

**DUAL**  
A Screenplay by  
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BLACK.

PANTING. HEAVILY. A GIRL. IN PAIN.

INT. KRISTEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vague sunlight through venetian blinds. Numerous framed photographs, consisting of the same two subjects: KRISTEN (21) and ROBERT (22). Together. Embracing. In love. The ideal couple.

KRISTEN (O.S.)  
Please... don't.

A 9MM BERETTA. Held steady. Firm.

KRISTEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Don't...

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

The GUNMAN dashes forward. A blur of motion.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

SHE SCREAMS. A STRUGGLE. HER MOUTH IS COVERED.

GUNMAN (V.O.)  
I love you, Kristen.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. GUNSHOTS SUPPRESSED BY A CUSHION.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

A steel table. Beaming overhead lamp. Two chairs. The surroundings unseen. Perpetual darkness.

ADAM (20), blue jeans, black-rimmed reading glasses, appears from the shadows. Sits at the table. He glares ahead.

ADAM  
I know you're there.

No response.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 (plows his fist  
 against the table)  
 Crowe!

CHUCKLING. FOOTSTEPS.

CROWE (20), beige suit, appears. Physically identical to Adam. He keeps a considerable distance. This is Adam's physical representation of his alternate personalty.

CROWE  
 Acupuncture. We should try it.

ADAM  
 Sit down. We have to talk.

Crowe inches forward.

CROWE  
 Entertain me. What happened now?  
 Did you get jumped? Knocked  
 unconscious?

Adam doesn't respond. His anger rises.

CROWE (CONT'D)  
 No? Fell down some stairs? Come  
 on. Humor me, Adam! Why are we  
 here right now?

Adam SOBS.

CROWE (CONT'D)  
 Are you crying?

ADAM  
 Sit down. Please!

CROWE  
 I'll stand. What the fuck are you  
 crying about?

Adam MUMBLES.

CROWE (CONT'D)  
 Speak up.

ADAM  
 KRISTEN IS DEAD!

Beat. Crowe sits.

CROWE  
 What.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAM

Why does Robert think you killed her?

CROWE

Wait. Back track. What happened?

ADAM

Did you kill her?

CROWE

Adam... What. Happened.

ADAM

She's dead. Shot. Murdered. You should know already! You did it, you motherfucker!

Adam launches off the seat.

Crowe reacts. Forces him back into the chair.

CROWE

I didn't kill her!

ADAM

No! I saw what you did!

CROWE

Apparently, you saw a corpse, which proves what exactly?

Silence. Adam continues to SOB.

Crowe straightens his jacket. Sits.

CROWE (CONT'D)

Stop crying.

Adam ignores him.

CROWE (CONT'D)

(smacks Adam's cheek)

Stop! Grow some balls. Tell me exactly what happened.

Adam SIGHS. Prepares to speak.

ADAM

She doesn't even look human.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Adam's cell phone vibrates on the bedside table. He sporadically awakens. Slips his glasses on. Grabs the phone. Checks the caller ID: "Kristen". His eyes widen. He takes a DEEP BREATH. Answers.

ADAM  
(into phone)  
Hello?

CRYING. In agony.

KRISTEN (V.O.)  
Adam...

CLICK. The line dies.

ADAM  
(into phone)  
Kristen?

EXT. KRISTEN'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Adam races up the pavement toward a typical middle-class home. The front lawn overgrown. The paint of the exterior walls slightly shredded.

INT. KRISTEN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Adam KNOCKS. The door swings open.

ADAM  
Kristen?

No answer. He peaks inside. No one home.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Adam creeps down the corridor. A strand of light sneaks through the open door from Kristen's room.

INT. KRISTEN'S BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Adam KNOCKS.

ADAM  
Kristen...?

No answer. He proceeds inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her bare back faces the bedroom door. Adam reluctantly averts his eyes.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry...

She has no reaction.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

No answer. Adam approaches her side. Gently pulls on her arm. She rolls over. Bloody. Multiple gun wounds imbedded solely in her cold, dead face.

Adam GASPS. Backs away, panicked. Trips on his own feet and hits the ground. Hard. The pain doesn't phase him. He only stares at the mutilated corpse. Horrified.

HEAVY BREATHING. Someone else in the room. Adam turns: Robert stands at the doorway. In awe.

Robert turns to Adam. Stares. Incriminating eyes. Time freezes. Adam says nothing.

Robert charges. Full speed.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Robert, wait -- !

Robert's fist CRASHES against Adam's jaw. Adam hits the floor.

Robert raises a 9MM Beretta. Aims.

ROBERT

GET ON YOUR FUCKING KNEES!

CROWE (V.O.)

Wait.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

CROWE

The gun. Where'd he get it?

Adam shrugs.

ADAM

Does it matter?

INT. KRISTEN'S BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The barrel of the 9MM Beretta now tightly driven against Adam's perspiring forehead.

ADAM

Robert, please, I didn't kill her,  
I swear to God -- !

ROBERT

(oddly calm)  
Shut up. I know.

ADAM

What?

ROBERT

I know who's responsible and it  
sure-as-shit wasn't you. I want  
Crowe! When one falls asleep, the  
other wakes up, right?

ADAM

But...

ROBERT

Right.

Robert raises the gun...

ADAM

WAIT!

... and pistol WHIPS Adam.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

ADAM

Your turn. Why does Robert think  
you killed her?

CROWE

I don't know.

ADAM

Yes. You do. Why.

Crowe shifts, uncomfortably.

CROWE

I'm going to omit some small  
details.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

No. I need to hear all of it.

CROWE

This is for your own good.

EXT. KRISTEN'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Crowe casually approaches the front door.

EXT. PORCH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Crowe KNOCKS. The front door instantly opens.

Kristen answers. Alive. Wearing a short silk gown.

He pretends not to be aroused.

CROWE

Its a little too early to be  
wearing that. Or too late,  
depending on how you look at it.

She smiles.

KRISTEN

You're right. But it won't be on  
long anyway.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Adam is dumbfounded. Crowe grins.

CROWE

One of us had to. You weren't.

INT. KRISTEN'S BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Crowe, bare-chested, lies on the bed. Gazing at the ceiling. Trying to keep awake. A cigarette wedged between his lips. Kristen lies asleep on his breast. Her arm wrapped around his stomach.

A KNOCK. The front door. Kristen's eyes snap open.

KRISTEN

Oh shit. Sneak out the back.

Kristen lunges off the bed. Bolts into the bathroom. The shower instantly starts.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CROWE (V.O.)  
Too much pride to go out the back.

Crowe rises. Gathers his belongings.

CROWE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I guess I should've swallowed it.

EXT. PORCH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Robert raises his fist for a second knock.

Crowe opens the door. Somewhat exaggerating his fatigue.

ROBERT  
Oh. Hi, Adam.

Crowe grins. Shakes his head.

CROWE  
Do me a favor.

Crowe takes Robert's wrist. Opens his palm. Places some cash and closes Robert's hand.

CROWE (CONT'D)  
When Kristen's out of the shower,  
give her this for me, will you?

Crowe winks. Then brushes past him.

Robert is frozen. Immobile. The cash drops from his hand.

STATIC --

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

The overhead light swings. Flickers. Dims.

Adam's attention remains on Crowe, bereft of distraction.

CROWE  
Time's up.

Crowe looks away from the light. Notices Adam's unflinching stare. Quiets.

ADAM  
What now?

CROWE  
You're not surprised?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

(a beat)  
What do we do now?

Silence.

CROWE

Now... I deal with it. Or there  
won't be a we.

Crowe stands. Approaches the darkness.

ADAM

How long were you and Kristen  
seeing each other?

Crowe stops. Doesn't turn.

CROWE

Before you and her were friends. I  
was her excuse for calling you her  
best.

Crowe disappears.

The overhead light abruptly shuts off, leaving Adam in  
darkness.

INT. KRISTEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Crowe awakens. Adam's broken reading glasses lie beside  
his bloody head. He groans, realizing the pain.

SEETHING. Above him.

Crowe looks up.

The gun shakes in Robert's grip.

ROBERT

Sit up! Now.

CROWE

(sits up, indian-  
style)

I heard your girlfriend had a make  
over.

Crowe spots her. Dead at the edge of the bed. His eyes  
linger. Skin pales.

CROWE (CONT'D)

He wasn't kidding...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Crowe turns back to Robert.

Tears stream down Robert's face as he gazes at her brutalized corpse.

CROWE (CONT'D)

Who do we have to thank for this,  
Robert? I can think of one.

Robert spins back. Punches Crowe.

ROBERT

WHY? Why did you do it! SHE DID  
NOTHING TO YOU!

Crowe recovers. Straightens his jaw. Studies Robert's eyes.

CROWE

Quit the act. I'm not buying it.

Robert drives the barrel into Crowe's forehead.

ROBERT

Tell me!

Robert cocks the gun.

CROWE

Fine. I have a better option. I'll  
tell you how.

Blood runs down the corner of Crowe's mouth. He wipes it.

EXT. KRISTEN'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Crowe brushes by. The cash falls from Robert's hand.

A tear rolls down Robert's cheek. Anger in his eyes.

CROWE (V.O.)

You couldn't handle it.

INT. KRISTEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

CROWE

Hated the fact that she wanted a  
more capable man. And the best way  
to solve any relationship problem  
is a gun.

INT. KRISTEN'S BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Kristen, standing at the bedside, crying.

KRISTEN

Please, don't.

A 9MM Beretta held tightly. Robert keeps his aim steady.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Don't... Robert, don't -- .

He FIRES.

INT. KRISTEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

BAM! Robert CRACKS Crowe's jaw with the gun.

Crowe recovers. Flexes his jaw.

CROWE

But one thing.

ROBERT

No.

CROWE

Where'd you get the gun -- ?

Crowe focuses. Finally eyes the weapon. Squints. Baffled.

CROWE (CONT'D)

Wait.

Robert presses the trigger. CLICK. It's empty.

Robert's eyes widen. Crowe freezes.

Robert raises his arm for another blow to the temple. Crowe THRUSTS his fist into Robert's gut. Robert GASPS. Drops the gun. Crowe grabs Robert's throat. Body SLAMS him onto the carpet. He hits the ground. HARD. Dazed.

Crowe grabs the 9MM. Examines it.

CROWE (CONT'D)

Robert, where did you get this?  
Where did you get the pistol?

Robert tries to refocus.

CROWE (CONT'D)

ROBERT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Robert GROANS. Still confused.

Crowe contemplates. Then realizes: His clothing. He's wearing his beige suit. He SIGHS. Briefly shuts his eyes as if comprehending the situation for the first time.

Crowe kneels beside Robert.

CROWE (CONT'D)

Get up.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Crowe appears. Approaches the table. Sits.

CROWE

Adam. Come out.

Beat.

ADAM (O.S.)

Are we dead?

CROWE

Sit. Now.

Adam slowly emerges.

ADAM

What happened?

Crowe kicks the chair from under the table.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'll stand. Tell me.

CROWE

No. We're not dead right now. We got lucky.

ADAM

How?

CROWE

You used every bullet in the gun.

Adam's eyes widen.

CROWE (CONT'D)

I know. Lucky us.

ADAM

I don't -- .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWE

Sh. Look where you are, who you're talking to. I'm you. You're me. Cut the bullshit. Just say it.

Silence. Adam sits. Cleans his lenses.

ADAM

The truth is... it's your fault.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Adam's cell phone vibrates against the bedside table. He sporadically awakens. Slips his glasses on. Grabs the phone. Checks the caller ID: "Kristen". His eyes widen. He takes a DEEP BREATH. Answers.

ADAM

(into phone)  
Hello?

KRISTEN (V.O.)

Adam?

ADAM

(into phone)  
Yeah. It's me.

KRISTEN (V.O.)

Can you come over? We need to talk.

EXT. KRISTEN'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Adam, wearing his glasses but still dressed in Crowe's suit, rushes down the sidewalk. Cuts through the lawn toward the porch.

ADAM (V.O.)

I didn't care that I wore your suit. Didn't even notice.

EXT. PORCH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Kristen answers the door. Fully clothed. Suspiciously eyes Adam's attire.

KRISTEN

Adam?

Adam notices the clothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

Yeah, it's me.

INT. KRISTEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Adam and Kristen sit at the edge of the bed. Talking.

ADAM (V.O.)

Robert confronted her after you left. She told him everything. About you and her. Our condition. Everything. All the secrets she promised she'd never tell.

KRISTEN

This has to stop. We need to get you help.

ADAM

I trusted you with that information...

KRISTEN

And I should've done something then.

Silence.

ADAM

Do I even have a choice?

KRISTEN

Either you do it willingly or we do it for you.

Adam's eyes become fiery with rage. He rises. Heads toward the bedroom door.

She reaches for his arm.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Adam -- .

Adam reacts. PUNCHES her across the face. She FUMBLES off the bed, onto the floor. Cradling her jaw, she stares at him.

Adam, wide-eyed, darts out of the house.

CROWE (V.O.)

And the gun...

ADAM (V.O.)

Our gun.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Adam storms into his bedroom. Reaches into his closet shelf, revealing the 9MM BERETTA.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Adam starts to speak through his SOBS.

ADAM

The way she looked at me...

INT. KRISTEN'S BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Kristen sitting on the bed. Her back facing us. The phone to her ear.

KRISTEN

(into phone)

I love you too. I'll see you soon.

She hangs up. SIGHS. She stands. Stops. Spins to her right. Someone else in the room.

Adam keeps the weapon leveled. Steady.

Kristen only stares. Both fear and rage in her eyes.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Adam...

Adam cautiously advances.

Kristen backs away. The dresser preventing her from going any further.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Please... don't.

(a beat)

Don't...

Beat. She darts for the bathroom.

Adam seizes her. Throws her on the bed. Restrains her by the throat.

ADAM

I love you, Kristen.

Adam snatches the pillow. Covers her face. UNLOADS the weapon. FIRES every bullet until it's empty.



INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

ADAM

Then... he showed up. And I had to  
make a new plan.

INT. KRISTEN'S BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Adam, hunched over her body, removes the pillow. Stares  
at her mutilated face.

A KNOCK. The front door.

Adam blinks. Panicked.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Robert opens the door. Enters.

ROBERT

Kristen?

Robert stops at the doorway.

Adam, cradling Kristen's body, CRIES.

ADAM

Kristen! Kristen, wake up!

Robert's mouth is wide open. Adam notices him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Robert... I woke up and found her  
like this. Oh God!

Robert notices the suit. The gun on the bed.

He dashes forward.

CROWE (V.O.)

Stop.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

CROWE

Stop. That's all I needed to hear.

Crowe stands. Turns to leave.

Adam stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

Wait!

Crowe halts.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What happened to Robert? What'd  
you do!

Crowe smiles. Glances at him.

CROWE

I reloaded the gun for him.

ADAM

YOU DID WHAT?!

Crowe continues forward. Disappears into the darkness.

ADAM (CONT'D)

WAIT! CROWE!

The overhead light flickers. Dies. Darkness.

ADAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

CROWE!

THE END