

SIX BILLION TO ONE

by

Mark Hibbett

[www.markhibbett.com](http://www.markhibbett.com)

INT. DAYTIME TV CHAT SHOW - DAY (TV RECORDING)

A nervous GUEST (42, crinkly, dark haired, handsome) sits opposite the HOST (56, doughy faced) and HOSTESS (34, glamorous).

HOST

Now, you could be forgiven for thinking we had Dominic Foster with us in the studio today.

HOSTESS

I wish!

HOST

But believe it or not, this isn't him!

They turn to their guest, who smiles uneasily.

EXT. SUBURBAN CUL DE SAC - DAY (TV RECORDING)

A LOCAL TV REPORTER (28, female, Asian, thin) stands with two MEN. The men are both crinkly, dark haired and handsome - identical to each other and to the TV guest from previously except that one wears shorts and t-shirt and the other a summer dress.

LOCAL TV REPORTER

Well Steve, here's a weird one. This is Mr and Mrs Wilberforce who claim to have woken up looking just like Dominic Foster.

SHORTS AND T-SHIRT

(Australian accent)

Without the scar.

LOCAL TV REPORTER

But apart from that -

SHORTS AND T-SHIRT

I mean, I like the man, but I don't want to look like him. And as for my Julie -

EXT. FOSTERCORP BUILDING - DAY (TV RECORDING)

A REPORTER (another identical duplicate of the TV guest and couple, this time wearing a suit) stands outside a large building with a wire fence around it. Next to a gate in the fence is a huge poster with the slogan "FOSTERCORP - ALL FOR YOU!".

A row of police - most of whom are also duplicates - try to hold back a huge angry crowd of identical protestors.

REPORTER

(Yorkshire accent)

I'm Simon Wilkinson, reporting from Fostercorp's London headquarters where more and more Dominic Foster lookalikes, or "duplicates", as we're being called, are demanding answers.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - NIGHT (TV RECORDING)

Four more duplicates sit at a long table, three in various smart suits and one much more casual with a scar down the left side of his face - this is DOMINIC FOSTER, the "original" of all the duplicates. Around them cameras flash and reporters shout, it's chaos.

JOURNALISTS

Mr Foster! Is this your fault?

DOMINIC FOSTER

(confident, posh)

As I have said - repeatedly - Fostercorps have no more idea than anybody else as to what's happening.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY (PHONE RECORDING)

A cheering mob of duplicates looting in a smashed shop window. Amongst them a pair of duplicate policeman fight over a widescreen TV.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY (TV RECORDING)

The PRIME MINISTER (yet another duplicate) speaks to an angry House Of Commons, most of whom are also duplicates.

PRIME MINISTER

I can assure the house that we are investigating ways to hold criminals to account for their actions, whether or not they can be individually identified.

The House cheers. Amongst the MPs one - another duplicate - stands and points a gun at the Prime Minister.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT (YOUTUBE)

A duplicate in a bright orange boiler suit looms too close to the camera.

ORANGE SUITED DUPLICATE  
Do not be fooled by establishment  
lies - this is a new age for the  
common man! This is the News From  
Nowhere!

EXT. THE MALL, LONDON - DAY (TV RECORDING)

A terrified DUPLICATE REPORTER watches as police rush into a mass of other duplicates, some in orange boiler suits, who have spilled out from behind barriers.

DUPLICATE REPORTER  
All we know is that her majesty the  
Queen is somewhere in the crowd -

Another duplicate rushes across and punches him.

INT. WOOD PANELLED OFFICE - DAY (TV RECORDING)

A duplicate in a sombre black suit and tie sits behind a large desk, a Union Jack behind him.

DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER  
As acting Prime Minister it is my  
solemn duty to inform you that we  
can no longer guarantee the rule of  
law. Please, for your own safety,  
remain within your homes.

EXT. THE PEAK DISTRICT - DAY

Rolling hills, stone walls, and a deserted road.

SUPER: "THREE YEARS LATER"

The peace is shattered by a battered green Mini racing past.

INT. MINI - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL HENDRICKS (42, crinkly, handsome - a duplicate) is driving as if his life depends on it, which it does. He looks as if he's not slept for days, and the only clean thing about him is a large metal bracelet on his left wrist. He glances up at his rear view mirror.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS  
Oh dear.

EXT. THE PEAK DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

Two more cars - a Fiat Punto and a Citroen Picasso - zoom along the road, chasing the Mini.

INT. MINI - CONTINUOUS

Michael slams his foot on the brakes as he turns a sharp corner.

EXT. THE PEAK DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

The Mini accelerates away from a T-junction. The other cars swerve round, still in pursuit.

INT. MINI - CONTINUOUS

Michael shifts back up the gears. He looks round.

EXT. THE PEAK DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

A figure is now leaning out of the window of the Punto with a shotgun.

INT. MINI - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL HENDRICKS  
Leave me alone!

A bullet shatters the Mini's rear window. He winces and crouches forward in his seat, still driving.

EXT. THE PEAK DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

Up ahead is a large building behind a high wall. In the wall are two big wooden gates, closed.

INT. MINI - CONTINUOUS

Michael puts his foot down hard on the accelerator, heading for the gates.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS  
Come on. Nearly there.

EXT. THE PEAK DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

None of the cars are slowing as they head for the building. A figure leans out of the Punto with the shotgun again and fires.

INT. MINI - CONTINUOUS

Michael is hit in the shoulder. He grabs it.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS

Ow!

Screaming with pain he loses control of the car.

EXT. LARGE GATES - CONTINUOUS

The Mini spins and smashes into the gates with an almighty crash.

INT. MINI - CONTINUOUS

Michael is thrown forward from his seat then pulled back by his seat belt.

EXT. NUNNERY GATES - CONTINUOUS

The Punto skids to a halt next to the Mini. The Citroen parks just behind, next to a large sign which says "FRANCISCAN MISSIONARY SISTERS OF SHEFFIELD". A duplicate in dirty double denim - DAVEY - gets out of the driver's side of the Punto.

DAVEY

I think you got him Barry mate.

BARRY - yet another duplicate - gets out of the other side.

BARRY

What I tell you Davey boy? Crack shot me.

Two more duplicates get out of the Citroen. SUZANNE wears combat gear combined with heavily applied old lady-style make-up, while JOYCE wears a slightly grubby powder blue trouser suit.

SUZANNE

Teach him to pinch Mr Foster's cars.

JOYCE

Is he all right?

BARRY

Think so.

SUZANNE

Go and make sure.

JOYCE

Be careful.

Davey is at the side of the Mini, trying the door.

DAVEY  
Locked innit?

BARRY  
Well smash the window you div.

DAVEY  
All right, shut up.

Davey lifts the butt of his shotgun but before he can smash in the Mini's window another gunshot rings out. He falls sideways, dead.

BARRY  
Christ!

Barry scampers back behind his car. Joyce and Suzanne hide behind the open doors of the Citroen.

JOYCE  
I told him to be careful!

SUZANNE  
Shut up Joyce.

Barry looks over the hood.

BARRY  
It's the Bogey Man!

EXT. NUNNERY GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Through the broken gates is a driveway up to the main nunnery building. A figure in an oversized coat with the hood up - the BOGEY MAN - strides along the drive, firing a rifle.

EXT. NUNNERY GATES - CONTINUOUS

A bullet pings off the bonnet of the Punto. Barry ducks down.

BARRY  
Argh!

Suzanne and Joyce scramble back into the Citroen.

INT. CITROEN - CONTINUOUS

Suzanne is in the driving seat, putting keys in the ignition.

JOYCE  
Come on!

SUZANNE  
I'm trying!



DOMINIC FOSTER (CONT'D)  
However. However! I do have the  
staff at Foster Research working on  
the issue. Michael, would you care  
to say a few words?

The podgy man - ORIGINAL MICHAEL - looks terrified. Foster  
turns.

DOMINIC FOSTER (CONT'D)  
Michael? Michael!

INT. CELL - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Michael wakes up with a jolt. He lies on a single bed with a  
candle on a table beside him. His head is bandaged.

VOICE AT DOOR  
What is it?

Somebody is observing him through a hole in the door.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS  
Hello? What's what?

VOICE AT DOOR  
On your wrist.

He looks down at the silver bracelet.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS  
It's just an ID bracelet, it's  
nothing. The others, are they -

VOICE AT DOOR  
Not a problem any more.

Michael sits up and reaches for the candle.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS  
Where am I?

VOICE AT DOOR  
My home.

He lifts the candle and sees a crucifix on the wall.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS  
Oh! Inside the nunnery?

VOICE AT DOOR  
It used to be.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS  
Well, thanks awfully for the help  
out there.

VOICE AT DOOR

No.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS

Sorry?

VOICE AT DOOR

I don't help people.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS

You helped me.

The door opens. The voice at the door is revealed to be the Bogey Man, who enters the room holding the rifle. His coat hood is down but the hoodie is still zipped up.

BOGEY MAN

I captured you. Why were they after you?

MICHAEL HENDRICKS

I borrowed a car without asking.

BOGEY MAN

Fair enough.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS

I had to get out here - I'm looking for a nun.

BOGEY MAN

Right place, wrong time.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS

Is there anybody -

BOGEY MAN

They all left.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS

Even Sister Maria?

BOGEY MAN

What?

MICHAEL HENDRICKS

Sister Maria. She'd be quite old by now I'm afraid, mid-90s I think.

BOGEY MAN

Ninety seven.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS

You knew her then?

BOGEY MAN

Who are you?

MICHAEL HENDRICKS  
Sorry, my name's Michael. Michael  
Hendricks. And you?

No response.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS (CONT'D)  
No, well, someone told me that  
there was a nun, a Sister Maria,  
who didn't change when everybody  
else did. And if that's true, then -

BOGEY MAN  
Sister Maria is dead.

The Bogey Man leaves the room.

MICHAEL HENDRICKS  
What?

He scrambles up after the Bogey Man.