the door.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Here you go.

Jon hesitates. Peers in. It looks empty. Should he go in?

LEONARD (CONT'D)
You said, you know, you'd help me out. I've got this girl coming over maybe. She likes parties. Maybe you can drop by. You got any...?

JON
(plays along)
How much?

LEONARD
Same as last time. Two, three lines.

JON
Okay. Later. Thanks.

Jon walks inside.

HOLD ON the door as it closes -- Room 106

CUT TO:

INT. CLOUD MOTEL: ROOM 106 -- SAME TIME

Jon looks around. Not much to find. Not much of a room.

Silence except for steady DRONE of trucks passing by.

Jon's no cat thief. He seems uncomfortable pawing through someone else's life. Jon toes the dirty laundry on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL: IT DEPT. -- NIGHT

The Doppelganger is on the computer.

ON THE SCREEN

Jon's personnel file.

The Doppelganger taps a series a keys to trigger an "Easter Egg." BINARY CODE explodes across the screen.

The Doppelganger hits a few more keys. The data slows to a readable crawl.

ON SCREEN: Jon's medical work-up including DNA diagrams.

DOPPELGANGER

(Spanish)

<No. That can't be right. God.>

The Doppelganger paces for a moment, tries to regain his composure. Tries to decide what to do.

The Doppelganger prints the file.

He slips the pages into an INTEROFFICE ENVELOPE.

He turns back to the computer.

DOPPELGANGER (CONT'D)

(as he types)

Delete.

He hits return. Nothing happens. He tries again. Again.

DOPPELGANGER (CONT'D)

(Spanish)

<Delete you fucker! Now. Delete!>

ON THE SCREEN

The file won't delete. Instead it FLASHES: "Fatal Error."

OFF the Doppelganger's distress --

CUT TO:

INT. MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL & LYONS: RECEPTION -- NIGHT

The Doppelganger passes the new ID card through the security slot. The door BUZZES open.

CUT TO:

INT. JON'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

The Doppelganger rummages through Jon's office. He finds the map. Shit.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOUD MOTEL: ROOM 106 -- NIGHT

Jon picks up a book off the TV: a Spanish language edition of a graduate biology text: "Nuevos Paradigmas en la era de la Farmacogenetica para Dr. Mendel Greene."

JON
(reads slowly)
"Farmamgentica para Dr. Mendel
Greene."

Jon considers Dr. Greene's photo on the back flap.

JON (CONT'D)
"Genetica?" Genetics?

Jon fans through pages thick with text and diagrams of the double helix. Some passages are hilited.

Jon opens the closet.

Inside: paper shopping bags of cash. US dollars, Euros and colorful South American bills.

JON (CONT'D)
(leafs through)
Colombia...Panama...I've been around.
(mimics Sophie)
"Bin around."

Jon slides open the nightstand's drawer. Inside: candy wrappers, other crap. Jon roots around. Jon finds a BOARDING PASS. Tries to make out the writing of the smudged paper.

JON (CONT'D)
Departing from...?

No good. He can't make it out.

FLASH TO:

EXT. CLOUD MOTEL -- SAME TIME
 POV DOPPELGANGER'S FRISSON
 STEP CUT CLOSER AND CLOSER INTO
 ROOM 106'S DOOR

FLASH TO:

INT. CLOUD MOTEL: ROOM 106 -- CONTINUOUS

Jon peers through the blinds. No one's out there but he knows someone's out there. Jon pockets the ticket.

Jon starts out. Remembers something. He could kick himself.

Jon runs into the bathroom and wraps toilet paper around his hand. Wipes down the room for prints, feeling like an idiot.

Jon impulsively grabs Dr. Greene's textbook.

Jon steps out and --

EXT. CLOUD MOTEL: SECOND FLOOR LANDING -- CONTINUOUS

No one's there.

OFF Jon's relief --

CUT AHEAD TO:

EXT. CLOUD MOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

Jon hits the bottom of the stairs.

WHAM. Obscured in the shadows, a FIGURE grabs Jon by the lapels and slams Jon against the building.

The textbook falls to the ground.

JON

Hey!

Jon pushes back. The two men grapple on the sidewalk.

FIGURE

What are you doing here?

JON

Looking for you.

A truck whips by, horn BLARING. Its lights illuminate --

JON AND THE DOPPELGANGER

The two men stare at each other. They are identical.

JON (CONT'D)
(beat, amazed)
This explains everything.

DOPPELGANGER
Does it?

JON
Yes. How I've always felt like...

DOPPELGANGER
(completes his thought)
...like something was missing,
incomplete?

JON
Like I wasn't alone.

DOPPELGANGER
That's because they always have
someone watching.

ANGLE ON THE MOTEL OFFICE WINDOW

Leonard peers out at the two men. He picks up the phone.

BACK TO JON AND THE DOPPELGANGER

The Doppelganger turns Jon away so that Leonard cannot make out both their features.

JON
I'm adopted. You must have been
adopted too. They placed us in
different families.

DOPPELGANGER
Listen to me, Mr. Griffin.

JON
(overlapping)
Have you been looking for me long?

DOPPELGANGER
Don't tell anyone this happened. Or
that we met. Maybe you can still
live your life. Some sort of life.

The Doppelganger reaches a decision. A calm comes over him. He takes out the dupe Security ID from his pocket.

DOPPELGANGER (CONT'D)

I got a copy of your ID card.

JON

How did you...?

DOPPELGANGER

If they think that I'm you, you might be able to get away.

The Doppelganger steps back from Jon.

But Jon holds on to him.

JON

Get away? Get away from who? What are you talking about?

The Doppelganger breaks free.

DOPPELGANGER

I am sorry, Mr. Griffin. I am so so sorry.

And the Doppelganger deliberately backs off the curb and --

He is RUN DOWN by an 18-wheeler.

Just. Like. That.

Brakes SCREECHING, the truck GRINDS to a stop. Then silence.

The TRUCK DRIVER stumbles from his cab, in shock.

JON

Phone 911.

TRUCK DRIVER

It wasn't my fault.

JON

Do it!

Ignoring him, Jon runs up to --

THE DOPPELGANGER

Lying in the street. One shoe off from the impact. He struggles feebly.

JON (CONT'D)

Take it easy.

He hears the SIREN of an ambulance already on its way.

JON (CONT'D)

Do you hear that? They're coming.

The Doppelganger turns to Jon. The left side of his face is covered with blood.

Jon stares at him, transfixed.

DOPPELGANGER

106.

(Spanish)

<Madre de dios. Cento seis. It hurts. I didn't think it would hurt this much.>

(English, guilt-ridden)

Please forgive me.

JON

For what?

DOPPELGANGER

(a wave of pain)

Uhhh.

And Jon watches himself die. No wise final words. No moment of peace. Just pain and fear.

JON'S POV

STEP CUT OUT FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY FROM THE DOPPELGANGER

DOPPELGANGER'S POV

STEP CUT OUT FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY FROM JON

Heartsick, Jon must turn away.

The SIREN is much closer now but it does not matter anymore.

OFF Jon's grief --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. CLOUD MOTEL -- LATER

COPS reroute traffic around the truck. INVESTIGATORS gather evidence. An ambulance pulls away to REVEAL --

Jon on the curb with OFFICER TREMBLAY (female uniform, 30). Jon holds the Spanish language textbook.

OFFICER TREMBLAY
Mr. Griffin? This is yours.

Officer Tremblay hands Jon the law firm Security card. Jon turns it over in his hand.

OFFICER TREMBLAY (CONT'D)
How did you know the victim?

JON
I...I didn't. I didn't even know his name.

OFFICER TREMBLAY
But you met him here.

JON
I was doing research. I thought maybe we were related.
(off her confusion)
Didn't you notice, Officer? We could have been twins.

OFFICER TREMBLAY
His face was covered when I arrived. Out of respect.

Jon stares off.

OFFICER TREMBLAY (CONT'D)
Is there someone I should call to take you home?

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S CAR: DRIVING -- NIGHT

Sarah's car is slicker than you'd expect. And she drives fast. Jon stares out the passenger window.

JON
Thank you.

SARAH
 This was a mistake.
 (relents)
 Are you okay?

JON
 Sure. I just saw myself die.
 Everything's just great.

SARAH
 Jon, you just experienced something
 horrible. Your mind is still trying
 to process the information.
 (gingerly)
 Did he even really look like you?
 Jon?

JON
 Turn around.

SARAH
 The apartment is this way.

JON
 Turn the car around.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY MORGUE -- NIGHT

An ATTENDANT (22, gum chewer) guides Jon and Sarah down a long, sterile corridor.

ATTENDANT
 In here please.

He unlocks a door for Sarah and Jon. They step into...

INT. CITY MORGUE: VIEWING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jon looks around the small room. A well worn couch faces a television. A box of tissues is on the coffee table. Homey.

ATTENDANT
 The deceased's image will be broadcast
 via closed circuit to this monitor.
 Then you can make the identification.
 Take as much time as you need.

Jon nods to the Attendant that he is ready.

SARAH
 Why do I have to see this?

ATTENDANT

Would you like to step outside?

JON

No, she wouldn't.

SARAH

Don't talk for me.

(quietly to Jon)

You're punishing me, aren't you?

JON

I need for you to believe me. We're ready.

Sarah exhales. She nods her agreement

The Attendant punches an intercom button.

ATTENDANT

(into speaker)

They're ready.

The TV flickers to life then loses its vertical hold.

The Attendant reaches out and BANGS the set.

The victim's face comes INTO FOCUS and --

It's the WRONG MAN (Asian, elderly).

SARAH

Oh.

JON

That's not him.

ATTENDANT

(into speaker)

No ID. Thank you.

The Attendant turns off the TV.

JON

Maybe they took him to a hospital.

ATTENDANT

If your friend was pronounced at the scene tonight, he'd be here.

JON

Where did they take him?

SARAH

Jon, we should go.

JON
 There was an accident. An ambulance
 came. I know what I saw.

SARAH
 Jon.

JON
 I know what I saw.

CUT TO:

EXT. JON & SARAH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Sarah drops Jon off.

JON
 That's it? You don't have anything
 to say to me?

SARAH
 Yes. Be careful.

Sarah drives away leaving Jon alone.

CUT TO:

INT. JON'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jon works the phone.

JON
 Yes. Hello. I'm trying to locate
 my brother. He was in an accident...

Cheryl walks by with Getz (the IT Tech). Getz glares at Jon.

Jon wonders what's that all about.

JON (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 ...last night but he might not have
 had his ID on him. Were there any...?
 Yes, I'll hold.

Jon walks around his desk and looks out into --

INT. MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL: 45TH FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

JON'S POV

Getz stops at the door out. He shrugs Cheryl's arm off his
 shoulder. He won't go any further.

Getz and Cheryl confer quietly but with rising emotion.
Getz nods over at Jon -- the subject of their conversation.

Cheryl tells Getz to stay put. Getz agrees.

As Cheryl heads towards Jon --

BACK TO JON

JON
(into phone)
Right, John Does...in your Emergency
last night? We're very worried.

Jon listens. The answer is no.

JON (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Thank you.

CHERYL
Jon?

JON
What's going on?

Cheryl glances back at Getz.

CHERYL
We may have had a security breach
last night.

JON
Huh. I was here late. Didn't see
anyone steal the stationary.

CHERYL
Jon, did you misplace your pass?

JON
(carefully)
No, I didn't.
(produces his ID card)
Here.

CHERYL
(examines the card)
So you didn't need a duplicate run
off? You weren't in IT last night?

JON
No.

Del raises his head over his office partition.

DEL
 Cynthia Rey on three. It seems
 relatively important.

JON
 Excuse me.

Jon ducks into...

INT. JON'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

...but Cheryl dogs Jon.

CHERYL
 Someone opened your personnel file
 last night, Jon.

JON
My file?

CHERYL
 IT insists it's a reporting glitch.
 But just in case, any idea why someone
 would want your medical records?

JON
 No. Sorry.

Del leans his head into the room.

DEL
 And there's some hospital on two.
 Returning your call.

JON
 Put them on hold.

CHERYL
 Is everything alright?

JON
 Yes. No. I mean, a friend of mine
 was in an accident last night. I'm
 trying to find out his status.
 (re: the phone lines)
 I really should take one of those.

CHERYL
 I suggest you take the client.

Cheryl leaves him. For now.

Two of Jon's lines are FLASHING. Jon punches line three and
 picks up the receiver.

JON
Jon Griffin.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CYNTHIA REY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Cyn Rey paces behind her ornate partners desk. She speaks into her phone headset.

CYN REY
Hi Jon. How's our application coming?

JON
Hi. Getting a handle on it. I'll have a draft for you later this week.

Jon watches the other line FLASH.

CYN REY
Great. Make sure they give you all the resources you need.

That gives Jon an idea.

JON
I could use someone to walk me through the DNA issues.

CYN REY
We can arrange that.

Jon grabs the Spanish language textbook.

CLOSE ON: the photo of its author, Dr. Mendel Greene.

JON
What about Dr. Mendel Greene?

CYN REY
He's the gold standard. We'd love to hire him. But, for now, let's keep this in-house. I'll set you up with one of the boys in the lab.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL & LYONS: IT DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Makepeace joins Cheryl and Getz.

MAKEPEACE
Can your computer show me when Mr. Griffin left last night?

GETZ

That's the thing. Something's wrong.
A bug. It looks like he left twice.

MAKEPEACE

Show me.

CUT TO:

INT. JON'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jon places his Security ID on the desk.

He places The Doppelganger's copy next to it.

He peers at the two pictures. Can even he see the difference?

CUT TO:

INT. JON'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Makepeace leans in...

MAKEPEACE

Jon?

But Jon is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. MCGILL UNIVERSITY: CORRIDOR -- DAY

Jon carries the genetics text. A STUDENT directs him to --

CUT TO:

INT. MCGILL UNIVERSITY: LECTURE HALL -- MOMENTS LATER

An old fashioned hall with wooden benches in curved rows
rising to the exits.

In a pool of light thrown by a slide projector, DR. MENDEL
GREENE(65, bone tired) lectures. Originally a GP, Dr. Greene
returned to school for his PhD in genetics.

Dr. Greene squeezes his left bicep trying to ease a muscle
cramp. He is grateful this is his last class of the week.

DR. GREENE

This next bit will be on the midterm.
Now, they're awake.

Some POLITE LAUGHTER from the CLASS in the shadows.

Dr. Greene takes a sip of water. He has difficulty swallowing.

He presses a key on his computer and a PowerPoint image of a cute, calico kitten FLASHES on the screen.

CLASS

Awwwwww.

DR. GREENE

Alright, alright. The kitty is cute.
(indicates)
This is Copy Cat. She was cloned by
some friends of mine down in Dallas
after 188 attempts. As you can see,
she's a calico. Healthy.

One of the upper doors opens. Dr. Greene strains his eyes but cannot make out the latecomer.

DR. GREENE (CONT'D)

In or out?

The door closes. Dr. Greene changes the slide to another calico with clearly different markings.

DR. GREENE (CONT'D)

This is Rainbow. Copy Cat's source
DNA. Her mother, if you will. Note
the different coloring.

JON'S VOICE (O.S.)

Shouldn't they be identical?

Dr. Greene peers through the gloom, unsure who asked that.

DR. GREENE

Yes, if cloning worked as advertised.
But the clone never matches the donor.
For instance, Dolly the Sheep
developed arthritis her original
never had. It's like when you Xerox
a document, each copy loses some
information.

JON'S VOICE

How much information?

Now Dr. Greene recognizes Jon's voice.

DR. GREENE

Look, I've told you before. If you
want to talk to me try my office
hours. Please leave. Now.

OFF Dr. Greene's anxiety --

CUT TO:

INT. MCGILL UNIVERSITY: CORRIDOR -- LATER

Classes let out. STUDENTS stream past Jon, jostling him.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GREENE'S OFFICE -- LATER

Dr. Greene grades papers. Jon KNOCKS on the open door.

JON

Dr. Greene?

Dr. Greene recognizes Jon as...

DR. GREENE

Javier.

Jon commits "Javier" to memory. Another piece of the puzzle.

DR. GREENE (CONT'D)

Don't disturb my classes anymore.
Come in.

Dr. Greene closes the door. He indicates a chair.

DR. GREENE (CONT'D)

Sit. Please.

Jon sits.

DR. GREENE (CONT'D)

Javier, I have your test results.

JON

My test results...?

DR. GREENE

This is never easy. But, for better
or worse, we are defined by our DNA.

Dr. Greene clumsily rummages through the papers on his desk.
He spills some to the ground.

DR. GREENE (CONT'D)

They're here somewhere.

Jon picks up the papers. Hands them back to Dr. Greene.

JON

Just tell me.

DR. GREENE

You have a condition called Halton-Burkes Syndrome. It's similar to cystic fibrosis. It's unfortunate that your family doctor misdiagnosed it as asthma.

JON

It's genetic?

DR. GREENE

Yes. On the Y chromosome. If you had a brother, he'd have it too.

The news sinks in for Jon.

JON

What happens now?

DR. GREENE

Over time, the lungs break down, resulting in respiratory arrest.

JON

Respiratory...?

DR. GREENE

It's...like drowning. Slowly. I'm sorry.

JON

But there are drugs? Treatments?

DR. GREENE

We can put you on the list for heart double lung transplant. But the chances of finding a matching donor...

Dr. Greene trails off.

DR. GREENE (CONT'D)

I am sorry but you are dying. You have at most a year.

OFF Jon, stunned --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. SHERBROOKE STREET -- NIGHT

Sarah hurries along. She senses she is being watched. She's afraid to look back. She reaches her new apartment building. It's locked.

The lobby security camera swivels towards her.

She catches a reflection of the lens. She turns.

REVEAL JON

Distraught, disheveled. Jon drops his backpack to the ground.

Sarah jumps, startled.

SARAH

What are you doing here?

JON

I thought you might be here. How's Katie?

SARAH

She's fine.

JON

(sardonic)

She's a good friend. I mean, to take you in in your time of need.

(beat)

Something's happened, Sarah.

SARAH

Something else?

JON

You know how I have asthma. Only now it may not be asthma. My double has this disease. I may have it too.

(realization)

God. That's why he looked so calm just before...he killed himself.

SARAH

Jon, I have to go.

Jon grabs her wrist. Hard.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hey!

JON

I need you to listen.

SARAH

(rising hysteria)

So no matter where I go you'll track me down? Is that what you're saying?

JON

Just listen.

SARAH

Get away from me. Stop leaving those messages. Stop following me.

And...THWAP. Jon is thrown to the ground.

Jon is swarmed by a SWAT TEAM in full riot gear.

The SWAT TEAM is under the command of --

KELLY GRANGE

35, female. Smoker slim and driven, Kelly does not play well with others.

KELLY GRANGE

Don't move.

MITCH HALLORHAN (47, crewcut, soccer Dad) presses a shotgun into Jon's neck.

HALLORHAN

It's over.

Kelly Grange handcuffs Jon with plastic riot cuffs.

BERNARD THOMPSON BLAKE (32, slick and smart) puts his arms around Sarah's shoulders.

SARAH

(sobs)

Thank you. Sometimes he gets upset.

BLAKE

This way, ma'am.

SARAH

He doesn't mean to hurt me. He always apologizes after. He's under a lot of stress.

BLAKE
We'll keep him away from you.

Blake guides Sarah away to safety.

BACK TO JON AND KELLY GRANGE

JON
I didn't touch her.

KELLY GRANGE
This isn't about her.

JON
(realization)
Oh no no. I didn't kill him.

KELLY GRANGE
Who didn't you kill?

JON
Javier. It was an accident.

HALLORHAN
(confused)
Javier? Who's Javier.

KELLY GRANGE
You're under arrest for
the assassination of Dr.
Ariel Kleinman...

JON
Who?

Jon starts to have difficulty breathing.

KELLY GRANGE
And six other individuals in Tel
Aviv, Israel. With your IED, hot
shot.

JON
I can't breathe.

HALLORHAN
Watch him. He's doing something.

JON
My...medicine...

Kelly nods an order.

Hallorhan pulls a black hood over Jon's face.

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

A HORRIBLE ASTHMATIC RASP

KELLY GRANGE
That doesn't sound right.

The hood is pulled off REVEALING --

INT. SWAT VAN -- MOMENTS LATER

JON'S POV

The van sways side to side. As they pull off the hood, Kelly Grange and the others react to Jon's condition.

BLAKE
Whoa.

KELLY GRANGE
Okay okay okay. He said something
about medicine.

KELLY GRANGE (CONT'D)
Shit shit shit.

BLAKE
(to Jon)
Do you have your medicine?

No response.

KELLY GRANGE
Check his pockets.

As they frantically search:

BLAKE
Anyone know CPR?

HALLORHAN
Anyone care?

KELLY GRANGE
It didn't fall out, did it? When we
cuffed him. Did it fall out?

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Upscale, carpeted and corporate. The far wall is mirrored.

Three camcorders are trained on Jon. He is pale but breathing. Vomit has dried on his shirt. He is shackled to the conference table.

Kelly Grange takes a seat opposite him. Blake hangs behind her against the wall.

KELLY GRANGE

How are we doing? Would we like some water?

JON

I want to make a phone call.

KELLY GRANGE

My name is Kelly Grange. I'm a Senior Analyst with CSIS. That's Special Operative Blake.

Jon turns and faces into one of the camcorders.

JON

(into CAMERA)

For the record I want to say that I intend to exercise my full and complete rights under the Law.

KELLY GRANGE

You don't get it, do you? This is the War on Terror.

JON

I thought we won that war. I want to call my lawyer.

KELLY GRANGE

You are an enemy combatant. You have no rights. Once we confirm your ID, you're gone.

JON

What do you mean: "gone"?

KELLY GRANGE

Gone. Disappeared. There is no Rule of Law in here, Jon.

She lights a cigarette. Smokes.

KELLY GRANGE (CONT'D)
I am what's left of your future. If
you don't talk to me, you disappear.

JON
Gitmo?

KELLY GRANGE
Or Algeria. Or Kandahar. Or right
off the edge of the Earth.

JON
What do you want?

KELLY GRANGE
For you to answer one question.
Listen carefully. Here it is.
(beat)
Who are you?

JON
You have my wallet. You have my ID.

KELLY GRANGE
Yes, and your credit cards. Passport.
I'm told they're very good. Just
like the real deal. So I'll ask
again....

Kelly leans into Jon.

KELLY GRANGE (CONT'D)
Who are you?

JON
I'm Jon Griffin.

KELLY GRANGE
Wrong answer.

JON
I'm Jon Griffin.

KELLY GRANGE
No. You are not.

Kelly Grange decides to take another tack.

KELLY GRANGE (CONT'D)
Okay, time for show and share.

Kelly slides to Jon an 8 X 10 photo of the Professor from
the Tel Aviv bombing.

KELLY GRANGE (CONT'D)
 Dr. Ariel Kleinman. The man you
 murdered in Tel Aviv three months
 ago. He was a bio-ethicist for the
 Israeli Ministry of Health.

JON
 I don't know what you're talking
 about.

She SLAPS down AUTOPSY PHOTOS on the conference table of --

THE WAITER

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN

THE WOMAN'S NIECE

KELLY GRANGE
 These are people you killed. Do you
 want to know their names?

JON
 (sickened)
 No.

KELLY GRANGE
 Is it easier that way?

Kelly pauses over another photo. It is --

THE LITTLE BOY (8 YEARS OLD)

KELLY GRANGE (CONT'D)
 Almost looks like he's sleeping.

JON
 I have nothing to say.

BLAKE
 After Tel Aviv you went to...Bogota?
 Is there some connection between
 Hamas and the coca cartels?

KELLY GRANGE
 Narco-terrorism.

JON
 I have never been to Tel Aviv. I
 have never been to Bogota.

Kelly dumps the biology textbook on the table.

KELLY GRANGE

A little light reading? How's your Spanish?

Kelly shows him the boarding pass.

KELLY GRANGE (CONT'D)

One way from Bogota, May 7. Business Class. Nice. It was in your jacket.

JON

Okay, I stole that. I broke into a motel room and stole it.

KELLY GRANGE

That's so much better. You don't kill people. You just steal their used plane tickets.

JON

That's right.

KELLY GRANGE

One last photo. At the cafe, at the bombing, there was a get together. A girl's birthday. Someone took a photo. To remember the day. You were in the background.

(no response)

Didn't know that, did you?

The enlarged photo is grainy but Jon can make out --

JALIL sipping an espresso.

KELLY GRANGE (CONT'D)

Do you think we faked that?

JON

Sure. Why not?

KELLY GRANGE

No. The better question is: Why?

BLAKE

I like the backpack. It matches the one we took off you. Same make. Same color.

KELLY GRANGE

Something to say?

JON

I don't know. I don't know if I can trust you with this.

Kelly and Blake exchange a look.

BLAKE

Go for it.

Jon leans forward, considers Kelly carefully, decides.

JON

It wasn't me. It was my double.
His name was Javier. He spoke
Spanish. I'm pretty sure it was
Spanish. Or Portugese.

(taps the photo)

Maybe that was him. He was the
killer.

KELLY GRANGE

Your evil South American twin.

BLAKE

Where is he now?

JON

He's dead. But before he died, he
said he was sorry for something he
did. It must have been this.

KELLY GRANGE

The dead man confessed?

BLAKE

Okay. I'll play. Where's the body?

JON

I don't know. I don't have it.
Someone stole it. It never made it
to the morgue.

KELLY GRANGE

(taps the photo)

That is you, Jon. The Israelis pulled
a gorgeous set of latents from the
bomb site. On an espresso cup.
We're running a comparison of your
prints right now.

Jon looks down at his fingers, still smudged with
fingerprinting ink.

BLAKE

Who are you?

KELLY GRANGE
Do you even know?

CUT TO:

INT. JON & SARAH'S APARTMENT: BATHROOM -- SAME TIME

Sarah cleans house. Sarah throws Jon's shaving cream and a man's comb into a plastic bag.

CUT TO:

INT. JON & SARAH'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Sarah strips the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. JON & SARAH'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Sarah dumps some books, a framed picture of her and Jon and other vestiges of their past together into a box. Nothing important. Everything important. Sarah starts to cry and hates herself for crying.

SARAH
Shit.

She takes out her smart phone. Scrolls down her contact list. Presses dial. It RINGS through.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Hello. It's me.
(listens)
I know it's late. But it's an emergency. It's Jon.

OFF Sarah, listening carefully to her instructions --

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY/NIGHT

Kelly leans in close to Jon, whispers in his ear.

KELLY GRANGE
Who are you, Jon? You can tell me.

JON
Jon Griffin.

KELLY GRANGE
Don't insult my intelligence...
(re: Blake)
That's what I have him for.

No response. Kelly decides to try another approach.

KELLY GRANGE (CONT'D)
 Okay. Did "Javier" say anything to you? Like...how he managed to get out of Israel without a visa?

JON
 No. But...

KELLY GRANGE
 Yes?

JON
 He did say something...106.

KELLY GRANGE
 106 what?

JON
 I don't know.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

We PUSH BEHIND the glass. LES PATTERSON (35, buttoned-down, Kelly's boss) watches the interview. Hallorhan finishes a phone call.

HALLORHAN
 (into phone)
 Okay. I'll let them know.

PATTERSON
 Yes.

HALLORHAN
 Griffin's lawyer's en route.

PATTERSON
 How did he find him?

HALLORHAN
 Does it matter?

PATTERSON
 No. Grange better move things along.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jon and Kelly. Jon is starting to flag.

KELLY GRANGE

Who are you?

JON

No one. Why don't you talk to my boss. The people at work. My clients. They know who I am. Talk to my girlfriend.

KELLY GRANGE

Why are you lying?

JON

I'm not lying.

KELLY GRANGE

You don't have a girlfriend.

Long pause. Kelly senses she's hit Jon's weak spot.

JON

Sarah...Sarah is my girlfriend.

BLAKE

I think you two have issues.

Kelly leans in close to Jon, whispers in his ear.

KELLY GRANGE

Issues of what? Violence? Sex? Sex and violence? Always a nice combo.

(no response)

Is that why Sarah left you? Work, home, it bleeds into each other. Is that what's happening to you, killer? Bringing your wet work home?

JON

I would never hurt Sarah.

KELLY GRANGE

That's not what she thinks. She called the cops on you.

BLAKE

I heard your phone messages. Man you are out of control.

JON

I never meant to hurt her.

(corrects himself)

I would never hurt her.

KELLY GRANGE

Her? But you did hurt someone. Okay,
this is good. Who did you hurt,
Jon?

JON

No, it's...you see...

Jon seems primed to confess something when --

Patterson pops his head in. He breaks Kelly's momentum.

PATTERSON

Grange. A moment.

Kelly goes over to the doorway.

KELLY GRANGE

What's going on?

PATTERSON

The prints don't match.

KELLY GRANGE

That's not possible.

PATTERSON

Is it any more possible than a suicide
bomber walking away from an explosion?

KELLY GRANGE

You saw the picture.

PATTERSON

What do you want me to do? The prints
don't match.

KELLY GRANGE

We can run them again.

PATTERSON

Mossad doesn't make mistakes. And
pressure's being applied.

KELLY GRANGE

By who?

PATTERSON

Mr. Griffin, you're free to go.

OFF Jon's surprise --

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAWN

Jon emerges from the nondescript building to discover --
Cynthia Rey waits for him by her Mercedes.

CYN REY

Long week, Jon?

JON

And it's only been three days. When they told me my lawyer was here I thought it was someone from my Firm.

CYN REY

Oh they'll follow up on the paperwork. Get the wrongful arrest suit going.

JON

How did you find me?

CYN REY

I didn't. I found your company ID. It has a GPS transponder built into the clip. You can run but you can't hide.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOUD MOTEL: ROOM 106 -- LATER

Hallorhan gives his report to Kelly.

HALLORHAN

Manager says he lived here for two months under the name of Javier. He's a dealer. Clients include the manager and...sex workers...

KELLY GRANGE

Yes, that is the appropriate term now.

Kelly opens the closet. Empty. No shopping bags of cash.

BLAKE

No prints. No ID. Nothing. Just like the apartment. It's been purged.

KELLY GRANGE

While Jon was in our care. So he's not in this on his own.

BLAKE

Did Griffin seem like a pro to you?

KELLY GRANGE
He lies like a pro.

HALLORHAN
I think he actually believes his own
bullshit. Maybe he's a sleeper.

BLAKE
Or a civilian.

KELLY GRANGE
Who looks like a known terrorist?

BLAKE
A known dead terrorist.

KELLY GRANGE
He butchered those people. We just
have to prove it. The balls are in
the air. Let's see where they land.

OFF Kelly's determination --

CUT TO:

INT. JON'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jon gathers up some files as Del comes into the room.

JON
I'm taking the day.

Del drops an envelope into Jon's in-tray.

JON (CONT'D)
What's that?

DEL
Interoffice. Your medical records.
(off Jon's look)
I open all your mail.

JON
Of course. What was I thinking?

OFF Jon considering his own file --

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GREENE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jon shows himself in.

DR. GREENE

Javier. I'm so glad you came back.
I put together a list of support
groups for you. Maybe they can help.

JON

(fishing)
I came to you for genetic counseling.

DR. GREENE

And there is only so much I can do.

JON

Can I ask you about something? About
clones?

Dr. Greene smiles, nervous again.

DR. GREENE

Sure. Why not? I wrote the book.

JON

Would two clones have the same
fingerprints?

DR. GREENE

No. As with identical twins, the
whorls would vary. Fingerprints are
formed in part by the geographic
position of the embryo in the womb,
by life, life experience.

(urgent)

You have give up these fantasies,
Javier. That you're being persecuted.
That...that...

(trails off)

JON

...That I have a clone?

DR. GREENE

It's not possible. Not now. And
certainly not a quarter century ago
when you were born. It doesn't matter
what the tests say...

Dr. Greene stops. He has said too much.

OFF Jon's intrigue --

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOUD MOTEL -- SAME TIME

Kelly Grange and Blake walk and talk.

KELLY GRANGE
 There's another way we can prove Jon
 Griffin is who he really is.

BLAKE
 Okay, how?

KELLY GRANGE
 In Israel, after a bombing....

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE -- DAY (THREE MONTHS AGO)

The aftermath. Chaos. The Mother cradles her dying child.

The Professor (Dr. Ariel Kleinman) lies on the ground, blood
 streaming from his shattered body.

RESCUE WORKERS race back and forth, tending to the SURVIVORS.

KELLY GRANGE (V.O.)
 (narrating)
 Zaka Rescue and Recovery arrive.

Some rescue workers are dressed in the distinctive
 bright yellow vests of Zaka.

KELLY GRANGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They're a special group.

A ZAKA WORKER carefully scrapes up the blood and torn tissue
 from the asphalt and into a plastic bag.

KELLY GRANGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They make sure that not a single
 drop of the victims' flesh or blood
 is left behind and unburied.

FLASH TO:

EXT. CLOUD MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

As Kelly Grange and Blake reach their car:

KELLY GRANGE
 And Jews don't cremate their dead.

BLAKE
 So after the bomber blew up...Zeka
 would collect his bits and pieces...

KELLY GRANGE
 And we have the bomber's DNA.

INT. DR. GREENE'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jon circles behind Dr. Greene.

DR. GREENE

I'm sorry but I've told you everything
that's important.

JON

What did the tests say?

DR. GREENE

There was something else but it's
probably meaningless.

Dr. Greene rubs his shoulder again, works through the pain.

DR. GREENE (CONT'D)

As a geneticist, I look for anomalies.
Your tenth chromosome has a quirk.
Not related to the Halton-Burkes but
interesting. It almost looked like
a secondary iteration.

JON

A secondary...

DR. GREENE

With cloning, the copying leaves a
mark, an iteration.

JON

Like with a fax, each copy gets
darker.

DR. GREENE

Yes. The secondary iteration could
indicate your chromosome was copied.
But that doesn't mean you have a
double wandering around.

JON

How many times could I have been
copied?

Jon hands him his medical file. As Dr. Greene looks through
the readouts and charts:

DR. GREENE

Working with the best technology no
more than 106 times.

OFF Jon's realization --

CUT TO

MONTAGE

A series of images culled from Closed Circuit Cameras flash up on monitors.

TEL AVIV - Jalil steps down from a bus, carrying his backpack.

BOGATA - Javier stands in front of a bank, waiting for a lift.

MAKEPEACE, TRUDEL: RECEPTION - Jon adjusts his tie, puts on his game face. He's ready.

OUTDOOR CAFE - Jalil enjoys his espresso.

BOGATA - Javier talks to an OLDER MAN.

CLOUD MOTEL: MAIN DESK - Javier signs the registry.

CLOUD MOTEL: MAIN DESK - Javier receives his key.

CLOUD MOTEL: Leonard lets Jon into Room 106.

SHERBROOKE STREET - Jon confronts Sarah at the door of her new apartment.

THE CITY - Jon stands in the subway, backpack slung on his shoulder.

THE CITY: SUBWAY - Javier runs through the underground passage.

THE CITY: SUBWAY - Jon runs through the underground passage, carrying his backpack.

The images divide into thousand of squares until they fill the screen and we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR