

Screenplay

FADE IN:

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - MORNING

BILL sets the table, on which there is a neat assortment of eggs, biscuits, and bacon. There are two plates on opposite sides of each other. CAROL slowly meanders out of the bedroom.

CAROL  
Oh, you fixed breakfast.

BILL  
Well, it's not much.

CAROL  
I didn't know you could cook.

BILL  
I really can't take any credit,  
half of this was done by accident.

Carol takes a seat. Bill sits on the other end and begins serving himself. He takes a bite.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I can vouch for it's taste, it's  
not bad. What time am I driving you  
to the airport tomorrow?

CAROL  
Seven-thirty.

BILL  
Are you sure you don't want me to  
go with you? To the funeral?

CAROL  
No, you can't take the time off.

BILL  
I have three days of sick leave  
saved up.

CAROL  
What if you get sick?

BILL  
I guess I'd have the ambulance  
drive me to work.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL  
Don't worry Bill, I'd really rather  
go alone.

BILL  
I suppose. I forgot the salt.

Bill heads back into the kitchen.

CAROL  
What were you doing up so late?

BILL (O.S.)  
What?

CAROL  
Last night, you didn't come to bed  
until twelve-thirty.

Bill returns with the salt.

BILL  
I was asleep at ten p.m.

CAROL  
Your clock must be slow. I was  
about to come in, you were making  
so much noise.

BILL  
Was I?

In the corner, one of the doors is cracked open. There is no  
light on inside.

CAROL  
So you'll drive me to the airport  
tomorrow?

Bill walks slowly toward the door.

BILL  
Yeah, and I'll pick you up the  
following day.

Bill nudges the door open. The light from the hall  
illuminates a noose hanging from the ceiling.

CAROL  
I'm supposed to meet some friends  
later tonight, I really don't feel  
like going anymore.

BILL

Oh... I'm sure it'll do you plenty  
of good. Don't worry about me, I  
can fix my own dinner.

Bill closes the door.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Bill sits at a small table reading a newspaper. JOE enters.

JOE

Hey, Bill.

Joe takes a seat opposite Bill. The WAITRESS walks up.

JOE (CONT'D)

(to Waitress)

Make it two coffees.

The waitress writes this down.

WAITRESS

(to Bill)

And for you, sir?

BILL

Uh... some ice tea would be great.

Waitress exits.

JOE

So, Bill, what's going on?

BILL

Nothing too serious, I hope.

JOE

What, you and Carol having  
problems?

BILL

No, just me. She has her own  
problems.

JOE

So long as they don't bother you.  
Some people are so-

The waitress brings him two coffees, and Bill one ice tea.

(CONTINUED)

JOE (CONT'D)

Uptight.

BILL

You could use the caffeine.

JOE

I could use some sleeping pills.

BILL

Joe, do you remember what happened... before?

JOE

Right. Don't worry, I don't mind hanging out with you.

BILL

I think it's starting again.

JOE

Did you tell Carol?

BILL

She doesn't know.

JOE

You never told her?

BILL

It's hard to bring up that you were in a mental institution.

JOE

But you married her.

BILL

And yet she still didn't get the hint.

JOE

Is it as bad?

BILL

I think he's attempting to commit suicide. You remember it was ten o'clock, right? It was always ten o'clock.

JOE

Yeah, well I'm busy tonight.

(CONTINUED)

BILL  
You're never busy.

JOE  
Why can't I be busy?

BILL  
I'm counting on you for tonight.

Bill gets up, taking one of Joe's coffees.

JOE  
This would be the perfect opportunity to tell Carol. Let her find out for herself, and think she caused it.

BILL  
Carol won't be home. It's up to you Joe.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Joe frequently glances at his watch. He bumps into people as he walks. One of them stops and turns toward him.

JOE'S FRIEND  
Hey, Joe.

JOE  
Look, I'm sorry I can't talk.

JOE'S FRIEND  
I haven't seen you since the boss promoted you to the third floor. Just gets busier I presume.

JOE  
Much. Again, I'm sorry I can't stay and chat.

JOE'S FRIEND  
Tell me, Joe, who's really giving the orders up there? It's no secret Farley doesn't even show up anymore.

JOE  
He's still in charge.

Joe walks off, his friend striding up to his side.

(CONTINUED)

JOE'S FRIEND

I'm sure they just tell you to say that.

His friend stops him.

JOE'S FRIEND (CONT'D)

Now look Joe, I've been working harder than anyone, probably as much as anyone in your wing. If Stan is running it you tell me and I'll have a good word with Farley. I can't keep bringing home these sour paychecks.

Joe's watch reads 9:55. He begins to sprint.

JOE'S FRIEND (CONT'D)

(calling out after him)

That's exactly what I thought.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house looks quiet, all the lights are off. A taxi drives up, and Joe hurriedly jumps out. He races onto the porch and begins pounding on the door.

JOE

Bill!

There is no answer. Joe hops off the porch and heads around the side of the house. The walls are covered in ivy, and one of the upper windows is open. Joe wraps his hand around one of the strands, places his feet against the side of the house, and slowly starts to climb. He reaches the window and crawls inside easily enough.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joe hesitantly walks through the dark room.

JOE

(whispering)

Bill?

Joe bumps into something, and stumbles backwards, crashing into a desk. Getting up, he flicks on the light, revealing Bill hanging from the ceiling, a noose around his neck.

(CONTINUED)

JOE (CONT'D)

Dear God! Bill! Bill!

Joe hurriedly gets him down, jumping up onto the desk and untying the knot from the rafters. Bill falls to the floor in a heap, low moans emanating from him. Joe is instantly at his side.

JOE (CONT'D)

Bill? Bill, wake up.

Joe slaps his face a few times, and Bill's eyes flicker open. He looks around him in astonishment.

BILL

Joe, where were you?

JOE

I'm sorry Bill, I was held up at the office.

BILL

No, where were you just now?

JOE

Just now? I was taking you down.

BILL

It's like another man. I could've sworn it was somebody.

JOE

Bill, the house is empty. You know you did it yourself.

Bill nods, tossing the rope away from him.

BILL

Get this thing out of here before my wife finds it.

JOE

Why do you even have rope like this?

Bill slowly stands shaking his head.

BILL

Just see to it that there isn't any more of it.



INT. BILL'S CAR - MORNING

Bill drives Carol to the airport.

BILL

This isn't going to be... too hard for you, is it? I know you were very close to your father. It's tragic how he died.

Carol begins to cry, taking some handkerchiefs from her pocket.

CAROL

I've never been good at dealing with death. I cried for two weeks when my dog died.

BILL

Nobody expects you to get over your father's death that quick.

CAROL

I'll never get over it. How can I still be alive without him here?

BILL

Well he wasn't really here, he was there. And now that, 'there', is somewhere else. Cheer up, he still exists, just not the way he did before. We'll all go through it at one point or another.

CAROL

Don't forget to pick me up tomorrow.

BILL

Never, darling.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The street is quiet, save Bill, who enters into the apartment building.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The clock on the wall reads 9:00. Joe exits the kitchen into the living room holding two mugs of coffee, one of which he hands to Bill, seated comfortably in one of the chairs. Joe takes a seat opposite him, a small table between them and a dim fire off to one side. Joe stares at Bill, who is hardly even aware of the beverage in his hands, while he sips his coffee.

JOE  
You feel alright?

BILL  
What is there to feel?

JOE  
I'm sorry Bill, don't get sore.  
I'll kick you out.

BILL  
What time is it?

JOE  
You can't read the clock on the wall? It's in the same spot as the last time you asked.

BILL  
What time is it?

JOE  
You read it before.

BILL  
I don't know what's happening Joe.  
It's like my senses are slowly dying out.

JOE  
Don't forget to introduce me to yourself before you go.

Bill jumps up, dropping the coffee on the ground.

BILL  
That's not funny Joe!

Joe stands, squaring off with Bill.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry Joe.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

We really shouldn't be drinking coffee this late anyway.

Joe sets his coffee down on the table, and carries the mug Bill dropped back to the sink. He returns with a rag and begins to clean the spilled coffee.

BILL

Where will I sleep Joe?

JOE

Wherever you want.

BILL

No, Joe, I can't sleep wherever I want. If I could I wouldn't be here.

JOE

Same. Alright, where can you sleep?

BILL

Somewhere I can't hurt myself... or get out.

JOE

There's the closet. I could empty it out and lock you in.

Joe tosses the rag toward the kitchen and moves to the other end of the room. He opens a door revealing a small closet, which he begins to empty, throwing coats and hangers on the floor behind him.

JOE (CONT'D)

Will this work? (pause as Bill looks in) Look I'm sorry Bill, but this is all I've got.

Bill steps inside, looking up, down, and all around him.

JOE (CONT'D)

You can curl up in the corner there, I guess.

BILL

Lock the door, Joe. (Joe begins to close the door) And Joe, (he pauses halfway) if you run into the other me, don't try to talk to it.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

I barely try to talk to the regular  
you. (Grins) Have a nice night.

Joe shuts the door, and pulls out his key chain, on which are two keys. Dissatisfied, he begins to check all of his pockets. He enters the kitchen and begins rummaging through drawers. Looking through the space over the counter, which separates the kitchen and living room, the closet door is still shut. Joe enters back into the living room, slowly, methodically strolling in. He grabs one of the chairs from the dinner table and maneuvering it underneath the handle, pins it between the floor and the doorknob.

Joe steps back toward the hall and stops, looking at the door. Walking backward, never taking his eyes off the door, he has a seat on the couch.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is dark and quiet. Joe lays stretched out on the couch, asleep.

A sudden thud awakens him. Joe opens his eye and looks around. The chair he used to keep the door closed is directly beside him, facing him. He sits up and observes the closet door wide open, the inside blacker than the rest of the room.

Joe cautiously gets up, always looking around him. He sneaks into the kitchen, slowly cracking open the door. The refrigerator is open, and the light reveals a bunch of open drawers. The room is empty, yet Joe has difficulty tearing himself away from the sight. He glances nervously behind him.

Finally turning on the light, the room looks about the same as it did before. Joe passes through it and into the hall. The attic steps have been let down. Quickly Joe climbs these steps and pokes his head into the attic.

INT. JOE'S ATTIC - NIGHT

The attic is dark. Joe causes a great ruckus blundering up the ladder and into the blackness of the room, feeling for the light. He turns it on, revealing a triangular roofed, narrow room. He stands on one end, the stairwell directly below him, and on the other stands Bill, alongside the window. In Bill's hand is a wrench, and he stands ready to strike the window. He turns abruptly, however, his hands blocking his eyes from the light.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Bill? What are you doing?

Bill doesn't respond, but throws the wrench in Joe's direction, missing him by a great deal yet scaring him all the same.

Joe begins to go down the ladder when he sees Bill pick up a paint can, and stand ready to throw it through the window.

JOE (CONT'D)

Bill!

Bill throws the can, sending it crashing through the glass. Joe quickly rushes back up the ladder, and runs toward Bill. He manages to grab him just before he can jump out. Bill thrashes struggles to get free, but Joe forces him back from the window.

BILL

No! You can't, don't do it!

JOE

Don't worry Bill! You're gonna be alright.

Joe pins Bill against the wall, holding him there. For a moment, the struggle stops, and both face each other.

BILL

Joe?

JOE

Get a hold of yourself, Bill.

BILL

Joe, listen to me, I'm the real Bill.

JOE

No, you're not. If I let you go you'll jump right off of there.

BILL

That's right, and you're gonna let me.

Bill attempts to break away again, but Joe holds him to the wall.

BILL (CONT'D)

I'm the real Bill!

(CONTINUED)

JOE

You're the suicidal Bill, I can't let you-

BILL

You can! You have to!

JOE

I won't let you kill yourself!

BILL

If I don't he'll kill her!

JOE

What?

BILL

I'm going to kill Carol. I can't control myself, I can barely think but I know it. I have so little time, he always throws out the notes I leave her. The only thing I can do to save her is jump off this ledge.

JOE

No. No, I talked to Bill, he's had issues with you before.

BILL

When he wanted to marry her, I tried to stop him. He only wants her for the money her father is going to leave her.

JOE

He didn't mention-

BILL

Her father just died, and now he's going to kill her for the money! What time is it?

JOE

Ten-fifteen.

BILL

No!

Bill begins to struggle, and he finally breaks free from Joe, knocking him to the floor. Joe reaches up and grabs Bill's leg as he runs, sending him sprawling to the floor. Bill lays there a moment, unmoving. Joe looks up, staring at

(CONTINUED)

his motionless friend. After a few seconds Bill props himself up on his elbows and turns to look at Joe.

BILL (CONT'D)

Joe? What are you doing?

JOE

Bill?

BILL

Where's this?

JOE

The attic.

They both stand up, dusting themselves off.

BILL

I'm sorry you had to chase me up here, Joe. You saved my life.

JOE

It was nothing... don't mention it.

BILL

Sorry about your window.

JOE

I can have it fixed.

Bill walks past Joe, who doesn't move but watches him pass. Bill begins to head down the ladder.

JOE

Hey Bill... you wife's father, he leave her anything?

BILL

I'm sorry?

JOE

In his will, did he leave her anything?

BILL

Not that I know of, why?

JOE

No reason.

Joe walks over to the window and looks down. It is a dark night, but a streetlamp illuminates the walkway many stories down.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - EVENING

Joe sits at his cubicle in a large room full of people. On his screen is a picture of an old man, and an article beside it. One of the phrases reads, 'with an excess of one million dollars'.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Bill drives up to his house. His wife exits. He waits in the car.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - EVENING

'Cause of death... rat poison.' Joe leaves the office.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill sets the table, on which are two plates, opposite each other, containing steak and corn. Carol sits down first, and Bills slowly enters.

CAROL

This looks wonderful Bill.

BILL

It's to celebrate your return.

CAROL

I've only been gone one day.

BILL

And yet it's felt like a lifetime.  
How was the funeral? Or would you rather not talk about it?

CAROL

No, it's fine. It was beautiful,  
but I hardly noticed, I couldn't stop crying.

BILL

I'm truly sorry dear, I really am.  
I heard they had the will read while you were there, how did that go?

CAROL

Father has left us some money.

(CONTINUED)



BILL

That was thoughtful of him.

The clock in the corner shows 7:45. Bill stares at it. The second hand is not moving. Bill sharply turns to Carol.

BILL

What is wrong with that clock?

CAROL

What? Which clock?

BILL

That one behind you! Is it not working?

CAROL

Oh no, that clock stopped last month, I haven't gotten around to fixing it yet.

BILL

Well what time is it.

Carol looks out the window behind her.

CAROL

Well it's awfully late. I had a late lunch though, but I thought to myself this was quite the late dinner. I hear in Europe it is customary to eat this late.

Bill rushes up and heads into the hall. The clock there shows 9:47.

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

Bill? What are you doing?

Bill slowly, calmly, enters back into the dining room.

BILL

Would you like to see my little project my dear?

CAROL

I am eating.

BILL

It will only take a minute, I'll be quick.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL

What is it?

BILL

It's in my office. I've been working on it the past several nights. (scratching his neck) I've tested it myself.

Carol sets down her fork and heads over to him. Bill puts his hand behind her and, opening the door to his office, begins to guide her in. The room is dark, there is no light. As Carol steps in, a loud knock is heard on the door. Carol turns toward it, but Bill blocks her.

CAROL

Dear, I've got to go answer the door!

BILL

That can wait.

The pounding continues, Bill begins to force Carol into the office. He does, and follows her in. The door closes, and they exit from view. A metallic click locks them in. We can see the light come on from underneath the door. Carol screams.

The window on the front door suddenly smashes in. Joe reaches his hand through and unlocks the door. Rushing in, he begins pounding on the office door.

JOE

Carol!

Joe kicks in the door. Bill has been endeavoring to loop the noose around Carol's neck, and has been making significant progress. Joe forces Bill to the floor, and Carol slips from the chair onto the floor. Bill has Joe off of him in a moment, and charges at Carol, who darts out of the room. She slams the door closed behind her, which is thrown back open by Bill. She runs down the hall, but Bill pauses to observe the time. It is 9:50. Bill follows her down the hall, leaving Joe behind, lying on the floor with a bloody nose.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is empty, except for Bill who has just rushed in and paused at the entrance. He glances around the room, lightly pushing open the closet door. Nobody is inside. Stepping solemnly up to the bed, the one last hiding place, he crouches down and looks underneath. The bed is empty. He

stands back up, a confused look on his face, while behind him Carol slips around from behind the door and exits.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Carol softly but as quickly as she can, races down the hallway.

JOE  
(whispers)  
Carol....

CAROL  
(whispers)  
I'll be back with help. Don't worry  
Joe.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Carol exits the house, the porch lights illuminating the stone path to the driveway. There are small lights lighting up the perimeter of the house. She gets into the car and revs it up. The car backs down the driveway and motors off. The window on the side of the house is open.

INT. BILL'S CAR - NIGHT

And hand reaches out and taps Carol on the shoulder. Carol spins around. The back seat and space underneath it is too dark to see anything. She slowly looks back toward the road. Two hands reach out and grab her neck.

EXT. BILL'S CAR - NIGHT

The car swerves, driving right off the road and into a telephone pole. The driver's door swings open, and Carol tries to get out but the hands drag her back. Bill's face appears from behind the seat.

BILL  
Not this time you're not. Feel the  
life get sucked out of you.

CAROL  
Bill!

Carol attempts to pull Bill's finger off, but he adjusts his grip. Her struggle is futile, and as she closes her eyes, her hands falling to her side, Bill's eyes momentarily roll up.

(CONTINUED)

BILL  
Carol? Carol!

Carol doesn't respond.

BILL (CONT'D)  
No!

A second Bill appears, sitting in the seat beside him.

BILL 2  
You killed her Bill. We'll share  
her money.

BILL  
You'll never have it!

Bill shoves Bill 2 out of the car. At the moment a truck comes by, hitting Bill 2 square on. The truck slows to a stop, and the driver jumps out, running to the lifeless body.

EXT. WRECK - NIGHT

Police cars surround the scene. Yellow tape marks the scene of the accident. Two bodies are lifted inside an ambulance. Flashing lights illuminate the otherwise dimly lit street.

The truck driver is being questioned by a policeman.

TRUCK DRIVER  
I don't what happened officer. I was adjusting my radio when I looked up to see someone waving their arms just up ahead. You'd think he would've gotten out of the way, he was facing me the whole time.

The officer shakes his head, jotting down a few notes on his yellow pad.

FADE OUT: