



Roses

BY EVAN TWOHY

FADE IN:

SUBURBS

Dawn breaks over an affluent neighborhood.
Somewhere, wind chimes clatter in a breeze.

SLOWLY, WE PUSH IN ON —
A sleek, modern, two-story house.
In the driveway: a Porsche 911 Cabriolet.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

A doberman sleeps on the tile floor.

JUSTINE (45) stands at the counter.
Dressed in a terrycloth bathrobe.

As she pours coffee into a travel mug —

MARTIN O/S
Honey? You didn't have to get up.

MARTIN (51) enters from a hallway.
Wheeling a rolling suitcase behind him.

He's handsome and well-built.
Dressed in espadrilles and a breezy linen shirt.
A dry-cleaning bag slung over his shoulder.

JUSTINE
Is that what you're wearing?

MARTIN
I'll change before the dinner. I
don't want to be in a suit that
long.

Justine hands Martin his coffee.

JUSTINE
Here. For the road.

MARTIN
Thanks, hon. You don't know *what*
I'd do to stay home with you.

Martin takes a sip.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
I should have never said yes to
this conference. I hate Fresno.

JUSTINE
Well, just try to have fun. You're
good at having fun.

MARTIN
I love you. *Ciao, bella.*

Martin gives Justine's cheek a peck.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE

Martin wheels his suitcase down a staircase.
Into the waxing morning light.

He pops open the Porsche's trunk.
And swings his luggage inside.

He looks up as Justine appears in a bay window.
She fiddles with its lock and pushes it open.

JUSTINE
Martin? Call me when you get there!

Martin flashes Justine a thumbs up.
Then walks around the car.
And opens the driver's side door.

CUT TO:

HIGHWAY

Martin drives down a four-lane highway.
Weaving through sparse traffic.
Wind in his salt-and-pepper hair.

Ahead, a road sign reads:

FRESNO
NEXT EXIT

Martin approaches the turnoff.
But speeds right past it.

CUT TO:

SAN FRANCISCO

A steep, tree-lined residential street.
Magnolia trees chatter in a breeze.

Martin slows to a stop in the middle of the block.
In front of a Victorian with peeling paint.

He throws on the Porsche's hazard lights.
And gives the horn two long honks:
TOOOOT! TOOOOT!

As he waits, Martin slips off his WEDDING BAND.
And drops it into the pocket of his shirt.

At that moment, the Victorian's front door opens.
ROSE (28) steps out into the dazzling light of day.

Rose is young and energetic.
Wearing a red bikini top, jean shorts, and plimsolls.
Carrying a hefty canvas weekender bag.

She skips down a flight of stairs.
Waving to Martin as she trots to the Porsche.

ROSE
Hey!

MARTIN
There's my girl.

Martin flashes Rose a winsome grin.

Rose leans over the car door.
And plants a kiss on his lips.

CUT TO:

WINE COUNTRY

A snaking highway follows a ragged coastline.
Past rolling hills and tidy vineyards.

TITLES:

Roses

Martin's convertible zips around bends.
Hubcaps gleaming in the morning sunshine.
Bags of groceries rattling in the back.

In the passenger seat, Rose unwraps a taffy.
And pops it into her mouth.

ROSE
Want a taffy?

MARTIN
Nah. I'm saving room for lunch.

ROSE
You sure? They're gross but I can't
stop eating them.

Rose chews vigorously.

ROSE (CONT'D)
You know, I'm pretty sure that
woman thought I was your daughter.

MARTIN
What woman?

ROSE
The checkout woman. At the store.

MARTIN
Oh? Why do you think that?

ROSE
I dunno. I could just tell. The way
she was talking to us.

MARTIN
I didn't notice.

Martin readjusts his grip on the steering wheel.

ROSE
What? Does that bother you? It
doesn't bother me. I like that
you're old.

MARTIN
I'm not *old*.

ROSE
You're *older*. I think it's sexy. I
love your little gray hairs. And
your big nostrils.
(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

Guys my age always have such small, tight little nostrils. I find it really unattractive, actually.

MARTIN

Look. I've started going gray, see? I held off for so long.

Rose reaches a long arm for Martin's head. And runs her fingers through his hair.

ROSE

I like it. You look dignified. Like a dignified old judge or something.

MARTIN

Jesus. Don't say that, Rose. You're killing me.

Rose laughs impishly.

Shaking his head, Martin steps on the gas. And jets the Porsche around a bend.

CUT TO:

AN HOUR LATER

A dusty, unpaved road.
Deep in the pastoral Californian countryside.

Martin stops before an electric gate.
And waits for it to open on its own.

MARTIN

What's the matter here? Is this thing broken? How do I open this?

ROSE

Did they say anything in the email?

MARTIN

What email?

ROSE

The email they sent when you booked.

Martin sighs as if he's been inconvenienced. He whips his cell phone out of his pocket.

Rose watches Martin unlock his phone. Subconsciously noting his PASSCODE.

Martin scrolls until he finds the email in question.
Then reaches over his door.
And punches a number into a box on a metal post.

The electric gate slides open.
Chains jangling.

CUT TO:

GROUNDS

Martin drives through a colonnade of eucalyptuses.
And across the sunny grounds of a sprawling estate.

Ahead: a rustic chateau comes into view.
Surrounded by cypresses and imported palms.
Two stories tall.
Gabled windows.
Rustic stone walls.

Rose's jaw drops in awe.

ROSE
Oh. My. God. This place is so
freaking cool.

CUT TO:

FRONT YARD

Martin steers around a horseshoe driveway.
And parks in front of the chateau's stone stairs.

He and Rose open their doors.
And step out of the Porsche.

Rose slides her sunglasses up her forehead.
And gazes out across a vast, verdant lawn.

In the distance: two DUCKS are waddling.
Both with green heads and distinctive feathers.

ROSE
Wow. Look, Martin. Those ducks are
so pretty.

MARTIN
Yeah, there should be lots of
interesting wildlife up here. I
read there's a great hike through
the woods, too. Maybe I can take
you there tomorrow morning.

Rose tilts her head.
Still studying the ducks.

ROSE
Look. They're absolutely identical.
I wonder if they're brothers.

Martin opens the back door of the car.
And hugs the bags of food to his chest.

MARTIN
Come on. Let's get this food in the
fridge.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Martin pushes open a heavy wooden door.
Flooding the chateau with golden sunlight.

Rose follows him into a majestic living room:
Rough, axe-hewn ceiling beams.
A limestone fireplace.
Silk curtains.
A state-of-the-art record player.
A spiral staircase to the second floor.

On one wall, deer and elk heads are mounted.
Alongside a display of vintage HUNTING GUNS.

ROSE
Wow. Are you serious?

She picks up and admires a PORCELAIN VASE.
Then replaces it carefully on a side table.

MARTIN
I told you. This place is
something, huh?

ROSE
I feel like I'm in a magazine. You
didn't tell me you were taking me
to a *mansion*. How much does this
place go for?!

MARTIN
Don't worry about that. It's my
gift. To us.

Rose cranes her neck.
And gazes dreamily into the rafters.

Martin slides his hands around her waist.
And kisses her neck.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

A sleek, modern farmhouse kitchen.
Pots and pans hang from a ceiling rack.
Stainless steel appliances gleam.

Rose slices cucumbers at a marble countertop.
Martin scrounges through a drawer for a CORKSCREW.

With a flourish, he opens a bottle of orange wine.

CUT TO:

BACK LAWN

Birds chirp in faraway trees.

Martin and Rose sit on a blanket in the grass.
A picnic spread around them on plastic plates:
Crackers, brie, cucumber sandwiches, red grapes.

Rose gazes across a sloping, overgrown lawn.

At the bottom of the hill is a SWIMMING POOL.
A narrow rectangle filled with scuzzy green water.
Bounded with flagstone and bristly weeds.

ROSE

It's getting warm. Should we go
swimming soon?

Martin frowns at the pool.

MARTIN

I'm not sure how sanitary that pool
is. It doesn't look like anyone's
gone swimming in ages.

ROSE

It looks okay to me.

MARTIN

You go. I'll watch.

ROSE

Really?

MARTIN

I've never been much of a swimmer.
Swimming pools are just... so wet,
don't you think?

Rose smiles.

There's a melancholy distance between them.

Rose plucks a blade of grass with her toes.
And gazes into billowing afternoon clouds.

ROSE

So, what did you tell her?

MARTIN

Tell who?

ROSE

Justine. About this weekend.

MARTIN

I told her I had a work thing.

ROSE

Oh.

MARTIN

In Fresno.

ROSE

Hm.

Rose watches two pool floats drift across the water.
Both pink and shaped like flamingoes.
Both ABSOLUTELY IDENTICAL.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Are you ever going to tell her
about me?

MARTIN

Rose. Of course I'm going to. We've
talked about this. I'm just waiting
for —

ROSE

The right time?

MARTIN

Exactly. It's a delicate situation.

ROSE

Sure.

MARTIN

Hey. Look at me.

Reluctantly, Rose looks at Martin.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You know we'd lose half the money if I were to divorce without preparing properly. More than half, knowing Justine. She's always had a very litigious personality. Did I tell you about the time she sued her pilates studio? I might even have to sell the house by the time she's done with us. And we couldn't have beautiful weekends like this together anymore, could we?

ROSE

I don't know. I guess not.

MARTIN

But I have a call into Jeremy. He's looking into it. Discreetly. Jeremy's good. He's going to see what's possible, all right?

ROSE

I just don't understand why it has to be like this. I feel like this could all be so much simpler.

MARTIN

Of course you think that, Rose.

ROSE

What's that supposed to mean?

MARTIN

It means you're twenty-eight years old. When you're twenty-eight, everything feels simple. Everything *is* simple. I know it might not feel simple, but it is. And then you get older, and life gets complicated. You make mistakes, and then those mistakes become problems, and those problems become more problems. Chrissakes, I've been married for half the time you've been alive. That's a lot of life you're asking me to untangle. You have to give me some time.

Rose stands abruptly from the picnic blanket.
And stretches her arms above her head.

ROSE
I'm going to swim.

MARTIN
I should call a pool cleaner. I'm
sure we could find someone to come
up here tomorrow.

ROSE
It doesn't bother me.

MARTIN
You're upset, aren't you?

ROSE
I'm just hot and I want to swim.

Rose takes off down the grassy pitch.

MARTIN
Baby. Come on. Let's talk about it.

Without answering, Rose breaks into a trot.
And runs down to the pool's wooden deck.

Martin sighs and leans back against his elbows.

He watches as Rose peels off her shorts.
And adjusts the bust of her swimsuit.

Rose picks a pool skimmer off a deck chair.
And draws it across the surface of the water.
Collecting a heap of scum and algae.

She dumps the slimy mess in a patch of grass.
Tosses the skimmer aside.
Assumes the pose of a diver.
And springs gracefully off the deck into the water.

Martin tears a grape off from a bunch.
And claps it into his mouth.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

Through a window, the sun is setting.
Dipping behind the trees that surround the villa.

Martin stands at the stove.
An apron tied around his waist.

Tending to burbling pots of pasta and puttanesca.

POP!

Martin uncorks a bottle of chardonnay.
And as he pours two glasses of wine —

Martin hears the back door slide open.
And looks up to see Rose entering in a beach towel.

ROSE

Hey.

MARTIN

Just in time. How was the pool?

ROSE

Really nice, actually.

Rose ties her wet hair into a bun.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I miss water. I used to go swimming
all the time growing up. That's the
hardest thing about living in the
city for me. Being away from water.

Rose crosses to Martin.
And nuzzles her wet head under his chin.
Wrapping her arms around his sturdy middle.

MARTIN

Hey. I'm sorry, panda bear. About
earlier. Let's not argue anymore,
okay? I hate it when we argue.

ROSE

Me, too.

MARTIN

We'll just keep talking, okay? It's
good that we can talk. I like that
about us.

ROSE

So do I.

MARTIN

We'll make a plan. Together.

Martin kisses Rose's forehead.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Let's just try to have a good time
this weekend. We can we do that,
can't we? Here. Try this.

Martin dips a spoon into the pot of puttanesca.
And raises it to Rose's lips.
Gingerly, Rose gives it a taste.

ROSE

Mm. That's good. That's perfect.

CUT TO:

DINING ROOM

Martin and Rose dine at a long, wooden table.
Twirling spaghetti around their forks.
Bathed in the flickering glow of taper candles.

Rose is freshly showered.
And has changed into a slinky backless dress.

Martin pours two more glasses of wine.
Then studies the bottle's label.

Rose gazes out a glass door to the back lawn.

ROSE

It's so dark outside. It could be
any time of night. I literally have
no idea what time it is.

MARTIN

What happened to that watch I
brought back from Paris? You don't
like it?

ROSE

No! I do! It's in my nightstand.

MARTIN

Do you want a different watch?
Something more modern?

ROSE

No! I think I'm just in a phase of
my life where I really like not
knowing what time it is. Just
existing. Living in the *now*. Does
that make sense?

MARTIN

Honestly? No.

Rose laughs.

ROSE

You're such a Virgo, aren't you? I forget that sometimes.

MARTIN

Yeah? What does that mean? What's a Virgo like?

ROSE

Virgos are the control freaks of the Zodiac. Virgos always plan a thousand steps ahead. They get to their appointments on time and they pay their taxes every quarter. That's why we're so good together. Geminis and Virgos are a natural match. We balance each other out, because I'm so unpredictable.

MARTIN

Is that right? I feel like I can read you like a book.

Martin grins playfully as he sips his wine. Then wipes his lips on a napkin.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You don't actually believe that Zodiac stuff, do you?

ROSE

Not really. It's just for fun. Mostly. But I think there's *some* truth to it. Like, studies have shown a lot of it is kind of true, actually.

MARTIN

What studies?

ROSE

I don't know. Studies. On the Internet. There's a whole science around it.

Martin smirks.

MARTIN

Baby. You know I think you're great. But astrology isn't a science.

ROSE

Well, of *course* it's not a science. I know that. I just mean there are a lot of things about the world science can't explain. Did you know scientists have no idea why we yawn? I saw this TV show about all the cosmic, unexplained mysteries no one understands. Like, dark matter. Scientists have no idea what dark matter is. There's just all this random junk floating around out there in the universe, and we have no clue what it's for. Doesn't that weird you out?

MARTIN

Maybe we just don't have the technology to understand it all. Human beings are limited.

ROSE

Or, maybe *science* is limited. Maybe the answers to some mysteries fall outside the realm of science. I just think it's very possible to believe in science and simultaneously believe our lives might be guided by forces greater than ourselves. Don't you?

Martin shrugs, a bit wearily.
He takes another sip of his wine.
Emptying the glass.

MARTIN

Maybe you're right. Maybe you're onto something.

ROSE

Of course I'm onto something.

Rose gazes back out the window.
Into the inky night.

CUT TO:

BACK LAWN

Clouds shift before a pale moon.
Stars glitter in a lightless sky.

Martin steps out of the living room.
And slides the back door shut behind him.

Then, he walks down the sloping back lawn.
Until he's safely out of earshot from the house.

He glances over a shoulder.
Covertly slips his phone from his pocket.
And dials a number.

He taps a toe while he waits for a DIAL TONE.
But the call is sent to voicemail.

Justine's voice seeps from the phone's speaker:

JUSTINE V/O
You've reached Justine. I can't
take your call right now. Please
leave a message!

BEEP!

Martin cups a hand around the phone.
And speaks into it with practiced nonchalance:

MARTIN
Hey, hon. Sorry I'm calling so
late. I hit traffic on the way in.
I *knew* I should have just flown.
Anyway, I just had tapas with Peter
and the gang. Now I'm back at the
hotel. I'm still a little hungry.
Tapas. So small. I might order some
room service. I'll try you again
tomorrow, okay? Miss you lots.
Ciao, bella.

Satisfied with himself, Martin ends the call.

He replaces his phone in his pocket.
And as he heads back up the hill to the house —

SLOWLY, WE PULL BACK —
Until we can see the unlit swimming pool.

SOMETHING is stirring beneath its surface.
Its black waters ROIL and BURBLE.
CHURNED by some strange, UNSEEN MAGIC.

CUT TO:

BATHROOM

A spacious, modern bathroom:
Sleek tile flooring.
Plush terrycloth towels.
A large window to the backyard.

Rose and Martin have sex under a rainfall shower.
Their carnal moans swallowed by the water's hiss.
Palms pressed to the tile wall.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

An airy, second-floor master bedroom.
French balcony doors are open to the night.
Sheer curtains billow in a warm breeze.

Martin and Rose cuddle on a California king.
Spooning beneath a pillowy duvet.

ROSE

Martin? One day, we should live
somewhere like this. Or in the
mountains. Or the beach. It doesn't
matter where. Just the two of us.

MARTIN

Mm. That sounds nice.

ROSE

This feels really good to me. Being
here with you.

MARTIN

Me, too.

ROSE

But I want you to know something. I
want you to know that these are
really important years of my life.
These aren't years I can afford to
lose. So if you're wasting my time,
I just need you to tell me, you
know? I'd be sad. But I know I'd be
okay with time. So I need you to
tell me. Okay?

Martin kisses Rose's neck.
And tucks a strand of hair behind her ear.

MARTIN

Baby. You mean everything to me.
You're the only girl in the world.

Martins wriggles closer to Rose.
And presses himself to the curl of her body.

CUT TO:

THE DEAD OF NIGHT

Clouds drift before a silver moon.
Crickets sing in the distant, dark trees.

Gradually, above their chirps —
WE HEAR the faint, measured sound of WATER:

SPLISH-SPLASH.
SPLISH-SPLASH.
SPLISH-SPLASH.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

Martin's eyes snap open.

SPLISH-SPLASH.
SPLISH-SPLASH.
SPLISH-SPLASH.

Martin listens.

SPLISH-SPLASH.
SPLISH-SPLASH.
SPLISH-SPLASH.

The sound is coming from the balcony doors.
Martin lifts his groggy head from the pillow.

MARTIN
Rose? Are you awake?

Rose moans sleepily.

Martin extracts an arm from under her neck.
And nudges her bare shoulder.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Rose? Do you hear something?

ROSE
Probably those ducks.

Rose tugs her pillow over her head.

Frowning, Martin throws off his blankets.
And slips noiselessly out of bed.

In the dark, he feels for his bathrobe.
Snatches it off a hook.
And throws it on over his underwear.

Then, Martin tiptoes toward the balcony doors.
Toward the steady, crescendoing sound:

SPLISH-SPLASH.
SPLISH-SPLASH.
SPLISH-SPLASH.

CUT TO:

BALCONY

Martin pulls aside the fluttering curtains.
Steps to the balcony's railing.
And squints.

In the distance: the POOL LIGHTS are on.
SOMEONE is swimming laps.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Martin hurries down the staircase in slippers.
And flicks on the living room lights with a palm.

He climbs onto the sofa.
Plucks one of the vintage pistols off the wall.
Opens the break-action.
And peers into the barrel.

It's loaded.

CUT TO:

BACK LAWN

Martin runs across the dewy, moonlit grass.
Until he arrives at the peak of the grassy slope.

From here, he can see down to the pool.
Where the mysterious swimmer is doing the backstroke.

Through the gloom, Martin can make out a woman's shape.
Young and lithe.
Wearing a strappy red bikini.

Martin cups a hand around his mouth to shout:

MARTIN
HEY! YOU THERE! THIS IS PRIVATE
PROPERTY!

But the swimmer keeps swimming.
Pointed toes fluttering.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
HEY! YOU HEAR ME? PRIVATE PROPERTY!
AIRBNB!

At last, the swimmer lifts her head from the water.
And pulls a web of wet hair from her face.

Martin lowers the pistol.
Brow rumpling with confusion when he sees —

THE SWIMMER IS NONE OTHER THAN ROSE.

ROSE
Martin!

Rose spots Martin on the lawn.
And waves cheerfully.

Confused, Martin turns to look back at the house.

But the second floor is still dark.
The balcony doors still open.
Its gossamer curtains still billowing.

Martin turns back to the pool.

MARTIN
Rose? What the hell are you doing?

ROSE
Taking a swim!

MARTIN
It must be three in the morning! I
thought you were a stranger! I
could have shot you for
trespassing!

Martin shuffles down to the swimming pool.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
I'm pretty sure I would have been
within my rights to shoot you. I
thought you were in bed. How... how
did you get down here so fast?

Rose breaststrokes to the shallow end.
Then climbs up the pool's ladder to meet Martin.
Dripping water onto the deck.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Jesus. You must be freezing cold.

Martin picks a towel off a deck chair.

Wraps it around Rose's shivering shoulders.
And is about to kiss her forehead, when —

ROSE O/S

Martin?

Martin's face pales.
Rose's voice, somehow, is coming from BEHIND HIM.

He turns again to look at the house.

Rose is standing on the balcony.
Cinching her bathrobe's sash around her waist.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Martin pours himself a whiskey from a bar cart.
Filling a tumbler to its rim.

MARTIN

So let me get this straight. You
claim your name is *Rose*.

Behind Martin, the Roses sit on a divan.
Rose #1 wears her bathrobe over a nightgown.
Rose #2 wears the beach towel over her swimsuit.

They stare into each other's identical eyes.

ROSE #2

That's right.

MARTIN

And this isn't some sort of
elaborate prank.

ROSE #2

Oh, no, Martin. Definitely not.

MARTIN

Then perhaps you could explain to
me and Rose here how it's possible
for two absolutely identical people
with the same name to be sitting in
the same living room at the same
place at the same time?

Rose #2 shakes her head.

ROSE #2

I'm sorry. I really wish I knew.

ROSE #1

Well, you have to think. You're freaking me here. Where were you tonight before you went swimming in the pool?

ROSE #2

I already told you, I don't remember. When I try to picture the last few hours, everything is just so... *fuzzy*. I feel as if I've awakened from a long, strange nap. I'm sorry. This has never happened to me before. This is really so embarrassing.

ROSE #1

Okay. Okay. We aren't mad at you, Rose. We just want to help you and figure this whole thing out.

Martin grunts.

ROSE #2

I'm sorry. I just really don't know what else to tell you. I suppose the simplest explanation is that I manifested out of thin air.

MARTIN

What? That's not a simple explanation at all. That doesn't explain anything.

ROSE #1

Martin. Be gentle.

MARTIN

People don't just *duplicate* while they're on vacation. That isn't how the world works. Perhaps you were identical twins who were separated at birth and both named Rose. That's possible. It's not likely, but it's possible.

ROSE #1

Is it?

MARTIN

Well, there's *some* logic to it. And really, there has got to be a logical explanation for this, hasn't there?

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Now, Rose, I'm going to give you one more chance to explain what it is exactly that you're doing in my Airbnb, and if you tell me again you have no idea how it is you've come to be here, I'll have no choice but to call the police and have you arrested for breaking and entering.

At this, Rose #2 starts crying.
Rose #1 awkwardly rubs her back.

ROSE #1

It's okay. Don't worry, Rose.

ROSE #2

I'm sorry. I think I'm really confused.

MARTIN

All right. Enough of this. I need an answer or I'm calling the cops.

ROSE #1

Martin! Stop pressing her. Rose has already said she doesn't remember anything. Maybe she hit her head and had a concussion.

ROSE #2

My head *does* really hurt.

With a huff, Martin steps to the back doors.
And peers into the backyard.

Outside, the night is silent and calm.
Starlight glimmers on the pool's placid surface.

ROSE #1

Look. I don't think we're going to get anywhere more tonight. Really, I think the best thing we can do is get some sleep. We've all had long days of driving and swimming and duplicating. In the morning, why don't we all take a long walk and keep talking about cosmic happenstance. Okay?

Martin whips around.
And looks sharply between the Roses.

MARTIN

Absolutely not. No way. She is not staying here.

ROSE #1

And why not?

MARTIN

Why not? Because we didn't invite her, Rose, that's why not. We don't know *who* she is, or *what* she is, or *why* she's here. Besides, the AirBnb listing specifically said no guests allowed. So, that's that. Rules are rules. Goodbye, Rose. Have a nice night.

ROSE #1

Martin, it's four in the morning. Where do you expect Rose to go?

MARTIN

I don't care where she goes. She can vanish back into thin air for all I care.

ROSE #1

I'm trying not to get upset, but literally how *dare* you speak to Rose that way?

ROSE #2

It's okay. Martin's right. I should go.

ROSE #1

Don't even think about it. Martin doesn't know what he's talking about. This house is big enough for the three of us. You can sleep here on the sofa tonight until we figure out where you need to go.

Rose turns her gaze pointedly to Martin.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)

And if you want to have sex with me again this weekend, Martin, that's the end of this discussion.

Martin folds his arms across his chest.
But wilts under Rose #1's icy glare.

CUT TO:

LATER

Rose #1 spreads a duvet across the sofa.
And fluffs the pillows with care.

Rose #2 enters from a hallway.
Dressed in a pair of silk pajamas.

ROSE #1
Do they fit?

ROSE #2
Yes. Perfectly.

ROSE #1
I love those pajamas. Aren't they
amazing?

Rose #2 runs her fingers over the pajamas' fabric.

ROSE #2
You know, I have the strangest
feeling I've worn pajamas just like
these before. Maybe I'm starting to
get my memories back.

ROSE #1
That's good, Rose. You're probably
just tired and need some rest.

Rose #1 folds back the duvet for Rose #2.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)
Here you go. You should be all set.

ROSE #2
Thank you. And — I want to
apologize. I'm really sorry for
showing up like this unannounced. I
didn't mean to cause any trouble.

ROSE #1
Rose. Please. You don't have to say
that.

ROSE #2
No, I do. I really wish I had a
better explanation for how it is
I've ended up here.

Rose #1 lowers her voice to a hush.

ROSE #1

If I'm being honest, things have been a little tense between me and Martin lately. It'll be nice to have another person in the house this weekend. Especially when that other person is you.

ROSE #2

Thanks. That means a lot coming from you.

Rose #1 crosses to the spiral staircase. Then turns back with a smile.

ROSE #1

Good night, Rose. Try to get some sleep. Oh! We said that at the same time!

ROSE #2 (CONT'D)

Good night, Rose. Try to get some sleep. Oh! We said that at the same time!

The Roses smile at each other. Rose #1 exits up the stairs.

Rose #2 swings her legs onto the sofa. And rests her head on her pillow.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

Martin lies alone in bed. Staring anxiously into the ceiling beams.

Rose #1 enters from the stairwell.

ROSE #1

Okay. She's in bed.

MARTIN

Fantastic.

Rose #1 marches grumpily around the bed. And climbs under the duvet beside Martin.

ROSE #1

I don't know *why* you had to be so rude, Martin.

MARTIN

It concerns me that you don't see a problem with this situation.

ROSE #1

It's a strange situation,
obviously. But strange things
happen all the time. Maybe this is
just one of the mysteries of the
cosmos that we'll never fully
understand. And you know what? I'm
okay with that.

MARTIN

Well, I'm *not*. I don't like that
one bit. I can't explain it, but I
have a feeling letting that person
stay in this house is a very bad
idea.

ROSE #1

Don't call her *that person*. Her
name is Rose. And I like her.

Rose #1 reaches for a bedside lamp.
And flicks it off.

MARTIN

Hey. Okay. Okay. I'm sorry.

Martin scoots toward Rose #1.
He kisses her earlobe in an attempt at seduction.
And clumsily caresses a breast with his hand.

Rose #1 swats it away.

ROSE #1

What are you doing?

MARTIN

You said if I let her stay...

ROSE #1

Don't even think about it.

Rose #1 rolls away from Martin.
And scoots to the far edge of the bed.

CUT TO:

MORNING

A lazy sun rises behind the villa's roof.
Birds twitter in the cypress trees.

PRE-LAP: A kettle's shrill WHISTLE.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

Rose #1 pours herself a mug of steaming water.
And drops in a bag of herbal tea, when —

ROSE #2 V/O
Good morning, Rose!

Rose #2 pads in from the living room.
Rubbing sleep from her eyes.
Dressed in a sundress borrowed from Rose #1.

ROSE #1
Good morning. Ooh, that dress looks
great on you. Did you sleep okay?

ROSE #2
Really well, thank you. It's so
quiet here. I love it.

ROSE #1
And how are you feeling? Do you
remember anything more about what
happened yesterday?

ROSE #2
Yes, actually. A little more. I
remember Martin picking me up at my
apartment in San Francisco. I
remember we bought groceries and
saltwater taffy at a little general
store. And I remember we got in an
argument, and then I went for a
swim in the pool. But that's all.
When I try to think about anything
that happened after that, I get a
headache.

ROSE #1
How strange.

ROSE #2
What?

ROSE #1
All those things you remember...
they happened to me. I guess since
you're my duplicate, you must have
the same brain and memories I do,
too.

Rose #1 blows steam from her tea.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)
I suppose this is all a little
awkward, then, isn't it?

ROSE #2
Awkward? Why?

ROSE #1
Well, in your mind, you've been
dating Martin for eleven months,
too. Which means we're both in love
with the same man.

Rose #2 lets out an involuntary laugh.

ROSE #2
In love? With Martin?

ROSE #1
Well, aren't you?

ROSE #2
Oh, God, no. I'm not in love with
Martin. Sometimes, I can hardly
stand him.

ROSE #1
But I don't understand.

ROSE #2
My relationship with Martin isn't
serious. We have fun, sure. But if
I'm being honest, I think he's kind
of an idiot.

Rose #1's brow crinkles.

ROSE #1
But, if your brain is the same as
my brain, shouldn't we feel the
same way about everything?

ROSE #2
Hm. You'd think so. Maybe we're
only 99.9% alike. When you were
duplicated, maybe the process had
some flaws, resulting in small
variations between you and me. For
example, I did notice I have a
small mole above my lip, but you
don't. Also, I don't have a
bellybutton.

Rose #2 lifts up her pajama top.

Revealing a smooth, BUTTONLESS belly.

ROSE #1
Well... if we're not twins, and
we're not doubles... what are we?

ROSE #2
I don't really know. I guess we're
just Roses.

The Roses smile at each other.

CUT TO:

BACK LAWN

Rose #1 and Rose #2 play volleyball in the sun.
Batting a beach ball over a net strung between trees.
Wearing Martin's button-downs over their bikinis.

Rose #2 sets the ball to Rose #1.
As Rose #1 bumps it back to Rose #2, we PAN TO —

The second-floor balcony.
Where Martin is standing, arms akimbo.
Sullenly watching the Roses' volleyball game.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

In sundresses, the Roses prepare a salad.

Rose #2 dices an onion with a chef's knife.
Rose #1 dices a red pepper.
Their cuts in perfectly synchronicity:

CHOP!
CHOP!
CHOP!

As they slice, the Roses sing to the beat.
Identical voices melding in angelic harmony:

ROSE #1
(singing)
*Just the two of us! We can
make it if we try! Just the
two of us! Just the two of
us! Building castles in the
sky! Just the two of us! You
and I!*

ROSE #2
(singing)
*Just the two of us! We can
make it if we try! Just the
two of us! Just the two of
us! Building castles in the
sky! Just the two of us! You
and I!*

CUT TO:

DINING ROOM

Martin and the Roses sit at the table.
Eating salads and squares of cheesy lasagna.

Glumly, Martin pushes food around his plate.
While the Roses sip wine and chatter.

ROSE #1

There's a thrift store in the city
I have to take you to. I think
you'll love it.

ROSE #2

The one near the park? I bought an
armoire there once.

ROSE #1

Oh! Me too! I keep forgetting we've
lived the same life and,
consequently, own all the same
furniture.

ROSE #2

Well, 99.9% of the same furniture!

ROSE #1

What? That makes no sense! You're
so funny, Rose!

The Roses laugh brightly.
Martin rolls his tongue over his teeth.

MARTIN

I don't get it.

ROSE #1

Sorry, Martin. It's an inside joke
between me and Rose.

MARTIN

Right. I'm glad the two of you are
having such a marvelous time
together.

ROSE #1

Oh, Martin. You're not still
sulking about Rose's existence, are
you?

Martin shrugs.

MARTIN

All I wanted was a few quiet days alone with you, Rose. That's all. Just a few quiet days to have a little fun together.

Rose #2 smirks.

ROSE #2

Wow. You're jealous, aren't you? You can't handle the fact that Rose and I have been having an absolute blast all day long, can you? You hate having to share Rose with someone else.

MARTIN

Maybe I am a little jealous. So what if I want Rose all to myself? Is that so bad?

ROSE #2

So, let me get this straight. This whole time you and Rose have been dating, these past eleven months, you've been waking up every day next to Justine. Every day, you've had a wife to cook you breakfast and make you coffee. You've had someone to gossip with, someone to listen to your stories and secrets. And all that time, Rose has been all alone, waiting by her phone, waiting to hear your voice for five minutes at a time. And now, for just one day, Rose has been having fun playing volleyball with her doppelgänger, and you expect her to feel guilty about that. Did I get that right?

Martin downs the last swig of his wine.

MARTIN

All right. Fine.

Martin scoots his seat back from the table. Then walks away from the table. And crosses the dining room to the staircase.

ROSE #1

Where are you going?

MARTIN

You want to spend time together?
Great. Do it. I can tell when I'm
not wanted.

ROSE #1

Martin. It's not like that. Come
back.

MARTIN

You know, I think maybe it's best
if I just go.

ROSE #1

Martin, wait. Don't do this.

But Martin stomps up the stairs to the bedroom.
And disappears from the Roses' sight.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)

Martin, please!

Rose #1 turns to Rose #2.
Her face drawn with worry.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)

Oh, dear. Now he's angry. Why did
you have to say those things, Rose?

ROSE #2

Because he needed to hear them.

Panicked tears well in Rose #1's eyes.

ROSE #1

That's easy for you to say. For
you, this is just a silly fling.
But to me, Martin is everything. I
can't imagine my future without
him. And I *know* you have your
doubts about him, and I get that.
But I love Martin so dearly. And
now you've scared him away.

ROSE #2

I'm just trying to look out for
you.

ROSE #1

But I didn't ask you to do that. I
want us all to have a good time.

(MORE)

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)

I want Martin to have so much fun
he realizes this is how it could
always be. I just want Martin to
have a good time.

Rose #2 nods.

Then stands from the table.

ROSE #2

All right. Then let's make that
happen.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

The Roses enter from the stairwell.

Martin is picking his clothes up off the floor.
Making a show of packing his suitcase.

ROSE #2

Martin? Are you okay?

MARTIN

Never better.

Martin crosses briskly to a closet.
And yanks his polo shirts off their hangers.

ROSE #2

What are you doing?

MARTIN

I think it's best if I go home now.
You two are free to stay until the
AirBnb booking ends, and you can
take a taxi back to the city. Just
make sure to clean up after
yourselves when you go.

ROSE #2

Martin, baby, don't be like this.
I'm sorry if I've offended you. I
didn't mean anything by it.

MARTIN

I think this whole trip has just
gotten a little too complicated,
and I don't think I'm going to have
a lot more fun here. If I'm being
honest, I find it a bit unnerving
having both of you around. It's
unnatural.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Two people aren't really supposed
to be perfectly identical to each
other.

Martin pointedly zips up his suitcase.

ROSE #2

But we're not identical, Martin.
That's what we've been trying to
tell you.

MARTIN

Well, you're pretty darn close.

Suddenly, Rose #2 takes a step toward Martin.
He freezes as she moves her fingers to his chest.

ROSE #2

You know, if you try hard enough, I
bet you could find a few a
differences between us.

Rose #2 unfastens the top button of his shirt.
Freeing a tuft of graying chest hair.

Martin meets her cool, seductive glare.
But doesn't protest.

Rose #2 moves her lips to Martin's face.
Presses them to his mouth.
And slips her tongue between his teeth.

Rose #2 feels for Rose #1's hand.
And pulls her toward her.

The Roses begin to kiss.
Identical tongues intertwining.
Identical hands interlocking.
Identical bodies pressed together.

Rose #2 pulls her sundress over her head.
Eagerly, Martin slips out of his shirt.
And as the three of them MOVE TOWARD THE BED, we —

FADE TO:

CLOSE-UPS

Martin and the two Roses have sex.
Naked bodies shrouded in satin sheets.

Moonlight glints off alabaster skin.
Fingertips dig into flesh.
Lips meet.

Limbs tangle.
A symphony of MOANS and WHISPERS and HEARTBEATS.

Martin trawls his fingers through Rose #1's hair.
And grazes them over Rose #2's buttonless belly.

The Roses GASP in unison.
Martin beams with rapturous pleasure.

CUT TO:

MORNING

Martin's eyes flutter open.
He squints into a beam of golden sunlight.

Rose #1 is seated on the bed beside him.
Gently stroking his messy hair.

ROSE #1
Morning, sleepyhead. Did you have a
nice time last night?

Martin nods like a mischievous schoolboy.
Rose #1 kisses his forehead.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)
So did I.

MARTIN
Do we have anything for breakfast?
I'm famished.

As if on cue, Rose #2 enters from the stairwell.
Balancing three plates of pancakes on her forearms.

ROSE #2
I hope everyone's in the mood for
pancakes!

Martin sits up eagerly as Rose #2 climbs onto the bed.
And hands him a plate of fluffy pancakes.
Smothered in strawberry sauce and whipped cream.

ROSE #2 (CONT'D)
Open wide.

Rose #2 gathers a forkful of syrupy dough.
And airplanes it into Martin's mouth.

A glob of whipped cream sticks to his nose.
The Roses chirp with laughter.

ROSE #2 (CONT'D)
Oh! Martin!

ROSE #1
Here. Let me get that for you.

Rose #1 licks whipped cream off Martin's nose.

CUT TO:

FRONT YARD

Martin and the Roses wheel bicycles out of a garage.
Into the dry heat of a beating noontime sun.

The Roses wear sundresses and plimsolls.
Martin wears short shorts and boat shoes.

He hops onto his bike.
Steadying himself as he glides down a brick pathway.

CUT TO:

WOODS

A cool afternoon breeze whispers through pines.

Martin and the Roses ride their bikes.
Down a dirt trail that borders a clear lake.

DING! DING!
Rose #1 chimes her bicycle's bell.
And pumps her pedals.
Playfully overtaking Rose #2.

Rose #2 laughs as she tries to regain her lead.

Behind them, Martin smiles.
Weaving his bike through patches of sunshine.
Cool, coastal wind in his hair.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

The lights have been lowered.

Martin lies on the bed in silk boxers.
The Roses kneel over him in their nightgowns.

ROSE #2
Has someone been a naughty boy?

Martin grins.

MARTIN
Guilty as charged.

ROSE #2
Then I think someone needs a time-
out. What do you think, Rose?

Rose #2 reaches under a pillow.
And extracts a pair of jingling SEX HANDCUFFS.

Rose #1 grabs Martin's arm.
And thrusts it forcefully over his head.
Rose #2 claps one cuff around his wrist.
And secures the other to the headboard.

Martin grins as Rose #2 straddles him.
And voraciously sucks his tongue.

She moves her lips down his chin and neck.
Opens her mouth wide, and —

CHOMP!
Rose #2 BITES Martin's shoulder.
Hard.

Martin yowls in pain.

MARTIN
OW!

He looks down at his shoulder.
Imprinted in his skin: deep TEETHMARKS.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
What the hell?

ROSE #2
Don't you know? Some Roses are
sweet. But others have thorns.

Rose #2 flashes a bloody, toothy grin.
Martin smiles back.
A little turned on.
A little terrified.

Then, the Roses straddle Martin again.
And as the three make out, we PAN AWAY and —

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

Crisp morning sunlight floods the house.

The Roses prepare breakfast in matching pajamas.
Looking tired and sated from yesterday's fun.

Rose #1 flips a slice of French toast in a pan.
Rose #2 fills a mug with coffee.

ROSE #2

Ooh, that smells good. Should we
eat outside on the patio today?

ROSE #2 (CONT'D)

Yes, let's! It looks like it's
going to be another beautiful day
today.

ROSE #1

Also, Rose? I've been meaning to
say something to you. I really want
to thank you.

ROSE #2

Thank me? For what?

ROSE #1

For everything you've been doing
for me and Martin. Things weren't
going especially well before you
showed up. Martin can just be such
a *man* sometimes. He's insatiable.
Sometimes, it's hard to know if I'm
ever *enough* for him. But now that
you're here, I'm not worried about
that. I finally feel like he's
satisfied.

ROSE #2

Good. I'm glad to help. I feel such
a connection with you, Rose. If
you're happy, I'm happy.

ROSE #1

And I *am* happy. I think this might
be the most fun I've had with
Martin since... I don't know when.
Our trip to La Jolla?

ROSE #2

I *loved* that trip. I wish you had
been there.

ROSE #1

I *was* there. You just weren't there
when I was there.

ROSE #2
It's strange having all the same
memories. It doesn't really makes
sense, does it?

ROSE #1
Not at all.

The Roses smile warmly at each other.

Rose #1 plates the French toast.
And drizzles syrup over it.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)
Okay. This is just about ready. Why
don't you let Martin know?

CUT TO:

BATHROOM

Martin stands under the rainfall shower.
Lathering his hair with shampoo.

He stops to examine the teethmarks in his shoulder.
Winching as he grazes a fingertip across them.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

The bedsheets are rumpled from last night's lovemaking.

Rose #2 enters from the stairwell.
And crosses to the closed bathroom door.
Through it, she can hear the shower's HISS.

ROSE #2
Martin?

Rose #2 knocks softly.

ROSE #2 (CONT'D)
Breakfast is ready!

MARTIN O/S
Thank you, baby! Out in a minute!

Rose #2 turns away from the door.
And is about to head back downstairs, when —

DING!
She hears the CHIME of a digital alert.

Slowly, Rose #2 turns.
To see Martin's phone charging on a nightstand.

DING!

DING!

DING!

Three more texts in rapid succession.

Rose #2 glances again at the bathroom door.
Then, she tiptoes to the nightstand.
And picks up the phone.

Rose #2 presses the power button.
But is met by Martin's lockscreen.

Rose #2 squeezes her eyes shut.
Trying to remember his passcode.

ROSE #2

Three, one, four, five, three,
nine.

Speedily, Rose #2 inputs the code.
The lock screen vanishes.
And a TEXT THREAD fills the screen.

Rose's eyes narrow as she reads it.

CUT TO:

BALCONY

Rose gazes across the grounds.
Jaw clenched with righteous anger.
A breeze in her hair.

Behind her: the bathroom door opens.
And Martin emerges in his undershorts.
Vigorously drying his damp hair with a towel.
A fresh Band-Aid over his wound.

He crosses to the open balcony doors.
And ducks through the billowing curtains.

MARTIN

Morning, baby. Which one are you?

Playfully, he lifts Rose #2's tee-shirt.
Revealing her buttonless belly.

But Rose #2 swats his hand away.
Glaring daggers at Martin.

ROSE #2
Who the *fuck* is Kayla?

Martin blinks.
His expression composed and inscrutable.

MARTIN
Kayla? Who's Kayla?

ROSE #2
That's what I'm asking you.

MARTIN
I don't know any Kaylas.

ROSE #2
Don't try me, Martin. Who the fuck
is Kayla?

Rose #2 thrusts Martin's phone in his face.
On its screen: a SELFIE of a pretty YOUNG BRUNETTE.
Naked and swaddled in bedsheets.
Winking into her camera.

MARTIN
Is that my phone? How do you know
my password?

ROSE #2
Rose saw you enter it when we
arrived at the gate. Three, one,
four, five, three, nine. Don't
forget, I have all of Rose's
memories.

Martin peers over the balcony railing.
Below, Rose #1 hums as she sets a patio table.
And pours glasses of lemon water from a carafe.

Martin lowers his voice to a hush:

MARTIN
Kayla was my summer intern. She
needed help finding a new job.
Okay? That's all. She texts me
sometimes. I haven't seen her in
months.

ROSE #2
And what about Rose? Does Rose know
she's not the only girl in your
life?

MARTIN

What Rose knows is she's having an affair with a married man. That's what Rose knows. She's not as innocent as she likes to pretend. She's a willing participant in this.

ROSE #2

Because she thinks you're going to leave Justine!

MARTIN

Keep your voice down!

ROSE #2

Don't you see? Rose thinks you're going to get a cabin together in the mountains together. Rose sees the best in you, Martin. She's a gentle soul, much gentler than I am. In the short time I've known Rose, I've grown quite fond of her. I think of her as a sister. More than a sister. I feel a great responsibility to protect her. And I really don't want to see her get hurt.

Martin tries to snatch his phone from Rose #2. Teasingly, Rose #2 yanks it away.

ROSE #2 (CONT'D)

Martin. I'm sorry, but you have to end your marriage.

MARTIN

Excuse me?

ROSE #2

This has gone on long enough. You have to tell Justine. These lies you tell? They're starting to catch up with you. You have to make this right before it's too late.

MARTIN

Don't be ridiculous. I'm not ending my marriage. I'm not doing anything just because you tell me to.

ROSE #2

The longer you wait to tell
Justine, the worse it's going to
get. Just a day ago, you were
having an affair with *two* women.
Now that I've materialized, you're
having an affair with *three*. Make
it happen, Martin. I'm giving you
until the end of this trip to call
Justine and break things off.

MARTIN

Oh, yeah? Or... what?

Wordlessly, Rose #2 smirks.
Then holds out Martin's phone.

ROSE #2

Come on, baby. Let's have some
breakfast.

Martin grabs his phone from her hand.
Big nostrils flaring with anger.

CUT TO:

BACK LAWN

Lilting birdsongs fill the morning air.
The Roses sit opposite Martin at the patio table.
Eating gooey bites of French Toast.

Martin sits with folded arms.
His smoldering glower fixed on Rose #2.

ROSE #1

Martin? Are you okay? You haven't
touched your food.

Rose #2 sneers provocatively at Martin.
Martin saws off a piece of French toast.
His venomous gaze still fixed on Rose #2.

CUT TO:

WOODS

The Roses hike side-by-side down the dirt trail.
Under a vivid pink sunset.
Chattering gaily about nothing in particular:

ROSE #1

When we get back, we should really
set up our Etsy shop.
(MORE)

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)

I could use your help. Maybe you could model the jewelry and I'll take photos?

ROSE #2

No, you should be the model. You're a Gemini. You're so expressive.

ROSE #1

Aren't you a Gemini, too?

ROSE #2

You know what? I don't know. I don't think I have a sign. I'm not sure I was ever born.

Rose #1 looks back over a shoulder to see —

Martin walking ten paces behind the Roses.
Still scowling at Rose #2.

ROSE #1

Is Martin feeling okay? He seems a little off today. Has he mentioned if something's bothering him?

ROSE #2

No, nothing. He's probably just bummed the trip is coming to an end.

CUT TO:

BACK LAWN

The Roses frolic in the swimming pool.
Each reclined in her own flamingo pool float.

They splash each other with water.
Mirthful shrieks echoing off the hills.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Martin stands at the back doors.
Lost in ponderous thought.

He swishes his wine around his glass.
As he watches the Roses cavort in the pool.

Then, finally, he reaches into his pocket.
And extracts his phone.

With a sigh, Martin pulls up his speed-dial list.
And holds his thumb over Justine's number.

Then, MOMENTS BEFORE HE TAPS IT, we —

SMASH TO:

BEDROOM

Dawn's light bleeds through the balcony curtains.

The Roses are sound asleep in bed.
Snoring sweetly.

Suddenly, Martin's hand appears from OFFSCREEN.
And nudges Rose #2's shoulder.

She groans and opens an eyelid to see —

Martin smiling down at her.
Already dressed for the day.
Eyes sparkling waggishly.

MARTIN
(whispering)
Hey! You! Rise and shine!

With a groan, Rose #2 lifts her head.

ROSE #2
What time is it?

MARTIN
Early. Come for a walk with me.

ROSE #2
Right now?

MARTIN
You don't have to get dressed. Just
throw on a jacket. I want to show
you something.

CUT TO:

ROAD

Martin maneuver's around the gate to the estate.
Then offers a hand to Rose #2.
And helps her squeeze around the gatepost after him.

MARTIN

It's just a half-mile down the road.

CUT TO:

HIGHWAY

Martin and Rose #2 walk around a two-lane highway. Along bluffs overlooking a glittering ocean.

They shout above the whooshing wind:

ROSE #2

Martin? It's really cold!

MARTIN

We're almost there. I want you to see this sunrise. I read about this place on the web. It's supposed to be one of the most beautiful lookouts on the coast, and nobody knows about it! Apparently, you can see all the way out to the edge of the ocean!

ROSE #2

Why couldn't Rose #1 come with us?

MARTIN

Because I want to talk to you. We haven't had much time to connect, just the two of us. I want to let you know how much I appreciate your advice. I know I was resistant yesterday. But last night, while you two were swimming, I did it. I called Justine.

ROSE #2

You did? Martin!

MARTIN

It wasn't an easy conversation. And Justine certainly isn't happy with me. But it's a relief to finally just tell her everything. About Rose, and about Kayla. To just get everything off my chest. I feel ten times lighter.

ROSE #2

Martin! That's really good. That's a really big step.

MARTIN

I don't know what will happen now.
I think Justine will want to take
some space. She wants to
consciously uncouple, whatever that
means. And I should probably do
some therapy. But it felt so
liberating to just be honest. I
haven't been honest like that in a
really long time.

ROSE #2

You did good, Martin. You did the
right thing.

Just then, the shoulder opens onto a LOOKOUT.
Waves crash against distant skerries.
Flocks of seagulls soar before a waxing sunrise.

ROSE #2 (CONT'D)

Oh, wow.

In awe, Rose #2 walks toward the cliff's edge.
And steps to the guardrail.
Shielding her eyes from the brilliant sunrise.

ROSE #2 (CONT'D)

Oh, my God. You weren't kidding.
This view is *everything*.

MARTIN O/S

Isn't it?

Rose #2 turns back to grin at Martin.

ROSE #2

You know what's funny? I know I
haven't existed for all that long.
But because I have Rose's memories,
I feel like I've been alive for
years.

She turns back to the view.
And sighs at the ocean's grandeur.

Behind Rose, Martin reaches into his jacket.
And pulls out a PISTOL he took from the house.

ROSE #2 (CONT'D)

And I think I can honestly say...
I think this might be the most
beautiful thing I've seen in Rose's
entire life.

Silently, Martin raises the gun.
Slips a finger over its trigger.
And aims its muzzle between Rose's ears.

Martin squeezes his eyes shut.
And pulls the gun's trigger.
BANG!

Offscreen: a throttled SCREAM.

Martin opens his eyes.
Rose is no longer at the guardrail.

Martin lowers the pistol.
Heart pounding with exhilaration.

He crosses to the cliff's edge.
And peers down.

Two hundred feet below:
Rose's body is SPRAWLED on sharp rocks.
Her limbs TWISTED unnaturally.
Her neck SNAPPED.

Dark blood seeps from her head.
And mingles with the frothy surf.

CUT TO:

HIGHWAY

Martin walks at a clip along the shoulder.
Hands jammed in his trouser pockets.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Martin eases the front door open.
And peeks inside.

To his relief, the living room is empty.

Martin tiptoes into the living room.
Keeping the pistol hidden behind his back.

He hops onto the sofa.
And replaces the gun in its rack.

MARTIN
(calling out)
Rose? Baby? Are you awake?

Martin steps down from the sofa.

Then crosses to the open kitchen door.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Rose?

It's at that moment that Martin hears faint LAUGHTER.
A CHORUS of familiar giggles from the back lawn.
All at EXACTLY THE SAME pitch and timbre.

Frowning, Martin rounds the living room sofa.
And follows the sound to the back door.

His eyes WIDEN IN HORROR when he sees —

Outside, FIVE ROSES are playing volleyball.
All dressed in identical red bikinis.
All bumping the ball between taut forearms.

A lump of dread catches in Martin's throat.

All five Roses stop when they see Martin.
All five Roses wave.

CUT TO:

BACK LAWN

Martin strides briskly across the grass.
Fists clenched.
Cheeks red.

MARTIN

HEY!

The Roses stop playing volleyball.
And turn towards Martin as he approaches.

ROSES (IN UNISON)

HI, MARTIN!

ROSE #1

Where were you this morning?

ROSE #5

We finished off the coffee. We hope
that's okay!

ROSE #7

We didn't know if you'd eaten
breakfast!

Martin looks between the five Roses.

Their faces, he notice, all look slightly different.

Set apart by minor genetic variations and flaws:
 Rose #3 has sharp, pronounced cheekbones.
 Rose #4 has pointy ears and a cleft chin.
 Rose #5 has a second nose growing from her cheek.
 Rose #6 has buggy, oversized eyes.
 Rose #7 has sixteen fingers.

MARTIN
 What the hell is going on here?
 Where did you all come from?

ROSE #3
 We climbed out of the swimming
 pool!

ROSE #4
 That's right. The five of us have
 concluded that the pool duplicates
 us.

MARTIN
 The *what* does *what*?

ROSE #5
 The pool, Martin.

ROSE #6
 The pool, Martin.

ROSE #1
 The pool duplicates us.

ROSE #7
 The pool duplicates us.

Rose #3 tosses the beach ball over the net.
 Angrily, Martin snatches it out of the air.
 His face turning a rich shade of magenta.

MARTIN
 What do you *mean* the pool
 duplicates you?

ROSE #1
 It's very simple.

MARTIN
 I can guarantee that whatever
 you're about to say is not simple.

ROSE #1
 Remember our first day here at the
 house? A few hours after I went for
 a swim, we discovered Rose swimming
 in the pool, right? Well, last
 night, Rose and I took another
 swim. And this morning, I found two
 more Roses swimming in the pool.

ROSE #3

After that, the three of us took another swim.

ROSE #4

And in twenty minutes, there were three more of us.

ROSES #5, #6, AND #7

HI, MARTIN.

Martin gulps.

MARTIN

Twenty minutes?

ROSE #6

That's right. The pool must be getting faster at duplicating us now that it's all warmed up.

ROSE #7

Or, maybe the pool takes random amounts of time to duplicate us, and there aren't really any rules to any of this.

ROSE #4

The rules are confusing.

ROSE #5

All we know is there are more of us now than there were before.

ROSE #3

And that's good enough for us.

Martin turns and frowns at the glittering pool.

MARTIN

All right. Listen up. From now on, no more swimming. Not one of you is to go in the pool again. Is that understood?

With that, Martin storms off toward the pool. Hugging the beach ball to his chest.

CUT TO:

DECK

Martin steps onto the wooden deck. And stares down into the clear water.

The pool is a calm, still mirror.
Cottonball clouds drift across its surface.

Martin holds the ball at arm's length.
And drops it.

SPLISH!

The beach ball lands in the pool.

Martin puts his hands on his hips.
Half expecting something unusual to happen.
And very much hoping nothing does.

A moment later, the water begins to FROTH.
BUBBLES bloom and pop on the surface.
As a WHIRLPOOL forms around the ball.
Summoning the waters into a spumy SWIRL.

Suddenly, THE BALL IS PULLED UNDERWATER.
As if it's been SUCKED into the eye of a hurricane.

As Martin rubs the back of his neck —

ROSE #1 V/O

Martin?

Rose #1 trots down the grassy incline.
And joins Martin at the edge of the pool.

ROSE #1

Baby? You aren't mad at me, are
you?

MARTIN

Mad? I'm *furious*. This whole thing
is an absolute nightmare. I didn't
like having two of you around. How
do you think I feel now that there
are *five*?

ROSE #1

I thought we were having a great
time. I didn't hear you complaining
when we were having sex or riding
bicycles. It really seemed like you
were coming around to the idea of
there being more than one Rose.

Rose tries to put a hand on Martin's shoulder.
But Martin turns petulantly away.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)

Speaking of Rose... have you seen
her anywhere?

(MORE)

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)

I've looked all over for her this morning, but I don't know where she's gone off to.

Martin shrugs and shakes his head.

MARTIN

I don't know. I think she said something about taking a walk in the woods or something.

ROSE #1

She did? When?

MARTIN

This morning, when I woke up.

ROSE #1

Rose went for a walk this morning? By herself?

MARTIN

I guess. She mentioned it in passing, and then she went downstairs. I don't know, Rose. I was still half asleep.

ROSE #1

Well, maybe I should go into the woods to look for her.

MARTIN

No! No, no. Why don't we all just stay here and have some lunch. I'm sure Rose will come back when she's hungry.

ROSE #1

Hm. Really? All right. Because the other Roses really want to meet her. They have such fond memories of her from our collective consciousness.

As Rose squints into the distant treeline —

PLIP!

PLIP!

TWO BEACH BALLS suddenly rise from depths of the pool. And bob peacefully across its surface.

A moment later, the water stops bubbling. The ripples subside.

And the pool returns to a state of tranquility.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

At the counter, the Roses prepare an entrée salad.
Chopping fresh vegetables with perfect synchronicity:

CHOP!

CHOP!

CHOP!

As they cook, the Roses sing a familiar song.
Identical voices melding in five-part harmony:

ROSES (IN UNISON)

(singing)

*Just the six of us! We can make it
if we try! Just the six of us! Just
the six of us! Building castles in
the sky! Just the six of us! You
and us!*

CUT TO:

DINING ROOM

The six Roses and Martin sit at the table.
Eating from bowls of green salad.

Rose #1 looks to an empty seat beside her.
And sighs despondently.

ROSE #1

I feel so bad eating when Rose
isn't here. Do you think we should
wait?

MARTIN

Nah. Let's dig in. Go on, ladies.
Stop worrying about Rose. Rose is
fine, wherever she is.

ROSE #4

But she's been gone for hours,
hasn't she? She must be taking a
very a long walk.

ROSE #6

What time did you say she left,
Martin?

MARTIN

I really don't know. I wasn't looking at the clock.

ROSE #5

It'll be getting dark soon.
You didn't see which direction she walked off in, did you, Martin?

Martin shifts in his seat.

MARTIN

I've told you, I really don't know where Rose is. The whole interaction happened in a few seconds. I woke up. Rose was getting dressed. She said something about taking a walk the woods. I didn't think much of it. And then I went downstairs to make some coffee, and she was gone. All right? Now, would one of you please pass the salad dressing?

Rose #6 passes Martin a dressing cruet.
But her eyes are narrow with suspicion.

Martin douses his salad in dressing.
Trying to avoid the Roses' searing gazes, when —

At the end of the table, Rose #4 DRY HEAVES.
Hacking and coughing as she pounds her chest.
Tears leaking down her cheeks.

ROSE #7

Rose, what is it?

Rose #1 smacks Rose #4 on the back.

Rose #4 reaches two fingers into her mouth.
Sticks them down her throat.
Then slowly PULLS OUT —

A DUCK FEATHER.
Wet and sticky with saliva.

Rose #4 holds it to the light.

ROSE #4

Excuse me. I'm so sorry. It must be something I ate this morning.

Martin grimaces in horror.
Slowly, he turns to the window.

And peers out into the late afternoon light.

One of the ducks is waddling through the grass.
The other is nowhere to be seen.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Martin pours himself a glass of merlot.
And glowers at the Roses through the back window.

Outside, some of the Roses are sunbathing.
Side-by-side in the grass in their bikinis.

Martin watches as Rose #7 raises a hand to the sky.
And points at a cloud with one of her many fingers.

Just then, Rose #1 enters from the stairwell.
Face drawn with worry.
Holding Rose #2's blouse and pants.

ROSE #1

There you are, Martin. Look what
I've found. Rose left the dress I
gave her. She must have left for
her walk wearing only her
nightgown.

MARTIN

Huh.

ROSE #1

You don't think that's strange?

MARTIN

I suppose it is. Then again, Rose
doesn't even have a bellybutton, so
I'd say the goalposts for what
qualifies as strange have shifted
this weekend.

ROSE #1

I'm starting to get really
concerned, Martin. It's almost
evening. I don't know where she
could be.

MARTIN

Why do you care so much about that
one Rose? There are five other
Roses outside for you to hang out
with. They're basically all the
same.

ROSE #1

For the last time: no, they're not. Each Rose is special to me in her own way. And I have an obligation to each of them, according to the Code of Roses to which we've all sworn.

MARTIN

The *what*?

ROSE #1

The Code of Roses, Martin. It's something Rose came up with last night while we were swimming and duplicating. According to the Code of Roses, every Rose has a moral duty to look out for and protect every other Rose. If any Rose is hurt or in trouble, it's the others' responsibility to help her out.

Rose #1 looks earnestly at Martin.
She's passionate about the Code of Roses.

Martin rubs his chin.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)

Do you think maybe we should call the police?

MARTIN

No. Why would we do that?
No police. Do not call anyone.

ROSE #1

But what if something happened to Rose?

MARTIN

Nothing happened to Rose. And even if something *did* happen to Rose, the police won't know what to do. You have to remember that Rose was never born. She has no identification. There'd be no way for anyone to track her down. The police can't look for someone who was never born.

ROSE #1

Maybe we should all go look for her, then. We'll form a search party.

MARTIN

What? No way.

ROSE #1

Why not?

MARTIN

What if someone saw us? Do you know how weird it would look? Six identical women walking around in the woods?

Rose #1 bites the inside of her cheek.

ROSE #1

Martin? Is there something you're not telling me?

MARTIN

No. Nothing. I'm an open book.

ROSE #1

Because some of the other Roses are starting to wonder if maybe you did something to harm Rose. I told them you'd never do something like that. Right?

MARTIN

Of course not. Don't listen to the other Roses. They're pouring poison in your ear. They're trying to break us apart. Every time you duplicate, the new Roses seem to like me less and less.

ROSE #1

I've noticed that, too. Which is why I need you need to be honest with me right now, Martin.

Rose #1 joins Martin at the back doors.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)

Between you and me, I've noticed that each of my duplicates seems a little less like me. A little less human.

Rose #1 watches the other Roses sunbathe outside.
Rubbing sunscreen into one another's backs.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)
I just don't know what they'll do
if they find out you did something
you weren't supposed to do.

And off Martin's nervous GULP, we —

CUT TO:

BALCONY

Martin paces in a tight circle.
Speaking with urgency into his cell phone:

MARTIN
Next Thursday? That's the soonest
you can do it?

Martin squeezes the bridge of his nose.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
All right, listen. What's your
rate? I'll pay you double. I'm not
asking you to clean it. Just empty
it. Yes, I know it's summer. Yes, I
understand you're very busy. But
you don't understand. I need this
pool emptied more than anyone has
ever needed a pool to be emptied.

At that moment, Martin hears peals of LAUGHTER.
And looks over the balcony railing.

Below, the six Roses are trotting across the lawn.
Down the sloping lawn toward the pool.
All of them dressed in identical red bikinis.

Martin cups a hand over the phone and BELLOWS:

MARTIN (CONT'D)
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

The Roses stop and crane their necks.
Shielding their eyes from the late afternoon sun.

ROSES (IN UNISON)
SWIMMING!

ROSE #5
JOIN US, MARTIN!

ROSE #3
YES! COME SWIM WITH US, MARTIN!

The Roses turn their backs to the balcony.
And continue skipping toward the pool.

Martin's face turns a shade of deep magenta.
He hollers at the top of his lungs:

MARTIN
HEY! I SAID, NO MORE SWIMMING! NONE
OF YOU ARE GETTING IN THAT POOL!

But the Roses ignore Martin.
Martin barks into his phone:

MARTIN (CONT'D)
I have to call you back.

Abruptly, he hangs up the call.
And ducks through the balcony curtains.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Martin bounds down the living room stairs.
Taking them two at a time.

He rounds the sofa at a gallop.
Then throws open the door to the back lawn.
And barrels into the backyard.

CUT TO:

BACK LAWN

Martin runs down the grassy pitch.
Hysterically waving his arms above his head.

MARTIN
HEY! ROSES! STOP RIGHT THERE! DON'T
YOU DARE GET IN THAT POOL!

As he nears the deck, Martin staggers to a stop.
His face falling when he sees —

A DOZEN ROSES are now swimming in the pool.
SQUEALING and SPLASHING one another with water.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Oh, fuck.

Rose #8 breast strokes toward Martin.

ROSE #8
 Hey, baby. Why don't you join us.
 We'd love to have you.

Rose #8 licks her lips.
 Revealing a mouthful of razor-sharp FANGS.

Unnerved, Martin staggers backwards.

MARTIN
 No — I — I have to start dinner.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

Martin cooks in his apron.
 Frantically stirring two steaming pots of spaghetti.
 And a burbling saucepan of marinara.

The Roses are lined up before the stove.

Their faces, we see now, are all unique.
 Mutated by the pool's imperfect replication process:

ROSE #9 has nostrils where her nose should be.
 ROSE #10 has an upside-down mouth.
 ROSE #11 has two dozen little teeth.
 ROSE #12's features have fused into a single mass.
 ROSE #13's face appears to have melted.

Martin fills an empty bowl with spaghetti.
 And sets it on the counter.

MARTIN
 Order up!

ROSE #8
 Thank you, Martin!

Rose #8 grabs her bowl.
 And carries it to the dining room.

Martin wipes his forehead on his sleeve.
 Then fills another bowl with spaghetti.
 Working as tirelessly as a short-order line cook.

MARTIN
 Order up!

ROSE #9
 Thank you, Martin!

Rose #89 grabs her bowl.

And carries it to the dining room.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

The Roses have spread out across the living room.
Gathered around a flatscreen TV.

Some eat their spaghetti on the couch.
While others are crouched on poufs.
And others sit cross-legged on the floor.

They watch *The Dirty Dozen* with rapt attention.
And eat handfuls of popcorn from mixing bowls.

CUT TO:

BACK LAWN

Martin paces the grounds beneath a dusky sky.
Holding his phone to his ear.

After a beat, Justine picks up the call:

JUSTINE V/O

Hello?

MARTIN

Justine! Darling!

JUSTINE V/O

Hey, hon. How's the conference going?

MARTIN

The conference! Yes! It's very educational. I'm learning all kinds of new things.

JUSTINE V/O

That's great, Martin. I was just about to eat dinner. Can I call you back later?

MARTIN

Yes, but listen to me. Listen, darling. I think I'm going to leave the conference early.

JUSTINE V/O

What? Why? Is everything okay?

MARTIN

Well, no, not exactly. The truth is, I'm not having any fun at all. I really think coming here might have been a mistake. All I want to be at home with you. I just hate when we're apart.

JUSTINE V/O

But what will Peter say? You said he specifically asked for you to be there this weekend.

Martin turns back to the house.
Through its windows, he can see the Roses watching TV.
Their ghoulish faces lit by its glowing screen.

MARTIN

Don't worry about that, Justine.
I'll make an excuse. I'll think of a way to get out of this.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

Martin peeks into the empty bedroom.
Then tiptoes to the bed.
And plucks his CAR KEYS off his nightstand.

Then, he snatches a jacket off a hook.
And as he slips his arms through its sleeves —

Martin looks out the balcony doors into the night.

Five of the Roses are running in their bikinis.
Across the lawn to the glowing SWIMMING POOL.
Giggling as they hug themselves for warmth.

Martin watches as they JUMP off the deck.
And CANNONBALL into the iridescent water.

Martin's jaw clenches.

Then, he turns on the toe of his espadrille.
And hurries with purpose across the bedroom.

We TRACK BEHIND HIM he descends the stairs to the —

LIVING ROOM

Martin reaches the landing.
Looks both ways.
And is stealing past the kitchen when he hears —

The unplaceable sounds of CHEWING and SLURPING.
Slowly, Martin turns to the kitchen doorway to see —

Three of the Roses RAIDING the cabinets.
TEARING open cereal boxes.
SCARFING down the remaining pancake mix.
DIGGING through the trash can like animals.

MARTIN

Good lord.

WE STAY WITH MARTIN as he backs away from the door.
And rounds the living room sofa.

Martin clocks the TV out of the corner of his eye.
A live NEWS BROADCAST fills its screen.

On it, an ANCHOR looks sternly into the camera:

ANCHOR (ON TV)

*...The grisly discovery was made by
a local man earlier this afternoon.
Authorities are now turning to the
community for help in the case.
We've learned police are struggling
to identify the victim, because the
body has no fingerprints or
bellybutton...*

Martin watches the report with wide eyes.
And as blood RUSHES to his cheeks —

ROSE #10 V/O

Martin, baby?

Martin whirls around.
Just as two Roses enter the living room.

Martin SNATCHES the remote off a console table.
And TURNS OFF THE TV just as —

ROSE #10

You're not going somewhere, are
you?

Martin's heartbeat begins to THRUM his eardrums.

MARTIN

I'm afraid I have to go to the
general store!

ROSE #10

The store? Right now?

MARTIN

That's right! We won't have any food for breakfast tomorrow if I don't go to the store right now. We have a lot more mouths to feed than we did a day ago!

Martin's eyes dart to the back doors. Outside, FIVE NEW ROSES are climbing out of the pool. Dripping water across the deck.

ROSE #14 has three arms.
ROSE #15 has an extra leg.
ROSE #16 has backwards knees and arms.
ROSE #17 has long fingernails that scrape the ground.
ROSE #18 has a second head growing from her temple.

The newly formed Roses limp toward the house. Their gaits stilted and shambling.

With a gulp, Martin backs toward the front door. Blood rushing to his cheeks.

ROSE #10

Is the store even open right now?

MARTIN

Yep! I just called over. Only for another hour. Which is why I really have to go right this very second!

Martin yanks open the door. Letting in a gust of brisk night wind.

We keep TRACKING BEHIND Martin as he bolts into the —

FRONT YARD

Martin takes the front stairs two at a time. Roses #10 and #11 following him closely.

ROSE #10

Do you want us to come with you?

MARTIN

No need for that!

ROSE #11

Are you sure? We can help you pick out food! Each time we duplicate, our tastes change and evolve!

ROSE #10
 We're developing a strong,
 unquenchable desire for meat!

As he runs down the driveway, Martin spots ROSE #13.
 Standing eerily still in the garden.
 Melted face turning as she tracks Martin's movement.

With a shudder, Martin hurries to the Porsche.
 And yanks open the door, when —

He hears leaves RUSTLING behind him.
 And turns to see ROSE #12 CROUCHED in the bushes.
 CRAWLING on her hands and knees.
 Her focus fixed on the sole remaining DUCK.

Without warning, Rose #10 POUNCES.

She CATCHES the duck with startling agility.
 And CLASPS a tight fist around its neck.

Furiously, the duck FLAPS its wings.
 But Rose #10 SNAPS its neck with her hands.
 And savagely SINKS HER TEETH into its flesh.

MARTIN
 Oh, shit.

Martin leaps into the Porsche.
 And slams the door shut.

Roses #10 and #11 rush to the side of the car.

ROSE #11
 When will you be back?

MARTIN
 In an hour! You all just enjoy
 yourselves! Swim as much as you
 like!

Martin jams the key into the ignition.
 Revving the car's engine.
 RRRRRRRR!

Then, he throws the Porsche into drive.
 And speeds the car around the gravel horseshoe.
 Flattening a ROSEBUSH with his tires.

Without looking back, Martin steps on the gas.
 And jets his car toward the faraway trees.

CUT TO:

GROUNDS

Martin drives between the eucalyptuses' shadows.
Bumping and thumping along the rough dirt road.
Until, at last, he reaches the villa's front gates.

Of course, they don't open.
Martin slows the Porsche to a stop.

MARTIN

Oh, come on.

Martin leaps over the side of the car.
Huffing and puffing, he drags the gate open.
And is hurrying back to his car, when —

ROSE #1

Martin, baby!

Martin whirls around to see Rose #1 running to him.
Down the dirt road from the chateau.
Hugging herself for warmth.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)

Martin? The Roses said you were
leaving!

MARTIN

I'm just going to the store, baby.
To get waffle mix and meat.

ROSE #1

Oh, thank God. I was so worried you
were thinking of leaving forever.

MARTIN

Forever? What? Why on Earth would I
do that?

Martin climbs back into his idling Porsche.
Rose #1 stops beside the car door.

ROSE #1

Well, I know there are a lot more
Roses than there were before, and I
know you aren't so fond of all of
them.

MARTIN

What? Me? Not at all. I've come to
really like the Roses. Love them.
Some of my favorite people are
Roses.

ROSE #1

Okay. So you're coming right back?
Because some of the Roses were
thinking of having a dance party
tonight. I'd love it if you could
be there.

MARTIN

That sounds like great fun. I'll be
there, all right. And we'll all
sleep soundly tonight in one big
bed, and tomorrow we'll have a
beautiful breakfast. How does that
sound?

Rose #1 studies Martin's face.
She's pretty sure he's lying.
But she'd like to believe he isn't.

ROSE #1

That sounds good. That sounds
really good. I love you, Martin.

Rose #1 leans over the car door.
And kisses Martin on the lips.

MARTIN

I love you, too, baby.

With that, Martin steps on the gas.
RRRRRRRR! He peels through the gate.
And turns onto the main road.

For a few beats, Rose #1 stares after the car.
Then turns back toward the chateau.

CUT TO:

WINE COUNTRY

Martin drives along a coastal highway.
Enjoying the cool wind in his hair.
High above a glittering, black ocean.

Ahead: a quaint roadside GENERAL STORE.
No lights in its windows.
In a parking lot, pinwheels spin in the ocean breeze.

As Martin zips past the store —

Something gradually dawns on him.
Slowly, Martin's smile vanishes.

He presses his foot against his brake pad.

Sidles the Porsche to the shoulder of the road.
And shifts it into park.

Frantically, Martin PATS DOWN his shirt.
And TURNS OUT the pockets of his shorts.
Searching DESPERATELY for something.

Martin doesn't find what he's looking for.
He takes a long, ponderous breath.

MARTIN

Shit.

CUT TO:

NIGHT

A dim sliver of moon peeks from behind the trees.
Somewhere, an owl hoots a plaintive song.

Martin stops the Porsche in front of the gates.
And kills the car's headlights and engine.

Quietly, he steps out.
Leaving the keys in the ignition.

Martin listens.
Above the hissing of crickets, he hears DANCE MUSIC.
Throbbing quietly from beyond the colonnade of trees.

Martin opens the metal gates a crack.
Slips through them.
And heads off down the long dirt drive.

CUT TO:

BACK LAWN

Martin creeps along the side of the house.
Slinking through shadows.

He pulls aside the leaves of a banana tree.
And peers between its leaves into the backyard.

Martin's jaw falls slack when he sees —

Roses are climbing out of the swimming BY THE DOZEN.
Walking dazedly up the sloping lawn to the house.
Wrapping themselves in beach towels.

Some Roses have GOITERS growing from their necks.
Or TUMORS sprouting from their temples.
Some are missing EYES or NOSES or HEADS.
Others have too many LEGS or ARMS or FACES.

Some are doing cartwheels in the grass.
 Others beat congas in a drum circle.
 Others howl at the rising moon.
 Others pick at the dead duck's bony carcass.

In horror, Martin hides behind the banana leaves.
 Then backs cautiously into the —

SIDE YARD

Martin stands on the toes of his espadrilles.
 And peers over a windowsill into the living room.

The house is CROWDED with A HUNDRED ROSES.
 Dancing to a record of FRENCH DISCO MUSIC.
 An ocean of distorted faces and twisted arms and legs.

Some are braiding one another's hair.
 Some are performing a shadow puppet show with a lamp.
 Some are voraciously eating the couch stuffing.

Martin cranes his neck.
 Above: the window to the second-floor bathroom.
 At the top of a tall, vine-covered TRELLIS.

Martin takes a deep breath.
 Then takes a running leap.
 And grabs hold of the trellis' iron bars.

He scales the wall with surprising agility.
 Finding deliberate footholds between vines.
 Until, at last, he gets a hand on the window box.

Martin hoists himself to the second floor.
 Slips his fingers under the windowsill.
 Wiggles it open.
 And squeezes himself into the dark of the —

BATHROOM

Martin tiptoes through the dark.
 Past the rainfall shower.
 Arms outstretched until he finds the door.

He opens it a crack and peers into the BEDROOM.

There, Rose #1 is seated on the edge of the bed.
 Beside two new ROSES Martin hasn't seen before.

Rose #56 and Rose #57 are conjoined at the cheek.
 Having fused together during duplication.

The Roses rub Rose #1's back and pet her hair.
 Rose #1 dabs her eyes with a tissue.

ROSE #1
I can't believe Martin would
disappear like this. It just isn't
like him.

ROSE #56
I know. But there were so many red
flags. I know you didn't want to
see them. But that's what you have
us for.

ROSE #57
And all of us can't be wrong, can
we?

Rose #1 shakes her head.

ROSE #1
I just don't know anymore.

ROSE #56
Guys like Martin, they're always
running from something.

ROSE #57
But they never get too far, because
what they're really running from is
themselves.

ROSE #56
Forget about him. Martin will get
what's coming to him. I promise.

ROSE #57
Oh, trust me. If we ever see his
face again, we'll make sure of it.

Rose #1 huffs with distress.
Roses #56 and #57 stand and hold out their hands.

ROSE #57 (CONT'D)
Come on, love. Why don't we go
dance?

With a sniffle, Rose takes the Roses' hands.
And allows them to lead her to the staircase.

Martin waits until they're out of his sight.
Then slips out of the bathroom into the —

BEDROOM

Martin dashes around the bed.
To a small pile of his discarded clothes.

Scattered across the floor.

He stoops to paw through them.
Tossing aside pants and belts and socks.

Finally, he finds the shirt he wore the first day.
And gives it a firm, urgent shake, until —

A WEDDING RING tumbles out.
Martin sighs with relief.

He picks the ring up off the floor.
And slips it over his finger.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Martin tiptoes down the staircase.
And peers cautiously around the landing wall.

A few dozen ROSES pack the living room.
DANCING to pulsing disco music.
JITTERBUGGING and JIVING and FOXTROTting.
Stamping their feet and clapping their hands.
Their fluid movements eerily synchronized.
As if choreographed by a collective consciousness.

Martin ducks low.
And scurries to the sofa.
Ducking behind it MOMENTS BEFORE —

A new pack of ROSES bursts through the back door.
Their bikinis and hair soaking wet.

ROSE #19
Roses! There you are!

ROSE #43
We're glad you could join us!

The new Roses join the others.
And begin dancing to the music.
Clapping and stamping and twerking to the beat.

Silently, Martin crawls to the edge of the couch.

He peeks around the armrest.
Trying to chart an escape route to the front door.

The Roses aren't paying attention.
Maybe Martin can make a break for it.

He assumes a runner's starting position.

Getting ready to sprint.
In five, four, three, two, one —

BRRNG!
BRRNG!
BRRNG!

Martin's phone RINGS in his pants.
His stomach drops.

Instantly, the Roses stop dancing.
And turn simultaneously toward the sound.

ROSE #52
What was that?

Martin jams his hand into his pocket.
And whips out his cell phone.

BRRNG!
BRRNG!
BRRNG!

On its screen: an incoming call from JUSTINE.

With a trembling finger, Martin silences it.
Then looks up to see —

A hundred Roses are staring at him.
Hurt and anger and longing on their warped faces.

Slowly, Martin stands.
Heart pounding in his chest.

He flashes the Roses a shit-eating grin.

MARTIN
Roses! Hey! Wow! This is some
party, huh?

The Roses take a collective step toward him.

ROSE #38
Martin? Where have you been?

ROSE #42
We missed you, Martin.

ROSE #88
We wanted to dance with you,
Martin.

ROSE #66

We want to spend more time with you.

ROSE #29

Where's the food, Martin?

ROSE #35

Did you get the food?

ROSE #54

We're so hungry.

ROSE #93

We'd eat anything, Martin.

Slowly, Martin starts slinking away from the Roses. Toward the doors to the backyard.

MARTIN

Well, the store was closed, actually. It's kind of a funny story, actually.

The Roses take another step toward him. In one slow, unified, lugubrious mass. Shaking their deformed heads at the same time.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

It closed minutes before I got there. Why don't we sit down and I can tell you all about it?

ROSE #28

No, Martin. We don't believe you anymore.

ROSE #91

We don't believe anything you say.

ROSE #39

You've told us too many lies.

Martin keeps inching away. Until his back is to the glass door. And his quaking hands find the doorknob.

ROSE #92

What did you do to Rose?

ROSE #60

Why are you wearing your wedding ring?

ROSE #28
Who is Kayla?

En masse, the Roses take another step forward.
Licking their fleshy lips.
Hunger in their winking, blinking eyes.

ROSE #84
We're so hungry, Martin.

ROSE #68
We'd eat anything.

That's when Martin gives the knob a twist.
SHOVING open the door to the backyard.
Then dashing out onto the —

BACK LAWN

The moonlit grounds are CRAWLING with Roses.
All walking unhurriedly towards Martin.
Their bodies malformed from too many duplications.
Their gaits halting and ungainly.

ROSES (IN UNISON)
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MARTIN?

Martin looks around with frightened eyes.
Then takes off RUNNING.
In a mad, diagonal sprint across the lawn, when —

A pack of Roses RUN at Martin.
Intercepting his path.

MARTIN
AHHHHH!

Rose #22 has giant ears and a shrunken forehead.
Rose #31 has fingers growing from her neck.
Rose #97 has almost no head at all.

ROSES (IN UNISON)
DO YOU WANT TO FUCK US, MARTIN?

Martin staggers backwards.
And stumbles into ANOTHER THRONG of Roses.

They wrap their twisted arms around Martin.
And trawl their polydactyl hands through his hair.

ROSES (IN UNISON) (CONT'D)
SOMEONE'S BEEN A NAUGHTY BOY.

Rose #57 has mouths instead of eyes.

Rose #35 has feet instead of hands.
 Rose #79 appears to be inside-out.

ROSES (IN UNISON) (CONT'D)
 A VERY, VERY NAUGHTY BOY.

The Roses paw and claw at Martin's clothes.
 Tearing at his shirt until it rips open.
 Scattering buttons across the lawn.
 Licking his neck with wet, glistening tongues.

MARTIN
 GET OFF ME!

With a ROAR, Martin SHOVES the Roses off him.
 Trying to disentangle himself from their limbs.
 Elbowing and thrashing and writhing.
 Like a bushwhacker in a dense jungle of vines.

At last, Martin breaks free of the Roses' grips.
 And staggers away in his tattered clothing.
 LIMPING across the lawn on an injured knee.
 In no particular direction.

Just then: RRRRRRRRRR!
 Martin hears an engine's growl.
 And SPINS AROUND to see —

A group of Roses have piled into his Porsche.
 And are driving it STRAIGHT TOWARDS HIM.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 No. No. No.

At the wheel, Rose #53 flicks her brights.
 Then STOMPS on the Porsche's gas pedal.
 Revving its purring engine.

Martin TURNS AND RUNS.
 In the vague direction of the SWIMMING POOL.

Ahead: DOZENS of new Roses are swimming.
 Splashing and laughing in the glowing waters.

Martin looks over a shoulder.
 Behind him, the Roses WHOOP and CHEER.
 Laughing in cacophonous CHORUS as —

Rose #53 guns the Porsche toward Martin.
 Tires spraying grass into the air.

Martin runs faster than he's ever run before.
 Eyes darting in their sockets.

As he look behind him at the approaching car —

He TRIPS over the edge of the pool's DECK.
And LOSES HIS BALANCE.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
AUUUUUUUUGH!

Martin STUMBLES across the deck.
Arms flailing.
Unleashing a YOWL OF PURE TERROR as —

SPLASH!
He TUMBLES headfirst into the deep end.
PLUNGING through the water between the Roses.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER

IN SLOW-MOTION —

Martin sinks like a stone between the Roses' legs.
Hair swirling.
Limbs flailing.
Bubbles streaming from his nose.

THWACK!
Martin's head hits the pool's concrete bottom.

At once, crimson blood clouds the water.
And as Martin's eyes roll back into his head, we —

SMASH TO:

BLACK

An utter silence.
A lightless void.

Then, slowly and gradually, we —

FADE IN:

WINE CELLAR

Martin's eyes open.
And adjust to the stygian darkness.

He's sitting on the cold concrete floor.
Back against an unforgiving metal pipe.
Blood in his wet hair.

Somewhere, a pipe is leaking water:

PLIP PLOP!
 PLIP PLOP!
 PLIP PLOP!

Martin's heartbeat quickens when he realizes —

His mouth is sealed with DUCT TAPE.
 And one arm is raised above his head.
 Secured to the pole with the SEX HANDCUFFS.

Martin FLIES into a panic.
 Lashing against his bounds.
 Filling the cellar with CLANGS and CLANKS.
 His moans MUFFLED by the strip of silver tape.

A moment later, Martin hears footsteps.
 A key RATTLES in the cellar door.

Martin freezes in place.
 Every muscle in his body tensing as —

CREAK!
 The basement door opens a crack to reveal —

A Rose standing at the threshold.
 Silhouetted against the hallway's dim light.

MARTIN
 (muffled)
 Hello? Rose?

Quietly, the Rose shuts the door behind her.
 Then steps into the cellar.
 Into a sliver of moonlight from a garden window.

Martin sighs with relief when he sees —

IT'S ROSE #1.
 Dressed in her denim shorts and a tee-shirt.
 Her hair in a loose ponytail.

ROSE #1
 Hey, baby. You're awake.

With a smile, Rose #1 approaches Martin.
 And lowers herself to a crouch before him.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)
 Oh, Martin. Look what they've done
 to you.

Martin groans through his duct tape gag:

MARTIN
(muffled)
Gtt thith othh me.

But Rose #1 only holds a finger to her lips.

ROSE #1
Shh. The others are asleep.

She reaches for the tape over Martin's mouth.
Frees a corner with a fingernail.
And tenderly peels it off his face.

Martin inhales a gulp of stale air.
Then hisses at Rose:

MARTIN
What time is it? What am I doing
here?

ROSE #1
Shh. Please, Martin. Stay calm. You
hit your head and had a concussion.
It was actually so scary for a few
minutes. The other Roses and I
brought you down to the basement
and chained you to this pole.

MARTIN
Wait. Why did you do *that*?

Rose #1 kneels before Martin.
She strokes his cheek with the back of her hand.

ROSE #1
While you were unconscious, the
other Roses and I all compared
notes. By compiling our thoughts
and memories, we were able to piece
together what you did to Rose. We
know you invited her on a hike. We
know you shot her on the cliffs. We
all remember different things. We
share a consciousness now, Martin.
I can't explain how, but it's
amazing.

Martin opens his mouth to speak.
But Rose #1 presses a fingertip to his lips.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)
The Roses and I have been talking
all night.
(MORE)

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)

We had a long, productive discussion about what to do with you. I suggested we take care of you overnight and let you go home to your wife in the morning. But the others didn't think we owe you that kindness. You see, every time I'm duplicated by the pool, my copies love you less and less. Some of them aren't capable of love at all. After the seventieth Rose, they seem to be driven by primal desires, like hunger and revenge. The only thing they believe in is the Code of Roses. We took a vote, and of the one-hundred-and-four Roses present, 59% of them voted to eat you for breakfast tomorrow.

MARTIN

WHAT?

ROSE #1

I know. I'm sorry. But it's almost morning, and we have no food in the house. And we have so many mouths to feed.

MARTIN

Rose. No. Don't listen to them. You have to help me. You can't let them do this to me. Please, Panda Bear. It's me. It's Martin. Let me out of these handcuffs, and we'll go away together. Okay? Right now. We can go anywhere you want. The mountains, or the beach. It doesn't matter.

Rose #1 shakes her head.

ROSE #1

It's just that I've started to see things the way the Roses see them. They have their own sense of logic that really resonates with me.

Martin thrashes again against his handcuffs. Helplessly trying to free himself.

Rose crouches before him.
And looks upon him with sympathy.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)

Oh, Martin. We had fun these past eleven months, didn't we?

MARTIN

Rose. Don't do this. Please don't let them eat me.

ROSE #1

I really thought I was happy when I was with you. But now I realize I wasn't happy at all. I was so lonely. I could only love myself if I thought you loved me, too. And you never really loved me, did you? But it's okay now. Don't worry. I have the Roses now. And as long as I have them, I know I'll never be lonely again.

Rose #1 smiles at Martin.

ROSE #1 (CONT'D)

So, I want you to know that whatever happens next —

WHAM!

SOMETHING smacks Rose #1 in the head. With a dull, metallic CLANK.

Rose #1's eyes ROLL BACK INTO HER HEAD. Her mouth FALLS SLACK.

And she slumps UNCONSCIOUS to the floor, revealing —

FOUR MEN standing in the shadows behind her. All dressed in linen shirts and shorts.

Martin's eyes dart between them.

All four men have the same strong brow. The same square jaw. And the same shrewd, intelligent eyes.

There's no question: they're MARTINS.

Martin #2, however, has long hair and a bushy beard. Martin #3 is bald and mustachioed. Martin #4 parts his long hair in the center. Martin #5 has a beaked nose and a goatee. He holds a frying pan in a clenched fist.

Before Martin #1 can scream —

Martin #2 lunges at him.

And claps a palm over Martin #1's mouth.

MARTIN #2

Shh! Be quiet, asshole! You want to get us killed?

Martin #1 steadies his panicked breathing. Until, at last, Martin #2 removes his hand.

MARTIN #1

What's happening? Who the hell are you?

MARTIN #2

We're Martins, Martin.

MARTIN #3, #4, AND #5 (IN UNISON)

HI, MARTIN. I'M MARTIN.

Martin's jaw gapes.

MARTIN #1

But... how? Who? When?

MARTIN #2

After you fell in the pool, I manifested and climbed out of the water. Thinking fast, I took a few more swims in rapid succession, duplicating myself three times.

The other Martins nod enthusiastically.

MARTIN #1

Why would you do that?

MARTIN #3

Power in numbers, Martin. If we're going to get out of here alive, we'll have to stick together.

MARTIN #4

No Martin left behind. That's the Code of Martins to which we've all sworn. Do you swear to the Code of Martins?

MARTIN #1

What?

MARTIN #5

You have to swear to the Code of Martins if we're going to save you.

MARTIN #1
Okay. Fine.

MARTIN #3
Okay what?

MARTIN #1
Okay. I swear to the Code of
Martins.

Martin #4 whips a CORKSCREW from his pocket.
Then squats before Martin #1.
And gets to work picking the handcuffs.

MARTIN #4
You're lucky we found you when we
did. It seems Martins aren't so
popular around here.

Sprawled on the floor, Rose #1 groans in pain.
As she begins to awaken from unconsciousness.

MARTIN #3
We have to hurry. It's nearly
sunrise. Soon, the Roses will be
ready for breakfast.

CLICK!
At last, the sex handcuffs snap open.
And fall to the floor with a clatter.

Martin #4 holds out a hand to Martin #1.

MARTIN #5
Come on. They totaled the car.
We'll have to escape by foot
through the forest.

CUT TO:

BASEMENT HALLWAY

Martin #5 opens the cellar door open a crack.
And peers out into the hallway.
Screwing his eyes beneath his fuzzy brows.

The coast is clear.

Martin #5 tiptoes into the corridor.
And motions for the other Martins to follow.

CUT TO:

BASEMENT STAIRS

In single file, Martins tiptoe up a staircase.
Treading softly.
Toward a faint spill of light from the living room.

Martin #5 stops cold when he sees —

Ahead on the landing: Rose #76 is asleep.
Her SIX LIMBS draped awkwardly over the stairs.

Martin #3 turns back to the other Martins.
And urgently holds a finger to his lips.

One by one, the Martins step over the sleeping Rose.
Taking care not to disturb her.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Dozens of Roses sleep in a cuddle puddle.
Spread across the living room floor.
Or sprawled on sofas and armchairs.

Silently, the Martins enter from the stairwell.
And maneuver through the mass of bodies.
Like soldiers traversing a treacherous minefield.

Martin #5 leads the pack toward the front door.
Gingerly stepping over limbs and heads.

Martin #1 brings up the rear.
Following the other Martins.
Mirroring their careful footsteps.

But as he slinks around a side table —
Martin #1's elbow brushes against the DECORATIVE VASE.

It wobbles precariously on its base.
Then OVERTURNS.

Martin SWOOPS to catch it.
But the vase slips through his fingers.
And TOPPLES off the end table.

CRASH!

The vase hits the floor's unforgiving hardwood.
And SHATTERS into jagged pieces.

At once, the sleeping ROSES RAISE THEIR HEADS.
Their eyes snapping open simultaneously.
As if they're a single, cohesive organism.

The Martins freeze in place.
Exchanging wide-eyed glances.

MARTIN #3

Run.

The five Martins bound between the waking women.
Hurdling clumsily over bodies and heads.

Martin #5 flings open the villa's front door.
And the Martins sprint out of the house.

ROSES (IN UNISON)

MARTINS?

CUT TO:

FRONT YARD

The sky breaks with the first light of dawn.
The grounds are strewn with sleeping Roses.

The Martins take the front steps two at a time.
Then dash across the dewy, moonlit grounds.

All around them, dormant Roses stir.
Stretching their arms above their heads.
Awakened by the Martins' footsteps.

Martin #1 looks over a shoulder to see —

Roses POURING out of the house behind him.
All dressed in pajamas and nightgowns.
All pointing indignantly at the Martins.

ROSES (IN UNISON)

MARTINS! COME BACK, MARTINS!

Martin #1 runs faster to keep pace with the others.
Joining them as they dash towards the woods.

CUT TO:

WOODS

The Martins dash between spindly pines.
Their feet sinking into the muddy forest floor.
Their five similar faces etched with TERROR.

They scramble up a weedy hill.
And pause at the top to look behind them.

Through the trees, they can see the pack of Roses.
Shambling after them in a rabid pack.

Some seem to be wielding steak knives and forks.
Others carry badminton rackets and bats.

ROSE #100 is tall, ogish, and hunchbacked.
And carries one of the shotguns from the house.

The Martins turn and press on through the woods.
Vaulting over bushes.
Ducking under gnarled tree limbs.
Swatting branches and brambles from their faces.

Behind them, they can hear the Roses HOLLERING.
Their bloodthirsty war cries echoing through the trees.

Suddenly, Martin #3 STUMBLES.
SNAGGING his foot on a twisted root.

SNAP!
His ankle twists.
And Martin #3 drops to the ground in agony.

MARTIN #3

AUGH!

Ahead, the other Martins stop and turn.
Wheezing as they catch their breaths.

Their stomachs drop when they see —

The Roses advancing on Martin #3.
Knives and forks glinting in the moonlight.

Martin #3's face contorts with desperation.
As he crawls helplessly through the dirt.
Dragging his fractured ankle behind him.

MARTIN #3 (CONT'D)

MARTINS! HELP ME!

The other Martins look between one another.
Before arriving at an unspoken understanding.

The next moment, they turn their backs to Martin #3.
And run deeper into the woods.

MARTIN #3 (CONT'D)

HEY! COME BACK! WHAT ABOUT THE CODE
OF MARTINS?!

Martin #3 slithers through the damp soil.
In a pitiful, last ditch effort to escape.

But it's no use.
The Roses ARE ON HIM IN SECONDS.

They SWARM Martin #3 like hungry wolves.
 TEARING AT HIS CLOTHES with their painted fingernails.
 STABBING HIM WITH their cutlery.
 And SINKING THEIR TEETH into his flesh.

CUT TO:

CLEARING

The Martins burst into a clearing.
 And high-step through wildflowers.

Martin #3 runs in the middle of the pack.
 Breathlessly, he shouts to the others:

MARTIN #3
 Martins? What are we going to do
 about the cleaning fee?

MARTIN #1
 What?

MARTIN #3
 The Airbnb cleaning fee. We must
 have violated half their policies!

MARTIN #2
 We can't worry about that now,
 Martin!

MARTIN #4
 Let's just all split the bill once
 we get home. I think there's an app
 that lets you —

BANG!
 A BULLET whizzes through the air.
 With a shrill, spine-tingling WHISTLE.

THUNK!
 It hits Martin #4 in the back.
 Squarely between his shoulder blades.

MARTIN #4 (CONT'D)
 AUGH!

Martin #4 crumples at the knees.
 And lands face-down in a thicket of blossoms.

Martin #1 spins around in time to see —

The Roses have breached the meadow.
 And are rapidly gaining on the Martins.

CLICK! Rose #100 cocks the shotgun.
And shoulders it in one swift motion.

MARTIN #1

NO!

BANG! Rose #100 fires.

Martin #1 drops to a crouch.
Dodging her bullet by milliseconds.

THUNK!

Instead, it hits Martin #5 in the temple.

Instantly, Martin #5 collapses.
And crashes into the wildflowers.
Inches from where Martin #1 is cowering.

Martin #1 stares into Martin #5's vacant eyes.
As though he's looking into a funhouse mirror.

MARTIN #2 O/S

PSST! THIS WAY!

Ahead: Martin #2 has reached the clearing's edge.
Vigorously, he waves to Martin #1.

Martin #1 scrambles to his feet.
And runs to Martin #2.
Hiding as best he can behind the tall brush.
Until he joins Martin #5 at the edge of the woods.

Behind him, Roses have descended on the dead Martins.
Greedy digging their nails into flesh.
Stuffing their mouths with intestines.
Voraciously feasting on organs.

As Martin #1's jaw drops with shock —

MARTIN #2

Let's go. I know a way out of here.

Martin #2 grabs Martin #1 by the hand.
And yanks him into a grove of pines.

CUT TO:

WOODS

Martin #1 and Martin #2 run down an overgrown trail.
Hair and clothing drenched with sweat.

MARTIN #2

Wait.

Martin #2 lowers himself to his knees.
Then brushes his hand across the dirt behind him.
Obscuring the Martins' footprints.

Then, he nods to Martin with confidence.
And runs off the trail into dense underbrush.
Martin #1 at his heels.

CUT TO:

DIRT ROAD

Martin #1 and Martin #2 slide down a dusty hill.
Crashing through lush growth.
Somersaulting head over heels, until —

They land at the bottom on their rears.
Near the two-lane road that borders the villa.

Martin #2 stands and grabs Martin #1's arm.
And hoists him to his feet.

Their linen clothes are smeared with dirt.
Their bare arms covered in cuts and scrapes.

Martin #2 peers back into the woods.
Faintly, he can hear a clamor of SLURPS and SCREAMS.
Carried on the early morning breeze.

MARTIN #2
Okay. I think we've lost them.
Let's get out of here.

MARTIN #1
What if they follow us? What if
they come looking for us?

MARTIN #2
We'll take out a restraining order.
I don't know. We'll have Jeremy
deal with it.

Martin #2 climbs over a roadside barrier.
And starts hoofing it down the road.

Martin #1 buckles at the waist.
Huffing and puffing for breath.

MARTIN #1
I need a second.

MARTIN #2
There's no time, Martin. We have to
go.

Martin takes a few shallow inhales.
Then swings a leg over the guardrail.

CUT TO:

HIGHWAY

Martin #1 and #2 quick-step along a cliffside road.
Past bushes of windswept pampas grasses.

MARTIN #1

I left my suitcase and all my
clothes in the master bedroom.
Justine's going to wonder what the
hell happened to me this weekend.
Hey. How do I look?

Martin #2 looks Martin #1 up and down.

MARTIN #2

Terrible. How do I look?

Martin #1 looks Martin #2 up and down.

MARTIN #1

Terrible.

The Martins pause to pull out their cell phones.
And study their reflections in their screens.

MARTIN #1 (CONT'D)

I'll need a good cover story. Maybe
I can tell Justine there was an
accident. A terrorist attack. I'll
tell her I had to leave the hotel
without my bags.

MARTIN #2

A terrorist attack?

MARTIN #1

I don't know. I'll think of
something.

Martin #1 smoothes his tousled hair.

MARTIN #1 (CONT'D)

Of course, we'll have to work out
what you're going to do once I get
home.

MARTIN #2

What *I'm* going to do?

MARTIN #1

There can't be two of us. We can't be seen together. Justine knows I don't have a twin. We'll have no choice but to split up. I'll take a taxi home. On the way, I'll have you dropped at a motel of your choice. And I think it's best if we never see each other or speak again. Is that understood?

MARTIN #2

Now, wait a minute. Where am I supposed to live?

MARTIN #1

I don't care where you live, Martin. Maybe you should move to the other side of the country. Delaware or Arizona. Somewhere we'll never cross paths again.

MARTIN #2

I don't want to live in Arizona.

MARTIN #1

Fine, why don't you take the vacation house in Cabo? Justine hates the Cabo house, anyway. I'll just tell her it washed away in a flood.

MARTIN #2

You expect me to live in Cabo all by myself? I don't speak Spanish! Why don't you live in Cabo and I'll live in the house with Justine?

MARTIN #1

Because that's just not how this going to go, Martin. I'm the original Martin. Without me, you wouldn't exist. And if you're anything like me, you're a quick learner and pick up languages quickly. You won't even have to work, okay? I'll give you ten percent of the businesses. Consider it my gift to you. For saving me from the Roses.

At that moment:

BRRNG!

BRRNG!
BRRNG!

Both of the Martins' phones light up simultaneously.
With the same INCOMING CALL from JUSTINE.

The Martins share a look.

MARTIN #1 (CONT'D)
She's calling.

MARTIN #2
What do we do?

MARTIN #2 (CONT'D)
I'll handle it. You keep quiet.
Don't say a word.

Martin accepts the call with a tap.
And turns on SPEAKERPHONE so Martin #2 can hear.

MARTIN
Justine?

JUSTINE V/O
*Martin? I've been calling you all
night. What's going on?*

MARTIN #1
It was horrible, Justine. Just
horrible.

JUSTINE V/O
What was horrible?

MARTIN #1
The robbery. The hotel was
burglarized. They stole all my
luggage and beat me up. One of them
bit my shoulder really, really
hard.

Martin #1 flashes Martin #2 a thumbs up.
Satisfied with this excuse.

JUSTINE V/O
WHAT?! ARE YOU OKAY?

MARTIN #1
I'm one of the lucky ones. They
took hostages. Some good men were
killed. The whole conference was
ruined.

JUSTINE V/O

*Martin! Oh, my God. Are you okay?
Where are you?*

MARTIN #1

I'm fine. I fought them off. But they stole the Porsche, Justine. I'm going to have to take a taxi all the way home. I'll be there as soon as I can, and I'll tell you all about the robbery then. But I have to go now, okay? I love you.

JUSTINE V/O

Wait — Martin —

MARTIN #1

Ciao, bella.

Abruptly, Martin #1 hangs up the call.
And exhales with relief.

MARTIN #1 (CONT'D)

I'd say that went pretty well, don't you? I think she bought it. I think we're going to get away with this.

Martin #1 grins from ear to ear.
Then looks back over his shoulder at Martin #2.

Slowly, his face falls when he sees —

Martin #2 is standing behind him.
Aiming the PISTOL at Martin #1's head.

MARTIN #1 (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Martin #1 looks around to see —

They've arrived at a LOOKOUT.
Familiar cliffs overlook a glittering ocean.
Faraway waves crash against skerries.

It's the place where Martin #1 killed Rose #2.
Slowly, Martin #1 raises his hands.

MARTIN #1 (CONT'D)

All right. Why don't we just stay calm? We've all had a long day of escaping and duplicating, haven't we?

Silently, Martin #2 takes a step toward Martin #1.
His face stern.
His hand steady.

MARTIN #1 (CONT'D)

What is it, Martin? What do you want? You want twenty percent of the businesses? Is that what you want? Twenty-five percent? What would make you happy? I can talk to Jeremy first thing Monday. Jeremy's fast. I'll throw in the boat, too. You can sail it wherever you want. You can sail it to Crete. Aruba. You just have to pay for maintenance. Is that what this is about, Martin? Or, what — you want to take turns in the house? We can do that. That's not the worst deal for either of us. One month with Justine, one month to do whatever we want. We can enter and exit through the office door. If you just cleaned up that ridiculous beard, Justine won't be able to tell the difference between us. What do you say? Do we have a deal? Is that what you want?

MARTIN #2

No, Martin. I don't want that. I don't want any of that.

Martin #2 takes another step forward.
Martin #1 takes a step away from Martin #2.

MARTIN #2 (CONT'D)

I don't want to be slipping in and out of doors anymore. I don't want to be lying to my wife and making up stories, or gallivanting about with girls half my age. I'm tired of that life, Martin. I love Justine. I want to settle down. I want to be better.

MARTIN #1

Now, Martin. Look. I love Justine, too. I take great pains not to hurt her, you know that. We'll make sure she never finds out know we're trading off being her husband, okay?

Martin #2 takes another step forward.
 Martin #1 takes another step backwards.
 Until his calves touch the guardrail.

MARTIN #2

You just couldn't see how lucky you were, could you? You just couldn't help yourself. Really, Martin. You're the worst version of what a Martin can be. If you ask me, you don't deserve to go home to Justine.

Martin #1 looks fearfully over the railing.
 Far below, waves lap at jagged rocks.

MARTIN #1

Okay. Okay. Okay. Fuck it. You can have Justine, how's that? You can have Justine and the house. You can live whatever boring life you want. Please — just — please, Martin. Don't kill me.

MARTIN #2

I'm afraid it's like you said: there can't be two of us. What would happen if someone were to see you with one of your other women? They'll think you're me. They might call Justine. How would I explain that?

MARTIN #1

Please. Please don't kill me.

MARTIN #2

What if you commit a crime? I can't have Justine seeing my mugshot on the news. The police might come for me. You're a liability, Martin. I can't trust you. I'm sorry, but I just think this is the easiest way.

CLICK!

Martin #2 cocks the pistol.
 Martin #1 cowers behind his hands.

MARTIN #1

NO. PLEASE. MARTIN. LISTEN TO ME.
 YOU DON'T WANT THIS. YOU THINK YOU
 WANT A SIMPLE LIFE, BUT YOU DON'T.
 YOU DON'T, AND YOU'RE GOING TO
 REGRET —

BANG!

Martin #2 SQUEEZES the pistol's trigger.
The gunshot's RETORT resounds off the bluffs.

Martin #1's eyes widen in disbelief.

Slowly, he looks down at his belly.
Crimson oozes into the weave of his linen shirt.

BANG!

Martin #2 FIRES the gun again.
Placing a bullet between Martin #1's eyes.

This time, Martin #1 STAGGERS BACKWARDS.
His footing unsteady.
Blood trickling down his forehead and nose.

The next moment, he TRIPS over the guardrail.
Tumbling FEET OVER HEAD.
And PLUMMETING OUT OF MARTIN #2'S SIGHT.

Martin #2 lowers the smoking pistol.
A gust of ocean wind rustles his long hair.

Slowly, he approaches the guardrail.
And peers over the edge of the cliff.

Below, Martin #1's body lies on the rocks.
His eyes empty.
His face serene.
His body kissed by the rolling surf.

Martin #2 turns his back to the ocean.
And begins the long walk to the nearest town.

CUT TO:

PUBLIC BATHROOM

Martin #2 stands before a rust-spotted mirror.

With scissors, he hacks at his unruly beard.
Scattering hair across the porcelain sink.

CUT TO:

MARIN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

A drowsy, melancholy dusk cloaks the suburbs.
Leaves shiver in an evening breeze.

A TAXI CAB turns onto the leafy street.
And stops in front of the modern, two-story house.

Martin #2 opens the back door.
And ducks out in his blood-stained clothes.

He blinks into the noontime sun.

Now, his beard is shaved.
And his hair is cropped short.
Without them, HE LOOKS JUST LIKE MARTIN #1.

As the taxi drives off down the street —

The front door of Martin #2's house flies open.
And Justine bustles out into the evening.
Wrapping herself in a wool cardigan.

JUSTINE

Oh, Martin. Oh, darling. Just look
what they did to you.

Justine runs down the walkway to Martin.
And grazes a finger across the gash on his forehead.

Flinching, Martin #2 pulls away.

MARTIN #2

I'm okay. They were just a bunch of
hooligans. I just feel so terrible
about the car, that's what kills
me.

JUSTINE

Oh, Martin. Don't worry about that.
There are lots of cars in the
world. But there's only one of you.

Justine throws her arms around Martin #2.
And pulls him into a loving embrace.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Shirtless, Martin #2 reclines on a chaise lounge.
Gauze wrapped around his wounded forehead.

Justine kneels on the carpet before him.
While their lazy doberman looks on with concern.

Justine tends to the BITE MARK on Martin's shoulder.
Dabbing the wound with a cotton swab.
Then gently applying a Band-Aid.

JUSTINE
There we go.

CUT TO:

BATHROOM

Justine and Martin #2 brush their teeth.
Side-by-side at his-and-her sinks.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

In darkness, Justine and Martin #2 lie in bed.
Spooning beneath their summer duvet.

Justine snores steadily and loudly.

Martin extricates his arm from behind her neck.
Rolls onto his back.
And stares through the darkness at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

OFFICE

Martin #2 sits in an Eames chair in a home office.
Surrounded by shelves of Martin #1's books.

He looks out a window into a sunny afternoon.
Chin in hand.

Outside, Justine is kneeling in the garden.
Sowing seeds with the thumb of her gardening gloves.
A bandana around her head.

She waves at Martin #2 through the window.
Martin #2 waves back.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Martin sits on the sofa.
Staring blankly at a flatscreen TV.
On it, two TALKING HEADS are arguing about politics.

Through a doorway, Justine is in the kitchen.
Chopping a head of broccoli at a center island.

She calls out to Martin:

JUSTINE
Honey? Do you want broccoli leek
soup or broccoli spinach soup?

MARTIN #2
What?

JUSTINE
Do you want broccoli leek soup or
broccoli spinach soup?

MARTIN #2
It doesn't matter! Either one!

JUSTINE
Really? Because usually you like
broccoli leek!

MARTIN #2
Okay. Broccoli leek, then!

JUSTINE
What?!

MARTIN #2
Okay! Broccoli leek sounds great!

Justine crosses to the refrigerator.
And starts pulling vegetables from the crisper.

Martin #2 sighs.

Then, he reaches into his pocket.
And slips out his cell phone.

He steals a glance at the kitchen door.
Then taps his phone.
Opening his text messages.

Martin #2 pulls up a thread.
And scrolls through selfies of a YOUNG BLONDE.
Lying on a disheveled bed in her underwear.

Martin #2 begins typing out a text.
Tapping the keyboard with his fingertips.
Smiling in his phone's faint blue glow.

END.