

GARY

Written by

Xavier Gonzalez

Rough Draft

02/12/2020

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

Open on a TV mounted in the corner of the office. A NEWS ANCHOR reports on a recent election. An image of the CANDIDATE is shown. He looks eerily similar to the news anchor.

PULL BACK to reveal the office and it's WORKERS. They all look exactly the same. Just like the News Anchor and the Candidate.

They are in fact all the same PERSON. Identical in looks but slightly different in mannerisms.

We focus on ONE seated at his desk, fidgeting. This is GARY.

In actuality, everyone in this world is also GARY. Even sharing in the name.

BOSS GARY (O.S.)

Hey, Gary....

Gary turns to see his BOSS approaching him.

BOSS GARY (CONT'D)

Can I have a word?

GARY

Uh, yeah, sure... In your office, or..?

BOSS GARY

No, no. Here's fine. I just wanted to take a quick moment to discuss your performance lately.

GARY

(slightly confused)

Oh.

BOSS GARY

No need to worry... It's not terrible. There's just been a slight dip, and I thought I'd personally come see what was up.

GARY

Really, it's nothing--

BOSS GARY

Now, I know it may be a little weird, my being your boss-- I know we're the same age and all, and some people tend to find that a little frustrating-- but believe me, there's no reason to be uncomfortable about it or let it affect your progress.

Gary looks around at ALL THE OTHER GARYS in the office.

GARY

Trust me, Gary, it's not...

BOSS GARY

Okay! Great talk.

Boss Gary smiles and moves on to the next desk.

BOSS GARY (CONT'D)

(to another Gary)

Hey, Gary... Can I have a word about your performance lately?

Our Gary returns to his work.

INT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

"Gary's" is the name of the restaurant. And its packed with all kinds of Gary's giving ha a good idea of the variety that exist. A cowboy. A nurse. A cop. Etc.

Our Gary is at the counter about to order. He's examining the menu that only has about 3 items. The heading exclaiming, "GARY'S FAVORITES!!!"

GARY

I guess I'll have the Bacon Burger with fries.

CASHIER GARY

Doctor Fizzle for the drink?

GARY

Is there another option?

The CASHIER GARY, seemingly not "feeling it" today, has no response.

GARY

Yeah, that's fine.

Cashier Gary rings up the order.

CASHIER GARY  
A name for the order...?

Gary just stares at the cashier.

GARY  
... Gary...

Cashier finishes up the order and hands Gary the receipt.

Gary takes the receipt and heads over to a table where his FRIEND GARY awaits him.

GARY  
Friendly service today...

FRIEND GARY  
(re: to cashier)  
What, Gary? Eh! He does his best.  
But I know this place is your  
favorite place.

GARY  
This is everyone's favorite place.

FRIEND GARY  
Ain't that the truth.

The Cashier brings them their food.

CASHIER GARY  
I got a bacon burger for Gary. And  
a Cheese pizza for... Gary?

FRIEND GARY  
Pizza's mine!

The cashier leaves the food on the table and walks off.

Friend Gary starts digging into his food.

Our Gary appears to be distracted by everyone else in the restaurant.

GARY  
Really, though, am I only person in  
the world that finds it weird that  
we're all Gary?

FRIEND GARY  
(mouth full)  
What do you mean?

GARY  
 Like how is this possible? Are we clones? A figment of someone's imagination?

FRIEND GARY  
 (looks around)  
 I guess I never thought about it.

GARY  
 Really?

Friend Gary shrugs.

GARY  
 I don't know, man. Sometimes it feels like I'm living in a constant existential crisis.

FRIEND GARY  
 Is therapy not helping?

GARY  
 Nah, I stopped going.

FRIEND GARY  
 Why?

CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE -- FLASHBACK

Gary in a heated argument with a THERAPIST GARY.

GARY  
 (almost irate)  
 And what about females?! I've never seen one-- we all know how reproducing works, yet I'm pretty sure all the Gary's have penises!

THERAPIST GARY  
 It's common not to assume people's gender in this day and age...

INT. RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

Gary shakes his head.

GARY  
 It just wasn't working out.

FRIEND GARY

Well, I don't know what to tell  
you, buddy.

GARY

It's fine... Maybe I am just  
paranoid. I mean, life's been okay  
so far, right?

FRIEND GARY

(just trying to be  
supportive)

Yeeaaaah.

Gary stares at his burger, obviously still bothered.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

Gary is at his desk. A CO-WORKER GARY approaches him.

CO-WORKER GARY

Hey, Gary, did you get the e-vite?

GARY

For...?

CO-WORKER GARY

The game! Watch party at my place  
tonight. I hear Gary's got a real  
good shot at MVP.

GARY

Oh, I don't think I can make it.  
Gotta stay late tonight to finish  
these sheets.

CO-WORKER GARY

Oh. Bummer. Well, catch you at the  
next one.

The co-worker walks back to his station.

Through a timelapse we see the office slowly empty out until  
our Gary is the only one remaining.

He finishes his work and gathers up his things.

INT. PARKING GARAGE, STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Gary enters the stair well and starts to make his way up.

He hears a DOOR OPEN and SLAM SHUT. He pauses.

FOOT STEPS RUSHING.

GARY  
(worried)  
Hello?

The rushing foot steps get LOUDER and CLOSER.

And from around the corner a SCARED GARY stumbles down the stairs and CRASHES into the wall. He doesn't even notice our Gary as he spins around to face whoever is chasing him.

BANG!

The scared Gary is shot dead. He hits the ground.

GARY  
Holy shit!!

Gary, realizing his mistake covers his mouth. Was he heard?

He's frozen with fear. He slumps down to the floor.

GARY  
(whispered to dead Gary)  
Hey, man, you okay?

But there a HUGE BULLET HOLE in the Gary's face.

The existential dread of seeing yourself laying dead before you over comes our Gary.

GARY  
Oh, man.

Gary looks in the direction from which the scared Gary came. Expecting someone to emerge.

FOOT STEPS approach.

GARY  
(quietly, to himself)  
Oh shit, oh shit.

He's freaking out but he can't seem to move.

The foot steps STOP. A beat. Is he gone?

Another beat.

Gary makes the strange decision to take a look.

He cautiously gets up and inches towards to corner before hesitantly peaking around.

And he finds a GUN pointed in his face. He immediately clenches his eyes shut.

GARY

Oh, man. No, no, no... Please. You don't have to kill me. I didn't see your face. I swear.

A CHUCKLE.

Confused, Gary opens one of his eyes. And he is SHOCKED to find he is looking at... SOMEONE ELSE.

Someone who's not a Gary.

And FEMALE!

GARY

What the...?

This STRANGER lowers her gun. And cracks a smile.

STRANGER

No one's ever gonna believe you.

She casually walks past Gary and disappears down the stairwell.

Gary is freaking out inside.

GARY

What the fu--

CUT TO BLACK.