

Clark

6pgs  
total

ACT ONE

INT. KJAMS SALES DEPT. - ALBERT'S OFFICE - MORNING

CLARK MILLS, mid-20s, is being interviewed, wearing his best suit. He's nervous. The interviewer, ALBERT WIMBLY, mid-40s, peruses his resume.

SC#1 →  
START

ALBERT  
Interesting font choice.

CLARK  
Oh, thanks. Wasn't an easy decision. I kept going back and forth between Garamound and Britannic Bold.

ALBERT  
Fascinating tale.  
(then)  
Tell me one of your negative qualities, Clark.

CLARK  
(as if rehearsed)  
One of my negatives. Let's see... well, I'm kind of a workaholic, so I have a tendency to take my --

ALBERT  
Don't tell me you take your work home with you. Something else.

CLARK  
Okay, um, I guess I can be a little OCD --

ALBERT  
And don't tell me you're a perfectionist. Heard it a million times. Just give me one sincere negative about yourself.

CLARK  
Hmm...  
(searching)  
Alright, at some of my past jobs I would sit in the bathroom stall for a while to kill some time.

Beat.

ALBERT  
Oookaaay... didn't expect that.  
Certainly not helping your chances here.

NOTE:  
PRACTICE  
SC#2  
WITH  
YOUR  
TWIN -  
THIS IS  
A SCENE  
TO TEST  
YOUR  
CHEMISTRY  
TOGETHER

(CONTINUED)

1/6

BITTER SINCE BIRTH

CONTINUED:

CLARK

(backpedaling)

But I always got my work done first. And I didn't mean "a while." It was more like a couple of minutes. One time. I had stomach issues.

(flustered)

I think I'm misrepresenting myself --

ALBERT

I'm effing with you, Clark. Calm it down.

CLARK

Oh. Well-played, Albert. You got in my head there a little bit.

ALBERT

You make it very easy.

(then)

I think you'd be a pretty snug fit here at KJAMS, but I still have a few more candidates to interview. I'll give you a call later either way.

CLARK

Sounds great.

ALBERT

Don't get cocky.

CLARK

Right.

END  
SC#1

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INT. KJAMS SALES DEPT. - CONTINUOUS

Clark exits the office with a giant smirk. The smirk suddenly fades into an expression of disappointment when he sees his identical twin brother, TAYLOR MILLS, sitting on a couch in a sharp suit, holding his resume. Taylor notices Clark and is equally horrified to see him. He stands.

CLARK

What are you doing here?

TAYLOR

I have an interview. Why are you here?

CLARK

I just had one. Milford set it up for me.

TAYLOR

Yeah, he did the same for me.

(CONTINUED)

2/6

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM - 1995

CHRYON: 6th Grade Dance

A parent motions for a group of kids to get together to take a picture. Everyone grabs their date and smiles brightly, except for Clark, who poses alone, looking glum.

INT. DANCE HALL - 1997

CHYRON: 8th Grade Dance

Everyone's dancing to some rock song. A slow song comes on, couples pair up. Clark looks around, starts dancing alone for a moment, then gives up and walks off the dance floor, dejected.

INT. LIMOUSINE - 2001

CHRYON: Senior Prom

Everyone's drinking and making out all over the place. Clark just sits there pretending to read the label on his beer bottle. He goes to take a sip, someone knocks it and he spills it all over himself.

BACK TO PRESENT:

CLARK

This isn't about me.

TAYLOR

No, it's not, since you've never had the balls to approach a girl. But I'm not going to judge you because maybe you're a gay person and then I'll feel bad when you come out. So, I support you.

Taylor picks up a box, walks to the truck. Milford winks at Clark, prodding him.

S. #2 →  
START

CLARK

(barely audible)

Taylor, um, I gotta tell you something...

Clark hesitates, so Milford goes to grab Clark's balls. Clark flinches, then...

CLARK (CONT'D)

So, did you get a call about the job yet?

Clark picks up a box and carries it towards the truck.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

TAYLOR  
Yeah, a little while ago. They call you?

CLARK  
Yep.

Clark climbs into the truck and pushes the box to the back.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Well, it wasn't a competition, but  
someone had to lose, I guess, so...

TAYLOR  
My condolences.

CLARK  
Sorry, man.

CLARK/TAYLOR/MILFORD  
Huh?

Clark hops out of the truck.

TAYLOR  
I won. I mean, I got the job.

CLARK  
(confused)  
I got the job. Wait, Albert said there  
was only one position open. How could  
this have happened?

MILFORD  
I've never been happier than I am at this  
very moment.

CLARK  
(to Taylor)  
Well, you're gonna turn it down, right?

TAYLOR  
Why would I do that?

CLARK  
We can't work together, Taylor.

TAYLOR  
Then feel free to reject the offer.  
Anyway, I already quit my other job for  
this, so there's no turning back now.

MILFORD  
Fight each other. Right now. Don't  
think about it.

They ignore him. Things are intense.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (2)

MILFORD (CONT'D)

Okay, then have a dance-off. Ready...  
dance!

They ignore him.

INT. CLARK'S CAR/TAYLOR'S CAR - MORNING (D-2)

Clark and Taylor are driving in their respective cars to work. Clark takes out his cell phone, dials Taylor. Taylor's phone rings, he answers.

TAYLOR

(into phone)

Did you turn it down? It's not too late  
if you forgot to.

CLARK

(into phone)

Dude, please don't do this. It'll be the  
worst day of our lives.

TAYLOR

(into phone)

Clark, I really don't think it'll be that  
bad. We'll just avoid each other.

They pull into a parking garage, one after the other.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Clark and Taylor pull into spots right next to each other. They step out of their cars and immediately notice they're wearing nearly identical outfits: Clark in a black button down and gray pants, Taylor in a dark blue button down and gray pants.

CLARK

Go home and change.

TAYLOR

Take your shirt off.

TAYLOR

I'm not being late to my first day of  
work.

CLARK

I knew something like this would happen.  
This is ridiculous.

They walk towards the elevators.

TAYLOR

It's actually not the same shirt. Mine's  
midnight blue.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

CLARK  
(calming down)  
Alright, it's fine. We just can't walk  
in at the same time. Who goes in first?

TAYLOR  
Coin flip?

Taylor digs a quarter out of his pocket.

CLARK  
I'm tails.

TAYLOR  
Yeah, I know. You're always tails.

CLARK  
I know you know. Just confirming. Flip.  
I'm tails.

Taylor flips the coin, catches it.

TAYLOR  
Heads never fails!

Taylor hits the elevator button. It opens; he steps in.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
(looking at watch)  
Right on time. Great first impression  
for me.

The elevator doors close. Clark hits the elevator button.  
After a few beats, a different elevator opens.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Clark steps in, presses a button. Before the doors close, in  
steps SOPHIE, a cute brunette, early-20s. She hits a button  
and flashes Clark a warm smile. Clark is smitten.

SOPHIE  
(French accent)  
Good morning.

CLARK  
(nervous)  
And, yes, to you as well... a grand  
morning...  
(clears his throat)

Silence. Clark, unsure of what to do with his arms, puts one  
up on the wall. Then he folds them.

(CONTINUED)

END  
SC. #2

6/6