

LIVING WITH YOURSELF

EPISODE TWO

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6/26/2016

LIVING WITH YOURSELF - EPISODE 2

COLD OPEN

INT. PROCEDURE ROOM - DAY

George lies unconscious on a bare metal table. Hands removes his anesthesia mask.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

George, swaddled in a plush white robe, slowly blinks himself awake.

He gets his bearings. He's on a white, luxuriously-upholstered daybed. Every surface in the small white room is polished, gleaming.

A door opens. Two KOREAN MEN, 40s, in lab coats enter.

GEORGE

Where am I?

RIGHT

Top Happy Spa.

GEORGE

(coming back to him)

Yes. Right, sorry.

RIGHT

How you feel?

GEORGE

(considers, then -)

Happy.

The two Koreans smile. Then hold out a clipboard.

RIGHT

Sign here.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

George slowly dresses in his street clothes, rolling his neck to work out the strange kinks. He catches sight of himself in a mirror. His shirt hangs with only a slight bulge over his more-or-less trim stomach. Not perfect, but not bad.

He fills his pockets: wallet, cell phone, car keys. Then he notices an empty spot on his finger -

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

GEORGE

My wedding ring is gone.

George sits with the two Koreans at a desk in the spa's main waiting area. The man on the left shoots the man on the right a look.

RIGHT

Ah yes, sorry. Just one moment...

Right locates the ring in an envelope in his lab coat, hands it over. George slides the ring back to its familiar place.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

You feel good, yes?

GEORGE

Fantastic.

RIGHT

Ok, done chit chat.

(eager to begin his  
checkout routine)

So - you drink lots water today,  
tonight. Important!! Hydrate.  
Flush system.

GEORGE

Ok.

RIGHT

No smoke, drink, drugs, no hootie-  
tootie, nothing, twenty four hours.

GEORGE

Ok.

RIGHT

Eat yogurt.

GEORGE

Excuse me?

LEFT

(chiming in)

Probiotic. Repopulate gut.

GEORGE

Oh. Ok.

RIGHT  
 (solemnly)  
 Also. Very important. First day,  
 after go toilet, no look.

George considers their instruction. They both seem deadly serious.

GEORGE  
 Ok.

END COLD OPEN

TITLES

ACT ONE

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

George drives through the rural farmland in a state of utter jocundity, the bright sun of the day matching his mood.

His phone rings. After a few moments of trying to unlock it with fingerprint recognition, he enters his password manually.

KAYLYN (O.S.)  
 (whispering)  
 George, are you coming in? Pool  
 was asking all morning.

GEORGE  
 Oh hey Kaylyn. Tell her I'm  
 feeling... not sick, so much...  
 more like... strange.

KAYLYN  
 Uh huh. I think maybe you might  
 want to tell her that yourse-

But he hangs up without giving it a further thought.

He sticks his head out the window, feels the wind in his hair. He inhales; it's like the air itself smells sweeter. Suddenly he screeches to a stop -

A field of wildflowers next to a weathered farmhouse.

EXT. FIELD BESIDE FARMHOUSE - DAY

George gathers a bouquet of Day Lilies, Queen Anne's Lace, Purple Loosestrife. Finished, goes to exit - and gets stuck in a patch of pricker thorns.

He tries to move but gets a strangely bad cut that immediately drips blood.

GEORGE  
What the hell?

He tries again to extricate himself, but gets another bad laceration. Now blood runs down his arm. No matter which way he pulls, he can't get free without doing more damage. Blood drips down both arms. It seems bad. He looks to the farmhouse.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Um. Excuse me. Hello!

The farmhouse door opens. A farmer, 60s, weathered as his house, tilts back his cap and surveys the situation.

FARMER  
Will you look at this fucking idiot.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The farmer bandages George's wounds.

FARMER  
You got skin like a baby's ass, city boy. Waste of fucking band-aids. You gonna pay for all this?

But George just looks around the man's real-live farmhouse.

GEORGE  
So what do you grow here?

FARMER  
(grumbles, seems like he won't answer, then -)  
Soybeans, mostly. Nothing else pays.

GEORGE  
I love soybeans.

The farmer fixes him with a look.

FARMER  
What kinda dumbshit thing is that to say? Nobody loves soybeans.

EXT. FARM - DAY

George rides in a tractor with the farmer, who points out his various crops.

FARMER

Soy, Sweet Corn, Zucchini. You love goddamn zucchini too?

GEORGE

Sure. This all organic?

FARMER

Hell yeah. Until the beetles come, then I spray the shit out of the whole lot. My advice, don't get old, and don't be a farmer.

GEORGE

Show me how to pick?

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

George, sore from his unaccustomed hard labor, gingerly loads a basket of produce into the trunk of his car.

GEORGE

What do I owe you?

FARMER

Well, you got a dollar's worth of produce. And in three hours you did a dollar's worth of picking.  
(offers his hand)  
Call it even.

INT. POOL BRANDING RECEPTION DESK - DAY

George walks past KAYLYN at reception -

GEORGE

Hey Kaylyn. Love the sweater.

- who does a double take at his bandaged-and-muddied state.

KAYLYN

George, you might want to -

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

George walks into the conference room where the same Pool employees from yesterday are discussing the next phase of the Hillsboro pitch. Conversation dies off as he takes his seat. At their looks -

GEORGE  
Anyone want fresh Zucchini, see me  
after.

POOL  
(not pleased)  
Thanks for joining us, George.

DAN  
Dude. You look like shit.

GEORGE  
Appreciate that Dan. Sorry to  
interrupt. Please.

DAN  
Right... so I've talked to Oculus.  
They can custom make us a digital  
environment for the actual pitch  
presentation. I've done a cost  
breakdown on page ten -

GEORGE  
Actually I have a question.

Everyone turns to George.

POOL  
(losing patience)  
Yes, George?

GEORGE  
Why does Hillsboro even want a  
brand refresh?

Everyone stares. *Why does a client want a refresh?* At first  
nobody answers this branding blasphemy.

DAN  
(as if to a child)  
Well, George, Hillsboro would like  
an update of their primary contact  
point imaging to present a future-  
resonating -

GEORGE  
I literally don't know what those  
words mean.

DAN

(resets, then -)

They want to talk the local yokels into letting 'em put up their cell towers before the national telecoms do it first. Can I proceed?

GEORGE

So what are you going to do, give VR glasses to a hundred farmers at a hundred planning board meetings?

DAN

(defensively retreating to Pool-speak)

I think you're getting too granular. For now we need to look at this from 30,000 feet -

GEORGE

Why do we even give a shit about Hillsboro?

This stops everyone dead.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We're all sitting here in this hermetically sealed coffin of a conference room, spending our precious time on this Earth to sell some *cellular infrastructure company*, when instead we could be out living and breathing and fucking and dreaming... so why? Why do we give a shit about Hillsboro? And if we don't, why should anyone? What is Hillsboro, to us?

Everyone swivels to see how this is playing with Pool. Unclear.

POOL

What do you think it is, George?

GEORGE

They're a family-owned, regional telecom. They're as Mom-and-Pop as a telecom can be. Hell, their CEO could be my grandpa. Let's use it.

POOL

So what do you propose?



GEORGE  
I don't know!

MOUSY WORKER  
(uncomprehending)  
You... don't have a proposal?

GEORGE  
Let's talk it out.

DAN  
(trying to regain control)  
Great, let's schedule a brainstorm,  
but for now -

GEORGE  
Yes schedule inspiration! Get on  
that Dan. Everybody else... close  
your eyes.

He leans back in his chair, eyes closed. Everyone just  
watches him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Hillsboro. Cellular  
infrastructure. I feel...

He lunges towards Pool, all the way across the conference  
table into her personal space, and takes her hand.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Connection.  
(stands abruptly, making  
eye contact with co-  
workers as he moves  
through the room)  
Neighbor to neighbor. Friend to  
friend. Father to daughter. Lover  
to lover. Me -  
(arrives at Kaylyn, who is  
enrapt)  
- to you. Reaching across the void  
of self that separates us, to pull  
us closer to one another. The  
thrill that comes from knowing  
another truly unique individual on  
this Earth, and knowing they know  
you. The thrill... and the  
comfort.  
(to the room)  
Hillsboro. Your friend-and-  
neighbor. We know you.

He breaks the spell, drops back in his seat -

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I mean, that's who they are, right?  
Locals would love it. National  
telecoms can't beat us on it. Plus  
it's real. Nice not to be  
completely full of shit for once.

Pool sets down her Oculus glasses.

POOL

Tell me more.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

George sits at his desk, madly sketching out ideas on  
notepads, computer ignored.

\*  
\*

He stops when he notices a fly bouncing at the window trying  
to escape. He picks up a folder as Dan pushes open his door  
and leans in.

DAN

(fuming)

Dude, what the fuck was that? You  
gunning for me buddy boy?

But George is focused on the fly. Dan doesn't know how to  
respond with George utterly ignoring him.

DAN (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm talking to you!

George points to a mug on his desk

GEORGE

Pass me that.

Dan is so surprised at the request that he actually does pass  
the mug to George, who lowers it over the buzzing insect,  
then slides the folder underneath.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Stand back.

Dan steps aside as George carries the mug-and-folder out of  
his office. But he pauses on his way out -

GEORGE (CONT'D)

By the way, thanks for that spa  
rec. You were right, whole new me.

(winks)

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Looking forward to a lot more days  
like today.

He exits, leaving Dan to consider just what he's unleashed.

EXT. POOL PARKING LOT - DAY

George releases the fly. He watches it buzz away, free.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

That evening, George walks into his front hallway with two armloads of groceries piled high. He slams his hip into the credenza.

GEORGE  
(mutters)  
Fucking thing.

Apparently this George isn't a fan of the credenza either.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Keys rattle at the kitchen door as JANINE enters from the carport - and stops dead at the table set for a nice dinner, centerpiece of wildflowers, and George cooking.

JANINE  
This is weird.

GEORGE  
Sit. Zucchini and soybean stir-fry, coming right up.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Dishes scatter the table. George looks intently at Janine as she eats.

JANINE  
Sounds like you had quite a day.

But George, gazing at her, barely hears her words.

GEORGE  
You look great.

And she does, now that we're seeing her through his eyes. Maybe it's the way the camera holds on her face. But in this moment, she is someone you could fall in love with.

JANINE  
(not trusting any of this)  
Thank you.

GEORGE  
No, really. I can't get over how great you look.

JANINE  
(even less trusting)  
Thanks.

He smiles at her as she chews uncomfortably.

GEORGE  
So how was work?

JANINE  
My work? Why?

GEORGE  
I just want to know how your day  
was.

JANINE  
(frowns - this is even  
weirder)  
Well... we have a new client from  
the city, some dotcom millionaire  
who wants us to tear down this  
perfectly good colonial and rebuild  
it exactly the same but with  
different tiling.

\*  
\*

GEORGE  
You're amazing.

JANINE  
Excuse me?

GEORGE  
You built this entire business from  
nothing. Now you've got  
multimillion-dollar clients coming  
all the way from the city to hire  
you. And thank god, the way my  
career's been going.

He says it jokingly, without an ounce of self-judgment. That  
does it.

JANINE  
What's happening here?

GEORGE  
What do you mean?

JANINE  
Does all this have something to do  
with your appointment?

He freezes. Uh oh.

GEORGE

What appointment?

JANINE

The one we've been fighting over for the last six months. A little something called our future family -

GEORGE

Oh! The fertility thing.

JANINE

Yes, the fertility thing. Jesus, George.

GEORGE

I'm sorry. Do you want to talk about it?

JANINE

No, I don't want to talk about it, because I know you're trying to have a nice night and you don't want me to ruin it. Just like it's not a good time to talk when we're having a bad night, because it'll only make it worse. Or when we're having an in-between night, because it could tip us into a bad night. So no, I don't want to talk about it.

GEORGE

I do.

This is definitely not how their fight usually goes.

JANINE

You do.

GEORGE

Sure. I guess I've just been... scared. What if I can't have kids, if there is something wrong with me, definitively, scientifically? You've always been the better one. Maybe you'd leave me.

JANINE

(speechless)

George. I -

\*

GEORGE  
Silly, right?  
(at her dumbfounded look)  
Or we don't have to talk. I'll  
just go by the clinic tomorrow.

JANINE  
Why?

GEORGE  
(simply)  
Because I want a family with you.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Janine shuts off the light as George comes to bed. But unlike usual, he slides in next to her.

She can feel him watching her. Finally she opens her eyes -

JANINE  
What?

GEORGE  
What, what?

JANINE  
You're looking at me.

GEORGE  
I'm not allowed to look at my wife?

JANINE  
Yes, of course you are! Just like  
you're allowed to make me dinner,  
and be nice and wonderful and - for  
God's sake, vulnerable! But why  
of all a sudden? What is going on  
with you?

GEORGE  
Does it make you uncomfortable?

JANINE  
Yes!!

GEORGE  
Ok, I'll stop.

He lies back, stung. She sighs.

JANINE

I'm sorry. It's just a lot. And I'm beat. Can we talk about it in the morning?

GEORGE

Sure. I'm beat too.

His momentary hurt gone, he pops up and heads to the bathroom, clearly not at all beat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What time do you have to be at work in the morning?

JANINE (O.S)

(trying to sleep)

I don't know. Usual I guess.

GEORGE

I was thinking we could get breakfast together...

He trails off.

JANINE (O.S.)

Could what?

He stares into the toilet.

It's blue. An unnatural, electric blue.

Disturbed, he flushes.

GEORGE

You want any water from the fridge? I think I need to hydrate.

He heads downstairs, towards the front hallway.

*[ - And here is where we begin to see the same scenes replayed from before, only from this George's perspective - which although technically the same action, feels very different from the perspective we'd had earlier -]*

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

At the bottom of the stairs, George flips on the light -

- out of the darkness, a NAKED INTRUDER attacks him -

- George instinctively ducks the first blow - he struggles with the man, wrests away the -



- Holy shit, the guy's got an axe! -

- Heart going a million miles an hour, George gets a hold of the axe, fights off the man -

- An awkward blur of action as they silently struggle - they slam into the credenza, a loud crack -

- George raises his axe, ready to defend himself, as from upstairs Janine calls out -

JANINE (O.S.)

George?

George freezes, staring at the intruder.

He's looking at a mirror image of himself.

It's himself. Except with wild eyes, and dressed in a diaper.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

\*

INTRUDER GEORGE

*Who the fuck are you?*

George stares at his doppelganger self, struggling to process the impossibility of what he's seeing - a man just like himself, but muddy, bloodied, mostly naked - and half-crazed, seemingly ready to attack again at any moment.

\*

George does his best to calm the intruder.

GEORGE

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

This does not have the desired calming effect.

INTRUDER GEORGE

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

GEORGE

(as gently as he can)  
This is not your house.

INTRUDER GEORGE

(about to blow a gasket)  
This IS my house!! I know because I'm in it! What I want to know is, why the fuck you are in it?!

GEORGE

I live here.

INTRUDER GEORGE

*I live here!!*

The intruder seems on the verge of exploding again. George seeks out some way to defend himself, starts to inch towards the axe -

GEORGE

*Stay away from the axe!!*

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(raises his hands)  
Take it easy, ok?

INT. GARAGE - LATER

From the laundry room we hear sounds of the intruder George dressing. George quietly dials 911 as he shouts to cover -

GEORGE  
There are shirts in the washer!

INTRUDER GEORGE (O.S.)  
I know!

George waits impatiently as it rings. Finally -

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
911, what is your emergency?

George realizes he has no idea how to answer. He hangs up just as the intruder George reappears.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Intruder George drives aggressively as George watches.

GEORGE  
You're tailgating, a bit.

The intruder tightens his jaw but backs off.

As the other man drives, George finally gets a good long look at him. He sees how the man is slightly out of shape. His shirt has a stain on it. For some reason he's even got a screwdriver ridiculously sticking out of his sweatshirt. It's a taste of Robert Burns' "see ourselves as others see us." George can't help but feel some sympathy - and a bit of disgust - for the damaged man that looks so much like him...

Which is when the intruder George speaks.

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

The color drains from George's face. This... person... has his same childhood memory. It can't be.

INT. SPA WAITING AREA - DAY

George, cucumber water forgotten in his hand, can't believe what the Korean scientists just told him.

GEORGE  
Cloning?

RIGHT

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

Everything starts to go dark around George, their words dissolving to a buzz of background noise.

One of them is a clone. A better version of himself.

Only it can't be him. That's impossible.

But then he looks at his confused, out of shape, slow-to-catch-up other self. He doesn't hear his words, but one look at the two of them and it's clear who's the better one.

No. This can't be.

He is pulled out of his daze as intruder George snaps at him -

INTRUDER GEORGE

Hey, you got anything to say or are you just gonna sit there?

GEORGE

(to the Koreans)

This isn't real. Right? It's some kind of trick?

RIGHT

No.

GEORGE

So who's the clone?

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

LEFT

You.

*[And henceforth we will call the George we've been following New George, and intruder George we'll just call George - because that's who they are, as they all now know.]*

EXT. TOP HAPPY SPA - DAY

The two Georges exit the spa together, as New George struggles to process what he's just heard.

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, 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.

Every fiber of New George's being tells him that he is George. But this version can't deny what he's seen.

Imagine if you learned that you were not yourself. How would you feel? Well that's how he feels, like he's been hit by a ton of bricks --

- which is when his other self COLD-CLOCKS him in the face.

He clutches his jaw in disbelief - George has one hand balled in a fist, the other clutching the screwdriver, ready to fight.

GEORGE

So you're the better one, huh?  
Come on then! Let's see it!

NEW GEORGE

What the hell are you hitting *me*  
for?!

George doesn't get it.

GEORGE

I thought, y'know. Fight to the  
death. Winner takes our life.  
There can be only one...?

NEW GEORGE

Can you not see what I'm going  
through here? I was just told I'm  
not me!

George can actually see how that would suck. He finds himself in the strange position of trying to cheer up his better self.

GEORGE

Come on, you're the better one,  
you'll beat me for sure.

New George steps close to George - but just snatches the screwdriver out of his hand and walks off.

EXT. CAR - DAY

George unlocks the car doors for New George, looking a bit guilty.

GEORGE

You want to drive?

New George doesn't say a word, just gets into the passenger's seat.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Their car follows along an empty rural road.

INT. CAR - DAY

New George stares blankly out his window, as George clears his throat.

GEORGE

I'm sorry I went straight to the whole Batman, 'there can be only one' thing.

NEW GEORGE

(softly)

Highlander.

GEORGE

See, you're even better than me at dumb shit.

But New George just watches his reflection flicker in and out as the landscape rolls by.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So where are we going?

A long moment.

NEW GEORGE

Pull over.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

New George yanks the mirror out of the passenger visor, gets out of the car, then walks into the tall grass at the side of the road.

He needs to be alone. He doesn't want his other self near him. Doesn't want to consider his existence.

Hidden by the grass, he looks at himself in the mirror. He feels his face. It's his face. The same face he's always had.

He examines the rest of his body, scouring himself for a hint that might betray the reality he's been told but doesn't feel.

Then he peeks down the front of his pants. He goes very still at what he sees.

EXT. CAR - DAY

New George pulls open George's car door.

GEORGE  
You ready to fight now?

NEW GEORGE  
Just get out of the car.

George warily climbs out.

GEORGE  
I know Karate.

NEW GEORGE  
Not unless you learned it since yesterday morning, you don't.

The two Georges stand facing one another.

New George drops his pants.

NEW GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Now yours.

GEORGE  
No way, weirdo-me.

NEW GEORGE  
You want me out of your life?

A beat. George drops his pants, too.

The two Georges stand in middle of a rural road, exposed to the world.

New George leans closer for a look. What he sees there drains the remaining life out of him.

NEW GEORGE (CONT'D)

Eight years old. Burst appendix.  
I still remember the ache in my  
gut.

GEORGE

Sure, they vacuumed out my whole  
intestine. I still have the  
scar...

But then George cocks his head, leans forward to look at New  
George, the appendix spot just below his waistline...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You don't.

They stand there, for the first time actually believing that  
it's all true.

An old station wagon passes by, the unseen driver leaning on  
his horn.

DRIVER

Get a room, freaks!

END ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

EXT. CAR - DINER - DAY

The two Georges sit at a booth in the run-down diner at the outskirts of town.

NEW GEORGE  
 (head in hands)  
 I just realized I've never been  
 laid.

A waitress, 50s, tired, interrupts, unphased by their conversation -

WAITRESS  
 Decide what you want?

GEORGE  
 Burger, fries, coke.

NEW GEORGE  
 (smiles wanly)  
 A green tea and a fruit cup,  
 please, Margaret.

George narrows his eyes at New George.

GEORGE  
 Wait. I'll also have the green tea  
 and fruit cup.

The waitress takes their menus and goes.

NEW GEORGE  
 I've never even had a fruit cup.  
 (head back in hand)  
 What am I?

His opposite's distress makes George uncomfortable.

GEORGE  
 Hey...

NEW GEORGE  
 (realizing)  
 I've never kissed my wife.

This hadn't occurred to George.

GEORGE  
 So last night, you and Janine  
 didn't...  
 (MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
(trails off)  
Are you crying?

Tears do fall from New George's eyes. George shifts uncomfortably.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
People can see you.

NEW GEORGE  
Oh what, are you embarrassed? Grow  
a pair for chrissake.

As New George wipes his tears, George can't help but feel a little guilty.

GEORGE  
Hey, buck up.

NEW GEORGE  
That's rich, coming from depressive-  
me.

GEORGE  
Think about it. You're the better  
me. The best possible version of  
me, everything I try to convince  
myself I am but deep down I know  
I'm not. I'd pay anything to be  
you. In fact I just did, our  
entire life savings -

\*

NEW GEORGE  
Janine's fertility savings.

\*

\*

GEORGE  
- Janine's fertility savings,  
to two guys in a massage parlor!

\*

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NEW GEORGE  
Thanks for that, by the way. It's  
really working out great.

GEORGE  
I'm sorry, ok? Although to be fair  
when I did that you were me, so in  
a way it's your fault too.  
(at New George's look)  
Hey this isn't easy for me either.

NEW GEORGE  
I WAS MADE IN A STRIP MALL!!

Other diner patrons look over at his outburst.

GEORGE

(hisses quietly)

So maybe you were. So what. I was born in New Jersey. But you're here now. And you can go anywhere, do anything. You're not tied down. If I had no job and no strings and was suddenly some magical super me, I think I'd be pretty fucking happy.

NEW GEORGE

What do you suggest, I take a little vacation? Travel, see the world?

GEORGE

Yes!! That's what I'd do! In fact I'd go every single place and do every single goddamned thing I've always wanted to do but can't! And I still can't. But guess who can?

This gives New George a pause.

NEW GEORGE

And then what?

GEORGE

I don't know, man. I'm just trying to figure this out too.

New George considers.

NEW GEORGE

One thing first.

INT. TOP HAPPY SPA - WAITING ROOM - DAY

The door buzzes, and the two Georges throw open the door to Top Happy's waiting room as the Koreans hurry in.

NEW GEORGE

You owe us the rest of our fifty thousand.

RIGHT

Sorry, you sign waiver -

New George sets both fists on their desk, focusing all his anger at the situation directly on them.

NEW GEORGE

We looked up the agency responsible  
for enforcement of reproductive  
cloning laws.

GEORGE

Turns out it's the FDA. Weird,  
right?

NEW GEORGE

And their number is listed right on  
the website.

New George sets his phone on the table, hits call. It rings  
over speaker.

GEORGE

(enjoying this)

So funny that you can just call  
them up.

The phone picks up.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

FDA, Office of Criminal  
Investigations?

NEW GEORGE

Who can I speak to about a  
violation of Title 21 of the Code  
of Federal Regulations regarding  
human cloning?

OPERATOR

Hold please, I'll connect you.

Hold music plays.

RIGHT

Ok. Full refund.

George shoots New George a surreptitious look that says, holy  
shit, that worked! But New George isn't done.

NEW GEORGE

Plus another ten thousand. For our  
trouble.

RIGHT

(suddenly in nearly-  
perfect English)

There's no way we're giving you ten  
thousand dollars.

GEORGE  
What happened to your accent?

NEW GEORGE  
We must be getting to them.

GEORGE  
Hold on, you were *faking*?

The man on the right clenches his jaw, caught. Then -

RIGHT  
It's easier if customers don't  
think of us as people.

NEW GEORGE  
Like the bodies in the forest  
aren't people?

RIGHT  
We give clients a better life!

XNEW GEORGE  
(re the phone)  
Tell it to them.

The phone clicks -

VOICE (O.S.)  
Yello, Biologics Evaluation and  
Enforcement.

RIGHT  
(whispers to New George)  
Your very existence is a crime.  
Who knows what they'd do to you?

GEORGE  
Try me.

New George and the man on the right stare each other down.  
But it's the man on the left who clicks off the phone, then  
speaks.

LEFT  
Sixty thousand. But then you go,  
and never come back here again.

EXT. SPA - DAY

The two George's exit the spa, George thumbing through a much  
larger stack than last time.

GEORGE

Pretty good in there. Don't know  
about you but I feel a bit better.

New George turns and CLOCKS George in the face.

NEW GEORGE

A bit.

New George gets into the car, as George is now the one left  
holding his aching jaw.

EXT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

Their car pulls up to a travel agency.

INT. CAR - DAY

New George finishes counting, hands over a pile of cash to  
George.

NEW GEORGE

...and your half is thirty  
thousand. Count it if you want.

GEORGE

How is that fair? That was my  
fifty to begin with.

NEW GEORGE

Be happy, an hour ago you had five.

GEORGE

Fine. Now can I have the rest of  
my wallet back?

New George hands over the wallet, except -

NEW GEORGE

I'll need an ID to travel.

GEORGE

Fine.

George hands back their driver's license.

NEW GEORGE

And a credit card.

George gives him a credit card.

NEW GEORGE (CONT'D)

The one without a balance due.

George grumbles as he hands over a different card.

GEORGE  
Cleaning me out.

NEW GEORGE  
You want to trade places?

\*  
\*

George pauses. He can't help but consider all the fabulous destinations advertised in the window of the travel agency. New George watches him closely. Finally George shakes his head.

NEW GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Ok then.

They stand there, awkwardly. How do you say goodbye to your duplicate self? Hug? Shake hands? Finally they both just nod.

Then New George turns to his new life -

GEORGE  
You forgot something.

George nods to their wedding ring. New George slowly takes it off his finger. Hands it to George.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

Through the window of the travel agency, New George watches his car - sorry, George's car - recede into the distance.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

New George peruses a catalog of all the amazing places he might go. Colorful photos of Alaska, Belize, India, Kenya, Madagascar...

But he keeps coming back to the empty space on his finger.

EXT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

George waits outside the travel agency. As a taxi approaches, he pockets his airplane ticket - and notices he still has their phone.

\*  
\*  
\*

EXT. TAXI - DAY

A taxi rides down a long highway.

INT. TAXI - DAY

New George's face is empty of expression as he flips through the phone, looking at all the photos from his life - sorry, George's life.

He pauses on a photo of Janine and himself. It's from when they first moved into their house together. They look happy.

NEW GEORGE  
(closes his eyes)  
I'm going to wake up. Three, two -

The phone buzzes in his hand. The caller reads: "Janine."  
After the third ring he slowly puts the phone to his ear.

NEW GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Hello?

JANINE (O.S.)  
(casual)  
Hey, how ya doing?

George finds himself barely able to speak, his throat closed with emotion.

NEW GEORGE  
(barely a whisper)  
Doing ok.

JANINE (O.S.)  
Did you pick up the dry cleaning  
yesterday?

NEW GEORGE  
I...  
(forces himself to recall)  
No, I didn't.

JANINE (O.S.)  
'Kay, I'm pretty sure you have the  
ticket.

NEW GEORGE  
I don't think so.

JANINE  
Can you check?

This was not how he thought this 'final' conversation might go.

NEW GEORGE  
Hold on.



He checks his pockets. There it is.

NEW GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Yup, sorry, got it.

JANINE  
Great. Would you mind swinging by  
on your way home?

NEW GEORGE  
On my way home.

JANINE  
Is there a problem?

NEW GEORGE  
No. I'll take care of it.

JANINE (O.S.)  
Thanks, love you.

NEW GEORGE  
I love you too.

But she's already gone. He slowly lowers the phone.

NEW GEORGE (CONT'D)  
(shuts his eyes)  
I can go anywhere. Do anything.

But he can't fool himself. This is not what he wants.

NEW GEORGE (CONT'D)  
(to the driver)  
New address.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - CURB - NIGHT

The taxi pulls away as New George stands at the curb, looking at what still feels like his home. To his eyes it is achingly beautiful, the warm incandescent glow from its windows bathing the night.

He is drawn to the light of the kitchen. Inside, Janine and George eat dinner. Chinese, maybe. He can't hear what they're saying, but from out here, it feels like a portrait of domesticity.

Janine finishes and heads upstairs. George goes to the sink. The light socket overhead is still empty. He stands alone, vulnerable, his back to the door.

New George feels the screwdriver in his pocket.

He steps around to the kitchen entrance. He picks up a heavy rock. Underneath is the house key, in its usual spot.

He looks in at George. He picks up the key.

END EPISODE 2