

**Who Are You?**

written by

Sam Britt

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A knife chops through a piece of celery, the metal thumping against the cutting board.

A pot of water boils on the stove.

HAL, 20's, props a phone against his ear with his shoulder. He smiles as he speaks, earnest.

HAL

No, that's why I called. I messed up. The whole situation... I was just being inconsiderate...

The motion of the knife speeds up.

HAL (CONT'D)

Yeah, I was just calling to apologize. I know you have been talking about taking ownership of my actions and I'm trying.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A pair of headlights pull in to the driveway.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hall looks out the window and sees the car pulling up to the house. His face shifts, a little nervous.

HAL

How does this sound, I take you out on Saturday? Just the two of us. You pick the spot.

He grabs a towel and wipes the knife off.

HAL (CONT'D)

Yeah... exactly. Sorry but somebody just knocked on the door I got to go.

Hal keeps his eyes trained on the front door. He sees the handle twist.

HAL (CONT'D)

I love you.

He hangs the phone up and hides the knife behind his back.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

Just then a man walks into the kitchen, he is identical to Hal. (REAL HAL)

Real Hal is stunned, he stammers, trying to take the situation in.

Hal grips the knife behind his back.

REAL HAL

Who are you?

HAL

Really? Who are you? Isn't it obvious.

REAL HAL

Really. Why are you in my house?

Hal relaxes, leaning back on the counter. The Real Hal's eyes go to the knife in his hand.

REAL HAL (CONT'D)

What do you want?

HAL

Listen, why don't we just talk about this? Ok? I made dinner.

Real Hal reaches into his pocket, searching for something.

Hal tosses him his cellphone.

HAL (CONT'D)

Please. Just sit down.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The two sit across from one another. Real Hal stares, watching as Hal neatly sets his plate, fork and knife on the table.

Hal fastens a napkin to his collar.

HAL

So, are you ready to try again?

REAL HAL

So who, or what, are you?

HAL

I'm you. Hmm. Must be that thing  
where you wouldn't recognize your  
own face in a crowd.

REAL HAL

Ok. Ok. But why are you me?

HAL

I don't think that really matters.  
I'm you and I'm here. Please, eat.  
I don't want it to get cold.

Real Hank grabs his fork. He goes to cut his chicken but  
notices he doesn't have a knife.

REAL HAL

I think you forgot-

HAL

I didn't forget your knife. I just  
figured it was for the best if you  
didn't have sharp objects.

REAL HAL

What?

Hal sighs. He pulls the napkin off of his chest.

HAL

Listen, cards on the table. I want  
to replace you. I want to steal  
your life. I want to become Hal  
Jefferson.

REAL HAL

But I'm-

HAL

Hal Jefferson. I know. But I could  
do it better.

Real Hal just stares at him. He doesn't really know what to  
say.

HAL (CONT'D)

You should be thankful. I could  
have just waited until you fell  
asleep and smothered you. Nobody  
would know.

REAL HAL

You can't be me. I'm me. I want to  
continue being me.

HAL

I'm going to level with you. You don't really have that option anymore. I am going to be you.

REAL HAL

But-

HAL

But... I have a plan. You start fresh. You go travel somewhere you always wanted to go. Like... Dubai. You always wanted to do that.

REAL HAL

This is ridiculous. How do you even know that?

HAL

I've been studying you for awhile. I follow you online. I follow you... well in real life actually. I see your day, I know your friends, I know your jokes. I actually probably know you better than anyone else.

Real Hal jolts up from his seat. Hal pulls the large knife out of his waistband.

HAL (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey. Let's relax. I'm trying to help you.

REAL HAL

But if I kill you I can just keep being me. Nobody would know. Like you said.

HAL

Do you really want that? Look at yourself.

A beat. Real Hal sits back down.

HAL (CONT'D)

Do you know what I was doing all afternoon? Picking up your mess. I know you are cheating on Mary. I do. If I wasn't calling her every other day she would have figured out where you were every night. Don't you remember you two were supposed to go out tonight?

Real Hal doesn't. He looks away in shame.

HAL (CONT'D)

She loves you. Like, loves you  
loves you. And all you do is take  
advantage of her. You don't listen.  
You're an asshole.

REAL HAL

Hey!

HAL

You haven't talked to your mother  
in over a year. Luckily she'll  
never know that.

Hal leans over the table, closer to Real Hal.

HAL (CONT'D)

I could be you so much better. Just  
think how much better these  
people's lives would be. With me  
there.

REAL HAL

No.

HAL

Yes.

REAL HAL

No!

HAL

Jesus, you provide nothing. You,  
your version of you, won't be  
missed. You are doing everyone a  
favor.

REAL HAL

You wouldn't be me. They don't love  
you. They love me. I'm me.

HAL

Really?

REAL HAL

Yeah.

HAL

Really?

REAL HAL

Yeah!

Real Hal grabs his fork and rushes across the table. Before Hal can defend himself Real Hal plunges the fork into his chest.

The two lock eyes.

Hal grips the knife and plunges it into Real Hal's stomach.

HAL  
Nobody will miss you. Nobody will  
know.

Real Hal doubles back, blood seeping out of his stomach. He tries to cover the wound with his hands. He can't bring himself to remove the knife.

Hal gets out of his chair, he grips the fork and yanks it out of his chest.

HAL (CONT'D)  
It's pitiful really. This is the  
most fight you've shown in years.  
And it's too late.

REAL HAL  
Shut up.

Hal kneels down next to him. He grips the knife.

HAL  
It's for the best really. I  
promise. I'll take care of them.

REAL HAL  
No.

Hal rips it out. Real Hal yells but Hal covers his mouth.

HAL  
You should have just ran. I was  
trying to be nice.

REAL HAL  
Wait. Wait. Help me.

HAL  
I'm sorry.

He raises the knife over his head and brings it down. Again.  
And again.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Hal stands over a fresh pile of dirt. He pats it down with a shovel. He wipes his hands on his pants.

PAULA (O.S.)

Uh Hal?

Hal swings around, startled.

HAL

Oh Paula. You spooked me.

PAULA

A little late for gardening. Don't you think?

HAL

You...

Hal's face narrows, his grip tightens on the shovel.

He takes a breath.

HAL (CONT'D)

... would be correct. You see, I was up late and I read if you face the lilacs a certain way you can add weeks to their life cycle.

PAULA

Oh. I didn't know that.

HAL

Yeah. I'm sorry if I disturbed you.

PAULA

Oh. No it's ok. You can carry on.

HAL

Hey, did the family like the upside down cake?

PAULA

Oh Hal, it was to die for.

Hal gives a toothy grin.

**THE END**