

THE DOUBLE

A screenplay by Jeremy Leven

Directed by Roman Polanski

MANDALAY ENTERTAINMENT
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DIRECTOR'S DRAFT
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Script #: _____

1 INT DEATH ROW (NIGHT)

A PIG on a rope is being led past the jail on death row by two executioners, ANDRE and ALAIN. It is a very large pig and snorts loudly as it struggles against the ropes.

JAKE FINCH, a pleasant looking man of fifty-five, watches the process with interest from his jail cell. Then he turns to a priest, FATHER THOMAS, fifties, ascetic, fidgety, who sits behind him on a small chair.

JAKE
What's going on?

FATHER THOMAS
(uncomfortably, with a
thick French accent)
You're the first to be executed in
over twenty years. They need to test
the gas chamber.

Jake looks back out the bars of his cell at the men down the hall, yanking the pig first this way and then that, moving more side to side than ahead. He shrugs.

JAKE
Still... a pig...

FATHER THOMAS
(trying to be helpful)
It's a matter of the physiology. In
order to test the cyanide accurately,
the lungs must be a certain capacity
in relation to the body weight.

Jake looks back down the hall at the continuing struggle.

JAKE
What's its name?

FATHER THOMAS
I beg your pardon?

JAKE
The pig. What's its name?

FATHER THOMAS
I really don't know.

JAKE
A pig without a name.... This is very
disturbing.
(turning to Father)
Will you bless it for me?

FATHER THOMAS
Will I what?

JAKE
Bestow God's blessing upon it before
it dies.

FATHER THOMAS
You want me to convey last rites to a
pig?

JAKE
It's not kosher?

Father Thomas stares at Jake, his eyes blinking in bewilderment.

FATHER THOMAS
I've come to hear your confession.

JAKE
And you will. What's more, it'll be
a confession well worth your time.

FATHER THOMAS
I can't give last rites to a pig.

Jake looks into Father Thomas's eyes, studying them intently.

JAKE
(angry with himself)
You're absolutely right. I never
should have asked. What difference
would it make, anyway. It's a pig!
Even God must think it's a repugnant
creature. Does a hog care that its
life is being taken? Of course not.
So, let the swine die and God's
blessing be damned!

Jake turns and nods to the stunned priest.

UNDER CREDITS --

2 INT DEATH ROW (NIGHT)

Father Thomas walks down the hall beside the struggling pig, trying desperately to bless it as Andre and Alain jerk it this way and that toward the diving-bell type apparatus at the end of the hallway which is used as a gas chamber.

Father Thomas continues to accompany the pig, chanting away, as the two men struggle to get the huge animal into the execution chair and strap it down.

Finally, after many attempts, and much chasing around the chamber, they give up and tie the pig to a leg of the chair with its rope. Then they race from the room and close the door tightly, turning the wheel on the door to seal the chamber.

When Andre and Alain look in through the window on the door, they find Father Thomas's panicked face pressed against it, silently screaming to be let out as he bangs on the door.

They spin the wheel and open the door, just enough for Father Thomas to slip out. Father Thomas collapses against a nearby wall, panting breathlessly, as the two men slam the door closed once again and seal it.

CREDITS END.

3 INT JAKE'S CELL/DEATH ROW (NIGHT)

Father Thomas, panting and perspiring, is let back into Jake's cell by a GUARD. Jake looks up from where he sits reading a copy of "Tale of Two Cities".

JAKE
How'd it go?

FATHER THOMAS
The pig is blessed.

Jake nods, pleased. Father Thomas, still catching his breath, sits down on a chair across from Jake, who goes back to his book.

FATHER THOMAS
I am ready now to hear your confession.

Jake holds up his finger to indicate he's not quite finished with the chapter. Father Thomas looks at his watch.

JAKE
(not looking up)
A bad time for you, Father?

FATHER THOMAS
Well, actually, if it's a long confession, perhaps I should come back later.

JAKE
I'm being executed in less than three hours.

FATHER THOMAS
Ah, yes.

JAKE
(looking up)
And my confession could take a while.

Father Thomas attempts to stifle a sigh, but he is not entirely successful.

JAKE
(a polite smile)
So -- I guess it's now or never.

Father Thomas settles back reluctantly in his chair. Jake finishes his chapter and looks up at Father Thomas.

JAKE
So how does it work?

FATHER THOMAS
(confused)
How does what work?

JAKE
I want to know what to expect -- what sort of schedule we're on, how the apparatus functions....

Father Thomas has another one of those bewildered looks on his face. Jake decides to help him out.

JAKE
What happens next?

FATHER THOMAS
(thinking)
Well, they will come shortly and ask you what you would like for your last meal.

JAKE
Can I have anything?

FATHER THOMAS
Within reason, I think so, yes.

JAKE
I'll have to think about that. I'm not good at making decisions. Then what?

FATHER THOMAS
At fifteen minutes before, you will be given a fresh set of prison clothing to change into -- and a heart monitor to strap on underneath so they can determine the exact time of death.

(very uncomfortable)
Are you sure you want to hear all this?

JAKE
Absolutely. Then what?

FATHER THOMAS

About five minutes before midnight,
you're led to the chamber and strapped
into a chair.

JAKE

How do I die?

FATHER THOMAS

(thrown)

Well... it's a gas chamber....

JAKE

I know, but how does it happen?

FATHER THOMAS

(great difficulty)

There's a mixture of distilled water
and sulfuric acid behind your chair.
A cheesecloth packet of cyanide
capsules is lowered into the bucket.
This releases a lethal gas, and you
die.

JAKE

How?

FATHER THOMAS

You suffocate.

JAKE

How long does it take?

FATHER THOMAS

You lose consciousness in a few
minutes. It takes about ten minutes
to die.

JAKE

That's a long time. I'd thought it'd
be instant. Does it hurt?

Father Thomas has difficulty answering.

FATHER THOMAS

Briefly -- yes, it does.

JAKE

(shaking his head)

This is not at all what I'd been
expecting -- not at all. And in
Paris. It's such a nice city
otherwise. If they had to reinstate
the death penalty, what was wrong with
the guillotine?

FATHER THOMAS
You would have preferred the
guillotine?

JAKE
You drop the rope, the blade falls --
zip, it's all over -- more or less.
Wasn't there somebody who blinked his
eye afterwards as a signal he still
wasn't dead?

FATHER THOMAS
(thrown)
You've heard of someone who winked
after his head was chopped off?

JAKE
I'd have thought they'd have gone with
time-tested tradition.

FATHER THOMAS
(getting his bearings)
The Socialists were absolutely against
the guillotine.

JAKE
But the gas chamber was okay?

FATHER THOMAS
It was a compromise.

JAKE
Well, what's done is done. Do you
believe in mercy?

FATHER THOMAS
(thrown)
But you refused to appeal to le
President de la Republique.

JAKE
I meant divine mercy.

FATHER THOMAS
Oh, that mercy. Yes, of course I do.

JAKE
(big smile)
Then I'll be saved, right?

FATHER THOMAS
(not so sure)
Yes, of course. If you believe, you
will be saved.

Jake is aware of the equivocal nature of Father Thomas's reply, and
continues smiling.

JAKE

Good. Then I guess I'll begin my confession.

4 INSERT: A BUBBLE

grows larger and larger. A face reflects off the bubble as it grows a beautiful female face.

JAKE (V/O)

I fell madly in love with Claire de Clairiere the first time we met, and over the years my love for her grew to gigantic proportions.

The bubble continues to get larger and larger -- and the face reflected more beautiful in its detail.

5 INT JAIL CELL (NIGHT)

FATHER THOMAS

Claire de Clairiere, the actress?

JAKE

You've seen her on the stage?
Phenomenal.

FATHER THOMAS

(incredulous)

You fell in love with Claire de Clairiere?

JAKE

She used our accounting firm to manage her money. I was responsible for the details of her account, which was substantial -- a home in Paris and another in London, a summer home in Ibiza, a Rolls Royce. She was, as they say, "a slap-up girl in a bang-up chariot".

Father Thomas looks quizzically at Jake.

JAKE

A great gal in a great car. A line of Dickens from "Our Mutual Friend".

FATHER THOMAS

(not a clue)

Ah, yes, of course. And Mademoiselle de Clairiere knew you felt this way about her?

JAKE

Not really. But her appearance in our office on the last Friday of each month was all that kept my mind off the grim reality facing me.

FATHER THOMAS

What grim reality?

JAKE

I've always known that I'd die before I was fifty-five.

6 INT ACCOUNTING OFFICE/CLIENT'S ROOM (DAY)

The bubble bursts. Jake is the bubble blower. He sits at a table across from CLAIRE DE CLAIRIERE, an amazingly attractive woman in her thirties with long blond hair and full lips. She laughs with delight when the bubble breaks. Jake smiles back.

7 INT JAKE'S CELL/DEATH ROW (NIGHT)

FATHER THOMAS

You knew you would die before you were fifty-five?

JAKE

(great irony)

Who knows for whom the bell tolls....

FATHER THOMAS

When will you be fifty-five?

JAKE

(sweet smile)

Tomorrow.

8 INT ACCOUNTING OFFICE/MAIN ROOM

Laughter continues to come from the glass-walled room in the corner of the office. ACCOUNTANTS look up from their desks, their work stopped, to enjoy the exuberance of Claire's laughter and her beauty. From an office behind them, JEAN CLAUDE TESSIER, 40's, very good-looking, wearing a toupe, stands up from his desk, irritated. He leaves his office and strides briskly across the room, calling to the workers, who instantly go back to their computers and ledgers.

JEAN CLAUDE

The show is over, gentlemen. Allez!

CLIENT'S ROOM (DAY)

The door opens and a displeased Jean Claude enters. He stands in silence, watching Claire's and Jake's laughter subside. Jake sees him and hastily returns to business.

JEAN CLAUDE
Mademoiselle de Clairiere has a busy
schedule this afternoon, Jake.

JAKE
We should be done in a few minutes,
Monsieur Tessier.

Jake pronounces the name "TESS-EE-ERR".

JEAN CLAUDE
Tess-ee-ay, you imbecile! Tsss-ee-
aaayyy! I've been here ten years and
you still can't pronounce my goddam
name! Listen to my English! Do you
think I'd be where I am if I spoke
English the way you spoke French!

JAKE
I don't speak French.

CLAIRE
(changing the subject)
You should see the bubbles that Jake
can make, Jean Claude. They're
fabulous.

JEAN CLAUDE
(totally thrown)
Bubbles? What bubbles?

Jake whisks a small jar of liquid soap and a bubble wand off the
table and into his lap. Claire turns to Jake, a light of amusement
in her eyes.

CLAIRE
I have a wonderful idea. I'm having
a party at Ledoyen tomorrow evening
after our performance. Could you come
and do your bubbles for us? I think
it would be a marvelous treat for
everyone, Jake.

Jake looks up, at first stunned, then over at Jean Claude, who is
even more stunned.

JAKE
(smiling at Claire)
I'd be delighted to attend.

Jean Claude is almost sputtering, as Claire stands up from the
table, showing off a figure equally as remarkable as her face.

CLAIRE
This is all the business I can stand
for today. You gentleman do what's
best -- I can't decide.
(more)

CLAIRE (Cont'd)
 I'll come back next week, if I must.
 (to Jake)
 It's formal. See you tomorrow at ten.
 (smiling to everyone)
 Tomorrow will be my five hundredth
 performance.

JAKE
 (almost to himself)
 Mine, too.

Claire looks at Jake, not quite sure she heard right, gathers up some papers and her purse, then starts from the room, passing Jean Claude.

CLAIRE
 You can't come, Jean Claude, because
 you're a grouch.

Claire nods good-day to Jean Claude, turns to Jake and winks conspiringly, and then walks gracefully out the door. Through the glass windows between the client's meeting room and the large main office, we can see the eyes of every Accountant following Claire as she walks down the aisle in front of them.

JAKE (V/O)
 I always knew that there was something
 special between us. It was good that
 she'd taken the first step. Then and
 there I decided -- if she was daring
 enough to present me to her friends at
 a formal occasion, then I could be
 just as courageous. Before leaving
 the party, I would ask her to marry
 me.

9 INT JAKE'S CELL/DEATH ROW (NIGHT)

FATHER THOMAS
 Because she asked you to blow bubbles
 for her friends, you decided to ask
 her to marry you?

JAKE
 Not only that. When I arrived home
 that night, I found two tickets for
 her play waiting for me with her
 compliments.

FATHER THOMAS
 Don't two tickets usually mean that
 she expects you to bring your wife, or
 a female companion?

JAKE
 I admit it was a little risky.

FATHER THOMAS
(ironic)
Really.

JAKE
Absolutely. I knew that I was not only a different class and culture than hers -- with somewhat limited financial resources -- but I was probably in the midst of another nervous breakdown.

Father Thomas has one of those bewildered looks on his face.

FATHER THOMAS
You have nervous breakdowns?

JAKE
From time to time. Twenty-five years working as a clerk at Levine and McNamara takes its toll. But what if Claire thought I was going mad? It could affect her decision to marry me.

FATHER THOMAS
Dying at fifty-five might also cause her some concern.

JAKE
I'd rather not talk about it. Anyway, in my present situation, it's not much of an issue, is it?

10 INT JAKE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM (DAY)

The house is a neat bachelor's pad. The furniture is basic and is complemented with some occasional items picked up at flea markets -- a floor lamp, an old comfortable reading chair, a small table with a painting of the Mona Lisa on it. Around the room, bookshelves are overflowing with well-read books.

Jake emerges from the bedroom, wearing pajamas. He holds a cup of coffee in one hand and, in the other hand, a large cream-filled pastry held in a cloth napkin. He champs into the pastry, white cream spreading over his lips. He washes it down with some coffee, wipes his mouth carefully with the napkin, then goes over a mirror on the wall and examines himself.

JAKE
This is the day, you sly dog.

Jake inspects that all is in order.

JAKE
Can't be too careful. Everything counts.

Satisfied with what he sees in the mirror, he finishes the pastry with one huge bite, walks over to the phone and dials.

JAKE
(gulping the pastry,
talking into the
phone)
Babette? This is Jake. Jake Finch.
I won't be coming in today.

BABETTE'S VOICE can be heard but not understood on the other end of the line.

JAKE
No, I'm not sick. Do I sound sick, my
dear woman? I'm not sick and I'm not
coming in.

BABETTE'S VOICE O.S. again.

JAKE
Well, if you must know, I'm about to
become engaged to the most beautiful
woman in the entire world,
Mademoiselle Claire de Clariere.
(listens, then)
I thank you for your concern, but I
think I'll be the judge of when I need
to have my head examined. Au revoir
beaucoup, mademoiselle.

11 INT JAKE'S BATHROOM (DAY)

Jake is bathing, singing away in the tub.

JAKE
(singing)
"...I'd gladly surrender myself to you --
body and souuuulllll..."

As he sings, A BUZZER IS SOUNDING.

12 INT JAKE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM (DAY)

An empty room. Jake trots from the bedroom, a towel around his waist, dripping wet. He goes over to an intercom on the wall and pushes the button on it.

PETER (O.S.)
Votre voiture est ici, Monsieur.

JAKE
What?

PETER (O.S.)
(loudly)
Votre voiture est --

JAKE
Don't you speak English? I asked for
someone who speaks English -- American
English.

PETER (O.S.)
I speak American English. Your car is
here, sir.
(a beat, silence)
You ordered a car for today?
(more silence)
My sheet says you booked a car for a
twenty-four hour period beginning at
nine this morning, Mr. Finch?
(silence)
You're Mr. Finch?

JAKE
You have a good American accent.

PETER (O.S.)
I'm American.

JAKE
How long have you been here?

PETER (O.S.)
Eight years.

JAKE
What brought you here?

PETER (O.S.)
Fast food. Would you like to come
down now, sir, or would you prefer me
to come up?

JAKE
Fast food?

PETER (O.S.)
Yes, sir. I intended to start a chain
of fast food French restaurants.

JAKE
In Paris?

PETER (O.S.)
Yes, sir. Like McDonald's, except you
get an eight course French meal on
your tray, all in four minutes or
less.

JAKE
An interesting idea.

PETER (O.S.)
I thought so. So, would you like me
to wait outside in the car?

JAKE
What's your name?

PETER (O.S.)
Pete, sir.

JAKE
Is that your real name?

PETER (O.S.)
Peter. My real name is Peter, but
people call me Pete.

JAKE
Do they do that because you prefer it,
or because they're too damn French to
say the "r"?

There is a pause on the other end. It appears that Pete is
contemplating what he has to deal with today.

PETER (O.S.)
My mother called me "Pete". Will you
be coming out shortly?

JAKE
Yes, I believe I will -- once you tell
me what I should call you.

PETER (O.S.)
Pete's okay, sir.

JAKE
What about Peter?

PETER (O.S.)
Peter's okay, too. Maybe we could
talk about this as we drive.

JAKE
You can really prepare an eight course
French meal in four minutes?

PETER (O.S.)
We had some early problems with the
souffle a la reine, but I think we
could have worked them out.

JAKE
What happened to your restaurant?

PETER (O.S.)
We couldn't seem to interest the
Parisian's in French food. Then a
Pizza Hut opened across the street.
We tried to compete, but we ran into
a problem delivering soup on a motor
scooter.

There is a long pause as Jake thinks this over.

JAKE
I'll be coming out shortly, Peter.

PETER (O.S.)
I'm looking forward to it.

13 EXT CITY STREET (DAY)

The limousine is making its way along a broad boulevard of Paris.
They pass police and soldiers on patrol, some carrying machine guns.

14 INT LIMOUSINE (DAY)

PETER, a man in his fifties, is driving. Jake sits in the back
seat, looking out at the militia.

PETER
You pay a one-time premium and you're
covered for the rest of your life for
terrorist acts that result in your
death or dismemberment. It's a deal
you can't beat anywhere.

Jake turns his head to follow the men with machine guns who walk in
threes along the street.

JAKE
I hear there's talk of reinstating the
death penalty to deal with them.

PETER
They never should have started bombing
the monuments. But how's the death
penalty going to help poor slobs like
us? All that has to do with what
happens to the sonsabitches after they
kill us. Lot of good that does you
and me. That's why a policy like this
is such an imperative.

Jake's attention is suddenly caught by a store window filled with
pastries.

JAKE
Is that a new bakery?

PETER

(moving along)

I personally know the guy who's underwriting this, and he's a good man. He used to do commodities. He's only ten minutes from here.

JAKE

We have to be at my doctor's in ten minutes.

PETER

Hope it's nothing serious, sir -- in which case, we could drop in after the doctor's.

A man in his twenties sits on a bench, kissing an attractive young woman of the same age, who has tears running down her cheeks. Jake's attention is riveted on them as he passes by.

JAKE

I'll tell you something, Peter -- life is pain --

PETER

For the same price, he throws in a hostage rider. You know -- they take you hostage, you lose income from not being able to work, you need extra dental care, a shrink for your nerves -- it's all covered.

JAKE

-- pain and suffering --

PETER

I could ask.

JAKE

-- betrayal and catastrophe, and even pleasures are delusions.

Peter looks into the rear-view mirror at Jake, whose head is turned to observe the tearful woman and her lover.

PETER

You seem a little -- depressed -- sir.

JAKE

Not at all, not at all.

(snapping out of it)

I couldn't be in a better mood. For a start, I'm going to the theater tonight, Peter -- compliments of the show's star.

(more)

JAKE (Cont'd)

Afterwards, she has invited me to perform at an exclusive --

(flamboyantly)

-- "formal soiree" -- she is throwing for her closest friends. After I have amazed them with my talent, I intend to proclaim my eternal love to this extraordinary woman, and, of course, offer her the chance to join her life with mine.

PETER

Has she known you for long, sir?

JAKE

Not really, why?

Jake flicks a button and the sunroof above him opens, letting in a stream of light.

15 EXT CITY STREET (DAY)

As the limousine travels along, Jake pops out of the top of it -- like a submarine commander emerging from a turret. He looks behind him at the couple on the bench, just small specks in the distance now. Along the street, PEDESTRIANS stare at Jake, who is oblivious of them. Suddenly, he turns and calls to Peter through the open roof.

JAKE

I think my doctor's office is near here, Peter. Ah ha! There it is, next to the bakery. What time is it, Peter?

PETER

Five minutes to ten, sir. May I ask what brand of watch you're wearing, sir?

16 INT DR. BECHAMEL'S OFFICE/ STUDY (DAY)

Jake is jogging on a treadmill, wires leading from his chest to an EEG machine. DR. BERTRAND BECHAMEL, a man in his sixties with glasses, is examining the paper scrolling from the machine.

JAKE

(jogging, breathless)

I'm proposing to a woman - a younger woman -- and I'm concerned that I don't burden her with -- damaged goods.

BECHAMEL

Well, as we've discussed many times before, your cholesterol is rather high, Monsieur Finch.

JAKE

How high?

BECHAMEL

I doubt I could fit a needle through your arteries if it didn't have a point.

JAKE

(nods)

I should cut down on the butter.

Dr. Bechamel starts slowing down the treadmill.

BECHAMEL

And pastries, and cream, and sauces....

JAKE

(slowing his pace)

You want me to cut down on pastries and sauces in Paris? What do you suggest I eat instead, Dr. Bechamel -- the rivets off the Eiffel Tower?

BECHAMEL

You might try some fruit. And fiber.

Jake is not happy to hear this. The machine comes to a stop and he gets off and wipes himself with a towel.

JAKE

What about my gall bladder?

BECHAMEL

Your gall bladder?

JAKE

Yes, how is that?

BECHAMEL

As near as I can tell, it seems fine.

JAKE

Not clogged up? You could get a needle through it?

BECHAMEL

It was a metaphor, Monsieur Finch, to illustrate the seriousness of the situation.

JAKE
What about my intestines?

BECHAMEL
Do you have problems with them?

JAKE
What kind of problems?

BECHAMEL
You tell me.

The two men study each other. Jake starts to dress.

JAKE
I like quiet, Dr. Bechamel. I have a nice apartment. I read.

Jake stops buttoning his shirt and turns to Bechamel.

JAKE
(a new idea)
My prostate. What about that?

BECHAMEL
I'm a cardiologist, Monsieur Finch.

JAKE
Men my age have problems with their prostates, right?

BECHAMEL
You want me to examine your prostate?

Jake picks up his jacket and smiles.

JAKE
Perhaps some other time. I've kept you much too long. Merci, Dr. Bechamel.

And Jake strides from the office, leaving behind him a bewildered Dr. Bechamel.

17 EXT CITY STREET (DAY)

The limousine sits at the curb. Peter stands beside it waiting. Jake emerges from Bechamel's offices and takes a deep breath of air. He rubs his hands contentedly.

JAKE
(to himself)
I feel much better -- much. This couldn't have turned out better.

Jake smiles and walks to the limousine. Peter holds out his hand and smiles. In it is a not very good imitation of a Rolex watch.

18 INT LIMOUSINE (DAY)

The Rolex watch on Jake's wrist. Peter drives, as Jake admires it and muses out loud to himself.

PETER

Have you decided where you want to go yet, sir?

JAKE

I must have a plan. Everything depends on it. I need time to think, Peter. What is there to see in Paris?

PETER

How long have you been here, sir?

JAKE

Twenty-two years.

PETER

Two years?

JAKE

No, twenty-two.

19 EXT PLACE DE CHARLES DE GAULLE ETOILE (DAY)

The Arc De Triomphe. Jake sits in the car as it goes around the monument.

JAKE

It's much bigger than I thought.

PETER

May I ask what brought you to Paris, sir?

JAKE

They asked me to relocate here for a few weeks to help out with the overload in their overseas office.

PETER

(ironic)

And you fell in love with Paris?

The blank expression on Jake's face answers the question in full.

PETER

Have you had a chance to take in the Eiffel Tower yet, sir?

JAKE

I need a ring. I can't propose without a ring. Take me some place expensive.

20 INT CARTIER'S (DAY)

A spectacular ring with a huge diamond sits on a black velvet board. Jake stands on one side of the counter looking at it. A CLERK, a woman in her mid-forties, close-cropped black hair, severe jaw lines with a smile that doesn't quite match, stands on the other side, holding the board. Peter stands impatiently by the door.

CLERK

The clarity of the diamond is exceptional for this size stone, Monsieur. Would you like to see for yourself?

The Clerk hands Jake the ring and a small magnifying eyepiece. Jake looks through it at the diamond.

CLERK

The cut is extraordinary, isn't it, Monsieur?

JAKE

(looking through the eyepiece)

Extraordinary. That's true. Absolutely extraordinary.

Jake hands the eyepiece and ring back to the Clerk.

JAKE

Okay, I'll take it.

Peter's ears perk up, and he begins to edge slowly toward Jake, who is taking his checkbook out of his inside jacket pocket.

JAKE

How much is it?

Jake starts to reach inside his jacket for his pen.

CLERK

Nine hundred and eighty thousand francs, sir.

Jake is suddenly unable to "find" his pen anywhere. He stalls for time as he "searches".

JAKE

How much is that in dollars?

The Clerk pulls out a small hand calculator and taps into it. Jake continues to fumble for his pen.

CLERK

One hundred and ninety-two thousand, one hundred fifty-six dollars and eighty-six cents.

The Clerk sees Jake still "searching" for his pen, smiles pleasantly, and hands Jake a pen. Jake looks at the pen in panic, then desperately over at Peter, who comes to the rescue, arriving at this instant by Jake's side.

PETER

Excuse me, sir, but did I overhear her say that she wants a hundred and ninety-two grand for this ring?

CLERK

That is correct, Monsieur.

PETER

(to the Clerk)

I was talking to him. Let me see that ring.

Before the Clerk can react, Peter snatches the ring off the velvet.

CLERK

Monsieur, please put the ring back.

PETER

(examining the ring)

A hundred and ninety-three grand for this Crackerjack prize. I've had marbles that were cut better. I'm not even sure it's real.

Peter runs the diamond across the glass case, cutting a deep line in it. The Clerk's mouth drops open in dismay.

CLERK

Please don't do that with the ring, Monsieur.

PETER

(to Jake)

It's a zircon. You see the way it cuts through the glass? It's an industrial zircon. They use them for making beer mugs.

CLERK

I beg your pardon, sir, but this is a diamond ring of the highest quality, and I must ask you to return it immediately --

PETER

Was I talking to you?

The Clerk sputters, totally at a loss about how to handle this.

PETER

(to the Clerk)

And just for your information, they've got the same exact ring on sale at Van Cleff and Arpels for less than two grand, and they're throwing in a matching necklace and earrings.

CLERK

(suddenly haughty)

I can assure you, Monsieur, that it is not the "same exact ring". This particular ring is not a zircon, a prize from a box of Crackerjack, or a marble. This is a flawless 8 carat diamond cut especially for us into a marquise. And if you do not return it to me immediately I will have no choice but to --

PETER

Oh, give it a rest. Do you really expect Monsieur to fall for this "cut especially for us" crap like he's some American tourist -- Monsieur Finch, who has lived and worked in Paris for twenty-two years?

Jake adopts a posture of indignance, pulls his jacket down, straightens his tie, and adopts a slightly jaunty Parisian pose.

PETER

(to Jake)

Come, Monsieur. I'll take you to Harry Winston, where they will not mistake you for just another incredibly rich Texan.

With a sweep of his hand, Peter gestures for Jake to proceed, and then follows directly behind him.

CLERK

(calling after them)

The ring, Monsieur! Give me the ring, Monsieur!

Peter tosses it in the air over his shoulder. The Clerk, aghast, leans across the counter to catch it, her hand pressing on the glass top which Peter has cut with the ring. From behind Peter and Jake comes THE SOUND OF SHATTERING GLASS, followed by an ALARM.

21 EXT CARTIER'S (DAY)

Jake and Peter face off on the street, shouting over the noise of the ALARM. Behind them, inside the store, there is a major commotion around the broken glass case. The EE-OO-EE-OO of police sirens is heard approaching.

JAKE
 (shouting over the
 alarm)
 Would you mind telling me what you
 were doing in there?

PETER
 (shouting back in
 disbelief)
 What I was doing? I was saving your
 ass, that's what I was doing. What
 were you doing? I know it's none of
 my business, but do you have a hundred
 and ninety-two thousand dollars? Do
 you have ninety two thousand dollars?

JAKE
 The money isn't the point.

Police cars pull up and POLICE race past Jake and Peter into the
 store.

PETER
 If having the money isn't the point,
 then what is?

JAKE
 The point is that we're buying a ring
 for the most glorious woman in the
 world. That's the point.

Peter looks at Jake and sees the heartfelt expression on his face.
 Behind them, inside the store, the semi-hysterical Clerk is miming
 the toss of the ring in the air and how she leaned on the case.

PETER
 (with compassion)
 You want a ring? I can get you ring.

22 EXT BELLEVILLE (DAY)

Peter's car is parked in front of a seedy-looking establishment.
 The sidewalk is filled with Arabs.

23 INT BEN GUIGUI'S STORE (DAY)

Peter and an Arab, BEN GUIGUI, are shouting back at forth at each
 other in Arabic. Jake stands a short distance away, trying
 unsuccessfully to interrupt -- as the ring goes back and forth
 between Peter and Ben Guigui and Jake tries to get a look at it.

JAKE
 Could I see the ring? I haven't seen
 the ring. I'd like to see the ring.

Peter and Ben Guigui ignor Jake and CONTINUE SHOUTING IN ARABIC, the ring going back and forth, as they attempt to make a deal.

JAKE
(shouting loudly)
I want to see the ring!

Peter and Ben Guigui stop and turn their heads toward Jake. Peter holds out the ring. It has a huge red ruby on it and looks not unlike the squirt-rings sold in prank shops.

JAKE
What is this?

PETER
This is something big and impressive that will sweep the most glorious woman in the world right off her glorious feet. And I'm getting you the deal of the century on it, if I ever get the chance to finish -- sir.

JAKE
I want a diamond.

24 INT LIMOUSINE (DAY)

A diamond ring. The diamond is not much larger than a grain of salt. Jake squints at it through his thick glasses, as the limo moves through the city.

JAKE
Maybe I need something else to go with it -- some flowers, a box of candy --

PETER
-- the refracting telescope from the Mount Wilson observatory....

JAKE
Say, isn't that --

PETER
Yes, it is, sir.

JAKE
(cranning his neck to look)
Wow.

The Eiffel Tower in all its splendor -- except the top third hangs down from it like a broken stalk of sugar cane, the result of another terrorist attack.

25 INT EIFFEL TOWER ELEVATOR (DAY)

Jake is looking at the view as the elevator ascends the still in tact portion of the Eiffel Tower. Peter stands impatiently beside him.

JAKE

So, I've never been here before. Big deal. Have you ever been to the Statue of Liberty?

PETER

You don't have to swim to the Eiffel Tower -- sir.

26 EXT EIFFEL TOWER (DAY)

Jake and Peter stand on the first and lowest observation deck of the Eiffel Tower, looking over Paris. Jake paces back and forth, totally ignoring the vista behind him.

JAKE

I ride the Metro to work and back. Evenings and weekends I read. I like Dickens, especially. I walk to the market. I cook my dinner.

(stops pacing)

Jesus -- I don't know what Claire likes to eat. Suppose she wants to move right in? What do you think she likes? She's an actress, thin, very good complexion.... Probably veal, salads, fish, but not too oily, right? Something with a light sauce, tomatoes, a little basil....

Peter watches Jake, pacing in distress, totally oblivious to the spectacular view of Paris and is unable to resist a sudden burst of sympathy.

PETER

You can't propose to the woman of your dreams dressed like that.

Jake looks up at Peter, then down at his clothes.

JAKE

This'll have to do.

PETER

You said it was a formal occasion. You need a tux.

JAKE

I'm not proposing in rented clothing.

PETER

Did I say anything about renting? I'm talking tailor-made. I can get you a tuxedo, made to order, in three hours.

Jake looks at his watch. Then he holds the watch up to his ear.

JAKE

The watch has stopped.

PETER

It's kinetic. You have to move your arm around until it's wound up.

Jake shakes his wrist up and down vigorously.

27 INT HABERDASHERY (EVENING)

Jake stands on an empty beer crate. DENG LEE is measuring Jake with a cloth tape, SHOUTING MEASUREMENTS IN CHINESE to a large room full of Chinese workers (looking not unlike coolies), who sit at rows of sewing machines, SHOUTING IN CHINESE to Deng Lee and to each other, as they frantically run material through their machines.

As Deng Lee measures, Peter negotiates with Deng Lee, SHOUTING OVER DENG LEE'S SHOUTING -- ALL IN MANDARIN. Jake's head rotates back and forth, unable to make sense out of any of it.

28 INT HABERDASHERY (NIGHT)

Jake stands in a shirt and boxer shorts, eating Chinese food with chopsticks out of a carton, as, behind him, the workers continue to sew and shout with equal fervor. Peter sits beside him on a wicker chair, eating an egg roll.

JAKE

The play begins at nine o'clock, although she doesn't actually appear on stage until nine-eleven. There's a preamble which is incredibly boring, you know -- "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness..." and on and on, stolen directly from Ecclesiastes, as though Dickens thought no one would notice. Except, of course, it's all in French. Still, I should be there by nine o'clock.

Jake shakes his arm up and down and looks at his watch. Peter takes another bite of his eggroll and reaches for a carton beside him.

PETER

More lo mein?

29 INT THEATER (NIGHT)

It is the final scene. Claire stands in a spot-light, watching a man, SYDNEY CARTON, being led to a guillotine, which stands ominously in center stage. Carton speaks in French.

Jake sits in a side box, listening in rapture, silently mouthing every word which Jake has long ago memorized. Peter, sitting beside Jake, observes him in amazement.

The speech finished, Sydney Carton is placed on the guillotine and his head locked in place. The line of soldiers and townspeople move around the scaffold, obscuring Sydney Carton. There is a MUFFLED AND PROLONGED DRUM-ROLL FOLLOWED BY THE DREAD SOUND OF THE GUILLOTINE BLADE DESCENDING, LANDING WITH A HORRIFIC THUD. The crowd gasps. Women sob. And then there is silence.

Claire, standing alone in a spot-light, downstage, talks, tears streaking her face.

CLAIRE
(direct from Dickens,
but in French
w/subtitles)

They say of him, about the city that night, that it was the peace fullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic. For he held a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants for generations to come.

Jake, also mouthing Claire's words, has tears falling from his eyes. Peter looks at Jake in disbelief, as, slowly the curtain falls. And then there is THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE -- followed by curtain calls. In the front of the cast, bowing and waving to the audience, is the radiant Claire de Clairiere.

JAKE
(shouting and clapping)
Bravo! Bravo!

30 EXT LEDOYEN RESTAURANT (NIGHT)

The lights inside the two story restaurant are on brilliantly. Guests are seen milling about through the large windows. Peter stands by the limousine, once again adjusting Jake's bowtie. Then he hands Jake his satchel.

PETER
Knock 'em dead, sir.

Jake nods nervously, and he takes the satchel from Peter. Then he looks at Peter, mulling over a thought.

JAKE
I wish I'd had the money today to buy
her everything in Paris.

PETER
What you've got to give her is worth
far more, isn't it, sir?

JAKE
(smiling)
That's true. That's very true.

Jake nods again, and then heads for the house. He is stopped at the door by a large SECURITY MAN.

SECURITY MAN
Securite, Monsieur.

Jake opens his satchel. The guard looks in, takes a large bottle of bubble soap and several bubble wands from it. He peers inside, finds nothing else, shrugs, replaces the bubbles and wands, and hands the satchel back to Jake.

SECURITY GUARD
Merci, Monsieur.

31 INT LEDOYEN (NIGHT)

Claire -- her splendid face, radiant, lovely, beaming with joy and life as she watches --

Jake, on a small stage, blowing a bubble before a hundred formally-dressed guests who sit on folding chairs, watching with delight.

As Jake's bubble grows larger and larger, it brings a light into his eyes. He looks down at Claire, sitting in the front row and he winks at her. She smiles back.

The bubble now gigantic, Jake steps carefully down from the stage and walks up to Claire. He takes her hand and extends it from her body. Then he delicately perches the bubble on her hand and bows to her.

The crowd sighs at the elegance of Jake's gesture and breaks into applause. Jake walks toward the stage, then turns, points at the bubble, snaps his fingers, and the bubble pops.

For a moment Claire has a look of sadness in her face, then she smiles, grateful for the moment, and begins applauding. The guests join her with a second round of applause for Jake, who continues to look into Claire's eyes with tender feelings. Claire, applauding, finds her own eyes drawn to his. A strange calm fills her and she smiles quietly back at Jake.

Jake, eyes riveted to Claire's, starts another bubble.

32 INT JAKE'S CELL/DEATH ROW (NIGHT)

Father Thomas sits listening in fascination to Jake, who leans against a wall across from him, cleaning his eyeglasses.

FATHER THOMAS

Did you propose to her that night?

JAKE

You believe in God, yes, Father?

FATHER THOMAS

(not as convincing as
it might be)

Of course I believe in God.

JAKE

Then you believe that the world He's
created is a fair one, right?

FATHER THOMAS

I certainly do. Did you propose to
her?

Jake finishes cleaning his glasses and puts them back on.

JAKE

The world is fair when you look at it
as a whole -- but, if you only look at
one small part of it, it may not seem
all that fair. For example, look at
me. From my point of view, it seems
a bit -- unfair.

Suddenly the pig appears, running squealing past the cell, followed by Andre and Alain in hot pursuit. Jake and Father Thomas watch it pass, stunned. Jake turns to Father Thomas.

JAKE

See what I mean? God looks at the
whole, and doesn't really care what it
means to any individual.

FATHER THOMAS

Did you propose to her?

JAKE

We're all adrift on the same raft,
don't you think, Father? So there's
really only one question for us: what
sort of shipwrecked men shall we be?

The pig returns from the other direction, racing past the cell, pursued by Andre and Alain.

FATHER THOMAS

What did she say when you proposed to
her?

33 INT CLAIRE'S MANSION (NIGHT)

There is an embarrassing silence. Claire stares at Jake, who is still standing on the stage, following his proposal. She sits looking at Jake, her mouth ajar, a stunned expression on her face. All around her, the guests sit silently looking at Jake, equally in shock.

JAKE
(addressing the audience)

I know that it's a little unusual for a marriage proposal to be delivered in public -- but why bury such a glorious moment in the darkness of privacy?

Jake walks off the stage, toward Claire, who is frozen in shock and embarrassment. She feels like running away, but can't move. Jack holds out the ring.

JAKE
(extending the ring)
It's not much, I admit, but I ask again, Mademoiselle -- will you join your life with mine and become my wife?

Jean Claude Tessier, standing across the room, catches the eye of the Conductor of the Band. Claire looks up at Jake, with a mixture of compassion for his situation and panic over her own.

JAKE
I await your answer, my love.

Claire opens her mouth to speak, but no words issue. Suddenly, the BAND BEGINS PLAYING, and the guests spring to life, out of their chairs, grateful that the ordeal has ended, and begin busily talking among themselves, almost as though nothing of significance has happened -- totally ignoring Jake.

Jake looks around in confusion, not quite grasping what has happened. Perhaps she has answered and he didn't hear over the noise of the band. Is this a dance to celebrate? Instinctively, he takes Claire's hand in his. And just as instinctively, she rises and begins to dance with him, as though in a trance.

JAKE
(dancing with Claire)
I'm not an obvious choice for your husband. I'll grant that. I lead a simple life. I don't have much money -- enough for my own needs, but nothing like you do. I know I don't have men's magazine good looks. You're a great beauty.

Claire comes out of her trance and looks curiously at Jake, not quite knowing how she came to be dancing with him.

JAKE

Rich and powerful men will always be drawn to you -- but none of them will see the beauty beneath the surface. When your exterior beauty goes, as, of course, some day it must, their attention will disappear along with it. Only I will know the true beauty that rests at your heart. Only I will give you the love you deserve....

Claire looks into Jake's eyes, and finds tears forming in her eyes -- for Jake's plight? for her own? for the unexpected effect that his words have had on her. She reaches up and tenderly brushes his cheek with her hand.

CLAIRE

Oh, Jake, my dear sweet fool....

Jake's heart falls at the word "fool". But before he can object or Claire continue, he feels a hand on his arm. It is Jean Claude.

JEAN CLAUDE

I wonder whether I might cut in, Jake.

Before, Jake can object, Jean Claude takes his place, and sweeps Claire away from him. Jake is about to go after them, when two white-jacketed WAITERS take him by the arms and start to whisk him off.

JAKE

Hey, wait a minute.

The Waiters continue to maneuver Jake across the room toward the door. He begins to struggle.

WAITER 1

(in French)

If we could just have a word with you for a moment, Monsieur.

JAKE

Hey, wait a minute!

Jake starts to struggle. The two Waiters grab Jake forcibly. Jake fights harder and starts to shout.

JAKE

Get your hands the hell off me! I need to talk to Claire! Let go of me!

Jake is fighting mad now. The Waiters are joined by several OTHER WAITERS who grab Jake and drag him toward the door.

JAKE
 (shouting loudly)
 Let go of me! I'm a guest here! I
 was specially invited by Claire de
 Clairiere!

Claire, still being swept off by Jean Claude, tries to see Jake through the crowd, but can't. Tears fall from her eyes.

JAKE
 (shouting loudly)
 She hasn't answered my proposal! I
 bought a ring! I've made plans!

And out the door Jake goes. It slams shut behind him with a chilling finality. Jean Claude calls across the room to the Waiters.

JEAN CLAUDE
 Don't let him back in.

34 INT JAKE'S CELL/DEATH ROW (NIGHT)

Father Thomas looks at Jake, his eyes filling with tears of compassion.

JAKE
 Don't take it so hard, Father. Didn't
 we just agree that life isn't always
 fair?

FATHER THOMAS
 And this incident drove you to commit
 such a horrendous act?

JAKE
 Not exactly.

35 EXT LEDOYEN (NIGHT)

It is raining. Jake is just being thrown out the door and the door slammed behind him. He hurtles forward, past a SECURITY GUARD, down several steps, and lands in a small puddle of water. As he picks himself up, the door opens, and his satchel comes flying out, landing in the same puddle.

Jake, defeated, turns around. Limousines are parked everywhere. Peter stands in a group of chauffeurs, who have taken protection from the rain under a large umbrella held by one of them. They puff at their cigarettes and stare silently at Jake. Peter leaves the group and walks sadly over to Jake. He picks up Jake's satchel and holds it for him.

PETER
 You okay?

Jake doesn't answer. He stares at Peter, the look of a shattered man in his eyes.

PETER

Didn't go so well, huh?

Jake still doesn't answer. He continues to stare at Peter, and then turns away and starts to walk down the driveway in the rain. Peter quickly catches up with him.

PETER

I wouldn't let it effect you too much, sir. It's her loss.

Still no reaction from Jake, who trudges ahead.

PETER

So, where shall we go now? I know a great Tex-Mex place only ten minutes from here -- you'll feel right like you're back home -- friendly, good booze, women who'll make you think you've died and gone to heaven, at least for an hour or so.

Jake continues to walk in the rain.

JAKE

I won't be needing the car anymore, Peter.

Jake stops, takes out his wallet, gives Peter some bills, and then walks off into the rainy night.

36 EXT STREET (NIGHT)

Jake is shuffling ahead, mumbling to himself, as the rain continues.

JAKE

It's my life, isn't it. I took a risk. There're always risks. Something like this could happen to anyone.

From down the street, the limousine is seen approaching.

JAKE

(to himself)

Besides, who is Tessier to throw me out like that? He wears a wig. He has less hair on his scalp than I have on my ass.

The limousine pulls up beside Jake and Peter jumps out, holding an umbrella.

PETER

Take this for the walk home. I can
pick it up tomorrow.

Jake stops and looks at Peter.

JAKE

Thank you.

Jake takes the umbrella and opens it.

JAKE

You're a good friend, Peter.

PETER

It's nothing really. How about if I
meet you at the apartment? I can warm
up the place, mix you a drink, run you
a nice hot bath -- it's no trouble.
You still have the car until tomorrow
morning.

Jake looks into Peter's eyes.

JAKE

Yes. I think I'd like that.

Jake reaches in his pocket and hands Peter the keys to his house.

PETER

I'll meet you there, sir.
Everything'll be ready when you
arrive.

JAKE

The code for the front door is 704.

PETER

You sure you won't change your mind
about the ride?

JAKE

I'd like to walk.

Peter nods, then gets back in the limousine and drives away. And
Jake resumes shuffling down the street.

37 EXT QUAI BY THE RIVER SEINE (NIGHT)

The steady downpour continues. Jake walks along the deserted quai,
the collar of his jacket turned up, water streaming down his
eyeglasses. The lights of Paris buildings reflect off the water.

Jake clutches the coat more tightly around him as the rain's
intensity grows, and increases his pace, as though driven by his own
desperation.

He comes to a bridge overhead and starts to pass under it. Half way through, he stops, and stands on the edge of the walk, leaning over the water, like a man whose nose has suddenly started to bleed. Catching his breath, he looks down into the brackish water at his own reflection, rippling up at him, and he contemplates suicide.

AS A BELL BEGINS TO TOLL MIDNIGHT, Jake folds his umbrella and puts it down, then takes off his jacket, folds it neatly, and places it on the ground beside him. Then he looks back into the water, getting ready to jump.

Suddenly, it seems as though, next to his reflection in the water, another face appears.

VOICE (O.S.)
(barely audible)
Do it, Jake. Get it over with.

Jake startles and whirls. No one is there. He looks down one end of the quai and then the other. He removes his glasses and wipes them with his sleeve, puts them back on and peers again. He looks back into the water. Only his own reflection looks back up at him. Finally, Jake turns around and sighs.

JAKE
(to himself)
What's the matter with me?

This seems to conclude the matter for him. He picks up his coat, puts it back on, retrieves his umbrella, and proceeds on his way, his pace much faster than before.

JAKE
(to himself)
This'll all work out in the end. I've taken the risk. I've made my intentions known. What's done is done.

Jake turns a corner and hurries on. The sound of footsteps approaching causes him to look up.

Heading toward Jake, also wrapped in a tuxedo jacket, carrying an umbrella, walking just as hurriedly as Jake, is a man. Jake turns his head aside, averts his eyes, and continues to push quickly through the rain.

The two men approach each other like mirror images -- same dress, same pace, their coats clutched identically around them, their umbrellas held identically, their bodies inclined at the same angle.

A few steps before they reach other, Jake can't help but look up -- and he stops dead in his tracks. As the man passes, Jake whirls, turned in the wind like a weathervane, and he stares in horror after the man -- who quickly disappears into the rain.

JAKE
What was that...?

Suddenly, in a panic, Jake spins back and begins to hurry away in the opposite direction from the stranger.

JAKE

(mumbling to himself)

Great. I'm losing my mind. Just what the world needs -- two Jakes.

Jake walks faster and faster, and turns another corner. Again, there is the sound of approaching footsteps, this time from behind him. Jake turns to look behind him, and the man passes quickly by, coat still identically wrapped around him, umbrella inclined against the rain the same as Jake's. It is the identical man who passed him a moment before.

Jake freezes in terror. There is something chilling about this man. Then, in a moment of bravado, Jake calls out.

JAKE

Excuse me, Monsieur!

The man stops a few paces from Jake and turns around to face him. The light from a streetlight illuminates the stranger's face and there is no doubt what Jake sees.

The stranger is Jake. Same clothing, same glasses, same umbrella, same face, he is identical in every aspect, down to the desperation.

Jake looks at the DOUBLE, and then, propelled by some unknown impulse, Jake begins to walk toward him, tilting his head slightly as he inspects the face of his Double. A few steps away, Jake begins to talk.

JAKE

Excuse me, a moment ago --

The Double, with an air of annoyance, turns without waiting for Jake to finish, and hurries off. Jake, his knees weakening from the shock, watches him leave, and then, regretting he didn't persist, gathers his strength and with new aggression, he starts off after the man, calling.

JAKE

Monsieur! Monsieur!

38 EXT STREET/JAKE'S HOUSE (NIGHT)

The rain continues to pour. Jake is hurrying down the street. Far in the distance in front of him, the Double has reached Jake's house. Jake sees the Double push a code into the entry box, and then enter the apartment house. Jake stops in shock.

JAKE

(mumbling to himself)

The sonofabitch knows my entry code.

Jake hurries up to the house, punches in the code, mumbling incoherently to himself, flings open the door, and dashes inside.

39 INT FRONT ENTRY/JAKE'S APARTMENT HOUSE (NIGHT)

Jake enters just in time to see the elevator rise. He races to the stairs and begins to run up them.

40 INT DOOR TO JAKE'S APARTMENT (NIGHT)

Jake arrives just as the Double is entering the door to his apartment. The door closes and Jake can hear voices behind them. He puts his ear against the door.

PETER (O.S.)
How're you feeling, sir?

DOUBLE (O.S.)
Much better, thanks. Lousy weather tonight, isn't it?

Jake's face turns red with frustration.

PETER (O.S.)
I've got a rum toddy and a nice hot bath all ready for you, sir.

DOUBLE (O.S.)
You're a good man, Peter.

Jake freezes in disbelief. He raises his arm to ring the bell, then thinks better of it. He places his ear to the door once more, but hears nothing. Then, as he thinks about what to do next, he sees the window in the hall which leads outside.

41 EXT JACK'S HOUSE/BALCONY (NIGHT)

Jake appears from around the corner of the building, edging along a small ledge. He reaches a narrow balcony and climbs over the railing. The balcony has two sets of French doors, one leading to his living room and one to his bedroom. Finally, at the end of the balcony there is the window by his bathroom. Jake peers in the first French door he comes to. It is the living room. No one is there. The door is open two inches, latched on the inside by a brass bar which allows the door to remain partly open and still secure. He tries to open this door further, but the combination of the latch and a heavy desk on the other side blocks it from opening. He tries several times, then gives up and walks down the balcony.

He comes to his bedroom and peers in the French doors, tightly shut and locked. This room is also empty. However, a light comes from under the bathroom door, and there is the MUFFLED SOUND OF WATER RUNNING AND INDISTINGUISHABLE VOICES from behind it.

Jake moves to the end of the balcony, and tries to peer in the bathroom window, but it is covered with steam. He rubs his hand on it to clear the steam, but, since the steam is on the other side, it does no good. He hears voices inside.

DOUBLE (O.S.)
Is it still raining, Peter?

PETER (O.S.)
I think it's stopped, sir.

Jake tries once again to rub the steam off the window. Almost simultaneously, the Double rubs the window from the inside, coming face to face with Jake -- and totally ignoring him.

DOUBLE (O.S.)
You're right, it's stopped.

Suddenly, before Jake can react, there is the SOUND OF THE PHONE RINGING. Jake startles. Then he quickly slides over to the farthest window, where he reaches his arm in the small slit and fumbles for the phone on the desk. He finally manages to pull the receiver out on to the balcony. A female voice speaks in warm tones.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Hello...? Jake...?
(silence)
Are you there, Jake?

JAKE
Claire...?

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Are you okay, Jake? I was worried about you.

The water stops running in the bathroom and the far window is opened a crack to let out the steam. A VOICE BEGINS TO SING IN THE TUB.

DOUBLE (O.S.)
(singing)
"My heart is sad and lonely, for you
I sigh, for you dear only... Why
haven't you seen it? I'm all for you,
body and sooooulll..."

Jake stands in shock, the phone in one hand, his mouth open, the voice singing in the bathroom, and doesn't know where to turn.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Jake? Are you there, Jake?

JAKE
(dazed)
Yes, I'm here.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Are you okay? Jean Claude had no
right to throw you out like that.

JAKE
I thought you weren't going to invite
him.

The singing continues. Jake tries to edge with the phone over to
the bathroom window, but it doesn't reach.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
I was just playing with him. He's not
so bad. He organized the evening for
me. We've been friends for a long
time. He's the one who convinced me
to bring my business to Levine and
McNamara.

JAKE
I didn't know that.

DOUBLE (O.S.)
(singing loudly)
"I spend my days in longing, I wonder
why it's me you're wronging...."

Jake whirls toward the voice. He wants desperately to race to the
bathroom window, but is held in place by Claire's voice.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
But we're not really close, Jake -- at
least not as close as he'd like.

Jake's attention is instantly redirected toward the conversation.
The tentativeness of Claire's relationship with Jean Claude is good
news.

JAKE
You were right, you know. I'm a fool.

CLAIRE
That's not what I meant, Jake. I
meant that you're a fool for thinking
that there's someone else below the
surface. I'm what you see, Jake.
There's no other me.

JAKE
There's no other you...?

DOUBLE (O.S.)
(singing loudly)
"I tell you I mean it. I'm all for
you, body and sooooullllll...."

Jake is ready to crawl out of his own skin. He stands on the balcony, stretching the phone cord as far as he can, trying deperately to lean over and see in the partly open bathroom window.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Is there someone else there, Jake?

JAKE
No. There's just me.

Jake realizes the full truth of what he's said and can only shrug helplessly.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
So -- how did you make the bubble burst like that, right on cue?

JAKE
What?

CLAIRE (O.S.)
The bubble. When you snapped your fingers, it burst.

JAKE
Oh, that. The bubbles last twelve seconds. It depends on the soap. The balance of soap and water is very important.

DOUBLE (O.S.)
(singing loudly)
"My life's a hell you're making, you know damn well my heart you're breaking...."

JAKE
Claire, I have to go. Something unexpected has just come up.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Are you sure you're okay? You don't sound like yourself.

This is a very complicated thought for Jake and he has to think about it.

JAKE
No, I'm myself.

42 INT JAKE'S BATHROOM (NIGHT)

The Double is getting out of the tub. Peter stands in his shirtsleeves, discretely holding out a towel for the Double to wrap around his waist.

DOUBLE
(nonchalant)
Who's what?

PETER
Don't go away.

Peter turns and walks into the other room and up to the window, where Jake stands, trying to open it. Peter presses his nose up against the glass and looks carefully at Jake.

PETER
Who are you?

JAKE
(muffled)
What do you mean, who am I? You know goddam well who I am? I'm Jake. Now open the damn door.

Peter holds up his finger.

PETER
Don't go away.

Peter trudges into the living room. The Double is sitting in an armchair, a book in his lap, a drink in his hand.

PETER
He says he's you.

The Double looks up from his book.

DOUBLE
Does he now? And you believe him?

PETER
I'll be right back.

Peter walks out of the room and up to the window, which Jake is still struggling to open.

JAKE
Open the door, Peter!

PETER
Who's in the other room?

JAKE
An imposter, that's who! Now let me in!

Peter looks at Jake's face against the glass, then glances in the other room.

PETER
Don't go away.

Peter walks into the other room and talks to the Double, who is now lighting a pipe.

PETER

He says you're an imposter.

The Double stops lighting the pipe and blows out the match. Then he looks up at Peter, and tears begin to form in his eyes.

DOUBLE

I'm hurt, Peter. Deeply hurt.

(a tear dislodges)

Never has anyone treated me so well as you have today. The bath, the hot toddy, the good cheer -- I had thought --

The Double is too overcome with emotion to continue. He gets up and walks into the bedroom, where he takes some tissues and sits on the bed, quietly sobbing to himself.

As the Double moves to the bedroom, Jake slides over to the living room doors. Peter looks into the bedroom at the weeping Double, then sees Jake, who is reaching in, trying to unlatch the brass bar and kicking at the frame.

PETER

If you don't stop that I'm going to call the police.

Jake stops and looks at Peter. Then he bends down and picks up the phone.

JAKE

Please do. Here's the phone. Open the door and you can have it. Go ahead. Call the police. Maybe they'll get me the money back for the watch you sold me.

PETER

(thinks, then)

Don't go away.

Peter strides into the bedroom and faces the Double, who sits on the bed, wiping his eyes.

PETER

There's something that's not right here, and I'm beginning to think it's you.

The Double takes a deep breath, stands up, looks at Peter, and shakes his head, apparently recovered from his grief.

DOUBLE

We have to talk, Peter.

The Double puts his arm around Peter's shoulder and begins to walk back and forth with him.

DOUBLE

Life is such a difficult puzzle to solve, don't you think? You struggle, you try so hard, it's almost there, then -- nothing. Disappointment. Failure. But you pick up the pieces and start all over, am I right?

PETER

Well, I have to admit --

DOUBLE

(still pacing with Peter)

Of course you do. It's understandable. I wouldn't expect anything less. A man's life can be so brutal -- past-due alimony, tax evasion charges, nasty unfeeling loansharks --

PETER

-- arrest warrants --

DOUBLE

-- if there were only some way to make them all disappear, yes? Some way.

The Double looks down at Peter and nods his head with tremendous sympathy, promising hope. Peter looks up at the Double with dreamy eyes.

DOUBLE

And this is when you turn on me -- well, if that's truly the way you feel, I can go.

Peter's eyes are as wide as saucers.

PETER

Don't go. Please don't go. I just have to nail a couple doors shut and I'll be right back.

Peter races through the living room, where Jake is still kicking at the door, into the kitchen and starts rumaging around in some drawers until he finds a hammer and some nails. Then he runs back into the living room, getting ready to nail shut the doors that Jake is kicking. He glances into the bedroom and suddenly freezes. There on the bed are the pajamas and robe that the Double was wearing, neatly folded.

PETER

Hello? Monsieur? Anybody home?

Peter looks around, then dashes madly about, searching the bedroom, bathroom, living room, behind the sofa, in the kitchen, bedroom, and finally comes to the front door, which he yanks at, only to discover it is chained from the inside. Peter throws off the chain and looks down the hall, finding no Double anywhere. Peter turns, walks over to the balcony door and opens it for Jake.

PETER

If it's all right with you, I think
I'll be going home now, sir.

45 EXT JAKE'S APARTMENT (NIGHT)

Peter is jamming the key into the lock of his limousine, his hand shaking as he attempts to insert it. Finally, he gets it in, turns the lock, throws open the car door, jumps inside, slams the door and flicks the electronic locks several times. He looks behind the seat to make certain he's alone, looks up at the light from Jake's apartment, then starts the car and races off with a loud screech of tires.

46 INT JAKE'S BEDROOM (NIGHT)

Jake is lying on his bed, eyes staring desperately at the ceiling in the dark room. Suddenly, Jake senses the presence of something. Slowly, he lifts his head up from the pillow.

The Double sits at the foot of his bed, looking toward the window. He is dressed as Jake first was -- tweed suit, tie, old shirt with yellowed collar.

Slowly, Jake moves until he is sitting up. He reaches for his eyeglasses on the table beside him and puts them on. The Double looks down at his shoes, then talks, quietly.

DOUBLE

I argued your case, but I failed. You
have to go.

A shudder goes through Jake.

JAKE

How did they reach the verdict?

DOUBLE

They weigh things. The past. The
future. Then they reach a judgment.

Jake's eyes moisten with tears.

JAKE

I knew it when I first saw you. I've
always known. It's a shame you had to
come now. I may be on the verge of
something.

DOUBLE

We always are. I'm truly sorry.

Jake fights back the tears forming in his eyes. The Double appears to be doing the same.

JAKE

I don't suppose there's any way I
could argue my own case -- appeal...?

DOUBLE

I can't think how.

A tear falls from Jake's eye. He reaches over and pulls two tissues from a box on the table beside the bed. He holds one out to the Double and then, in tandem, they both blow their noses.

JAKE

Well... I'm not going.

47 INT JAKE'S CELL/DEATH ROW (NIGHT)

Father Thomas has his mouth open in astonishment. Jake sits on a chair across from him.

FATHER THOMAS

(very upset)

I'm not sure I should be hearing this.
This is evil. You are telling me that
you have talked to the devil.

JAKE

This was no devil. This was my
Double. He came to take me to my
grave. It's a treat reserved for
those who've squandered their lives.
It's a well-documented fact. You can
read it anywhere.

FATHER THOMAS

There are no doubles. Only the devil.

JAKE

What about two Gods?

FATHER THOMAS

There is only one God.

JAKE

Three Gods?

FATHER THOMAS

(irritated)

One God, Mr. Finch. There is one God.

JAKE

The Father, the Son, and the Holy
Ghost -- sounds like a trio to me.
The Divinity has no trouble
multiplying at will -- so why not my
double...?

Jake smiles pleasantly at Father Thomas. Father Thomas is not a
happy cleric.

FATHER THOMAS

(all business)

I believe you were confessing to me
about a murder.

JAKE

Oh, yes, that.

Before Jake can continue, a guard, GERARD, appears at the door to
his cell and sticks a menu through the bars.

GERARD

Voici la carte pour choisir votre
dernier repas.

Father Thomas is stunned by the bluntness. He translates.

FATHER THOMAS

He wants to know if you would like to
order your last meal.

JAKE

I'd prefer to order my first meal --
but since that's not a choice....

Jake takes the menu and begins to scan the items.

JAKE

What is this? Rable de Lapereau Farci
aux Pruneaux et Raisins Secs?

FATHER THOMAS

Its a saddle of hare roasted with a
stuffing of prunes and raisins.

GERARD

Et du coulis d'orange. C'est super!

FATHER THOMAS

Topped with an orange sauce. He
recommends it highly.

JAKE

Sounds like a lot to eat. I'll just
take a half serving.

FATHER THOMAS

(to Gerard)

Il voudrait une demi-portion.

Gerard is totally thrown.

GERARD

Le chef ne prepare pas de demi-
portions. Pourquoi il ne prend pas
une portion complete?

FATHER THOMAS

He says that the chef doesn't do half
portions. He wants to know why you
don't just order a whole portion.

JAKE

Because I don't want a whole portion.
If I have a whole portion, I won't
have room for the --

(reading the menu
poorly)

-- figues roties a la creme de
vanille.

FATHER THOMAS

You would want to have roasted figs in
vanilla creme with your hare?

JAKE

I might. But I wouldn't have the room
for it, would I, if I had a full
portion of the bunny with prunes?

Now, you told me that I could order
whatever I wanted within reason, and
a half serving of the Lapereau's
saddle is, I think, a very reasonable
thing for --

(loudly)

-- a man who is going to die in two
hours!

Father Thomas is thrown by the volume of Jake's response, and
decides that accommodation is in order.

FATHER THOMAS

(to Gerard)

Peut-etre vous pouvez demander au
chef?

Gerard shrugs starts to leave.

GERARD

Oui, je peux, mais a quoi bon!

FATHER THOMAS

I told him to ask the chef.

JAKE

Good. I'd also like a glass of red wine.

FATHER THOMAS

(calling after Gerard)

Et un verre de vin rouge.

GERARD

Pas de verres, les bouteilles seulement.

FATHER THOMAS

He says they only have bottles.

Father Thomas sees Jake is about to erupt and adds quickly.

FATHER THOMAS

(to Jake)

You drink what you want, I'll take the rest.

Jake looks at Father Thomas, then shrugs, as Gerard walks away, shaking his head. A few steps behind him come Andre and Alain -- without the pig. Jake and Father Thomas look down the hall, where a MUFFLED SQUEALING can be heard coming from the execution chamber.

Andre shrugs at Jake and Father Thomas as he and Alain pass by the cell. Andre mumbles something in French. Jake looks at Father Thomas for a translation.

FATHER THOMAS

He says they need more cyanide.

Jake nods to Father Thomas, who, feeling more and more like he's become lost in some chamber of horrors, walks slowly back to his chair and sits down. Jake turns and smiles at Father Thomas.

JAKE

Would you like to hear what happened next?

48 INT JAKE'S APARTMENT (DAY)

Jake, holding his satchel, is about to leave when the BUZZER ON THE INTERCOM RINGS. Surprised, Jake walks over and pushes the button.

PETER (O.S.)

It's Peter, sir.

JAKE

I don't need a car today.

49 EXT JAKE'S APARTMENT (DAY)

Peter is leaning forward to talk into the intercom, his hands folded behind his back.

PETER

It's my treat, sir. I thought that maybe while we were driving we could talk about last night.

JAKE (O.S.)

Last night?

INTERCUT PETER AND JAKE.

PETER

Yes. For a while there it seemed like there were two of you, and I've been wondering this morning if it might, by some chance, have seemed the same way to you, sir?

JAKE

No. It didn't.

PETER

It didn't?

JAKE

Not at all. There was only one of me last night. The other one was an imposter, as I tried to tell you. He was nothing like me at all. Any idiot could have seen that. You should have listened to me from the very beginning.

PETER

I wanted to, sir. But this other -- person -- was very -- convincing.

JAKE

He's not a person. He's my Double. Watch out for him, Peter. He can't be trusted.

PETER

I could tell that right away, sir. This is, in fact, one the main reasons I came back this morning. I had this sixth sense from the way he was talking to me that this is an unscrupulous man, capable of -- God only knows what -- and I think it would be a very good idea if we Americans stuck together.

50 EXT PARIS STREETS (DAY)

The limousine makes its way through Paris morning traffic.

51 INT LIMOUSINE (DAY)

Peter drives. Jake sits in the back, pleased to be taking this form of transportation to work.

PETER

So -- when do you think we might be running into this double again, sir?

JAKE

It's hard to tell. But I'll be ready. I have no intention of sitting around and letting him do what he wants with me. You have to fight fire with fire.

PETER

What do you think he wants, sir?

JAKE

He wants to take me to my grave, that's what he wants -- only I'm not going.

PETER

(becoming annoyed)

What's that supposed to mean -- take you to your grave?

JAKE

(irritated)

You know what a grave is?

PETER

(irritated back)

Yes, I know what a grave is. What grave? Do you have a grave?

JAKE

Of course, I don't have a grave.

PETER

(an opportunity not to be missed)

Ah, well -- you shouldn't let these things wait until the last minute, sir. I know of a very good plot. It's under water now, but the dredging permits are just a couple days away. There's a great view of the Tour Montparnasse, and you can't beat the deal.

JAKE
Isn't the Tour Montparnasse an office building?

PETER
One the tallest in Europe. Here we are, sir.

52 EXT JAKE'S OFFICE (DAY)

Peter gets out of the car and opens the door for Jake, who gets out and starts toward the building.

PETER
(calling to Jake)
I can pick you up after work, sir.

JAKE
(calling back)
That's very kind of you, Peter. Six o'clock.

As Jake reaches the door to the building, he finds Jean Claude standing there, having watched Jake leave the limousine.

JEAN CLAUDE
(sarcastic)
It appears that you don't need this job, anymore, Jake.

Jake responds, tit for tat, as he opens the door.

JAKE
Just a favor from a friend.
(new bravado)
By the way, Claire phoned me after the party. We had a nice chat. Your name came up. She was concerned over the way I had been treated. Bon jour.

And Jake disappears into the building.

53 INT ACCOUNTING OFFICE/ MAIN WORKROOM (DAY)

Jean Claude Tessier, a little unnerved by what is going on with Jake, stares at him through the glass partition of his office.

Jake, appearing not to notice Tessier's attention, works at his desk on a computer, meticulously punching numbers into the keyboard from a handwritten sheet beside him. The room in which he works is the room we have seen on the other side of the glass windows of the client's conference room -- the room through which Claire walked as the several dozen accountants sat at their desks and gaped.

Seated next to Jake, at a desk larger than most of others, is a man in his late sixties, bald, with reading glasses perched at the end of his nose. He has a slight tick and clearly should have been put out to pasture some time ago. The sign on his desk reads: MAURICE DELAFOSSE, DIVISION MANAGER. Delafosse is studying the piles of computer printouts that are regularly carted by a MESSENGER from desks of the other accountants and placed in a neat pile on his.

Delafosse's status is further highlighted by the presence of a middle-aged secretary sitting at a desk directly in front of his with a sign reading, BABETTE FERRAND, SECRETARY TO MR. MAURICE DELAFOSSE.

As Jake works intently at the computer, he senses something going on beyond his vision, to his side -- someone passing or entering, a presence. He fights to keep his attention on his work. A voice comes from beside him and he still doesn't look.

DELAFOSSE (O.S.)

(thick French accent)

Take a seat here. We'll soon have something for you to do.

Jake can no longer resist looking up. Sitting in a chair beside Delafosse's desk is the Double, identical to Jake in every aspect -- looks, hair style, clothing -- except for an absence of eyeglasses, and his demeanor. The Double seems a more exuberant type, more open, actually -- Jake can hardly bare to look -- a happier man than Jake.

The Double notices Jake staring at him with his mouth open, and smiles a greeting back. Jake finds himself, out of habit, also smiling back a greeting. Then Jake looks around him to see whether anyone else notices something peculiar occurring in the office. Work is continuing as always.

DELAFOSSE

(to the Double)

Here, this should keep you busy. I hesitate to give you so much to do on your first day, but I sense you can handle it.

The Double answers in fluent French.

DOUBLE

Certainment, Monsieur. A ma connaissance, travailler dur n'a jamais tue personne -- ou alors on ne m'en a pas informe.

Delafosse erupts in laughter, along with the Double. Jake is ready to wet his pants. He has never, in twenty-two years, seen Delafosse laugh. Now he is laughing heartily, and patting the Double amiably on his back. And even worse, the Double is speaking fluent French.

The Double nods pleasantly to Delafosse and walks off with an armful of paperwork.

The second he's gone, Jake appears beside Delafosse's desk. Delafosse looks up at Jake, and his expression changes.

DELAFOSSE
(seriously)
Yes, Jake...?

Jake looks down at Delafosse, not quite knowing what to say.

DELAFOSSE
Are you feeling all right?

JAKE
I'm fine, thank you. Just fine.

DELAFOSSE
(not convinced)
Would you like to sit down for a moment. You look pale. There's a very bad flu going around, you know. You should take care of yourself, Jake.

Jake sits down in the chair beside Delafosse's desk, the same chair in which his Double was sitting a moment before.

JAKE
We need to talk about this new man.

DELAFOSSE
Yes?

Jake leans forward and talks in hushed tones.

JAKE
There's a clerk here....

DELAFOSSE
So?

Jake leans even farther toward Delafosse and talks even more softly.

JAKE
The new clerk who just started today...?

DELAFOSSE
Yes. He's a namesake of yours, you know.

JAKE
(in shock)
What?

DELAFOSSE
A namesake. His name is also Jacob Finch. Is he a relative?

JAKE

No -- he's not a relative --
 (totally confused)
 -- although, technically --

DELAFOSSE

Well, there certainly is a family
 resemblance.

JAKE

Now that you mention it -- have you
 noticed -- more than a family
 resemblance? It's almost as though we
 could be twins, don't you think?

Delafosse thinks about this, trying to picture the two men, side by
 side, in his mind's eye.

DELAFOSSE

You're right, Jake. You're absolutely
 right. Were it not for the
 eyeglasses, and a certain difference
 in -- personality -- you two could
 easily be mistaken for each other.
 I'm glad you pointed this out to me.
 We'll have to do something about this --
 name-tags or something....

Jake looks at Delafosse, distressed at having so much difficulty
 getting his point across.

JAKE

I'm sure that'd be very helpful.
 Actually, what I wanted to know, if
 it's not out of line for me to ask, is
 how exactly he got to be here?

DELAFOSSE

It's not out of line at all. Gerard
 Rochefour died yesterday, and, by
 chance, your namesake showed up today
 applying for a position. A great
 stroke of luck -- for him and for us.
 He impresses me as a bright and
 friendly sort -- the sort you take an
 instant liking to. Tessier is already
 talking to the Americans about moving
 him into a management position.

JAKE

(nearly choking)
 After one day -- one hour on the job?!
 I've been here twenty-two years!

Delafosse studies Jake, not clear at all about what is transpiring
 in this conversation.

DELAFOSSE

Jake, would you like to take the rest of the day off? You seem -- somewhat out of sorts to me.

Jake looks at Delafosse intently, sizing things up.

JAKE

Okay, if that's the game we're playing, then I can play that game, too. Don't give it another thought. I'm sorry I asked. Thanks for your time. I agree with you -- he's a very likeable guy. I'm sure there'll be no problems between us.

Jake gets up, nods to Delafosse, and walks back to his desk, where he busily resumes his work.

JAKE

(to himself)

This is a dream and I'm asleep -- or I'm hallucinating.... If it's a continuation of last night, then I have to be patient -- see what he's up to. In time, it'll all be clear.

Suddenly, across the office, there is an OUTBURST OF LAUGHTER. Jake looks up and sees the Double in the midst of a group of workers, who are listening to him and laughing amiably at his words. The Double says something else, and there is more LAUGHTER. The Double starts to walk across the office, and the group moves with him, obviously attracted to this charming and witty man.

54 EXT CITY STREET (DAY)

Jake is walking home. Peter drives the limousine beside Jake, calling to him through the open window.

PETER

I made arrangements for you to look at the grave site. I've got the guy waiting for us in his dingy.

Jake stops, whirls and faces Peter.

JAKE

He's got charisma. The bastard has charisma. All my life I wanted to have charisma.

PETER

Are you going to get in the car or not?

JAKE
I'm not. I need the air. If you want to be helpful, you can make me some dinner.

Peter can't believe this conversation.

PETER
Anything particular you'd like for dinner, sir?

JAKE
Fish. I'd like fish. Go get in the dingy and catch me some fish.

Jake tosses Peter the keys to the apartment. Peter shakes his head, steps on the gas, and the limousine speeds away. As the car leaves, almost instantly another car arrives -- a chauffeur-driven white Rolls Royce, which pulls alongside Jake.

CLAIRE
(calling softly)
Jake?

Jake looks in surprise at the car. Claire has her head by the open backseat window. Jake looks around, afraid that his double might appear at any moment.

CLAIRE
I want to show you something, Jake.

Jake, satisfied that the coast is clear, walks over to the car. The window of the white car frames Claire's beauty like a photograph. She raises a small wand to her lips and blows a perfect round bubble.

CLAIRE
What do you think?

JAKE
It's very good.

CLAIRE
Could you teach me to make large ones?

Jake nods. He can't take his eyes off Claire's lips.

CLAIRE
When?

Jake thinks.

CLAIRE
Saturday?

JAKE
I could do it Saturday.

Claire smiles happily.

CLAIRE

Good.

Claire looks at Jake, as though there's something more she wants to say. Then she changes her mind.

CLAIRE

I'll call you with a time. If you like, we could have some dinner before the show.

Claire puckers her lips as though to blow a kiss -- but she blows a bubble instead. Then she nods to her Driver, and the cars pull slowly and quietly away from the curb. As it goes down the street, tiny bubbles float out the open window.

55 EXT STREET (DAY)

Jake continues to walk along the street on his way home, mumbling to himself.

JAKE

I should have said something more.
Anything, made a joke, quoted literature....

Suddenly, The Double is walking beside him, step for step. Jake looks over at him, irritated, and the Double looks at Jake at the same instant, with the same expression. Jake turns away and increases his pace, as does the Double. For a moment the two walk like this beside each other. Finally, Jake stops, as does the Double.

JAKE

(irritated)

I assume that eventually we'll be going in different directions.

(a beat)

Lose your glasses?

DOUBLE

Contacts. I got them this morning.
What do you think?

JAKE

They make you look younger.

DOUBLE

Thank you.

Jake resumes walking. The Double keeps up.

DOUBLE

You know, Jake, I'd be very grateful - that is if you don't think I'm being too presumptuous --

JAKE

Are you making fun of me?

DOUBLE

(distressed)

No. Not at all. I'd never do that. If I've done anything which gives you the impression --

Jake stops again. The Double stops with him.

JAKE

(interrupting)

Okay, okay -- what's on your mind?

DOUBLE

Well, actually, I was hoping -- I know this is an awkward situation -- for us both -- mostly for you of course --

JAKE

(impatient)

What is it? Because I don't care what you've been told to do. I'm staying right here.

DOUBLE

I know that. But it's a difficult predicament for me. No one has ever resisted before. They always accept the inevitable.

JAKE

It's not inevitable. And I'm not going.

DOUBLE

I was hoping that you might let me talk to you....

Jake is thrown.

JAKE

I might let you?

DOUBLE

If you don't mind.

Jake looks at his distraught Double and thinks this over. Then he resumes walking. The Double keeps up with him.

JAKE
I have to get home. I have dinner
waiting for me.

DOUBLE
May I come with you?

JAKE
Do I have a choice?

CAMERA STAYS. Backs to CAMERA, like twin Charlie Chaplins, they
walk away, their words drifting back.

JAKE
We'll take this street here.

DOUBLE
Good idea, let's take this street
here.

JAKE
It's much shorter.

DOUBLE
Definitely shorter.

56 INT HALL OF JAKE'S APARTMENT (EVENING)

Jake stands at the door ringing the bell, the Double beside him.
Peter opens the door, and seeing the two identical men standing side
by side, immediately slams the door shut.

Then, slowly, Peter reopens the door. He studies the two men and
steps aside to let them enter.

PETER
(to Jake as he enters)
Good evening, Mr. Finch.
(to the Double as he
enters)
Good evening, Mr. Finch.

57 INT JAKE'S LIVING ROOM (NIGHT)

Jake stands by a cabinet, pouring bourbon from a bottle into two
glasses. The Double stands by the window across the room, looking
out.

DOUBLE
This is a very pleasant view you have
here, Jake. Very pleasant.

There is something in the way the Double says this that suggests
he's thinking of moving in.

DOUBLE
Lots of light. Trees. The Palais de
la Justice.

JAKE
(irritated)
You wanted to talk to me?

The Double turns from the window and walks over to Jake.

DOUBLE
I can see you don't like me, Jake. I
want to tell you that I have nothing
personally against you. I feel only
the deepest sympathy for your
situation.

JAKE
I find that hard to believe.

DOUBLE
I've never done this before. I was as
surprised as you when the matter came
up. I had no idea -- and I certainly
never volunteered....

There is a moment of silence as Jake studies the Double -- suddenly
broken by Peter's appearance in the doorway.

JAKE
(abruptly)
Yes, what is it, Peter?

PETER
Just wondering how many they'll be for
dinner tonight, sir.

JAKE AND DOUBLE
(together)
Two.

PETER
That was my guess. Any beverage with
the meal, gentlemen?

JAKE AND DOUBLE
(together)
White wine.

Peter leaves the room mumbling to himself. The Double turns back to
Jake.

DOUBLE
I like you, Jake. I honestly do. I
find you to be completely without
pretense -- and that's a rare thing to
find in a man these days.

The Double takes the second glass of bourbon Jake poured and lifts it in a toast.

DOUBLE
You have a heart which is truly
giving, Jake.
(clinking glasses)
To your health.

Jake finds himself reluctantly toasting to himself.

JAKE
(hesitantly)
To -- my health.

They drink identically --starting and stopping precisely at the same instant. Jake looks into the Double's moistening eyes.

JAKE
Are you crying?

DOUBLE
It's the contacts. Maybe I should
take them out. I'm not used to them.

JAKE
It takes a few days.

DOUBLE
Be right back.

The Double heads off for the bathroom. Jake goes over and stands by the window, drink in hand, examining the vista that the Double has praised so highly.

JAKE
Just looks to me like a lot of old
buildings that need work.

Jake takes off his glasses to clean them. Peter appears at the doorway to announce dinner, and then sees that there is only one man in the room -- not wearing glasses. Peter slides quickly over to him and CLEARS HIS THROAT.

JAKE
(abruptly, not turning
around)
What?

PETER
If I could have just a brief word with
you, sir -- regarding certain problems
you mentioned last night which you
suggested could just disappear into
thin air. I've taken the liberty of
bringing with me some legal documents
I've been receiving over the last few
years --

Peter reaches in his jacket pocket and pulls out a thick pile of court papers and sticks them in front of Jake, who takes them and turns around, putting on his glasses as he turns. Peter looks in shock at Jake, realizing he has the wrong man.

JAKE

What the hell are these?

Peter snatches them out of Jake's hands and calls out loudly.

PETER

Dinner is served, sir.

And Peter scoots away.

58 INT JAKE'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM (NIGHT)

Jake sits at one end of a candlelit table, the Double at the other. Peter enters with a plate of fish. He stops when he sees the two men sitting at opposite ends of the table, both wearing glasses.

PETER

I'll be serving the guest first?

Jake gestures toward the Double at the other end of the table. Peter nods and walks silently to the Double. He shovels a serving of fish onto his plate, then walks over to Jake and does the same.

PETER

Bon appetit, gentlemen.

And Peter departs out the door to the kitchen.

DOUBLE

Sweet little man.

JAKE

Adorable.

And the twin men begin to eat, their motions identical -- the forks go into the fish at the same instant, the knives cut identically, the forks go simultaneously to their mouths, they chew perfectly in tandem, swallow together, and exclaim in unison.

JAKE AND DOUBLE

(together)

Hmmmm.

Then, as their forks go simultaneously into another piece of fish, Jake begins to talk.

JAKE

Would you like to explain why you're working at my office?

DOUBLE

I needed a job. I find the work,
itself, interesting, don't you?

JAKE

No, I don't. I find it dull, tedious,
boring, useless work -- keeping track
of other people's money is
degrading....

DOUBLE

Well, of course, I see your point.
There's no question that it's without
any real meaning, and there're
certainly times when it can be --

JAKE

Would you please shut up.

The Double says nothing. He looks up at Jake, almost hurt.

JAKE

And don't give me that "wounded
innocent" look. I know very well why
you're working at my firm. I'm not a
fool.

DOUBLE

I assure you, it's exactly what I said --
no more, no less.

JAKE

Well, that's not how it looks from
where I'm sitting.

DOUBLE

Really?

The Double gets up from the table and walks over to Jake.

DOUBLE

It looks different from here? Let me
have a look.

JAKE

(not amused)

I'm going to have my cigar.

Jake gets up in a huff and leaves the room, as the Double sits in
Jake's chair.

DOUBLE

(calling to Jake)

It looks the same to me.

Before the Double can get up, Peter enters. He sees only the Double
there, sitting now in Jake's place, wearing glasses, and the other
place empty.

PETER

Ah, great, the sonofabitch is gone.

Peter scoots over to the Double and sits in the chair next to him, convinced he's Jake.

PETER

I wanted you to understand what I was doing back there before dinner, sir. You see, I have this plan. If I can get that lying, scheming fiend to believe that I'm just as unscrupulous as he is, I'm certain he'll take me into his confidence, tell me what he's up to --

DOUBLE

You really think he'll tell you?

PETER

Not in so many words, but I have a way of finding these things out.

(whispering in confidence)

He trusts me.

Peter winks.

DOUBLE

Ah ha.

Jake's voice calls from the other room.

JAKE (V/O)

If you've stopped clowning around, you can join me for a cigar and some brandy, if you want.

DOUBLE

(calling to Jake)

I'll be there in a minute, Jake.

Peter and I are talking, but I think we're almost done.

Peter's eyes flick back and forth, trying desperately to sort it all out.

PETER

I'll be doing the dishes now, sir.

And off he goes.

59 INT JAKE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM (NIGHT)

Jake and the Double are on easy chairs, side by side, drinking brandy and smoking cigars. Even the smoke seems to rise identically.

JAKE

Has it always been like this for you?
Have people always been drawn to you,
or was it something you had to learn?

DOUBLE

Always. Since I can remember. It's
a mixed blessing. Especially, with
the women.

(a sigh)

Finding true love is very difficult.

JAKE

There was someone special?

DOUBLE

Yes. And you?

JAKE

(nodding emotionally)

I proposed last night. A glorious
woman. She turned me down. I saw her
this afternoon. I wanted to tell her
more, but I couldn't find the words.

DOUBLE

You should have persisted, said
anything, made a joke, quoted
literature -- "with affection beaming
in one eye, and calculation shining
out the other."

A look of delight comes to Jake's face.

JAKE

Martin Chuzzlewit! You've read
Dickens?

DOUBLE

Many times over.

JAKE

Me, also.

DOUBLE

"This is all very well, Mr. Nickleby,
and very proper, as far as it goes --
as far as it goes, but it doesn't go
far enough."

Jake starts to laugh. He is in his element -- quoting obscure text
from Dickens and getting some bizarre delight from it.

JAKE

"If the law supposes that," said Mr.
Bumble, "then the law is an ass and an
idiot."

The two men laugh. The Double is no less giddy over this erudite exchange. He gets up and faces Jake, who stands to face him back. He places his hands on Jake's shoulders.

DOUBLE

"When you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now --"

Jake places his hands on the Double's shoulders.

JAKE

"But whether it's worthwhile goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charityboy said when he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste".

Jake and the Double nearly jump up and down in glee. Then they plop simultaneously down on the sofa, side by side.

DOUBLE

(almost to himself)

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

Jake calls into the other room.

JAKE

Coffee, Peter! Bring us some coffee!

PETER (O.S.)

Your wish is my command.

JAKE

I've always wanted to be an actor -- just to play that role.

DOUBLE

Sydney Carton?

JAKE

It would have been a perfect role for me, don't you think? A worthless man who substitutes himself at the guillotine for his rival in love? A man whose death becomes the only way to redeem his life. I would have given a great performance.

DOUBLE

No question of it. It's a role I've always seen myself in as well. You should do it, Jake. Find a company and ask to join. Convince them to perform it and play the role.

JAKE
You think I'd be good at it?

DOUBLE
I think you'd be spectacular.

The Double looks over at Jake, who's rolling the whole thing around in his head.

DOUBLE
I like your company, Jake.

JAKE
Thank you, Jake.

The Double looks at Jake, studying his eyes with fondness.

DOUBLE
This is totally unexpected, Jake,
these feelings I have for you.

Jake looks at the Double and nods understandingly. The Double slides closer to Jake, a little too close, perhaps.

DOUBLE
There's something very special about
you, Jake. I never expected that I
would become so attracted to you.

JAKE
(a little
uncomfortable)
Oh, well, it's understandable. Two
peas in the same pod, so to speak.

Jake slides a few inches away from the Double.

DOUBLE
Exactly, Jake. Two peas in the same
pod. We have so much in common --
and, yet, you have so much I need.

The Double slides closer to Jake, who slides away.

JAKE
Me? What could I possibly have that
you need?

DOUBLE
Purity, Jake. A purity that makes you
irresistable.

JAKE
Oh, I'm sure that if you try, you can
resist.

DOUBLE

I love you for this purity, my friend.
I love you.

The Double grabs Jake's head and plants firm kisses on both cheeks. Peter, half way in the doorway to the living room with a tray of coffee, stops instantly and retreats.

JAKE

That really wasn't necessary.

DOUBLE

It was, Jake. It was. I need to prove to you the sincerity of my feelings, the depth of my affection for you. I want to help you.

JAKE

You do?

DOUBLE

You and I take to each other like fish to water, Jake. We're like brothers. We should be a team -- cunning, scheming together, and we'll win this game.

Jake looks at the Double, and his eyes grow moist.

JAKE

It's possible? You really mean that?

DOUBLE

I do, Jake. As a team, we're invincible! We shall defeat death and then, I'm convinced, you shall have this glorious woman by your side -- till death do you part. Working as one, we can not fail.

Jake is won over. He looks at the Double and then throws his arms around him in gratitude, kissing him on both cheeks -- as Peter once again, having returned, beats a hasty and confused exit.

JAKE

(embracing)

I'll be forever grateful to you for this, my friend -- forever.

60 INT JAKE'S LIVING ROOM (NIGHT)

The light from the full moon comes in the window and illuminates the Double sleeping on the sofa. He snores with the low soft rumble of a man drugged by alcohol. Jake stands in the doorway, studying the sleeping figure. Peter arrives behind him.

JAKE
(whispering)
He reads Dickens.

PETER
(whispering)
Good for him. It's always more fun
when your enemy is well read. Why the
hell did you ask him to stay?

JAKE
It was getting late.

PETER
You're out of your mind.

JAKE
Why? I would've thought you'd be
happy to have him around a little
longer. He's going to solve all those
pending legal difficulties of yours,
isn't he?

PETER
(ignoring Jake's dig)
Okay. Go ahead. It's your life. I'm
going home. I'll see that somebody
picks up your body in the morning.

JAKE
We've gotten to know each other a lot
better tonight. I like him.

PETER
Of course, you like him. He's you.

61 INT JAKE'S CELL/DEATH ROW (NIGHT)

Jake sits in front of a small folding table, large enough to hold only his dishes, eating a half portion of hare. Father Thomas sits in his chair, a paper napkin tucked in his collar, a plate in his lap, eating Jake's other half of hare.

JAKE
(between mouthfuls)
If I'm not unique, then I have no
meaning, don't you think?

Jake shoves another fork of rabbit into his mouth and then washes it down with a glass of burgundy. Father Thomas thinks about what Jake has just said, as he chews his dinner.

FATHER THOMAS
Yes, perhaps -- but I'm not sure of
its relevance to your confession.

JAKE
Just laying the groundwork, Father.

As Father Thomas thinks about this, Andre and Alain walk slowly by the cell, exhausted, covered with perspiration, their clothing torn here and there, two disheartened men. Jake looks up at them.

JAKE
Yes?

Alain, wiping the perspiration from his brow, says something in French and then shuffles off with Andre. Jake turns to Father Thomas, who stammers slightly as he talks.

FATHER THOMAS
He says that the pig has defecated on the cyanide, obliterating its effectiveness. He compares it to Victoria Falls.

Jake looks at Father Thomas and shrugs.

JAKE
This may be my lucky day.

Father Thomas looks at Jake, not quite able to appreciate Jake's irony. He knows that one way or another, Jake will be executed in a few hours.

FATHER THOMAS
What was it you were saying?

JAKE
Oh, yes. I was talking about being nobody.

FATHER THOMAS
You were?

JAKE
I believe I was, yes.

Andre and Alain shuffle back by Jake's cell. They each have shovels over their shoulders and each holds one handle of an old tin trashcan which swings between them as they trudge on.

JAKE
Of course, the next morning my Double was gone. Vanished into thin air.

62 INT LIMOUSINE (DAY)

Peter drives. Jake sits in the front seat now, mumbling unhappily.

JAKE
Not even a thank you note, an explanation why he left, nothing....

PETER

(strong sarcasm)

I have a hunch he'll be back. You'll be able to resume your male bonding in no time at all.

JAKE

You know, you didn't have to pick me up this morning, Peter.

PETER

I do know that, yes. I didn't really expect a thank you, but, just for your information, in order to do this, I turned down a three-day job -- the Shiek of Qaabar. He's compiling a catalog of Parisian brothels.

JAKE

(not listening)

The bastard made me a declaration of love! Well, we'll see. We'll get to the bottom of this.

63 INT JAKE'S OFFICE/HALL (DAY)

Jake steps out of the elevator with a group of other WORKERS and starts to walk down the hall toward the large room in which he works, lost in thought, mumbling to himself, still consumed by the events of last night and this morning -- when, quite by accident, he bumps into his Double, who is, himself, occupied with a number of papers in his hand.

Jake is almost relieved to see him and instinctively takes the Double's free hand and shakes it.

JAKE

Ah, Jake, I thought we'd be having breakfast together this morning.

DOUBLE

(abrupt)

Later on, please. Later on. I'm on a special errand.

The Double tries to dash on, but Jake holds his hand.

JAKE

I went out early and bought some French danish. I knew you'd like it -- creme filled rolls, coffee cake with glazed apples on top, even some smoked salmon. I expected that after our conversation last night --

DOUBLE
(hassled)
What is it? Tell me quickly.

JAKE
(totally thrown)
I must tell you, Jake, that I'm a
little surprised by your -- manner --

The Double looks at Jake as though he's suddenly coming out of a
trance. He shakes his hand and then lets go.

DOUBLE
(great charm)
Oh, Jake! Good morning. Did you have
a good night's sleep?

JAKE
(relieved)
Yes, I did. As a matter of fact, I
felt, for the first time in years, a
real joy at --

DOUBLE
(interrupting with a
congenial smile)
Well, I'm very glad to hear that.
Now, if you'll excuse me --

The Double turns to go, but Jake grabs his jacket tightly.

JAKE
Wait. What's our plan?

DOUBLE
(coldly)
Take your hand off my jacket, Jake.
I've got work to do.

JAKE
But I thought --

DOUBLE
(tersely)
What, Jake? What did you think? That
I was going to conspire with you to
cook up some half-witted scheme? That
we were going to thwart fate? That we
were partners? We're not partners,
Jake. A decision has been made.
There's nothing to be done. It's
over. The end is immanent. Do you
understand the meaning of the word
"immanent"?

JAKE
(in shock, angry)
You've betrayed me! You're not my
friend! You're my enemy!

DOUBLE
I'm not your enemy at all, but seeing
that's how you feel about me, I'll act
accordingly. Good bye, Jake.

And The Double walks off, leaving Jake livid.

64 INT JAKE'S OFFICE/ MAIN ACCOUNTING WORKROOM (DAY)

Jake works at his computer, mumbling to himself.

JAKE
So, that's the deal. Just what I
thought might happen.

Jake looks up and Delafosse is standing beside him, staring at him
curiously.

DELAFOSSE
Are you okay, Jake?

JAKE
Oh, yes. I'm just fine. I was only
remarking to myself how important it
is to keep on the straight and narrow
and avoid being devious -- unlike some
around here.

DELAFOSSE
(on a slow burn)
What exactly do you mean by that,
Jake? Unlike who around here?

Jake suddenly realizes that Delafosse has taken the remark
personally and his eyes open in horror.

JAKE
(panicky)
I meant nothing - absolutely nothing.
I had nobody particular in mind. It
was just a general thought.

DELAFOSSE
Well, let me tell you something, Jake.
I, for one, am ready to put up with
almost anything behind my back, but to
my face, I don't allow anyone to be
impertinent.

JAKE
(panicked)
No, no, that's not what I meant at all. You don't understand.

DELAFOSSÉ
I think I understand very well, Jake.

Jake looks up at Delafosse in a panic, knowing he's been totally misunderstood by his supervisor. But before he can do further damage, there is a commotion in the office, and A MURMUR rolls over the sea of accountants like a wave coming ashore.

Claire appears at the entrance to the large room and begins to walk gracefully toward the client's room -- all eyes upon her.

JAKE
(in shock)
I had no idea she was coming today.

DELAFOSSÉ
It was on the schedule. She wasn't able to complete things her last visit. You do remember that? I assume you have her papers ready.

JAKE
(totally thrown)
Well, I hadn't -- Yes, of course I do -- Of course....

Jake opens the file drawer in his desk and begins to rifle frantically through folders. Suddenly, Jake looks up to find his Double standing beside him.

DOUBLE
Monsieur Tessier wants to know if you have the remainder of Mademoiselle de Clairiere's papers.

JAKE
(desperately looking)
Of course I do. They're right here. They're all ready. I'm sure they're ready.

With a sigh of relief, Jake locates the folder and removes it from the drawer. Instantly, the Double reaches down, takes the folder, and walks away with it. Jake looks up in horror. He opens his mouth to say something, but no words come out. In a matter of seconds, the Double enters the client's room with the papers, smiles at Claire, who is seated at the table, and shuts the door behind him.

Jake watches in shock. Through the glass windows, he sees the Double take a seat, not across the table from Claire as he always has, but right next to her.

JAKE
(whispering in horror)

. No, no....

Claire looks up at the Double and smiles. The Double says something to her and Claire laughs. She answers and he smiles with great warmth and charm. He says something back, and Claire laughs again -- and, as she does, she lays her hand momentarily on top of the Double's.

Tears come to Jake's eyes. He watches, stunned, as the Double and Claire begin to work on the papers. Claire signs the first and then hands it to the Double, looking up into the Double's eyes -- and the Double reciprocates with the warmest and most gentle of smiles. A tear streaks Jake's face.

65 INT JAKE'S CELL/DEATH ROW (NIGHT)

Father Thomas listens, eyes saddened, totally absorbed by this part of the tale.

Outside the cell, Andre and Alain are yanking a now extremely heavy trash can by the handle away from the gas chamber across the cement floor, bit by bit. Down the hall, the pig's muffled squealing is heard.

Jake finishes the last bite of his dinner and wipes his mouth with a large cloth napkin.

JAKE
Needless to say, this latest
development did not do a whole lot for
my heart condition.

66 INT DOCTOR BECHAMEL'S OFFICE (DAY)

An electrocardiograph makes lines on its graph paper. Jake is jogging on a treadmill, electrodes pasted to his bare chest, wires running to the machine. Bechamel looks through his glasses at the paper as it feeds out of the machine and shakes his head. Jake talk as he jogs, nearly out of breath.

JAKE
I need to know how close I am to my
own death -- how much time do I have
to defeat this diabolical fiend? But
is there a way to defeat your own
double? That's what I keep asking
myself. Is there a way to prevent the
inevitability of your death? What
perverse scheme does this double have
up his sleeve to prevent his conquest?
(more)

JAKE (Cont'd)

The other night, he locked me out of my own apartment and was bathing while I tried to get in, singing "Body And Soul" over and over, you know --

(singing)

"My heart is sad and lonely, for you
I sigh, for you dear only..."

Bechamel looks up from his scroll of paper and over his glasses at Jake jogging away.

JAKE

Why am I always on this damn machine?

Bechamel reaches over and slows down the treadmill until it comes to a stop. He looks at Jake with kindly eyes.

BECHAMEL

I'd like you to see a colleague of mine, Monsieur Finch. I'm going to make an appointment for you this afternoon.

Bechamel hands Jake a business card. Jake looks at the card. It says: Pierre Canard, Psychiatre. Jake looks up from the card.

JAKE

I don't need a psychiatrist. I need an exorcist.

BECHAMEL

I'm sure he can get to the bottom of this, Monsieur Finch. I wouldn't wait an extra minute, if I were in your shoes.

JAKE

I don't need a psychiatrist.

BECHAMEL

Humor me.

67 INT DR. CANARD'S OFFICE (DAY)

CANARD, a gray-haired man in his late sixties, taps a pipe against his teeth and talks.

CANARD

You are familiar, are you not, Monsieur Finch, with the term "schizophrenia"?

JAKE

I'm not a schizophrenic.

CANARD
Please allow me to finish.

JAKE
You asked me a question.

CANARD
It was rhetorical.

Jake defers to the psychiatrist with a wave of his hand.

CANARD
Man is always in search of his soul --
of his true nature -- of those parts
of him that are, for some of us, so
difficult to understand -- our
internal conflicts.

Jake wants to respond, but waits to see if Canard has more to say.
He does.

CANARD
The psychiatric patient is never
cured, so to speak, but made less
abnormal by understanding the
contradictions of his own nature. In
your case, you have had the misfortune
of meeting your contradictions in the
flesh -- metaphorically speaking.

JAKE
Metaphorically. You think I'm dealing
with a metaphor? You think I'm
deluded?

CANARD
Since you press me on the issue,
"yes". Your mind is playing tricks on
you, Monsieur Finch.

Dr. Canard gets up and starts to pace.

CANARD
I ask you to think of the common
expressions we use to describe
emotional distress. "I'm all broken
up", "I'm going out of my mind", "I'm
beside myself." It is my opinion that
your situation is nothing more than a
condition we call a "split
personality", do you understand what
I'm saying?

Dr. Canard, his back to Jake, now turns. Sitting on the sofa beside
Jake is the Double. They speak in unison.

JAKE AND DOUBLE
(together)
I think I do, yes.

Dr. Canard stares ahead at the identical twin images and then sits slowly down in his chair, sliding rather quickly into a state of catatonia. A strange HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL begins to come from his clenched mouth. As Canard stares ahead, rigid and squealing, the Double talks to Jake.

DOUBLE
What is this doctor thing? You're
looking for a cure for me? You think
I'm a disease, like a bad case of
measles?

Canard continues to sit in his chair and squeal helplessly.

JAKE
(irritated)
You give infections a good name. One
visit from you and a diagnosis of
syphilis is good news.

DOUBLE
Fortunately, with your life-style, the
last thing you'll have to worry about
is venereal disease.

Canard is now rocking back and forth, squealing and rocking, making little bouncing movements up and down in his chair.

68 EXT CANARD'S OFFICE (EVENING)

Two MEN IN WHITE JACKETS are guiding Canard, now in a strait jacket, into the back of an ambulance. Canard SHOUTS LOUDLY AND INCOHERANTLY IN FRENCH, trying to make people understand that he is not delusional.

69 INT LIMOUSINE (EVENING)

Across the street, inside the limousine, Peter and Jake watch Canard being dragged into the back of the ambulance.

PETER
The line between sanity and madness is
so thin.

The door to the ambulance slams shut and it drives away, Canard's face pressed against the rear window.

70 INT LIMOUSINE (EVENING)

Peter is driving. Jake sits in the back, stewing.

PETER
I'm beginning to like this Double.

JAKE
You like him?

PETER
Well, not him, of course. His style.
(trying to be
nonchalant)
So, where is he now?

JAKE
(irritated)
I really don't know, and I couldn't
care less. He comes, he goes -- if I
ever figure it out, I'll let you know.

No sooner are the words out of Jake's mouth than a sight out the window causes him to exclaim in shock.

JAKE
Stop! Stop the car!

Peter slams on the brakes, causing the expected FLURRY OF HORN-HONKING in response. Peter looks all around in a panic to see what the trouble is.

JAKE
Back up! Back up!

Peter backs up.

JAKE
Stop right here!

Again, Peter slams on the breaks.

PETER
What the hell is going on?!

Jake is pressing the button for the electric window, which is going down slowly, revealing --

71 EXT RESTAURANT (NIGHT)

-- Claire and the Double, sitting at a candlelit table on the other side of a restaurant window, staring into each other's eyes as they have their cocktails.

72 INT RESTAURANT (NIGHT)

Jake and Peter sit as far away from Claire and the Double's table as they can and still see it. They have a half-empty wine bottle in front of them.

The Double and Claire are still enraptured with each other. The Double has his hand resting lightly on Claire's. Claire runs her finger absently over the Double's hand as they talk quietly.

Jake takes another drink of his wine, totally miserable.

PETER

I can set his table on fire, you know.
I pass by and knock against the table.
The candles tip over. While
everybody's running for the fire
extinguisher, I deck him.

JAKE

Leave them alone.
(turns to Peter)
Don't you understand? That's how it
could have been. I have to see this.

PETER

Fine. Then you go over. Do
something. Tell her what's going on.

JAKE

And what do I say? By the way,
Mademoiselle de Clairiere, the man
you're with is my double. Basically,
he's a ghost. And how are you this
evening?

The Double stands up and takes Claire by the hand. They walk to the dance floor and begin to dance -- very closely. Claire rests her arm across the Double's shoulder and leans her head against his cheek.

JAKE

They dance well, don't you think? I
wonder what they talk about.

PETER

(facetious)
Go ahead -- keep it up. See if this
helps your heart condition.

JAKE

What does he say to her? How does he
get her to feel that way about him?

PETER

At least leave her a note.

Jake looks at Peter, absorbing his words, then looks back at the couple dancing.

JAKE

That's what I'll do. I'll leave her
a note.

Jake pulls out a pen and starts to write a note on a napkin.

PETER

Hurry up. The dance is ending.

Jake scribbles furiously, then jumps up and hurries over to the table where the Double and Claire were sitting. He arrives just as the music ends. He looks up at the dance floor, fearing that Claire and the Double will be heading toward the table. But instead, they are walking arm in arm out the door to the restaurant.

Jake watches them disappear into the night. Suddenly, a voice comes from behind Jake as he stands at their table, dumbfounded.

WAITER

Monsieur?

JAKE

(spinning)

Yes?

WAITER

Votre addition, Monsieur.

The WAITER holds out a small silver tray with the check in it.

WAITER

Merci beaucoup, Monsieur.

Jake instinctively takes the silver tray, as the Waiter leaves discretely. Jake looks down at the bill which is more than a thousand francs. Jake looks around desperately for the Double, but, not surprisingly, he is nowhere to be found.

73 INT JAKE'S CELL/DEATH ROW (NIGHT)

Father Thomas tries desperately to suppress a smile. Jake holds the bars to his cell, his back to Father Thomas. Down at the end of the hall where the gas chamber sits, it is surprisingly quiet.

JAKE

I was on the verge of suicide. Peter did what he could to take my mind off my troubles, but it was no use.

74 EXT LONGCHAMPS RACETRACK (DAY)

Horses galloping at breakneck speed around the track, approaching the finish line. Standing on one side of the course are Jake and Peter, who is looking at the finish of the race through binoculars.

PETER

Shit! You four-legged asshole!

Peter takes down the binoculars from his eyes, hands them to Jake, and starts angrily tearing up his losing race ticket.

Jake does the same with his own, then places the binoculars to his eyes to get ready for the next race. He freezes in shock.

JAKE'S POV -- BINOCULAR EFFECT: On the opposite side of the racetrack is Claire, jumping up and down with joy at having won, and hugging her escort, the Double.

JAKE (V/O)

That weekend, everywhere I went, there they were.

75 INT PATISSERIE (DAY)

Jake stands at the case of baked goods, as a SHOPKEEPER fills a box with fat-laden pastries. But Jake's attention is not on the goodies. He looks in open-mouthed shock at the small television on a shelf behind the shopkeeper.

INSERT TELEVISION: Roland Garros Tennis Stadium. A championship match. Directly behind the tennis player, sitting in a front row in the stands, we see Claire and the Double, lovingly sipping a soda from the same bottle with two straws.

76 EXT PONT DE ALEXANDER TROISIEME (NIGHT)

Jake stands on the bridge, despondent, looking once more like he is about to jump into the Seine.

On the river below him, a bateau mouche, brightly lit, floats along. A small band plays on the top deck of the boat, which is filled with passengers. At the stern, a lone couple, separated from the others, dances in each other's arms.

Jake looks dejectedly down at the couple who stand at the stern of the top deck, dancing in each other's arms -- Claire and the Double.

Jake continues to stare miserably at them, and then, as the boat goes under the bridge, Jake hurries to the other side, to catch another glimpse of the couple, who appear, finally, wrapped in each other's arms, kissing with tremendous passion.

77 INT JAKE'S CELL/DEATH ROW (NIGHT)

Jake continues to face his cell bars, peering down the hall toward the gas chamber, which is still silent. Father Thomas is equally discomfited by the silence.

JAKE

What do you make of sex, Father?

FATHER THOMAS

(startled)

He had sex with her, too?

JAKE

I've always thought of sex as a sanctuary from life, a reward for having to die --

FATHER THOMAS

He stole the woman you loved and then had sex with her?

Jake turns from the bars and faces Father Thomas.

JAKE

Sex is an exchange of pleasures -- but love -- love is giving without return. That's the way it is.

FATHER THOMAS

(sympathetic)

Whoever this fellow was, I'm truly sorry for the pain he must have caused you. You're absolutely sure that he had sex with her?

Jake doesn't answer. He just stares at Father Thomas.

JAKE

I've taken a great deal of your time. This must be very trying for you, Father, wasting this entire evening -- and you still haven't heard the confession. I'm sure you'd just as soon go home.

FATHER THOMAS

Not at all, not at all. Please, go on -- please. He actually went so far as to have sex with her?

Jake looks at Father Thomas's eagerness and feigns a sigh.

JAKE

Very well, if you think you have the time.

78 EXT JAKE'S OFFICE (DAY)

The limousine screeches up to the curb and Jake jumps out before Peter has the chance to open his door.

JAKE (V/O)

You can imagine how poorly I slept all weekend. As a consequence, I overslept, arriving at work almost two hours late.

Jake races into the building, leaving Peter only to close the car door.

79 INT JAKE'S OFFICE (DAY)

Jake runs off the elevator, dashes down the hall, and enters the large accounting room.

80 INT JAKE'S OFFICE (DAY)

Almost immediately upon entering, he encounters the Double, standing with a group of colleagues, laughing. Jake hurries over to them and pushes through the group.

JAKE
(to the Double)
I have to talk to you.

The Double looks up at Jake, amused.

DOUBLE
Certainly, Jake, what can I do for you?

The Double looks at the other clerks and winks, signifying that the comedy is about to begin. Jake notices and becomes irate.

JAKE
This is a serious matter.

DOUBLE
(smiling)
Well, on with it then, Jake.

JAKE
I know what your game is, and it's not going to succeed.

DOUBLE
Come, come, Jake, you're so serious this morning -- besides being over two hours late. Tell me, did you sleep well?

Smiles of amusement spread on the faces of the clerks, who watch the interchange with fascination.

JAKE
My sleep is not the issue here. A few days ago I welcomed you into my home, shared my confidences with you, and in return my payment has been what? Well, I think you know what you've done....

Unexpectedly, the Double takes Jake's cheek between his thumb and forefinger and squeezes it, much to Jake's astonishment.

DOUBLE

(laughing)

My darling! You must loosen up.

(to the group)

You know, they say he looks like me.

What do you think? Are we twins? Que pensez-vous? Nous sommes jumeaux?

CO-WORKER

Peut-etre --

(laughing)

-- si on les regarde avec un oeil ferme....

The group breaks up in laughter. When Jake doesn't join in, the Double pats Jake on the cheek and begins to feign boxing with him, poking him here and there, while Jake tries to fight him off, and the group laughs even harder.

DOUBLE

(poking and tickling)

Come on, Jake, where's your sense of humor. How are we to be a team, Jake, you and I -- cunning, scheming together, vanquishing death, if you insist on being so serious...?

The group breaks up in laughter again. Jake is mortified, almost ready to strike out, when, suddenly, the Double stops and becomes deadly earnest.

DOUBLE

Well, I've had it with you, Jake. You've worn my patience to the end. You can no longer count on my affection, or my support.

JAKE

(in shock)

What support?

DOUBLE

The gauntlet has been thrown. We'll see who prevails in the end.

And the Double abruptly leaves. Almost instantly, the others depart, leaving Jake standing dumbfounded, looking around him in a daze.

As his eyes focus on his surroundings, they open in shock. The Double is sitting at Jake's desk. Speechless, Jake begins to walk toward his desk, where the Double is intensely at work. Jake is intercepted by Delafosse.

JAKE

(in shock)

What's the meaning of this?! Why is that imposter at my desk?!

DELAFOSSÉ

I need to have a word with you, Jake --
in Mr. Tessier's office.

81 INT TESSIER'S OFFICE (DAY)

Jean Claude sits at his desk, fidgeting with a pencil. Delafosse sits in a chair beside the desk, facing Jake, who sits across from the desk, frozen in disbelief.

JEAN CLAUDE

There have been a number of incidents lately, Jake -- accusations against your supervisor, not being prepared for Mademoiselle de Clairière's last visit, your lateness today, and, of course, the dreadful episode at the restaurant last week.

JAKE

I'm truly sorry about Mademoiselle de Clairière's --

JEAN CLAUDE

Please let me finish.

(resuming his speech)

That episode, though embarrassing to all the guests and certainly not helpful to our firm's reputation, was particularly painful to me. It seems that Mademoiselle de Clairière has misunderstood my desire to protect her interests on purely a professional level and has severed my personal friendship with her -- moving, I might add, with blazing speed to compensate for the lack of a male companion.

JAKE

(mixed feelings)

I'm sorry to hear that. I hope you don't believe I'm personally responsible for --

JEAN CLAUDE

(grinding his teeth)

If not personally, what would you suggest -- symbolically?

Jake has no response to this.

DELAFOSSÉ

The point is that there are a number of matters regarding your employment here which are of concern to us, Jake.

JEAN CLAUDE

It seems to us that lately you haven't been yourself.

Jake reacts quickly to clarify the situation.

JAKE

Well, I'm glad you've brought this up, because the fact is that, actually, I'm the one who's myself -- and he is not.

JEAN CLAUDE

I beg your pardon?

JAKE

I'm myself. He's an imposter and a scoundrel. I'm shocked, absolutely shocked, that no one has yet unmasked him.

DELAFOSSÉ

Who?

JAKE

I think we all know who I'm talking about -- a notorious scoundrel. And I'm sure you'll agree that it's an act of the utmost loyalty to this firm that I'm calling the matter to your attention.

JEAN CLAUDE

(frustrated)

What matter?

JAKE

(with great majesty)

The matter of Monsieur Jacob Finch.

JEAN CLAUDE

You? You are the scoundrel?

DELAFOSSÉ

(understanding)

I believe he means his namesake -- the other Jacob Finch.

JEAN CLAUDE

Ah, yes. An excellent worker, and a fine fellow. We're paying him twice what we pay you, Jake, and he's worth every cent of it.

JAKE

(in shock)

He's earning twice what --

DELAFOSSE

We're not here to discuss our payroll, Jake. There're more important things at hand.

JAKE

(turns to Jean Claude)
You have to terminate him. Before it's too late.

JEAN CLAUDE

Terminate who?

JAKE

Jacob Finch.

JEAN CLAUDE

You want us to fire Jacob Finch?

JAKE

I do. Immediately.

JEAN CLAUDE

Very well. Jacob Finch -- you're fired.

(to Delafosse)

That was easy.

82 EXT JAKE'S OFFICE BUILDING (NIGHT)

Jake leans against the wall to the office building, reeling from his dismissal, watching anxiously as workers leave in the evening. Suddenly, in the midst of the throng, the Double emerges, carrying a satchel, surrounded by colleagues, laughing good-naturedly, speaking fluent French.

When the group separates, the Double turns to find Jake there.

JAKE

Please, Jake, I'm hoping you'll --

DOUBLE

Don't hope. It's all coming to an end.

JAKE

I have to talk to you.

DOUBLE

I really can't stay, sweetheart....
Another time, believe me, with all my heart and soul, we'll talk -- but right now I really can't...."

JAKE

Ten minutes -- that's all.

DOUBLE
Another time. I promise.

And, to the shock of Jake, the Double hops into Peter's limousine, and the car starts to pull away. Jake races after it, shouting loudly.

JAKE
Peter! Peter! It's me! Stop!

Jake finally manages to catch up with the limousine and races alongside it, banging on the window, miming to Peter that he's transporting the wrong person.

JAKE
Peter! Peter!

Peter looks out his window at Jake in confusion, then behind him at the Double in the back seat. He slams on the breaks. Jake opens the door and climbs in beside the Double.

83 INT LIMOUSINE (NIGHT)

Jake, almost exhausted with anger and frustration, sits in the back seat next to the Double.

JAKE
You've taken my job --

DOUBLE
Oh, come, Jake -- you despised it, remember -- boring, worthless, degrading, menial labor --

JAKE
And Claire.

DOUBLE
You were going nowhere with her. Do you have any idea what great happiness she feels now?

Jake stares into space, thinking over the Double's words.

JAKE
You think she's happy?

DOUBLE
In my arms, Jake, she has experienced the ultimate pleasures of life.

Jake looks back at the Double. Jake's lips tremble.

JAKE
You slept with her?

The Double says nothing.

JAKE
I don't believe you. I wouldn't
believe you had sex with her if I saw
it with my own eyes.

The Double puts his arm on Jake's and nods toward Peter in the front seat, indicating that such a subject would be inappropriate for the ears of a chauffeur.

DOUBLE
(calling out)
Peter, stop the car, please.
(to Jake)
Jake, let's have a cup of coffee.

84 INT CAFE (NIGHT)

The Double's satchel sits on the table. The Double is looking into a video camera. Jake is gloomily drinking a cup of coffee.

DOUBLE
(looking into the
eyepiece)
Ah, yes. Where --? Ah, here it is.
What do you think, Jake?

The Double hands Jake the video camera. Jake nervously puts it to his eye.

DOUBLE
It's the green button on the right.
Push that.

Jake pushes the green button, and almost shudders at what he sees. The Double is too excited to control himself.

DOUBLE
Here, Jake, let me show you --

Before Jake can react, the Double takes the camera from him, and starts to look in it again. He pushes buttons making it go backward and forward.

DOUBLE
I know it's here. I saw it. Maybe
it's -- ah, yes, there. Wait a
minute. Just let me --

JAKE
You know, I'm not your enemy -- I
don't know why you would --

DOUBLE

(looking in the camera
as he talks)

Jake, Jake... let's not waste our time
with recriminations. Deep down I know
that we both care for each other.
That's what we should be expressing.
Tell me, how is your health?

JAKE

My health? You want to know how my
health is?

DOUBLE

(looking in camera)

I hear you haven't been well lately.

JAKE

My heart isn't what it should be, but
I'm taking beta blockers. Otherwise,
I'm all right. What're you doing over
there?

DOUBLE

Well, you must take care of yourself,
Jake. You really must.

JAKE

So I've been told. What're you
looking at?

DOUBLE

Ah, perfect. I got it. Here.

The Double holds out the camera again for Jake. Before Jake can put
it to his eye, the Double interrupts him again.

DOUBLE

(rumaging in his
satchel)

Wait a minute, Jake. Just wait -- ah,
here it is.

The Double holds out his hand to Jake, dangling an earpiece by its
cord.

DOUBLE

Here. Take this. It plugs in the
side.

Jake looks at the earpiece and shakes his head.

JAKE

It's really not necessary.

Jake puts the camera to his eye and pushes the button.

85 INT CLAIRE'S BEDROOM (NIGHT)

The Double is making love to Claire. She reaches out her arms, and pulls the Double against her. Her head moves back and forth in ecstasy.

Claire turns over and mounts the Double. She tosses her long hair back and places her hands on the Double's chest. Then she starts to rock very slowly, eyes closed, taking long slow breaths.

Suddenly, Claire's mouth opens in silent ecstasy as her body heaves in spasms.

Then, strangely, her head turns toward the camera. There is an expression on her face of confusion, of panic -- as though she's come to a terrible realization. Her look is chilling. She is a woman in great distress.

86 INT CAFE SHOP (EVENING)

Jake puts the camera down. There is an awkward silence as the two men drink their coffees.

DOUBLE

Jake, I have something to tell you.

The seriousness of the Double's tone causes Jake to freeze in dread.

DOUBLE

This will come as no great surprise, I'm sure, but I've decided that I want your life. I'm going to replace you.

Jake's hands begin to shake.

DOUBLE

I never planned it to be like this. It has a lot to do with Claire, but that's not all. You've wasted your life in every way I can think of, and it's a good life, Jake -- so I'm taking it. I'm becoming you.

JAKE

(dazed, trembling)

What -- what about me?

DOUBLE

Well, as you've probably guessed, with no professional life, no social life, and no love life, for all intents and purposes, you are now dead.

87 INT JAKE'S CELL/DEATH ROW (NIGHT)

Father Thomas listens in stunned silence.

JAKE

Of course, that was when I knew I had to kill him.

Father Thomas cannot move a muscle. He stares at Jake, breathlessly waiting to hear what transpired next.

JAKE

I felt as though I had broken through a barrier. Now I understood the root of my Double's power over me.

Father Thomas listens intently.

JAKE

His strength came from my belief that I might have become the person I'd always wanted to be. He derived his power from the sense of my own futility.

From down the hallway comes a strange sound, a heavy dull scraping sound. It starts and goes for a moment, then stops, then continues again -- rhythmic and relentless.

JAKE

The death he had brought me was worse than dying. I was condemned to watch someone else lead the life I might have led.

In some way, Jake has tapped into the issue that has consumed Father Thomas and caused his loss of faith. Father Thomas questions now with a new sense of urgency.

FATHER THOMAS

(almost whispering)
So, how do you kill such a demon?

JAKE

Well, let me tell you, it isn't easy.

Suddenly, Gerard enters Jake's cell with an armful of freshly pressed clothing.

JAKE

(smiling at Father Thomas)
We're making progress. Half an hour to go.

Jake looks at his watch. Then he shakes it up and down vigorously several times. Father Thomas is about to say something when Andre and Alain appear outside the cell in the hall -- first their backs, hunched, pulling some heavy object -- and then the object, scraping on its back along the floor, bit by bit -- a very large and very dead pig. As they pass, Andre gives Jake a thumbs-up sign.

ANDRE
Ca marche.

FATHER THOMAS
He says that --

JAKE
(smile)
I got it.

88 EXT JAKE'S APARTMENT (NIGHT)

Jake stands across the street from his apartment, looking up unhappily at the lit windows. A figure moves about in his apartment.

JAKE (V/O)
The next night, he completed the last step in taking over my life. He moved into my apartment. The code had been changed. My keys no longer fit.

Jake continues to stand in the shadows, watching his apartment, his eyes following the figure moving from room to room. Suddenly, across the street, an ELDERLY WOMAN approaches the apartment house. Jake gets up and starts across the street. The Elderly Woman punches in the code to open the front door and enters. As she disappears into the building, Jake runs to the door and catches it just before it closes. Then he slips inside.

89 EXT BALCONY (NIGHT)

Jake is edging along the ledge. He comes to the balcony and climbs over the railing on to it. Then, being careful not to be discovered, he looks through the window to his living room. No one is there.

DOUBLE (O.S.)
(singing)
"I spend my days in longing, I wonder
why it's me you're wronging...."

At the sound of the voice, a crazed look comes into Jake's eyes. Using his elbow, Jake breaks the window pane of the door to his bedroom, then reaches in and opens the door.

90 INT JAKE'S BATHROOM (NIGHT)

The Double is bathing. Suddenly, Jake bursts into the bathroom, runs to the tub, and grabs the Double by his neck. A terrible struggle ensues, but, finally, Jake prevails and, at last, the Double slowly slides beneath the water, dead. Jake stands there for a moment, looking at the Double beneath the water, his mouth open, his hair flowing about his face.

91 INT JAIL CELL (NIGHT)

Father Thomas looks at Jake in shock.

FATHER THOMAS
That's how you killed him?

92 INT JAKE'S BATHROOM (NIGHT)

The Double's head beneath the water, mouth still open, hair floating about his face. Jake, unable to stop looking at his victim, backs up, eyes riveted on the face under the water.

Then Jake moves to the sink, where he stands staring into the mirror, studying the shock on his own face. He turns on the water and washes his face, breathing deeply, trying to recover from it all. Then he turns and grabs a bath towel off a hook on the door, and drying his face, walks slowly into the bedroom.

93 INT JAKE'S BEDROOM (NIGHT)

Jake sits on the bed, in exhaustion, recovering from his ordeal, still breathing deeply. A voice calls from the bathroom.

DOUBLE (O.S.)
 When you finish with that towel, would
 you be kind enough to toss it back in
 here, Jake.

Jake heaves a long sigh, and stands up. Through the open door to the bathroom, he can see the Double, sittin in the tub, rinsing soap from his body. Jake tosses him the towel, then turns and walks away.

JAKE (V/O)
 The next time I would make certain he
 was totally and completely dead.

As Jake walks disconsolately from the apartment, the Double calls after him.

DOUBLE
 And be sure the door locks as you
 leave, Jake. Paris is getting
 dangerous.

94 EXT PARIS STREET (DAY)

The Double, satchel in hand, emerges from the Metro, on the way back from work. He walks down the street, and passes by a curbside pay toilet.

The door to the pay-toilet opens, and two hands emerge with an electric cord, the plug still dangling on the end.

The hands loop the cord over the Double's head, and the Double is yanked inside, as the door to the toilet closes.

95 INT PAY-TOILET (DAY)

Another deperate struggle between Jake and the Double.

96 EXT PAY-TOILET (DAY)

A WOMAN has seen it all happen. She is SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY, gesturing wildly toward the pay-toilet, trying in her panic to tell OTHER PASSERS-BY about the man being dragged inside by a cord. Citizens begin to gather outside the pay-toilet.

97 INT PAY-TOILET (DAY)

The struggle has ended. Finally, the Double lies dead on the tile floor. Jake checks carefully this time. He listens to the heart. He pushes open the eyelids. He pulls a hand mirror out from inside his jacket and places it in front of the Double's mouth. He is definitely dead. Jake sets the Double on the toilet.

Suddenly, there is a BANGING ON THE DOOR, and the SOUND OF VOICES DEMANING IN FRENCH TO BE LET IN. Jake freezes, a look of panic on his face. There is no escape.

98 EXT PAY-TOILET (DAY)

A large crowd has gathered. A NATIONAL POLICEMAN is banging loudly on the metal door to the toilet, as a police car pulls up, its ee-oo-ee-oo siren blaring. TWO ADDITIONAL POLICEMEN jump out, go to the trunk, pull out a tire iron, run over, and begin to pry open the door to the pay toilet -- which finally slides open, revealing Jake's panicky face, and the Double propped on the toilet, his pants around his ankles.

POLICEMAN

Qu'est-ce qui se passe la?!

Jake doesn't know French, but he does know a predicament. He is about to say something, when a voice speaks behind him.

DOUBLE

(whispering)

Tell them I'm handicapped and you're helping me, Jake. Say "handicappe".

Jake whirls to look behind him. The Double sits on the toilet, alive as ever, his head at a strange angle, his arms and hands contorted. Jake turns and faces the Policemen.

JAKE

Handicappe. He's handicappe.

DOUBLE
(whispering)
Now pull up my pants and do my zipper.

Jake whirls again.

JAKE
Do what?!

DOUBLE
Do my zipper. They'll all go away.
Trust me.

Jake gets down on his knees, and struggling, boosts the Double partly over his shoulder, pulls up his pants, and, with some difficulty, does the Double's zipper.

Then, forcing a smile, Jake leads the Double from the pay-toilet, the Double hanging on Jake's arm like some rubberized version of Quasimodo, the astonished crowd and policemen watching this bizarre couple struggle down the street.

JAKE (V/O)
It was becoming clear to me that this was going to be more difficult than I had originally anticipated.

99 INT JAKE'S CELL/DEATH ROW (NIGHT)

Adhesive tape is torn from a roll with a grating sound. Jake stands bare-chested, holding a heart monitor in place on his chest. Gerard begins to tape it to Jake's skin. Father Thomas watches in shock.

JAKE
Of course, the problem became clear to me rather quickly. I would have to kill him in public.

FATHER THOMAS
I'm not following you.

Gerard pulls more adhesive tape from the roll with a chilling sound. Then he begins to apply a cross piece to Jake's chest over the heart monitor.

JAKE
As long as I was the only one who saw him die, he could still play his tricks and come back. He'd only have to remain dead if I killed him in public, where everyone could see and there'd be no way for him to explain returning from the dead. But, if I killed him where everyone could see, then I'd be caught. He had me, Father, and he had me good.

A third strap of adhesive tape comes off the roll with a jarring sound. And again, Gerard begins to afix it to Jake's chest.

FATHER THOMAS

And what did your psychiatrist say about all this?

JAKE

Don't be cute. My psychiatrist had several thousand milligrams of anti-psychotic medication flowing through his veins day and night. He had nothing to say to anyone. No, the truth of my situation was, I was doomed if I didn't and damned if I did.

100 EXT THEATER MARIGNY (NIGHT)

Posters feature Claire de Clairiere's beautiful face in advertisements for "The Tales of Two Cities". Jake looks at them as he sits on a bench, in the park in which the theater is situated, despondently drinking coffee from a McDonald's plastic cup. A figure approaches and sits on the bench beside him.

PETER

I brought you something.

Peter opens a box filled with pastry. Jake looks, selects an éclair, and starts to nibble on it.

JAKE

Very kind of you, Peter.

PETER

I've been looking for you for days.

Peter selects a pastry of his own and chomps into it.

JAKE

I've moved. I'm living under a bridge with large gold horses on top of it.

PETER

Pont Alexander Troisieme. Eighth arrondissement. Very nice area.

JAKE

Where's your limousine?

PETER

They took it. I woke up this morning, looked out the window -- the place looked like a meeting of the Police Benevolent Association. Cops everywhere.

(more)

PETER (Cont'd)
 Somebody tipped them off, and we both
 know who it was. When I find him, I'm
 going to kill him.

JAKE
 You can't.

PETER
 Can't what?

JAKE
 Kill him. I drowned him in my
 bathtub, and I strangled him to death
 in a pay-toilet. He won't die.

PETER
 I'm very sorry to hear that.

Jake shrugs in agreement, as he continues to look out and drink his coffee. Suddenly, a bubble appears, large and glorious. It floats on the air, over to Jake, and settles at his feet. Jake watches the bubble until it bursts, then gets up and looks around.

JAKE
 Don't go away.

101 EXT PARK (NIGHT)

Bubbles float in the air and settle to the ground. Jake chases after them. They appear to come from behind a tree, then a fountain, a statue, a kiosk -- on a path that leads him through the park and out, at last, to a small narrow dark street -- down which he sees a female figure in the distance, running away, bubbles floating behind her. Jake chases after her.

102 EXT STREET (NIGHT)

Jake stands, turning around, trying to find Claire, when a large door opens behind him and a voice whispers urgently.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
 (whispering)
 Jake....

Jake turns and finds Claire behind him. He ducks in the doorway, and the door slams shut.

103 INT COURTYARD (NIGHT)

The courtyard of an apartment house. Jake stands facing Claire, who looks into his eyes, searching intensely - and then she moves her lips to his and they kiss.

Jake, at first a little bewildered, kisses her tenderly, and then, he kisses her with mounting passion, a life-time of longing fulfilled. When their lips separate, Claire looks into Jake's eyes sadly.

CLAIRE

I suspected all along that he wasn't you, Jake, but he has this quality, I can't describe it -- it's like a spell.

JAKE

When did you know it wasn't me?

CLAIRE

(thinks, then)

There was a moment -- it had been happening gradually all along, of course -- but then, suddenly, things --
(very quietly)
-- came to a climax....

JAKE

All those times I saw you with him -- the candlelight dinner, the dancing, the moonlit cruise -- I knew that you weren't actually enjoying yourself, that it was all pretend.

Claire's expression makes it clear that Jake may be overstating the situation.

CLAIRE

His spell is so powerful, Jake --

JAKE

I know you did everything possible to fight it, my love.

CLAIRE

-- so incredibly powerful.

Jake looks fondly at Claire.

JAKE

I told you once that I was unworthy of your love, but it's not true. My love for you is complete. When we're together, it'll shine over you like suns and moons and stars.

CLAIRE

Oh, Jake, that's so sweet.

JAKE

I've been standing in the darkness,
Claire, letting life slip through my
fingers. The only light I allowed to
penetrate was yours.

CLAIRE

Oh, Jake, Jake. Kind, sweet, caring
Jake.

Claire reaches out and gently takes Jake's hands. He looks down at
them, and then up into Claire's eyes.

JAKE

I'm reclaiming my life, Claire. Come
with me. Love me, and accept my love
for you.

CLAIRE

I will, Jake. I will. I accept your
love. I return it with all my heart.
How shall we die?

Jake stands motionless, turning Claire's last words over in his
mind.

JAKE

I'm not sure I understand what you
mean, my love.

CLAIRE

We're doomed, Jake. Totally doomed.
There's no escape for us. He has us
completely in his hold. Since we
can't live together, our only choice
is to die together.

JAKE

You're absolutely certain of this?

CLAIRE

He won't let me go, you know that, and
he's totally taken over your own life.
Do you know a way to defeat him and
free us?

JAKE

I could work on it.

CLAIRE

Well, there is no way, Jake, believe
me. I've been poisoning him all week.
At dinner tonight, there was so much
cyanide in his food, by the time he
was done, all the finish was gone from
his silverware. It's useless.

Jake looks sympathetically at Claire, who looks sadly back at him, then takes a small piece of paper from her pocket.

CLAIRE

I've written something -- I thought we could say it together before we jump.

JAKE

We're jumping?

CLAIRE

It's fairly quick, there's no turning back midway, and we could hold hands on the way down. It seems romantic, don't you think?

Jake doesn't know how to respond. He looks at the crumpled piece of paper Claire has given him.

JAKE

You begin "Ladies and Gentlemen"...?

CLAIRE

I intend to invite a few close friends.

JAKE

"And members of the media...?"

CLAIRE

I'm thinking of it as a last great performance, Jake. I am, after all, an actress.

Jake hands Claire the paper.

JAKE

Here, please -- you read.

Claire takes the paper and looks sadly at it.

CLAIRE

I am dying so that I may spend eternity with the one I love. In life, each day disappears in the flicker of an eye, and my love is never all I desire to give. The days pass, filled with obligations, and slowly my love breaks into a thousand pieces.

Jake finds himself moved by Claire's words.

CLAIRE

I give out these morsels of love, here and there, as time allows, but never again is it whole.

(more)

CLAIRE (Cont'd)

Life corrupts my love, day after day.
What a battle I must wage to keep it
pure, and alive, and all-embracing so
I might give it intact to the one I
adore.

Claire looks up from her paper. Tears are on her cheeks. She talks to Jake, not looking at the paper.

CLAIRE

This struggle exhausts me, Jake. It truly does, as I'm sure it exhausts you. It's not meant to be done alone. And it's heartbreaking when done in the company of someone you will never love. When this is the only alternative, then death is the only choice.

Jake heart goes out to his Claire and he tries to comfort her.

JAKE

Yes, perhaps. Perhaps, it is.

Jake studies the tears in Claire's eyes.

JAKE

Could I have just a smidgeon of time to think this over, my love?

CLAIRE

Of course. I'll meet you after the theater, Jake. Where will I find you?

104 EXT QUAI BY THE SEINE (NIGHT)

Imposing statues of gold horses on stone pillars at the entrance to a bridge -- Alexander Troisieme. CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO: a bateau mouche gliding silently under the bridge.

Homeless men and women are scattered here and there along the quai. Jake sits under the bridge next to a small pile of tattered belongings, watching the boat slide through the water. His gaze follows the boat to his left, and as he does, he sees a figure hurrying down the slope to the quai. It is Claire.

She wears a cloak which sweeps dramatically behind her. He stands and when she reaches him, they kiss.

JAKE

Since I can't live with you, I will die with you. I just have one favor to ask.

CLAIRE

Anything, Jake.

JAKE

I want to play in the theater beside you for one performance -- before we go....

CLAIRE

You want to be in my play with me? Oh, Jake, that's so touching.

JAKE

I want to play the role of Sydney Carton.

CLAIRE

But you don't speak French.

JAKE

I know every word by heart. "Ce que je fais est une bien, bien meilleur chose qu'aucune que j'aie jamais faite...."

CLAIRE

That's marvelous, Jake. Incredible. But Jacques Deschamps plays the role. How can we do this?

JAKE

You're the producer, my love.

CLAIRE

(smiles)

Oh, Jake, this is so exciting! I had a wonderful idea on the way here tonight. Gas.

JAKE

Gas?

CLAIRE

Perhaps, we shouldn't jump. It's not a very pretty ending. I'm thinking that we should turn on the gas and then lie in bed, side by side, hand in hand, until....

JAKE

What about your speech, and all those guests...?

CLAIRE

I'm going to videotape it.

JAKE

Excellent idea. Then gas, it is, my love.

Claire looks at Jake fondly.

CLAIRE

Oh, Jake. You understand me so well.
The other Jake could never have....

Claire's words fall off, as though she's a little embarrassed.

JAKE

(intrigued)

What? Could never have what?

CLAIRE

The other night I asked him to blow
some bubbles for me....

(eyes averted, shyly)

They were very small.

105 INT JAIL CELL (NIGHT)

A small group of MEN and WOMEN OBSERVERS pass by Jake's cell, trying not to look at him. Dressed in business attire, they are on their way to witness the execution. Jake greets them as they pass.

JAKE

Nice to see you again. Bon soir. I
never had a chance to tell you, but I
think you did a splendid job at the
trial, really first class.

The group disappears uncomfortably down the corridor.

JAKE

They seem like such nice people. Is
it really necessary for the jury to
witness the execution?

FATHER THOMAS

We're rapidly running out of time,
Monsieur Finch -- as you can see.

JAKE

They were only doing their job.

FATHER THOMAS

(to move things along)

It's part of the new law, Monsieur.
It assures that the death penalty will
not be given capriciously. Now, you
were telling me --

JAKE

I guess I'm the lucky one, aren't I?

FATHER THOMAS

(thrown)

You consider yourself lucky?

JAKE
 (looking down the hall
 at the jury)
 I'm the only one who won't have to
 live with the memory of my execution.

Jake turns and smiles at Father Thomas, who is not amused.

FATHER THOMAS
 I take it you and Mademoiselle de
 Clairiere did not commit suicide.

Jake smiles at Father Thomas's irony.

JAKE
 It was my big shot at the stage,
 Father -- a night at the theater that
 would not soon be forgotten.

106 EXT DESCHAMPS'S HOME (NIGHT)

JACQUES DESCHAMPS exits his home, flamboyant as always. He wears a hat and a long flowing scarf, which he tosses dramatically over his shoulder.

He stops when he sees Peter standing at the curb with Claire's Rolls Royce, the door held open for him. They talk in French.

PETER
 Monsieur Deschamps?

DESCHAMPS
 Oui?

PETER
 Your car, Monsieur. Compliments of
 Mademoiselle de Clairiere -- in
 appreciation for your marvelous
 performance.

Deschamps looks suspiciously at Peter, then shrugs and walks to the car. He talks to himself as he gets in.

DESCHAMPS
 What's she going to ask me for now?

Peter shuts the door, gets in, and drives down the street.

JAKE (V/O)
 When Monsieur Deschamps finally showed
 up the next afternoon, he informed
 police that he had been abducted by a
 terrorist, who had, during the
 abduction, sold him an insurance
 policy to compensate him for his
 misfortune.

107 INT THEATER/BACKSTAGE (NIGHT)

Back stage hustle and bustle, all in French. Claire and Jake enter the stage door. Jake carries a large florist's box under his arm, the kind for long-stemmed roses. Claire talks in French to MAURICE, the stage manager.

CLAIRE

Monsieur Deschamps is indisposed with a terrible case of laryngitis, Maurice. Monsieur Finch will be playing the role of Sydney Carton tonight.

Maurice nods. Jake and Claire smile to each other, kiss lightly under Maurice's curious gaze, and then Claire heads off in one direction, while Maurice takes Jake in another.

108 INT BACKSTAGE/DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY (NIGHT)

Maurice stands at the end of the hall, pointing. Jake is walking past the dressing rooms, his flower box still under his arms, until he comes at last to one marked "M. Deschamps". Maurice, satisfied Jake has found his way, heads off in the other direction. Jake opens the door and freezes.

109 INT DESCHAMPS'S DRESSING ROOM (NIGHT)

Sitting at the make-up table is the Double, applying powder to his cheeks. Jake slowly enters and stands in shock against the wall, clutching his flower box to his chest.

DOUBLE

What do you think, Jake? Too much powder? I need to appear a bit piqued, but not wash out entirely under those dreadful stage lights.

JAKE

(quietly, defeated)
Why are you doing this to me?

DOUBLE

(still doing his make-up)

You didn't really expect I was going to pass up an opportunity like this, did you? Besides, with your French, I'm doing you a favor. So, what do you think, maybe if I highlight the eyes a little bit more?

The Double turns around and looks at Jake, fluttering his eyelids.

JAKE

Can't you even let me die in peace?
You came here to take me to my grave --
well, I'm going tonight.

The Double pays no attention, but turns back to the mirror.

DOUBLE

Definitely something more for the
eyes. And you're not going anywhere,
Jake. I'm your mirror image. If you
go, I go. You're staying here -- and
so is Claire.

JAKE

She doesn't love you, you know.

DOUBLE

(finishing his eyes)
Ah, that's what all the cyanide's
about. And I kept thinking it was
something I said. Well, Jake, I have
no doubt that, as time passes, our
love will grow.

There is the SOUND OF THE BELL. The Double stands up and checks
himself once more in the mirror.

DOUBLE

Much better. Now, if you'll excuse
me, the show must go on.

The Double starts across the room to leave.

JAKE

You sonofabitch.

DOUBLE

(nice smile)
Sticks and stones....

And the Double is out the door. Jake looks around the empty room,
then sits down on a chair beside him, placing the box of flowers
across his knees. Slowly, his expression begins to change.

110 INT JAIL CELL (NIGHT)

Tight on Father Thomas, totally absorbed in the tale. Then tight on
Jake, an intense look on his face.

JAKE

I beat him at his own game. I knew he
would do this. I didn't tell anyone.
I didn't even tell myself. I deceived
my own heart. Otherwise, he would
have known.

FATHER THOMAS
Known what?

JAKE
How I was going to do it. Do you want
to know how?

111 INT THEATER (NIGHT)

The play is on. Claire stands alone in a spotlight downstage, saying a monologue.

112 INT BACKSTAGE HALLWAY (NIGHT)

Jake sits on the chair backstage, flower box still across his knees, staring numbly out the side-curtains at Claire as she speaks on stage.

113 INT THEATER STAGE (NIGHT)

The final scene. The scaffold stands center stage. DRUMS ROLL SOMBERLY. Soldiers are lined up. A crowd of citizens watch.

114 INT BACKSTAGE HALLWAY (NIGHT)

Jake is still sitting on the chair, staring ahead, the box on his knees. Now, slowly, without looking, he removes the lid from the box. It is piled with long-stemmed roses. One at a time, he begins to take roses out of the box and drop them on the floor beside him. There appears to be something underneath the roses. Is it a chainsaw?

115 INT THEATER/STAGE (NIGHT)

The audience of several hundred, packed into every seat in the house, has tears in their eyes. The Double, playing Sydney Carton, walks up the steps to the scaffold, saying his lines with great pathos.

DOUBLE
(full of emoting)
Ce que je fais est une bien, bien
meilleur chose qu'aucune que j'aie
jamais faite. Le repos vers lequel je
m'en vais est bien, bien meilleur
qu'aucun repos que j'aie jamais connu.

Subtitles: It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known.

The Double is placed into the guillotine, and his head locked in place.

The DRUMS CONTINUE as the line of soldiers obscures the guillotine from the crowd of citizens and the audience, as, finally, the Executioner releases the rope and the fake blade falls.

Soldiers sigh and women sob. The Double, head still in the guillotine, also sighs to himself, pleased with the high level of his performance.

Claire, a single spotlight upon her downstage, begins her soliloquy, tears falling down her cheeks.

CLAIRE

(in French w/subtitles)

They say of him, about the city that night, that it was the peace fullest man's face ever beheld there.

In the background, there is A STRANGE SOUND, LIKE A SMALL TWO-STROKE ENGINE BEING STARTED WITH A PULL ROPE. It coughs once and doesn't catch. Another attempt is made, and it still doesn't catch, as Claire, somewhat distracted, continues her soliloquy.

CLAIRE

Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic. For he held --

The motor catches, the two stroke engine WHIRRING. Claire looks around, trying to determine its source. It sounds a lot like a chainsaw. And it's getting louder.

CLAIRE

For he held a sanctuary in their hearts --

Suddenly, Jake bursts on stage, an operating chainsaw waving over his head. The actors on stage freeze in shock. Claire turns and sees Jake running up the steps of the guillotine.

CLAIRE

(screaming in horror)

No, Jake!!! Noooooooooo!!!!

Pandemonium breaks loose. People scatter everywhere, SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY, obscuring the Double, still locked in the wooden blocks of the guillotine, from the audience. The Double is, at first confused, then he looks up sees Jake standing over him with a victorious smile on his face and his foot on the wooden bar holding the Double's head in place.

JAKE

Got you.

DOUBLE

You tricked me you sonofa --

But his words are drowned out by the dull sound of the chainsaw cutting.

It isn't clear exactly what has happened until Jake is seen on the scaffold above the bedlam, holding up the Double's head -- followed by the HYSTERICAL SCREAMING OF THE AUDIENCE.

JAKE

I got him! I got him! I did it!
He's dead! I got him!

Claire faints, and with her, nearly everyone else on the stage and in the audience.

116 INT JAKE'S CELL/DEATH ROW (NIGHT)

Father Thomas, in a state of shock, looks at Jake, standing before him, a victorious look on his face, his hand raised as though he's still holding the Double's head.

JAKE

Well -- that's show biz.

FATHER THOMAS

This is your confession? This is your confession? You expect me to believe this?

JAKE

Why not?

Father Thomas can hardly believe the response.

JAKE

I need you to understand the significance of my death.

FATHER THOMAS

What significance?

JAKE

Claire is free. She never despair again over the limitations of love now that she's seen the heights it can reach. I've accomplished in death what I never could in life. All I ask for now is an absolution and I will die in peace.

FATHER THOMAS

(incensed)

An absolution? An absolution! To what have you confessed?

Jake walks away from Father Thomas, thinking it over. Then he stops pacing, turns, and looks into Father Thomas's eyes.

JAKE

I confess to being too weak to believe in the goodness of my own life.

That rings a bell for Father Thomas, and Jake sees it. Father Thomas, very upset, turns his back to Jake and walks to the bars of the cell, folding his hands around them, trying to gain some perspective on the situation.

FATHER THOMAS

I can't absolve you from your actions because of this preposterous tale. This is a ghost story. A total fabrication. I'm a man of the cloth. I believe in God, not in Doubles. I believe in His grace, His word, and the word of His son, the Lord Jesus Christ.

(with great passion)

There are no Doubles! There are only madmen!

JAKE AND THE DOUBLE

I'm very disappointed you feel that way.

FATHER THOMAS

(turning around)

Well, that's how I feel nevertheless.

Father Thomas turns back to the bars, then freezes, and slowly turns back to see Jake and the Double, who is dressed identically to Jake, same prison garb, same heart monitor wires sticking out of his shirt. Then Father Thomas's lips start to tremble, and slowly, he sinks on the ground to his knees, his head raised to the heavens, praying for his salvation.

Jake turns to the Double, very upset.

JAKE

What are you doing here?! You're dead!

DOUBLE

(on a slow burn)

What am I doing here? What am I doing here?! You cut off my head with a fuckin' chainsaw, and then you want to know what am I doing here?!

JAKE

I had no choice.

Father Thomas is praying as fast as any human being can pray.

DOUBLE

Well you screwed it up, you nitwit! Now I have to play dead, so I can't have Claire!

(more)

DOUBLE (Cont'd)

And if you'd taken the time to learn French, you'd have known that the morning you went out to buy your weed wacker, they passed the death penalty, so you don't get Claire, either -- not even in twenty years on good behavior! You schumcked it up, you schmuck!

Alain and Andre appear in front of the cell. They look at the two identical men, then down at Father Thomas on his knees on the floor, then back up at the twins, who totally ignor them.

JAKE

Well, it's too late to do anything about it now, so leave me alone and let me die.

DOUBLE

Like hell I will! If you go, I go, and I don't want to go -- so I'm going to the gas chamber, and you can take a hike!

Andre's and Alain's heads flick back and forth. They talk in French.

ANDRE

How'd the other one get in there? You weren't to allow any visitors.

ALAIN

(incensed)

I didn't allow any visitors.

ANDRE

Then how did he get in there, baked in a brioche?

As Andre and Alain begin to shout at each other in French, and Father Thomas prays, Jake and the Double continue to argue.

JAKE

Well, you can forget it! I'm dying! It's a validation of my entire life, and I'm not letting you take this away from me! I'm dying! So, go haunt someone else!

DOUBLE

(shouting)

I'd love to go haunt someone else, I love to be someone else, but I can't if you're dead! You wanted to thwart fate? You wanted to beat death? You wanted us to work together as a team?
(more)

DOUBLE (Cont'd)
 Mazel tov! You did it! Now get the
 hell out of my way and let me go to
 the gas chamber!

ANDRE
 Okay, if you didn't let anyone else
 in, tell me, who do we take to the gas
 chamber, genius?

Alain's head flicks back and forth, unable to tell the difference
 between the two men.

ALAIN
 I refuse to take the blame for this.
 I did nothing. I'm going to the
 warden. Let him decide.

ANDRE
 And what exactly do you intend to tell
 the warden? Excuse me, Monsieur, but
 we have two identical men in the same
 cell. We don't know how they got
 there, and we can't tell them apart?
 Do you think you could help us?

JAKE
 Why would you want to stay anyway?!
 You've lost Claire! What the hell
 difference could it make to you
 whether you stay around here or not?!

DOUBLE
 I love Paris.

JAKE
 Well forget it! I'm going to be
 gassed, and that's final! You're not
 taking this away from me, too! I'm
 going to die!

At this Jake lunges at the Double and grabs him by the neck.

DOUBLE
 (being strangled)
 Oh, Jesus Christ, not this again.

At this, Father Thomas jumps up from his knees.

FATHER THOMAS
 Stop this blasphemy! Enough! Stop
 it!
 (looks at the two men)
 I will decide the question!

Jake and the Double separate. They look at Father Thomas. Andre
 and Alain, aren't quite sure what's going on, but it looks like
 things are progressing in the right direction.

Father Thomas turns to Alain and Andre.

FATHER THOMAS
(in French w/subtitles)
I will make the decision.

ALAIN
Merci beaucoup, mon pere.

FATHER THOMAS
(in French w/subtitles)
And you will come up with some
ingenious way to get the other one out
of here.

The pleased look on Andre's and Alain's faces fades quickly.
Father Thomas turns and looks at Jake and the Double.

FATHER THOMAS
(to the Double)
Give me one good reason why you should
die.

The Double thinks. It doesn't take long for him to formulate the
perfect answer.

DOUBLE
To glorify God.

Father Thomas is impressed. He turns to Jake, who feels somewhat
helpless in the face of the Double's answer.

FATHER THOMAS
And what do you say? Why should you
die?

JAKE
(shrugs)
For Claire.

117 INT GAS CHAMBER (NIGHT)

The Members of the Jury sit on chairs, fidgeting and uncomfortable,
looking through a small glass window. Someone is being strapped to
the chair in the gas chamber. It's not clear whether it's Jake or
the Double. The straps are finally fastened securely.

FATHER THOMAS
(reading from the
Bible)
"I am the Resurrection and the Life,
saith the Lord: he that believeth in
me, though he were dead, yet shall he
live: and whosoever liveth and
believeth in me shall never die."

It is either Jake or the Double who looks up at Father Thomas and smiles at him in appreciation.

CONDEMNED MAN

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

Father Thomas nods, walks from the chamber, and the heavy steel door is closed. Through the window on the left, a man in an executioner's hood is seen.

118 INT GAS CHAMBER CONTROL ROOM (NIGHT)

The hand of the Executioner pushes a red button that begins to lower the packet of cyanide capsules into the bucket of sulfuric acid. As the clouds of gas begin to obscure the condemned man, the Executioner turns in his hood. It is clear through the eyeholes that the Executioner is either Jake or the Double.

119 EXT GRAVESITE (DAY)

The Tour Montparnasse, the huge gleaming business office tower mentioned earlier by Peter. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to the gravesite, surrounded by Jake's fellow Office Workers, Delafosse, Tessier, and so on, all who stand in about two inches of water.

Claire stands with Peter, who is in a chauffeur's uniform, next to Father Thomas, who is saying something of a eulogy.

FATHER THOMAS

Thou shalt not kill. "Not" kill. Not "not ever" kill. Not even "never" kill. Just "not" kill. Perhaps, there is some latitude in this commandment. Perhaps, in his own unique way, Jake Finch thought he had found it. God knows, he tried.

Claire wipes the tears from her cheeks with a small handkerchief. Peter does the same.

FATHER THOMAS

So, let us not condemn this man, Jacob Finch. Let us try to find understanding for this man, Jacob Finch. Let us feel compassion for this man, Jacob Finch, who, in his final hours, taught me a lesson I will not soon forget -- that each of us is truly his own worst enemy. Amen.

The somewhat bewildered crowd echos "AMEN".

120 EXT GRAVESITE (DAY)

The crowd is leaving. Claire stands at the foot of the coffin, which has still not been lowered into the grave. She still has tears running down her cheeks. Tessier comes up to Claire.

JEAN CLAUDE

May I give you a ride home? Perhaps, we could stop for a drink along the way.

CLAIRE

I have a driver, thank you, Jean Claude.

Claire nods over toward where Peter is walking to her car.

JEAN CLAUDE

Yes, well, maybe some other time, after we've both had a chance to recover from the shock of this terrible loss.

CLAIRE

Perhaps then.

Tessier, seeing he's getting nowhere, leaves for his car, as TWO GRAVEDIGGERS prepare to lower the coffin in to the grave. Claire remains at the gravesite, as slowly, the coffin starts to be lowered. She bows her head for a moment, then lifts it up and her eyes open in shock.

Standing a short distance away is a figure. It is either Jake or the Double. From a distance she can't be sure which.

They look at each other, motionless for a moment. Then the figure begins to walk toward Claire, who inspects his face, and then his eyes, as he gets closer and closer until the figure is standing only a few steps away, when he stops.

Claire stares at him nervously, waiting with a combination of hope and dread for him to say something.

FIGURE

(shrugs, sadly)

They wouldn't let me die for you.

A smile of joy spreads across Claire's face.

CLAIRE

Perhaps, some other time -- Jake....

And they come together in an embrace.

Behind them, the coffin, lowered as much as possible, bobs back and forth like a rowboat on the small body of water which fills the bottom of the grave.

121 INT APARTMENT/NEW YORK (NIGHT)

The lights of New York skyscrapers. CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK, inside a window, to discover Jake and Claire, sitting on a settee in a large bedroom. Jake is in his pajamas. Claire wears a white silk bathrobe. A jar of bubble soap is between them on the sofa. They each have bubble wands and are blowing bubbles.

Claire looks over at Jake, puts the bubble jar down on the floor, and slowly tilts back on the sofa giving off unmistakable signs of what's on her mind. Jake continues to blow bubbles. Claire reaches up and gently strokes Jake's chest. Jake smiles and blows some more bubbles. Claire guides Jake down on the sofa with her. She kisses him lightly on the brow.

Suddenly, from behind the sofa, a hand appears and taps Jake on the shoulder. Jake freezes, then looks behind the sofa. Crouching there is the Double. He hands Jake a slip of wrinkled paper on which is a handwritten note.

Jake, in shock, looks at Claire, lying back on the sofa, her eyes closed, waiting for him, and he sneaks a look at the note. Jake's thumb covers two of the letters, but it isn't hard to decipher what the Double has written.

INSERT NOTE: "STOP THE STUPID BUBBLES AND F K HER."

Suddenly, a hand taps the shoulder of the Double, behind the sofa, and he whirls around in surprise to find Peter, on his hands and knees, handing him a handful of his warrants and citations. As the Double looks at them in dismay --

-- Claire and Jake kiss passionately on the sofa.

THE END