

Double Take

By  
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ON BLACK:

A bathroom door slams open. We hear someone rush in and flip up a toilet bowl. This is followed by sounds of hurling.

FADE IN:

INT. TRICIA'S BATHROOM - DAY

FRANCIS (38), rugged, brazen and poised, bends over a toilet. His arms hug the toilet bowl as he throws up. He breathes heavily between hurls.

He slowly uses the toilet to prop himself up. He heads to the sink and turns the faucet on. His trembling fingers slowly tease the water. He splashes water on his face and rests his hands on either end of the sink as he stares at himself in the mirror. There is fear in his eyes. Something bad has happened. He turns his head to look out the bathroom. We follow his gaze.

The front door is ajar. The florescents have been turned on. A staircase in the front hallway is in full view. A pair of motionless feminine legs stick out from the side of the staircase.

Francis stares back at himself quietly, slowly regaining his composure. He takes a deep breath in. As he slowly breathes out...

ETHAN (O.S.)  
What if something goes wrong?

INT. BREAKFAST DINER - MORNING

ETHAN (35), loud, conniving and portly, chews his pancakes with his mouth open. He stares at Francis with wide eyes.

ETHAN  
I mean, I know you've had the perfect track record and all...

Ethan stops chewing as he licks his fingers.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
...but this sudden bout of nostalgia that you have, I gotta tell ya, I don't share it at all.

Francis sighs, frustrated. He is in a booth across from Ethan.

FRANCIS  
Jesus, Ethan, gone soft, have you?

He rubs his face with his hands.

Ethan looks blankly at Francis. He scoffs and looks around.

ETHAN  
(to himself)  
Gone soft?  
(to Francis)  
Two years we haven't pulled a  
heist, now all of a sudden you want  
back in the game? Yeah, I have reasons  
for going soft.

FRANCIS  
I could always forget I called you and  
we can talk again in another two  
years.

Ethan swallows and takes a drink of water. He stares intently  
at Francis.

ETHAN  
Alright. Alright. It's your call,  
man. I'm just worried you may be a  
little bit rusty, seeing as how you've  
aged gracefully n' all...

FRANCIS  
Don't worry about me, I'm fine. Just  
show me the files.

ETHAN  
They're right in front of you.

Ethan gets up and re-adjusts his pants while Francis opens up  
a manila file folder.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(to waitress)  
Hey darling, could I get another order  
of pancakes and a glass of water,  
please?  
(to Francis)  
You want anything? Coffee? Tea?

Francis' eyes are glued to the contents of the folder.

FRANCIS  
I'm good, thanks.

ETHAN  
(to waitress)  
Coffee as well, please.

Ethan sits back down and stares at Francis.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
So what do you think? Is it doable?

FRANCIS  
Of course it's doable. It's me we're talking about.

ETHAN  
Whoa-ho-ho...ego much?

Francis continues to flip over the files. He smiles.

FRANCIS  
There's no ego...it's just a product of good planning and execution.

ETHAN  
Uh-huh. You're telling me you've never had a flaw in you're so-called "good planning and execution"? Come on!!

Francis is silent. Ethan silently laughs to himself.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Okay then. Any questions so far?

FRANCIS  
How old is she?

ETHAN  
Twenty eight. Brunette. Green eyes. Lovely thighs.

FRANCIS  
Uhh...yeah, that's great. Does she live by herself? Husband? Boyfriend? Dog?

ETHAN  
No husband, boyfriend or dog. She's solo.

FRANCIS  
What does she do?

ETHAN  
She's a novel writer, or something of that sort.

FRANCIS  
Novel writer...

ETHAN  
Or something of that sort.

Francis closes the file folder.

FRANCIS

There's a couple of things I have to pick up. I'm gonna need some expense cash up front.

ETHAN  
Expense cash?

The waitress arrives with Ethan's order.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(to waitress)  
Thanks, doll.  
(to Francis)  
I don't see why you can't use your old stuff.

FRANCIS  
New score, new equipment.

Ethan, disgruntled, fishes for his wallet. He pulls out a wad of cash.

ETHAN  
There. 300 bucks. That's coming out of your share afterwards.

FRANCIS  
Right.

Francis gets up.

ETHAN  
Where you going?

FRANCIS  
(walking away)  
To get some supplies

Ethan prepares to eat his pancakes as he watches Francis head out the cafe.

INT. CAR - DAY

Francis stares at the digital clock reading 12:30pm. He has in his hands a small notebook and a pen. On the passenger seat, a Canon digital camera rests on top of small schematics and photos of a house poking out of a manila file folder.

He makes a quick note in his notebook, then glances out the window to reveal...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The morning crisp air still lingers on in this perfectly maintained neighborhood. Healthy green grass decorate the lawns of similar looking white clapboard houses. The WHISH WHISH of

sprinklers in some lawns adds to the melodious CHIRPING of birds hidden among the trees in this moderately quiet neighborhood.

We focus more on one particular house that looks identical to the photos in Francis' possession. This is the client's house. A car is parked outside the garage.

INT. CAR - DAY

Francis continues to eye the house. From his POV, we see movement in the top right window of the house. We wait a while, and sure enough...

EXT. TRICIA'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door opens and TRICIA (28), attractive, athletic and dauntless, steps out into full view. She is dressed in sweats. She pulls out an iPod and attaches it to her arm. As she makes her way onto the street, she attaches the headphones to her ears as she starts running. SNAP SNAP SNAP.

INT. CAR - DAY

Francis takes a few quick snapshots of Tricia as she starts her morning run. He stops snapping and places the camera on the passenger seat. He whips out his notebook and jots down some notes. He takes a quick glance at the digital clock: 12:15pm. He continues writing down notes.

ETHAN (O.S.)  
Whoa whoa whoa. Wait wait wait. You're gonna rob the place in broad daylight?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Francis chalks the tip of his cue stick as he watches Ethan try and sink a striped cue ball.

FRANCIS  
Yep. That's the idea.

Ethan takes the shot, but misses.

ETHAN  
Uh-huh. don't you think that's a tad risky? At all?

Francis eyes his next shot.

INT. CAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Francis yawns and rubs his eyes. He takes a quick glance at the digital clock. 12:55pm. He stares ahead. We follow his view.

In the distance, we see a silhouette of a woman jogging. She approaches in full view, and we see that it is Tricia in slightly drenched sweats.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

For the last week she's gone jogging every morning for roughly forty five, fifty minutes. That's a good a time as any for me to check out the place. Besides, everyone in the neighborhood will be off to work or school by then.

We watch as Tricia jogs her way to the front steps and disappears into the house.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Ethan leans on his cue stick as he stares at Francis' shot

ETHAN

Why can't you both at night. That's so much more logical.

FRANCIS

No dice. I won't know what I'm swiping, will I? If I go in blind, it's gonna take more time scoping out the place and robbing it at the same time. If I do the recon in the morning, I can write a detailed list of what's more valuable to swipe and pawn. This way, the pinch the next day should be more fluid than going in cold.

Francis expertly sinks a solid cue ball. Ethan frowns as he takes a swig from his half-empty beer.

ETHAN

Forty five minutes.

(scoffs)

Wow, forty five minutes. She jogs for exactly forty five minutes?

FRANCIS

Somewhere along those lines, yeah.

ETHAN

Huh. And you're sure you can swipe whatever it is you're swiping in that time frame? Seems to me like a bit of touch-and-go, don't you think?

FRANCIS

Yeah...well...that's the hand that was dealt to me.

Francis aims for the black 8 cue ball. Ethan stares at Francis instead.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
Besides, when have I ever not delivered on a score?

Francis takes the shot. He shoots, he scores.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
And that's game.

Ethan smiles and hands Francis his beer.

ETHAN  
Nice to see the ego's still intact. I feel like a housewife here worrying about your safety and shit.

FRANCIS  
(chugs his beer)  
Don't worry, sweetheart. I'll be in and out in a jiff. Easy money, friend, easy money.

ETHAN  
Here's hopin'.

They both CLINK their bottles together.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Cabinets and cupboards are open as Francis packs in expensive china and utensils. Curiosity gets the best of him as he opens the refrigerator. He eyes a peeled off orange in a container. He takes it out of the container and closes the fridge. He picks up his gym bag and heads into the living room

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Orange slices in mouth, he enters while rummaging through his pockets and fishes out a clump of pictures. He flips through them and finds the one he is looking for.

INSERT ON PICTURE

The same living room is shown on the picture. It seems as though it was taken during the day. Certain elements in the picture have been circled in pen. A glass cabinet behind a chaise lounge is labeled as 1.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Francis proceeds to the glass cabinet. He cautiously opens the cabinet.

FRANCIS  
(murmurs with delight)  
Hello, doves.

Francis refers to the few vintage clocks, with various sandstone pottery collectibles filling in empty spaces. He picks each one up and places them in his bag. As he does so, he glances at a photo rack close to the cabinet. Close on his reaction as his eyebrows start to frown. He immediately stops and approaches the photo rack. With a puzzled look, he picks up a framed photograph and examines it closely. Close on his reaction as his eyes start to widen. A realization - Why didn't I see this before?

The daylight reflected in the glass cabinet is enough for Francis to catch a quick glimpse of a figure swiftly approaching him from the back. He twirls around instantly, just in time to see a baseball bat being swung at his head.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Tricia rounds the corner and jogs her way up to the house. She stops and stretches by the driveway. She removes her headphones as she heads to the front door.

She fishes out her keys and unlocks the door. She enters the house and turns on the florescents. She halts suddenly and sees...

INT. FRONT DOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Tables and chairs have been overturned. Glass shards decorate the hardwood floors. On the floor, a motionless figure is sprawled. Francis stands next to the figure...a framed photo and a bat in either hand.

Francis suddenly whips around to see Tricia staring at him. His eyes widen.

Tricia stares back for a moment, then stares at the motionless figure. She stares back at Francis. She lets out a shrill scream and rushes out the door.

Francis feels nauseous. His stomach growls. He instantly blocks his mouth with his hand as his throat makes a gurgling noise. He drops the bat and framed photo next to the figure as he makes a beeline for the washroom.

As he leaves, we focus on the motionless figure. We go closer on the face to reveal...Tricia? Still close on her face, we reveal the now broken framed photo. We see a photo portrait of two women laughing. Tricia...and Tricia. Twin sisters.

FADE OUT.