

ME, MYSELF & I

Written by

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TEASER

1983

EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK. DAY

A WHITE, unassuming car, is neatly parked between two others.

INT. WHITE CAR(NOT MOVING). CONTINUOUS

Using both the wing mirrors, and the rear view mirror, the car's only inhabitant, a WHITE MAN, strains to keep his eye on something without the need for turning around.

EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK. CONTINUOUS

ROBERT and KATHERINE, mid-thirties, a couple, pass by the white car, in jovial mood, and head towards the supermarket entrance.

INT. WHITE CAR(NOT MOVING). CONTINUOUS

Satisfied they have passed the White Man pulls up his hoodie, opens the glove box and extracts a pair of black leather gloves.

EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK. CONTINUOUS

White Man leans into the boot and lifts the floor to reveal a spare wheel. Taking a knife extracted from his jacket he slices into the tyre.

With a little effort he peels back the rubber tread and places his hand inside the empty chamber. He reaches further inside, his hand blindly searching for something.

His eyes reveal he has located the item he is looking for and he carefully removes a wrapped package. Replacing the boot floor he lays down the package and unwraps it to reveal a handgun.

He conceals it inside his jacket and heads towards the supermarket entrance.

INT. SUPERMARKET. CONTINUOUS

White Man enters the store and takes a basket, his eyes search for Robert and Katherine.

Located he watches them go in separate directions.

He follows Robert.

White Man fills his basket as he shadows Robert from aisle to aisle.

CHECKOUT

Katherine begins the checkout process orchestrated by a fifty something CHECKOUT ATTENDANT.

Small talk and genial exchanges pepper the process.

A woman's SCREAM echoes through the cavernous space and calls the store to silence.

All heads turn and eyes focus in the direction of the scream.

Moments later the normal chatter returns like a wave washing across the sand.

The Checkout Attendant turns back to return to her work and discovers Katherine is gone, the groceries untouched.

CHECKOUT ATTENDANT

Where did she go? Did anyone see
where she went?

She shrugs her shoulders and begins bagging the unwanted groceries.

In aisle seven Robert lies in a pool of blood that seeps from a single headshot.

ACT ONE

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET. DAY

Three YOUNG GIRLS, 7, 9 and 9, drag a homemade go-cart, laden with old newspapers and magazines, from house to house, collecting bundles for recycling.

One final house, one final bundle and they head for home watched by the odd neighbour who waves them on their way.

They steer the cart around the car in the driveway and park it in the open garage.

As a team they unload the bundles and stack them with the others bundles that stand like skyscrapers.

Job complete they snatch up a small bundle and one by one disappear through the adjoining door into the house.

INT. HOUSE. DAY

The three Girls, overseen by SUSAN (Mum), use the newspapers to create papier-mâché creatures at the dining table.

The craft session is fun and calm as Susan offers guidance and assurance.

SUSAN

Tilly, pass me some more paper
sweetheart.

TILLY climbs from her chair and attempts to lift the heavy bundle. Her failure receives a few giggles from her sisters and a hair ruffle from Susan.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

That's okay, sweetheart. Let me.

Susan lifts the bundle onto the kitchen counter and extracts a knife from a drawer to cut the string.

String snapped the bundle slips from the counter and scatters across the floor.

Giggles accompany Susan as she bends to gather the pages.

She stops grabbing pages and holds up one page that she places flat on the kitchen counter and examines forensically.

TILLY
Mummy. Mummy. Mummy.

Tilly, ignored, returns to her work.

Susan folds up the page and strides from the room.

HALLWAY

Susan snatches up the handset, rings a number and waits.

Putting down the handset she snatches up her coat and the car keys.

KITCHEN

JOE, Susan's husband, enters the kitchen from the garden.

JOE
Where's your mother, girls?

INDIE
She went out.

JOE
When?

INDIE
Just now.

Joe exits the kitchen.

EXT. HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Joe steps out of the front door to discover the car disappearing at speed.

He shrugs and returns inside.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

Susan's car speeds along, cutting corners and swerving across the road as and when needed.

She quickly comes up behind a slower vehicle.

INT. CAR(MOVING). CONTINUOUS

Susan cranes her neck to see around the vehicle in front.

SUSAN
Come on, bloody move.

She nudges the horn in rapid succession.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. CONTINUOUS

Susan's car pulls out and drives up the roadside embankment to manoeuvre around the slower vehicle.

Her car accelerates away.

EXT. FARMYARD. CONTINUOUS

Susan's car skids to a halt and she climbs from the car and rushes to the farmhouse door.

Her knuckles play a rapid RAT-A-TAT-TAT on the heavy wooden door.

No answer, she spins around looking for inspiration.

SUSAN'S POV

In the distance a tractor works in a field.

END SUSAN'S POV

She rushes to her car, climbs in and speeds out of the yard.

EXT. FIELD. DAY

Long straight neat ploughed lines of earth appear from the rear of a SIMON's tractor.

INT. TRACTOR(MOVING). CONTINUOUS

SIMON, 35, ruddy looking, large beard, concentrates on the job of ploughing the field.

A radio, propped up in the cab plays the Thompson Twins.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

Susan's car hurtles along the road parallel to the field.

The car turns and enters the field through the open gate and proceeds to bump its way towards the tractor in the distance.

A messy squiggle of tyre tracks dissect the neatly ploughed lines.

INT. TRACTOR(MOVING). CONTINUOUS

Simon notices the car, stops the tractor and climbs out.

EXT. FIELD. CONTINUOUS

Susan's car stops by the tractor, she climbs out leaving the car door open and rushes to Simon waving the paper.

Simon takes the paper and reads.

Finished reading he removes his wooly hat and scratches his head.

INT. KITCHEN - FARMHOUSE. DAY

Susan cradles a mug of tea with her back to the Aga. Simon sits at the table poring over the article.

SUSAN

A man, who is your doppelganger, is found dead, murdered by a professional hitman and you're not a teensy bit curious?

SIMON

Doppelganger my arse. I admit there is a slight resemblance but not enough to understand you driving all the way here.

SUSAN

My god, he's even the same age.

SIMON

I know what this is.

Susan indicates he should continue.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Any chance to inject a little drama into your life, an opportunity like this, it's like crack cocaine to you.

SUSAN

Don't you dare try and make this about me.

SIMON

I'm not doing anything. You're doing all the heavy lifting on this one, as usual.

Susan sits in the chair directly facing Simon.

SUSAN

So, this is home truths half hour is it? This is why you are all alone. You never do anything but work on the farm.

SIMON

Yes, it's called being a farmer.

SUSAN

What, and farmers don't get married, have children, take holidays?

SIMON

Is this the bit where you ask me if I'm gay again?

SUSAN

No, this is the bit where I ask why you don't want to go to Manchester and find out the truth about this man?

SIMON

Because if it had anything to do with me it would come to me.

SUSAN

And you think that's how life works?

SIMON

You know what I think, I think you think too much.

SUSAN

And you don't think at all.

SIMON

So let's agree to disagree?

SUSAN

And that's the best you can do?

SIMON

Okay then, you go?

SUSAN

I have a family, children. You remember what children are?

SIMON

And I have the farm.

SUSAN

Fuck the farm. It's always the farm.

SIMON

And if I hadn't taken it over it would have been sold.

SUSAN

Good.

SIMON

It's bloody hard work, twenty four seven, three hundred and sixty five days a year.

SUSAN

The perfect job for a martyr then.

SIMON

Okay Susan. I can't be having the same argument every six months. If you can't be nice then maybe don't come at all.

SUSAN

Fine. But at least go and speak to mum.

SIMON

And what would be the point in that?

SUSAN

You never know.

SIMON

I do know. The woman has advanced dementia.

SUSAN

I was reading in a magazine that some times people with dementia can't remember the present but can remember the past in great detail.

SIMON

And what learned journal would this
be in, Woman's Own?

SUSAN

Same old Simon, hiding behind
sarcasm.

SIMON

I'm not sure what you want me to
say. I'm not going to Manchester
and I'm not going to see mum but I
do know where I am going.

INT. PUB. NIGHT

Sat on a bar stool Simon drains his pint glass and signals
for another as he rises and heads off to the toilet.

GEOFF, 65, enters and stands at the bar waiting his turn.
His eyes drift to the newspaper Simon was reading and he
picks it up for a closer inspection as his eye catches a
glimpse of the dead man.

Simon reappears and climbs back onto his stool as Geoff
replaces the newspaper.

SIMON

Let me get this, Geoff.

GEOFF

I won't say no.

SIMON

You never do.

Both men laugh.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Geoff's usual please, Phil.

Geoff pulls up a stool and removes his coat.

GEOFF

You're a dark horse.

SIMON

Been called many things but never
that.

GEOFF

You never said you had a twin.

Geoff points to the paper.

SIMON

Geoff, you've known me my whole life, how could I possibly have a twin?

GEOFF

Not your whole life.

SIMON

And what's that supposed to mean?

GEOFF

Nothing. Forget I said anything. The old noggins not what it once was.

The BARMAN places down the two pints.

Geoff holds out a tenner as Simon offers up his money.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

See.

Geoff takes his pint and his money and wanders away.

Simon's eyes drift down to the picture.

INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT

Simon snips away at his shaggy beard with a large pair of scissors.

LATER

A razor finishes its last cut.

Simon splashes his face with water, dry's it with a towel and then looks in the mirror.

He holds up the newspaper article and considers his appearance to the dead man.

EXT. CARE HOME. DAY

Simon's LAND ROVER passes through the entrance gates and makes its way along the thin ribbon of tarmac that dissects the well manicured gardens.

This is not a council run facility as exemplified by the class of car occupying the other visitor spaces.

The Land Rover stops between two executive saloons and Simon climbs out, bunch of flowers in hand, and makes his way towards the large open double doors that sit at the top of the five stone steps.

INT. DINING ROOM - CARE HOME. DAY

A library like peace and quiet accompanies Simon's patient attempt to feed BARBARA, 72. A napkin is tucked in to her top much the same as a young child wears a bib.

The other end of the table is virtually a mirror image as FAITH, 51, a care home employee, spoons soup into the mouth of an ELDERLY RESIDENT.

Once or twice Faith casts a glance in Simon's direction.

SIMON

Come on, Mum, you've got to eat something.

Barbara allows the spoon to enter her mouth.

SIMON (CONT'D)

There you go. One more?

This time the spoon is refused.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I can take a hint.

He places down the spoon and begins wiping her mouth and removing the napkin. Finished, he sits back and looks at his mother who stares into the distance.

SIMON (CONT'D)

How about we go for a walk, mum?

He stands shaking his head.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What's that mum, you'd love to.
Your so excited about it you can hardly talk.

He releases the handbrake on the wheelchair and begins to head towards the large open French windows that lead into the garden.

SIMON (CONT'D)

No, don't worry, I'll have you back in time for Emmerdale Farm.

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

I know, you and Annie Sugden, two
peas in a pod, except her scones
look too dry...

EXT. GARDEN - CARE HOME. CONTINUOUS

Simon positions Barbara's wheelchair facing the bench and
locks the brake in place.

He sits on the bench and then leans in close, elbows on knees
to put himself in Barbara's eyeline that droops towards the
floor.

SIMON

There's something I need to ask
you, mum.

A beat as Simon's head sinks into his hands and he sits back
on the bench.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What the fuck am I doing, this is
completely mental.

VISITORS close by hear the outburst and offer disapproving
looks that Simon accepts with a placatory wave of the hand.

He removes his cigarettes from a pocket and begins to light
up.

FAITH

Sorry, there's no smoking allowed.

He replaces them.

SIMON

Of course. I just..

FAITH

There's no need to apologise. I
understand how stressful this can
be. So instead of a cigarette maybe
a sympathetic ear instead. I know
it's a poor substitute but it does
stay firmly within the rules?

Simon slides along the bench allowing Faith to sit.

FAITH (CONT'D)

It's important you talk to your
mum.

SIMON

Can she even hear me?

FAITH

I want to say yes, but nobody really knows. There's no harm in trying though.

SIMON

I think I've missed the boat. There's things I want to know but only mum has the answer. She's like...

FAITH

A safe with no code.

SIMON

Something like that.

FAITH

We hear that all the time. And there's nowhere else you can look for these answers?

Simon shrugs.

FAITH (CONT'D)

People rarely just keep things locked away in their memories.

SIMON

Very insightful...

FAITH

Faith.

SIMON

Nice to meet you Faith. Simon.

They briefly shake hands.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I suppose you pick up nuggets of wisdom like that every day being surrounded by this lot.

FAITH

Yes, but only on Monday's and Wednesday's.

SIMON

Cryptic too.

FAITH
Coronation Street, Monday and
Wednesday. That's where you'll find
many of the answers to life.

SIMON
Coronation Street?

FAITH
What's the one thing people do to
make sure they remember something?

Simon shrugs a second time.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Okay, what's the best way to...

SIMON
You could just tell me.

FAITH
And where would the fun be in that.

SIMON
So I have to work for the answer,
is that what you're saying?

FAITH
Okay, try this, think back to when
you were at school. What did you do
before your exams?

SIMON
Shit myself?

FAITH
And why did you shit yourself?

SIMON
We're going all the way with this,
aren't we?

FAITH
This will be the highlight of my
day, so humour me?

SIMON
Okay, but just remember who started
this when it all goes wrong.

FAITH
So back to you shitting yourself.
Why did you?

SIMON

Because I didn't know the answer.

FAITH

And why didn't you know the answer?

SIMON

You're not married are you?

FAITH

And you're not very good at playing games. You need to open yourself up a bit more.

SIMON

Okay, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude. And you are right, I'm not very good at going around the houses. I'm more, if you have the answer just give it to me. I don't see the need for silly games.

FAITH

Those silly games, that's life. Without them things become very dull, very quickly. All I was trying to say is I doubt your mum is the only person who can answer your question. Speak to other people, go through her things, and yes it might seem like hard work but that all depends on how badly you want the answer.

Simon looks thoughtful.

SIMON

I think you might be in the wrong job.

EXT. COTTAGE. NIGHT

Simon's car is parked in the drive that runs right up to the front door of a picture box cottage, the epitome of bucolic splendor.

INT. LOUNGE/DINING ROOM - COTTAGE. CONTINUOUS

A single free standing reading lamp illuminates the far end of the room where the dining table is stationed.

Boxes are stacked and arranged haphazardly on the large table. Simon, sleeves rolled up, sorts through the contents of the boxes.

He scans documents, photos and letters before discarding them and reaching for fresh material. Pieces of paper litter the table and the floor, partly covering the half-finished fish and chips.

LATER

Propped up on the sofa, a can of lager in one hand balanced on his chest, Simon casually flicks through old photo albums. He stops flicking and stares at a photo when from behind that photo an edge slips down revealing itself.

Simon peels back the transparent protective sheet and lifts off the photo to reveal a second photo hidden behind.

Simon picks the photo from the album, turns it over and what he sees makes him spill his lager.

SIMON

What the...

EXT. SUSAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Simon rings the bell and as he waits he dabs at his wet shirt.

A light comes on and the door is opened by a sleepy looking JOE.

SIMON

There's something I need to ask you.

JOE

At two in the morning?

SIMON

I tried calling.

JOE

Yeah, we know.

SIMON

It's really important. Can I come in?

INT. KITCHEN - SUSAN'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Joe fills the kettle and readies to make tea as Susan appears also in her dressing gown.

She swaps a questioning look with Joe who shrugs his shoulders in response.

SUSAN
Simon, what are you doing here?

SIMON
I need Joe to look after the farm
for a couple of days?

Joe nods his acceptance to Simon.

SUSAN
Why, is it mum?

SIMON
Sort of.

SUSAN
It's two o'clock in the morning,
can we not go around the houses.

SIMON
You were right, I need to go to
Manchester.

SUSAN
And you couldn't wait until the
morning?

SIMON
No.

He takes out the photo and places it on the table. Susan picks it up and Joe leans over her shoulder for a better look.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I found that hidden in mum's
things.

The black and white photo is of a group of babies, all with their heads scissored from the picture, except one.

Susan turns the photo over and typed on the back of the photo is, '**Player No 6**'.

SUSAN

And you think this has something to do with that bloke in the paper?

JOE

What bloke, in what paper?

SIMON

Well, don't you?

INT. POLICE STATION - RECEPTION. DAY

Simon, suited and booted, sits waiting patiently in the reception area.

A side door is buzzed open and DC BARNES appears.

DC BARNES

Mr Trent?

Simon rises and they shake hands.

DC BARNES (CONT'D)

Please, come this way.

He signals for Simon to enter through the door he is holding open and lets it close behind him.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM. CONTINUOUS

DC Barnes takes a seat opposite the already seated Simon. He removes a pen from inside his jacket and flips over his pad to a fresh page.

DC BARNES

This case is being dealt with by a colleague of mine. I have had a chance to look at the file and I do need to let you know this is an ongoing investigation so there is little I can tell you that you don't already know.

SIMON

The newspaper said it was a case of mistaken identity.

DC BARNES

I'm afraid I can't comment on newspaper speculation.

SIMON

So what can you tell me?

DC BARNES

Nothing beyond what's been reported in the paper. Is there anything you can tell me? There must be a reason why you have taken the trouble to come all this way.

SIMON

It's my sister, she thinks I am Johnathan Taylor's twin.

DC BARNES

And are you?

SIMON

No.

DC BARNES

And that's it.

SIMON

I told her it was stupid.

DC BARNES

We've had worse.

SIMON

Really?

DC BARNES

I want to say yes.

SIMON

I'm sorry for wasting your time.

DC BARNES

Don't worry, you got me out of a very boring meeting.

Both men stand.

DC BARNES (CONT'D)

You do look a lot like Mr Taylor.

They shake hands and move to the door.

DC BARNES (CONT'D)

They do say we all have a twin out there somewhere.

DC Barnes opens the door.

SIMON

Do you really think it was a case
of mistaken identity?

Simon holds DC Barnes gaze. DC Barnes closes the door.

DC BARNES

Where do you live?

SIMON

Northumberland.

DC BARNES

Then you should go back there and
just forget all about this.
Manchester's a big city, it
attracts all sorts and I mean all
sorts. If you're scared you
shouldn't be and you shouldn't
believe everything you read in the
newspapers.

SIMON

Yeah, you're right. I feel like a
right idiot.

DC BARNES

What now then, a bit of
sightseeing?

SIMON

Is there much to see in Manchester?

DC BARNES

You'd be surprised. If you know
where to look you can learn a lot.

SIMON

Anywhere you would recommend?

DC BARNES

Like you I'm new around here, there
are people, trained people, who you
should talk to. They might be able
to help you.

EXT. POLICE STATION. DAY

Simon exits the building and notices a TV CAMERA CREW and a
group of JOURNALISTS milling around.

He stands watching them as he buttons up his coat when the
doors open and out strides two SENIOR POLICE OFFICERS.

The group quickly engulfs them impeding their path to their vehicle. Photos are taken and questions shouted as the two Officers make their way through the throng like an explorer fighting a path through the jungle.

Each reporter identifies the newspaper they represent before unleashing their question. Simon removes the newspaper article from his pocket and looks at the heading.

EXT. MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS(M.E.N.). DAY

Simon looks up at the insignia decorating the building exterior.

He enters the building.

INT. RECEPTION - M.E.N. CONTINUOUS

Simon approaches the desk, has a short exchange with the RECEPTIONIST and is directed to a seat in the waiting area.

LATER

ANNE, middle aged, grey shoulder length bob with Ramones t-shirt, jeans and cowboy boots, exits the lift and appears through the crowd heading into the lifts.

She makes eye contact with the Receptionist who indicates Simon is her man.

ANNE

Mr Trent?

Simon looks up and stands as Anne sits. Unsure what to do Simon sits back down.

ANNE (CONT'D)

So what brings you to Manchester,
Mr Trent?

SIMON

Simon.

ANNE

Simon, same question?

SIMON

You wrote this article.

Simon extracts the article from his pocket and hands it to Anne who briefly inspects it before handing it back.

ANNE

I wasn't aware Johnathan Taylor had a brother.

SIMON

He doesn't. I've never met him.

ANNE

So what's your interest in Johnathan Taylor if its not familial?

SIMON

Initially I didn't have one, I thought it was just a coincidence but then I found this.

Simon removes the photo from an inner pocket and hands it to Anne. She drops the glasses sat atop her head and examines the picture front and back.

ANNE

Where did you find this?

SIMON

Hidden among some family photographs.

ANNE

Not very well hidden.

SIMON

You think I'm a time-waster too?

ANNE

You wouldn't be the first person looking for a bit of attention.

SIMON

You think I want to be here making a fool of myself?

ANNE

Have you showed this to the police?

She hands him back the photo.

SIMON

Thanks for your time. I won't take up any more of your day.

Simon stands and gathers his coat and bag. Anne stands and holds out her hand.

ANNE

Look if you find anything concrete to link you to Mr Taylor then I would be interested. But right now all you have is coincidence and a strange photo that may or may not be a wind-up. I don't have the time to wander down dark alleys. I'm sorry.

Simon fails to shake Anne's hand and exits the building not looking back.

EXT. MANCHESTER CITY CENTRE. DAY

Simon, dejected, takes a seat on a street bench as rain begins to fall.

He darts across the road and into the hotel opposite.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. CONTINUOUS

Flicking rain drops from his coat Simon casts a glance around the lobby and spies the sign for the Bar.

Removing his coat he makes his way into the bar.

BAR. CONTINUOUS

From a row of empty bar stools Simon selects one and plonks down placing his coat and bag on the adjacent stool.

A HOTEL EMPLOYEE (IAN) approaches Simon and picks up his bag and coat.

IAN

It's good to see you again Mr Davis. Would you like me to take these up to your room?

Ian places a room key down on the bar in front of Simon.

SIMON

No, I'll be fine.

IAN

Very well. Have a good day?

Ian wanders away leaving Simon to stare at the room key.

BARMAN
Your usual, Mr Davis.

An unfamiliar concoction is placed down in front of him. He nods his thanks and as the Barman turns away he sniffs the drink.

The Barman turns back holding a small tab folder.

BARMAN (CONT'D)
Should I put this on your tab, Mr
Davis?

Simon eventually nods and scribbles a signature.

LATER

Three empty glasses sit in front of Simon who stares at the key.

Decision made Simon stands, collects his coat and bag and turns to leave.

He stops and looks back at the key, returns to the bar and scoops up the key.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - HOTEL. CONTINUOUS

Lift doors open and Simon exits. Guided by the wall mounted room number indicators he makes his way along the corridor.

He stops by the correct door and after checking over his shoulder he inserts the key, opens the door and steps inside.

ROOM. CONTINUOUS

The door slowly returns to the closed position, the latch clicking into place startles Simon.

His nerve back in place he makes his way deeper into the room stopping by the large double bed.

The room is empty and to make sure Simon opens wardrobes and drawers even poking his nose in the bathroom.

Sitting in the rooms only armchair Simon puffs out his cheeks bemused.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. CONTINUOUS

Simon approaches the reception desk and watches and waits as the RECEPTIONIST finishes serving another CUSTOMER.

The Receptionist removes a bill of sale from the printer and hands it to the Customer who checks it before handing over payment.

The Customer dealt with the Receptionist moves to help Simon.

SIMON

I just need to pop out.

He passes her the key and she accepts it with a smile.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I almost forgot, could I have a purchase history thingy from the printer type thing?

RECEPTIONIST

Of course.

Computer keys are pressed and a printer ejects the piece of paper that is then handed to Simon.

He nods his thanks, folds the paper and exits the hotel.

EXT. HOTEL. CONTINUOUS

Simon appears through the large entrance doors and comes to a stop in front of the hotel. He casts a look around and locating the thing he is looking for makes his way across the road through the traffic.

He walks to the bus stop, takes a place on the bench and trains his focus on the hotel entrance.

LATER

Simon, now standing, minus his coat, leans against the shelter as three NUNS occupy the whole bench.

LATER. NIGHT

Seated back on the bench with sleeves now rolled up Simon remembers the folded paper in his pocket. In the process of removing it something catches his eye.

Up on his feet he cranes his neck to watch the MAN and WOMAN on the far side of the road make their way towards the hotel entrance.

The couple turn into the hotel and quickly gathering up his belongings Simon darts across the road desperate not to lose sight of the couple.

The odd vehicle signals its annoyance but Simon makes it safely to the other side where he quickly smartens himself up.

Ready, he cautiously and with head down, enters the hotel.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. CONTINUOUS

On entering the lobby Simon locates a place that offers him a concealed sight of the reception desk.

The couple collect their key and turn to head for the lift. The real Mr Davis turns and for the first time the staggering likeness between him and Simon is revealed.

The couple disappear into the lift as another couple also enter. Simon hears Mr Davis tell the other man standing by the lift buttons which floor he requires.

The moment the doors close Simon ducks into the stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - HOTEL. CONTINUOUS

Simon rushes up a number of flights of stairs.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - HOTEL. CONTINUOUS

Simon appears through the stairwell door sweating and breathing hard.

He takes a moment to regulate his breathing and flatten his hair.

ROOM DOOR. CONTINUOUS

Simon stands before the door and moves to knock but stops and places his ear to the door.

This positions his head looking down the corridor facing directly at the COUPLE exiting the next door room.

Simon removes his ear, and watched by the perturbed Couple, who continue on their way, he knocks on the door.

The door is opened, only a little way, by the WOMAN (GILL) whose chatty unintelligible speech is cut short on sight of Simon.

GILL
Pete, would you come here a moment?

PETE (O.S.)
What is it?

GILL
You tell me?

Gill pulls the door wide open so the two men face each other.

GILL (CONT'D)
I warned you, I'm not into that
kinky stuff.

Gill disappears back into the room leaving Simon and Pete to stand and consider each other.

GILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This was supposed to be a bit of
clean fun. But no, you go and spoil
it with your strange perversions.

Gill appears, her bag across her shoulder, her appearance brings Pete back to life.

GILL (CONT'D)
You said you didn't have a brother,
liar.

Gill heads off down the corridor.

PETE
I don't.

The two men watch Gill disappear from view.

SIMON
Can I come in?

ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Pete raids the mini-bar and begins knocking back small bottles of spirits. At no point does he offer Simon a drink or a seat.

Simon, attempting to stay out of Pete's way, sits on a chair positioned against a wall. Pete's agitation means he is a hive of activity.

PETE

You're timing couldn't have been worse.

SIMON

I only want to ask you some questions and then I'll leave you alone.

PETE

Who are you?

SIMON

I'm not sure.

PETE

What does that mean?

SIMON

Here, take a look at this.

Simon hands Pete the newspaper article and watches as he reads it.

Finished, Pete hands it back.

PETE

So?

SIMON

You don't find any of this strange?

Pete shakes his head, clearly still irritated.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Okay, let me ask you, what is your birthday?

PETE

Twelfth March, nineteen forty seven. Yours?

SIMON

October, forty seven.

PETE

There you go then. Pure coincidence.

SIMON

I'm not so sure.

PETE

Right, I can see this is troubling you and like the good bloke I am I want to help you figure this out. So, you go down to the bar, let me tidy up here and I'll be down to join you. Then we can sort this out.

Pete shows Simon to the door.

PETE (CONT'D)

How does that sound?

INT. LIFT - HOTEL. CONTINUOUS

Simon presses the ground floor button and stares ahead as the lift descends.

As the seconds tick by so does Simon's realisation.

He starts pressing randomly the lift buttons to take it back up.

The doors open and a WOMAN moves to enter.

SIMON

Sorry, going up.

The Woman looks confused as the doors closed.

Simon stands by the doors ready to burst free the moment they part.

A DING indicates the lift has arrived and using his fingers Simon pulls the doors open.

CORRIDOR. CONTINUOUS

Simon explodes from the lift and hurtles down the corridor.

ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Simon arrives at the room to discover the door ajar and enters with caution.

He casts a look around at the mess made by Pete. Unsure what to do so slumps onto the bed.

A thought arrives and he reaches for the hotel printout and confirms there is an address.

Rising he walks back to the door, removes his jacket and pushes the door closed, from the inside.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Simon steps from a taxi, swings its door shut and watches it drive away.

He consults the piece of paper in his hand and his gaze settles on a large semi-detached three story Victorian house.

MOMENTS LATER

Simon presses the bell and when that fails to summon someone uses his knuckles to advertise his presence.

He kneels and attempts to see through the letterbox but stands frustrated.

A THUD makes him turn.

A MAN, using a wooden mallet, drives a FOR SALE sign into the grass by the pathway gate.

He nods as Simon approaches.

SIMON

When did this happen?

MAN

I'm just paid to put up the boards.
If you want to know more you'll
need to ring the office.

One last THUD and he turns and walks towards a flatbed truck, climbs in and drives off.

A WOMAN walking a dog nears.

SIMON

Excuse me? Is there a phone box
near here?

INT. PHONE BOX. DAY

Simon lifts the receiver, dials the number, waits and then inserts the coins.

SIMON

(into phone)

Hello, I'm moving to the area and need to find somewhere to live.

(beat)

That's just it, it's a flying visit. So I was wondering if you could show me something today?

(beat)

I can't make tomorrow. I'll be quick, my wife can vouch for that.

Simon looks mortified as his joke fails to hit.

SIMON (CONT'D)

So, let me get this right, there's no way at all you can sell me a house today, but you can tomorrow?

(beat)

You're right, that was rude and I apologise. It's just I've seen one house, 23 Clyde Road, and my wife will love it.

(beat)

That's right, we're only interested in Clyde Road.

(beat)

You can. That's wonderful.

(beat)

One o'clock, yes, that's perfect.

(beat)

My name?

Simon looks through the phone box window at the pub across the road.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Mr Woodstock.

(beat)

Double barrelled, yes, that's right.

(beat)

Yes, we'll see you later. Goodbye.

He looks up and comes face to face with the wall of Tart Cards. His eyes scan the vast array on display and he picks one, places it down, lifts the receiver and fishes for change in his pocket.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Simon looks up and down the road, checking his watch every twenty seconds.

A car arrives and the ESTATE AGENT (PHIL) climbs out, all smiles and handshakes.

ESTATE AGENT
Mr Wood-Stock, please to meet you.
My name is Phil Best but please
just call me Phil.

SIMON
Simon.

Phil begins to sort out the correct keys from the many in his pocket.

PHIL
Shall we?

He heads to the door closely followed by Simon who again checks his watch.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I was told your wife would be
joining us?

SIMON
I'm afraid she has been held up at
work, so won't be able to join us
I'm afraid.

Phil begins to unlock the three substantial locks.

PHIL
And what does she do?

SIMON
Infant school teacher.

A TAXI arrives and both men look towards it.

SIMON (CONT'D)
It looks like she made it after
all.

CAROL, dressed for 'business', scurries on her heels up the path.

CAROL
Which of you is Simon?

Simon indicates it is him.

CAROL (CONT'D)
You need to pay me first. That's
how this works.

Phil stops what he is doing.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Am I blowing him too, because
that's extra.

Carol runs her eyes across Phil.

CAROL (CONT'D)
However long it takes.

PHIL
I'm not sure what is going on here
but this is over. Whatever this is,
I don't want any part of it.

Phil strides away back to his car watched by a disconsolate Simon and a confused Carol.

He drives away.

CAROL
What's his problem, first timer?
Typical.

Simon, defeated and fed up sits on the doorstep and puts his head in his hand.

CAROL (CONT'D)
So? The clock's ticking.

INT. CAFE. DAY

Simon and Carol sit facing each other. Carol wolfs down a large cooked breakfast as Simon neglects his mug of tea.

SIMON
Hungry?

Carol registers the sarcasm, places her cutlery down and sits back in her chair picking her teeth.

CAROL
Don't judge me. You pay to fuck me,
insults are extra.

SIMON
Sorry. I didn't mean anything by
it. I'm just frustrated.

CAROL
And I thought that's why you called
me.

Simon raises a smile at the joke.

CAROL (CONT'D)
And thanks by the way.

Simon looks confused.

CAROL (CONT'D)
No ones ever asked me to be their
wife before.

SIMON
Really?

CAROL
Two kids and a drug habit, I think
that ship has sailed.

SIMON
You never know.

CAROL
Cut out the being nice shit, I'm
not used to it. Makes me feel
uneasy.

SIMON
Maybe we should start again. Hello,
I'm Simon, it's nice to meet you.

He offers his hand across the table and they shake.

CAROL
Carol. Nice to meet you Simon. So,
why are you frustrated?

Carol returns to attacking her cooked breakfast.

SIMON
I've been to the police and the
Press and they both told me to get
lost.

CAROL
That sounds like a result if you
ask me.

SIMON
I agree, but I need their help.

CAROL
Don't take this the wrong way but
you don't seem the type to be
involved with the police.

Carol pushes her plate away.

CAROL (CONT'D)

What I mean is you seem a bit boring. But in a good way.

SIMON

That was a compliment wrapped in an insult, wasn't it?

Carol nods her head and smiles. They like each other.

Simon reaches in to his pocket, removes the article and slides it across the table.

Carol reads whilst dipping a piece of toast in a half eaten fried egg.

Finished, she reaches for her mug and takes a large gulp.

CAROL

And that's the bloke whose house we just tried to get into?

SIMON

No, that was another man who is also the spit of me.

CAROL

So there's two blokes who look like you. So what? There was five Michael Jackson lookalikes on tele the other night. I'm not sure what you're getting at.

SIMON

I felt the same until I found this...

He passes over the photo.

SIMON (CONT'D)

..hidden in my mother's possessions.

CAROL

And I thought my family was fucked up.

SIMON

And the bloke whose house I tried to get us into did a runner the moment I confronted him. Now tell me that isn't weird?

CAROL

If a strange woman turned up on my doorstep spouting off flashing weird photos I think I'd do a runner to.

SIMON

You didn't see the look in his eyes. He looked scared.

CAROL

Probably thought you were going to kill him.

SIMON

No, not scared of me but scared of the situation.

CAROL

Sorry, you've lost me.

Carol looks at her watch.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Still got five minutes left if you want a quickie.

SIMON

I'll pass if you don't mind.

CAROL

Okay, it's your money.

Carol stands and puts on her coat keeping a close eye on a troubled Simon.

CAROL (CONT'D)

You'll be okay, right? You won't do anything silly, promise me?

Simon forces a smile and crosses his heart.

Carol finishes buttoning up her coat.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Whatever it is, I hope you find it. I'm sorry about earlier, I didn't mean to mess things up for you.

SIMON

No, please don't apologise. That wasn't your fault, it was mine, like usual I didn't think things through. It's been nice to have some company for a change. Here..

He extracts a ten pound note and holds it out.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Take it.

Carol looks confused.

SIMON (CONT'D)

It's for your kids, treat them.

Carol takes the money and bends down to plant a kiss on Simon's forehead.

CAROL

And you're sure you're going to be fine?

SIMON

Absolutely. I know exactly what it is I need to do now.

Carol exits as Simon finishes his tea. He reaches in to his jacket and extracts his wallet. As he opens it to reveal a wad of notes Carol's Tart Card falls onto the table.

A beat as he considers it, stands, then reaches out, picks it up and places it back into his wallet.

He heads towards the counter.

EXT. GARDEN. NIGHT

Under the cover of darkness Simon moves from window to window then to the back door as each fails to open.

Locating a rock he wraps it in his coat and smashes the back door window. Reaching through he unlocks the door and enters the house.

KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

Simon closes the back door, takes a look around and moves into the next room.

LOUNGE. CONTINUOUS

Simon makes his way from point of interest to point of interest. He considers a variety of objects before settling on a framed photo of the house owners.

STAIRS. CONTINUOUS

Simon on tiptoes, ascends the stairs.

HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

Simon pokes his nose into each upstairs room.

KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

Simon slumps onto a kitchen stool unsure what to do. His gaze falls on a door partially hidden behind a number of coats hung on it.

Pulling the coats to one side Simon finds the handle but it fails to yield.

Unable to gain access Simon searches through drawers and retrieves a large knife.

Placing the knife between frame and door he prises the door open, signaled by a LOUD SPLINTERING.

Knife in hand he enters the basement, leaving the door partially open.

BASEMENT. CONTINUOUS

Shrouded in darkness, Simon feels his way down the wooden staircase.

EXT. STREET/HOUSE. NIGHT

A POLICE CAR pulls up in front of the house.

Two OFFICERS approach the house, torches drawn.

INT. BASEMENT. NIGHT

Simon shuffles through the darkness feeling his way as he brushes against furniture.

Stood against a desk, his eyes become accustomed to the darkness, he makes out the shape of a lamp and turns it on.

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT

The two Officers make their way around the side of the house checking for signs of an intruder.

Reaching the back door their torchlight settles on the broken glass panel.

INT. BASEMENT. NIGHT

Simon, sat at the desk, gets busy searching through the drawers.

One drawer fails to budge, yanked hard it still refuses to move.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN. NIGHT

One Officer scans the room with his torch as his colleague wanders from the lounge into the hallway heading for the stairs.

The torchlight settles on the basement door and the exposed crack of light.

The Officer signals to his colleague who refrains from ascending the stairs and enters the kitchen.

They open the door and more light and sounds flood the room.

INT. BASEMENT. NIGHT

On his knees, Simon, large knife in hand, struggles to open the drawer. His frustrations boil over and he forgets to remain silent.

The room fills with light which makes him stop and look up.

The two Officers, torches lowered, stand at the bottom of the stairs.

OFFICER

Drop the knife and put your hands
where we can see them.

Simon does as he is instructed.

He is handcuffed and sat on the desk chair looking remarkably calm.

SIMON
I think there's been a mistake.

OFFICER
And why's that?

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT

Stood on the doorstep Simon watches the police depart and offers a friendly wave.

He turns and enters the house closing the door behind him.

INT. LOUNGE - HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Simon replaces the photo of the house owner and his wife back on the mantelpiece directly below a large mirror.

He looks at the image and then at himself.

They are identical.

INT. BASEMENT - HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Simon searches through boxes and cupboards until he locates what he is looking for.

The crowbar is wedged in place and levered into action. A loud SNAP signals the freeing of the drawer.

Simon turns the drawer upside down scattering the contents across the desk.

Sifting and sorting he scans and discards until he removes something from an envelope that stops him in his tracks.

He quickly places it in his pocket and hurries up the stairs, frightened.

EXT. STREET. CONTINUOUS

Constantly looking back over his shoulder Simon makes his way along dark deserted streets.

He crosses the road, stops by his Land Rover, hurriedly climbs in and drives away.

EXT. MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS. DAY

Simon waits impatiently by a bench scanning every person who passes.

In amongst the pedestrians appears Anne, record bag slung over one shoulder a newspaper in the other.

Simon darts between pedestrians and arrives as if from nowhere at her side.

SIMON

I need to talk to you.

Anne stops and considers which rejection excuse to use.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Something happened, last night.

ANNE

I'm going to regret this. Okay, what happened?

He hands her what he discovered in the desk.

Anne considers it. In close the photo is identical to Simon's earlier one except a different face is the only face not been cut away. On the back it is written '**Player No3**'.

ANNE (CONT'D)

So now you have two strange photos?
As I said, I'm going to need more than this.

She hands him back the photos and he looks distraught.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Where did you get it?

SIMON

I can't say.

ANNE

Of course you can't. And in that case I probably don't want to know.

SIMON

What do you need to convince you there is something strange going on?

ANNE

A story.

Simon looks confused.

ANNE (CONT'D)

What ties this altogether? What does any of it mean and why should we care? Answer those questions and then we can talk again. But until then I have an urgent appointment with a cup of tea in that building.

A rueful smile and she rejoins the flow of human traffic.

EXT. FARMYARD. DAY

Simon's Land Rover parks neatly to one side and he climbs out and heads to his front door.

On the door is pinned a note, 'Urgent, call me, Susan'.

Simon rips the note down, opens the door and leaves it open.

He can be seen making a call, slamming down the phone and running back outside closing the door behind him.

Back in the Land Rover he accelerates away.

EXT. CHURCH GRAVEYARD. DAY

Simon, Susan and family stand graveside saying their farewells to Barbara.

Service over Simon and Susan thank people as they drift away.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. DAY

Susan, dressed smartly, sits at a table for two opposite Simon, also smartly dressed.

Both nurse cups of tea and look at watches.

SUSAN

Why is it whenever I ask about Manchester you look shifty? Don't forget, I know you. So spill the beans.

SIMON

Really there is nothing to say.

SUSAN

Liar.

SIMON

Okay then. I paid a prostitute, broke into a house, fooled the police I lived there and then burgled the same house. I met a man who is also my twin and after he did a runner I used his identity to stay in the hotel where he was meeting his mistress on the side, caned the mini-bar and then did a runner without paying.

A beat as Susan stares at her brother.

SUSAN

And that's the best you can come up with, is it?

SIMON

Right then, shall we do this?

He stands.

INT. SOLICITORS OFFICE. DAY

Simon and Susan sit opposite MR CRAWFORD, their mother's solicitor, who finishes reading from the will.

He lays it down on the desk and removes his reading glasses. Simon reaches out and passes Susan his handkerchief and she mops her tears.

MR CRAWFORD

So, there you have it. I don't think there were any surprises.

Simon and Susan nod their agreement.

MR CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

I am liking the new Simon by the way.

Mr Crawford indicates the missing beard.

MR CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Very modern. I almost didn't recognise you. Any particular reason?

SIMON

Just fancied a change.

Mr Crawford stands to signal the meeting is over. He walks around the desk to the door and opens it. He extends a hand to Susan who shakes and exits.

Simon extends his hand but Mr Crawford begins to close the door.

MR CRAWFORD

Could I just have one more moment
of your time?

Simon and Susan share a look.

SUSAN

I'll meet you at the car.

The door is closed and Simon retakes his seat.

Mr Crawford walks to a large wooden cabinet and opens the door to reveal a safe.

He removes a key from his pocket and in conjunction with the combination opens the safe, extracts an envelope and then locks the safe.

He walks to his desk and places the envelope in front of Simon.

MR CRAWFORD

Your mother wanted you to have
this.

Simon picks it up and examines it but it is plain and minus any writing.

SIMON

Why me and not Susan?

INT. CAR(NOT MOVING). DAY

Susan sits in the passenger seat attending to her make-up post tearful episode.

The driver's door opens and Simon climbs in. He locks his door and then makes a point of locking Susan's which leaves her bemused.

He then hands her the envelope.

SIMON

That's what Crawford just handed
me. From mum to me.

SUSAN
Did he say anything else?

Simon shakes his head then turns to Susan.

SIMON
Open it.

SUSAN
That's your job.

SIMON
I'm too scared to.

SUSAN
Since when have you ever been
scared of anything in your life.

SIMON
Since I went to Manchester. Please,
open it.

Susan rips at the paper and removes the document inside. She reads it and then turns to Simon looking utterly confused and lost for words.

He takes it from her and reads. Eventually Susan breaks the silence.

SUSAN
Why did mum have your death
certificate?

FADE TO BLACK.

(CONT'D)